

Breaking the Golden Rule

And what I felt.

Cross the line – and it's pain you incur!

Honouring will.

They took our lives away from us.

We are not fully self-willed or our true selves.

With our healing we have to take our lives back.

And we do that by bringing out every little bit we are denying.



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Feeling-Healing book 3

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The Golden Rule

Never assert your will over another's will.
Never make or force anyone to do your will.

Never make or force another adult to do what they don't want to do.
Never make or force a child do what it doesn't want to do.

Never use your mind, backed by your will, to make or force someone to do what they don't want to do – NEVER!

Never make or force a child or adult to go against itself.
Never make or force another person to deny their own will.
Never make or force another person go against themselves.

Never make or force yourself to do what you don't want to do.
Never do to someone else what you don't want done to yourself.
Never make or force yourself to go against yourself.
Never make or force yourself to live untrue to your feelings.

Never cross the line.
Always stay on your side of the will-fence.

They all say the same thing – and what they say is very important for us to understand... and live.

Love your neighbour as you love yourself.
Love your partner/friend as you love yourself.
Love your child as you love yourself.
Love your pet as you love yourself.
Love all nature as you love yourself.
Love God as you love yourself.

Love God as God loves you.
Love yourself as God loves you.

Be perfect, even as God is perfect!

NEVER MAKE ANOTHER PERSON DO WHAT THEY DON'T WANT TO DO.
DON'T MAKE YOURSELF DO WHAT YOU DON'T WANT TO DO.

GET IT!
DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW IMPORTANT THIS IS. IT'S THE WHOLE CRUX OF OUR PROBLEM AND WHAT WE'RE SETTING OUT TO ACHIEVE IN OUR HEALING – TO CROSS BACK OVER THE LINE, TO STOP BREAKING THE GOLDEN RULE. FOR THE FACT IS, WE'VE ALREADY CROSSED THE LINE. WE LIVE OVER THE LINE WHETHER WE LIKE IT OR NOT. WE HAVE BEEN CONCEIVED INTO BREAKING THE GOLDEN RULE. WE ARE BORN WELL AND TRULY OVER THE LINE, AND BECAUSE OF THIS WE FEEL BAD. ALL OUR PAIN IS ATTRIBUTABLE TO OUR LIVING DENYING OURSELF – HURTING OURSELVES AND HURTING OTHERS. AND WHEN YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH, WHEN THE PAIN IS TOO GREAT AND YOU WANT TO STOP, THEN IT'S ADDRESSING THIS GOLDEN RULE THAT YOU FACE IN DOING YOUR FEELING- OR SOUL-HEALING. AND THERE IS NO AVOIDING IT. BE IT NOW ON EARTH OR SOMETIME IN SPIRIT, ONE DAY, YOUR PAIN WILL BECOME TOO GREAT, YOUR LIFE WILL STOP WORKING AS YOU WANT IT TO AND BELIEVE IT SHOULD, AND YOU'LL WANT TO KNOW WHY. YOU'LL START TO WANT TO KNOW THE TRUTH. AND WHEN YOU WANT TO KNOW THE TRUTH, YOU'LL START TO WANT TO CROSS BACK OVER YOUR SIDE OF THE WILL-FENCE, AND TRULY LOVE YOURSELF.

OUR WILL DAMAGE CAUSES US OUR GREATEST PAIN.

THE WORST PAIN WE CAN SUFFER IS THAT WHICH WE FELT THROUGH OUR FORMING YEARS... AND WE CHOOSE TO FORGET IT – DENY IT. BUT IT'S STILL THERE... WAITING TO COME OUT.

UNCOVER THE TRUTH, AND YOU ARE FREE – FREE FROM ALL YOUR PAIN.
UNCOVER THE TRUTH THROUGH YOUR FEELINGS. THAT'S THE KEY TO IT.

The Golden Rule is a very important rule, the only really important one in life, that's why it's Golden.
If you make another person go against their own will, then you are breaking the Rule and you will have to make amends.
If you are making yourself go against your true self, then you are breaking the Rule and you will have to make amends.

If you break the Rule, you pay the price.

And the price will be paid in pain.

The horror we face is that we are conceived and so parented by default into a negative mind and will condition, and in being so, cause ourselves great pain. Each time our emerging will is compromised, stopped from freely expressing itself, we hurt – pain is experienced. Only, in the womb and whilst our feeling-mind is developing, mostly we don't directly experience this pain as pain how as adults we know pain. And by the time our mind and feelings are fully functional (around six to seven years old) we've all but anaesthetised ourselves to the horror we've experienced. But unfortunately (or perhaps fortunately), our pain, hurt and suffering is not forgotten, it's not swept aside to vanish in our advancing development, it's all stored in our soul. And there it remains until our soul wants us to feel it, wants us to start to understand why we have it – the truth of what actually did happen to us through our forming years. And when it's our time to start to find out, we start to feel the pain. At first we might not be aware that it's pain surfacing from our repressed and buried early childhood, but it keeps coming, relentlessly, and eventually there is nothing more we can do than submit and surrender to it – allowing ourselves to feel it. And when we do, then it's time to get serious about changing our way of life, from that of being truth-denying and anti-truth, to being truth-wanting and truth-accepting, and eventually: truth-loving.

Assuming you've read my two previous feeling-healing books, and perhaps you are venturing into doing some healing, I want to impress on you that if you do want to get serious about doing your healing, then it's a whole life thing – everything will change.

This book focuses a little more on the will level of reality, not too much, but just enough to bring it in here as something that is very important and really what our healing is all about – as it's: Will-Healing. What I call feeling-healing (and soul-healing which is doing your feeling-healing whilst also including God by longing for and receiving Their Divine Love) is really all about setting out to heal your dysfunctional will. From the first moment of conception our will has been made to go against ourselves, hence the dysfunction. And doing your healing through the ongoing acceptance, expression and seeking truth of your bad feelings, is healing that dysfunction – it's doing your will-healing.

Our will, for all intents and purposes, was forced and 'turned' against us, and because of this it became focused and fixed in the *negative* as we grew up using it to maintain our self- and feeling-denying patterns: wrong beliefs and associated negative behaviour. You probably understand all of this by now, but I want to stress how everything that is wrong within you is all stemming from your deep dysfunctional 'will lines' or will circuits. These are very real things deep within us, at the core of our personality expression in Creation. They are as real as an arm or a leg, and in fact it's because of them you are literally 'willing' your arm and leg into being. Only deeper still within you is your soul, that which provides the ultimate and complete pattern or Light-Print that determines all – that determines and maintains your will. And because our will is a real part of us that has got its programming wrong, so we can endeavour to change and re-program it through our healing.

During the first part of this book I write about the Golden Rule and will, and then for the remainder I include more of my feeling-healing experiences. And although it might be hard to detect in my healing experiences and observations about parenting, it's really the will – what's happening on the bottom line, that is where the truth is to be found.

My healing has steadily broken me down layer by layer within my negative mind with the aim of arriving me at my will level so I can feel what is happening to me on that bottom level. Where my will is placed; what are my intentions and motivations in all I do and say. And it's when I've been stripped back to these bare essentials, that I can see the truth of myself – how I am really living. And I'm then able to determine, all through my feelings, if living as I do is in accordance with, or against, the Golden Rule. And as I see where I am going wrong, I am then giving myself the choice to consciously choose to stop hurting and going against myself, and so against others, nature and God. I wasn't given the choice consciously when I was little (no one was), I just had to accept this was to be my way of life, but now as a fully feeling adult I can feel and I can choose. And when I have chosen to stop my denial, my will is healed by unseen spirit personalities all in accordance with my soul and the wishes of God my true Mother and Father, and the pain goes – it finally ends. And gradually like Humpty Dumpty I'm put back together again, but this time all with a self-loving fully positive mind and will.

This will-healing process is very subtle for it's dealing with us on our most potent level, so it is very extraordinary and powerful. It changes our fundamentals. And all we can and need do is keep accepting

all we feel, speaking about such feelings, whilst longing for the truth of them.

This level of will-healing, and all that comprises our feeling- or soul-healing, is new to our world. There is nothing else like it in its entirety, even though some people who do heal some of themselves through apply the same feeling acceptance, expression and truth-seeking principles I talk about, are getting a taste of it. However, as yet we are still to fully understand the dynamics of will and our ascent of truth. But it is the way. It is the only true way out of our shit and out of our pain. It is the only true way to heal our will bringing ourselves back into perfection with all that is perfect: to become true to, and at-one with, ourselves, nature and God. To become loving – to truly love ourselves.

Paying the Price

To make another 'break' their own will, to 'break' another persons will, causes them pain. And that amount of pain you will be required to suffer to balance the books. If you make a lot of people go against their will, or make one person go against their will a lot of times, then you are accruing a lot of pain, all of which you will one day have to experience – suffer and FEEL. And there is no avoiding it.

It certainly makes you stop and think doesn't it. Something to dread – all that pain. It scares the shit out of me. And the worst part, unless you are wilfully setting out to hurt someone or another creature, mostly you don't even know you are doing it. I had no idea I was so bad, living in such an unlovingly – of myself and others – way. And yet how can I be loving living as I am in a negative mind and will condition. I can't. I can only pretend and believe I am. But the more I do this the further I am moving into my self-denying evil state. So the more bad things I'm doing to myself and others. So the more I live over the line, continuously breaking the Golden Rule. And so the more pain I am causing myself and others that I will have to compensate and pay the price for.

You can't break the Golden Rule and get away with it without penalty. If you interfere with another's will (even if you are unaware you are doing so) then you have make some sort of reparation, so that the Law of Will is balanced. If it wasn't like this then we could all interfere with each others wills to no ill effect. So ultimately one person or spirit could take over the whole of Creation usurping God, controlling every other creature by making everyone live their will and all without suffering any ill effects. If this could happen then there would be no incentive to 'do the right thing' and to 'live true', and there would be no reason for pain to show us when we are over stepping the boundary. And there would be no love as such a loveless mind would be free to dominate and control all. And evil would be triumphant.

And without knowing it, this is exactly how we are all striving live in our negative will states. We all feel bereft of real and true love, denied to us by our parents. So we are all doing all sorts of things – everything in our life – in the hope of getting this love we missed out on. So we are all wrong. And being all wrong means we are completely selfish, existing only for our own benefit and without any concern or consideration for anyone else. We want to be god, God having all the love, and we want it all for ourselves. You might not feel or believe this is how you feel you are, but down in the depths of your healing when you have to face the complete truth of your self-denying anti-love evil state of mind and will, this is how it will be – this is how you will be. You can't be any other way. And our healing is to work ourselves to this point of acceptance, of total acceptance of being of a negatively orientated will, unloving, and so, evil.

And this is why our healing is so gruelling, to be stripped back systematically into our no love state – and to feel it. Who wants to go there? Not me, I didn't. It was the last place I wanted to be. I didn't want to have to face the truth that I wasn't loving – that I was evil. Only really bad people are not loving and I wasn't really bad – so I believed. And yet my parents said I was really bad. They treated me like I was really bad. And deep down I believed them. I didn't want to, but I had no choice. And then with their help I've done all I could to try and cover up this belief, to hide it well out of the way inside myself. But it's still been there and my life has still reflected and been influenced by it, even though I didn't want to see the signs.

My parents said I was bad. And so I am. What they say goes. And they reinforced it with their actions. They punished me for being bad. And they said they loved me. But how can you love someone who is bad, someone doing bad things to you, if you're not of a complete positive mind and will? The two don't go together. So something was wrong. And I never felt loved and really good in life – that was what was wrong. I always felt more unhappy than happy, only this too I refused to acknowledge and face.

But now I can. Now I can own up to being bad – evil and unloving. Because I am, because they said I was, and they are god. So god says I am bad and I say I am bad. That is the truth of my negative condition. And now I can accept it. Now I know it's true. Now I know my parents were right. And it doesn't matter that underneath my badness, underneath my self-imposed negative condition, I might not

be bad, as I don't know about that. All I know for now is what I feel and that is bad.

And because I am bad, I've lived my life being bad, which means interfering with other people and creatures wills. I've lived on the wrong side of the line. And just because I've usually been unconscious of such actions and negative influences on others, doesn't stop me from feeling and suffering all the pain I've caused them. Pain that will alert and awaken me to and help me see the wrong I have done to them. And even if they were to say I hadn't made them suffer or feel any pain, it still doesn't matter – they are only as yet unaware of such pain, and the law is the Law!

Creation is an expression of a lot of things, but primarily so far as how to live is concerned, it's about will. It's all begins and ends with will. Our souls are literally willing us into being. We are will-creatures and so it's about will – our will – that we learn how to conduct our lives in harmony (or disharmony) with all other wills. And if we can't live in will harmony then we are living against the truth and natural laws of Creation, we are living in denial, we are committing sin by living evilly. And if we choose to be evil (and even it's inflicted on us by default as our parents have done to us), then we are committing serious crimes against all that is good in the universe. And by doing so we must one day face up to our negative actions and their consequences. We must pay the price, we must suffer the pain we have inflicted on others, the pain we have made another suffer – the pain we've made ourselves suffer. And you do. There is no escape. The punishment through pain might not begin immediately having committed the crime, however, your evil deed will never be forgotten (all transgressions being recorded by various angelic spirit agencies and encoded in your soul). And one day your soul will demand that you give up your rebellious ways and face the truth and the pain of the bad feelings you have made yourself and others suffer.

IF YOU MAKE ANOTHER PERSON OR CREATURE SUFFER BY MAKING THEM DENY OR GO AGAINST THEIR OWN WILL, THEN YOU WILL SUFFER IN PAIN TO THE DEGREE THEY HAVE SUFFERED – AND THERE IS NO ESCAPE!

On the will level of reality it is: an eye for an eye.

If you 'bend' another person or creatures will to your will, if you make them go against their will, make them do something they don't want to do, then you are bringing down upon yourself the Law of Compensation. The damage and injury and pain you cause another, you will have to make compensation for. And that compensation is in pain and equal suffering. And that pain will hurt. The pain DOES HURT! And the pain will go on and on until you've suffered as much as you've made another suffer. And it does go on and on, believe me, it goes on and it hurts, and you hurt and you hurt a lot, and it keeps going until you understand the truth of what you have done. And when you understand the truth, then you are free of the pain, it stops as you have balanced the books, equilibrium has been gained – you know the truth of what you have done wrong; you know it through your feelings. And when you know and fully understand the truth, then another Law is activated: The Law of Forgiveness, and your sins and evil are forgiven. You will no longer need to remain in the bad books, you will have paid for all your sins and you will have suffered all you need to. The Law of Will shall have been balanced, compensated for, and you will have paid the price in full. You will be free to live as if you hadn't committed the great evil, as if you have been born anew, but still with the memory and truth of all you've experienced.

There are universal laws. Creation is not simply something in which we can do whatever we like without suffering any consequences if we do something that transgresses the laws. There needs to be checks and balances so we can learn how to live with the freedom of will. God has granted us free will, and it's our responsibility to learn how to live with such freedom of will. God has given us complete freedom of will, however God also has limits to what one might be able to do with this freedom. We have a wide scope in which to play, but still there are boundaries we can't cross without suffering the consequences. And you

might say, but this isn't complete free will that God has then given us, but it is complete free will how God wants it to be. And who are we to complain when it all works in our favour if we stay true to our feelings living by expressing our personality truly. And if we could understand how to live fully honouring and respecting, not only our will but other peoples and all creatures wills, then we could all live in natural perfect harmony without the need for any of our mind imposed rules, regulations and laws. If we all lived truly honouring will, then we'd all live fully honouring and respecting each other as creations of loving Parents, and we wouldn't all be living in a world in which we're all desperately trying to gain power over one another – all disrespecting each other, all breaking the Golden Rule. All living in a world in which we transgress the Laws in each moment with each action and thought as we live on blissfully unconscious of our negative states.

It's all really about ourselves, and our own will. As we live dishonouring our will, so we are causing ourselves great pain. And because we are living untrue to ourselves, we can only then express this untruth in all our relationships causing pain to others. What we do to ourselves we can only do to others. So as we heal ourselves, so we'll stop infringing upon and interfering with the will of others.

We live in a world, in a society, in families and relationships in which we dishonour our own and each other's wills. As we live in a negative mind and will state we're all learning about what life is like to live disrespecting the integrity of will. We're all living anti or against ourselves – our wills – and anti each others wills and anti or against God's Will. And by trying to constantly make life how we want it to be in our negative will condition, we are only hurting ourselves and each other more and more. We are heading in the wrong direction, and until we understand about the true nature of our will, we won't start heading back the right way. And if and whenever we do start to head back and live in the right way, live honouring God and in accordance with Their Laws, we are going to experience a lot of pain, both personally and collectively. And there is nothing we can do about that other than face it, and live the pain as we strive for the truth. The Law of Compensation will need to be accounted for in each of our lives personally and collectively – globally.

By facing the truth of your unloving existence, by simply accepting it's possibly true; and then by even setting out to heal some or all of your bad feeling denial, as you are allowing yourself to become consciously aware of your problem, so I understand, the Law of Forgiveness will come into play sooner than it ordinarily would. By doing your feeling- or soul-healing you are taking responsibility for your negative state, and our Heavenly Mother and Father offer us the ability to work quicker through our pain because we are fully focused and intent on uncovering and finding the truth of why we are bad. We still feel a lot of pain, but I am told it's not as much as we would feel once the Law of Compensation starts to act on you and you resist all that it's trying to make you see and understand about your negative self-denying actions – if you keep resisting and refusing to accept your bad feelings. By the 'Grace' of God is our pain and suffering lessened, but ONLY if we are setting out to find and live the truth. Once we uncover the truth within ourselves we are giving back to ourselves our true and rightful natural power, that which we've been denying ourselves, and that which our parents unloving parenting stopped us from living. And with our own true power we are then able to take matters into our own hands. We can then consciously choose to stop doing the bad things we see we are doing. And by stopping we are forgiven – as we forgive ourselves. The Law of Forgiveness comes into play. We are willing ourselves into living the correct way in life by living true, so we are rectifying our own errant and misguided will. It is with and through our own loving of our self by doing our healing – with true self-love – that we forgive ourselves and so heal ourselves. And when you understand why you are the way you are; why you do the bad things to yourself and others that you do, it's amazing because suddenly you feel okay. You no longer feel bad. And often you even feel good. Good for finally being able to admit that you are bad, and that it's okay as you now know why you are this way. You see what happened to you to cause you to err, so you're effectively letting yourself off the hook as you understand it really wasn't your fault, and really you're not bad after all – that it was all done to you and you've been made and forced to be this way. It's a strange procedure, something our mind struggles to accept, but our feelings willingly embrace, that being that the worse we can feel, the more bad we can allow ourselves to accept about ourselves because we feel such things, the better we feel about ourselves, and the more loving we are to ourselves and then others. We do literally have to love our way out of our pain, evil, and unloving states of mind and will, and we can only

do this through true self-acceptance. The full acceptance of our negative state.

I don't rape, I don't murder, I don't kill, I don't steal, I don't hurt, I don't do any of the *really bad* things, things that obviously infringe upon another's will to their detriment. But I do lots of other things mostly unconsciously that are still will infringements. And doing them might not send me to prison but they are nevertheless still things that are wrong. In subtle ways I am infringing on other peoples wills trying to get what I want all the time, trying to get them to do what I want, trying to make them be how I want them to be. I had to try and get what I wanted from my parents as they didn't willingly and freely give me all I needed – themselves – to me, and so I am still doing this as an adult. I feel powerless thanks to my upbringing so I'm trying to manipulate others into doing my will, to make things go and be as I want them to, all so I can gain power. I'm not actually much good at it mind you, but still my underlying intent is there to do it. My parents manipulated me – my will – into doing what they wanted so they gained power, and I've learnt from them that is what you do in life. And in such manipulation I might not be directly and openly infringing on another's will, I might be sly enough to coerce them into doing and getting what I want making it appear that they are in agreement with me, but still my underlying motive is to have my will over theirs, to control them and make them be how I want them to be. So still I am living untrue and will accordingly suffer the consequences.

It's all about our underlying intention, that which can and will only come to light as we do our healing. And gee, what surprises you find out about yourself, all of which make you feel you're the worst, most horrible, most despicable person alive. And oh I assure you, it's all such great fun seeing how unloving you really are – what's really going on inside you.

'I'm only making you drink this for your own good, now sit still, open your mouth and drink this medicine. It will make you well, and I know it tastes yucky, but you'll just have to put up with that – all things that make you well taste like yuk. So don't resist, be a good boy, and do what you're told. And if you do, then I'll let you have an ice-cream to take away the nasty taste... Now be brave... there... that's it, aren't you good, aren't you mummy's brave little boy... there, that's better... it wasn't so bad after all – was it?' If the medicine doesn't make you want to puke, how about mummy's 'nice' and 'loving' reassuring words... YUK! We don't even know we're doing it. And we do it all the time.

Coercion. *Loving* mummy has just had her will over her child all in the belief that what she is doing is good for her son. She has infringed on his will, because he certainly didn't want to take the medicine, claiming that it is good for him, that it's to his advantage, making him go against himself and do what she says. She is god and god knows what's best for her child, and so you have to drink your medicine otherwise you are going to remain sick and even die, and we wouldn't want that to happen would we? We can't let anything die, we have to keep everything alive at all costs. Death is the big scary no, no, because once you die that's it, no more existence, end of story – it's over for good. But how narrow minded and short-sighted are we? And who knows whether he will die if he doesn't take his medicine, that is only something the doctor says might happen. And what does the doctor really know, is the doctor God? And perhaps there are other ways to get him to want to take the medicine himself, ways in which he stays true to the integrity of his own will. Ways that don't involve coercion and deceit; ways that don't offer bribes if he is a 'good boy'. To make your own child do things all so he can be a 'good boy' is unspeakably evil. Nothing will screw you up more than this. To have to 'be good' before you get mummy and daddy's love is rotten to the core. It makes me want to throw up when I feel how often my parents did that to me. How often they emotionally manipulated me getting their way. And each of those times I had to put myself aside in the hope and false belief that I would be loved by them if I did what they wanted. And the love never came. They reneged on all their promises. Sure I got the ice-cream, but so what, I wanted their love. But I never got it. They lied to me, all the way along. And so many times through my healing, as I've uncovered yet another instance as this, and as yet more bad feelings have led me to this truth, have I been furious with them. Such lies and deception. All of which make me feel only one thing – they didn't love me at all. They were full of shit and I hate them. They didn't respect my will as it was being expressed through my feelings. They constantly overrode my feelings, not giving a shit about me. They knew better than me, they knew what was for my own good, they knew what was right for me, and what have they succeeded in doing? Fucking me up well and truly. They fucking didn't have a clue.

Should we coerce our child making him or her do what we want them to do, all because we believe we

know what is best for them; or do we allow them to govern their own lives even if means their life turns out to be relatively short on Earth? Who knows, and you can only do what you do in each moment. But as you grow in truth, what you do now will be different from what you did moments ago. And with each step in truth you are becoming less negative, so more loving, having a better effect on yourself, your children and others. And so many of the 'bad' experiences you're having now will no longer need to occur, becoming a thing of the past.

Of course most parents want to do the best for their children, they love their children and would never want to harm them. And yet we think nothing of infringing our will on our child's will harming it in unseen ways, causing it to suffer for the rest of its adult life. And as you do your healing you will be astounded as to how many things you do that are wrong, and how many of them you thought were right and loving. It might be hard to understand, but so much of what we call love, if not all, is not love, is anti-love – so is wrong. And living in a anti no love negative way, how can it be anything else? And this I have wrestled with for years. But how can love not be love when so many people (even myself at times), feel with all their heart that they are loving, and it is love they are feeling? But sadly for me each of those times have proved through my healing to be not loving and of no love. And will it be the same for you? I can't say. However I do think that if what you feel to be true love is really true, then it will remain, for there will no reason or cause for it to go as you shed light upon your untruth.

If I went to my mother and accused her of hurting me, of being unloving and uncaring, she'd scream in my face: 'How dare you accuse me of such things!' In her mind she did only loving things for me. She did everything for me. Her whole life was for me. She wouldn't be able to see how she's wrecked me, fucked my life up totally by her so-called well-meaning loving and caring actions and words. She couldn't begin to understand how I have had to work through ten (now thirteen; now sixteen) years of consistent hard slog and endless unrelenting pain to uncover how much I have suffered, how miserable and depressed I feel about myself and my life. She would die if she new how much pain she's caused me. She believed everything (well, perhaps not everything), but most things, were right, that she was a good parent and probably a lot better than most. She would say she had to be tough on me and make me do what she said at times for my own good. She could see what was wrong and what needed to be done to make it right, and that if anything, I should be eternally grateful to her for her love and attention. That I should be grateful that she provided a good roof over my head, plenty of good food, and took care of me taking me to the doctor when I was sick, give me a good education, and doing all the things that really mattered.

She wouldn't understand that she produced a son who was shit scared of just about everything in life, and how at forty-five has spent years on unemployment benefits because he can't cope with life out there. She would probably think that I was just loafing when really I could do anything I put my mind to. She wouldn't understand that I've felt miserable and disconnected from my feelings, that I've been living denying all I feel, all my bad feelings so much because I'm so terrified of them. She wouldn't understand how I am using my own will to sabotage everything I do, how I'm defeated before I begin, how I'm a useless fucking failure in the eyes of the world – in her eye's. She couldn't begin to relate to how the force of her will, always overbearing, always overpowering, always knowing what was best for me to my detriment, has effectively shut down my will and stopped me from being normally wilful and active in life. She couldn't begin to understand how she has broken the Golden Rule so much that she's produced a completely inept fucked up person who feels so destroyed with nothing inside and so little self-esteem and self-confidence that he has to at best put on a huge show pretending to the world that he is not the useless wreck he feels but someone who is able to command their own life of success. Hardly what you'd call success! And she definitely wouldn't be able to accept that she 'produced' a person who is unloving, incapable of loving, and feels so unloved – by her.

My mother and I live on two separate worlds. She lives in her world of: Mother Knows Best; and I live in the world of: she knows best as I certainly don't, even though like her, I believed I did, having caught the lie from her.

I believed I was okay, that I was normal, that I could make life be how I wanted it to be. I believed I could

have a life like any other person, but something in me kept getting in the way and kept slamming doors in my face so I couldn't go the way I wanted. I wanted to get up and move in that direction, but something said no, you can't, you have to remain where you are or go in that other direction. Something always seemed to have power over me. Where was my will in my life? Other people seemed to be able to say: I'm going to do that because I want to, and off they went and did it, no problem. I'd say: that sounds like a good idea, one day I might get around to it, because I know that if I do try to do it, it's not going to work, and then I'm going to feel like a useless bastard again. It's better if I stay here where it's safe, and dream and fantasise and imagine and one day...

When I was very young I wanted to get up and go over there. I wanted to go into that room and play with that big brown wood machine, the one with the dials and the arm you could move across those black flat shiny things making scratching noises as you went. I would try for it whenever I had the chance. And if I was allowed, music and voices would come out of it, nice sounds, but if I wasn't allowed, no music and only scratching sounds would come out, but that was okay as they would do and it was fun to turn the dials and play with the knobs, and sometimes a little light would come on in one corner and it would make a loud grunt noise and that made me excited because that was what happened when it seemed to hum and buzz like a loud flying fly before the nice music came out.

So off I'd crawl. I just felt like I wanted to go there and play with that toy. I'd crawl and crawl, but I had to crawl fast and in the hope that she didn't come and stop me like she usually did. Sometimes I'd make it and settle myself down to start to play with the dials to see if I could get the light to come on, but then all hell would break loose: 'Stop playing with the record player, how many times have I told you not to touch it, you'll break it, come away from there, do you hear me, stop it...' and I'd cease in terror as the monster-mother-person descended on me, and then the pain would come as she yanked me away from the machine. Her fingers would grip me hard, fiercely under my arms, and her nails would bite in and I would cry out in pain and she would think that I was resisting her and that I wanted to stay and play with the dials – which I did – but it was the pain I was feeling and reacting to; the shock, the feeling of her overpowering me, lifting me up against my will, hauling me unceremoniously and unloving up and away; and her anger with me, always her scary anger. And she'd carry me back to where I had come from, back to where I didn't want to be. I was bored there, tired of having to always stay in the same place playing with the same toys day in day out – I wanted to play with other toys like that big brown one with the little yellow light that buzzed and hummed. I wanted the music to come out, I liked that, I wanted to hear it, but I couldn't speak and I couldn't tell her, and she didn't understand, and she didn't want me to have what I wanted. She didn't want me to get my way, she didn't allow me to do what I wanted. She kept me away from everything that was hers in the house because 'I would break it.' But wasn't it my house too?

If that was her house, then where was my house? Did I get a house? But wasn't I meant to live in her house? Wasn't she my mummy and so wasn't she glad to have me in her house which she also made my house? If it was her house, where was I meant to live? Was I meant to live in that little blue wood square full of my play things? Was that my house with those wooden bars I couldn't squeeze through? Was that my house for always? And if so, why did she have such a big house with lots of toys and I only had such a small one with a few toys? Was it because I was little and she was big? She said: When you grow up you can have your own house and your own things you can play with, but whilst you're in my house you have to respect my things and so you can't play with them. When you get older you can play with them, then you won't damage them. It was always when I get older.

Now I'm older so where is my house? I still don't have a house; I have to live in someone else's house. I have my little corner of the room. I have my computer and that is my toy, and it is black and it lights up all prettily and has a picture of a white apple with a bite taken out of it when I turn it on; and it buzzes and hums and I feel very important typing away on it, writing all about my life and how fucked it is. And although the blue wooden bars are no longer around me, I still know that they are. They are still there only I can't see them anymore – because I 'out grew them', but they are still there surrounding me. And when I go outside, and when I leave my little safe and secure corner, my place I can call my own, I feel scared, anxious, with a nervousness and a slight tremor all through me.

And I've wondered about this tremor as it's become more solid, more real of late. I feel it when I go into the other rooms and do things with things that aren't mine. I feel it stronger when I leave the house and go shopping at the supermarket. I even feel it when I go down the park and walk around the lake. I feel a foreboding, like something bad is pending, something bad is going to happen and I want to rush home and check the cat is safe and that no one has broken in and stolen my little black machine friend who I love as it hums merrily away. I feel like words are being spoken to me through the ether, words I can't hear, but words I can sense; like words coming back to me from so long ago, as if from a bad dream, and they are saying: James, come home, where are you, what are you doing now, where have you gone, come back immediately or you won't get any dinner... James get back over there, you know you're not allowed to play with my things, how many times have I told you, get back to your room and play with your own things. Come back and be with me, James, where are you, and what is your brother doing, get back here NOW, James, James, James... how many times do I have to tell you... NO! STOP THAT, DON'T DO THAT, PUT THAT DOWN, DON'T TOUCH THAT, COME AWAY FROM THAT, DON'T GO OVER THERE, STAY HERE AND DON'T MOVE, DON'T RUN ON THE ROAD, DON'T TOUCH THAT IT'S DIRTY, DON'T DO THAT TO YOUR SISTER, LEAVE HER ALONE... now James, stop that and will you just sit still, stop wriggling about, your always wriggling around, stop it will you, you make me nervous all that juggling and jumping about.

I make her nervous? She's the mother. I'm the fucking nervous wreck. She's made me so nervous that I'm a shaking wreck, always biting my finger nails, always fearful of being told off, criticised, checked and reprimanded, always being told I can't do this and can't do that, I can't say that and I can't go there... WELL WHAT THE FUCK CAN I DO???? I don't want to have a life doing nothing!

And what am I doing now? Nothing. I have a life of doing nothing. I am typing these words but that doesn't count. I'm only doing that because I have nothing else to do. I'm filling in time waiting until I grow up and have a house of my own, waiting until I 'leave' her and live on my own, waiting until I run far way and go and live on the other side of the world, waiting... always bloody waiting. Forty-five and I'm still waiting. She isn't around in flesh but she's never left. She is still with me and I'm still with her. I am full of her; she has permeated every part of me. I can't get rid of her. For ten years I've been trying to do so, it's been a long hard painful slog. She has taken me over so conclusively, controlling all my life, controlling all of me: what I can and can't do, how I behave, what I can think, what I can say, that I have all but disappeared. I am no longer my will, but hers. I live by the commandment: let her will be done, not mine. The Golden Rule can go fuck itself because I'm so far gone it does nothing for me. She had all rights, she is my mother, her will matters not mine, and that is that, I can't do anything about it. I am beaten, beaten well and truly before I even began. So what is the point, why am I bothering to going on? And I ask myself that question each day. What really is the point? What is the point of me? And why do I bother?

What is the point of me when I don't have a will of my own? When my will has been taken over by another's. When I wasn't allowed to all I wanted to do when I was young. I can understand mum not wanting me to play with her record player, however couldn't she have provided me with something similar if that was what I wanted. And why couldn't she have put it up higher out of my reach and temptation. How was I to know that I could break it, that wasn't my responsibility, it was hers. And couldn't she have adjusted or organised her house to accommodate me, to accommodate my toddlerliness. Was that too much to ask? It would have given both of us less grief. And why did she have to have all her things in their right places anyway, all so they could be touched. What was I supposed to do, just be as though I were not there, wafting around the room never touching anything, just being a mind and thoughts without a physical body? Was I supposed to not really exist, was that it? Did she refuse to acknowledge my full presence, because had she, she would have had to change her life to suit me, around me, and that meant she would have lost power, the control would no longer be hers – but mine? Me the little baby – the all-powerful one, something she couldn't bear to even contemplate let alone give into. For if she allowed a baby to control her then what was she, less than a baby? Something so unimportant that even a baby could have power over it.

Did my mother feel so unsure of herself, so pathetic and insecure that she had to ensure that I didn't

have any power over her? Was she so afraid of losing power, losing it to me, that she had to fight me? And was one of her little unconscious power playing games to keep the record player where it was so that I would crawl and toddle over to it and she could pounce on me with her big chance to dominate and abuse and curse and be angry with and control me? Was it some pathetic game she had invented, the trap I continually fell into?

Why didn't she want me? Why didn't she want to give all of herself, all of her life, to me? I was her baby, and isn't that what you do with babies, with new little people as they are coming into the world? Shouldn't she as the adult have grown up and had all her child experiences and so not want or need the things making her complete with me for them? Why have me? Why have a child if really the truth is you don't want it to come into your life and disturb it? What did she think a child was? Did she have a fantasy that a little baby would just be cute and blue in his boy clothes and not dribble or poo in his pants and not want to explore and run and climb all over everything in the house? Where had she been, on another planet in which boys only sit in their little corner and contentedly play with their toys, all of which have been so loving provided by her? Was I only supposed to just breathe, and be 'such a good boy, he never wants anything'? Was I meant to have already given up my will and not tried to bring it – me – into existence; to only be a 'yes mum' man and never, I repeat NEVER, do anything she didn't want me to do. It seemed like this was so because this is how she treated me.

Imagine having a child and then not allowing it to have all you have, not allowing it to be free to discover all that you are, and all that is yours and all that is in your house, all that is in your world. Imagine having a child but only selectively interacting with it. Imagine not allowing it to communicate freely and express itself freely, something which you have to always control for fear that it will run a muck. Imagine having a child and being scared of it, someone so little, so harmless, so helpless, someone who is so dependant on all your love and care and attention, and yet you don't want it in your life all the time. You want it to 'stop bothering me' and to be over there quietly, alone, peacefully playing with its toys, alone, and somewhere where it won't ruin and harm anything or itself – alone, always alone, with her over there out of arms reach.

'Don't touch my face; you'll ruin my make up. Don't kiss me; you'll get lipstick all over you. Don't put your dirty shoes on me; you'll ruin my dress.' *Don't touch me; I'm your mother.* But I'm a baby and little boy and what do you expect? Why do you try to keep up your pretentious life when you've got me? Can't you change and accept that you have me, or is it that you just have to 'put up with' those bad early years waiting until I'm older and for the 'good years' with your child come. Is that it, just pretend that these early years aren't happening, keep your head looking at your glamorousness in the mirror dreaming of those dinner parties and Italian shoes and Mr. Knight in tuxedo suddenly appearing sweeping you off your feet carrying you away to a life with NO BABIES.

Oh but babies were fun and a nice idea before they came. It was nice to imagine living contentedly with your man in a nice house with your nice babies, babies that seemed to magically look after themselves, and didn't cry and always slept when they were supposed to. Not babies that kept you up half the night tormenting you by endlessly crying over things you couldn't do anything about, things you didn't know were bothering them, so many stresses, so much anxiety 'is baby all right?' Too much to worry about, and then when they start to get bigger and want to move around all over the place, always needing to be entertained, always wanting your attention, demanding, demanding, always bloody demanding, never shutting up... who'd want them, they're too much bother, 'if only I'd known' and 'never again'.

But I am one of those babies. I wanted to be loved, to be welcomed into a nice life, to be made to feel like I was always wanted and that they were always pleased to see me, and wanted to be with me, spend time together, doing things, exploring my new world, helping me get to know myself and my environment. I wanted love, love, love and only LOVE. Affection and love, and lots of them. DO YOU HEAR ME MUM AND DAD, I WANTED YOUR LOVE, THAT WAS ALL. WAS IT TOO MUCH TO ASK FOR? I WANTED YOUR REAL LOVE NOT WHAT YOU THOUGHT WAS LOVE. I DIDN'T JUST WANT WORDS OF LOVE, I WANTED TO FEEL IT, I WANTED TO KNOW YOU MEANT IT. I WANTED TO KNOW IT TO THE DEPTHS OF MY SOUL, AND TO ALWAYS

KNOW IT. But were was it, where is it? It didn't come, the words turned out to be hollow, empty words, just words: 'I love you', nothing more. No feeling, no real meaning, nothing to back it up, no affection, nothing to make me feel good about myself, to make me feel confident about being in life; nothing to help me to grow and want to move out into the world, nothing to make me feel like the whole world was for me; no, instead I got empty words and was left feeling scared. Always scared. Where there is no love there can only be fear and misery, that is after the anger of no love has been suppressed, pushed aside and deeply buried.

Fearful, scared, afraid, that was how I was – that is how I am. I couldn't reach out for fear of being frightened, being shocked, being criticised, being told I wasn't good – I was bad. How was I supposed to grow up to be a confident self-assured, self-determining adult when you told me so many times that I was bad, that I wasn't good, and that you'd wish I was some other way, something I was not.

You placed your fantasies on me and I didn't fit them. You didn't adjust your beliefs and wrong ideas and ways, you just slogged on making me fit into your world. And what choice did I have but to comply. I tried to resist but that was useless not getting me anywhere. I learnt very early on that I had to not cry, and to only do as I was told, to behave and obey. OBEY ME were the magic words, which if I obeyed, at least got me some of your attention and less criticism. It was a kind of false love and acceptance, love by default and precarious love that you allowed me have, a *love* I received on condition of my being obedient. When I did what you wanted, or so it seemed, when I obediently obeyed, you said I was good and you seemed happy; you got your way, I lost mine and you were happy and I was not, but that was all I had. I had to pretend that I too was happy, that I too loved you, that I was very much enjoying my life with you. A young child can't fathom not being loved by its parents. It has to accept what it gets and believe that's love. And I did believe, so much so, doing such a good job on myself that I even forgot that I didn't feel loved, believing my own pretence. I believed I was loved. I believed I even felt loved by you and would have died defending that love had it been threatened, but it was all bullshit and now I have woken up those long forgotten memories, and now I have felt their pain and I have re-lived their truth. Now I know what it was really like, now I know more than you do.

Mum and dad, you forced your will over me so many times, hundreds and thousands of time. You always had your way, I feel like I never had mine. I know that is not exactly true, but I didn't have it as much as I wanted it.

Mum and dad we lived a completely unreal life together. We weren't a loving family, we were fucked. You were two people who pretended to love one another enough to get married and have children, but that was all you did. You carried the fantasy on as much as you could, and I believed it, but now I don't. Now I know the truth and it's all fallen in a sad heap. I have left your family seeking a new one, seeking one that loves me and one I can love. I don't want to have anything more to do with you and all that we were. It was all too false, too wrong, just one big fat lie, and I'm done with it. It's over and I'm glad about that, and gradually I'm setting myself free.

Mum and dad you both enforced your will over me dictating to me how my life was to be. You made me live your way and I had no say in the matter. If I objected trying to find my own way you smacked and punished me until I had to submit, give up and give in, and do as I was told. I hated your punishment and treatment of me, but where could I go, what could I do. When you're little you don't know that your parents are mistreating you, you willingly accept all you get even if it makes you feel bad. And you make yourself believe that it's good and nice and love. You abused the privilege of having a child. God gave you a huge responsibility and you abused it. You treated me like I was a burden and yet you were the selfish ones who had me. You abused me.

You said I was bad and yet you were bad. You said the child is always wrong and doesn't now what is right, and it's the other way around. The child is pure and is right, the parents are wrong by enforcing their will on it making it conform to their way. The child is always right and yet we the children are born into a world in which the child is always wrong and the adult is always right. The adult is the boss, the adult has all the power, the adult always knows best, and the child can't know because it's a child. Never

mind that the child has a soul and that soul is of God and that God moves and breathes through that child. Never mind that even as a very little thing we can be self-determined and self-willed if allowed to be.

No, you interfered with me, you abused my will, you all but destroyed my mind and feelings. I had to adjust, I had to pervert myself, bend myself, twist myself, turn myself inside out to conform, to measure up to your standards, to be the child you wanted, the child of your fantasy. I had to lose myself, change myself, give myself away. I had to all but die, to put my true self aside, to put my true self on hold; to dismiss and deny myself to do all I could to subjugate myself to your will. I had to partake of you, imbibe you, absorb you, become as you were, use you as my pattern. I had to depress myself, suppress myself, repress myself. I had to let myself go, to lose myself, to abandon myself, to deny myself. I had to shut off my feelings, tell myself I was bad, I was wrong, I was naughty, just as you said I was. I was the evil one and I was lucky to have you to sort me out, to attend to my needs, to iron out the kinks making me into a proper functioning person.

And you made me feel forever grateful to you for fucking me up. And if I didn't feel grateful then I felt guilty, because after all I was the evil one, I was the bad one. And you said 'he'll grow out of it, it's only a phase they go through', and yes, that's right, it's only a phase you go through suffering the humiliation of having your will all but crushed out of existence. And once those terrible years are over and you've come into line; once you are so lost to yourself – a forgotten person, then they can all get on and enjoy you, then you might even be fun to have around – a cute little kid.

Parents don't get it. YOU ARE FUCKING UP YOUR CHILD IF YOU IMPOSE YOUR WILL AND ALL YOUR YUK AND SHIT BELIEFS AND BULLSHIT FANTASIES ON YOUR CHILD. And if you understand this and you look at your child and can see that you are abusing it, you are way to late, the damage has been done, you've fucked up your child and you will suffer as it will suffer. And you might hate me for writing such truth, but I don't care because I know you're a rotten parent and I know you're wrong and you don't have a fucking clue about being a parent, you only pretend you do, and I am the child, a fucked up miserable child. And I have been in pain and enduring my misery, the misery of being a fucked up child for years now, and you probably haven't even begun, so don't go getting all shitty with me, think about the truth of what I'm saying and if you're brave enough or honest enough you might start to understand. You might start to understand that you are actually the same as me – YOU ARE STILL THE CHILD. YOU THINK AS THE ADULT PARENT YOU ARE NO LONGER THE CHILD, BUT YOU ARE ONCE AGAIN MISTAKEN. YOU ARE THE CHILD AND WILL ALWAYS BE THE CHILD. AND AT SOME POINT IN YOUR EXISTANCE YOU WILL HAVE TO MAKE A RECONCILIATION WITH THIS TRUTH. You will have to accept that you are not the adult as you think you are, and that you are a child whom is hurting just like your own child is hurting. And hurting all because of you.

If someone rapes or murders and is caught for their crime, we punish them, we understand that what they have done is a gross infringement against another person committing a bad act and something that we don't want to happen. The human punishment our society gives to such perpetrators often involves a certain amount of separation from society curtailing ones freedom, however it does not usually induce or bring out the pain one feels in ones spirit when the Law of Compensation demands it. Apparently the hells are full of those people (now spirits) tormented by such evil wrong-doings, by the pain they have inflicted on others coming back up in them. And because of this we can see that all pain we inflict on another person or creature is pain we inflict on ourselves. It's because we are feeling bad, bad because of what was done to us, the pain our parents made us feel, that is driving such people to do such bad things, all because they are refusing to acknowledge and accept their own buried pain. We lash out at other people inflicting the same pain on them (pain we inwardly feel is being inflicted on us, that we're now inflicting on ourselves, yet refuse to accept and keep denying) that was inflicted on us all because we've been made to be removed from our true feelings. It would be far better if we could have been allowed to lash out at and murder and be unloving to our parents for at least we'd be then giving our pain back to them. But of course we can't do this when we're little, and our negative self-denying lives allow us to gain power and avoid and deny our bad feelings, all of which we keep doing by having to take out our pain, and the anger and frustration about having it but being unable to do anything about it, on others. All sin and evil is the breaking of the Golden Rule. However this book is not about such obvious gross will infringements and breaking of the Golden Rule.

In this book, as with my other books, I am focusing more on ones feelings, ones bad feelings, ones repressed childhood, what was done to one causing suffering by mostly ignorant parents. I want to point out clearly that much of what we believe is good, kind, caring and loving parenting, is not, and is also gross will infringement breaking the Golden Rule. Most of the will infringement I will focus on is subtle, and mostly we are totally unaware we are doing it.

We don't know how to parent a child totally respecting its will, and we won't know how to do it until we have healed all our will denial and pain. We don't know how to do it because we're not respecting ourselves. I can't, nor can anyone else, say how one should parent, it doesn't work like that. You parent with the truth that you are, and if you are living in denial of any aspect of yourself then you are going to inflict this denial on your child irrespective of what you think or believe is right. It's going to happen because that is life, that is relationship, that is as it is. And if you grow in truth and perfect yourself through the healing of all your will denial and childhood repression, then you will naturally impart a higher truth to your children and they will consequently suffer less. And if you are totally healed then you will completely respect and never dishonour your child's will, never causing it or yourself any pain and suffering. So conceivably, if you completely heal all your self-denial, then you will be the perfect parent perfectly parenting with love and no breaking of the Golden Rule. If you are perfect (in truth), so too will your child be perfect.

Because there is a huge amount we don't understand, all I can do by using my own experiences and memories of childhood, and all that has come to me as I've worked my way through my soul-healing, is to try and point out some of where I think parents and adults are going wrong. And for you reader to see how you feel about such things.

Although much of this book will be aimed at parents, if you are not a parent you are still the child so it will be relevant to you. And from what I understand, everyone has to do some parenting, so if it's not done here in flesh it will be done in spirit. So even though you are not a parent now (and may not be whilst on Earth) potentially at some point in your life in spirit the opportunity may arise.

And we are all children. We all need to be able to see both sides of the equation. I am not a parent although through my healing I feel I know my mother and father better than they do. I can put myself in them and I can understand all they are suffering and why they treated me as they did. I can feel their pain and anguish being a child of their unloving parents, and I can sympathise with them. And although I am very angry with them and hate them for all they have done to me, as I heal my pain and express my anger and hatred, I can let them go empathising and feeling for them, for the pain and suffering they are still in.

We are will creatures and life is about learning how to apply our wills. We have been given a certain amount of freedom of will and we need to learn to respect and be responsible with it. We need to learn how to respect all other wills, all other creatures of Creation, and in particular those creatures like those of nature with a lesser will than ours, and our children who's wills are not yet fully developed.

If you are wanting to live a true spiritual life then you are going to have to want to understand about *will* – it's unavoidable. And if something so-called spiritual doesn't involve will, then really it's of no value.

Will is at the core of our being in Creation. It moves our feelings and thoughts and is the way, energy and force our soul uses to express our personality in life. Being conceived into a self-denying negative will world and family, we are being born into a situation in which our wills are highly compromised, interfered with, and basically in many ways, fucked up. So to try and work out how to do the right thing by will with a negative mind and will condition is fraught with danger and can't be done.

From all I've observed of parents with their children together with my own subjective experiences, I believe that most of what we believe to be good parenting is bad parenting. What we take for granted and a parent's right, is all wrong. Most of what most parents consider normal parenting (and if they didn't do it then what else could parenting be?) will shock them to discover is not right and that all our problems concerning the individual and society come from this misguided and hideously wrong attitude and belief. The truth is humanity has never got it right about being a parent since it chose the path of anti-truth, and it can't until it heals itself of its negative condition. And even though most people probably believe they had loving and caring parents; and most parents love and loved having their children possibly wishing their children could have stayed younger for longer, they don't realise that all they are doing and all the 'love' they are giving, is done with a lot of wrong motivation and unloving intention deeply buried within them, all of which is negatively affecting their child and causing it great pain as it is forced to deny its true self and learn to how to obey its parents and live the way they do.

We are, from what I can see, a million miles away from understanding what being a good, true, kind and all-loving parent is, and this is reflective of how far away we are living from the truth. Societies change, parenting trends come and go, the authorities come up with what you should and shouldn't do, but all in all it's all trying to make sense out of something that can't be made sense out of, not whilst everyone is living in a negative state. A parent is told this generation that it is bad to hit their child and so other 'softer', subtler, yet equally abusive and disrespectful means of punishment are worked out, like shutting it away in a room for a time, but the underlying truth is that the parent is still in some way disapproving of the child, the child is being rejected and the child FEELS REJECTED. And feeling rejected HURTS! The so-called loving parent is asserting its will all over the little child's will making the child do something it doesn't want to do – no child wants to be made to feel rejected. And when you get in touch with all your feelings of rejection from your unloving parenting you will ache with the horror and torture as you realise exactly just what evil you have done and subjected your child to. So even though you might not hit your child taking a gentler approach, the end result is still the same, you are damaging your child, you're breaking the Golden Rule by asserting your will over your child's, and you are both going to pay a hard price for it, a great amount of pain.

Through these pages I hope to be able to look deeper into what we call normal parenting and to try and point out things from the child's point of view based on what I have uncovered as to how I felt as a child when similar or the same things were done to me. I hope to shift your view of yourself to that of a child's, so if you do want to try and do your healing, then such repressed bad feelings you will start to get in touch with, will hopefully make sense.

The depths of our will denial and will infringement I don't fully understand, but I do know they are very deep and we have no idea how deep they are – NONE AT ALL. And we are all living daily wondering why our lives don't work as they should, why we get sick, why bad things happen to us, why we feel bad,

and it's all because our wills are dysfunctional. We have our wills and they are operating at maximum force, only mostly they are operating AGAINST ourselves and therefore against everyone else as well, and we're ignorant of this. (Our wills can't actually be denied or stopped in their expression, they can only be turned against ourselves making us feel powerless and will-less.) And so this is what I want to try and shed more light on. I want to start to uncover just how much we are breaking the Golden Rule so we can gain some appreciation of how big our problem is both individually and collectively. And I hope by doing so you might be able to help yourself, help find some of those elusive answers to the nagging age old questions that always seem to torment you.

We need to descend into the dark murky depths of our self and find out what is truly going on, and the deepest depth we can go into is our will. Our will is a very real thing, it has a real existence. If you had finely enough attuned spirit-eyes you could possibly even see it and see it's damage. You might believe you could even fix it using subtle energy manipulation, but all you would be doing is adding a band aide here and there or shifting a problem from one place to another. You can only heal your will damage by finding out, seeing, feeling and then expressing, the truth of the problem. And to uncover the truth for yourself you have to start to acknowledge, accept and honour all your bad feelings, such as I have covered in my previous books. The truth as always is the key; the truth can heal you and nothing else will. And the truth will allow you to feel and know that you are on the right path, and not a path that is still being controlled by your wayward unloving self-rejecting mind and will.

I also want to say, as with my other books, I am disproportionately critical of my mother compared to my father, and, as I've said elsewhere, this is simply because I was with mum more than dad, dad being away working so often. So although the brunt of my anger is directed at mum, I acknowledge and feel that dad is equally culpable. He is her silent partner in crime and has inflicted an equal amount of suffering on me although it hasn't been as tangible and readily understood as what she's done.

Many people seem to have a very loving relationship with their parents. As to whether this is true or not I don't know, only once they've worked their way through their feeling- or soul-healing, will the truth be known. If they still have a loving relationship with their parents having fully healed themselves, then it was true, if they don't, well, they will be wiser in truth for it.

For the people who do have a good and loving relationship, should they happen to read my work, I am not actually writing for you. I am writing for those people who don't feel happy within themselves, that unhappiness all stemming from an unhappy relationship with their parents. I am writing for the negative trying to be as negative and true to how I feel as something of an example (I hope) for others to see. So that other people might be able to look at how I've conducted my healing and feel better about opening up to themselves and to a friend sharing their bad feelings and many of their bad thoughts which otherwise they would not want to have done nor possibly have considered shareable. And if you do feel you've had a good and loving relationship with your parents, yet here you are reading my book, then perhaps you may like to consider the possibility (if you haven't done so already) that all may not be as it seems.

Below are experiences I've had or things I've observed all based around my and other peoples breaking and disrespect of the Golden Rule. And as I said, I don't pretend to know it all or know how we should parent or how we should conduct our lives. I can only state and relate my subjective thoughts and feelings. We – society and the family unit – are too far removed from our true and perfect states. I guess that if we were to look at a perfect humanity we wouldn't recognise ourselves within them. We are a long way from the truth, but at least we can start to come back, back to our true state of mind, and our true state of will.

Before you move into the book proper, I want to clarify an couple of other points just so you don't get

confused.

When it's said that we have our will 'broken' or you can break another's will, you can't. Will is not like that. Even with a horse by 'breaking it in' you aren't and can't actually 'break' it. All you can do, that which we so 'lovingly' do to our children, is force it, by applying an extremely greater more powerful will, to do what we want it to do. It has to eventually acquiesce to our will, becoming obedient to us, and by doing so is literally having to put its true self and nature aside becoming something artificial and untrue. And to do this requires a huge amount of effort by the child or creature whereby on its will level it has to decide – choose by using its own will – to give up being how it is and accept being how its master or mistress wants it to now be. And so once done, then with all its will newly focused against itself, it will seemingly 'willingly' live in the negative against itself. And it will believe on all levels, because it will feel such belief with all its will, that how it is now living is right and true for it, even defending its own negative unnatural state to the death, just as we do as adults.

Will – our will – is a very potent force, and once we have turned it against our self, we enforce our 'new' way with all the will we have, there isn't any other way will can be. Our whole being embraces our new way and we seek to make the most of it and be the best we can within it. So we seemingly merrily launch off out into our adult lives looking forward to our bright futures with all manner of hopes, dreams and fantasies we want to be into reality, all the while deludedly believing we are heading in the right direction in life and how we are living is right and true. But it's not, it's only that our will doesn't allow us to feel or see that we are in fact going completely in the opposite direction as to what we would be going had we not had our will interfered with, had we not chosen to live our 'new' way.

So the coming back to our true nature, living with a positively focused will, and the seeing of all our wrongness, is harrowing and very difficult, because at each point, literally in each moment, we are having to fight our self, our own will, beat it back into submission – in effect, re-'break it', by breaking down our minds controlling beliefs – to a point where we feel completely will-less, like we are nothing, a none functioning person (and shit it feels bad when you feel like this – and feel it for so long), from which point we can then refocus our will. We can then choose to change how we are and the direction we are going in. We choose not to do the bad thing we were doing to ourselves and so to others. And in that choice our will is rectified, allowed to come back refocusing itself into truly supporting us being positive – as it would have naturally been.

And because such will changes occur very deep within us being very subtle to perceive; and because they involve huge amounts of *potential* and energy, all of this level of our healing happens very gently for us and requires time, so our healing seems to go on and on and on. Often we can see where we are going wrong, having been made acutely aware of our problem through our healing, and wish we could just change ourselves using our minds, but luckily we can't as in no way can we understand the dynamics of will on a mental or even feeling level. Will is beyond them, deeper, it is driving and 'willing' them. So during our worst times in our healing, when we are down scraping along the bottom of our pit dredging up our worst shit and all the associated pain, a lot is going on, and it's all with the unseen help of various spirits and spirit agencies that we (and our will) are put back together. All occurring in full accordance with, and being orchestrated by, our soul.

Will is one of the wonderments of our being, of Creation. The whole of Creation being brought into being by the Grand Will of our Mother and Father – God. And in our own little microcosm of existence, as we seek to understand the wonderment of our own will and how it in conjunction with our soul is bringing us into being, so too can we understand a little something about Those who created us.

The final thing I want to say here is that so far as when I say we shouldn't interfere with a child's will – EVER – really I have no idea how this would be. I can't imagine being parented with such freedom, nor can I imagine being a parent that wouldn't want to at some point interfere with it's child's will. I can only look at nature seeing how parents are supportive and protective, and how the creatures never tell their offspring what to do, always allowing them to be as they wants to be, even to the point of getting killed if that is how things are meant to be. However within me, within my being, within my heart and with all my feelings, I just know it's how I wanted to be treated and so loved. And I know that had I been I would have remained of perfect mind and will, and so my adult life would be manifesting this and I wouldn't feel any of the pain I do. I would be totally happy, enjoying the thrill of every moment in life and living

full of love, loving and feeling loved, none of which I currently feel or enjoy.

So I know that somehow, and eventually one day, parents will be true and pure within themselves having done all their healing, and so will be able to parent their children without ever once crossing the line and breaking the Golden Rule. And I look forward to looking in at humanity from spirit in the far distant future to see when and how this can be done. To see how much society will have changed, how much our relationship with nature and our environment will have changed, and all for the better.

And I know it will change. It has to change, just as I have had to change. My life simply took me to where I couldn't go on, I just felt too bad and had to do something about it. And so here I am slogging my way through my feeling- and soul-healing. And I know that in time it will be the same for everyone personally and for humanity collectively. In time the pain will become just too great, lives won't work as the fantasy and delusion requires it, we will have pushed ourselves just too far away from ourselves and that will be that. There simply won't be anywhere else we can go but back into our pain to come back to ourselves. And then humanity will start to change. Then the plight of the unloved child will be recognised, as we will allow ourselves to recognise it within ourselves. Then we will start to allow ourselves to truly and properly – FEEL.

'They make you feel bad... 'I don't want to do it!'

They make you do it – force you against yourself.

You feel powerless.

They make you feel powerless.

Then you are angry.

But you are never allowed to express your anger, and even if you can, too bad as it doesn't get you anywhere only feeling more powerless.

And if it does get you somewhere then you wrongly believe that by being angry is a good way to live helping you get what you want by crunching other people.

You gain your power by making others feel powerless – bad.

We have to speak about our bad feelings, which is speaking about our powerlessness.

We have to allow all our bad feelings of feeling powerless to come up.

We don't have to do anything else.

We don't have to try and stop the bad thing that's making us feel bad.

We only need to keep focused on and stay true our bad feelings – speaking about them.

Speaking about how powerless the bad thing happening to us makes us feel.

And speaking about how all these bad feelings make us feel.

How bad we feel by being made to do what we don't want to do.

How wiped aside, disrespected, unconsidered, unloved we feel.

We have to allow ourselves to stay in our powerlessness feelings accepting this is how we feel.

We have to allow ourselves to feel as bad as we feel, whilst longing for the truth of such feelings.

We have to be able to be fully angry about, and express all our misery of, having our will – having ourselves – grossly infringed upon.

And it's a horrible feeling – feeling so dismissed: I don't matter, no one cares about me – what and how I feel. It's a horrible feeling when you don't get a say. When, too bad, we don't give a shit about you.

When someone like Potsy, makes me do something I don't want to do, when she doesn't relent demanding me to do the thing, when she pleads and goes on and on, and finally I have to give in, put myself aside and do what she wants, I feel like I'm having my guts pulled out – slowly – and it's excruciatingly painful, tearing myself away from myself. I feel so screwed up – demented.

I don't want to do it, but her plaintive little voice pulls at me, and pulls and pulls to the point where it feels like I'm literally having something pulled out of me. My heart feels for her, she has so little in her life, so I give over to her, but in doing so, a little piece of me dies too. A part of me is pulled away from myself, and I'll never be able to get it back. Not unless at the same time that I give in and 'break', I speak about all the bad feelings I'm feeling. About my anger at having to stop what I want to do and do what someone else wants. And if I can speak about it, I can retain that little part of me, for although I am

stopping and giving over, still I am doing something for myself – I am protesting, telling Marion, telling the world, how I don't want to do it, and all about how bad it's making me feel. I retain my will integrity by speaking about all I feel, about being made to do something I don't want to do, even though I'm doing it all to myself.

But this I find mostly hard to do, as mostly I give over, give in, putting myself aside. I fall back into silence, into the depths of my despair, depression and misery; into all those times when I was little and had to give myself away being unable to speak about how bad I felt and protest at my rejection. I was never allowed to say NO, FUCK OFF, GO AWAY, LEAVE ME ALONE, I AM NOT GOING TO DO WHAT YOU SAY – NEVER! I was never allowed to allow my anger to speak, to keep something of my will in tact.

And every day they pulled at me, tearing little bits off me, stopping me from developing into being – ME. And now I feel like I'm comprised of just a lot of empty space, space filled with endless amounts of bad feelings. Space filled with nothing more than PAIN.

Playing with my toys

I'm sitting on the floor playing with my toys. Everything is one of my toys. Suddenly the thing in my hand is wrenched out of it.

'You know you're not supposed to play with that!'

I start to cry. I'm scared, I cry more, I don't want to play anymore. Everything is ruined. I want to hide, I want to run away, the scary mother-person has shocked me – again.

I'm sitting on the couch. I'm reading the RSPCA newsletter. Suddenly from behind, Marion leans over and takes it out of my hand; she wants to see the picture of the animal more closely – the starving horse.

I was only partially aware that she was there being absorbed in what I was reading; the terrible abuse and neglect by the owner of this starving horse. Marion's action startles me, then it goes deeper; it shocks me. My thing has suddenly, and without my say, been forcibly taken from me.

I feel shocked, stunned, rattled. The shock starts to penetrate deeper as I allow myself to feel bad. Am I over-reacting? How can Marion doing such a small thing affect me so greatly? (*This being something our healing does to us – amplifying the feeling-experience in simple daily life situations so we can go deeper into ourselves uncovering the truth of how we are really feeling. Tiny things become huge things the further we go becoming more sensitive to our feelings.*) Unconsciously I try to check myself, to stop my feelings; I try to bury my feelings her intrusion is having on me, but I don't want this. I want to feel. I make myself feel. I allow myself to feel; I open myself up to the full impact of the feelings. I allow myself to feel bad, as bad as my feelings want me to feel. I don't want to be in control. I don't want to do what I've learnt to do. I don't want to do what I've learnt to do having to cope with how my mother makes me feel as she shocks and intrudes on me in a similar way. I don't want to deny my bad feelings any longer.

As the shock takes me over I can feel it move through my body, it's like a mini depth-charge going off inside me spreading outwards, up and down within me, and down my arms and legs. I'm speechless; just feeling the shock, feeling more and more shaky. It's like suddenly my world has shattered and I've shattered with it. I feel shattered, all over the place: nervous, anxious, scared; I'm sort of tingling all over but it's not a nice feeling. I feel hypoglycaemic – like I need something to eat, something to earth me, something to put me back together.

I feel the shock and I feel how it's making me feel. I find myself in full disbelief that she (Marion) could just do something like that to me. That she could just totally infringe upon me, interrupt me, make me stop doing what I was doing all for her self. 'How selfish', I inwardly protest. I'm starting to get angry, but then my feelings implode more. I start to feel sad. Sad for myself. Sad that she doesn't respect me, she doesn't love me, doesn't care about me – she doesn't! She doesn't love me. She doesn't care because if she did she wouldn't do such a shocking thing to me. If she loved me she'd treat me with more care, more respect; she'd gently intrude on my space asking me what I'm reading, what is that picture, engaging with me so I can share my bad feelings about the article with her; so I can welcome her love and support into being with me as I share the horror of the story with her. All so I can maintain my power; my power with myself. All so I can choose to include her and show her and accept her invitation. And if I don't want to be disturbed I can show or tell her: 'no' – wait a moment, I just want to finish the article so I can have the whole experience of it, feel it's full impact without being disturbed. And I can say this to her knowing she will respect me – respect what I want and how I want to be – so I can retain my power.

This is what I want: to be loved, respected and cared about, not to be not taken seriously, disrespected and treated like I don't matter.

And as I tell her my feelings a picture starts to awaken in me, something long lost slowly being dredged up from the darkness and sludge of my unconscious past. Light is shone on it the more I connect with my feelings, the more I speak about it...

I'm sitting on the floor playing with my toys. Everything is one of my toys. Suddenly the thing in my hand is wrenched out of it.

'You know you're not supposed to play with that!'

I start to cry. I'm scared, I cry more, I don't want to play anymore. Everything is ruined. I want to hide, I want to run away, the scary mother-person has shocked me – again.

I remember.

I want to play with that thing. I feel good holding it. I like looking at its pretty colour, feeling how smooth it is, wondering what it is... It's a new thing for me to play with, I like to play with it, it gives me good feelings playing with it. I feel good and powerful discovering it, it's mine, it gives itself to me, I can do what I want with it, I can bang it on the ground, I can bite it, I can drop it and it makes a noise, I can...

But suddenly it's gone, forcefully pulled out of my hands. I didn't let it go fast enough, instinctively I tried to hold onto it, I want it, it's mine, but my arm is being pulled up – fast – too fast, it hurts, my new toy is ripped out of my hand.

I'm shocked. I feel angry – intense anger as I try to hold on. I feel pain as it's wrenched from my hands, then fear. Lots of fear – too overwhelming. I'm shocked. I don't know what to do. Those nasty unloving sharp words come at me again – they hurt more than my arm, they hurt deep inside me.

'You know you're not supposed to play with that, let go of it... If you don't let go it'll break...'

As it's wrenched from my hand I feel her dark presence looming over me. I don't see her until my arm having been lifted so high draws my face up with it. I see her then. It's the ugly, nasty, scowling face. I feel frightened. It's not my mother's nice face. I don't like that face, blackness spits for her mouth like darts shooting pain into me. I feel more scared, I start to shake and tremble, it all becomes too much, too fast. It's too intense, too unloving, I'm too shocked. I don't know what to do.

Passively, knowing it's pointless, in my stunned state I reach out for my thing with the little energy my sudden anger gave me before the shock totally overwhelmed me. My thing has gone, I feel a deep sense of loss, more pain. I feel powerless – I couldn't keep my thing, I couldn't manage my world as I wanted it – I lost. It's always a battle, always with the same outcome: always I lose. I've lost again.

More terrible unkind and unfriendly words rain down her hatred on me: 'Can't you do one thing I ask you to! How many times have I told you not to play with it! When are you going to learn! I don't know what I'm going to do with you! I have to keep watching you all the time. Why can't you just be good and do as I say!'

It's all too much, I start to cry. My shock has totally overwhelmed me, I've lost the battle, I can't have things my way, I don't matter. It's all her way, she doesn't love me, I feel crushed.

My tears come fast, uncontrollably running down my cheeks. Suddenly I'm assailed by new terror. If I keep crying the horrible monster mother who hates me is going to yell at me again to stop crying. This triggers more fear, more intense bad feelings, I can't control myself, it's all too much again. I abandon myself to myself – what else can I do? I cry louder and harder, I ball with the shock and indignity of it all. My playing, my games, my exploring, my having fun, my new discoveries, my sense of achievement – of self-worth, of self-determination, my control in my life, my life how I want it to be, are all gone, ripped away in a few seconds. I have nothing to fall back on. I'm suddenly stripped bare. My anger is not strong enough to fight with. She's crunched me again, the pain is too deep, too intense, too familiar, too constant, and it won't go away. I cry and cry and cry for the hopelessness of myself. She doesn't love me, she doesn't want me, she doesn't care about me. I feel so unloved, so unwanted, so uncared about. I feel devastated, crushed beyond everything. And I feel increasingly scared, threatened, afraid it will only get worse, much worse, afraid I will cease to exist. If I'm not loved or wanted then what is the point – why exist? She doesn't want me, she hates me, she yells at me, she shocks me, she's pushing me away, abandoning me, she wishes I wasn't there – that I am no trouble. She wishes she didn't have me, she curses herself for her own stupidity in getting married, in having a child – what did she think it was going to be like? It's certainly wasn't me she was wanting or expecting. My pain gets even stronger.

I want her. I want her to love me, to help me, to come to me and not reject me or push me away, not abandon me – to not hate me. I want her so badly. I need her. I turn my snotty wet face to her and through my blurry eyes I see her form. I wish she'd come to me and take me in her arms and make me feel better – take all my pain and fear away. My heart is breaking with yearning, of needing and wanting to be loved by her. I don't want to be rejected, I hate that, I hate these feelings, they make me hate her, and that is unbearable. I don't want to be forced to hate my own mother, forced to reject her – I DON'T! I fight within myself – I long for her love, her care, her attention, her warmth and affection. It's all I want. My little arm is raised calling out to her, my little hand clutching at her in the air. If she doesn't come immediately and rescue me I'm going to implode, die, vanish forever dying from lack of care.

The phone rings.

I see her moving away.

I'm beaten once again. The phone is the winner – it can command her attention, I can't. It gets what it wants, I don't. It gets her attention all the time – I don't. It's more important than me. She turns away to answer it – I hate the phone.

'Will you stop crying! I can't hear what your grandmother is saying!'

I have nothing more. She has left me, gone to her mother. I need her, I need a mother, I don't have one. My little arm slowly falls back to hang limply by my side. I have nowhere to go – I retreat inside myself.

My crying slows to a whimper – I'm fucked. Totally defeated, beaten, there is nothing for me, no one, I've gone, I no longer exist. I don't have the inner resources to recover, to make myself come back. I wish I could go away, go to a nice place, a place where I could play with my things all day long, a place where I'm loved by her.

I start to dream about my *real* mummy, the mummy that loves me, wants me, cares only about me; the mummy that puts me first before the telephone. This is the mummy I want, the nice mummy, the smiling mummy, the happy mummy. The mummy that lets me play. The mummy who cares enough about me that if she doesn't want me playing with her things she doesn't leave them around for me to find. The mummy who puts me first, makes her house all for me; me first, then herself; who takes the time and trouble to think about me, and all because she loves me. I want that mummy, my real mummy. I want her to come and love me, to hold me and say nice loving things to me: the mummy who makes me feel good and not bad. The mummy who makes me love her and not hate her.

Thinking of this mummy makes me start to feel a bit better. I stop crying. I feel a little of myself coming back – I know I won't all come back, a part of me has been lost, cut off, gone away somewhere, but that's okay now because in my mind I have a good mummy. I cling to my nice mummy in my mind and she picks me up. I can start again now. I reach my hand out for one of my toys. I like the bright blue one... yes, I'll start playing with it and I'm feeling better; better now I have my good mummy close with me, now I have someone who loves me...

I stop speaking to Marion about all I feel and see. I feel like I've been put through a clothes ringer. I haven't cried but I wanted to, my eyes feel dry and itchy around their outsides. I'm no longer angry with Marion for taking the article out of my hands. I'm angry at my mother for all I remember. For all I felt. The truth has painted a picture – a picture of all I feel. I feel sad as I look at it, as I re-live and re-feel all the past. I feel sad about my relationship with my mother. Sad I had to create a false fantasy mother to erase and block out the nasty one. I feel sad and sorry for myself, all those years of our being together pretending we loved each other when we didn't – it was all so false. The truth speaks; the truth shows itself. The truth can't be denied for it is true – I feel it to be so with my whole being. The shock feeling has dissipated. Now I just feel sad. There is nothing I can do. What's done is done.

Sad.

Sad for her, sad for me, sad for us together.

In a way I find the sadness kind of comforting – it has always been there, as if it's somehow a friend to me. Being sad doesn't hurt as much as some of my other bad feelings. Being sad for me is just being sad – and that is my life. That is my truth when I consider my relationship with my mum and dad – sad.

And now I want to cry...

I hate the phone

'I hate the phone.'

'What do you mean?'

'I don't know, I just feel the truth is I hate it.'

'But what do you hate about it? Is it the speaking on it, the holding it to your ear, the colour – what?'

'I don't know, I just hate it. When I'm speaking about something to you and it rings... I hate that.'

'Is it that you hate it ringing because it's intruding on you, is that why you hate it?'

'Yes, I think to some degree... I do hate it intruding on me, but not all the time. Sometimes I like it,

particularly if it's someone I want to speak to. I hate it when it's not someone I want to speak to... I don't know, I can't really get a clear picture or feeling about what I hate, I just know I feel I hate it.'

'That's okay, just speak about all the different parts. It's all probably a mixed up lot of things within you. Just speak about them and see where they all go, it will help to unravel it all for you –'

'Yeah I know, I'll try, but I hate when I don't feel my feelings clearly. God I hate it, I feel so confused, like there is just a thick fog inside me and I can't find my way; I can't differentiate all the different parts, I wish I could separate them all out –'

'Let's get back to the phone, start again... Why do you hate the phone? Try to concentrate on how you feel when the phone rings and it intrudes, how does this make you feel? So you feel annoyed, angry, irritated – what?'

'I feel all of those feelings. Annoyed I guess, the most. It bugs me. I don't want to have to get up and answer it, especially when it probably won't be for me. I'm sitting comfortably on the couch and suddenly the bell rings and I have to jump to it and answer it.'

'Gosh, saying that has suddenly brought a picture up in my mind. I'm back home living with mum, I'm down stairs, the phone rings and she yells from upstairs: Will you answer the phone!'

'God she did that all the time. I'd be jumping up every five bloody minutes sometimes, god I can feel now how much I hated that, how much I hated it ringing, and it was always in the middle of a good bit of the movie or whatever I was doing... oh yes, I can feel my anger now... It's amazing but I can remember how I never allowed myself to get angry, god I can feel how I suppressed it, I can feel myself biting down on my anger –'

'Why couldn't you tell her to answer it, to say no to her; and why couldn't you yell at her, let her know how angry you were?'

'Good question, why couldn't I? I couldn't yell at her because she would only get angry back at me, yell back at me. It was just easier to answer the ruddy phone.'

'Boy I can feel the anger surging up in me now. Now I feel like I want to go back and yell the house down at her. She always got lots of phone calls, I hardly got any, and when I did she'd complain that I spoke too long and that so and so was soon about to ring and would I hurry up and get off it and hang up.'

'She was always waiting for 'her man', the latest on the scene, to ring. Shit, talk about having it all your own way, what a selfish bitch she was. And I remember complaining once about it to her, and her reply, which was always her reply when we were older, was: Well if you don't like it you can leave.'

'She never gave an inch, it was like you were always in a fight, battling away with her and always losing. No wonder I don't feel any love for her. No wonder I don't feel loved by her. No wonder I hate the fucking phone.'

'I feel like I want to rip the phone out the wall –'

'But it's not the phone that's the bad thing, it's her, how she's treated you.'

'Yeah I know, but it's just so hard to want to rip her to pieces. I find it so hard to face her and to yell at her. I could never yell at her when I was small nor when I was big. I still couldn't yell at her the last time I saw her before I started to do my healing in earnest. Shit I still don't know if I could yell at her even with all the healing I've done. I guess I tried yelling at her when I was young but soon found it was no use, it only made me feel more unloved than I already felt – this I can clearly feel now.'

'And another thing I hated about the phone, which I've just remembered, was how mush she loved it. She always has. She sits speaking on the bloody thing for hours, and she'd madly call all her friends over and over. She'd do the rounds, and having gone round the group, start over. I don't know what she said to them, I used to switch off, and the phone was always in the lounge with the TV at Park street, it was hard to try and listen to the TV with her going on all the time, but I became good at blocking her out.'

'And then Gran would ring from Macedon and I'd have to speak to her – you know, as I've said a million times – I was her favourite so she always wanted to speak to me.'

'You mean you were her favourite because you always listened to her and never told her you didn't want to speak to her.'

'Yeah, but I felt sorry for her, no one else wanted to listen and speak to her.'

'You mean you felt sorry, from what you've told me about her, because she brainwashed you by praising you for listening to her when you were young. And that's not fair on any child.'

'Tell me about it, and when she'd call she'd go on and on and on, she'd go over and over repeating what she'd told me three days ago and three days before that, and I'd be stuck to the phone having to

listen, or at least pretending to. I don't know how I put up with it; I don't know why I didn't leave.

'No wonder I hate the phone... when I stop and remember how mum would rush to the phone, pushing me aside or putting me down (literally when I was little and figuratively and definitely emotionally when I was older) as soon as it rang. I'd be dropped, she'd not want to know me anymore, only whoever was on the phone. It was like a drug for her, something magical was one day going to come down the line, some magical words I guess to make all her dreams come true.

'I hated how she'd just reject me, how she preferred it to me. It was her escape, her chance to get away from me. God, for all I know, she probably got the bloody time keeper to keep ringing her every ten minutes just so she could get away from me. It's true, that's how I feel now about how I felt back then. Of course I don't know if I felt all these things back then, but my feeling-memories feel so real. I can just feel myself back there, her and I and the fucking phone. I hated the phone; she loved it more than me. It always got her attention, it had complete power over her. Imagine if she'd wanted to be with me more than with it, and she'd have let it ring and ring and not answer it. Imagine if she'd even unplugged it! Wow, what a thought, but no way, not in a million years would my mother prefer to speak and listen to me than who's on the phone.

'Gosh, that about sums it up. That's an eye-opener, that makes me feel really pissed-off. It's too shocking to even start to contemplate. What a great relationship I had with my mother – what a fucking disaster! The phone was the important one – not me.

'Geez no wonder I feel so fucking angry. Argh, it makes my blood boil! I FEEL SO ANGRY, I'M SO ANGRY WITH HER. HOW DARE SHE! WHAT SORT OF A MOTHER DOES SHE THINK SHE IS? WHAT SORT OF A FRIEND TO ME WAS SHE? She didn't fucking care how I felt. It would never have occurred to her that the phone was always coming between us. I'm sure she had no idea how many phone calls she got each day, how many she made and how much time she spent on the phone instead of with me.

'What a great mother to have, one that sits all day long on the bloody phone. That really makes me feel bad. When it think about it, how many times did it ring and interfere with what we were doing, she'd rush off and wouldn't come back for ages and I'd just have to wait for her. I can remember now, I'd have to wait for a long time sometimes, and get bored, and it was never the same when she came back, and even if she did, then it would bloody well ring again.

'I don't know how she could bear it. She was like a jack in the box, always jumping up, the bell would ring and up and off she'd shoot. It's enough to jangle my nerves, no wonder I hate it so much.'

'Yes but she was getting something from it – at least she believed she was, you weren't.'

'No I wasn't, but getting back to my first feelings about it... yeah, it was constantly being asked to answer the bloody thing that I couldn't stand when I was older. "Is your mother there?" And then I'd have to call out to her telling her who it was (as often she'd be upstairs doing something) and she'd yell back telling me to tell them to wait and that she wouldn't be long. God knows what she was doing up there, getting ready to go out I guess. And then down she'd come and speak and then grab her keys and say: I'm just going out for a few minutes to so-and-so's place, and slam would go the front door, the Alpha would start, and the mad women would go off. What a relief it was when she'd gone. But do you know what?'

'What?'

'The phone would still ring while she was out, and I'd jump up like the good boy jack-in-the-box I am, and answer it. I'd take the fucking message... I would never have dreamed of not answering it and letting it ring out or unplugging it. That would have been signing my own death warrant.

'The bloody phone, imagine having a mother who's life didn't revolve around the phone and her fantasies. No I can't imagine it. God it would be even worse now if I were still with her. She'd probably have a mobile, so she'd be speaking all day long, in the car, at the restaurant, doing the shopping, oh I'd never get a word in.

'No, but you probably would have had to face the truth of your relationship with her sooner.'

'Yeah, you're probably right. What a terrific parenting aid the phone was for her. It was either it or me and it always won. No wonder I hate the thing more than I like it...'

I am alone

The mother was pushing her pram through the clothes racks. Her little baby was lying on its back crying. It couldn't see its mother – its mother couldn't see it. All it could see was the dark roof that covered half the pram. The mother was looking at clothes on the rack. I am that baby.

I am alone, too hot, all decked out in my close fitting smart baby outfit and hat and covered by baby blankets. My arms are free but my legs feel pinned down under a huge weight, they feel trapped, I can hardly move them. I am very angry. I'm suck on my back, I can't roll over, I can't move anything but my arms. I wave them futility around in the air. I can't grab anything, I can't hold anything, I can't vent my anger on anything, all I do it put my hands in my mouth and bite on my fingers. I can only bite so much before I hurt myself even though I have no teeth.

I am alone, I am very uncomfortable, and I am trapped. I feel scared and powerless and I want security, I want my mother, but where is she? I can't hear her, I can't see her, I can't smell her, I can't touch her, I can't even sense her. I don't like being alone, it makes me feel bad.

I am alone and I am afraid and I am hot and I can't do anything except cry. I have been crying for a long time and that hasn't helped me, now all I do is whimper, I am tired, I have run out of energy, I don't want to go to sleep, because now I am hungry.

I am alone in my pram, but consciously I don't feel that. I don't see other people, I don't see anything around me, it's so dark, there is little light, I am afraid, nothing makes sense, I don't like my life.

I am alone and powerless and my mother is a million miles away. Although she is right behind me, I don't know that. Right behind me is a million miles *alone*. I am a baby and have no mother. Where is my mother?

I am alone and I have no mother and now I'm getting even more scared. No mother means no survival. If I have no mother then I can't feed and I will die. I need her. I need her more than anything else – she is my life-line, she is my survival, but I am alone and she is nowhere in sight.

I am alone and I can't hear my mother. Why doesn't she talk to me? Why doesn't she sing to me? Why doesn't she hum to me? Why doesn't she let me know she is near me, that she is with me – that I am not alone?

I am alone and I am feeling worse. I am not aware of time, only sensations. I am not aware of my feelings, I am not aware of anything consciously with my mind, but I know that some part IS aware. And it knows all. It knows all that I am and all that I need and all that I'm not getting. And it has started to react, because it knows that I'm feeling distressed, that I am feeling alone and frightened and my survival is now at stake. It's making me cry.

I am alone and the unbearable is threatening me. It's all too unbearable, I can't put it into words, it's more than feelings, it's excruciating pain, not physical pain, but soul-pain. I am in pain and the pain is growing in intensity. It's filling me up, coming from deep with me; it's filling my veins, making me hotter.

I am alone and I am angry. I am angry that nothing is being done to help me, to take care of me, to love me. I am alone and I feel unloved, unwanted – rejected.

I am alone and I feel like I don't exist, I am nothing, nothing to anyone, nothing to my mother – I am not clothes on the rack that have her attention. She wants the clothes more than she wants me. She wants to go shopping to give her something I can't. I can't fulfil her, I am so young and fragile and shouldn't be alone and yet she still has to go shopping looking for clothes. And she can't leave me like she would like to, so we have to go together – yet I am alone.

I am alone and I don't want to be alone. I don't want to be alone now, I don't want to alone tomorrow, I never want to be alone. I hate being alone. I didn't know being alone would feel so bad – it's the worst feeling because it has within it so many other bad feelings all of which I hate because they make me feel bad, and now I'm feeling really bad.

I am alone and my pain and anger and bad feelings are growing within me, consuming me, taking me over, overwhelming me and I don't know what to do. I can't do anything and that infuriates me even more. I am pinned down, trapped, overpowered, feeling I can't control my life, I have no say in my life, I can't make it how I want it to be. Something is too overbearing, something is making me do what it wants, and I don't want to do it. I hate doing it; I hate not being able to do what I want. I am not free. I have not as yet known freedom in my few months of being out in the world and I have a bad feeling that I never will.

I am alone and I want my mother but she is ignoring me. I am crying but nothing comes from her. She just leaves me to lie there while she continues on with her shopping. I am an annoyance, an inconvenience, something she wishes she'd rather not have. I don't know if this is how she really feels for I can only know how I feel, but this is how her behaviour makes me feel now. She is ignoring me, pretending I don't exist. I feel even more alone – and very distressed.

I am alone and feel unwanted. I feel that I should just sleep, go to sleep and be a 'good baby', and not want anything. Not want the attention I am desperate for, not want the food I'm feeling hungry for, not want the love I'm entitled to have and must have. Not want anything from her. I want to be a 'good boy', I want some love and attention even if it's false, but I can't sleep, I feel too anxious.

I am alone and I am not with my mother. She is not holding me to her so I can feel her warmth, so I can move within her arms, so I can look at her eyes, so I can smell her breath, so I can feel her love.

I am alone and my mother has put me down. She has put me aside, put me over there in the pram. She has dressed me up, it hurt being pushed and pulled and stuffed into those clothes and then tucked down so tight in the pram that I can't move.

I am alone and now the rage is boiling in me. I have tried to suppress it, I have tried to keep it down, but I am so small I can't keep it down any longer. So I don't.

I am alone and I cry.

I am alone and I ball.

I am alone AND I SCREAM.

I am alone and the rage and fury and pain and anguish are too much for me and I pierce the room with my agony.

I am alone and I am on fire.

I am alone and I am desperate.

I am alone and I am fighting for my very survival.

I am alone and I need to scream and scream and scream and scream and scream because I am so alone. Because being so alone is so unbearable.

I am alone and I need to scream to get my mother's attention. She has left me too long. Doesn't she care, doesn't she know, doesn't she understand what I am and want I am feeling and what I need? She is my mother – she is the mother – aren't mothers supposed to know what their little baby needs. Why does she

continue to neglect me?

I am raging, I am hysterical with rage, I am fighting for every inch of my life, I am feeling completely surrounded with the fear of my life being extinguished. I am alone and I have no mother. I am alone and being alone means death to someone so small. I rage and I rage because I don't want to die, not yet.

I am raging and I want to rage the whole world down. I want to destroy everything and everyone with my anger at being left, for being made to feel alone.

I am raging and screaming and my lungs feel like they are going to explode. As soon as I vent some of my pain more is ready to take its place. It's never going to stop coming up inside me. I am never going to stop screaming. It has control, it has taken over.

I am raging because of all that I have experienced so far in my little life has made me feel bad. Today is just one more time of feeling BAD. I have felt alone so often; I even felt alone all those months in the womb. I have never not felt alone. And I hate it – I hate feeling alone. Feeling alone makes me feel so bad.

I am raging because no one cares about me, because my life is threatened, because no one loves me.

I am raging because no one is doing anything about me, no one is seeing that I am too hot, that I can't move, that I am hungry, that I am too bored, that I have nothing to stimulate me, that I am lying on my back and have been for ages all nicely tucked in, a real showpiece of a baby, but I am all for everyone else, I am for them and not for myself, and they don't take proper notice of me and of how bad I feel.

I am raging because my mother is herself in a poor state. She too was left and ignored and treated harshly, traumatically, unlovingly, just as she treats me. I am raging for the injustice of it all. And I am raging because nothing is going to change, I am going to grow up being subjected to this time and time again, and this is my life, these are the patterns I am forming, this is how my life is to be, this is what I am going to have to accept, this is what I am going to be made to accept – I cannot change my mother, I can't start over again.

I am raging because this is my lot.

I am raging because I am completely powerless to do anything about my condition except rage, and so I am raging.

I am raging and raging and raging and will rage until I die.

I am raging until she comes back to me, until she rescues me from my fears, until she shows me she loves me.

I am raging and I want the whole world to know I am despairing, I am uncomfortable, that I have been neglected for so long and it feels like a torture.

I am raging and my trauma is growing. I am raging.

Now I'm being released, now I'm suddenly free. Firm hands hold me and I am lifted up and a nipple is pressed between my lips.

I don't want that in my mouth I am raging... but I do want that in my mouth... I want, I suck, I can't help sucking, it just happens, but my rage is still surfacing, and I am half-choking, but I want to drown my rage with nourishment, with the soothing comfort of the warm milk I can taste.

I want the comfort of familiarity, of knowing that this makes me feel better. So often it has made me feel

better, it has taken my rage away. I know it's my mother's breast and her milk and I am with her and I am not so much alone as I was. I don't feel completely loved and completely not alone, but this will do, I can accept what I am given, I can make do and can use it to keep going. That is all I can do. That is what I must do – it's what she wants me to do.

So I suck and I suck and I suck as my life depends on it. She still doesn't speak to me, I don't look at her, my eyes are closed, and I suck. There is nothing else for me except the warmth of the milk that is now flowing out through my body. It's an inner warmth, not a strangulating smothering asphyxiating warmth that I can't do anything about. This is warmth I can accept, I can welcome it into me, it tastes good, reassuring, secure. This is life and I am holding onto it, I can allow it to fill me up, to take my pain away, to make me feel not so alone.

I want the fluid, I want the sensations, I suck and I suck. I am no longer raging. I am now relatively peaceful. I feel myself filling up. My pain is somewhat subsiding; the food is washing away all the trauma, all the pain, all the fear, all the bad feelings. The milk, the food, the stuff that tastes so good. I tell myself that I must always have the food, always have the stuff that tastes so good as it is how I will survive, it is how I will not feel so alone. I will make sure I always have a warm sweet drink, a fluid flowing down the back of my throat and into my stomach making me feel warm and secure, giving me something to do, giving me something of a life. I will always make sure I have it, I will never not have it, because to do so and I will be all alone, and to be all alone I will die.

I am alone, I have my milk, my rage has subsided for now, but I am still alone.

I am with my mother, I have her milk, but I am still alone.

Will I always feel alone?

Is this what my life is to be about – feeling alone?

I am with my mother, she is alone, and I am alone with her.

Is this what our relationship is forever to consist of? Is this how I will feel in all my relationships?

I am with my mother and although she had me so she wouldn't feel so alone, nothing for her has changed – she still feels alone, even more so now with the added weight and burden of the responsibility of me.

I am with my mother and we are both alone.

I am reading a book about Australian aboriginal women. I am looking at the pictures of the women with their little babies – piccaninnies. There are always groups of women together and they are always holding their babies, always looking so happy. Some are carrying their babies in their wooden cradles slung from their hips. The baby and mother and other women can always look at each other. The baby is not burdened by too many clothes and blankets. The feeling I get from the pictures is that neither the babies or the women feel alone. They don't look alone, they are always together, there are lots of other little children and occasionally the men around. They live in a secure network of the tribe. They are all integral and important parts of the family, a big family, a family made up of lots of families. They all seem at-one with their surroundings, they aren't searching through racks for clothes, for something – a treat – to make them feel good, to fill in the gap and take away the bad feelings of feeling alone.

I imagine being an aboriginal baby.

I am not alone.

I am with my mother. I am always with my mother. I am always with all the mothers, and even their mothers. I am not alone. I am never alone. They would never let me feel alone.

I am with my mother and she is with me. She is close to me, she pays attention to me, she holds me close, she sleeps with me, she doesn't leave me, she never leaves me, she is always with me. I don't feel alone.

I am with my mother and I like feeling her hard hands on me, and I like always smelling her near me, and feeling cuddled and held by lots of other hard hands. Hard hands that are soft and gentle and kind and nurturing and wanting – me. Hard soft loving hands that don't make me feel alone.

I am with my mother and I feel wanted. I feel wanted by her, by her mother, by all the other mothers, by all the fathers, by all my brothers and sisters. I am the youngest and I am special, even though there are many in my family. The youngest has his place until he is no longer the youngest, and when he is no longer the youngest he still has his place. Everyone in the tribe is special. Everyone in the tribe always feels important. Everyone has their place. I feel my place. I am not alone.

I am with my mother and when she puts me down I am free. I am free to move, to be on the ground, to feel the earth, to hold the earth, to feel its warmth, to feel the warmth of the sun, to feel the cool dryness of the wind. I am in a wide open world but I am not alone. I am free within my world and I am not alone. I am free to move, to cry, to make my baby noises, and I can see her, and she can see me, her mind is always on me even if she is doing other things, I come first, I am her priority, and that me feels good. I am 'number one special child'. I am her child, and I am never alone.

I am with my mother and she holds me to her breast. She holds me to her breast and I suckle, her warm milk flows down my throat it fills me up and it makes me feel good, contented, but it is not all that I have. I have her, I have her and she has me, we are bonded, we have never been separated, we have never been apart. Her milk is physical love coming from her into me. I feel loved. She loves me. I am hers and she is mine. We are one – she is my special mum, I her special little one.

I am with my mother and I feel wanted, I feel liked, I feel cared about, I feel important, I feel I am not a hindrance, I am not a tedious responsibly, I am not a mistake, I don't have to be ignored, I am not a bother, I am loved.

I am with my mother and feel her wanting me. I have felt her wanting me all the time I was inside her. Now I am born I still feel the same, nothing has changed only I can now feel the wind and the rain and the sun and her dark skin on my face. Nothing has changed except I can breathe my air freely and I take large breaths because I feel contented, I feel good, I feel loved, I don't know what alone feels like because I have never felt it.

I am with my mother and with her by her side as she does all the things she does. I am not banished to another room, or placed confined in a cot. I am never strapped hard in a pram. I am with her and she watches out over me, I am not enclosed in a pram, I can see from horizon to horizon, I can see the beetles and ants and birds in the sky, and I can see all the people and I can see them seeing me. I am not alone.

I am with my mother and I was inside her and then once born placed onto her breast. She held me and I drank her milk and I felt all was as it was supposed to be – this is my life, and I have been made to feel welcome. I was not born in a cold clinical room with bright artificial lights and taken away by someone not of my tribe and kept separated from my mother and surrounded by artificial lifelessness only allowed to see her when I needed to be fed non-human things. I never suffered any of these separating alone making things. I am not alone – I don't feel alone – I feel a part of the whole. And I can dream and I am part of the dreaming, part of her dream, as she is part of my dream, and the dream is real.

I am with my mother and the skin around me is soft and lose and I can move and hold it and it smells real; and I am with my mother and she smiles at me when I smile at her, she can see my smiles and I don't

feel any rage or fear or the feeling that my survival is being threatened. I am close to my mother in spirit and in person. I am close to my mother connected in the dreaming, we are one, more than one, we connect on all unseen levels, and I feel fulfilled and nourished and not alone.

I am with my mother and I am natural man. I am not living in an artificial world made by artificial man, a world that specialises in separation, in making sure one feels alone. I live in a simple personal world, not a complicated impersonal world, and I am not alone.

I am with my mother and I live in the dust and the dirt and the sand and yet I never feel unclean. I smell not of soap and perfume and neither does my mother, we smell much nicer than those things, and I am not alone. My mother doesn't put her make up on, change her face and be a different person. My mother is always the same, and she is my mother and I am her son and I am never alone. And never is there a phone!

I am with my mother and I don't feel powerless, I don't feel isolated, I don't feel rejected, I don't feel unwelcome, I don't feel unwanted. I am with my mother and there is no injustice, there is no feeling of it's not fair, there is no feeling of my being a burden, there is no feeling of feeling of cute-see-coo (however you spell it) baby and like I am a doll, like I am playing a part in a show. I am who I am as my mother is who she is. She is not pretending to be something or someone she is not, she is not wishing her life was another way, she is not wishing her Mr Right will come and carry her away to her land of paradise fantasy. My mother is a real mother, down to earth, the raw bones of Mother Earth, and we don't feel alone.

I am with my mother and I don't have to scream and rage and yell for my food, I don't have to scream and rage and yell for attention. I don't have to scream rage and yell to be loved. I only have to cry if I need something because I can't as yet speak. And when I cry I get what I need, for she knows what I need and it comes and I am content once again. And I am not alone.

I love my mother and she loves me. Our love is real and true – not unreal, contrived and false.

I am never alone.

As I am not an aboriginal baby I don't know if I would really feel all these things. I still suspect in this more natural world not all would be perfect, as even the primitive people are still living in a self-denying negative state; however, it would still be a lot better than what I felt when I felt all alone.

Now I am grown up, I am not confined to a pram or a cot, but still I feel alone. I have lived with other people, I have lived alone, and still I have felt: alone. I hate feeling alone, it's so empty, so nothing, so unfulfilling, and it's scary. And worst of all, I feel I have to do everything myself to survive. I have no truth or faith in life, in Creation, in God or in myself. I have no one to count on, nothing to look forward to, no one to share anything with. Being all alone means it's always all up to me... and that is lonely.

I have always felt alone, this truth I now know. This truth I am accepting, and it hurts. I live with the pain of being alone, the trauma and tragedy of it, but there is nothing I can do. I am alone, and it is me. I am Mr. Alone, and I am lonely.

Don't do that!

'DON'T DO THAT! STOP IT AT ONCE! – DO YOU HEAR ME, STOP IT! NOW!'

You've probably, if you haven't done it yourself, seen a parent act this way with it's young child. And if you have, you've probably seen the stunned look of shock on your child's face as suddenly, you its parent, turns against it. And then you might have seen the (or your) child either burst into tears or try to fight back against its parents (or your) unloving intrusion and rejection of it.

Throughout my healing, time and time again, I have followed my bad feelings back to feeling-memories of my parents treating me this way, with a sudden attack making me stop what I was doing when I didn't want to stop. And each time I have not been able to remember anything more than the shock, the trauma, the confusion, the anger, and all the other bad feelings – I have not been able to remember once what it was that I was actually being told to stop doing, nor have I remembered that I understood why I was made to stop.

Being able to relate to little children through my own feeling-memories allows me to glimpse something of what that child might be experiencing at that terrible shock moment. And I write this from what I have rediscovered from my repressed memories and their associated bad feelings.

(And three years later I'm still getting closer to fully understanding and accepting the damage such shocks have done to me, countless shocks inflicted on me by my 'loving' carers.

Yesterday I was uploading my latest feeling-healing book – book 2, to my Divine Love Spirituality website. It was half way there when suddenly my Internet wireless connection dropped out. It is prone to do this anytime, however uploading all my previous books I had no trouble with it.

I was angry and started to speak about my anger to Marion, but then I was overcome with a feeling of being shocked. And the more I expressed it the stronger it became. My mind still can't accept how seemingly such a small thing like this uploading going wrong for me can simply devastate me, as that was how I felt.

I felt utterly crushed, smashed beyond repair. I could hardly speak to Marion about all I was feeling. I had to hold my head consolingly in my hands for about half an hour while the shock feeling worked its way down inside me. It felt like it was coming in from the top of my head, sinking down through me into my legs and feet. I felt so fucked. So miserable, so beyond caring what happened to me – I just wished I could die.

Although I have written these words, the actual feelings I felt can't be described, or at least I can't describe and portray how bad I felt. So totally bad; so bad I was just BAD feelings. Devastated beyond anything I'd felt, and all from this small bad experience.

As the day passed I slowly got more in touch with my feeling of shock. And by this morning even more so being able to relate it to how bad I felt so often in my early life. So often just small things happened to me by my parents or grandparents that showed they had absolutely no respect or consideration for me, and the simplest of action, like taking a toy out of my hand when I didn't want it to be taken away from me, crushed me. It slaughtered me, me – my will, me – my person. It was as if they were just hacking off my arm at the same time so I could never use it to play with again.

The feelings are all very subtle, very hard to perceive and get in touch with, but overall it's helped me to appreciate just how insensitive we are to little children. My parents were like Neanderthal block heads (who probably weren't like that at all) in their relationship with me, just as I observe most parents with their children. Again it's hard for me to describe actually what I mean, but I'll use another example to illustrate it.

Upon our arrival to live on Phillip Island, Marion and I delighted in all the nature, so many new birds and easily accessible woodlands and bush to walk in. And everything was so lovely, so quiet, so pristine in its untouched-by-man look (even though most of the areas have been replanted and are still somewhat unnatural).

On one walk the path was made of small rounded quartz pebbles, and our shoes made loud crunching noises all too much for Marion who insisted that we creep along, that we walk as slowly and lightly as would could so as not to disturb anything. We were a gross disturbance as it was, all the birds being scared or wary of us, and when a little brown female wren popped out onto the track ahead of us, Marion made me stand absolutely still, and we we did until it moved off the path and away into the bushes, before moving on.

I wanted to explore the Reserve. I wanted to push on as we only had a limited amount of time. And yet no sooner had

the wren gone and a magpie landed up ahead on the path, so we stopped again watching it peck around. Then a hare suddenly hopped out onto the track and came hopping toward us. It didn't see us until the last moment, and what a lovely looking creature, I'd never seen one in real life before, let alone up so close. It dashed off into the bushes and the magpie flew off and I wanted to quickly walk on, but I had to agree with Marion, the crunching noise of our shoes was horrible. So we all but crept along trying to stand on little bits of grass off to the side, and then another glorious magpie came to investigate us checking out who was in its territory, and on it went. By the time we had to go we'd walked only about a hundred metres, not the five or so kilometres I thought we'd be able to do.

But I enjoyed Marion's approach and complete respect for everything – all the other creatures. And so that became the basis of our future walks.

The next time we were in the Reserve we saw a man come along the track in the opposite direction. He had his hiking shoes on and his bird watching binoculars were hanging around his neck. Suddenly he left the track quickly striding out through the bush as he passed us. He resumed the track further on by which time there were the family of magpies we'd become familiar with all standing along the path. They had to quickly fly off as the man walked through them asserting his power and dominance over the natural world. They had to stop what they wanted to do, put themselves aside, making way for him – the important one. He wasn't interested in common magpies, he had to quickly press on so they had to scatter.

Now I know that the birds themselves will bomb another bird out of the way, the magpies being notorious for this, they are the dominate ones on their block and show it. But that is all right as it all works for them and the other birds and creatures. It's how nature is. And although we too are nature, we're different, and it's honouring this difference that I enjoy with Marion as she helps me to become more aware of myself and my unintentional impact on the wildlife – just how disturbing and scary I am. Just how the man was.

And I have enjoyed slowly increasing my respect for other creatures. I now enjoy willingly skirting a bird or lizard on the ground, or waiting for it to move on so as not to disturb it, rather than wanting to assert my dominance – not allowing a bird to stop me doing what I want to do! – or going to look closely at the blue tongue lizard scaring it, making it hiss and open its mouth just so I can see its blue tongue.

So coming back to myself and my shocked feelings, I feel like I'm the creature and my parents are me the unaware, uncaring, ignorant, insensitive human that just blasts his way through the bush. My parents weren't considerate of my sensibilities, to them they just took the thing out of my hand because they didn't want me playing with it. It was easy, they asserted their power, no trouble. But for me their actions had a profound affect on me. All I felt was their complete disregard for me, I didn't feel any love, only rejection. They didn't consider my feelings. I was too young and what did it matter if I started to cry feeling so shocked and unconsidered with my thing being suddenly taken from me?

The impression I have of my mother is that she's like a bull in the china shop how she bulldozes her way along impervious to the devastation she leaves behind. And I am that devastation. I am left in her wake – destroyed, shocked, traumatised, feeling totally dismissed and unwanted by her. I'm just a nuisance, an annoyance that she has to deal with, and so does quickly and without any consideration as to what my little life is all about. She never stops to think about my reality, how it might be for me, how her impact on me might affect me, just as the man striding through the magpie family didn't consider them. And she was always in a rush, just like me having to race around the Reserve thinking that I had a good walk in nature, saw a couple of birds, a wallaby or two, even startled a rabbit and saw a blue tongue lizard, but didn't have any of the subtle and infinitely more fulfilling experiences of feeling at-one with the creatures as Marion helped me to appreciate – someone who is trying to consider them. To be with Marion and to just sit on the wooden seat and watch the little birds come around, the bigger birds come and go, the bull-ants walking around and over our shoes, then suddenly noticing the shrub next to us was full of lovely little cream-coloured beetles I'd never seen before, is how I now prefer to live my life. To hear the wind in the trees and delight in the far off 'squeaky wheel' bird calls hoping the butcher birds come closer, rather than rushing off trying to track them down; and then the sudden joy, when... there they are! Mr and Mrs Butcher Bird came to us. This is how I now prefer to live, not my mother's way.

Slowly Marion is helping me to turn my focus back to myself and what really is important. And it's not about what I can achieve in one day, how many kilometres I can cover, how much of the Reserve I can see in one outing, how many birds and other creatures I can tick off my list. And I feel so relaxed, peaceful within myself, not the anxious stress-case I normally feel, the scared little person who's fearing when the next shock is about to come.

My shock feelings make me feel like I grew up in a stampeding herd of buffalo. That was my normal everyday reality, having to dodge and keep out of the way of the flying hooves, always terrified that the next moment will be my last as my head is bashed in once and for all. But I don't want to live this way, I want to live with the buffalo and at peace with them, in respect of them, and not in their headlong rush to nowhere – nowhere for me that is.

The other point about my shock I want to make, which I've said is the reason for this book, is to again say that it's how we're treated, and so how we treat ourselves, that is breaking the Golden Rule all the time. (And you can break the Golden

Rule within yourself, it doesn't just apply to hurting someone else.) And we're totally unaware of it. The harsh impact of my parents on me when I was young is taking me years of hard daily work on myself, expressing all my bad feelings, to get a grasp of. And yet it's what has formed me. I am formed on this very subtle abuse, it's shocking and has traumatised me so much. And I only say 'subtle' because I'm so switched off to it, I'm not aware of it. I've had to grow up blocking it all out refusing to allow myself to feel it. And I know that had I had children I would have been the same insensitive blockhead to them as my parents were to me. How could I not have been that way when it is all I am? And I am so glad I have not subjected a little person to myself.

As I said before, the gross will infringement stuff, like murdering another person, we can all see is wrong, but as yet we can't see just how bad what we call ordinary and normal parenting is, and how badly we treat each other in our day to day lives. And it is bad, really bad. And in many ways far worse than the simple outright murder of someone, because it's happened to us as we are forming. It is horrendous what we're subjected to, just in our so-called loving families. And it begins at conception and never ends. The murderous act is but a moment, and sure the victim may not want it, but they still live in spirit and quickly move on into their new life. And it's an act that is the end product, the result of unloving parenting. What I am trying to convey is the seriousness of fucking up a newly incarnating soul, years and years of crossing the line, 'breaking' its will, making it live in ways it doesn't want to, and there is no getting away from it. The little child is stuck, subjected to continuous cruelty, and what's worse is, it becomes cruel itself. It has to become as its parents are, it doesn't have another choice. Even an animal like a mother pig who's kept in atrocious artificial unloving conditions of confinement being treated nothing more than a piglet factory, is still within herself true and perfect, this state of perfection never being taken from her. She will suffer, live a shit life and then die, she will have had a bad life, but still deep in her core she feels completely self-loving, whereas we don't. We are the opposite, completely self-hating, having been subjected to such cruel treatment. We don't have a true and perfect part of us that we feel remains in one piece (except for our soul, but we can't feel that), we become completely of the horror, and then keep on perpetuating it.

And what I want to say, which I know will probably be really hard to take, but your life is shit, you might believe otherwise, but really how can it not be? And why I can say that it is shit is because you are living in a negative self-denying and so unloving state of mind and will. A large part of your will has been turned against yourself. And it's the same for all of us. And although I keep repeating this, I will keep on doing so, as I know it takes a very long time for the truth to sink into us – for us to completely accept it. So we need continual reminding of our plight. I feel so twisted up inside, part of my will is forcing me one way, their way, and I don't want to go that way, and I am totally powerless to do anything about it; and then a little part, the truer me, is struggling to try and live how I want to live. And to a more or lesser degree it will be the same for you.

Your feeling- or soul-healing will take you down systematically into your depths, into where you can actually feel and perceive your will and how it's being affected, negatively and positively, and the negative stuff hurts, it really fucking hurts. And the pain is just there, all through you, and it's unavoidable. It has to be there to show you how fucked you are, to make you FEEL it – to make you feel BAD. And it feels really bad.

We have to get to the bottom of our yuck, what's really driving our negative unloving condition, and for the pig farmer who's being so cruel it's relatively easy to see that how he's keeping his pigs is how his parents kept him, and so how he's keeping himself. But the pain he will feel when he gets to the will level of it all, to feel how cruel he is being, to not only his pigs, but also to himself, and that being how cruel his parents were to him, to make him become the cruel pig farmer, will hurt – unbearably so.

For those of us who don't do something so blatantly cruel as this, it's much harder to look at our life seeing how cruel we are to ourself and to our world about us, but we are all the same. You might not on the surface be hurting and depriving pigs of a good life, but you are still doing it in the life you live, even if it's deeply buried and on top you selflessly feeding the starving and helping the poor. And it will all be borne out on your children if you have them.

The pig farmer when he comes to do his childhood repression healing, as with the murder, will have something tangible at least to keep their focus on how cruel, heartless and unloving they were. They will feel endlessly bad for what they have done to the other creature or person, this helping them stay focused on how much bad was done to them. But for those people like me, and I guess there will be more people reading my work like this, it's very hard to look into your life, as you believe and feel you are not too bad, you are definitely not hurting any pigs or murdering anyone, but you are still fucked. You might not even feel too bad, but The Horror (as I feel was the true horror portrayed and said by Marlon Brando in the movie *Apocalypse Now*) will still be within you somewhere. And it will be very difficult and arduous taking a long time for your to uncover the truth within yourself. It will happen – eventually – but it will be a long hard slog reducing you to the slobbering blubbing wreck you will feel that you were as a young child. When you were in your tantrum, when you were in your shocked state, when you felt rejected and unloved by your parents, then your will was being totally fucked with, and the damage done. And so it's back into such harsh horrendous feeling situations you will eventually have to go. It will happen naturally as the healing process runs its course, but what I want to tell you is to reassure you that when you are feeling so

rank, so, so, bad, so beyond words bad, that it's right what you are feeling, it's all how you are. And all you can do is keep allowing yourself to feel this way. You will anyway, because you certainly can't make yourself feel better when you're in this state, you are in it with nowhere to go, but keep feeling it and longing for the truth of it. And when you're on this bottom like – the Will Line – then you will know what your healing is really all about. Then you will understand what your negative state consists of, how it's all come about and why – even why God has wanted you to experience this way of life at the beginning of your personality incarnation. And it will give you a good appreciation and respect of will, bringing new meaning to the words: free will. We speak about free will and think we have something of a idea about what it means, but at best it is only a vague intellectual understanding. It isn't feeling-understanding, as it can't be, not at least until you have completely healed your evil negative anti-you state of mind and will.)

Imagine wanting to do something (or you are doing something) and enjoying what you are doing, when suddenly for apparently no reason you are forced to stop. You don't want to stop but you are made to. Nothing in you wants to stop but suddenly you are forced to, made to against your will.

Imagine driving along in your car and suddenly another car crashes into you forcing you to stop. Can you feel the sudden impact, the surprise, the shock, the terror, the confusion as to what just happened; the feeling of being stunned, and deeper, the feeling of how another person has suddenly stopped your life, you are not allowed to go that way, not allowed to do what you want to do; you aren't allowed to have life as you want it, nothing you say or do can make you keep your life going in the direction you want it to go. You are being forced against your will to change tracks.

Can you imagine the feelings of anger and rage at being thwarted in being made to suddenly stop your life, being suddenly made to stop by another persons unloving, uncaring interference? Can you imagine how distraught you might feel once the shock and the confusion have passed? Can you feel how bad you would feel? And can you imagine (or possibly remember) how many times your parents stopped you from being how you wanted to be? And how shocking it was for you, and how shocked you felt – can you glimpse something of the bad feelings? And can you feel how such feelings were just as intense as if the car did suddenly smash into you?

And why would a car crash into you anyway? All so you can get back in touch with your early childhood feelings. All of which truth you'd uncover if you used the car crash experience to accept, express and uncover the truth of such hidden feelings.

If you can't feel the shock of suddenly being told NO, you can't do that by your parents when you are very little, then perhaps as you move through your healing it will come back to you if indeed you were treated this way. And if you can remember you will remember how SHOCKING it is. It is EXTREMELY shocking. To be told by the ones you look to for love that you can't do that, you can't be how you want to be; to be told with the full power of their anger, is... It's just so bad. Unbearable. And what's even worse is, you can't do anything about it.

When they make you stop they are not doing it lovingly or coming from a kind and caring motivation – I am talking about when they make you stop because they are angry with what you are doing. Anger is driving their motivation to stop you, not love and concern for your well-being. ANGER, NOT LOVE. Anger is suddenly thrust at you and it's anger that makes you stop and anger that makes you feel so confused and anger that makes you feel so shocked. Anger – not love. It is a selfish act, not a selfless one. It is evil, the every opposite of love. It is pure will infringement. Crossing the line, breaking the Golden Rule, and emotionally and spiritually as good as physically belting you.

STOP THAT! Say it now out loud and with anger. Imagine you're saying it to a child who's doing something you don't want them to do. Bring up as much anger as you can and yell at them. Bring up more anger, rage, fury, and scream at them to stop that. Can you feel your intent, can you feel the dagger, the sword, the piercing shot of anger that you are directing at that person or child or pet? Can you feel how it leaps out of you from deep within and races from your mouth straight into them, into their face and down to their heart. And in that instant you want to only stop them, but kill them – completely annihilate them. It might sound rather harsh, but feel your anger, that is how I feel it.

I want to kill them, I want to destroy them, I am so angry, so furious about what they are doing, so

annoyed, so pissed off, and all I can do in my blind rage is yell with all the strength and power of my will at them trying to force them to stop, trying to assert my will over them and make them obey me. I want them to stop, and I want them to stop NOW. And I have to be forceful about it. I want to get my way. I want to get me way, end of story. I don't want to give an inch, I want to win, I don't want any argument, any discussion or arbitration. I want to assert my will, and for the whole of Creation to do what I tell it to do.

And if they don't do what I say, I don't want to have to keep going asserting myself. I don't want to, as my mother often said, 'have to say it again', I want immediate obedience. I am god and I want my words to be obeyed. And I don't care if I am wrong, as I believe I am right, but even if I should be wrong, I don't care. In that moment I am all-powerful, I am the one in control, and I am asserting my will and no one else, and nothing else, matters. No one else's will matters, not in the slightest; and if they try to assert or at least hold their will and resist me, then I want to crush them into an absolute pulp. I want to rid them out of my world, wipe them off the face of the Earth. I want nothing to stand in my way, nothing to resist and to refuse to do what I want. I WANT, and that is the END OF IT – just as my mother and father wanted it.

In being like this I am the only one who can exist in that moment. There simply isn't room in Creation for anyone else, and certainly not the person I am yelling at wanting to control. I don't even want them to breathe. I only want them to do what I say, and the last thing I want or could tolerate would be any impudence, any speaking back to me, resisting me, any competition, anything that doesn't show that they are doing one hundred percent my will.

In the moment I am will – I AM ONLY WILL. I am nothing else, but angry, unloving and so negative will. I am no longer a person. I am no longer a thinking feeling rational person. I have gone, I am something other than a person, I don't quite know what, but I am someone who can't love, because I am only will driven by anger and whatever else is deeply repressed within me. I am not a nice caring loving parent to my child, I am definitely not that, if anything, I am a distortion of a person, an ugly part-person, a deranged person: a monster. To my child I have suddenly changed into something unrecognisable, something inconceivable, into a bad nightmare creature, something that is suddenly coming out the dark threatening its existence. I am living no-love. The worst parent, friend, support, help I could be for my child. I am anti my own child wishing it were dead.

In that moment you have lost it, you are demented, deranged, psycho – can you feel it? In that moment you are beyond all normal sensibility, irrational, out of control, ready to kill, crush, destroy. In that moment you are not your regular self, but a self that lies dormant, suppressed with great force until it – you – can't be held back any longer, and that's very scary.

When I have reacted like this I have felt like I want to just, not only destroy that which is making me so angry and behave in such a demented way, but I also want to destroy myself. I want to rip myself apart. I want to blow up, I want to fragment into a zillion pieces so I no longer have to feel so bad or be controlled by my anger. I can't rid myself of it, I can't control it, it – something – has power over me, and I am just reacting, reacting to a terrible hidden stimulus. The trigger is triggered, and like a deep inbuilt subconscious program, I react. I don't rationally think about what I am doing and saying, or about the impact it's going to have on my intended victim – I don't even know why I am behaving as I am, I just am. It's like I have gone black and something else has taken over. Almost as if I've blanked out and I'm going for the jugular repeatedly plunging in the knife – stab, stab, stab, stab, stab, way beyond it, insane, off my rocker, lost it well and truly. And when I come back to my senses I won't have any memories of what I've just done. We've heard those shocking stories and seen the movies of 'going over the edge', all the years of pent up suppressed anger and frustration suddenly finding an outlet empowered by years of hidden repressed rage.

And when we are taken over by this reaction it's fast, spontaneous, and the anger flies. It's suddenly free and it's alive and it's given head and purpose and focus and it wants to do what it's always wanted to do – kill – get that other thing, that other person, our repressors – our parents, that other will – out of the way: permanently. And when we are in such a rage with our children, how are they supposed to deal with us? How can they ever recover from the shock? We may not physically kill them, but our intention is there, and on some level they feel and know it. How bad does it feel to know your own mother and father wants to kill you? How much pain does it cause you? How much damage does it do? How traumatising is it?

Now you might think that I've gone a bit too far, perhaps stretched matters into the unreal for such a simple every day experience enacted by many parents when they snap lashing out with their anger at their children, but have I?

A lot goes into a moment like this, and most of it we're unconscious of, but the purpose of our healing is to become conscious. This behaviour is totally irrational. When the parent snaps out of all proportion to what really is going on, then the parent or person is loaded with a huge amount of extra stuff all of which is longing – desperately longing – for an outlet. Mostly we hold it back, we deny it a voice, but occasionally when pushed or just when our guard slips a bit and a number of pressures are brought to bear, then a door opens and out it comes, catching us sometimes unaware and surprising us with its ferocity, intensity and hatred. But once you're in it, it's hard to stop it, to pull out and not to simply give in and give over and follow through. Your little innocent child suddenly cops the full force of your wrath seeming to, and probably if the truth be known, for no justifiable reason. Why has daddy suddenly turned on me? Why does he hit me? Why does he hate me? Why does mummy scream and yell at me? What have I done wrong that is so bad? There isn't anything more scary, more shocking. One's whole existence is suddenly threatened by the person who should never do that. It's all very traumatic and can happen many times a day during our early life. How many times were you scared to death by your own parents during the time in your early life when you needed love and feelings of being safe to grow and form?

I have watched many parents suddenly yelling at their child like this. When they are out in public and the pressure is on for both to conform to the imposed standards of society, compounded by the negative beliefs of the parent from its childhood, the parent being at 'its wits' end' lashes out, snapping at its child, pulling it into line, stopping it from doing what it's doing, and mostly always resulting in the young child crying its eyes out.

When you can be the objective observer you look at the parent and wonder why. When you are on the side of the child, you wonder what's got into the poor parent. They obviously can't control themselves, they've lost it, multiple triggers have been pushed and they are out of control. They crunch down on their child from a great height like a ton of bricks. And no one should EVER be treated this way. They shouldn't be parents. And their poor little children are totally bewildered, shocked, they don't understand why mummy or daddy has suddenly turned against them, making them feel so bad. They don't understand what the parent is suddenly going on about, you can see that on their open little faces. The parent has turned into a mad person and the child becomes scared. They don't understand what they are getting into trouble for, and could you? If someone suddenly came crashing into your life yelling and screaming full of anger telling you to stop doing what you're doing, would you seriously know in that instant what they were going on about? It would take time before you got over the shock, the rude confrontation you've just suffered – suddenly someone intruding on you not caring a shit about your feelings. And this is very important, and so I'll say it again: **THE CHILD DOESN'T AND CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT THE PARENT IS TELLING OR WANTING OF IT – IT CAN'T – IT'S IN TOO MUCH OF A STATE OF SHOCK.** It blanks out, it goes into survival mode when its system is suddenly overloaded with bad feelings. Its aura is nearly blown away, and it has to vanish, disappear into itself to save itself. It can't deal with the onslaught, too much too fast, and so all it can do is open the flood gates trying to let out some of its feelings that are suddenly in turmoil. From a standing start, its little emotional body is hit by a cyclone, and it can only rain out its tears, and the faster and louder the better.

So what does the parent think it's achieving with this sudden outburst? Does it seriously think that its child will understand it? Put yourself in the situation – do you understand it? Does the parent want the child to understand? Is it trying to teach it something, or doesn't it really care? It is just reacting, over-reacting, and it wants the thing to stop, it wants the child to just stop it? So it's not actually about making the child understand. It's about using one's own child to unload and dump a shit-load of anger and frustration on. The parent is already doing so many things it doesn't want to do, yet mostly refuses to admit it. The child is just the straw that breaks the parents back. And the parent can easily use its child this way because it's the more powerful one – because it can, and no one (its own parents) are there to stop it.

I don't know what the parent wants. I know when I have lashed out like this, I have believed I have wanted something, but once in it and when I'm gone, I just want to destroy, or get my way, to stop whatever it is, to stop the bad thing I think is happening to me making me feel bad. I want full power, full control, and I want everyone to just do what I want, no questions asked, and truthfully I don't give a shit

if they don't understand. However I can see that this then compounds the difficulty for the parent because when the situation arises again, then they hit the child with a double dose of fury because they assume the child *has* learnt from the last time. And usually this frustration comes out with dagger words: 'I've told you before' and 'how many times do I have to tell you' and 'why don't you listen to me...' But once again they are speaking to a blank wall – honestly, how can the child begin to assimilate what its being being told to do in the fury of the moment. It would be far better to try and teach it about such things during sane times, but of course this never happens. And besides, how much can a very young little person learn of such 'adult' matters. But that very same little person is supposed to instantly understand its parent in the very heat of the worst possible time anyone could understand anything, and this only adds to the stress of both the parent and child.

And what does the child feel?

What does the child feel when suddenly its parent turns on it? Imagine you are sitting doing something, content in what you're doing, wholly absorbed in it. Nothing else exists but you and what you are doing. You're not aware of anyone else, not aware of your parent although you know they are around, somewhere near by and you like that. You like knowing they are with you and that allows you to get on with what you're doing with even more focus and concentration. And then suddenly all hell breaks lose.

Suddenly you are yelled at to stop what you are doing. Possibly the thing is sharply taken from your hand. From a great height above you, down upon you has descended your worst nightmare. And it's all so sudden. You can't think, you can't react, you can't do anything. The shock stops you doing what you're doing; it's not that you are obeying the command with mental understanding, it's just that you've been suddenly struck dumb. Your whole life experiencing system freezes.

You feel like a huge weight has suddenly crashed down on you and is starting to crush you into the ground. You try to fight back, a moment's resistance, but more hellish words and more overpowering weight – the weight of anger.

It hits you with such force that it all but takes your breath away. Your whole body trembles and shakes as if sitting through an earthquake. You look at the source of the rage and loud noise, the source of your pain as the weight of rejection starts to take its toll. And all you see is a contorted ugly face you don't recognise. It's not the face of your mother or father, but the face of some hideous monster, all nasty, contorted, spitting words of fire at you. You are instantly terrified, assaulted with fear in a flash right to the tips of your toes. Your whole body ceases to function, if you were not as young and supple as a child your heart might even stop. The shock is electrifying and it is all too much for you to deal with. It's too much, too intense and it stirs up too many bad feelings. You are assaulted by bad feelings and each of them feels like a knife stabbing into you. And along with them are more stabbing feelings from the swords, and lances, and knives of anger cannoning out of the monster's mouth. You are under attack and there is nothing you can do, you are going to die.

Your system goes into survival mode and has to begin to release all the pent up emotion that is volcanoing to the surface. Your ears are desperately trying to block out the loud scary unloving noise, those horrible words that are like knives. You fear the words because they feel like they are real, slamming into your body with great force. You can't (or possibly some children can) see the energy driving them as they cut into your spiritual, emotional and etheric subtle energy systems with tremendous force, but you have to try your best to purge yourself of them.

None of this you are aware of, none of this you think about, it's all spontaneous and your system suddenly moving from quietly enjoying yourself is thrust against its will into overdrive trying to purge itself of all the bad soul-destroying feelings. Tears begin to form and roll down your face. Then the tear floodgates fully open. Your mouth opens and noise comes out. It's noise and it's yours and as it comes out you realise it has a kind of power in itself, so you use it. You let go full throttle with all you've got. You scream, a high heart-piercing scream voicing the shock terror you are suddenly feeling. And you want it to block out and override and overpower the horrible words that are still raining in on you. You want it to smash and destroy and kill the evil monster. You want it to give you something of your power back, it's your valiant attempt to fight back, to regain control, to assert yourself, your little self to what you had before. It's your desperate attempt to reassert your will. It's you fighting for your survival. It's your only way to say no – STOP! But it's futile. And it's devastating.

You scream and you scream and you scream. It's all you can do. And the more you scream the more

those bad hurtful words keep raining down on you but you don't care, how can you, what do you have to care with, you are beyond caring, your existence is at stake and you're fighting with all you've got. You're oblivious of all the heads in the near area turning toward you if you're out in public, some with compassion and understanding on their faces, others with hatred and evil. You scream on.

You scream and you scream because you feel threatened, your life-force is suddenly under threat. Your will has been whipped away from you, your control has suddenly been taken from you. You now have no say in your life, nothing to hold onto, nothing to help keep your feet on the ground, no sense or reality, no sense of foundation, connection – no security. You are falling, and falling fast. The black hole is opening up and it's dragging you into it, and its threatening you with extinction. Annihilation – AS YOU WERE NOT – is a real possibility, because without will, without self-control, what do you have – nothing.

You have nothing, you have no say in your life, no power, and feeling powerless is the worst feeling. And you hate it and you scream and you scream and you scream as loud as you can almost bursting your lungs as you try to regain your power. You have nothing to live for, no future, you no longer are real, you're fading away, life is being taken from you, you're downing, you're subsiding into the darkness of nothingness, and you don't want to go there. Something deep inside you is protesting, standing up and saying NO, now at the top of your lungs being voiced as a scream. And it's all you have. You have nothing else. It's you against them, and you are all that matters. And who are you against? Your own parent. And just how bad is that – feeling like you want to (you have to for your own survival) kill your own parent, all to regain some sense of self. This is very traumatic to experience – and so very sad.

And what does the dread of feeling nothing mean?

It means that you are alone.

It means that you are not wanted.

It means you are not cared about.

It means you are unloved.

And what does feeling unloved feel like?

It feels worse than the worst feeling, if there is such a thing.

You feel unloved, that nobody is there for you, that no one wants you, that no one is interested in you, that it doesn't matter to anyone whether you live or die. That you won't be missed, that you've been cast out – abandoned. That you are unimportant and mean nothing to your parents when all you want to be is EVERYTHING to them.

And in that moment of feeling so unloved, you feel repulsive, hideous, revolting, ugly, contagious, despicable, despised, left, vacant, miserable; you feel like you're the worst slime, the lowest piece of shit, the lowest of the low, all because it's your very own mother or father that is not loving you. For them to not love you, you must be very bad, the worst of the worst, the badest of the bad, the most evil, vile, wretched, sinful creature alive, the most yuk of the yuckiest, the...

You feel really bad. And you hurt. You feel pain. You feel a deep pain. It's not so much a physical pain but a sharp and dull and all-pervasive, all-intrusive deep pain; and with this pain a knowing, a knowing that a part of you is dying. Your soul is in torment. Your soul is in anguish, you are suffering, because it can no longer continue to freely express you in Creation as it so desires, as its been programmed – created – to do, as God wills it. It can't be as it wants to be, just as you can't be as you want to be, the two who are one, the existential and experiential, you can't be how you want to be. You can't have your say, you can't let your will navigate you around in time and space. Not all of you dies at once, but a small part each time.

It dies, you die, you feel the pain of your death and it's all but unbearable. But it's not really a death as in the death of the physical body, but merely a lock has been placed on your will, the door has slammed shut on this small part and locked with the key being thrown away – thrown away until the day you want to go searching for it, the day you want to try and liberate it, the day you want to do your feeling-healing and heal that part of your repressed childhood. But that day is not tomorrow, not the next day, not soon, but a long time in your distant future, and until that day comes, your soul – you – will remain in pain.

The tears and your screams tries to drive out the pain, but they can't, nothing can until you heal it out of you by finding the truth of it, the truth of what you are experiencing and suffering in that very moment. And that will only come by reconnecting with your buried suppressed and repressed feelings.

Your tears and screams simply allow the excess emotion to be ferried away, to rush out, to fill the

room, a call of anguish, of a soul in torment, the call of hell, the call of the rejected ones, the call of great suffering, of great pain, of the unbearable. The call goes forth in the hope of finding your mother or father, that loving person who will rush to you as your rescuer and saviour, pick you up, hold you tight and tell you it's all right. And not so much with words, but with familiar feelings of comfort, of warmth, of sharing of being together – of love. However such true and feeling parents can only remain a fantasy.

You call and you call but your call goes unheeded, and instead it has the opposite effect and brings down only more wrath from the evil monster thing that once was your parent. Instead of compassion you get anger; instead of kindness you get rejected; instead of love you get hate. You feel you're pushed away even further, you're not brought closer. Your parent has suddenly terrified the shit out of you, and now instead of pulling you closer and saying that it is sorry, it is rejecting you further. So you fall further into the blackness, spiralling ever downward into the great chasm of loneliness and eternal despair.

It won't end.

Nothing you do will end it, nothing you do will make it go away, nothing you do will make it stop.

It only gets worse.

With each second it gets worse. Exponentially it gangs up on you bringing your worse nightmare into reality – a nightmare too excruciatingly painful to deal with. You couldn't conceive of it; you couldn't begin to imagine what you could do that was so bad as to cause you so much pain, and yet here you are trapped within it. There is no escape.

There is nothing.

There is only rejection.

More and more, and always more, rejection.

And rejection hurts.

Rejection is the whole lot of not feeling loved put in one package.

Rejection is final.

You are still falling, falling into the bottomless pit of loneliness and despair.

You have fallen past your anger, you have long since given that up trying to help you. You have fallen past your tears. You have fallen further than the sound of your screams. Nothing can help you. You can't help yourself. You are completely defeated. You have fallen into what will become only misery, miles and miles, years and years, of endless misery. If you manage to not live a life completely depressed, then you will live a life full of misery. It might not show on the surface, you might learn how to hide it from yourself and the world, you might even learn how to appear happy and successful enjoying life, but it will be there, and it will always be there.

Misery, misery and ever more misery.

And if you are like me, one day perhaps you will sit on your couch and you will feel the abject weight of your misery and despair. You will feel it unseen and pressing down upon you. A great weight, a great force, holding you down, pushing you into the depths of your being, down into your darkness, down past your anger, past your fear, down into your nothingness.

I sit on the couch feeling totally lethargic, like all the energy has drained out me. I feel a great weight bearing down on me threatening me with blanking me out. I can only just manage to breathe. I feel like if I give in I will sink into the quagmire of my loneliness and misery never to resurface, only to suffer. And I feel ever so sad.

And in my misery I feel pain – oh such pain – overwhelming pain, unbearable pain. I hate the pain, it's physical in my legs, feet, knees, and lower back, and it's emotional, mental and spiritual, and it combines to feel like my soul is in torment. I am in torment, for me and my soul are one.

I am in the torment of my suffering, a suffering that was inflicted on me all those years ago. A torment that was inflicted on me when I was sitting at the table minding my own business, when suddenly my world erupted and threatened me with extinction. I don't want to die, not that way. I didn't want to die that way back then, nor do I want to die that way now. But I can hardly breathe. My pulse has dropped to be bear minimum, I am hardly ticking over, only just alive.

God I feel rat-shit. I feel so bad. I feel unbearably bad. BAD, that is how I feel, that says it all.

My life is nothing, I am nothing, I feel so unfulfilled, without purpose, no reason to exist – nothing. I feel blank, I don't know why I keep going, no one wants me, no one cares about me, no one loves me – so what is there? Nothing. Nothing but blackness.

I sit on the couch and feel like shit. What have I done to deserve this? What did I do that was so bad?

What really was so bad that I was treated this way and forced to feel like this? Were my parent's right, were they justified in what they did to me, did they really know what they were doing?

I look at the little people getting abused by their parents at the library, in the supermarket, in their cars in the car-park, and I try to see what it is that is so bad for them to be treated like this, to make them feel like I do, and I can't see it. I can't see the rational behind it, and so from my subjective perspective and my limited experiences I have to conclude, they don't know. My parents didn't know. They were probably only doing what was done to them blindly carrying out orders, orders so well hidden within them, orders that demand to be carried out when I in my innocence push the button.

I can't remember one thing that they wanted me to know, that they wanted me to stop. But I do now know that I too have those hidden commands all filed away inside me waiting for the day when my buttons are pushed and I too will react asserting my will. And I will believe that I am right, and yet I will be so totally and utterly wrong.

I sit on the couch and I feel miserable. I have felt miserable for thirteen years now; I can't believe how much misery has been buried inside me.

I sit on the couch and I can feel-remember/perceive all those times, millions of times when my parent told me NO. When they stopped me from doing what I wanted to do. And even though after those times – some worse than others, some called 'episodes' – a peace seemed to return, still each one chipped away at my will, so a part of me 'died' until there was very little left.

And so I sit on the couch feeling the little of me that is left, it's not much, just about as much as it takes to breathe – the rest of me is fucked. Well and truly fucked, fucked and miserable. I am still that little person. I have never recovered from the shock, and it was shock after shock, day after day. I was never able to fight back, and when I tried it only became worse. I am still in shock sitting on my couch – miserable.

I am in shock and I pretend that I live and cope with life – but it's a lie. All of me that functions reasonably well is a lie. The truth is I am a *dead* person, breathing on the couch. I don't have a life, it's all gone, it has all been stripped away from me through my healing because it was all false. Now I'm only left with the truth of what and who I am – the truth of how I feel, and that truth is miserable. And I'm miserable because I was never given a loving go at life.

I sit with the huge weight of my mother and father pushing me down, grinding me out. I feel so uninspired, inertiated, I have no get up and go, I feel so crushed – what is the point of trying to do anything.

I have no interest in life, I think about writing about how I am feeling but it's too great an effort and besides, who'd believe me, it's all too extreme, all too harsh. If I'm going to write about it, I'll have to leave it for another time, a time when perhaps I might have a moment when I can hoist myself up off the couch and stagger to the machine, sit back and tell you how fucked I feel.

I sit here and I have a huge weight bearing down on me, it's like living with a ton of cement always on your head. I am tall yet I feel small, ground into the ground. I am big yet I feel wafer thin because so little of me exists.

I sit here at my table not a real person, only a couple of hands tapping away watching the characters magically appear on the screen. I sit here and wonder what you reader are like and if you will feel things in the same way I have. If once you get down deep into the core of your pain, if you too will see things as I do. And I remember the time before I started my healing when I didn't know, I was ignorant of what I felt, I had no idea. The cement was there on my head pushing me down, but back then I tried to ignore it, I tried not to admit it was there. And I still had enough of the false unreal me able to push and stand up against it.

But not now, for now I know, now I know the truth of what I suffered all those times when they sort to crush me out of existence, my own so-called loving parents. We had times together that I thought were normal and loving, but now I'm not so sure. As I sit on the couch I feel my misery is complete, I have never known anything else. None of those good times were good after all.

As I sit here typing these words I am aware of my pain, I am aware of my anguish, my heartache, of all they did to me, in each of those times when they yelled at me to stop, or when they made me stop doing what I wanted to do. It was like being forced to suddenly run into a brick wall and stop, not turn around and go back, just stop, dead stop – dead. It feels like it felt when I was young and a boy through a half-brick in my face after the Easter Egg hunt. So now I am a breathing, typing – dead. And a miserable dead. I am nothing more than misery and a dark hole, a dark hole filled with pain.

'Stop that!' And I stopped. What else could I do? And I never started again. I wish I could restart. I beg God to help me restart, but so far nothing yet. No, it's just more of the same, more misery and more repressed memories of all the interference surfacing, and all the harm it's done me.

I don't want to live running into brick walls. I don't want to carry on this way hardly able to heave myself up out off the couch. Please God make it stop I pray... please...

What's that?

'What' that?' The four year old asked as he moved aside the shower curtain and pointed to his mother's pubic region.

'Never you mind, now close the curtain and run along now, daddy's waiting for you.'

His question goes unanswered, he is brushed off, told what to do, rejected, and told that daddy wants him and not his mother.

It could have been so simple:

'What's that?'

'That's my pubic hair.'

'What's your pubic hair?'

'It's hair that grows there.'

'But what's it for?'

'I don't know.' And off he goes to find daddy whom he knows is waiting for him.

I'm not saying that my scenario would have happened had his mother been straight forward with him, but at least he was being paid attention to and he was allowed to remain in control of his little world and do what he wanted to do. And there was only openness and nothing secretive or extra – no hidden agenda – going on.

Why do we treat children like alien beings, with things he can know about and things he can't? Why can't children know about everything that's going on in their life? Surely you want to know about everything that is going on in your life? So why deprive them? What are we – what are you – so scared of? What do you fear is going to happen to them – TO YOU – if you tell them?

It's very important when we are small to always feel apart of our life, to always feel connected to everything in it. Because if we don't then we feel estranged, disconnected and like our life isn't ours, it's not for us, we feel separated, an outsider, and it's within all the little things like the mother's attitude above, that brings about our disconnection.

She isn't straight forward with her little boy. She has hidden stuff going on within herself that her little boy triggers by suddenly appearing pointing to her forbidden part in the shower. And yet why hasn't she had many showers with her son? Is this the first time he has seen her naked, seen her pubic area, or is just the first time he's been inquisitive about it?

If we have taboos, if we are embarrassed by things about us, and things in our life which we don't want to share with anyone, then why have a child who wants to be in your life, who wants to be totally a part of you, who wants to be completely included in and share everything with you? Why have anything that you need to hide from your child, from any child? Do you feel so threatened that a child is going to expose you, and if he does, then what – what will happen to you, what do you dread?

Do you know how bad it feels to feel that your very own mother and father don't want you completely in their life, that they only want a little – certain parts – of you? And then what are you to do with those other 'bad' parts? Can you feel how bad it feels to be left out – totally excluded from your own life?

'Where's daddy gone?'

'Daddy's gone away.'

'Where's he gone away to?'

'He's gone away for work?'

'When's he coming back?'

'He's gone away for a long time, I don't know when he's coming back?'

'I want daddy!'

'I know you do darling but he's gone away.'

'Where's he gone away to, I want to go with him.'

'You can't go with him.' And on it goes... endless diversions – no truth. Daddy's dead and he's not coming back, but don't tell the child because he won't be able to deal with it, it will traumatise him too

much. The thought of having to tell him, of having to deal with the pain, your pain and his pain of daddy dying, of daddy never being there again, is too great, and understandable; yet the pain of deceit, of your not telling him the truth, of you believing he is not important enough to know the truth and to deal with it in his own way and on his own terms, will crush him and sabotage any trust he might have in you. Trust which you will now need more than ever with your partner gone.

A child is living truth – a child only wants the truth. Until its mind is fully formed in the negative, its still more perfect and true to itself than its parents are to themselves. If the truth is told to it, it can deal with it no matter how bad it makes it feel. If the child is not told the truth, it has nothing to deal with except lies and deceit and it can't deal with these, it has to deny or kill or suspend some part of itself to do so. It has to put aside its feelings and use its mind to deal with the problem. It has to try and live in a life of untruth, and to do this it has to subjugate itself to evil. It has to learn the ways of evil, it has to let its true self go, it has to get on with the little it is given and try to make it fit life. It becomes dysfunctional, living by denying its feelings – fucked. And the degree to how fucked up it becomes is equal to the degree of truth it is denied. The degree of how fucked you are, is the degree to which truth was denied you. And your healing is about uncovering all of that truth.

Take the risk: always tell your child the simple truth.

A child can deal with anything when it is forming its mind and will if it is told the truth. Its system isn't formed, it's all new to it, it is learning about what it feels and what it thinks, so it needs the truth as guidelines, the truth is essential. And if it's not forthcoming it has nothing but crap, bullshit false beliefs to make do with, and these become a part of it, and it will never feel connected in life.

(And if you can't bring yourself to tell your child the truth, then you have more bad feelings to accept, speak about, and find the truth of.)

Tell the child its daddy is dead. Tell the child its daddy killed himself. Tell the child its daddy had a car crash and died. Tell the child its daddy has gone to heaven. And tell it in your way, so long as it's the truth. Don't tell your child he's gone to sleep in a hole in the ground waiting to be woken up one day – that is not the truth. Heaven is the truth – life in spirit – and if you don't believe this is so, why not? Why don't you find out if it is true? Why haven't you found out before you had children – don't you want to know for yourself the truth of the simple things of life?

Look around, there is more than enough evidence to show that there is some kind of life after death. Whether be in heaven, or the spirit world, or in the dreaming, life goes on. People speak with spirits, spirits are not so far away, people have out-of-body experiences, it's all too much to be discounted. And such things are not the Devils work like the Church says, the Church doesn't teach the truth. A child subjected to the Church does not find the truth, it gets its mind full of a whole lot of meaningless crap, and lots of lies and untruth. Do you want your child to know the truth so it can deal with itself and its own life, or do you want it full of crap? Do you want to know the truth, or do you want to be full of crap?

You as a parent you have a responsibility to your child, and that is to pass on the truth that you know. And admittedly you might not know all the truth, but if you make it your business to find out, all because you want to know it for yourself and for your child, it will come. But if you want to remain a part of your Church and you want the truth, then you're compromising yourself and compromising your child by being an irresponsible parent – and is that what you want to be?

Some things the Church teaches are true, things about everyday life. Truth is of course found in everything if you know where to look, so you can take some of the truth offered by the Church and reject the rest, reject those parts that don't add up to being true, that don't feel right, and tell your child what you believe to be true.

We can only tell our child and each other what we believe or feel to be true, but we should make it our duty to always be longing to know more truth, to keep an open mind no matter what we believe, and always be ready to think about new things, new ideas, to listen to other opinions, to discuss things and rethink what we do think to be true. We should always be accepting, expressing, and longing for the truth of all our feelings. Once we've closed the door locking ourselves into our minds beliefs we are stuffed, no

more truth growth, only stagnation, and with it a slow decay into nothingness.

The difficulty we face is that we are born into a negative not-wanting-to-know-the-truth life and society, so we're already behind the eight-ball. Our minds are already full of erroneous beliefs and closed off, taking great effort to open them and start looking for the truth and being ready and prepared to change, to drop wrong beliefs when new more progressive ones are presented to us.

With a child you have the opportunity to start afresh. Imagine yourself to be as your child is, a blank slate, an *I-don't-know*. And then just try to stick to what's true. The plain and simple every day truth. It will be hard because you'll come up against many hidden barriers, but allow your child to lead, tell it the truth, allow it to feel its own experiences no matter how bad they might be. If it wants to be sad, allow it to be sad. If it wants to sulk and be miserable, allow it to be. Don't try to cheer it up, to make it be what it's not feeling, to make it into an artificial person like yourself. Allow it to be itself, hold back, stop trying to make it into a clone of yourself, stop telling it how it should be and what it should think and what it should feel. Stay on your side of the fence and help and encourage it to experience all that its life is wanting it to. Try to allow it to remain free to explore its feelings and thoughts. Let it work out the truth for itself with its own feelings and thoughts, it will, it might not be obvious, but its foundations will be secure, sure and solid, and all based on the truth you have conveyed to it and on what it has worked out for yourself.

And if you don't know something, honestly say: I DON'T KNOW.

There is nothing wrong with you saying you don't know. Mummy and daddy don't have to pretend they know everything and know what's best. There's everything wrong with saying you don't know if you're only saying it to fob off your child; but if you are true with your child, seriously considering what its asking and saying to you; if you are connected and communicating with it right there in its life because you want to be, and you don't know, then say so. Being the parent means you don't have to be the all-wise one, the all-knower. And watch out, because its an easy habit to slip into being the all-knower just to shut it up, just to stop those incessant questions. (And it's just as easy to keep saying I don't know because you're not actually interested in your own child.) If you pretend to be the knower when you really don't know, you'll be telling it bullshit all of which it has to then try and take on as truth. But you can't make bullshit, lies and deceit be truth, and so again it will have to pervert a part of itself to accept what you are telling it. If you don't know and the child still wants to find out, it can ask other people until it gets the answers it wants.

And don't worry about other people being in its life who might not be true, because so long as you and your partner are, it will always come back to you. You are first in its world, you are the gods, you are the centre of its creation, and if something out on the periphery doesn't add up, then it will come back to you for clarification.

Your little child has a soul, and a soul is truth-seeking and truth-loving. If it is allowed to find the truth for itself, anything that is odd to it, anything that doesn't make sense to its little mind, will show up – it won't hold it back. If it's true, it will resonate truly within it, it will unconsciously know its true because it will sit well and won't make it feel bad, and it will be happy and satisfied and the understanding will get processed and filed away, and the untruth will get rejected and deleted.

But if you lie to your child what hope does it have? Then it's faced with living in a universe of its own creation with the central gods being corrupt, untrue – full of shit. So what can it do? Nothing, it's still its universe, and as it goes to its periphery and finds more untruth, it has nothing that's pure and true and of love in its centre to show it up, and it will add to and build on this corruption. And if it goes to its periphery and finds someone who does speak truth, it won't see it or accept it, even if somewhere inside it it does make it feel good, because it will then threaten and show up its corrupt core, the place where you and it meet, and it will not go against you its parents. Your child will not dump you for a stranger, even if the stranger speaks the truth. It might question you, and if you don't want to know the truth, you might see it telling the stranger he or she is wrong, and it will discard the truth staying with you.

Not until the child's mind is fully formed can it start to detach itself from you its parents. Before then it is you, you and it are one. It's hard for it to know there is a difference, it needs to be you for its protection, but once its mind is fully formed, formed based on your minds, then like a separate satellite it can start to move away to begin life on its own. And at first it will orbit your world until puberty when it

will start to move out further setting off on its life's journey to find its own solar system.

When the mother in the shower dismisses her little boys question about her dark area between her legs, what does he feel?

As with all I write, this is what I feel and think based on what I have felt through my healing. I have not been a parent only a pseudo one for a few years with a little girl from about eighteen months to around four. So what does he feel – what do I feel?

I feel rebuffed. I feel rejected, unwanted, dismissed. I don't like these feelings, they make me feel bad, but also I feel something else, and this prevents me from immediately breaking into tears expressing the pain of how my mother is so unlovingly treated me. My interest is piqued. I have discovered something of a secret thing, something my mother won't speak about, I don't know what it is, but somewhere there is something about that dark area on her body that she doesn't want me to know... hmm... interesting, I'll secret that away until later... now off to find dad.

I have knocked on a secret door but I haven't been allowed in. It wasn't a secret door, and had I been allowed in, then I would have explored the room and found that it wasn't that interesting and left. To my four year old mind the curly little hairs that are on my mother and father's bodies are nothing more than a passing curiosity, like finding a frog by the pond, I look at it, identify it as a frog, I know what frogs do, and I watch it hop away. I don't want to keep it, I don't want to make it mine, I don't want to hide it away as my secret, I don't want to kill it, I just want to know what it is – what is in my world.

The little curly hairs are what they are, little curly hairs, and for some reason they grow on dad and mums bodies, and on, as I have discovered, all adults bodies, and they will one day grow on mine in that area. Oh well, nothing exciting about that, and so it's onto the next thing. But when mum brushed me aside and palmed me off and didn't want me to know, then I know there must be something else, what is it she is not telling me? I want to know. What is the big secret? I don't like being kept out of things in my life, I want to know. I HAVE TO KNOW. I can't allow anything in my life to pass without me knowing because I need to know everything as my life's survival depends on it. But mum won't tell me, but I will find out.

And that little secret goes deep into my psyche, and as I get older it gets added to by other things that are to do with that area that I am not told about, that I am kept away from, that are secret and taboo. The secret, the mystery, grows – what is it all about?

And as I get older other revelations about that area come to me, but not from my parents but from the boys at school. They talk about things, things their parents have said, things they have seen in pictures, and it's all got a naughty feel to it. The great mystery area is talked about in secret, in hushed voices to start with, but as I get older with open brazen bravado, to know about this secret and now forbidden area means you have a power, you have a knowledge that you are not meant to know. If I were to speak openly about this area at home I would get punished, so I bury it deeper, the fascination, the fixation with this secret area of life, the deep wanting to know, wanting to explore the hidden land, wanting to get between mums legs and really see what's going on – see what it's all about.

And some way along I discover it's bad to think about getting between my mother's legs, but it's good to think about getting between other girls legs, all girls, and now they all have that triangle of curly hairs just like I do. But still, what really it?

I know now it's about sex, and rooting, and sticking my cock up inside the girls cunt, that slit that opens up into the vagina; and it's how we procreate and where and I came from, and it's to do with (by moron out-of-date adults who are embarrassed to speak about such things), the Birds and the Bees, but still, what is it really all about? What it is? It's a tormenting nagging-to-want-to-know, an insatiable desire that makes me feel like I want to scream if I don't find out soon.

And then my big chance finally comes and I can explore between the legs of a girl – my girl friend – all day long. I have got what I wanted, all my dreams come true, all those amazing feelings, and I can now understand: so this is what it's all about. This is the big secret, and I can play around and lick and kiss and push and poke and pull and rub and stroke and caress and pound and smell and savour and taste and do all the forbidden and naughty things that were talked about for all those years. And I have done it all and I have had many girlfriends, and I thought that my want to know what it was all about would have been satisfied, but surprisingly, it hasn't.

I still want to know what it's really all about. I have to know, and I go from one girl to another, one woman to another, and perhaps always with the next one I will finally uncover the simple truth of what really it's all about. I accept my perversion, I accept that I have a need to see cunts, that I have to look at that triangle, or even no triangle at all as the trend changes, but still I have to look at that area. It holds a fascination for me, but for the life of me I can't find out what it is. WILL I EVER KNOW WHY LOOKING AT WOMEN'S CUNTS FACINATES ME SO MUCH?

I don't like this problem I have. I despise myself, and yet still I have to keep looking. I have to have sneaky looks, I have to blatant looks, when it's not on hand for me to look at, I have to buy magazines or use the Internet. I have to, I have to, I have to, I HAVE TO, but why?

Really I don't want to look. I don't want to have a fixation about women's vaginas. I don't want to be a pervert, I don't want to have to be looking at a new one and another new one, endlessly a new one, all because I want to know what the truth is, what really is it all about; what wasn't my mother telling me, what was she hiding, what didn't she want me to know, what was her secret. I WANT TO KNOW! I WANT HER TO TELL ME. WHY WON'T SHE TELL ME? WHY DOESN'T SHE? WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL? SHE DISSMISSES ME, TRIES TO GET RID OF ME, SIDETRACKS MY ATTENTION, PRETENDS IT'S NOT IMPORTANT. WHAT IS IT – WHAT THE FUCK IS IT! WHY DO I KEEP WANTING TO LOOK? WHAT IS IT I WANT TO FIND OUT? WHY WON'T SHE TELL ME, THE BITCH, WHY WON'T SHE TELL ME? WHY? I WANT TO KNOW... I WANT TO KNOW MORE THAN ANYTHING IN THE WORLD. HOW CAN I LIVE A SANE LIFE IF I DON'T KNOW? IS THERE NO END TO MY NEEDING TO KNOW? WHAT IS IT? WHAT THE FUCK IT IS? WHY DO I HAVE TO KEEP LOOKING AT NAKED WOMEN!

I am demented. I have tried to pretend that I love looking at naked women, at the beauty of their bodies, their graceful line and shape. I have had sex, I masturbate, I look at the magazines, I adore their naked bodies, and I look and look and I look and I have told myself it's okay, it's natural, it's what guys do. We all want sex, we all want to look, we all want to look and have sex all day long. And if we could, that is all we want to do with our day. We just go to work to pretend we are busy and to make money, but really it's only because we need work to take our minds off wanting to have sex and look at naked women all day long.

I am a fucked up demented pervert. I am still four bloody years old wanting to know what that dark thing is between my mother's legs. Shit I am demented, this is my life, nothing else matters, I have been reduced to this. Why the fuck didn't she just tell me what the fuck it was instead of making me want to know even more, instead of making it into a fascination for me, and something that I want but can never get; something I want to know but it's unobtainable – unknowable. Why didn't she just honour and respect me and tell me the fucking truth? It would have been so easy for Christ's sake. So fucking easy, a few words and that would have satisfied my curiosity, and then I would have gone on never to think anything more about it. It would have just been what it is and nothing more. Not the great unfathomable mystery. I am stuck in my life still looking straight ahead at mum's dark triangle that is the unfathomable for me. Forget about God, God is a boring old fart compared to the mystery surrounding my mother's part down there. That is where my fucked life is at... argh! What is ever going to become of me... Why couldn't she have been straight with me... It would have prevented so much anguish, so much bullshit in my life. I wouldn't have bought into all that stupid boy's talk. There were other boys who didn't talk all day long about the forbidden. To them it wasn't forbidden, it wasn't the *Great Secret*, it was what it was because their parents told them. Their parents didn't keep the truth hidden, they weren't dismissive, they didn't get rejected over asking such a simple innocent question. What's the difference between asking what the pubic is or what a chair is, they are both just things, so why all the hidden embarrassment? Why the brush off? Why keep me away from her when all I want is to be totally accepted by her.

Why didn't my mother want me to know? Why didn't she want to love me, showing me her love by being truthful with me? Why didn't she want to have a true relationship with me in which we were free to ask each other whatever we wanted to? I wanted to know that with my parents I could speak to them about anything, I didn't want to have to go sneaking off behind their backs to try and find out things. I wanted to know that at least there were two people in the whole world to whom I could go to and speak openly about anything and not feel ridiculed, humiliated, stupid, unloved; and not be rejected, frowned upon, told I can't speak about that, told I'll get punished if I say that bad word.

I mean for fuck's sake, if you can't speak openly and freely to your parents about EVERYTHING then what's the point of having them – they are just a waste of time. They are even more than a waste of time,

they are a liability, they cause denial and fucked me up with lies and misinformation, they made life infinitely harder for me.

It all becomes so complicated, I have to remember: now, with dad I can say and talk about this, but not with mum; and with mum I can and say and talk about this but not with dad; and with Gran I can't speak about any of *those* things, she'd have a fit; and with Gramps, well, he'd probably just die of shock with the modern world passing him by; and with this person I have to mind my P's and Q's, but with this person I can swear like a trooper – ah it's all so pathetic and so complicated, so ridiculous. Why can't I be open with everyone? Why can't we all communicate freely with one another? Why can't we just say what we think and feel without the need to filter, censor or encrypt? Why can't we just speak the truth, speak what we feel and what we think? And besides, what's the truth going to do? Hurt us all? Cause too much pain? Make us all go to war and kill each other? Make other people feel bad? But if we all came clean it would be so much better, so much easier. Why wasn't my mother and father honest and straightforward with me? At least then my central core would have been true and I could have dealt with all the worlds bullshit on my terms without it affecting me, without getting all caught up in it not knowing what really is right and what really is wrong. At least I would have been able to stay true to my feelings, and I could have worked out the truth for myself based on them. At least I wouldn't have become a screwed-up perverted fucked-up mess, an adult who is really still only four and suffering from the gulf that has never been bridged.

If you are parents, why do you want to lie to your child? But the trouble is most of us don't even know we are lying. I had to learn when, where and how I was lying. Marion has pointed out my lying and falseness, helping me to become aware of how unaware I am of myself. I didn't know I was lying, it was just what you said and did and everyone did it. It was commonly accepted, but now I know it was still a lie, and just because it's accepted by a bunch of ignorant unconscious people, is no excuse, and it definitely doesn't mean it's truth. And it means I am wrong, breaking the Golden Rule, and will suffer. And I have. Indeed I have.

If you are not being absolutely straight forward, honest and true with your child, then you are lying to it. And if you are lying your fucking it up, and is that really what you want to do?

If you use deception or coercion or any form of dismissal not taking him or her seriously, anything to deflect them, then you are lying, both to them and to yourself, and this will cause both of you pain. It will mean no trust will develop between you, with nothing for you to fall back on; it will mean you are not having a true relationship and so you are not communicating properly, freely and fully expressing all you think and feel, so your life with your child is a farce. You are a lying bastard fucking up an innocent child all under the bullshit guise that you are a good, kind, caring and loving parent, who would no doubt in your fantasy-filled mind, believe you'd do anything, even die for your child, all because you love it so much. But you are mistaken, and you are very wrong, and you are fucked up yourself; and someone who is fucked can't begin to pretend to think that he or she can parent a child lovingly. To do so means you are dreaming, and this is exactly what's wrong. This is exactly the lie.

I know I might sound harsh, but these words need to be said. I am not saying them in judgement, I am only saying them as the truth. All parents are a part of it, because all are a part of the negative mind condition, and all we can do as adults and parents is own up and accept this shit state we've found ourselves in. And by doing this instead of pretending that everything is okay is the first step to allowing the pain and the bad feelings to surface so the truth can finally come out.

Our world is already so artificial and impersonal. A native woman wouldn't be standing in the shower with a shower curtain hiding away from her son and not wanting him to see her naked, to see her 'private parts'. A native person often shows it all, and it's all out there for all to see, it's the truth, it's how we are, and it's as simple as that.

By this however I'm not saying we should all go walking around naked or not, as I have said, I don't know how we would be if we were all living true and on *paradise*. All I'm saying is this is what I have felt and thought based on all the repressed feelings that have surfaced in me and their accompanying thoughts, insights and truth.

What I am saying is if you put up any barrier seen or unseen between you and your child, then you are both going to suffer. Your child will be forced to withdraw from you, it won't be able to show and be its true self, and you will not benefit and enjoy the true little person whom God has gifted you with in your

life. And all you will be doing is continuing on the tragedy we're all suffering under – the System Rebellion and Planetary Default – the impact of evil that has caused us to deny our true selves, deny the truth, and to fuck up our relationships with ourselves, each other, nature, and with God.

If you think you are protecting your child by not telling it the truth because you're afraid the truth will hurt doing irrevocable damage, then you are mistaken. You are the one doing the damage, not the truth. Truth can never hurt. (If it does 'hurt' the hurt is only the pain of your refusal to accept it.) Truth is the primary and fundamental attribute of love. It is love *living* and it is, and can only ever be – true. You are the one who is sabotaging your relationship with your child, fucking up both of your lives by living untrue. The truth is only of love, and although it might seem harsh, it will win out in the end if you learn to have faith and put your trust in it. The truth IS the only thing that is real and true, all else is fantasy, delusion or a lie – which all amounts to the same thing: evil.

A child can deal with pain, and it might be in its souls growth and development that it has to experience it. The reasons for this you can't know, but will become apparent through its life. Remember its life is as long as eternity, it's not just about what it might feel now in the moment – a great pain, or so you believe – and it will never recover. And our forming years are our most precious, most vulnerable, and yet they are the foundation for our eternal lives. So what is put into them during our forming years will stay, and not just for the remainder of our Earth life, but on into spirit life. And all that is wrong will negatively affect us, hurt us, make us suffer for a very long time – that is until we do our feeling-healing.

Bribed

'If you behave, if you be good, then you can watch the television for a little longer tonight before you go to bed.'

'If you do what mummy says, she'll be very pleased with you.'

'If you don't do what I say, then you'll get smacked.'

'You know how you wanted to go to the circus, well, you'll only be going if you're good. If you do everything your mother and I tell you; if you eat all your dinner and go to bed at the right time and don't complain.'

'If you behave and don't fight and don't yell at one another, then when I have finished this we'll go and get an ice cream.'

'Can we get fish and chips instead?'

'Yes okay, but only as I say, only if you behave and do what you're told.'

'Can we go to the park and play on the swings and slides?'

'Yes, but you have to finish your lunch first, you have to eat it all, and if you do, then we can go.'

'Come on, we have to go.'

'Oh dad can't we stay a little longer, I don't want to go?'

'No, come on, you've had enough, we'll come back another day, now get out and hurry up, we'll be late to meet your mother.'

'Can't we have one last swim... please, mum won't mind waiting a bit and we'll be good, we'll do everything you say.'

'Ok then, but be quick, and it's the last one, and you come when I say – promise?'

'Yes! Thanks dad, we promise.'

Bribery, coercion, a subtle way to get your way. If you can't just outwardly control, control with a firm hand brutally asserting your will, dominating to get your way, then you can use other means, other well tried more devious methods.

One might say it's simply artful negotiation and it's far better than out right domination, but is it? Is it something we are supposed to learn to survive and be successful in the world with? (*No doubt a lot of people would probably say yes.*) Is it something we need to do that will enhance our life and make it more enjoyable? Or is yet another of the corrupting negative influences that are put on us, something we have to learn and have to know how to deal with, and even have to know how to do ourselves?

The underlying factor is you are trying to enforce your way, you are wanting to overthrow another's will, usurp them, make them give in to your will, make them feel and believe and see that you are the authority, the all-powerful one, the one that needs to be obeyed. And by doing it this way, you are doing it with a smile on your face, doing it in a 'nice' way, doing it in a way to ensure that you won't be accused of being a mean nasty controlling person. You're offering a bargain: if you do this for me, I will allow you to do this, but how controlling is that? You are the master-controller. It's all for you, it's nothing about truly being concerned with the well-being of the other person. It's blackmail, bribery, out right coercion, and it's wrong, and it's evil.

Imagine you are little person, you only want and expect and need the truth. You need your parents, and those you depend on, to be straight forward with you, down to earth, all you see and hear is all you get, no hidden bullshit, and yet you are bombarded continually with these subtle controlling ways by your parents.

Imagine being told if you want something, if you want to have a life, if you want to get your own way, if you want to have a say, if you want to be self-determining, self-willed, then you have to do what I say. Your life is given to you on condition. If you do this for me then the condition is you can exist how you

want, you can get what you want and when you want it, BUT ONLY IF YOU FIRST DO WHAT I SAY. You are a second rate citizen. You are unimportant. I am all-important. I matter; you don't. What I say goes, and too bad for you, lump it or leave it. Sounds like a good way to be. No wonder it's so appealing to parents!

Talk about being cold-hearted, ruthless and devious about getting your way. About making another person obey you. OBEY YOU. And why do you want such obedience anyway – have you thought about that, have you really deeply thought about it?

Imagine if the government says you can only have a life if first and always you do exactly as it tells you, and if you don't, then you will be penalised, punished, deprived of something you like, want or need.

Imagine how pissed-off you'd be living under someone else's domination and control. We are lucky living in Australia only having to deal with this to a very minor degree compared to less fortunate people who have to deal with dictators and totally overpowering all-controlling repressive dominating regimes.

Imagine being told how you are to dress, what you are to eat, how many children you can have, what job you are to work at, what time you are to get up and go to bed, all with a big 'loving' smile and words saying: It's for your own good, we're doing it for you to give you a better life because we know what life is best for you.

What a load of shit. Who do they think they are kidding? Giving you a better life by controlling you and stopping you think for yourself, turning you into a robot, an unfeeling, unthinking, nothing, will-less creature. Have you thought about how much you might be doing this to your child?

How many children are stymied by their parents attitude to them? Their parents are dictators, have set up the fascist regime, and the children have to fit in whether they like it or not. And these controlling parental regimes don't all have to be enforced by a heavy hand; they can be enforced by using nice loving coercive words. They can be enforced by being sweet, and seemingly caring. All with the same result in mind, all with the same result intended: to have maximum power over another.

For most of us our relationship with our parents is an ongoing battle: the 'battle of wills'. The child is now battling through its 'terrible two' stage; now it's four and still battling; now six, and look out, before long ('and doesn't time fly') the biggest battle of all is soon to arrive: ADOLESCENCE.

But why are we battling against our children and making them fight against us? Where is the love? What really is going on? And what is a battle anyway? A battle is a battle of wills, one wanting to dominate and have power over the other. If it's an equal battle then it can reach a stalemate and other methods of diplomacy (or deviousness) need be used to achieve a settlement, for one or both to get their way.

But the child parent relationship isn't equal. And the parent usually wins. And even if it looks like the child has its parents around its little finger, still the bottom line is the parent wins because the parent is the parent. It doesn't actually matter what the child says or wants because it's living within its parents world. And, as my mother delighted in saying: I'm the parent, you do what I say – end of story! – GOT IT! And when you're the parent...

If you get pissed-off with your kids, smack them, and smack them hard. Teach them a lesson, one they won't forget. It's a simple formula: to knock them into line. And what a rush of power it gives you. But you might feel bad, you might not even really want to do it – but you do anyway. After all, it can't be bad for them, it was done to you, and you're okay – aren't you?

Hitting a child is something even a moron can do, something someone who doesn't want to take any responsibility for being a good and true parent can do. Something someone who doesn't actually want to spend time and be with their children can do. The action is swift, no mucking around, no words even need be spoken, you don't have to communicate with your children and find out what's going on with them – within them – and you don't have to want to. They are just a pest and nuisance, at that moment you'd rather they didn't exist, so just belt them to shut up, belt them into submission, let them suffer their punishment and they'll soon get the idea of who's boss and what the boss expects – what they can and can't do.

You've got to lay down the law hard, right from the start. You can't let them get the upper edge, because if they do you've lost and you'll never get your power back. You have been given the power by virtue of being the parent – superior and dominant, so whatever you do, don't for God's sake let the little buggers get the better of you.

And so you hit them and teach them, and sure enough amazingly they fall into line and 'give you no trouble'. And you are the winner, you are the great successful parent, the all-knowing, all-wise one because you know how to 'handle the kids'. And you are the greatest fuckwit power-hungry bastard that ever walked the Earth, and you've ruined any chance of ever having any decent open and truly respectable and loving relationship with your children. They will never forgive you for what you have done, for how you have made them suffer. They might have forgotten about it or even be deluded into believing all your shit about it being good for them; and they might even say they love you for it and hold you in the highest regard, and if they write a book they might even dedicate it to you, but that's only because they can't as yet bear to face the underlying undeniable truth: that you were an asshole treating them that way. And one day when it's time for them to see the truth of what really went on, the truth of how you really did treat them, then they will remember being hit and hurt by you. Then they will remember how unloving you were, what a prick of a father or mother you were, and all that love stuff they believed they felt for you will fly out the window because the feelings they have suppressed will bring all the pain, anguish, humiliation, and all those dreadful feelings of rejection and feeling unloved, surging back up.

And your very own children will hate you. They will live true to their relationship with you. They will mirror back to you the truth of how you were with them, the truth that you hated them, the truth that you couldn't begin to admit to yourself, the truth that led you to smack them. To smack and hurt and punish those pure innocent loving totally giving little people who you brought into your life is appalling and beyond disgrace. Those little angels that you hit and tortured and made suffer and caused untold numbers of problems for. And they will despise you and never want to speak to you ever again. They will want to disown you as their father or mother, be glad to rid themselves of you; they will look to God to replace you, they will seek out a higher Mother and Father, and when they have found their true loving parents – God, their loving Mother and Father, you won't stand a chance in hell of being giving any further respect by them, let alone a moment of their attention. You abused them. You abused the sacred trust between parent and child and they will never forget. They will always remember the pain. You fucked up their childhood, you make it miserable and unbearable compared to what it might have been. They will feel heavily deprived of life, like you denied them all the good and right and true childhood experiences that God had planned for them. You ruined their existence, and what's worse, the worst thing of all, you made them into being just like you. And being just like you is intolerable, unbearable, so much so that they will at times feel so bad they will want to terminate their own existence, and if God allowed them the option to do it, they would take it without hesitation.

If you have been hit by your parents as a child you won't know how much damage was done to you until you do your feeling-healing, then it will come out. All the pain, the outrage, the infringement, the breaking of trust, the ruination of your being. And it comes up and comes up and keeps coming up until you have seen and felt all the truth of what you have suffered. And all because your parents or parent didn't want to be a true parent; and all because they couldn't stand up and face this truth about themselves. They wouldn't face the truth of how they were treated.

And just because I have been writing about parents who hit, those who don't hit can breathe a sigh of relief – not so. Hitting is just more of an out there open and obvious abuse, and there are just as many other more sneaky more subtle, even more destructive, damaging and traumatising forms of will domination that will achieve the same alienation of your child.

Any form of coercion, bribery, deceit, of subtle punishment, is breaking the trust, breaking the unspoken covenant of trust between parent and child. And once broken it can never be retrieved until both have done ALL of their feeling-healing. And by then both might have grown so far apart that it doesn't matter anyway.

Any manipulation of another's will is going to bring about very serious negative denial consequences for both involved. It might all seem innocent enough, and compared to the hitters your family is a dream, but that's only an illusion. It's only a false belief you want to hold onto kidding yourself that you are a better parent, or better parents, because you don't hit your children.

If you don't hit, what other punishment to you dish out? Do you lock your child away; use the old separation punishment to teach it a lesson? Do you use deprivation punishment? Do you just yell at it, using scare and shock tactics? Do you sweet talk it promising it all sorts of things if it's good and

behaves, the butter-wouldn't-melt-in-this-parents-mouth technique? Do you use the just ignore and pretend they are not there technique, turn your back on them, pretend they are invisible, don't look at or acknowledge them? What do you do? What technique works for you? Which technique GETS THE RESULTS YOU WANT? Or do you use a combination of a few of them? A bit of this one this time, a bit of that because the other didn't work so well last time. But can you see, can you see your mentality? Can you see how you've been sucked into believing it's the right way to parent? Can you see how all you're trying to do is have your power over your child without any real true concern for it? That you simply have a mental objective you want to achieve and usually within a set time, so off you march into the fight to gain it, no questions asked, no prisoners taken.

Why are you at war with your child? I'm sure you'd rather not be. And is it right that this is just what parenting is and parents have to cope the best they can? Is it right that God who is said to be so all-loving created it such that parents and children fight, are at war and competition with one another, when really they should be the expression of the great love one can have for another, parent and child as seen by the Great Love: love that God as our Parents have for us Their children?

No matter what we believe we're doing that is right, it will be wrong, and the proof is in the will. If a will is being denied then something's going wrong. And once again as I have said, I have no idea about how it should be, and I know I'm no legend pointing out the obvious, but I write this for parents and adults who want to do their feeling-healing, to think more deeply about their will – their motivations and intentions, and try to find the truth of what really is driving them. Because by finding the truth, eventually all that is wrong will be rectified, and parenting will no longer need to be a battle of wills.

And if you are still in doubt as to what I say, then don't believe just my words, find out for yourself – do your own feeling-healing. Uncover your own repressed childhood feelings and seek the truth of them and see what you feel. See if you enjoyed being treated like someone of no account, someone who had no say, someone who had no right by your parents, by the very people who were supposed to make you feel the very opposite: of account, and who wanted to hear all you said and wanted to make sure your rights were equally respected by all.

Go down deep into your repressed feelings, allow yourself to sink into them, and allow the pain to surface, the anger, the rage; the anger at being told what to do, at being coerced, at being bribed, at being subjected to heavy hands, at being made to deny your own self.

If you don't feel right in any way, if you feel bad, it's ONLY and ALL because of how badly you were treated as a young child. It's all still inside you. You are still that young child and it will never change until you want to uncover and see the truth of all that went on, the truth of all you felt back then, the truth you have since forgotten and don't want to see.

All you have to do is put yourself in the place of a child – be that child. Listen to how adults and parents speak to children, and be those children allowing yourself to feel truly how they might feel. You can't of course know how another person feels, but you can know how you would feel being a child with those things being said and done to you, and it will help you to get in touch with, to connect with, your repressed childhood feelings.

And when you start to do it, it won't take long before you do it quite easily, even naturally – spontaneously, and then you will possibly start to see life from a new perspective. You will be looking out into life through child's eyes, and as we are the children of God, it is a good step to take. It is starting to be and acknowledge the true child that you are.

And when you see and then feel all the things that make you angry, you don't have to do anything about them, you don't have to go up to that parent trying to make them see and feel what you are, you only need attend to your own feelings. They will come to it in their own way and in their own time. We can only be living examples for each other, we have to stop telling each other how to be, what we should do, what we should believe.

We can of course tell each other such things, but we have to do it without a hidden agenda (something very hard if not impossible to do in a negative state), without secretly or openly wanting the other person to change and do what you say, you being the boss, the knower of all, the wise one, because this is just another subtle way of trying to assert your will and be in control.

One thing we all have to realise is by existing within a negative mind and will system we all feel powerless,

and so we are all trying to reassert our will to regain power. And when you have something that is less powerful than you are, such as a child or a pet, then the temptation to use them to gain power is very strong. And mostly you are not even aware that you are doing it, it's just all you know. Having been subjected to it yourself as a child, you grew up competing against your siblings, parents, nature and other people, and even against God, so it's second nature, an inherent part of you. And it will be by only wanting to give it all up, by doing your feeling-healing, will it all come to light as to how you're doing it and what affect it's having on others and on yourself.

The spiritual test we all face is relinquishing our controlling ways to attain power. And to do this, to give up wanting false power, we need to first understand through our feelings why we want it: what happened to us to make us feel so powerless. What happened to deprive us of the natural power of our will? And to find the truth of these answers we then need to look closely back into our relationship with our parents and everyone who might have been a powerful influence in our lives, seeing the good and bad aspects of these influences.

And how does one parent a child without interfering with its will? I have no idea. It's probably impossible to do in the society we live in. We would have to change a lot, however it's also possible that we can change the society within our private small intimate family unit, between parents and child. And each step of truth the parent takes is less untruth it will inflict on its child.

And quite possibly parents who do want to live true will have to educate their children about the difference between how they live and the rest of the 'normal' outside world lives. With every day humanity takes another step further away from itself, the gulf becomes greater, the more denial of our feelings and our true selves we inflict on ourselves and each other.

As children we've progressed from amusing ourselves with the radio, then the television and now computers. But although such things can be so destructive and used to maintain the denial gulf, it's still what is going on in the family relationships that matter. If parents want to relate truly to their children, then TV and computers can be used but will be kept in perspective, they will not take over being parent substitutes.

Unless a parent wants the TV or computer to do the parenting for it, the thing won't interfere, it's only a thing and will do what things do. Everything is the parents responsibly, and that is as it should be, because really it's a wonderful truly marvellous agreement between parent and child, and if we could only seek to free ourselves from our denial and negative mind and will condition, we'd be able to experience it properly.

Any form of coercion, any pressuring, any bullying, any intimidation all to get your way, and to assert your power, is contravening the Golden Rule. You can state your side of things, and you can want someone to do you will, but you can't do anything overt or subtle to make them. You can rant and rave all you want to another adult (it's different with children who are not fully formed, but still, all so long as the child feels and knows you truly love it, then you should still be able to express yourself however you want.), you can even raise your voice, but all so long as you stay on your side of the fence. You are wholly responsible for what you do and say, and even though it might not seem too bad trying to bargain and bribe, it is, so don't do it.

I can tell you not to do it, I can say – express – what I feel and want, and I can say, don't do it, but you don't have to do what I say. And I can even make you feel bad by scaring you to death about your negative state, but you're not a child, and still it's your fear and I'm not actually doing anything to you. As adults we can say whatever we like to each other, but it doesn't mean we have to do what the other person says. But it's different with a child, words can be far more damaging and controlling. Their will is still forming and so is highly impressionable. So I can make persuasive arguments to make you understand, yet still you are free to chose how you want to be. And I can't force you, nor do I want to. I don't want to bring down upon myself anymore pain than I already have.

The tigress

The tigress finds her den. A secluded secure hiding place, a place protected from the outside world, an inner special place, a darkened cave by a pool of water in a small gorge surrounded by dense lush forest. She is alone, and when her time comes, retreats to her prepared home of comfort to give birth to her cubs.

Having had her cubs she stays with them for as long as she can before having to move away to find food. Her closed-eye cubs snuggle together for warmth and security as they sleep and wait for their mothers return. When she comes she softly grunts making a low rumbling noise reassuring them of her presence. And they can hear and smell her delighting in knowing she is with them and they are safe. She presents her nipples to them, she helps them to find their way, and they suckle her warm live-giving milk. Nothing disturbs them, they are totally isolated, totally at peace. They know no fear, only the loving presence of their mother who does nothing else but give herself to them. She has completely dedicated herself to the task of being their mother. She wants to do nothing more than that; that is her life, her very existence. She is there for them with nothing else on her mind other than their safety and her need to find food. She has no other hidden agenda, no other fantasy, no other mind distraction going on within her; no worry, no stress, no concerns. She is at peace within herself and at peace with her world and her little cubs sense and know this.

In the low light of the cave, days and nights pass with little changing other than the silent coming and going of the mother tiger. The cubs grow and develop in an outside womb, a material womb of rocks and sand and milk and fur and warmth and familiar smells and little sounds of mum and with each other. They have replaced the physical womb of their mother with this material one, it being a gentle introduction into their life in the wild. A foundation is being laid within the cubs, a foundation that is rock solid, knows no fear, no negativity, nothing but truth – and only unconditional love through total acceptance. A foundation that will enable them to grow up with the deep feelings of who and what they are, with all the self-assurance and self-confidence they need. And from this foundation they are able to enjoy becoming self-willed and self-determined.

Two close years they spend with her as she nurtures them showing them how to fit into their world. They share a very strong bond, mutual closeness and great love and affection. They meet their father and other cousins and relatives and are introduced into the larger tiger family. They learn their place and what is expected of them, yet without having their wills compromised. Then they are free to move off and make their own way in the world. Find their own domain, their own mate and have their own offspring.

There are lots of things about how the tigress raises her cubs that make me feel good. I can relate to them, I want them. I want to be mothered with such care, so lovingly, so devotedly. I compare a cub's upbringing to mine. A wild creature who supposedly is a dumb unfeeling animal. I compare her warmth to the lack of warmth I received, and I wonder – who is the dumb animal?

My mother and father lived in a house in South Yarra. It was a house but not a home; at least that's how it's now come to me through my healing. All of the houses I have lived in have been houses but not homes.

My mother and father didn't make a special den in preparation for my coming, a warm, secure, friendly place in which my mother could go to have me, and have me with my father in attendance. A place into which I could come that was isolated, protected from the outside world, safe; and place in which she and my father could devote themselves to me, their new arrival, the first of their children.

Instead my mother and I were taken to the hospital, an impersonal foreign unfamiliar and scary place. I was brought into bright lights, introduced to strange smells and noises, cut out of my mother, washed by others, dried and shown to my mother, then taken away. I was not allow to stay with her, to say snuggled in her warmth, moving from an inside womb to an outside womb. I wasn't allow to feed when I wanted to, my whole life was already being controlled by other people, people who were not even a part of my family, people I would never see again.

I wasn't allowed to be born properly. I wasn't allowed to use my will united with my mother's, forcing my way into life. I wasn't allowed to feel the immense power of bringing my will into being, to get me out of the womb, to take me down the passage and out into fresh air. I wasn't even allowed to take my first breath when I wanted to. I didn't even know I was to be born. I was aware that my time was getting close, but suddenly I was lifted out, ahead of my time, kick-started and taken away from all that was safe. I was traumatised right from the very beginning.

I wasn't allowed to lie with my mother for day after day by her side, with her in bed, sleeping and feeding, smelling and sensing, listening to her noises, feeling her strength and love and being comforted by her. I wasn't allowed to lie with her and my father so I could start to get to know them. He wasn't at the birth, he was away doing other things, he didn't even know that I had arrived. I wasn't welcomed by him or her. I wasn't greeted by two overwhelmingly happy smiling faces, who had been so looking forward to my arrival having given their lives over to my coming and wanting nothing more than to welcome and want and accept and cherish and adore and hold and touch and kiss and cuddle and ohh and ahh over me.

I was born with a stomach ulcer. I was born scared. I wasn't born right. Things were already very bad.

I was then taken from the hospital to home. Now I was in another foreign place, unfamiliar, strange smells, noises, sights, and still my father was rarely there, but at least I was closer to my mother. But where was her breasts? Where was the life force, the liquid physical bonding care and love I needed flowing from her into me? A bottle was a very poor substitute, more alienation. Didn't she care? Didn't she want me? Why did I feel so estranged, separated, alone?

Slowly I grew up, but where was their devotion, where was their sheer joy in my existence, the pleasure in my being a part of their lives. Why did I feel all sorts of strange emotions and feelings? Why was I never allowed to do what I wanted to do? Why weren't we always together? Where was the bonding, the security, the warmth and love I so desperately needed? Why did I so often feel so bad?

When my mother needed a rest, or a break, or just wanted to get rid of me for a time, I was given to my grandmother. Granny took me and made me into her 'little' man. She only had two daughters, now I was her part-time substitute son. Now I had two mothers. Now I was taught two conflicting ways of being in life. Now I was used by both women to get what they wanted, to fulfil certain fantasies and outstanding love denial needs. Now I had even less chance of being able to do what I wanted to do, to live my life how I wanted to live it. And dad was always working.

When my brother arrived he was born jaundice. He needed special care. My mother turned her back on me more. I felt even more alone, abandoned, left out and unloved. I was given to both my grandmothers – one happy to use me, the other reluctantly having to 'do her duty' and force me into line.

As all this was taking place my mother increasingly enlisted my help to 'keep an eye on' my brother and now also my sister. I was put to work to 'help' her. To always be mummy and granny's 'good boy'. Life wasn't for me to do as I pleased, it was to do what they wanted – to please other people.

When I was old enough I was taken to kindy, left lone, removed yet again from my mother. When I was older still I was taken to preschool and then school, always more people telling me what to do – when would my life ever be my own? My mother said it would be mine, free for me to do as I pleased when I grew up and left home. But it was only another lie.

When I was older a girl came to look after me and my brother and sister. She was to look after us during the day when mum went away to work. She became my substitute mother, I loved her and it seemed she loved me; she became the foundation of all future sex fantasies. She took an interest in me, she let me do things, she didn't tell me what to do as much. She was a breath of fresh air, I have fond memories of her – of only her. But she didn't stay for long. She just went away one day. I felt unloved, lost, abandoned, alone again – my friend had left me.

When I grew up I believed I had self-confidence, but I was wrong. I believed I had self-assurance, but I was wrong. I believed I was self-willed, but I was wrong. I believed I was self-determining, but I was wrong. When I grew up I believed life would simply unfold and be good, but it didn't happen as it was meant to. As they told me it would.

Now I am older and the realities of growing up in an unloving family with self-deluded parents who were unhappy in themselves always dreaming of a brighter and more fantastic future have come up within me. Now I know the truth, and it's not good. Now I know I wish I'd had the tigress as my mother.

The mother Giant Panda gives birth to her little one in a den in the high mountains. And for twenty-five days she holds her little baby to her. She doesn't put it down, he sits and lies with it, she doesn't leave it, she doesn't eat. The little baby panda suckles at her breast, feels her warmth, smells her, drinks her milk, bonds with her mother – for TWENTY-FIVE DAYS!

Can you imagine just doing nothing – NOTHING – but being totally focused on and there for your little child, just holding it, loving it, nurturing it, being at-one with it. Not wanting anything for yourself, not even food, nothing, giving yourself totally over to the helpless one?

I can't begin to fathom what the Panda mother must experience. And does she get hungry, or is she just in another space – I find it amazing. Nature is wonderful giving us a little bit here and a little bit there from which we can take to understand the natural way of how things should be for us. It's not that we should not eat and be with our new-born for twenty-five days, but there is a lot to make us think about how we are with our children when we first come into the world.

I wish my mother had totally given herself over to me, even for half an hour, a few minutes. I wish she had wanted to be with me all the time so I could have felt her heart beat, smelled her warmth, felt so totally secure, wanted and loved. I wish I had a mother who was prepared to give up everything for me, who worshipped me, and only wanted me in her life and nothing else when I arrived. I wish I had had a Panda-like mum.

All around us nature offers *Her* advice and guidance to us. We can learn so much from it if we need to. And we need to. As we have chosen to deny our true feelings then we need help to come back. We need to look around and consider what we see – is it appropriate for us? And we need to really see, all so we can see the truth of ourselves. We ignore nature, we ignore our own nature, we don't mother and father properly, we don't do as nature intended, we have no idea what nature intends for us having cut ourselves off from it.

I wanted to come into the world making a loving transition. I wanted to feel loved and wanted in the womb and then for those good feelings to manifest themselves in the world. But it didn't happen, and I have suffered accordingly. I have seen what I have suffered through my feeling-healing. My parents had it all wrong. I couldn't have children because I always felt I couldn't do what was done to me to a child. I was too selfish, too needy, I still wanted too much love; I was still waiting and hoping to get it. I didn't feel I had anything within me to give to my own child. And I didn't want to parasite its love, I didn't want to use and abuse it for my own selfish and desperate love denial needs.

My healing has taught me to accept my own misery and to deal with it, to express it and seek the truth of it. This I have done. I don't want to unconsciously impose it or any of my shit on another. I don't want to have a family because it would be a lie. I don't want to keep living a belief, a fantasy; I don't want to keep deluding myself that I could give to my children all the love and attention they need. That I could give them what I was deprived of. How could I, when I can't even give it to myself, and when I am in such need? How could I when I don't feel loved, when I have no love to give. How could I when I am evil, unloving and full of repressed misery, anger and hatred.

When it's time, the Orangutan mother climbs high into the forest canopy and builds herself a nest. During the night under the safety of darkness she gives birth. Into her warmth, undisturbed, comes her baby. For two years she does nothing but devote herself to her little fluffy-red wide-eyed infant. She is the most gentle, tender, caring parent. She never...

Yes, but that's all very well... now what about the fathers?

The father Cape Barren Goose stays by the side of his mate as she sits for around thirty-five days on her nest. When the eggs are hatched, he and his partner never leave the little chicks alone or out of their site for a moment. They are the most attentive and caring parents. The father defends the perimeter fiercely confronting anything that might be a potential danger. Not for a moment does he leave his mate unprotected and vulnerable. Not for a moment is his focus and attention on anything other than his partner and family. Devotedly, lovingly, gently he tends to the needs of his little striped fluffy chicks.

The father goose...

Bound up

I am bound up, caught within the prison of my beliefs, beliefs all originating from my early childhood. I am bound up within a tradition, it's not so much a family tradition because we had none, but it's the personal tradition of beliefs and behaviours from my father, mother and grandparents.

I am trapped, forever bound to their traditions, which would be okay if they were good ones, and ones that made me feel good about myself, but they don't – they are negative and they are wrong. And because they are wrong I am in pain, I am suffering; I am living a wrong life.

I look around at other people's lives and I see they too are bound up, bound up by their traditions. They too are not free, they can't move, they can't break away, they can't think freely for themselves and follow their feelings from inner deep inspiration to lead them. They too are trapped within their own controlling minds.

I look at the Australian Aboriginal and other native cultures and I can see how bound up they are in tradition. In many respects they seem so much freer than my Western way of life, they seem safe and loved ensconced in the family of the tribe, but they are still not free. They might be loved more than I feel I was loved, but they are still not free. They are bound heavily by tradition, superstition, ignorance, their ancestors, adhering to what has gone before. They are not free, their ways remain unchanged for thousands of years, they are not spiritually progressing in truth.

I look at the *Church*, bound by tradition, bound by dogma, bound by ritual. Those of the church are not free. It doesn't allow the freedom of spirit. And coupled to the bound up traditions of ones family, can be horribly stifling. It is not seeking truth through feeling acceptance. It pretends it is loving and caring, but it is all lies.

I look at the European cultures, at our societies, and they too are bound up in tradition. We cling to the past as if it knows what's best. We don't allow ourselves to step away from the path, to explore the new, to step over the line, to come out of our little insular box.

We all must obey; we are terrified to step out of line. Occasionally someone rebels, but it requires superhuman effort and often ends in their destruction. We won't tolerate anyone who says NO. We have all been too highly programmed as children to tow the line.

We are a humanity that is scared. Scared to disobey, for if you do, if God doesn't get you, some other disastrous fate awaits you.

We are all bound up in our fear. We are slaves to our traditions all of which are based on negative beliefs and fear.

We are scared man. We are scared woman. Afraid of death. Afraid of nature. Afraid of God. Afraid of each other. Afraid of our own feelings. Afraid of ourselves. And it's such a shame.

'The Holy Rag Syndrome'

I'm supposed to:

Be the most giving
Be the most helpful
Be the most loving
Be the most caring
Be the most meek
Be the most self-sacrificing
Be the most selfless
Be the most serving

Give all my money to those in need
Give all my clothes away and wear only a rag
Sleep on a bed of nails and give my bed away to someone who needs it
Live with the poor
Whip myself everyday
Give everything I have to anyone who wants it
Eat only if food is given to me
Love everyone

Have an open house
Entertain all day
Provide all comforts, food, entertainment
Be the perfect hostess
Be the best cook
Clean and scrub all day
Have the cleanest house
Be prepared for anyone to come
Have everything anyone would ever ask for
Never get angry
Look good all day long
Look perfect
Do it all with a smile on my face
And do it all whilst looking after the children
Be always cheerful
Be beaten if found fault with
Be beaten if someone is better than me
Be better than everybody
Not ask for anything – ever
Do everything perfectly

Make sure the other person is okay
Make sure the other person is able to cope
Make sure I don't matter
Make sure I help the other person
Do everything for them because they can't survive without me

Be the cleverest
Be the most popular
Be the best looking
Be the best dressed

Be the wittiest
Be the life of the party
Have the most friends
Be everyone's friend
Be the most well spoken

And, I'm supposed to:

Be the best parent
Know what's best for my child
Always be calm
Always have everything there and ready for it
Never be weak
Make it obedient
Make my child the best child
Make my child a good child
Be the perfect example for my child
Be always all-loving
Be there always for my child
Be there always for my partner
Always put my child and partner first
Be uncomplaining
Be the best mother
Always know what my family needs – before they need it!

Be a saint
Be the guru
Be Jesus
Be Mary (Magdalene)
Be an angel
Be all-holy
Be Perfect

I'm NOT supposed to:

Eat what I like
Say what I like
Wear whatever I like
Sit around as much as I like
Have a nice couch to sit on
Love myself
Have nice things
Live without hardships
Have no worries
Want everything to make me feel good
Get praised or be approved of
Not miss out on anything
Have a nice house
Have a comfortable bed
Feel pretty
Sit around drinking lots of nice cuppa's
Enjoy an easy life
Do what I want to do
Have my own life

SO WANT AM I REALLY?

**HOPELESS
USELESS
STUPID
PATHETIC
UGLY
NOTHING
NO ONE**

AND CAN'T DO ANYTHING!

I'M JUST TRYING TO BE A HOLY RAG.

I'm nothing more than a fucking dishcloth... but I'm no good at that either.

And so what will I do?

Give it all up, all with help of my beloved Mother and Father who are in Heaven.

Yes, that's what I'll do.

I'll make myself a nice cuppa, sit down, and pray to Them for Their **Divine Love...**

The Joy of Being a Child (fiction)

At home with mum in the lounge room.

Put that down. Stop playing with that. Come here. Sit here next to me and play with your toys... That's right, be a good boy... Argh! Now what are you doing? Don't touch that, come back here and sit down. Please do as I tell you... Now that's a good boy, just sit here with me, I've nearly finished what I'm doing and then if you want we can go for a walk down to the park. Would you like to do that?... Good, well you be good and play with your things and it won't be long before we can go. There, that's right... what about that green one shouldn't it go next to the red one?

'When can we go?'

In a minute, I won't be much longer, just be patient...

The phone rings and mum answers it, it's her friend Ann whom she only just hung up from speaking with ten minutes ago.

Don't touch that! James, how many times do I have to tell you not to touch it? 'Sorry Ann, but you know what their like. Whenever I say no all he wants to do is touch it, oh honestly, it's enough to drive you mad, will he ever learn?'

'Come on mum, I want to go to the park.'

In a minute hon, I'm just speaking to Ann, I won't be long... James put that back! Oh for God sake how many times do I have to tell you, you'll break it. Just don't touch it, and please do as I say, I won't be much longer, I promise. Go and see how your brother is, see if he needs to be changed, that's a good boy...

Don't they drive you mad sometimes Ann, I don't know how you cope with your three, two's enough for me, and two boys, why couldn't I have got a girl, someone who I can dress up in all those pretty dresses and who will just do what I want them to do. Someone who doesn't want to go running around in the park all day long. I tell you I'm sick of it, I don't know how other mothers cope, I'm sick and tired of being shut up in here...

Yeah I think I will, it's not a bad idea you know. He's started going to kinda and Ron suggested we get a girl in to look after them and do all the housework and even cook a couple of times a week, so I might look for some, it shouldn't be hard to find, they are always advertising for people in my field and I have a friend who can help. I thought I would be able to stay at home and be the mother, but it's driving me mad. I'm feeling demented, my mind feels like a shrivelled sponge. I don't know about you, but some days I feel like screaming or throwing them against the wall...

Yeah, well, I don't know how you cope, I guess I'm just not cut out for it. I don't have the motherly instinct you seem to have. I don't know how you do it, staying at home day after day with nothing more than them, the dog, the television, if I didn't have you to complain to I would have lost it a long time ago...

Put that down James... oh for God's sake, you know he's going to be the death of me, one day I swear I'll throttle him, look Ann I'm sorry, I've got go, I'll speak to you soon...

Yeah all right, I'll try that, but I don't think it will do any good... Yeah, speak to you soon, bye.

I told you to see how your brother was, why don't you ever do as I tell you. I don't want to get angry with you, but really sometimes you push me to the limit. Now come over here and you can help me change him. You can pass me those when I want them. Put those back... not there, here, where they were... Oh dam now what's wrong with him? Why's he crying? Stop crying and hold still Ben, stop wriggling, God, you know what needs to be done, and you're old enough to do it yourself by now... when will this ever end... now hold still will you... James leave that alone, help me and hold this... here, go put these in the rubbish bin in the kitchen...

The phone rings again.

I can't wait!... yeah good... she said she'll be here at 6.30, and you've booked the restaurant for later? I can't wait, I'm going mad here... see ya...

'Is that daddy? Can I speak to him?'

No, he's gone, he was busy, he could only speak to me for a short time.

'What did he want?'

Nothing, we're going out to dinner later, and Granny's coming over you look after you and Ben.

'Will she let us watch the video?'

She might if you ask her nicely.

'But usually she doesn't let us, I hate it when she comes over, I don't want her to come over, why can't you and daddy look after us?'

We won't be out for long and I'll talk to her and ask her to let you watch some before you go to bed. And you don't hate her, that's not a nice thing to say about your grandmother who loves you so much. You know you shouldn't say those things, you don't mean them, you're only saying such things because she doesn't let you do what you want. You can't have everything in life your own way you know. Life's not like that.

'Can we go to the park now?'

Oh yes in a minute, we have to get everything ready. You look after your brother while I go upstairs and get ready. Do you need to go to the toilet? Have you finished your lunch? Did you eat your banana, they're good for you, you'll grow up into a big strong man like your father. Now stay here with Ben, make sure he doesn't touch things he's not meant to. I'll be back in a moment.

Some looonnnngggg moments later, and with the hair all in place and the red lipstick gleaming, mum descends ready to go.

Ok. Now are you ready? Have you both got everything you need? James, where's your jumper? Oh, here it is, here put it on so you won't get cold. Okay, now have I got everything... keys... phone... drinks for you two, chips to eat... bread... come on then, let's go... you can open the door for mummy... step out of the way, let us through, watch out or your hand will get caught, let go, move aside, I can't get the blasted pusher through... now don't stand in front of me, and don't go onto the road... make sure you wait for me... come here and stand by my side... that's it... good... don't scuff your feet... come on keep up... don't run you might fall over... stay with me, don't go near the road, stay over here near the fences... don't touch them look at your hand it's all dirty, and, NO! Don't wipe it on your clean clothes, oh now look what you've done, you've made yourself all dirty, I'll have to wash that jumper, God you make a mess... now come on, just stay next to me, don't touch anything and stay on this side... and stop running ahead...

At the park.

Don't go too far away... and don't talk to any strangers. We'll go over to the swings near those ducks... do you want some bread? Here take this and don't go too near the edge... and don't run.

'Can I have some more bread mum?'

Here...you're not supposed to eat it! It's for the ducks. Hold Ben's hand he's a little scared, you show him what to do and keep him away from the edge.

James, come back from there... Stop! Don't go any closer, here, hold my hand –

'But I want to get closer, I want to see the eels, I want to give them some bread.'

Eels don't eat bread. Don't get too close, and look out for that bird pooh I don't want you to get it on your pants. Here, kneel over here and hold my hand, here both of you sit here where I can hold you... there you are, see, it spat it out, I told you eels doesn't like bread.

'What does it like?'

Oh I don't know, worms or something I guess.

'Can we get some worms?'

Maybe you can ask your father, I'm sure he'll love digging up worms from the garden for you to feed the eels with.

'Can we ask him now, can we ring him?'

No, it's too expensive, you can wait until he gets home from work.

'Can he dig them and then can we come back here and feed them?'

No, it will be too late by then, you'll have to ask him to do it on the weekend, and maybe he'll be able to bring you back then.

Now we have to go, we've fed them all our bread and it's time to go home. Come on now help me pack up and let's go. That's it, good boys... Ben you're a good boy aren't you handing mummy the plastic bag... James, come on, we have to go, Ben's ready, you can come again soon, they'll still be here next time...

'I saw one of them eat some bread!'

Come on hurry up or we'll be late.

'It ate some, a piece of bread – a big piece.'

Eels don't eat bread, now pick that up and give it to me, that's it, good, are you ready... good, now let's go...

Dad's home.

'Dad's home, dad's home, dad's home!...'

'Thank God!'

'Dad, can you dig some worms so we can feed the eels at the park?'

Oh the joys of being a child...

Pets – should we or shouldn't we have them?

Like so many things we do in our lives at some point the question: should we or shouldn't we, comes up. Should we have pets: keep an animal in unnatural circumstances, and how does this relate to our negative lives? What is the truth of it? And like everything, there's no easy answer. There's only your answer.

I want to write about some of the experiences of keeping pets Marion and I have had since we've been together doing our healing. Something about how we've needed – or believed and thought we needed and wanted – to have power and control over.

When we first met we wanted to live with all sorts of pets, we fantasised about having birds, rabbits, chooks, cats and fish and anything else we could add to the list, as we were also going to live in the country. At the time neither of us had any pets.

I had kept freshwater tropical fish when I was younger, I loved breeding dwarf cichlids. When Marion and I met I was working at a local aquarium learning about all my bad fishing keeping methods and changing them, so if I did ever keep fish again, at least I could do the best by them. And I did. Marion liked the idea of having fish, and as I had never had anything to do with exotic goldfish before working at the aquarium, I bought a tank and we started to keep them. The fish were a great *success* although their reduced swim bladders compromised their life expectancy, so few lived very long. I wasn't so worried at that stage about keeping certain fish in small fish tanks (though not too small) as in the wild many of them only live in a tiny area, and having seen goldfish living in black muddy water and thriving, I figured so long as they were fed enough, and given clean water, they'd be happy.

From fish we moved to birds, a hand reared tame pet parrot to keep inside our small apartment seemed like fun. We saw some magnificent tame parrots like the stunningly beautiful green male Eclectus and his equally stunning but strikingly different beautiful red and blue female, but settled on something small and easy (and much less expensive), yet bigger than a budgie, to begin with. We bought a female cockatiel and built perches and exercise areas made of small branches tied together for her to climb on. It was a painful decision as to whether we should clip one of her wings so she couldn't fly, and being advised it was best, we did.

We didn't have Zarmy long before we felt we just couldn't keep her in so limited a space. She couldn't fly and it seemed too much of a shame to keep to her cooped up inside. We couldn't let her go as she wouldn't have survived, so we made the decision to give her away to an established breeder with large outdoor aviaries. That was the end of our bird dreams – we couldn't keep one again.

Next came the two 'indoor' cats: Orientals. These cats we were told didn't mind being kept indoors. Zar the gorgeous chocolate came sick with the cat flu. Being inexperienced about such things we couldn't cope with what was needed to look after him properly so we had to give him away. That was a very heart-rending experience. It was like giving away a part of ourselves. The other little grey (blue) cat, Potsy, is still with us. She came with a calcium deficiency.

Then came the plants. We took a fancy to small cute cactus. We could keep them on windowsills and on our balcony. From them I moved to caudiciform plants keeping them like bonsai plants, they fascinated me. We met Rudolf, a fantastic grower of cactus, succulents and caudexes and other exotic African plants, and a collection was started around each sun-receiving window. And soon the balcony was full of them; they were so beautiful although tedious to keep, as our sunlight situation was limited in the flat.

By this time we'd given up on the goldfish, we couldn't bear all the swim-bladder and survival problems they had because of their excessive breeding. I set the tank up as a beautiful fairyland full of lovely seashells we collected at garage sales, and started to breed some of the dwarf African shell dwelling cichlids from Lake Tanganyika. I loved these little fish and their territorial ways, and having bred one species would move onto another. Then came one pair of rare Princess, but for some strange reason they got sick and nothing I did would cure them. When they died it heralded the beginning of the end of our pets. I just couldn't go on. I gave the tank away, then suddenly we had to leave the apartment as it had been sold, and we gave all our plants away as conditions weren't right in the house we moved into to rent.

So all our pets had come and were gone, all except for Potsy.

The creatures helped Marion and I no end in our healing. They provided us with countless bad-feeling

healing experiences. And they helped us to evolve our truth as to how we felt about keeping them as we did. We are so thankful to them all.

And now we couldn't keep pets. We don't want the burden of responsibility. Potsy stretches us to our limits, but we love her dearly. Like a young demanding child she is the boss of the house and we couldn't keep her inside, it just wasn't fair on her, and she loves to be able to go outside, but luckily for us, never venturing very far.

Our pets helped us go deeper into our repressed childhood feelings. They made us deal with feelings of powerlessness, helplessness; feelings of being trapped and overpowered and having life heavily conditioned.

We no longer want a menagerie, and we wouldn't support the Pet trade by buying a pet ever again.

We've learnt that all pets need us, much more than we had any idea about. They need our companionship and the interaction with us as they can't get it from the wild. It's our responsibility to give it to them as much as we possibly can, and if we can't, if we start to take them for granted relating to them with our minds and not with our feelings, then we shouldn't keep them.

And the creatures are still helping us with our healing. Currently there is a new dog in the rental house's backyard on the corner of our street. It's owners both work and it cries on and off all day. It sounds so lonely and it makes Marion and I feel bad bringing up yet more bad feelings. I've written about it in my second feeling-healing book. Then next door, the new owner – a builder – is doing up his house for rent, and his dog is with him all day and he interacts with it a lot. It's not howling and crying with loneliness. So we have both dogs to compare and to help us to feel things and to understand more truth about ourselves. And now we know we'd never have a dog unless we could be with it all the time, or at least be away for only very short periods. To leave it for hours all day alone, and then to come home and go out leaving it again... we just couldn't do it. We only have to put ourselves in the dogs place, be the dog being kept alone without anyone to talk to and be with and we feel too miserable. Too lonely, too sad. It's just too cruel to submit anyone or any creature to such torture. It reminds us too much of how unlovingly we were treated. It makes us feel too bad. It's all too unloving, too heartless, too cold and too uncaring. And thinking about all those lonely dogs, locked up in small back yards with no one and nothing to do all day is too much. How can we be so cruel?

I never realised how personal one could relate to an animal. I couldn't relate to myself or Marion personally very well through my feelings prior to my healing, but now as my healing opens me up to myself and all I feel, my relationship with Potsy and all creatures has come alive. They are too real and too much a *person* to simply be an animal and something I can do with whatever I like. No longer could I just use them to fill in the gaps of my own love denial. I respect them and their needs for love too much. When we deprive them of their wild and true existence forcing them to be dependant on us for all their needs, love and affection, then we have a lot to answer for.

My pain of keeping pets.

I wanted Potsy for myself, to gain pleasure from having a cat. I wanted her so she would make me feel good. That's what pets are for – right? To make you feel good. You wouldn't have one if they made you feel bad. Potsy does make us feel good, and we are very grateful to her for that, but she also makes us feel bad, this we didn't bargain on, but it's actually something I've become even more grateful to her for. She has done both Marion and I a huge service, one of enormous unconditional love, she has completely given over herself to help us with our healing, to help us get to know the truth of ourselves. And she does this by just being herself. And as a part of this supreme service she has had to suffer. She has had to get hurt; she has had to suffer pain. Would she have suffered such pain had she been a wild cat? I don't know. But I know she has suffered a lot of pain for us. And this has made us feel very bad at times.

It took some years moving deeper into my healing before I began to understand that her life was one of total service to us. She doesn't have a life of her own; she is ours – our pet. She can't survive without us, and she has to live where we live, in our house. She isn't free, she isn't wild, she is our pet. We are in total control, we say when she can or can't go out. When we want to go out we have to lock her up inside. She can't defend herself adequately enough against other cats, she's a pure bred and was sick with ricketts (and is deficient in other ways). We didn't know she was sick when we got her, and all other moggy cats want to hurt her – kill her, as if it's the right thing to do, to dispose of the weak impure one (so much for

her pure breeding!). So she is totally reliant on us for her survival. We let her outside, we scare away the other cats, and she knows how far can she go before she comes up against them. She's been bashed up three times exploring the limits of her boundaries. All she wants to do is chase something. If she had an indestructible little warm fast running mouse to play with all day she would be in heaven. She rarely kills the odd mouse she manages to catch in the garden. Marion scoops them up in her hands and lets them go unharmed. Potsy and I spend the next half hour trying to find where the mouse vanished to. Sometimes I think looking for the lost mouse is more fun to her than playing with it.

Whenever I had seen an animal suffering, whether it had been my pet, someone else's or wild, I felt sorry for it. I was sad that it had to suffer; I don't want anything to suffer. But it was always a case of it and me without any real connection. If there wasn't anything I could do to ease it's pain, I buried my bad feelings the best I could and moved on. When Potsy hurt her eye and then got bashed up by another cat for the first time, because I was trying to allow myself to feel bad, trying to allow my bad feelings make me feel what they were there for, I suddenly realised that in a way Potsy got hurt for me. She needed to get hurt for herself, she learnt things from each experience, but she also got hurt for me, and it was this realisation that she was getting hurt and suffering for me, all so I could be made to feel bad, helping me to get in touch with my bad feelings, that my personal connection with her changed. She was getting hurt and suffering for me!

She'd go outside in the evening returning about half an hour later with a closed eye. Not a closed eye again! When she was a kitten only a few months after we got her, we woke up in the morning to find her eye closed and swollen. We called a mobile vet who arrived and proceeded to manhandle her as if she were a wild lion scaring the shit out of her. She did her irreparable damage as far as accepting strange people into her life, and it took her a long time to fully accept Marion and I, and to not see us as scary monsters who are going to grab her, forcibly wrap her up in towel and put all sorts of yucky things in her eye. But luckily her eye healed, it wasn't as much of a drama as we thought having had no other previous experiences to go by. And since then for a couple of years periodically she'd return with a closed eye. We didn't go to the vet, as on these occasions we could see that it wasn't anywhere as near as bad as her first closed eye, however each episode plunged Marion and I deep into our misery and despairing feelings. We both had masses of issues to work out, to bring to light, with Potsy's closed eyes being the catalyst. In an instant the world would come crashing in, it was all over, there was nothing else, Potsy has a closed eye, she is going to suffer forever, and we felt terrible. We'd pray and beg the Mother and Father to fix it. We sweated it out wanting to see if it remained closed or if it would reopen by itself. We dreaded having to take her to a vet, having to force her into her carry-box that she hated, having to go through all what the mobile vet did to her, and our having to put ointment in her eyes twice a day for a couple of weeks.

For Marion, being what I call the 'expert' at expressing and accepting and allowing her bad feelings to be, she'd allow herself to fall down into her darkness expressing her pain and anguish, her fear and worries, her terror over all Potsy's bad eye made her feel; for me it was a lot harder. Being so closed off to my bad feelings, and wanting to do anything but face them, I felt like I was having my leg sawn off with the pain, worry and fear. It was unbearable, I could hardly express all I felt. I couldn't bear her suffering, her suffering that was my suffering, as it's all a projection. I was her, I had the bung eye, I was going to be blind, or have to go to hospital and have horrible operations. I was going to live with only one eye and wouldn't be able to see properly. I will be strange, I will look weird with a glass and dead eye, I will not be the same as other people, I will be singled out, it's bad enough being so tall, but now with a bung eye I was going to be ostracised – I was going to be alone, I was going to be so lonely – no one will want to know me.

I couldn't face the pain of being alone, of not being wanted by anyone. I was plunged deeper into my dread of feeling unwanted, uncared about, and unloved, not wanted by anyone, not wanted by my parents. Not wanted by my mother because I was now imperfect. I was not her beautiful little boy any longer, I was ruined, impure, I was not what she wanted. And I would be cast out, left, left for someone, that bad man to take, that man that takes bad little unwanted boys away, and bad things would be done to me. Oh I couldn't begin to think about such bad things that awaited me. I had committed a great evil, a huge sin, a crime from which there will be no redemption. I will never be wanted or loved now; all my chances were finally blown. For so long I'd secretly hoped that I would win them over, that if I were good they would come around, they would notice me, they would want me. But now I was fucked well and truly – no hope at all. I may as well be just cast out onto the rubbish pile, left to rot, unwanted, to die alone, to be so lonely, as lonely as I've always felt, but even more so. Now without my eye I couldn't see

half the world, my life would only be half what it is, and being so little that doesn't leave much else. There is no hope for me, rejected beyond belief. I still had a chance whilst I had both my eyes, but no more... everything was over... it was the end.

Potsy with her closed eye took me all over the place into many parts of myself I didn't previously have any idea about. I didn't know I felt unwanted, or lonely. I felt I was just making life as I wanted it to be. I had Marion, she liked me, I had Potsy, she liked me, and with them I didn't feel lonely. But Potsy's eye made me face a deeper truth, one I was trying to hide from using Marion and Potsy as a blind. I *was* lonely, I had *always* felt lonely, I didn't know what it felt like to not feel lonely, and I've always felt unwanted. My feelings were dreadful, the truth excruciatingly difficult to accept, but it was true. I could feel it, and in my misery there was no hope, it was all too real, there was nothing but pain. And I couldn't do anything about it. I couldn't make Potsy's eye get better, my bad feelings wouldn't go away. I couldn't do anything, the unbearable relentless inner pressure was driving me in and down into the truth of my pain, the truth of how I've always felt. Memories would surface from my early childhood and they would confirm what I was feeling. I could see myself back then, I was alone, I did feel lonely even though there were these two people around me whom I called mum and dad. The meaninglessness of my relationship with them came to light, how it was nothing but a lie, one big fraudulent contrivance called a 'happy family' and 'I love you'. I didn't feel happy and I didn't feel loved, I only felt rejected and unwanted.

And then miraculously Potsy's eye would get better. It would open and be a little runny for a day or two, but luckily there wasn't any infection. And then a few days or a week or a few months would pass and the next bad thing would happen. She'd hurt herself again. She'd come in with a cut, or a limp, or another partially closed eye, or she'd get bashed up again by the nasty cat from around the corner – Fuzz-Buzz. And each time down we'd go down again, into more misery, more despair, more pain, more truth to be shown to us.

And as the years passed with Potsy suffering these minor ailments it became very clear that she was suffering them for us. She was ours. She was of service to us. She was a direct reflection of us. She'd given herself, as all nature has, to us, all to help us find the truth of ourselves. But why should she have to suffer for us, just so we could be plunged deep into our bad feelings? It wasn't fair and I hated it. I hated the Mother and Father; I hated God for doing it to us, to all of us. Making poor little innocent Potsy, who can only hurt a blowfly when she manages to catch them in summer, suffer. Why her, she didn't do anything wrong? She's not living in a negative mind state. She's not evil. She's pure, that's obvious, she is true to herself, she honours her feelings, she does always what she wants unless we stop her, and we try not to stop her as much as we can. So why does she have to get hurt for us all so we can see the evil that we are? And so we can see how horrible we are to her.

And whether it's right or wrong that she does, she just does. That's how it is. She has willingly given herself to us, to be of use to us and she is used in so many ways, in everything she does, all for Marion and I. It's astounding how much her little self has done for us. Every day she helps us to bring up more of our repressed bad feelings so we can find the truth of them. She has helped us a phenomenal amount, and it's all for us. She has a boring confined all but mouse-less existence, always living in fear of being set upon by another cat, all so Marion and I can slog our way through our childhood repression healing. And she couldn't be more cute and gorgeous about it.

As we've uncovered the truth of our relationships with our parents, and faced it, and expressed how bad it's made us feel, gradually there's less for us to heal using her. We've had Potsy now for nearly six (now nine) years and in the last years she's hardly hurt herself. And so many of the cats have left our area without being replaced. Fuzz-Buzz is still around but comes around less. And Potsy doesn't want to go roaming as she did, she seems more content to just stay close with us. She goes outside for only little excursions, comes back in and then wants me (mostly because she knows I will) to go out with her and be in the backyard to play with some grass (whizzing a bit of seed grass around for her to chase).

As the years have passed I've become more expressive and accepting of my bad feelings. Less and less have I tried to hide and push them aside. I can now just allow them to come up without needing Potsy to be hurt. My bad feelings come up just naturally without needing such a great outside stimulus (at least not so much as one from her). I no longer see myself as Potsy, my poor little helpless me who only desperately wants to be loved and accepted by mum and dad. I'm no longer projecting my unconscious repression and denial onto her, so she is no longer required to get hurt for me. I can allow myself to get

hurt, to just feel hurt when I need to. Now Potsy can just be her loving self and I can enjoy being loved and made to feel wanted by her. And I can reciprocate her love and want her without worrying about doing anything to her that is going to hurt her, all so she can again be of service to me, helping me to push and break through other barriers that are still preventing me from feeling bad. Now I am no longer using her how I was. Now I am not wanting her to love me and give her whole self to me just to fill my gaps of love denial. I am not wanting her to be my mother or father. I only want her to be herself.

As I look back at all the pets I had I can see the same service, all what they were giving me. Giving to me selflessly not wanting anything in return, even my little fish. They just did their fish things giving me so much, helping me to cope with my feelings of loneliness by allowing me to pretend that I had friends. And yet what did I do for them?

As it happens during your healing, suddenly you'll start feeling a bad feeling, and if you accept it and start to speak about it then it will lead you off into a new part of yourself to discover a part that you have been repressing, refusing to see, and hiding from yourself. One day a bad feeling led me to thinking about the tropical fish I kept as a young teenager. Dad had bought me a couple of fish tanks. In the bigger one I kept a community of whatever fish had taken my fancy at the time, the smaller one I used for breeding. *(I realised at another time during more bad feeling expression the truth of why breeding fish fascinated me, why I had to do it, and it was so that I could make a family for myself, my own happy family, a family I controlled, a family in which everyone loved each other and I was one of them and the controller-god making sure we were always happy – my own perfect family.)* The feeling led me to think about how I did keep them, how woefully I kept them. I'd worked for a few years just prior to starting my healing at a retail aquarium selling the same sort of fish I kept as a child. Fortunately the owner of the aquarium did know how to look after fish, how to treat them well, providing good water conditions and good food for them. In a shop with thousands of small aquarium fish we'd only have a handful of dead ones a day, which was I thought, an outstanding performance compared to most other aquarium shops in Melbourne who often had tank loads of poor sick fish, and lots of dead ones still floating around in the tanks. So from my boss I learnt how to keep freshwater tropical fish well. No loner did my own fish, or the fish I looked after in other peoples tanks, just die. If they died there was always a reason and often nothing more than old age. So I felt I could, within limits, provide a suitable environment and life for the fish under my care. When I was younger I didn't have such a good teacher as the aquarium shop boss. I rarely even changed their water, and always had fish that would just die. It was what those little fish were like, fragile, they just died. No one ever told me about how to look after them properly, I never asked, and I never read those bits in the books. You just put them in a tank, fed them, cleaned the filter when it got really bad, and topped up there water. It suited me to have them die, as then I always had room for new ones. And I always wanted new ones.

So on this day my bad feeling helped me focus on what I really had done to the little fish I kept when I was young. How much I had abused them. How harshly and cruelly I had treated them. How I just used them for my own selfish needs. I didn't care about them, I didn't care about their welfare, I just wanted them to do what I wanted. Their lives were mine, not theirs. They weren't free to live in good water and do what they wanted to do albeit within the confines of a fish tank. I didn't even give them the basic care, as I didn't know how too. I was totally ignorant of how to give them a relatively good life. And god I felt bad about it. I felt so bad about how I treated them. I didn't want the best for them, I didn't really love them, I didn't respect them, they were nothing to me, just ornaments, play things, alive toys, that would break and die and I didn't care because then I'd get a new one. I thought I loved them, I even grew live food for them, but I didn't love them, it was only a lie. All I did with them was all for my own selfish self-centred gratification. I was a bastard, a child abuser: I was a bad parent to my little fish. I wanted us all to live as a happy family and yet I was a tyrant, kept them as my pleasure slaves. If one got sick I tossed it, if the whole tank got sick I chucked them all. I didn't know you could medicate and heal them like we often did in the aquarium shop. I didn't provide good lives for them. They were my responsibility, I had taken their survival on, and I blew it. I was nasty, evil, and I had severely crossed over the line, breaking the Golden Rule. I was a 'rotter' and I felt it. I felt so bad. For days memories long forgotten of the little fish I kept came into my mind, and each time new waves of misery, feeling bad and feeling sorry, and huge guilt would assail me. I wanted to say to them all how sorry I was, and I wanted to rewind the tape and go back and start over doing the best by them – probably not even keeping them. I can't keep them now; I couldn't do it to them. The pain of my abuse was just too great. I paid for my sin. I paid for crossing the

line and breaking the rule and abusing the laws and creatures of nature. I still feel bad for what I did to them, how badly I treated them.

And the same thing, masses of bad feelings have surface to do with all the pets I kept. And I have seen how badly I treated them, how I disrespected them. I can't just say I was a kid and not old enough to know better, because I was old enough. I was a teenager, screwed up in my negative mind and so unaware. I felt pain for the little baby turtles, the goldfish, the little lizards, even the beetles, caterpillars and cicadas I kept for a time. I felt sorry and pain for how I treated our family pet dog. How impersonal I was with him, how much he gave himself to me, but how little I gave to him. How little I'd take him for walk, how I hated to feed him, it being such a chore, how I'd kick him off my bed at night, all sorts of things which now having Potsy I've come to realise are the nice things. And looking and seeing the truth of how other people disrespect their dogs and cats and how they are like I was, unconscious, using them for their own selfish needs, and seeing how faithful, true and unassuming the pets are, so freely giving themselves wanting so little in return and often having to make do with such abuse, makes me feel it's all wrong. We simply shouldn't have them. Yet we have to have and use them because that was what was done to us and that's all we know how to be and what to do. Seeing what bad lives we give our pets, how we just have them for our convenience, they are just a thing, not a *person*, not someone to whom we give equal respect to and lovingly treating as an equal. They are only a lower creature, dumb, stupid; they don't feel things like we do, so their lives don't matter. We abuse nature all over the place to suit ourselves. We don't give a shit about any other creature's life. We chop the trees down, fuck up the air, poison the water, all so we can do what we want. We pretend we care about our pets, but we don't. How can we? We don't care about each other, we don't care about ourselves, we don't care about our children, we all carry on living in the negative denying our feelings abusing the Golden Rule, with our pets being last on the list of importance. We use and abuse. No matter how loving you might think you are, you aren't.

I crossed the line and I have paid. I have paid in pain. How else can I pay it? How else can I be redeemed from my gross abuse? I have caused suffering and so it's right that I should suffer, and I have. Time and time again the memories of the abuse of my pets and nature has come up in me, and I have felt the pain, and I have seen the truth of what I have done. How I treated them, how I related to them, how impersonal and unloving I was. And I have wanted to see the truth of my relationship with my pets and nature and everyone else and myself. And I have wanted to feel bad, to feel the pain of the abuse I have inflicted on others, because it's right. I had no right to use them, and I don't want to blame it on ignorance for my being trapped within an imposed negative mind state. I don't want to blame it on anything other than myself, because it happened. I did it, and I have to take responsibility. And if it means that in future I will never have another pet because I don't want to inflict my negative unloving, uncaring mind and will state on any creature, then so be it. I don't want to make another creature suffer. I have been made to suffer by my parents abuse of me, and I know what it feels like, and I don't want to make anyone else or any other creature feel this bad. It's all too bad, all too wrong, all too much pain.

And the further I go in my healing and ascent of truth, I am realising that I can love myself, I can fill my own love deficit gaps myself, and I don't need to use another person or creature to do it. I don't need pets to make up my deficient. I can enjoy nature as it is, I don't need to tame it and control and use it. I don't need to inadvertently abuse it even in the mistaken belief that I am doing it a favour. I don't need to project myself onto my pets to make them be me and do all the bad things to them making them suffer that I am doing to myself, all so I can see the truth of what I am doing to myself. I don't need to make Potsy go off and hurt herself so I can see how I am hurting myself. I can just feel how I was hurt, how mum and dad hurt me and so how I am hurting myself – and I can know the truth.

I don't know if it's right or wrong to have pets. (Three years further on and I feel it's very wrong to subject anyone, a person or a creature, to one's will in any way. And you can't have a pet without subjecting it to your will. After all, that's what having a pet is all about, making it be obedient to us.) But I do know that in my denial life I was using them wrongly. And this I have suffered and paid for in pain. I no longer feel guilty for what I did to them. I still feel sorry for the things I did, all the bad treatment, for not respecting them as I now know I could have. As to the possibility of having a pet when my healing has finished, I can't say. But I do know that I won't be rushing into it. And should it happen, then I know that with a positive mind and no longer abusing and denying myself, I will not do the same to it – if that is possible.

Nature has been given to us as a wonderful gift to help us uncover the truth of ourselves. Dearly I wish that one day we might respect it for that, with our relationships with it being truly loving and of complete admiration for it. Imagine living never hurting a creature in any way. Never forcing your will over another creature using it for your own selfish gain.

Have you ever lost it with your child – do you know that feeling?

Do you? Do you know that horrible feeling when it just gets all too much, and you lash out, you might yell and grab and push and force or hit, but it's all too severe. But you have to, you can't not do it, something's taken you over, you have to lock down hard against the enemy, the unseen force and assert your will so no other will exists. Your will over your child or your pet and nothing else matters. Can you remember these times when you have lost it?

And can you remember how you felt, when you were in that unbearable state, when everything was conspiring against you, and you just had to lash out. It was you or them, and you had to do it because your survival was at stake.

Can you remember those times when you are at your wits end and you snap, you rage, you lose your mind, you don't now what you are doing, but you are going to get your way no matter what. You make them do what you want, you force them to, you are all-powerful, they are nothing, no one is going to stand in your way, they are not going to stop you, no matter what!

Can you feel that it's a moment of truth concerning your sanity? You either assert yourself with full force, or you give up, give in, break down becoming what you are most afraid of; lose all power, be the pathetic useless person you're running away from – let them walk all over you. Can you remember that it's either you or them, and no way is it going to be you.

When I was eighteen and mums boyfriend had brought his three young children over for me to semi look after, Ned, a very cute four year old red head was bored, he didn't want to sit and watch the TV. It was after school, it was hot, we were all bothered. I can't remember all that was going on in me, but now I know I was angry at having to put up with them again while mum and her friend, their father, were upstairs not wanting to be disturbed. I was angry but suppressing it with all my will. Then it all got too much, and with an easy stroke of my hand I backhanded Ned out of my life flinging him though the air thankfully to land in the couch on the opposite side of the room. We both got a shock. He ran off crying upstairs. Smugly I was happy with what I did, surprised at my strength, but also feeling slightly guilty. It wasn't his fault, he'd been dumped with me, he didn't want to be with me anymore than I wanted to be with him. It was mum and his father's fault. They weren't looking after him or me, they weren't considerate of us. It was as if we'd been thrown in the pit to deal with each other, and I naturally won. But I'd lost it.

During my healing I had to admit it. The memories of this time and my anger with Ned resurfaced full of guilt. I was totally out of line. All he wanted was some attention. I even liked him and felt sorry him. He'd lost his mother, she been electrocuted, and what mum and his father thought they could achieve I have no idea, only it wasn't about including all the children. Ned got harshly thrown and rejected by me for doing nothing. He wasn't wanted. His father didn't want him, mum didn't want him, I didn't want him. I hate to think what he must have felt.

And again just with my mistreatment of my pets, up came the pain of being unloving to Ned. And up came my misplaced anger, finally being able to be placed where it should – at mum. The pain of the guilt of such a wrong doing burns deep. But now in retrospect I am grateful to it, as it's shown me where I was wrong, and how I can now be right. It has revealed to me the truth of my life and the truth I want to live.

I rarely lost it. I was too scared of being taken over by forces beyond my control. I always kept the reigns very tight on myself. I knew it was in me, I knew from how effortlessly I shut out Ned being a person, turning him into being nothing more than a pest like an annoying fly, and being prepared without any serious deliberation to swat him out of existence. In that moment I couldn't have cared less if he had died. If instead of landing on the couch he'd landed crashing his head on the wall or on some hard furniture and I had killed him, all I would have thought was: serve himself right for annoying me and not shutting up when I wanted to watch the TV. I was feelingless, gone, just unexpressed anger repressed over my eighteen years suddenly venting itself. It was all so easy, too easy, and I was scared of that in me. And that was only the very tip of the iceberg.

When we started to let Potsy go outside and she started to hurt herself and go to places where she'd only

bring disaster upon herself like another cat bashing her up, I would feel my repressed anger surging. It would rise up seeking an outlet. She was too small and never annoyed me like Ned did, I never hit her or kicked her, but I wanted to. Oh how much I wanted to just smash the shit out of her and make her do what I wanted. If only she would just listen to me and not go over the fence into the neighbours where she knew that bad cat was. Why did she keep going over there tormenting me? I didn't want to have to sit and sweat it out waiting for her ear-piercing hellish screams. I didn't want to feel so powerless as she screamed and screamed standing up to the other cat – why the fuck didn't she just run? How many times did she have to do it getting the shit beaten out of herself before she learnt that it was hopeless? God I wanted to throttle her, kill her, be rid of the problem all so I didn't have to feel bad.

And with Marion's help I expressed my way through each episode of raging anger. I would speak about it, try to rage with words telling Marion how I felt, trying to find the truth of my repression. And the truth would come. Thankfully it would come and gradually the anger has left me. Now Potsy can go over the fence and take on the neighbouring cat without me wanting to kill her. It's her life, she does know what she's in for, shit, for all I know she might enjoy it, giving herself a thrill. And if she's prepared to run the risk of the occasional wound, why should it bother me? And so far luckily they have only been flesh wounds.

Now I can be with Potsy and she doesn't make me angry as I have no repressed feelings she's triggering, and I can tell you it's such a great feeling, feeling free of it. I don't get agitated, hot and bothered, I don't want to tear my and her hair out. I don't have to worry about an uncontrollable lashing out one day when it all gets too much. I know longer need to lose it, as I'm not trying to keep it all in. It's so much better to get it all out – I can't tell you enough what a relief it is. Could you imagine being with your kids and they never pushing you to that breaking point. You didn't have all your repressed childhood anger in you to make you snap. You didn't need any last straws to push you over the edge because you're already so full of anger you're holding back. You are free, clean and pure, no repressed anger or anything else. Can you imagine parenting or having a pet and you never get angry with it? Can you imagine never losing it?

If you do lose it or have lost it even if it's only once in your life, then it's a sure sign of stuff you're repressing. And if you have never lost it, it doesn't necessarily mean you don't have repressed stuff in you, it might only mean you are able to keep it all locked down more efficiently; or, you just haven't been pushed to breaking it point yet. Perhaps there are some people who don't have repressed stuff within them and so would never feel angry and would never lose it, but somehow I find this hard to believe.

How does it feel?

How does it feel to feel unloved?

How does it feel to feel uncared about?

How does it feel to feel unwanted?

How does it feel when you feel no one feels anything for you?

How does it feel when you feel you don't really exist?

How does it feel when you feel so alone?

How does it feel when all you feel is pain?

How does it feel when all you feel is pain, disillusionment, despair, misery – depressed?

How does it feel to feel like you are nothing?

How does it feel when you feel so bad there are no words to describe it?

How does it feel to feel like your spirit is dying?

How does it feel when you feel totally powerless?

How does it feel when you feel you wish you didn't exist?

How does it really feel?

Unbearable.

How does it feel to sit on the couch and feel the pain of your negative state?

How does it feel to sit on the couch and feel the pain of your no account life?

How does it feel when you feel like you've missed out on everything life offers?

How does it feel when you have nothing?

How does it feel when you feel so totally bored, frustrated, unfulfilled?

How does it feel when day after day you feel so bad?

How does it feel?

Bad, very, very bad.

How does it feel, to feel all these things? This is what you must want to find out. I can't describe how bad I feel when I feel all these things, because there are no words to tell you. BAD!

How do you feel when you feel so bad – beyond words. Words are a mental expression of feelings, and you can't use your mind to express how bad you feel when you feel your soul is dying.

Added together this is how you feel when you feel unloved. This is how I feel, and this is what I have

been trying to stop feeling. Everything I have done in my life, every relationship I have had up to now, has been an attempt to stop me feeling this bad. It has been a pointless attempt to find love, to give me what I so desperately want, what I feel I am lacking, what I have missed out on.

And this, as you will discover, is at the root of all your problems. This is at the source of your wound. It is at the root of all our problems. Humanity feels unloved because it does not love itself.

How does it feel to be a child and to not be loved by your parents? This is what you are looking for, the answer to this question as you do your feeling-healing.

How does it feel to be an unloved child who grows into an adult and still feels unloved? This is what you are seeking: the answer to the first stage of your spiritual quest. This is the answer to the truth of your negative mind state. This is the answer that once found will open the door to the light.

Over and over my desire is to try and describe how bad I feel when I feel unloved. But it's too much to describe, too many years of pain, however it's the truth of my physical life.

So, once again, today, right now: how does it feel to feel so unloved?

Self-denial is breaking the Golden Rule.

Our physical is only an expression of the subtle – our spiritual, and if we treat our body like a car, simply fixing it or getting a new one if something goes wrong without worrying too much about the reasons why, we are denying ourselves on the subtle, or spiritual, or truth, levels. To relate to our bodies as just a thing that we can fix if it goes wrong, all so we can get it back to what we think is the correct working order, is denying ourselves, our true selves, what really is – the truth – of what's going on. We are interfering with our own wills, going against ourselves and not fully respecting our whole self, spiritual and physical. We are impersonalising our physical, not allowing ourselves to feel what we feel about what's happening to it, we are disassociating ourselves from it with our minds, and this is wrong. It's going against the Law of Will. We are not infringing on any other person interfering with their will, but we are interfering with our own true self-expression – our own will. And it's our own self-denial, and so breaking the Golden Rule, that causes us to then interfere with another's will, as we're not respecting ourselves. WE CAN ONLY DO TO ANOTHER WHAT WE ARE DOING TO OURSELF. The force we are using to transgress our own will is the force we will use over another's will. And conversely, the force we use to deny another their freedom of will expression shows us how much force we are using to deny ourselves. We are already doing it to our self but not wanting to face that truth, so we do it to others all in the attempt to hide and avoid the truth of what we are doing to ourselves. It's much easier to get angry with someone else, to blame them for causing you a problem and making you feel bad, than it is to accept that *you* are making *you* feel bad, and the other person is doing you a great favour by helping you to see this truth about yourself. It's easier to yell at someone else, to hit them; easier to yell at your child and hit it, than it is to see that you are making yourself feel angry, you are doing it all to yourself. That you are already yelling or hitting yourself on subtle levels, or that you believe someone is doing it to you, and you are only yelling or hitting back at them.

And self-denial is evil. Any avoiding of your bad feelings is self-denial, and it's all causing you more pain. And as you stop these patterns this pain will surface, and as it does you'll know you are on the right track, because you should feel pain resulting from hurting yourself. When you hammer your finger you feel pain, when you deny your feelings you feel pain, the only difference is that if you are switched off to your bad feelings you delude yourself into believing you don't feel emotional, mental or spiritual pain when you deny your feelings – it's not so easy to avoid or delude yourself that you don't feel pain when you hammer your finger.

Remember, just because you can't see or touch the deeper parts of you, they are just, if not more, real than your physical. Your spirit body will be with you for a lot longer than your physical – and it's with you now! As is what is happening to you on the psychic (etheric), spiritual, emotional, mental, will and physical levels. It's all happening at once on all these levels and has been doing so since the beginning of your (one and only) physical incarnation at conception. And it all happens from the inside out, not the other way around. The outside is only a manifestation of what's going on on the inside. And it's there to help you find the truth of yourself through the feelings of your experiences.

When you do hammer your finger and feel the physical pain you can practise expressing it, if you don't already do so. It's amazing how much we hold back not allowing ourselves to feel the full pain, being scared of what might happen to us if we do. And if you have stuff that you are repressing, then by speaking about all the pain hitting your own finger makes you feel, will help lead you deeper into other bad feelings. It might take some time, but they will come; and if they don't come, then perhaps there is nothing that hooks into your past, however this will be unlikely whilst you're of your negative state. If by hammering your finger you feel not only the physical pain but a sinking pain of misery or guilt, or deeper anger, or powerlessness, then you have stuff from your early childhood it's keying into, all of which will need to come up. And when you see the truth of it, you'll be grateful you did hammer yourself.

Your soul is driving EVERY aspect of your life – so ALL of your negative life, and all your healing of it, if you choose to do your feeling- or soul-healing.

When you commit yourself to paying the price of your negative will, all you have done unlovingly to yourself and another, then your bad feelings will come up seemingly by themselves as required through your experiences, all orchestrated by your soul. All we need do is submit and surrender to the healing

(will-rectification) process. We can't do anything else other than keep speaking about how bad we feel. And gradually as truth and understanding comes to us, so will the pain leave us and our will be restored to its correct focus within us.

And as I've said, the pain will go on and on because we are causing ourselves a lot of grief, a lot of pain, by living untrue to ourselves. And it will go on and on until we're fed up feeling it, and then we will be ready to do something about it.

Little boy in driveway

He is only a couple of years old. His still somewhat chubby legs can just reach the ground as he pushes his toy truck he's sitting on along the path. His father is standing inside the low brick front fence shovelling dirt onto the garden. His mother is standing on the driveway near the footpath. Their little boy is trundling himself and his truck out along the edge of the driveway towards the road. They live in a relatively quiet suburban street. There are no parked cars, nothing obscuring the view of any approaching traffic. The boy is working his way tentatively between the driveway and edge of the nature-strip. At the edge of the road is the gutter, with a fair drop off from the grass nature-strip into it for a little boy sitting on his little red truck. He is very aware of the drop. He is creeping up to it. It doesn't look like he's going to suddenly fling himself off it and then careen out into the road. And were he to attempt it, it would be doubtful he'd remain upright, probably landing in a heap in the gutter. He's stopped and is now starting to back up. Suddenly his mother says in a scared raised voice having just noticed him, even though he is one metre in front of her 'Stop, don't go on the road, come back!' She doesn't go closer to him, she doesn't help him, she just tells him repeatedly to stop and not to go on the road. The boy doesn't seem to take any notice of her, having backed up he now advances toward the gutter again, slowly. His now attentive mother tells him once again to stop and not go near the road, to come back. He moves nearer to the edge, looks over the front of his truck as if toying with the idea of taking the plunge, but it's obvious that he's not going to. He starts to backed up again. And once more his mother in a still over-excited voice tells him again to stop and come back from the edge. And having backed up he then moves forward enjoying what he's doing but now more aware of his mother telling him to stop. He doesn't look at her and moves toward the gutter again, and again she tells him to stop. He takes his time then backs up and this time goes right back onto the footpath and turns to start up the driveway. His mother relaxes still not having moved. His father keeps shovelling. Marion and I are walking up the opposite side of the road, unnoticed observers.

I feel for the boy. I can relate to him, to me on my toy truck and mum standing there yelling at me to look out and be careful and not to go on the road and to watch out for any cars. I have to ask myself is this mother – my mother – a moron or what? I don't understand her behaviour at all. It infuriates me. It's all so unnecessary. I have to express my bad feelings. It's all so loud, so scary and not loving. Seriously, did she, did my mother, think that he/I was going to take the plunge off the edge of the nature-strip and fall flat on my face in the gutter? What did she think, or is it that she doesn't think, she just says meaningless words because that is what you're supposed to do when you are the mother and your child goes near the edge of the road. Is that being a good, kind and caring all-concerned mother? Is it something that was done to her and she is only unconsciously and moronically continuing on the 'good works'. It's quite clear there is no actual thought going into her relationship with her son at this point.

The boy is clearly not old enough to understand about cars and roads and life and death as she does. He is fascinated with his own prowess at pushing himself out along the thin strip of concrete between the driveway and nature-strip grass. He is totally self-absorbed in his own achievements, pushing his truck out to right near the edge and then saving himself pushing himself back, and then trying it again. He is actually expressing and experiencing his will, he is in a major learning curve of his life. He wants to know what he can do right here and now on his truck with his little legs on this thing called *between the driveway and nature-strip along the edge of the gutter*. And he knows his parents are with him. He is off exploring, investigating a new part of his world, it's not everyday he gets to trundle down to the edge of the road. And he feels safe and secure in the knowledge that they are with him. He can't possibly begin to understand adult concepts like what cars are and how he could be run over if suddenly a car came zooming down the road just as he went whizzing off into the middle of it. And besides, it's just not going to happen. One can feel that, you can sense it. I can look up the street, it's clear, and there would be plenty of time to move the boy or even stand with and in front of him if one wanted him to be safe protecting him if a car came. Sure a maniac could sweep in out of control driving up over the nature-strip and kill then all, but does one really want to worry about these sorts of things all day long?

I hated how his mother just gave him commands all based on fear. I could hear my mother's voice in hers all day long telling me not to go there, be careful, come away from there, watch out, stop! She made me nervous. I was on edge waiting for something to go wrong, waiting for the maniac or the boy to suddenly take off madly headlong down the road. But it wasn't going to happen. Nothing was going to

happen. I was feeling nervous because of her repeated yelling at him and I wasn't even her child! What was he, her little boy, feeling? Was he feeling nervous? She definitely wasn't just being with him and reassuring him or herself? She didn't even move, she was just the all-powerful voice shouting commands that everyone – he – was supposed to jump to and carry out. She was dumping all her fears, totally irrational and unfounded based on no real experience whatsoever, all over him. He was being bombarded by her fears. I could feel them, as it was how I felt when I was with my nervous all-controlling mother. The darts of red angry energy flashing out from her mouth and into her son's aura filling him up with her fear energy. Bearing down on him, pushing his enjoyment of himself out of the way, replacing him with all her yuk. I was pushed out of my way by my mother's overbearance. I couldn't do as I pleased, only what she said. I had to obey. And she was full of totally irrational fears, and I got them all. Years of healing has exposed them, one by one they've surfaced in me, millions of things I too have been scared of, and all totally irrational and nothing based on actual life experience. I'm still waiting for the car to come madly dashing out of nowhere to run me over every time I go to cross the road, and it's even worse on streets that have very little traffic, where everything is quite except for the birds. I am always waiting, what for I don't know – for the manic to come and kill me.

The boy has two parents with him. If they can't protect and look after him and just be with him allowing him to feel safe and calm so he can get on and do his own thing, what hope has he got? What hope did I have? I was saturated with over-protection all of which only served to scare the shit out of me about everything. I tried hard to ignore my mother as I got older, rationalising her fears away as she still spoke them all after all these years, just like her mother also did. At eighty-two Gran was still telling me to mind myself crossing the fucking road – how moronic can you be! And doesn't she ever think about what I do all those times when I am not with her – I am still alive and haven't been run over yet!

The little boy turns his truck around and starts to push up the gentle incline of the driveway back into the front yard. His mother has walked to the front door and then to the parked car up ahead of the boy at the top of the driveway. She gets in and starts it up. His father looks up and sees the boy moving up the driveway toward the car, he stands where he is and says, 'keep away from the car, don't get too close, look out, get out of the way,' his voice grows louder with concern. The little boy is moving off to the side out of the way of the car, not so much in response to his father, but because it's easier pushing off to the side and he doesn't want to go up the steeper part of the drive to the car. His father keeps at him, 'get out of way, keep going, move over there, get out of the way of the car, don't come back down, keep going', his voice louder and with more aggression and fear so as to drown out the noise of the car. The little boy hurries on. The mother stops the car, gets out, goes inside the house. The father resumes digging.

It all seems so surreal, so mad. What was the car thing all about? And why did his father have to yell at him. It was obvious that he was in no way near the car, the mother could have backed out and he wouldn't have been in the way, and his father could have taken a few steps and put himself between the car and the child. Once again the little boy is assaulted with fear, is told what to do even though in his own way and not aware of what he was doing, he was looking after himself, he was well clear, quite capable of managing his own life. The father needed only to watch him, he didn't need to say anything, and the words he spoke weren't reassuring, nothing like 'that's a good boy getting out of the way of the car all by yourself'. It wasn't as if the boy understood about cars and driveways and his mother being in the car.

The worst part for me as I'd stopped to watch what was going on, was that it helped me to understand how I was made to be afraid in my own home by my parents. And through my healing I have felt how I wanted my home to be my safe haven, a place I could trust and count on to make me feel good. I didn't want to be made to be scared in my own home. I didn't want to be made to feel so powerless in my own home, in which I can't do anything for myself being only able to do things told to me by them. I didn't want them to control my every moment and to control it with fear. I wanted love and reassurance that I was okay and doing all right, that I was on the right path. I wanted to know I WAS on the right path – my own path. I wanted to explore and investigate my own world. There was plenty of time when I was older and able to understand about cars and roads and death to be told about them and in a good supportive way. Now I'm so afraid of the road and cars something I have to deal with every day of my life.

My healing has shown me my home was fraught with potential danger, everything could maim, hurt or kill me. It was the last place I felt safe in, and it was only that when I was out in the world I was made to feel even more scared about everything, that relatively speaking, I believed home was safer, but it wasn't.

When I was young I was always being told not to touch or eat or run or play with certain things because of the hazards that awaited me. No wonder I'm such a quaking wreck about everything. And what really was the point? Was I such a dummy that I couldn't work things out for myself – and yet they made me feel like one. Even as an adult some of the same records of fear were still being played, they didn't even stop to listen to what words they were actually speaking once I'd grown past my toddler age. And still I find this extraordinary behaviour. Just how fucked in themselves these two adult women (my mother and grandmother) are still treating me and seeing me as if I am still just the toddler and not a thirty-five year old man. They were just mindless robots in charge of a child, and so had to do what they had been taught or what they thought was right to do. They didn't actually stop to think how their words and actions might affect me. They didn't stop to consider me. It could have been a nice experience for everyone in the front garden without the need for any fear, with greater supervision being given to the boy with his parents there with him instead of being trapped miles away in their own minds functioning on automatic and not being able to deal with and relating to the present moment of reality.

How the little boy and myself were parented was all so impersonal: Boy near road. Tell boy stop! Boy near car, car running, tell boy stop. Why weren't they actually with him in all he was doing. There for him and not just having to control a nuisance.

The boy will grow up into being a mindless automaton yelling and filling his own kids with fear whilst believing he is being a good loving parent. I know he will because I grew up to be a mindless idiot unaware of what I said and why I said it, just repeating patterns unconsciously and so out of touch with my real and true self and the reality of the situation, so far away and disconnected from myself – as far away and disconnected as my parents were from me.

The whole scene leaves a nasty taste in my mouth. It's all too familiar. To me, as this is what I have discovered through my healing, it shows they don't want to have the boy, he is too much for them, they wish he never came along because he is too much to look after. They would rather dig the garden or drive the car, do things for themselves and not stand like moron idiot guards bored out of their minds trying to stop their boy from getting squashed by a car. This isn't what life is meant to be about, this isn't exciting being at home as a loving family – it all sucks. But of course his parents love and want him – he is their child, how else could they be with their child!

I'm not judging these people, I know nothing about them, I'm only projecting onto them, using them to understand myself. It's what I feel, my subjective judgements of my parents through them. And I hate what I feel. I hate it all so much. My parents weren't there for me. I felt the same when I looked after my girlfriend's three year old girl pretending to be the daddy. I hated the monotony of endless boring hours of waiting by the swings and slides in the park while she ran up and down playing with the other children. I felt like my brain was going to solidify with boredom. I couldn't do anything for myself, I had to watch her, to always be ready to jump in if she got into any difficulty – to save her. At least I didn't dump all my fear and shit on her like my parents did to me. In the beginning when we first when to the park I did, but thankfully I started to listen to what I was saying. It nearly made me puke. I couldn't believe I was putting such shit out all over this pure little innocent person. She didn't need to be dealing with my bullshit non-existent fears. She didn't need to beware of 'strange men' and be told 'not to speak to a stranger' when I was standing right there next to her. What did I think, that some strange man was going to come rushing up as if I wasn't here, all six foot seven of me, and steal my little girl from me? It was bizarre, and yet all this shit came gushing out of my mouth. I couldn't stop it, my mouth would open in every situation we were in, and out it would come. I had to work hard to stop myself. I wasn't doing my healing at that stage in my life, so I just buried it all, it re-surfaced during my healing. Now I know what it all was and where it all came from, and I only have to listen to these two parents speaking to their boy and seeing how they treat him, to be reminded.

So often I listen to parents speaking to their children and I wonder:

a). Is there any possible way their child is actually able to understand what they are meaning, the adult concepts, when it's so obvious that the child is too young and has no idea what the parent is going on about – so why keep going on about it, why not shut up for god sakes.

b). Don't they ever put themselves in their child's position trying to image what it would be like being their child and then listen to what they, the parents, are saying to themselves as the child? Don't they make the connection that they are speaking to a little person and NOT another adult? Don't they actually get it, that that little thing is a child and NOT someone like them? Or is it that they are still the child pretending to be an adult, they are like a big sister or brother pretending to be grown up but still only copying their mother and father?

c). What is going on between child and parent – where is the meeting point, the common denominator, the relationship? Can't they see they are just speaking all this stuff and the child doesn't get it? Can't they see they are just wasting their energy, their breath, polluting the world with their meaningless commands? Can't they see they are causing themselves so much grief and stress by trying to make this little person do something it doesn't want to do, be some way it doesn't want to be? Don't they get it? They are the parent, or is it they are just too close, can't be objective about it? Are they just too lost to themselves?

Through my healing I've come to hate the voice of my mother. It would come up and echo in my head, all the commands, all her fears and worries. I didn't want to ever hear her speak again. All those years right from the word go, I was saturated by her meaningless words, her meaningless commands, driving into me, filling my aura – filling me – with arrows of fear, interfering with my mind, my own thoughts and feelings, pushing myself out of and away from myself allowing her in. She pushed her way into me, thrust me aside. I had to give over, step aside within myself to make room. She had to take over the driving controls of my person. I was relegated to the back seat, and not even to being the back seat driver, just into the back seat and there to keep quiet. I became progressively numb, tuned out and turned off to myself. I denied myself, stopped listening to myself, stopped listening to my feelings, stopped listening to my own inner inspiration. How could I not do so, she was in me and she was loud, always so loud, always yelling, always with a raised angry voice, a voice full of fear and criticism.

My house inside and out wasn't my own, it wasn't my paradise. It was a place stuffed full of fear. At any moment the burglar was going to break in, the roof was going to collapse, the bogey man was going to carry me off. I felt alone, sacred, afraid of everything, stuffed full of fear. 'Get back from the road, don't go too close, watch out, you'll get run over, don't go there it's dangerous, look out, get out of the way, LOOK for god sakes, look where you're going, STOP!'

It's shocking how some parents take the liberty to dump all their nastiness and anger all over their children. They assert their power without any thought as to how it might affect their children. The child is an open book, it doesn't now, it's not an evil thing, and compared to parents, it's utterly powerless. It has no power yet parents fear their own children believing they have all the power. The little boy has no defences, I had no defences against my mother and father. They had total control. They made me fear my home, which was really them as when we are very young they are our *womb*, and so they made me scared of what should have been my sanctuary, my first world. So how was I supposed to go out into the outside world unafraid? How was I? It's something I don't think they understood. They had no idea as to the impact they had on me, how they have slaughtered all my natural inspiration and inclination to want to do anything for myself in the world. Why would I want to do anything when I'm petrified of it, all I can do is sit at home shutting myself hoping nothing bad happens to me. They undermined my self-confidence and self-assurance, robbed me of it, my own parents stole from me their own son. No wonder I'm always afraid of the robbers breaking into the house so I have to triple check everything is locked every time I go out, even if it's for only five minutes. It's not the robbers I should be scared of, it's the thieves who are my own parents, they who robbed me clean of all that I am, all that I could have been, all of my feelings and my true self.

They have a lot to answer for.

The Truth will keep you healthy

I've included this, as I enjoy the theory and it's relevant to our self-denial and breaking of the Golden Rule, and it's another way to look at things. You may not feel so excited as I do about speaking with spirits, but I have found them very helpful. I wrote this by 'inspirational writing' (a form of channeling), meaning, Zelmar inspired my mind with his thoughts, so it's still more me than him, he simply guiding me in what to say. It's the ideas and information he wants to convey to me that he impresses on my mind, and then I use my words and phrases to try and express them, all of which occurs without me having to think about anything other than writing each word as it comes. I sit down, I feel/hear words in my mind, and I write them down.

Hello James. Zelmar. You wanted me to speak to you about how the truth will keep you healthy? And I will be delighted to do so.

God is Light, Creation is Light, Soul is Light. Love is Light. Truth is an attribute of Love and Light. Literally, as you grow or ascend in truth, you are growing, ascending, and increasing in light – that is in the frequency of Soul and Creational Light.

Paradise is the most true and perfect Light. It is the centre of Soul and the centre of Creation the true home of the God of Lights. The home of our Mother and Father.

Earth is the lowest Light, the lowest expression of truth, the lowest point in Creation at this time. People beginning their life in Creation on Earth begin with the lowest truth, and can if they choose, evolve – ascend – in truth *up* or *in* through Creation to Paradise, from the lowest to the highest.

As you live life honouring your feelings and growing in truth from your experiences, so too are you growing in light. We in spirit can literally see you, your spirit, becoming 'of more light'. We can tell at a glance those of you that are growing in truth and those that aren't.

On Earth all life is a micro-expression of Creation. There are various orders of being, of life, all which resonate to a certain frequency of light. A basic form of life such as a microbe has a lower light than a higher form – man. And so too literally is man of a higher expression of truth (and light) than all other creatures.

If a microbe, plant, animal, a man or woman, are healthy and living true to their light, being a true expression of their creational pattern, then they will exhibit to those who can see their full 'spirit' light – the Light of Life. Those people who are not the full expression of their life-light, are not honouring themselves truly, are not living their truth, so will not shine as bright as they could, and you would designate them: sick.

When something on the physical is sick and dying then the natural law that ensures it can maintain its life-light says now it must perish, now it cannot exist because it is not fully functional, it is deficient in some way, it cannot fulfil its role in Creation, it must be returned to its raw elements to be utilised by other life. And so you die. And to die, decompose, break down, with other creatures called upon to bring about the desired end result.

You may look at a microbe and because it appears to destroy the good, fear it and call it bad, and try to stop it doing what it has been called upon to do. However it is not bad, it too is good, it has a very specific role to play in the overall plan of life and its evolution, to help everything evolve in its growth of truth and light.

If a plant can't live true then other forces come to bear on it and it's slowly broken down. It dies. If a plant can't live and express its true light then it will draw to it these other forces that will help reduce it back to its raw elements. The law of Like attracts Like applies, hence the whole cycle of birth, life, death.

If an animal can't maintain its truth, its light dims on a subtle level and then it too will not survive. Forces will be brought to bear and it will be removed from the cycle of life. If a predator catches its prey then its prey has for some reason, diminished its light of life. The predator helping to reduce it to its raw elements. Nothing dies randomly, everything lives and dies according to the Pattern of Light, the ongoing Plan of Light Evolution of the world. Everything is in motion, nothing is static; Creation is continually evolving and growing in truth, light and life.

If a person is living true and expressing all the light of their truth they will not die. There is no reason for them to die from anything other than the natural cycle of age. They will live through childhood to adulthood slowly growing older and then dying, but all within a natural life cycle of truth.

If a person is not living true, is denying themselves in anyway, then they are not expressing their full light of truth, and so will invite upon themselves the agents of destruction. With their lack of light they are signalling to life that they do not want to go through the natural life cycle of age and can thus end it before their time.

Everyone on Earth currently is living in denial of their true light. They are denying themselves the truth of their life experiences. Few are growing in truth. No one will live out their lives from beginning to end in accordance with their true natural cycle. Everyone is inviting into themselves the agents of destruction. Some people show it more clearly, others not so, but it's still there. You might not get sick, sick enough to kill you, until you live well into old age, but still you are not living true and as well as you could be. Still you will be assailed with the agents of death only not enough to remove you earlier.

If you get or are sick, then your physical body is showing you that you are not living true to yourself, you are in some way denying some part of yourself and it's manifesting in your illness. Your body can't defend itself, your light is not acting as the protective barrier that it should, your aura and spirit is dimmed, and your physical body is dying.

If you try to artificially by using medicine and unnatural things bolster your light, to prevent yourself from breaking down, you are not really healing yourself even though for a time your negative symptoms might disappear. You are only casting an illusion about yourself. You might 'fully recover' but it will only be a reprieve as you will still be denying yourself, the original causes of your denial will still all be in place.

The only true way to restore your full true spiritual light is to heal your self-denial. As you heal your denial you will naturally return to good health allowing the natural ageing cycle to take its rightful course.

To heal yourself you will need to do your feeling-healing, as it is by denying your feelings you are denying your truth, preventing yourself from growing in truth, preventing your light to evolve.

As you grow in truth through the acceptance and honouring and full expression of all that you feel, then so too will you grow in light and so not require the agents of destruction to show you you are dishonouring yourself. You will not get sick, as you will have no reason to get sick.

A person actively growing in truth will never get sick, for there is no need. Nothing will need to come to him to show him that he is denying any aspects of himself. As he won't be denying any aspects.

You only get sick when you deny yourself the truth.

Medicine battles against its microbe foe. The microbe is the evil one that needs to be controlled and eradicated. When this is done all mankind will be safe and secure, or so the belief goes, but it is not true. No matter what medical science comes up with in its defence against that which seeks to destroy it, nature will always create – manifest – a new agent to show you you are denying and living untrue to yourself. You have seen the microbe evolving immunity to your drugs; you have seen viruses suddenly appearing. This will never stop, it can't stop because you need these vital organisms to help you to see the

truth that you are not living true to yourself, that you are disrespecting the truth that you are, that you are not wanting to live true to your light.

The way humanity can truly deal with such endemic pathogens is to simply rise above them, to in effect 'out grow' them in light, and to do so with truth. As you ascend in truth, so too does your light increase and so there is no longer a need for the lesser (light) evolved creatures to threaten your life.

Disease will become a thing of the past only when humanity has no longer any need for it. When it has individually and collectively outgrown it with truth. If everyone were living each day ascending in truth, there would be no reason for anyone to get sick.

Can you imagine a perfectly healthy humanity, with no one afflicted with any of your current health problems? And all living that way, not because of science, but because of truth.

And by the way, science, as you 'progress' in your negative states, is only leading you further into your self-denial. Becoming 'healthier' is only an illusion.

As you do your healing you will literally ascend in truth and its light above such limitations of flesh as requiring the services of the lower forms of life to help you die.

When you are in denial you are dying. You are declaring to the whole of Creation that you don't want to exist and so Creation seeks to honour your will. When you are living true to your feelings then you are declaring to the whole of Creation that you do want to exist and so life will support you this way.

When you are living true there is nothing wrong with getting old and slowly wearing out. That is natural and you will welcome the natural cycle of life as in each moment, right to and including your death, there will be truth to be had from your experiences. Wanting to stay immortal in flesh or permanently young, refusing to accept getting older, is only an expression of your denial, your non-acceptance of the truth of yourself.

It is entirely possible if you live a true life, to live without ever being sick. And when you die you simply slow down and then stop when your time arrives. No need for any pain, any suffering, just acceptance and love.

Life is not meant to one of suffering, that comes only with a life of denial of self.

Zelmar.

Yay, dad's home!

Dad comes home and it's time for the fun and games to start. It's been hard work and boring being at home all day with mum, she always telling us what to do, and what we can't do and when to do it. But now dad's home... and we can have fun!

Dad goes off to work early each day. Mum stays at home with the children. Dad doesn't have to deal with the children, he can make money, make deals, speak to other people, look at the girls, go out to lunch, have time to himself, time to think, to work out strategies, plan the future, time to fantasise. Dad is free, he doesn't have child restrictions, he doesn't even have to think about the children all day. Dad can do whatever he likes to do, dad isn't told what he can and can't do, and when he can and can't do things. Dad doesn't have to do anything he doesn't want to do, dad's day isn't boring. Dad's day is exciting, fun, different, dad does new things. Dad has his own power, dad is his own controller, dad is his own boss.

Mum stays at home with the children. Mum says she loves staying at home with the children being the mother. It was, so she said, all she wanted. Mum has her routine, she has to clean up, do the washing, feed them, clean up again, do the washing, feed them, clean up, do the washing, feed them. Mum too has the power; she has the power to make them do what she wants them to do and when she wants them to do it. Mum is the boss at home; mum is the one in control.

I stay at home with mum. I play with my toys, I do what she says and when she says it. I am criticised for making a mess, criticised for making too much noise, criticised for doing things I shouldn't do, criticised for not doing things when I should do them. I am mums helper, we go shopping together and I am criticised for not being fast enough, for grabbing things off the shelf I shouldn't touch, for wanting things I can't have, for getting in the way. We go to the park so I can ride my new bike, the one with the funny little side wheels. We go to the park to have fun, that's what mum says, and I am criticised for riding too close to the road, for going too fast, for not staying with mum, for getting in the way, for not crossing the road fast enough, for not coming when I'm told when it's time to leave.

When dad comes home everything changes. Yay, dad's home! Dad takes us out to get dinner. We go to the fish and chip shop. We climb all over the car. Dad yells at us to settle down but we know he doesn't really mean it; dad's not cross yet. Dad lets us stop and buy sweets and tells us to eat them before we get home and not to tell mum as she'll kill us all for eating before dinner. Dad lets us yell and scream and fight each other and generally carry on, and he joins in. Dad is fun to be with, dad doesn't criticise us, dad's more like one of us – really he's just a big kid.

And dad takes us to the park to give mum a rest. Mum needs a break from 'the kid's'. Dad lets us play and run all over the place and we can stay as long as we like. Dad sits and reads his paper while we play with the other kids. Then he takes us to the bread and cake shop, and then we beg him to let us have a sweet and he says yes. Then dad takes us wherever we want to go. We want to go to the beach, even though it's not very hot, but dad doesn't mind and we go to the beach and paddle in the water and get half drowned, half catch pneumonia or something like that, and get sand everywhere. When we get home mum has a fit, she yells at dad and yells at us and criticises him, and tells him he's thoughtless and stupid and what was he thinking, and tells us we'll be lucky if we don't all catch colds. Mum's scared of catching colds, dad isn't. Dad tells her it's okay, they'll be fine and we are, we don't catch anything. Mum's break is ruined with yet another argument. But we don't care. We had fun with dad.

Mum is upset and angry and complains that she has a bum lot; she has a hard enough time without having dad acting like one of us kids. She says that dad should grow up and take responsibility, and she complains that it's not fair. She is the one having to try and put some sense into the children and all he does is come home and ruin all her good work. She is furious now and we creep off to our rooms. She is yelling and criticising dad. She is saying that she has the shit time, working all the time, trying to keep *his* children in line and keep his house in order, cooking for him, and he doesn't support her. She says she doesn't want an extra child she wants a man, a husband, and she'd wish he'd try harder, and was it too much to ask. Then mum starts to cry and she says she doesn't think she can keep going. That it's all too much and that no one cares about her, that she's always taken for granted, that no one loves her. We want

to tell her we love her but we don't think it's the right time and that it won't matter anyway because we have told her and she still says these things. Dad says he understands and he'll try harder and that he does care and he does love her. Dad reaches out to hug her all better but she pushes him away. It's like this, always the same, nothing changes.

Mum cries more and complains more saying she is only the drudge and nobody likes her, nobody appreciates her, nobody makes her feel wanted and worthwhile. She says the children are stuck at home with her when they can't go off to kindy and it's like being in hell. Then dad comes home and he takes them out and he is seen as the fun one, the good one, the nice one, when she is only seen as the dragon, the bad one, the ugly one. Mum cries some more complaining again that it's not fair. It's not how she wants it to be. It's not how she thought it was going to be like.

I think mum wishes she could have a life too, a life of her own, free from us kids, a life like dad's, so she could go away and tell other people what to do all day and make money and be free and be her own boss in a different way; and then come home and be the good one, the fun one, the one we all look forward to seeing. I think she wishes she had a different life.

Dad says she should get a job, that someone else can mind the children, that her mother would probably do it on the days when it's needed. Dad says she needs more stimulation than just being cooped up with the children, they are enough to drive anyone mad. Dad says he couldn't do what she does, staying at home with them, looking after them all day long. He says they'd drive him up the wall.

Mum says she'll think about it. She always says that. I wonder if she really does think about it.

Mum and dad are a strange pair. I don't understand them; I don't know what to think. I wish 'the kids' whomever they are, would be better and do what they were meant to do so as to not make mum unhappy. They are definitely strange things these kids. I certainly don't want to have any, when all they do is cause you such problems. When I grow up I want to be like dad. I want to work and be free and earn money and be fun. I don't want to be like mum and be unhappy because she has to always look after the 'bloody kids'.

Who really are these two people called mum and dad? I don't think I know them very well. They don't seem to speak to each other seriously about matters, they don't seem to spend much time together, usually only late at night when the kids are in bed. I don't think I want to be a mum or a dad when I grow up. I want to have a proper relationship where I spend a lot of time with the one I love. I don't want to have any kids around to mess that up. Those kids are just too demanding, they take up too much time, there are always too many things to do for them and never enough time in the day to do them – and NEVER any time for yourself. Who'd want to live like that? Who'd want to have no time to do anything for yourself?

I do wonder at times why they had 'the kids'. I think they would have been much happier without them. The kids only get in the way and stop them from doing things together, from being happy and enjoying life. I wonder why they did have them? I wonder if it's something you have to do when you are grown up – have kids. Everyone seems to have them – are other people happy with their kids?

Strange things these kids. I wonder why they never do as they are told and why they always want to do things they're not allowed to do. I wonder who invented them? What is their purpose? Someone once said they were meant to bring joy and happiness into one's life, but I don't see it. I see mum and dad at times pretending they love the kids, pretending they are happy and joyous, and they say they love us and each other, and that we are the best thing that happened to them, and they wouldn't have it any other way, and everything seems all better, but it doesn't last long. I don't understand, I don't understand it at all. It's all too much for me, whatever these kid's things are... I just don't know.

Dear God

Dear God,

Please make mum and dad love me
Please make them not criticise me
Please make them not make me feel bad
Please make them not make me cry
Please stop them yelling at me
Please stop them from telling me what to do all the time
Please make them allow me to do what I want to do when I want to do it
Please make them be nice to me
Please stop them making me feel guilty, like it's all my fault
Please make them be kind to me
Please make them be my friend rather than make me feel I'm their enemy
Please make them treat me properly, like a real person and not like a pet or possession
Please make them stop making me scared
Please make them love me
Please make me feel good always when I am with them
Please make them always make me feel good
Please stop them telling me to shut up
Please stop them telling me to go away and to stop bothering them
Please stop them from telling me I'm nothing more than a pest
Please stop them making me feel bad inside
Please stop them hurting me
Please stop them hitting me
Please stop them abusing me
Please stop them being mean to me
Please stop them being nasty to me
Please stop them saying cruel things to me
Please make them aware of how they make me feel
Please make them aware of how often they make me feel bad
Please make them stop making me feel so powerless
Please make them stop making me feel scared
Please make them stop making me feel insecure
Please make them stop upsetting me
Please make them sensitive to me feelings
Please make them stop overriding me, treating me like I'm not there
Please make them want to listen to me
Please make them like me
Please make them enjoy being with me
Please stop them rejecting me
Please stop them making me feel unwanted
Please stop them making me feel lonely
Please stop them yelling at me
Please stop them pulling and pushing me
Please stop them embarrassing me
Please stop them making me feel humiliated
Please make them stop being patronising to me
Please make them understand me
Please make them want to know me
Please make them want to know who I really am
Please make them stop treating me like I'm someone or something else
Please make them respect me, particularly my feelings
Please stop them telling me how I feel

Please make them feel what I am feeling
Please make me feel like they are on my side
Please make them be on my side
Please stop them fighting against me
Please stop them treating me like I'm their enemy
Please stop them having power over me
Please stop them making me feel like I'm shit
Please stop them making me feel like I'm a nothing, useless, meaningless nobody
Please stop them making me feel like I'm a good-for-nothing – a failure
Please make them say nice things to me and treat me lovingly
Please make them love me so I can love them
Please change them
Please change them into a nice mum and nice dad
Please take all their falseness away
Please make them think I'm the most important thing in their lives
Please make me more important to them than the telephone or anything else
Please make them want to be with me, genuinely with me, and not because they have to be
Please make them stop being the dutiful parents they believe they must be
Please turn them into real feeling people and not being just shut off feelingless minds
Please make them like me and stop them trying to make me like them
Please make them come to their senses and see how they are ruining me
Please make them see how they are destroying me
Please make them see how they are killing me
Please make them see how they are stopping me from being myself
Please make them see how they are stopping me from expressing my true self
Please make them see how they are stopping me from being me
Please make them see how they are turning me into something I don't want to be
Please make them see how they are making me live a life I don't want to live
Please make them be different to how they are with me
Please God help me
Please God don't let them do this to me
Please God I need Your help
Please God I need to be rescued from them
Please God tell me what to do, I want to love them but they make it hard for me
Please God help me to see the truth You want me to see, and be how You want me to be
Please God help me to deal with my pain
Please God help me to accept, express, long for and uncover the truth of all my feelings
Please God bring up all my repressed yuk – all my repressed bad feelings
Please God help me to live true to myself – true to all I feelings
Please God help me stop being false and untrue
Please God help me heal my self-denial and unloving negative state of mind and will
Please God get me out of here
Please God help me to stop feeling so trapped
Please God make them stop playing this stupid game
Please God make them see the truth of what they are doing to me
Please God make them wake up
Please God help us all
Please God...

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Please make them be different to how they are with me
Please God help me
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Please make them feel what I am feeling
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Please make them be different to how they are with me
Please God help me
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Please God help us all
Please God...

Dear God,

Please make mum and dad love me
Please make them...

Dad didn't speak

Dad didn't speak. Dad never said anything. This is how I remember him; this is how I remember him as my healing has progressed. Of course he spoke and of course he said things, yet it was all meaningless. My healing has edited it all, and I am left with nothing. The healing does that, anything that is of any value of truth remains, all that is of no value, of no truth, and so meaningless, goes. It sort of fades away, so you know in the end that what you're left with is the truth of your life, the truth of your relationships. And what I am left with from dad is the impression that he never spoke. He took us on some good memorable and enjoyable holidays – places where we had fun by the sea up north, but as for he himself, I don't remember anything he said.

To remember things dad said I have to work very hard at summoning the memory. I have to put myself back in situations I can remember being with him in and try to imagine-remember what he was like and what he said. And gradually I can dredge up the past. I remember sitting in the car as he told me about his latest business plan, a property development he'd worked out in his mind. Few if any such developments ever went ahead. But there was always another plan. 'You could subdivide that block, build another smaller unit down the back, pre-sell the first unit to pay for the second, the smaller one might even do me...' and on it would go. We never spoke about feelings, always only business and simple commands: 'Remember to do what your mother wants'. He would drive me to school or wherever I was going, or I would be with him because it was 'his turn to have the kids' after the divorce, and he always talked business. I enjoyed seeing the concepts, I could imagine them working, and that was dad. Yet all of this was when I was older. I remember nothing and can't summon anything, even in my imagination, as to what he said when I was young.

When I was at university I linked up with a boy I'd gone to school with and had for a time been close to. Close meant I went over to his house as often as I could and he would entertain us both by chasing and harassing his older brother or playing in the pool or carrying out whatever plan was on his mind. At university I think he was a bit of a lost soul as in wondering what to do and so he joined me in what I was doing. We studied geology together. It was a good arrangement. He had a car and we both had a friend. I would organise him enough to keep him attending lectures of which most I'm sure bored him. He didn't speak much, he would discuss his latest theory or plan or idea with me, just like dad did. I would listen and marvel at what was going on in his mind, the small glimpses I got. Three years we spent together, but we never really spoke. We never spoke about feelings. I was sitting in his car being driven along by *dad* – it was comfortable, I knew where I stood, it was nice just to be together, we 'understood' each other, no words needed to be said.

This morning I had a dream. I was with dad driving along in his car. I hadn't seen him for a long time, I'd been away. He had aged, he looked stressed, and I wasn't the same person I used to be anymore. I had lived with Marion for ten years and understood and appreciated the value of feelings, and more importantly, my speaking about them. My life, my relationship, was so much richer, and I was still understanding how deprived of true meaningful communication I was with my parents and family. The dream started out with dad being dad, he was telling me about his plan, 'And I can put a tenant in the penthouse and they can pay cash so I don't have to declare it, and...' he went on like that for a time, but this time unlike all those times in the past, things he said didn't add up. I used to just accept what he said; I didn't have anything to add, I just listened. But in the dream I got the impression that things weren't as he was saying they were. I did something I had never done before, I asked him a question. And the answer revealed that I was right, things weren't right. And again something I'd never done in real life, I felt I wanted to know more, I wanted to get the full picture, to the heart of truth of the matter. I wanted to know about him and his life, how it really was, what really was going on, not just his fantasy life he always told me about. I probed deeper but it was hard to do. He was mostly very unresponsive.

'She... the tax... it didn't work...'

'What didn't work?'

'She wouldn't pay.'

'Who wouldn't pay, who's this she?'

'Sally (his second wife) and she, didn't get on...'

'But who was she?'

'Someone I met in a pub, she worked for an advertising company, she was high up...'

‘And what does she have to do with it, why are you talking about her?’

‘She wouldn’t pay, I couldn’t get the rent out of her, Sally was angry because I didn’t have any money coming in, but now she’s gone, so if I can rent the room to someone I’ll have enough money to keep me going...’

It was difficult, he was difficult, but in the dream I persevered, something again I’ve never done. And I could feel myself wanting to make sense of what he was saying, I wanted him to tell me in plain English so I could understand, not in some cryptic brain frustrating manner. Then it dawned on me, I had a thought, it just came to me as if it had been given to me by my mysterious helper person who shares my mind with me (my Indwelling Spirit of God).

‘This women? You met her at the pub and you told her about the apartment and she said she’d rent it, but you had more to do with her than just her being the tenant, didn’t you? No wonder Sally was angry; and so she used you, she didn’t pay because you and she were –’

‘Yes, that’s right. It all became a bit of a mess.’

I was beginning to understand – a major insight into my father’s life. And although it was only a dream I suddenly knew, it explained so much of what he’d said but hadn’t said. What I never knew but why things never added up, and why I always felt like a stranger and removed from him, and why I didn’t want to be like him. He obviously always had such things going on the side. Later, well after the divorce, mum let slip a few rumours about such goings on he’d had with other women she’d heard or found out about – no wonder she had divorced him. I had never known, I always thought dad was a dad, he was with mum, and that was that. Affairs and other seedy things hadn’t been a part of the equation. But it was still only a dream.

As I was telling Marion about it. Being awake and more objective about my feelings and what I now understood, I was easily able to see how limited my relationship was with him. How much I was angry and confused about what he did say, with always an undercurrent I could never understand, so just learnt to ignore. I never confronted him, never challenged him or wanted to know more, to sort things out. I always let them go, even when I was much older and wiser to the ways of his world. Still the childhood pattern was set, and we could ride together for hours in the car as we did his business valuing country pubs, never speaking a word to each other, just being together, and this was the extent of our relationship.

The dream opened a door, it shed light on a part of dad’s house that I had never entered before. I could now go in and rummage around, I could explore and find out to my satisfaction what was really going on, I could push him to explain, I could push or guide him past his barriers, I could compensate for his inadequacies. I could see his blocks, I could see his communication difficulties, his retardation, his inability to express himself, his fear of his feelings. I could see into him because I was him. I had grown up just like him. I too couldn’t communicate or articulate myself, I couldn’t express my feelings, I was full of the same barriers and fears, these I had now seen with Marion’s help through my healing. Marion probably would still say I can’t communicate (and now three years on, I say it about myself too), god knows why she persists with me. And more bizarrely, I always thought I was a reasonable, even good, communicator. I could talk about a thing, listen to other people, I never felt I had any difficulties – that I was normal, that is not until she started to point out how difficult it was for her to understand me, and I started to see she what she meant.

As I spoke about my dream to Marion the biggest thing that struck me was dad wasn’t actually speaking to me, he was only mumbling away to himself, something that she’s help me to see that I also do. Dad and I don’t believe anyone wants to listen to us. We want to speak, we say words, but we expect no one to take any notice of us. Those people with us might nod or laugh, as if to say ‘yes we know what you mean’, but they don’t, it’s just their way of being polite and dismissing me not knowing how to deal with people like me. They don’t get what I have said; they just give that little affirming laugh and go on with what they want to say. Marion was the first person who said: Stop. What do you mean, what did you say, what did you say that for, why did you say it that way, that wasn’t right, it made me feel this and I think you wanted me to feel that, and she was right – she was always right. She seemed to know what I wanted to say and could see where my problems were. She understood me better than I could. She could articulate my feelings and thoughts better than I could, and all because she listened and genuinely wanted to know me. So when I said something she didn’t understand, she didn’t just laugh it aside and carry on with what she was saying, she would stop, stop everything, and focus on what we were talking about.

I am astounded to realise that dad wasn't *with* me, he wasn't speaking directly to me, he was still the little boy with his parents, wanting to speak to them and tell them all about what he was doing. Yet they were still ignoring him, not wanting to know him, not wanting to listen, not wanting to be with him in his life – rejecting him. I can see dad now as the poor little boy that no one wanted to be with, he was just around and supposed to do his own thing having a separate life. No one came *down* to be with him on his level, to want to understand him and see from where he was coming from. No one wanted to know what he was thinking or feeling and why. And so here he was with his son now being his parents with me, exactly how his parents were with him. And he was still the little boy with no one but himself to speak to, and that is what he did, he would try to mumble a few words, knowing he wasn't going to be taken seriously, that he was going to be overridden, that he was of no account; mumble out a few noises just so they know he's still there, and that was it. So he married a woman who also didn't want to get to know him, who treated him just as his parents did. And when they married, they were 'in love'.

So how he spoke to me was how I speak to Marion. I too was afflicted with the same things, my healing has revealed them to me. I speak but without expecting anyone to take me seriously, assuming no one wants to actually listen to what I'm saying. I expect them to just laugh me aside, reject me, while they get on speaking about whatever it was they wanted to say. My mother and grandmother were like this, they never shut up about themselves. They, just like dad's parents, didn't want to know or listen to me. They only wanted me to listen to them. So I like him learnt how to develop a secret inner life, a fantasy world in our minds. We could spend all day together not speaking just thinking things in our mind. He would tell me his fantasy business ideas and I would nod not really wanting to listen, being just like his mother, only being afflicted with the same problems he had, so I would say to him, I understand and what a good idea, I would pretend to give him some attention, the attention I wanted from people when I spoke about my plans, like he wanted from me.

It's a horrible way to live speaking but unconsciously not expecting anyone to want to listen, to never feel like you're being respected. It's very humiliating, all of which I had no idea about. My grandmother's Victorian teaching – how she was treated – was 'children are to be seen but not heard', but a child wants to be heard. A child should be heard and wanted to be heard more than adults. A child is coming into being, exploring and learning how to express itself – it needs to be heard. It's a crime not to hear it. My mother being parented by my grandmother rebelled against this and made sure everyone heard her, she stuffed herself in your face so you had to hear, she made sure she held the floor, she was in control, shutting and blanking me out. My mother prides herself on being from a more liberated era in which everyone just speaks (compared to her mother), mostly over the top of each other, all just putting it, themselves, out there with no one listening or wanting to listen to each other. Everyone enters the conversation saying what they want, it's a big mess, everyone feeling they are having a great time telling everyone else all their stuff, but no one really listens and the conversation doesn't flow, it's full of stop-starts, never going anywhere or into any depth, all being one big competitive power-play. No one really wants to hear what anyone else says, only enough to inspire the next thought they can get out about themselves. In my family we all just spoke to each other as if we were the radio, a background noise which we have to speak over, so we speak loudly and competitively saying this is enjoyable and isn't it fun.

I picture myself about four years old wanting to speak to mum. I start, but no sooner having got a few words out and she cuts in taking over assuming she knows what I am going to say, and saying her thing in response. But it wasn't what I was going to say, she got it wrong, but it's too late, I can't finish my sentence, she has taken over. If I try to start again, I say the first few words again and she again starts saying something else. If I try to start again, I repeat the first few words and she's off again. I never get further than repeating the first few words. And that is how I am with Marion.

So often I would start to say something, I have a picture or a thought in my mind, but I don't finish, I peter out, and Marion asks me: what? I start again to tell her, repeat the same few words, then nothing. It's really weird, and I would never have known I did it had we not become so close and worked through so much of our stuff together. But it's true, I hate it, but I do it. I start to speak and my conditioning is that I then expect mum to jump in and take over, so I stop or fade out and mumble, waiting for Marion to take over, to finish off what I was going to say. But she's not like mum, she doesn't want to take over and be the leading light, she waits genuinely wanting to hear what I say, but it doesn't come.

And then to make it even more difficult I've developed this other behaviour whereby when asked what

I said, instead of repeating exactly the first few words I said, I slightly change them. I start out on a different tack. And Marion who genuinely wants to know what I said the first the time because she couldn't hear properly, gets frustrated because she can feel from the sound that it's not what I said, so she has to stop me and ask me to say exactly what I said the first time. We've worked out that I change my start when I'm specifically asked 'what', and it comes about because granny always said: 'Don't repeat yourself James, never repeat yourself'. It was a pity she never applied it to herself. But that was what she was told, and her rebellion against that and having to deal with it was to always endlessly repeat herself.

These behavioural problems lock in place because no one is paying any real attention to us when we are forming. They can't because no one paid attention to them, and as they are stuffed, it just gets passed on.

Marion speaks with the expectation that the person she is speaking to is going to listen and take her seriously and respond accordingly. That was how her parents were. She had to pay attention to them or else. Her life depended on saying concisely what she wanted to say and to listen precisely to what was said to her. And she gets angry, like her parents got angry, when I or anyone else doesn't listen and take her seriously. She doesn't allow me to laugh it away and stay floating around in my head, she pulls me back to earth. She demands it.

And this difference between us has shown us how different we are in our communication. She is right on, I am right off. And it's been very hard to deal with it, frustrating for both of us. I am so inept you'd have thought I was never taught how to speak properly – which I wasn't – and that I never went to 'a private school', whereas Marion is precise, articulate, (public schooled) and very personal about it all. She really does want to know, and know me, and it's taken me a long time to accept this, and to find the truth of my expectation that I believe she doesn't and won't, and then to let it go. I am slowly learning that in her I do have a real friend, someone who does want to know me and it's really strange. I catch myself speaking but as if I am speaking only to myself, not to her. I repeat and say the obvious as if I am telling myself everything and not her. It's all very strange and annoying for both of us, and it makes me so angry. I want to go back to my parents and their parents and all the way back down my family line and smash everyone to pieces making them stop denying themselves, making them pay attention to what they are saying and how they are saying it, and to pay attention to their children.

It's a bastard of a dynamic: mum wants to always speak because no one listened to her. She doesn't want to listen to me. She rejects me. I feel rejected, withdraw into myself, form a defensive armour of how to be sociable about me, then speak as if I'm speaking to myself never expecting anyone to really listen or want to get to know me. Mum shut me out; she blocks me stopping me from taking her over. She rejects me so I live in a rejected state unconsciously hating her for doing so. I reject myself because I know no better. I speak expecting others to also reject me. I speak so they do reject me, like dad, by not making any sense. No one wants to listen and be with me, just like him, he had only one friend and two women who put up with him for any length of time. He lives in a cocoon of isolation and rejection, as I do. How much of a father can he be to me when all he knows is rejection? He hates openly his mother and it shows in his unconscious hatred of all women. He says he loves my mother but I can see that's only a fantasy. She does all the talking making it easier for him to hide. He can worship the fantasy *leading-light*, the glamorous *star-of-the-stage*, and mum wants to be the star, she claims centre stage.

So how am I supposed to come out and express myself truly? How can I hope to express how I feel and think when I am rejected outrightly by mum and by default by dad? I don't stand a chance, I can just mumble on, doing the best I can to fit in. I am just there, like a part of the furniture or a prop on the stage. I have learnt to play my bit part, and that is my relationship with my parents, and with everyone else in life.

I speak believing I am going to be rejected, that no one is going to want to hear what I have to say. I write these words believing the same. I have books of words no one, not even Marion, has read. I just keep writing in the fantasy that one day someone might want to read and listen to what I say. One day mum might shut up for a moment, come down off her high platform, and give me the spot light. And one day dad might come over and feel like he does have a friend in me and can start to open up.

Have you any idea how it feels existing in life by speaking, yet every time you open your mouth you expect no one will listen to you, and you have no idea that you even behave this way. I can't do what mum did and say fuck them, I don't care if they listen or not, I'm going to force them too, so never shut up,

because I couldn't compete with her, she was too successful at it. I could only take dad's way and retreat into being one of the audience, one of her fans. So I speak but without expecting anyone to really listen, and if they do, I don't notice because I'm already long gone, back into myself thinking about something else. I have learnt how to open my mouth, point at the thing in the counter window so the man in the shop can give me what I want, self-service being even better, but that's about it, that's about how I get around in the world.

I hate feeling rejected and like no one wants to listen to me. I hate feeling so shut out, so alienated, cocooned in my 'cone of silence'. I hate having only my own thoughts to amuse myself with. I feel so alone, so distant, so separate. I feel so unloved, like I have the plague, like I'm hardly alive, just a face and a body others can see, but not a real functioning thinking feeling person.

I wait for someone to recognise me, to speak to me and come over and say: Hey, I want to get to know you, tell me all about yourself, I will do nothing but listen, you can now have centre stage. Marion has done this for me and I will be forever grateful to her, but when she finally gave me the stage, did you think I knew what to say? I couldn't speak, I was stunned. How could I just suddenly speak and do what I had been waiting to do for all these years. I needed to learn, and so she has tried to teach me, but it's very hard when you're an adult fixed in your ways trying to learn something that should have been a natural part of your formative years. She is very patient, I am the worst pupil, I am a moron, full of so many blocking and self-rejecting patterns, all of which function unconsciously. I'm them, I'm doing them without being aware that I am. They are my negative patterns and I have convinced myself that I am happy with them. They function like second nature, and so I can't self-monitor and become aware of them, so I have to rely on Marion, for her to say: You're doing that thing again, you're speaking without expecting me to listen to you again, you're speaking as if I'm not in the room with you, you're talking to yourself again, you're talking to the wall, you're not making any sense, you're not reaching out trying to connect with me, you're not wanting me to pay attention to you, you're not giving yourself to me, you're not wanting us to be together properly, you're not wanting us to join up.

Argh! It's soul-destroying to wake up and see how fucked up you are. How bad it feels to feel so rejected and unwanted by your own parents, all when you thought you fulfilled a vital part in the family which everyone loved you for. But all it was was maintaining the bullshit play concocted by my parents and grandparents.

To communicate without your will present, without wanting the other person to connect, leaves you and your life feeling very hollow. I feel so vacuous sometimes – most times. Like no one is home and I'm just functioning on rote. Just press this button and James will say his three words he's learnt how to say – James is a good boy. God it's infuriating feeling so debilitated, so incompetent, unable to express myself. It's been the most humiliating part of my whole healing, and like everything to do with my healing, I would have never had known anything was wrong. I would have just blundered along, feeling rejected but not knowing I was feeling it, having all sorts of weird nonsense interactions with people wondering why they were so hard to communicate with, when it was all my doing. I was the one at fault, I was doing it to them and to myself. ARGH... I WANT TO SCREAM!

I still want their love

Can you believe it? Forty-fuck'n-five and I still want their bloody love. I'm still waiting for it. I still have a bloody big hole in me that's waiting and needing and wanting to be filled up. They didn't give it to me when I was young and I needed it and I'm still waiting. I stuff chocolates into my face trying to quell the pain, but they are a poor substitute. They make me feel full for a moment, but it's only a physical full, and I stuff and stuff, and then I feel sick. But no matter how much I stuff in it doesn't make me feel emotionally full. For that I know I need their love. I want it but I can't get it. I can't make them given it to me, and besides, it's a bit late now. So what can I do? I've tried all sorts of things to fill the hole: drugs, alcohol, entertainment, sex, work, meditation, prayer, but nothing works – I need love! I've even tried to get Marion's love, but I need their love. So what can I do? What is going to fill my hole, what is going to make me feel good – what? I don't know what, I've tried it all and I give up. All I can do is accept that nothing is ever going to work, to accept that forever I will want, forever I will ache, forever I will need. I long and I beg God to give me Their Love, but still I ache, I want natural human love, their love – my parents love, that love I needed but was withheld from me, the love I needed to help me form and express myself. Will I forever be a dried out sponge longing desperately to be nourished by their love? What will happen? Will I always be despairing? It's frightening you know, not knowing what will happen. I can't go on stuffing Chocolate Mint Chip and Black Forest (my favourite blocks) into me. I don't want it as a substitute. I want the real thing, I want to start my life again with parents who'll love me and give me all the love I need. But how can I? I can only pray and dream and hope... hope someday my healing will heal me, and someone my love need will be fulfilled, my hole gone. Perhaps one day... perhaps one day the pain of living with no love will be gone... perhaps.

She stuffs it into me

Not again! Over and over I want to stuff it in. I want more chocolate. I want to stuff it in, fill my mouth with it, STUFF MY MOUTH WITH IT, chew it until it's thick and gooey and just runs down the back of my throat. And I want to keep stuffing it and chewing it and letting it run into me forever. I never want it to stop, I just want to stuff.

I can't get enough of it. The feeling doesn't go away. I yearn to stuff something into my mouth, some food and the chocolate is about as good, if not better, than anything. I have an insatiable want, a huge need for it, to just stuff it in, more, more, more, stuff, stuff, stuff.

I want to gobble it all up, now, not savour it and have a little each day. I want all three big blocks – NOW! Just open up, stuff it in as quickly as I can. It's not that I think I won't get any and I'll miss out so I have to eat it all now, I've healed that before, it's just that I want it to fill the desperate longing in me.

I long for something, love, my mother and father's love. How many times have it felt it now, how big is my longing? I want, I need, I want something to fill me. I want more chocolate because that is all I have. I don't have anything else. The gooey chocolate running down the back of my throat reminds me of sucking on my bottle. I want that warm sweet liquid, I want it to fill me up. I'm not getting my mother's love or nourishment so I want something else, some other food, and I still want it. It's a desperate pain within me, it tears at me, it's like something inside me has been deprived of life and it desperately wants to live. If it could climb out of me and go off in search of life it would go. I have tried to feed it, but nothing seems to make it happy. It is always there, always gnawing, always wanting, always feeling bad, always miserable, and so I stuff. I stuff it in by the handful. I want endlessly more chocolate, I want it until I am sick. But I don't think I will be sick, I don't think I will become saturated with it, so I stuff. I can't help myself, I know I shouldn't but it's there in the freezer and I can't stop myself, so I open it up and in goes my hand and into my mouth comes momentary relief. But it's still not enough, it's not quite the right thing, it just doesn't satisfy my longing, it doesn't fulfil my need, it doesn't make my ache go away, and because there is nothing else, into the freezer my hand goes again and into my mouth I stuff.

Why do I want to stuff? Why do I need to stuff my face? Today I know the answer, well, at least another part of it.

I want to stuff because that is what they did to me. It's my pattern, it's all I know. They stuffed themselves

into me. They never stopped speaking, always at me, never with me. They stuffed me full of their words, of their complaints, of their criticisms, of their control. I can feel it, pushing down into me, pushing me down, I try to resist it, try to fight against it, try to say no, but it's no use, they won't listen to me, I can't fight back, all I can do when I've had enough and can't go on is give up, give in, allowing them to overwhelm me and to stuff themselves right down deep.

They don't allow me to have myself, my own uninterrupted thoughts and feelings. No, the don't. They use me, they make me listen to them, they stuff themselves into me, and I am full up – saturated with them. There is no room for me in me, only them. They have stuffed themselves into me and I am squashed flat against the inner walls of myself. They won't listen when I call out for love, they won't give it to me, only food, only words, only these two things do they stuff into me.

I can't say NO! I don't have the confidence, I don't have self-esteem, I don't have enough of my self. I can't make them stop. I've tried to cry, I've tried to be angry, I've tried to ignore them, but they just won't stop. I am there for them to just stuff themselves into me and I can't do anything about it. I'm utterly helpless, so powerless to look after myself. I am pathetic, poor, without any spine, my back has been broken, my will so badly compromised, and still it goes on. Day after day there is no let up, the unremitting stuffing of themselves into me.

In the end I just took it all. I accepted it was my life. I tried to work with it, tried to make it my own, all at the expense of my self. I denied myself so they could stuff themselves into me. I wrongly believed this was their loving me, paying attention to me.

And then one day I finally did it. I walked out. I left them without a word of warning. I couldn't do anything else to try and free myself. I had to get away. I wrote a letter explaining my actions but they didn't understand. How could they, they believed I was happy and that I loved them; they weren't aware of the torture they were subjecting me to. So I left, never to come back. At thirty-five I finally ran away. It was either they or I. I either gave up on myself for all time, or I said no, and started to honour my bad feelings, honour my cravings wanting to see the truth of why I have such a need, why I now do to myself what they did to me – stuff, stuff myself full of things I don't need. Stuff myself full of chocolate making myself feel as bad as when they stuffed me with themselves.

Being stuffed with something is all I know. I don't know how to live not being stuffed into self-denial. I don't want to do it to myself, but it's all I have. So into the freezer my hand goes once again and into my mouth comes that moment of relief.

I want relief from my inner pressure, the strain of wanting it too much. Most times I can shut it off and keep it away but cyclically it comes back again and I have to stuff something more into me. I have to abuse myself, I have to *break* my own will, I have to force myself to back-off and submit, I have to give over to the demon that wants to stuff me full of chocolate, that demon who is now myself.

Inside I wrestle away, one part of me says: No, give it up, you don't need to do it, and on a good day I feel strong and I don't stuff it in. And I wonder on these days, how did I ever manage to do it, I'm repulsed by the very thought of eating one little bit. I don't need it, I don't want it, it does nothing for me other than making me feel full. But then a few more days pass and around it comes again and the other poor part of me says: yes, you do need it and you need lots of it, quick, here you go, get this into you, stuff it in, stuff it in like there is no tomorrow. There that's a good boy, you needed that, eat that all up, and come over here and have some more, you're a growing lad, you need the energy, you need to keep yourself stuffed full.

And that's how I feel – stuffed. Full of them, full of self-denial. I am stuffed well and truly. I wish I could just stuff it in until I explode and then I wouldn't need to worry about it again, then I wouldn't feel that terrible gnawing insidious want. I want it. I WANT IT. *I WANT IT!* AND I WANT IT NOW!

Here quick give it to me now, that's it, so I can stuff it in, ah... the stuff... what bliss... now I'm stuffed again. Useless, with no drive, no ambition, no hope, not true wants, no joy, no life, now I'm just – stuffed. Stuffed in on myself. I have stuffed myself, all thanks to them.

I hate the desperate wanting-something feeling. It never relents. I want to rip myself apart and rip it out of me. Oh, the pain of wanting something I can never have. I hate the inner ache, it claws at my insides, it burns me with pain, I want it to stop, go away, leave me alone. I don't want to submit, I don't want to give in, I hate you feeling: fuck off. Go away, leave me alone, stop interfering with me, stop making me feel bad. Give me your love, and stop my pain. Give it to me now, I beg you. I WANT YOUR LOVE I scream, but no one hears, no one wants to listen. I call out to nothing. No one responds. I am alone,

alone with my gnawing, alone with my block of chocolate, alone with my inner desperation. And I don't know what to do...

And the woman cops it all...

Not only does she have to be superwoman, but she'll get blamed for it all as well. The woman's lot sure is a shocker!

She is forced to be all but be totally responsible for the children. She is hands on with them while he comes and goes at his pleasure. She does more to suppress them forcing their agreement of her dominance and control. And she will be blamed.

She will be accused of fucking up her child more than he simply because she is the mother, she is the one who is close, she is the nurturer. She will be blamed for the suppression and resulting childhood repression because she carried out the plan. It will appear that mostly he has got off lightly, he wasn't there, he was away at work, he's not to blame.

Oh but he is. He will be blamed for his absence. They both are at fault – equally. She is only actively carrying out the plans sanctioned by him. Eve is not the only culprit. Adam played his part – Eve and Adam are equally to be blamed.

And the woman having done it all, raised the children, even herself gone to work, then being blamed for the errors and the damage done, will have to still keep her arms open, raise herself above it all, make the supreme effort, and teach him how to come back to himself. How to become more of his feelings, and how to express them, all whilst she willingly accepts, submits and tries to express her bad feelings longing for the truth of them. WILL HER JOB NEVER END!

He will need help. He will need to learn from her how to be personal. He won't know how to express his feelings, how to live true to them, he will need her to show him. Will her work ever be done? She has to do everything – that is her lot. She has a very heavy load. She forced the negative condition into place and she now has to heal it. The onus is on the woman, she is the leader. He can delude himself believing he is in control, but no, she is the one. The woman leads the way, she is the spiritual leader, and maybe in time when he comes to understand that, then finally she can rest. Finally she will feel confident in giving over the reins knowing he'll be able to equally pull his weight.

She the mother believing she is doing all the right things will be accused of doing it all wrong. She will have to accept with humility the truth of her actions, and she will have to help him understand their mistake.

And she will be able to do it all. Because she is the mother. Because she *is* the woman, and because she knows – because she knows the way. And all she has to do is listen to her feelings.

Don't tell them they're dying, whatever you do

'For god's sake don't tell them they are dying. It's the worst thing you can do. Death isn't supposed to happen. No one wants to know they are going to die, so don't tell them. Don't let them know the truth of themselves – hide it from them at all costs. And it's all for their own good, so they won't have to feel bad.'

'But they already feel bad.'

'It doesn't matter, telling them they are going to die will only make them feel worse, trust me, I know what's best for them?'

'How do you know?'

'I just do, so don't tell them they are going to die, they will only worry and hurt more. It's best this way.'

That's right, don't tell them, you know what's best for them, don't even ask them if they want to know. Don't allow them to have any say, any connection with themselves with their own life. You keep it all out of their hands, just like it has always been kept out their hands. You didn't tell them when they were a child, so why tell them anything now. They don't need to know why they feel so bad, or what's going on with their own life. They don't need to know anything, they can remain dumb to themselves. At least they

won't feel anymore pain than they already do, all that pain you have caused them to feel by not telling them, that which by rights they should have needed to know.

And how do you feel reader, the one who was never told anything as a child, the one who is now lying on your death bed knowing something is wrong but no one is saying anything, no one will tell you, everyone else knows, but you. How do you feel with everyone keeping secrets from you, with no one thinking you are worthy of knowing? How do you feel not being shown any respect?

Do you think they are doing you a good turn by denying you the truth? Do you not want to know the truth of your life leaving it all in the hands of others, you just blindly being led along never quite sure about what's going on – what's going on in our own life? Do you feel like you're missing out on something, something crucial to you? How do you feel being kept in an ignorant zombie state unable to deal with your own experiences of life, with someone censoring what you can and can't know and experience in life? Do you feel like a disrespected infant? You should.

How do you feel living a life that isn't even your own? A life determined by others, those who believe they know what's best and right for you, those who believe they are so right and you are so wrong? How does it feel to feel so powerless, confined to being incapable of taking matters into your own hands? How does it feel to have someone else making life and death crucial decisions for you about YOUR LIFE? How does it feel to be treated like an idiot, a pathetic creature who can't control themselves?

And what right do they have? What gives them such power over you? How dare they! How dare they decide for you how your life will be. How dare they!

How does it feel to have lived a nothing life, and now to end it without even knowing what is happening, coming into the world in ignorance and leaving it the same way. What right do these people have to take such liberties? And what about the truth – where is it, don't you want it in your life? And how dare they presume to know what is right and what is best for you. How dare they!

And to think that you have the right to control another's life not allowing them to take full responsibility for all that is happening in their life, to take their power away, to step in and take over... oh you poor conceited little fool. Do you know what you have done? Do you know how you will pay? The audacity to think that you know what's best, to play god in another person's life. No, I'm afraid not, it's not how it's meant to be. Cross over the line and you will see, there will be hell to pay.

It's always the child who's wrong

I read in a novel yesterday, a relationship that went something like this:

He was an only son. His father, a highly respected news writer and a man always on the go chasing the next important story. They lived in a foreign country and mixed within the highest of society. His mother followed his father, she could not say no to him, even though she said she dreaded the endless social engagements, their falseness, the time it all took up in their lives. She had to support her husband who had to be in on the scene to get the latest scoop.

Their high society lives of wining and dining didn't allow any time with their son who was looked after by an old nanny. He deeply resented his parents, and in particular his mother, not being with him, being left lone, always alone with only the old lady for company. He loved the old crone, but only so much, it was to be with his mother that he longed for.

The father died as the son made his way in the world gathering up his fortune and moving later in life into high diplomatic service to the President. He thrived on the rush and importance of being in the thick of things; he was not unlike his father. He was also still very angry at how his parents treated him, how they only looked after themselves and didn't seem to be interested in him. How they left him alone while they chased their self-gratifying and self-glorifying lives.

His mother now alone would constantly ring him. She wanted to speak with him and for him to visit her regularly. He felt annoyed by her constant intrusion and resisted her by not returning her calls and not going to see her. He was after all, too busy, too many life-threatening things had to be dealt with. But he felt guilty – always guilty that he didn't do enough for his mother who was lonely, that he didn't return her calls and didn't go and see her as often as she needed. He would feel guilty for not doing what she

wanted, he felt angry for what she had done to him when he was young, and he felt more guilt for being angry with her about that. As he matured he had rationalised away with his mind that he had no right and shouldn't feel angry with her, that that just wasn't something you did in families; and as she was his only family, and he hers, then they should be best of friends and always wanting to speak to each other, something like the relationship he was now having with the woman he loved and wanted to marry. But try as he might, still when she rang he felt angry, annoyed at the intrusion, and of course she always rang at the most inconvenient time. So he refused her calls, felt guilty, buried himself in his work.

And then it would all get too much. He would send her lots of flowers, go to her and say he was sorry. Toward the climax of the story when he was about to go on a life threatening adventure, probably never to see his mother again, he came to her and confessed his guilt. He said he was sorry that he was not the good dutiful son, that he was the bad one for making her suffer without him, that he knew she was so lonely and it wasn't the Christian thing by not attending to her needs. And then he asked, almost begged her to forgive him, nearly crying as he asked for forgiveness of his guilt, forgiveness of being a bad boy and not always doing what his mother said and wanted. For forgiveness that whenever she called he wouldn't immediately drop everything and run to speak with his mother and attend to all her needs.

And she, the great benevolent mother, now having her son kneeling down before her begging for the almighty-one's forgiveness, bearing his soul, giving himself totally to her – now she had supreme power – said she would deign to forgive him... but... only on condition that... She still left him hanging, she wouldn't let him off the hook. Still she wouldn't just come to him and say yes you are forgiven, still she made it so he was forever tied into her. How much more control did this woman want?

So many things about this fictitious relationship I can apply to the relationship I have with my mother, and one that I have read in so many books and heard many people speak about in regards to the relationships with their parents, and in particular their mothers.

It's always the 'poor mother'. The *poor mother* is the great one who has suffered and is always suffering. She of course says she hated her life with her husband and hated dragging around with him to all the rich social functions mixing with the elite of the world; she of course hated leaving her son alone and in the care of some old woman who hardly spoke; she of course hated her husband for being so career orientated, so self-obsessed, so uncaring and unkind about their son and about her involvement in it all. But she never told her son this – if this is truly how she felt. And she never did anything to stop it.

So what a lot of crap! The poor mother, the poor mother couldn't do anything but be dragged along by her too forceful husband. She was nothing more than a pathetic slave who couldn't stand up to him to save her son. She couldn't organise their life to have more time with her son, all she could do was feel pathetic and powerless never being able to be with her son. It was always someone else's fault, and now she dumps all her shit on the son, like she always has by ringing him up everyday expecting him to drop everything and attend to her needs with no respect for him and his life and the fact that she left him. She never wanted to be in his life – that is the truth – and so has missed out, and he has all rights to ignore her, piss her off and NOT feel guilty.

But that's not the way. She is using her son, she has always used him. If she truly wanted to be with him she would have been with him, she would have left her husband, but it's all lies. She doesn't want to face the truth that she didn't really want her son; she wanted to be dragged around the place mixing it with the rich. She wanted to be seen as one of the rich, she wanted to be the glamorous one admired by everyone, she didn't want to be stuck at home the drudge with her son.

And what really gets up my nose is that it's always the son's fault, he is the bad one. He is the mean one who isn't looking after his mother – and is this how it's meant to be? Is the child supposed to always look after the parents no matter how badly they might treat it? Isn't it that the parents are supposed to look after the child – or did I miss something? And if they did it properly, they wouldn't need such intensive looking after by the child when they got older, they'd still have a life of their own they were living. This woman hasn't got a life. It's very sad, she never had one. She needed someone else's life, her husbands and now her sons. She's lived in a fantasy all self-consumed and with no thought or feeling for anyone else, totally selfish in her hopelessness, totally dependant on the man, a man who disrespects her and doesn't love her, only wanting her to hang off his arm. She has lived the life as nothing more than a fashion accessory, but it's still all her sons fault. Her own child has to now feel guilty all his adult life, because what he really wants to say to her, and have the courage to say, is: FUCK OFF MUM YOU

NEVER LOVED ME, YOU REJECTED ME, YOU DIDN'T WANT ME, SO PISS OFF AND LEAVE ME ALONE. I REJECT YOU, I DON'T WANT YOU IN MY LIFE BECAUSE WE DON'T HAVE A RELATIONSHIP – WE NEVER DID. AND THE MOTHER-CHILD THING IS NON EXISTANT, IT NEVER WAS ANYTHING. SO LEAVE ME ALONE, NEVER RING ME. I DON'T WANT YOU IN MY LIFE. YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE, YOU WERE HORRIBLE TO ME, YOU'VE MADE ME SUFFER BEING ALL ALONE, I HAVE ALWAYS FELT LONELY AND UNLOVED, AND I HATE YOU. I HATE YOU FOR HOW YOU TREATED ME AND I NEVER WANT TO SEE OR HEAR FROM YOU AGAIN. WE AREN'T A FAMILY, THERE NEVER WAS SUCH A THING AS BEING A FAMILY. FACE THE TRUTH AND FUCK OFF!

He doesn't want to face the truth of what his feelings want to tell him. He doesn't want to face the truth that he doesn't have a family, never did have, that it was all crap, and that he like her is only carrying on a fantasy, nothing more than a lie. There is no love between them, they are caught up in the fantasy and delusion that there is mother-son love, the great love between a mother and her child, the great bond that is always there, that always exists and can never be broken. But it's all crap and there is no bond and never will be, the mother-son thing is nothing more than she was his biological mother and he's bound to her because of his negative mind condition. It's all wrong, all false, all untrue; it's all evil, all bad, with nothing making either of them feel good, and yet they can't break away and own up to the truth of their feelings. The mother couldn't bear to face the truth that no one wants her, that she has no one, because she never did. That her parents never wanted her, and she can only cling like a parasite to someone else lying and deluding herself that she is wanted by them, when they don't care about her. And the son can't face the truth that his parents didn't want him, never did, couldn't because of how fucked they were. Neither of them wants to face the truth – the truth of their feelings. It's all there in their feelings. In the anger and frustration and guilt. But they refuse to accept these bad feelings, they do all they can to dismiss them and to keep on pretending they have each other, and that it's right to have each other because they don't have anyone else. But how is this man supposed to marry the girl of his dreams when he's *married* to his mother, a mother who won't leave him alone and wants to use him, parasite herself to him in place of her husband. And the wife too will have to buy into the same delusion, bury her feelings, accept the poor mother in law, and probably do all she can, over and above everything else, to *love* her, be nice to her, tend to her needs, all so she doesn't get upset and try to force a wedge between her and the son. They'll probably get on famously denying so many bad feelings. And it's all so predictable, so chronically pathetic, so, so sad, and yet we see it all over the place. And we are all so trapped in it feeling we can't do anything about it, playing one bad feeling off against another.

The man who is still the boy can't do anything because he never could. He never had any power. Right from the start he was left lone and unloved, what could he do? All he wants is his mother to love him, deep within him is such a powerful gnawing yearning for his mother to stop everything and come to him and be with him. He wants her to mother him, to love him, he doesn't want to be the father and husband and to give her what she needs to fill her deep desperate gnawing and need for love.

The mother, irrespective of the fact that she is still the little girl, is in the power position. She crossed over the line, broke the Golden Rule by having a child when she wasn't in the right love and truth position to do so. Although she is still the poor unloved little girl, she is an adult and has now made herself into being a mother, it wasn't forced on her, and so she is responsible. It should be her that is coming to her son full of guilt and begging him to forgive her, NOT the other way around. THE SON – THE CHILD – HAS DONE NOTHING WRONG. IT IS ALL HER AND HER HUSBANDS FAULT, AND SHE HAS TO HONOUR THAT. One day she will have to take responsibility for that and let him go, stop using him and grow up, grow up and face the pain of what she has done to him and what was done to her by her parents, embracing all the bad feelings of her negative fucked-up wasted, sad, miserable, pathetic life. And when she does, she won't allow her son to come kneeling and begging in front of her, telling him she forgives him but only on certain conditions, all maintaining the power over him making him beholden to her – her little pet slave and accessory.

It needs to be the mother who shows her humility admitting her mistakes and errors, and if she does, then her son will be able to accept his bad feelings. She needs to come to him and admit that she doesn't love him, that all her actions show it to be the truth, that she never loved him, never wanted him just for himself, only wanted him for herself. That she was the most useless mother there is and that she feels so

heartbroken for all the horrible abuse she has subjected him to, and that she will never get over it, and is prepared to suffer all the pain and age long torment for the rest of eternity because of what an arsehole, uncaring, unloving person she has been. And she can't cry poor and say, oh well, I was bad but I couldn't help it because I too was unloved and treated in the same way by my parents. As a part of her healing and humility she has to accept this is only to do with her son, what went on between her and her parents being a separate issue. What is to do with her son is her fuckness of being a mother and going against every golden rule that's ever been. She blew it big time, she had a child and used and abused it all for her own selfish motives. Nothing was for him, and it's right he should hate her and never want to have anything to do with her, being forever angry and never forgiving her for what she has done. She should stand up and take it all, accept it all and be prepared to suffer because of it. She should not put anything on him, take all her controlling and power motives off him, cut him loose, let him go, and allow him to be free, and totally free to reject her if that is what he wants to do.

She is the one at fault, the mother, NOT THE CHILD, and yet she is blaming him and he is feeling guilty for not being the dutiful son. It's all around the wrong way – exactly what the negative condition is all about, and we all wonder why we are full of bad feelings and what can we do to get rid of them once and for all. But the bugger of them is they don't go away. The son thinks to himself: why do I feel angry when my mother rings, why don't I feel good and happy to have such a loving and caring mother? But the truth is there plain as day in his life, in his feelings. His feelings aren't lying or wrong, they are telling him he can't bear her always calling him and that he hates her calling and that he can't have a loving relationship with her because THERE IS NO RELATIONSHIP. THERE IS NO LOVE, THERE NEVER WAS – NEVER! AND HE HATES NOT JUST HER CALLING HIM – HE HATES HER, ALL OF HER. AND HATES HER RIGHT TO THE CORE OF HIS BEING. And there never will be any relationship until they both come clean with the truth of all they feel. And neither will see the truth until they both want to give up their controlling beliefs, those that are keeping the whole ugly thing in place.

They are both caught in this terrible bind, both are angry with each other; he because she's always interfering and demanding in his life; and she because he always keeps ignoring her leaving her to suffer in her loneliness. And it will go on and on with nothing ever changing. She will one day die and he will forever feel guilty that he could never just say: mum I love you, because he never felt it. And he too will die from cancer or stress brought about by such repressed anger and guilt, only to have to face it all again one day in spirit. She has brought him into the world and not loved him. He has lived a shit life never feeling loved by his parents and made to feel it's all his fault. For whatever the reasons, he was to blame. Bullshit reasons that don't even exist. And then she *kills* him with some horrible disease brought about by his guilt. He is the pigeon, not understanding how this person, his mother, the one who is supposed to only love him and give wholly of herself to him, has totally used and abused him, sucked him dry and thrown him away. How she is the Evil One.

And you can see the scenario of the dutiful son finally giving in, having to suppress all his anger – the whole lot once again, giving up his life and coming to be with his mother, finally accepting his role as the surrogate father and husband, then suddenly she meets another man and marries him and is off into her life wining and dining all over again, just how it was, like nothing's changed, and her son is forgotten, not a phone call every day, no longer needed. And he is cast out again, alone, wondering what it was all about, always on the back foot, never in control of his own life with her, always on call for his mother waiting until this latest romance ends and she comes back to him needing him to play his role to look after her until the next man comes. And just because she dies on Earth and it might seem like she's finally gone and it's all over, wrong, because life goes on in spirit. The negative patterns will endlessly keep repeating themselves, manifesting because they have too until we choose to do something about them – face the truth of them.

My mother doesn't understand why I suddenly said I didn't want to see her or have anything do with the family anymore. She believes Marion is the culprit and has somehow turned me against her. I have written to her but only got the letter slammed back in my face. I have tried to explain only to realise that she doesn't want to know the truth, she is not ready to confront her fears and face the truth of how she really feels. It took me a while to realise this and then to realise further that I have no right to demand that she does face the truth, and I let her go.

As I started to do my healing and honour my bad feelings I quickly had to accept the lie I was trying to live, that of a happy family and that I loved my mother and father. I had to accept that I didn't feel loved by them and I didn't love them: how could I love someone who didn't love me? And then it became a question of my survival. Did I do this for myself, withdraw and totally honour and look after myself for the first time in my life; or did I stay compromised in a situation with my family having to do dutiful things all of which never made me feel good?

I had enough strength within me thanks to Marion's support so summons up the courage to say, no: I am the most important in my life. It's about my life. My life and me. I am not living to make my mother happy and to ensure she never gets upset. I am not living my life for her, I living it for me, and if I never leave her and cut off all ties, I will never know what my true life is. I will never know what I really think and feel about things if I don't break all bonds – all negative bonds – leave, and find my own space, my own niche and my own way in life. Find what I feel and like and want, and discover what I want to do for myself and when I want to do it and how I want to do it, instead of always doing and saying and behaving in a life sanctioned by her.

The more my healing took me into my feelings, and the more I honoured my bad feelings, the more I could see how heavily I was tied to her. She had me totally for herself, nothing was for me. She said she did a good job being a mother, providing everything we needed, getting rid of dad who was useless, and doing it all on her own. But what did she provide? A nice house, food, clothes, a good standard of living, but so what. What did these things do for me, they were only things, she didn't provide the one essential thing I needed – herself. She wasn't there, I was alone, the housekeeper looked after us kids, she had to go off and work, but even before all that right from the very first moment in the womb, she couldn't and wouldn't and didn't give me herself. She didn't give me the love I needed, she couldn't, she was incapable, she was of a negative mind state and so it was never going to come. She was wrong from the beginning to even have me. She had me for herself, for the negative, all for negative reasons and motives, all selfish and self-centred, not positive and giving and caring and loving and all for me. She had me to take from me, to use me, to leech from me, to live from me; for me to give her my love, for me to try and fill in her hole of no love. But I couldn't do that, no child can, and so it was wrong. Not only did I not fulfil her needs but she didn't fulfil mine. Our relationship was doomed before it began because it could never be anything else until we've both done our healing and got ourselves out of the mess we're in.

Unlike this man in the book I read, I had to stand up and say no. My life took me that way sooner than his. My life got to a point in which for my own sanity I had to side with myself, dig in, and say no, no more. I made a hard and very conscious choice. I said to myself that I am going to end this, it's wrong, I could see that, and so I did. It was the hardest thing I had to do, but by then I was angry, some of my repressed anger had surfaced, and so I used that to stand firm in myself, and once done, to not back down when my mother tried to get me back. And surprisingly she didn't put up much of fight, nothing like I expected, and all she did only confirmed to me that I was right. And the further I have gone, with the more healing I have done, with the more years that pass without us having anything to do with each other, the more I know I made the right decision.

I am a new person, no longer that James of my mother. I am finding the truth and real me. I am coming out of the prison of her control, and I'm beginning to live free of her overriding ever-present dominance. It's taken a lot to extract myself from her, there has been a hell of a lot of negative bonds, but I'm getting there. I'm feeling stronger within myself, I'm getting to know myself, how I feel about things and what I really think, me – what and how I feel and think. I am stepping out into the light; my self-confidence is growing, my self-esteem returning, and my fear diminishing. I am less angry, I understand more about the whole rotten problem that we are all in concerning our negative states, and I understand about much of how she feels and how she is and is suffering. But I don't want to be her father and husband substitute, and no longer am I used in that way. And I can't tell you what a breath of fresh air my life is beginning to feel like, free at last, free of this bloody thing I had no idea I was trapped in. **FREE OF HER!**

And every day I love the peace. I love not having that daily phone call when she'd ring with nothing to say, just 'keeping in touch'; and free from the continual unexpected drop in visits again with nothing to say. And free from all my guilt feelings about wanting to tell her to stop ringing and interrupting my life but feeling too powerless to do so. I never had the self-confidence, the power to say stop bloody ringing me so much. I couldn't just state what I felt and what I wanted. I was too scared of her. She would have abused me for being mean to her, she wouldn't have stopped ringing anyway, she would have totally

disregarded what I wanted as she always did; she would have gone on doing what she wanted just as she always did, without allowing or wanting me to have a say. I was so frightened of upsetting her, by standing up to her and confronting her and saying no to her. NO way could I say no. I was so utterly powerless with her, always under her control – she crunched me too heavily right from the beginning. I was the first child and a son, I copped the lot. No way was I going to be allowed to have any of my own power. I wasn't the long-awaited highly prized and so cherished and everything-is-for-me first son like in so many male worshipped families. So I couldn't tell her to back off like my sister and brother can. I couldn't say anything negative to her, my life would have been over – that is how I felt, that is how terrified I was of her, that's how she made me feel.

So all I could do was one day turn my back on her, shut the door and say no more. It had to be complete, not a half-hearted attempt. I tried that by running off to London hoping I could escape and start a new life for myself, but no, it wasn't to be. I didn't understand about my negative patterns and how they were too entrenched and controlling my life back then. And so life led me back home to be with her. I couldn't run away, she had the power, I couldn't escape. Not until with the help of God's Divine Love and my desire to find the truth: the reasons why I felt bad and unhappy all the time, could I finally stand up and take responsibility for myself, my own life, and start to live true to what I really did feel. Only then did I truly set out on my spiritual path to Paradise.

One day the character in the book will have to take a stand in his own life. He believes that it's a busy rat-race life with no time for himself that is killing him, but it's not true. It's his negative relationship with his mother that is killing him, she is the straw that is breaking the camels back. She is bleeding him dry and keeping him that way.

One day he will have to leave her or she will do her healing and come and let him go. She has set the whole rotten thing in motion, and either finally he is driven to stand up and say no more, taking full responsibility for his own life and casting her out, or she will come and let him go allowing him to be free to pursue his negative state if he still wants to.

We are bound up in bad negative relationships with our parents, but we refuse to see it. We believe that by doing so will make us feel bad – but we already ARE feeling bad, how much worse can you feel? We do all sorts of mind things to ourself, getting us into situations that we'd need to be Houdini to get out of. We delude and deny ourselves desperately hanging onto what we believe is the one good thing in our life – family. Family is everything, family is all you've got, when all goes to shit, at least you've always got family, what are you without family...

And what am I without my family? I'll tell you, I am happy. Finally having dumped my family, my negative bullshit family, I am free and happy. I have a new family with Marion and Potsy, as we all speak the same language: we all honour and live true to how we feel, and we feel good.

I love Marion but not because she cooks and cleans and is a good mother to me. I love and respect her because she loves and respects me. She listens to me, is there for me, wants to know me, wants to know the real me, wants me to express all that I am. And I can tell the difference between her and my mother because Marion doesn't cook or clean, she doesn't do any of those *motherly* things for me, I do them, I do them for both of us. She gave up cooking and cleaning, and as I took over being responsible for myself and not needing her to be my mother, I have come to see that all that mum said was being a mother was crap. What I wanted in mum was what Marion now gives me. I wanted to be listened to, wanted, respected for who I am. I wanted her to get to know me, to love me for being me, and I wanted her to encourage me to express and be all that I am. The cooking and cleaning and clothes and money and schooling and all the rest of the things were irrelevant, they are not the things that makes a relationship loving. We could have had none of those things and all of the feeling things, and I would have loved her and still would. But she got it wrong, she didn't know, she was too bereft of love and good feelings herself. She thought it was the things that made the family happy, that made her a good mother. It's all so terribly sad, it's all gone now; it was all such a waste. But was it? It happened and we can only live what happened. I don't know what the future holds, but with every day of my healing at least I know it will be nothing like my past, and that is a blessed relief.

With Marion I am slowly turning to see all the real things, the things that do truly matter. We have little money, we have few things, we have ourselves, our feelings and our ability to keep expressing them and finding the truth of them. And gradually we are getting our lives back. We are finding our true selves; we

are discovering what really does matter in life, what life really is all about. And it feels very good. As we divest ourselves of our pain and negative patterns we are seeing a new world, a new way to live and it suits us, it makes us feel good. We feel so much better about ourselves and so much better about each other. We are living something of a truer relationship and not one based on deceit and fantasy, and if we feel angry or miserable we know what to do with it. We don't bury it, forcing it away, we to the opposite; we bring it up, we talk about it, and we want to see why we feel that way. We live wanting to know the truth of all we feel and think, and I can't tell you how much better it is than living not having a clue about anything.

It was the best day of my life dumping the family, mum and Gran (dad had already died). It has led me into a life I had no idea existed, into the depths of my healing which has not been fun, but at least it has answered all my questions and it is releasing me from all that had control and power over me.

Dad wanted to see me on his deathbed, or so my sister said, he didn't actually ask me himself. That would have meant my flying to Sydney; he was prepared to pay for the trip. But I said no. I had left the family, I didn't want to go back on my decision. I wanted to stand firm, and just because he was dying, so what? Why should I drop everything and run to see him, and do what – wish him a good trip into heaven, say I was sorry for being such a bad son, hope he would apologise to me for being such a bad father so I could be the magnanimous one and say: I forgive you dad. I didn't forgive him and he wasn't going to get off that easy. I was only at that time just getting into my suppressed anger about how much of a bad father he was. I had no idea how bad he was, and so I wasn't about to say: oh that's okay dad, no hard feelings now that you are the pathetic crippled one with cancer eating you away. Now that I had the power over him I wasn't about to forgive him, and besides, what would it have done, absolved him for all the crime and pain of being a bad father, all so he could be free to start his new life in the spirit worlds. He's still free to do that, it has nothing to do with me. There's no way I could forgive him making him pain free anyway. I can't, and nor can anyone, absolved him of his sins. I'm not God, I don't have that sort of power. And even God doesn't do those sorts of things. God doesn't wave the magic wand and now you're in heaven all evil is forgotten. God leaves it to us, God doesn't want to deny us the experience of doing our healing. God put us in the shit and God wants us to go right through to the end with it (including our healing of it), otherwise there'd be not point to any of it. If all we've been through was wiped away by a few words, our suffering life would be meaningless.

I have, if anything, done him a good service, probably more than he deserves. I have kept the pressure on him by not going to see him. He died knowing that my absence said a lot. It spoke the truth about my feelings for him. And in spirit he should still feel bad about our relationship and that all is not forgiven, that I didn't let him off the hook. And this might help him if he allows it to, to find the truth of his bad feelings and to go deep into his feelings of being a bad father, understanding why he was, and why I hate him, and what happened to him when he was little to make him how he was.

As I've said, my brother said he forgave him and said he felt the air clear when dad confessed to being a bad father. They are now friends, no hard feelings. The power had shifted, from dad being the all-powerful one to now my brother being it. My brother could forgive the powerless wretch of my father as he lay dying on the bed. And they might believe that that is all it takes, that they are now free to go about their own lives, the bad stuff between them now out of the way, now they can get on and have a proper and true relationship if they were to ever meet each other again in spirit. But that's all crap. My brother being the *priest* and taking it all away is crap, just as the priest is crap. Nothing has changed in their relationship, only a power shift, which so far as my father's concerned, will only last as long as he is weak and ailing, once he's in spirit and wakes up to find he no longer has cancer and is physically pain free, he'll resort back to being dad and having the power. It will not be as much power as he did have, having given some away to his son, but still their relationship won't be as they might think it was just before he died. Far from it, they are both still full of their negative patterns, all set hard in place, with only a superficial layer now having been changed, but the deep stuff still remains, and so it will forever remain until they start to do their healing.

And my mother a few years back suddenly had a pain in her chest and went to hospital. My sister called me, not my mother, saying my mother wanted to see me, 'you know, in case something were to happen and "her blind went up"'. But I didn't go. Why should I go, to admit defeat to myself, to go running back to her just because she might die; to give her her final victory over me before she goes off into her new

life. No way was I going, and many people reading this might think I am heartless and unfeeling and how could I treat my parents with such disdain, but I can, and it's very easy, and I don't care what others think because my life has nothing to do with them. I'm treating my parents exactly how they treated me. My treatment of them adult-to-adult is NOTHING compared to how they treated me adult-to-child. I am living my life true to my feelings, these are my feelings and I have no loving feelings for my parents, because they never made me feel loved. So why should I obey the right family things to do, the obligatory child duty that so many people do hating every moment of it, and when it's all a lie, it's all false, full of shit, and completely meaningless.

No, I don't want to play the game. I want to stand up to the denial, deception and evil and say no, I'm bowing out of it. You can go get stuffed. If my parents and family still want to play the game and live a part of the Rebellion, that's up to them, it's their lives. I know what and how I want to live, and so I told my sister: look, don't bother me with mums antics, I don't want to know, I don't want to be apart of it any more, I have told you I'm not apart of the family, I will do my legal bit when she dies, but that is all, nothing personally, and so only call me when she's finally gone.

My sister was shocked, and perhaps I could have said it in a kinder way to soften the blow, but I couldn't. I didn't have the kindness in me toward my family. We never had it as a family. We had all the superficial kindness and caring but it was very shallow and I no longer wanted any part to it. I had to be as unkind, unfeeling, and uncaring as I felt, as I could be, because that was how I felt. I was very angry, I didn't want to see my mother, I hated the fact that she didn't even have the balls to call me herself and ask me to come and see her, she still couldn't back down and say she needed or wanted me, she had to get my sister to relay the messages; my mother wasn't going to give an inch, she wasn't going to surrender any of her power to me, and so as far as I'm concerned, she can go to her grave with all that in place, and I'm not going to weaken, give in, drop everything and come running when she calls – or gets my sister to call.

She can go rot in hell. I don't have to look after her just because she is my mother. That's all crap. Had she loved me I would love to look after her in her old age, I would love being with her. I would feel she was still there for me, but she never made me feel this way. And I know if I go along I won't feel good from seeing her, the old patterns will click into place, she hasn't changed, and so I will only be used and abused as I have always been. No, she will have to look after herself. If my sister wants to take the job on as she did with dad then that's up to her. If she can't honour her bad feelings and stand up to mum, it's got nothing to do with my life. She has to work out all that stuff for herself.

I am having nothing to do with any of them because they are all wrong. If however one of them said they did want to speak to me, and it was obvious that they were humbling themselves and that they were facing the truth of their bad feelings and wanting to end their self-denial and get out of their fantasies and delusion, then, yes, of course I would love to be there and listen and encourage and help and love and be apart of their lives and have them as apart of my mine. The family ties are there, but I can only relate to them now on my terms, and that will have to of the positive and with none of the negative. I can't go back. Every day I heal more of my negative mind I move further away from them. I am on my own journey and our paths will now only cross in a good light if they too choose to set off on their healing journey. And if they do, as our healing journey will eventually take us all to the same place – Paradise, and perhaps I'll see them there.

I know for some people reading what I write might be hard to accept. But I have taken my stand and every day it's proving right for me. It is against all that is accepted as being right out there, but how I see out there is all wrong. I am rebelling against the Rebellion; I can face the evil wrongness within myself and in my family relationships where it all started and say: NO MORE! I've had enough of all that shit, and my feelings are leading my out of it.

I am anti my family and anti all it stood for, because it was all bullshit. Nothing about it was any good; nothing has been salvageable because there simply wasn't any love.

Of course in your family there might be love, it's not for me to say, but if you take a stand and seek only the truth and don't stop until you've found it all, if anything is good and true and of love then it will withstand the firestorm. It will remain as a connection between you and the person it's with. If not, then it all has to be cast out, all the demons within that make up your negative mind and will state will need to be faced down and killed. There is no other way, this I now know. And this is what I now offer you.

The truth speaks to me, I have found it for myself and it has made sense of my nonsense life. I no longer have bad feelings wondering why I have them. Slowly my whole life is making sense. The whole picture is coming to me, and it feels good. It feels bad when the bad feeling pressure is on driving up more of my childhood repression, it is the most awful time, but once I've expressed and seen the truth and free of it, then I feel good.

I never thought I would take such a drastic step as alienating myself from my family. And yet having done so, it's answered all those inner nagging questions I had about myself and my life but never had the courage to face and find the answers to. I'm so happy God has led me this way, into my darkness and up out into the light. (However, I'm yet to be truly happy with God for putting me in it in the first place, as I'm still not yet fully healed.) And although personally I want nothing to do with my family, I do feel a closeness with them and something of an understanding about this thing – the Rebellion and Default – we've all been through together. It will be a good day in spirit when we can all get together in the Celestial spheres having healed our negative mind and will states and speak openly and truthfully about it all, what we experienced and the truth we have found out. I do look forward to that family reunion should it come about.

Shove the dummy in

Right from the beginning, shove it in, the dummy or the food; shove it in to shut them up. To stop them from expressing their bad feelings, to stop them expressing that something is wrong. We have bad feelings to show something is wrong, but no we can't express them, shove it in, plug that hole, don't allow any bad noise to come out. Suck on that dummy, it's your friend, your mother and father don't want to hear you, they don't want to know what's wrong. So make the most of it, it's all you'll get, it's all you have. Suck hard and forever hold your peace. Life sucks – it sure does when you can't express your bad feelings!

I have no right to exist

She's right – I have no right existing. I hate myself. I'm a despicable little shit. I shouldn't exist, there's nothing good about me. I don't belong, don't know how to be, and I wish I could die. I'm the worst of the worst – unbearable...

She yells at me that I am these things. That she can't stand me, can't bear the sight of me, that she wishes I didn't exist, that I am unbearable to be with, that I'm a despicable little shit, and that she hopes I'll rot in hell.

I look at her in shock, I don't understand why she is yelling at me, why she's always yelling at me, what it is that I've done wrong this time. I'm too young to understand, all I know is what I feel and that is bad. I feel bad and I start to cry. I see her scary face and hear all that scary noise, and I hate it and want to get away, but I can't, I'm trapped, confined to my chair, I just have to suffer it all, hope it will end, hope it will go away, hope she will go away. I have to take it, I have to accept that I am what she says even though I don't know what she is saying, but it's going in. I am what she says I am, I am as she sees me. On subtle levels I understand I am this truth, this is my truth, this is what I am and what I am to accept and know myself to be, even though I don't want to. Even though I hate what she is saying and I know it's not true and she has no right, I still have to accept that she is right because what she says goes. And it all goes into me. I am what she is making me to be. She is my environment and she is creating me, bringing me into being, helping me become what she wants, and although it sounds like she doesn't want me to be this way on other 'good' days, days when she says 'I love you', still she is the one making me be this way. Do I have a choice? I am too young to know, I am just impressionable, new clay being worked and she is working all of this deep into me. She is moulding me to be how she says I am, and I have to believe it. I don't understand or believe it now, but I do – somewhere inside me I do. It's all going in. I am impressionable and it's going in, right into to my very core. It's forming my core, it's becoming the very me that I am, and

even though I know it's all making me feel bad and it's not right and there is nothing I can do, I have to accept it. It's becoming me – there is nothing I can do about.

She is yelling at me calling me all sorts of names, telling me how useless I am, telling me how bad I am, telling me how much she despises me and how much she hates me, and I believe it all. I believe she hates me, I believe I hate myself; I believe all that she says I have to do. She is blasting it into me, it's saturating me, I'm saturated with it all, with all the negative unloving beliefs I believe and accept as being real. What else can I do? I can't reject them, I can't reject her, she is my mother, I am dependant on her, she is helping me to express myself and helping me form my beliefs and behaviour; she is helping me come into being and so is telling me how I am. She is telling me how much she despises me and doesn't want me and so what am I to believe. I believe all she tells me like it's the truth, and it becomes the truth of me, it's shaping me, forming my inner foundation, the very structure that I am going to use to live my adult life with. She is seeding me, implanting me with her hatred, her fear, her hatred of herself, her hatred of me, and it's all going in. I am becoming like her – AS SHE IS. I am losing myself, I am sinking and I can't hang onto anything. I am saturated with her loathing, I live and breathe and taste her anger, and I feel her rage racing up and down my spine. I am terrified, scared beyond belief and still there is nothing I can do. I can't protect myself, I can't say enough, please, that is enough, or will you just – shut up! I can't push her away, I can't run away, I just have to sit there and take it all. And I do, and I wait for there is nothing else I can do. I sit with my snotty nose and tears rolling down my face and I look at this woman my mother who wants me dead and hates me and doesn't love me, and all I feel makes me feel bad. It's all too overwhelming, I can't deal with it, it's too much for my little half-formed system, it's threatening me with breaking down, breaking into a million tiny pieces, splitting me apart. I will never be the same again. I am losing myself, parts of me are being cut off and taken away, never to return. I sit and I cry and I only make her angrier with me. She yells at me more, I am more despicable, the most horrid of creatures ever, and I am her child. I am a product of her self-hatred, I am her evil incarnate, I am her yuk and she can't bear to look me, she detests me – despises me. She doesn't want to look at me and see the truth of herself, the truth of how she was treated as a child by her mother, and how she now treats herself, so she yells at me even more, she screams at me, she is accusing me of being the bad one when she has reduced me to a snivelling miserable nothing.

I look at her and I can see in her eyes that she wants to rid herself of me, to rid herself of all the yuk and horror and hate in her that she is seeing in me. She wants to get out a big knife and just cut it away, put her hands around my throat and take its life away, all so it will never make her feel bad again. But she can't do that, some part of her knows that it's too much, she would then be too bad and would get into too much trouble. It just wouldn't be worth bringing down the wrath of her mother and all mothers upon her head, and to show she is just too inept, stupid, useless and powerless – unable to control her child. She can only yell and scream at me. So she does. She says she doesn't relish it, but yells like the demented person that she is, that she is turning me into. And she is almost out of control. She is hanging on by a thread. She doesn't want to totally let go because she doesn't know what she is capable of doing, something she might regret, something that might get her into more trouble, so she takes herself to the edge, she lets it all fly from there not daring to allow herself to let go completely, not just for one time to see what will happen, but it's close, it's very close. The abyss is very close, calling me like a siren, but it won't take me – I won't get off that easily. This she intuitively knows, and she wouldn't be so kind as to let me go, she's too selfish for that and she needs me, she needs someone on whom she can dump all her shit, so he holds onto the rail and starts to back off.

Her rage is now spent, her senses are returning along with her guilt. How could she have wanted to kill me – such unthinkable guilt-ridden thoughts race through her mind only to be quickly banished; how could she have really felt all those bad things about me? What happened, she doesn't understand, she doesn't understand the madness that takes her over, but it makes her feel guilty. She knows she shouldn't treat me this way even though she can't stop herself from doing it. She only knows because she knows if she does lose it, there will be no coming back, she will be lost forever and will be punished for eternity.

Now the guilt is growing as she stops yelling, not knowing what it was really all about. She can't understand why she made all the fuss, it was all just too much and she couldn't deal with it anymore. She looks at me and I am still shocked, still miserable, still quietly crying. I am relieved that she is settling down, that the tempest has passed, but I will never be same again, neither will our relationship, it's another nail in the coffin, the damage has been done. At best we can make the necessary adjustments and put a greater effort into pretending we love each other and believing the lie. We both help each other to carry

on the fantasy by saying at other times: I love you, but we both know the damage is irreparable.

And now comes the pay-off from her guilt. She has to make up, she has to say nice things, seemingly caring things, like: Oh I'm so sorry, mummy didn't mean it, you're not such a bad boy, I do love you, you're really a good boy and I shouldn't treat you like that, I don't know what comes over me, here, how about some ice-cream, would you like some of your favourite, here this will make you feel better. And she thinks: this will show that I *am* a good mother, that I *do* love my son, and I *will* make it all better. But who she's showing I have no idea (it's probably her mother – who represents the world). And this too goes into me, having been blasted off the face of the Earth now I am sweet-talked and coerced by tender *sounding* words and the reward of ice-cream – my favourite, the one with the three colours: brown, pink and white. I am cajoled out of my shocked state and made to smile and be happy and pretend that me and my mummy are having a good happy time together, and that we love one another.

And the negative pattern goes into me. I have been crunched within what feels like an inch of my life and now brought back from the edge into what is said to be all love and happy with smiles and false laughter and relief that it's over and we've both survived another episode. And we try to make the most of it together knowing that the cycle will come around again and before long we'll be back into it.

This is one of my patterns formed during my early childhood with my mother. This pattern now governs me, subtle at times, but now that I'm doing my healing I'm zeroing in on it, unravelling its secrets, seeing how it works.

Now when I feel her unseen pressure on me, when the cycle comes around and I start to feel shocked and powerless, I suddenly feel like I'm falling. Seemingly for no reason the bad feelings come over me and down I go. Down into my hole of shock being yelled at and abused and threatened with annihilation. I can no longer hear the words, I am grown up, and she is not with me in the kitchen, but still the pattern is active. Still I feel the trauma, feel trapped, feel myself sinking, and always I am scared.

But now that I am an adult I have learnt ways to combat it, to deny it, to instead try to keep myself from feeling bad. I have learnt ways of how to keep my power up and to fight back, how to protect myself, how to allow the same negative pattern to work but how to subtly shift it so I believe that I am now its master. And the best and surest method is to masturbate. For wanking does one of a number of things.

It is an easy way for me to stop the shock, to give me power, to make me have nice feelings rather than bad ones. I believe it holds me up, gives me lots of energy so I can remain feeling good keeping me away from sinking own into my bottomless pit (even though it actually does the opposite). And best of all, with it I am in control, I am the power-broker, I can take charge over my mother by pretending I am having my way over another woman, that she is bending to my will and I am in charge. I am not the poor miserable snotty one taking it all, no, not any more, for in my waking fantasy I am strong, the grunting hero, Stud One, the one the woman wants, not the one the woman wants to destroy. And all the girls LOVE ME!

And waking is also my reward, my pleasure, my treat. It's something I can do at the end of a hard day, something far better than ice-cream, something to pat myself on the back with and to pretend that it's not as bad as all that. That someone loves me and wants me, even if she is only a picture in my mind's imagination. The woman in my waking mind is the woman who saves me, who brings me back from the edge, who wants me to make her feel good, and by doing so I know that she will make me feel good. It's the happy mother, the one after the tempest has passed, not the demon possessed one. It's the one to which I can say sweet loving things and she can say them to me and we can believe we love each other and are in love with each other and that everything is all right with ourselves and all right with the world. It's the dream into which we can both escape, united as one in the joy of blissful orgasm.

And after I have done it and done it and done it again, then I am tired, then I am spent, then I am fulfilling the end of the pattern. I am washed out, but I don't care, and I can even feel bad knowing it's all just make-believe, it's not even real. And the truth is I hate doing it to myself, I hated it being done to me, the abuse and the shock, and now I have battered and abused my body through masturbation and separated myself further away into my false fantasy mind, when really I didn't need to do it. I only wanked because my negative patterns demanded something of me, and chocolate or some other food wasn't strong enough to do it this time. And besides, I no longer like the rainbow ice cream, I hate it, I like mint with chocolate chips!

So I surge up with my orgasmic final release, and then I am dumped once again. All that sweet talk

about her loving me so much is over. It's now back to normal, and the cycle begins again.

I always feel threatened

It was another big healing day for me today.

During the night in the early hours, Potsy wanted to go out. She jumped on me giving me her signal and I somehow managed to get up and open the front door and the bathroom window. I quickly went back to sleep. Suddenly I jolted awake struggling to get my bearings, where was I? What's happening? Oh yeah, asleep, very early, Potsy's out... yes... I wonder how long I drifted off for. I don't like going back to sleep with the front door open, I feel vulnerable, I imagine someone suddenly standing there over me at the side of the bed having walked in off the street. I feel very scared not knowing what to do, I get a huge shock.

Some nights my imaginings are worse than others, and last night it was very bad. I felt too vulnerable so I got up and closed the front door. If Potsy is chased by a cat she'll have to fend for herself making do with the only escape route in through the bathroom window – luckily her preferred route. I just couldn't face it last night, I felt too open, scared, vulnerable to attack, and I needed to protect myself, to shut out the horrors of what might suddenly happen scaring the shit out of me. Not long after we first moved into the house we had strange visitors banging on the front door, one man all bloody saying he was being chased and could we ring the police while he hid inside for a while; and other people knocking on the door at odd times of the night, but that was all probably due to the previous nefarious tenants as they were apparently a bit dodgy, and luckily nothing like it has happened since. But last night I felt scared, not so much about one of these strange characters suddenly walking in but something to do with my past, my early childhood, something dark and foreboding from back then, but I couldn't remember what it was. I certainly don't ever remember having any such bad experiences when I was young, but still I know that at times I did feel very afraid and exposed, all too vulnerable.

After I got up in the morning I felt groggy, and slightly sick as I struggled to get going. I had been out in the kitchen for some time and Marion came out of the lounge and said: You've been here for ages? I replied: Oh, a little while. She then picked me up on this reply saying that I never wanted to just accept what she said and agree with her. She said I always had to resist her in some way and change what she said ensuring I had control. And she was right.

She was right, I had been out there for ages, longer than I usually am, and I had only been in the kitchen, I hadn't gone out into back garden, and yet I couldn't just agree with her and say, you're right, yes, I have been here for ages. I had to reply defensively, as if she was accusing me of being away in the kitchen for ages, as if that was a bad thing and I was doing something bad. But she wasn't angry with me, she was only acknowledging that I hadn't come relatively quickly into the lounge like I normally do. And I couldn't accept this just as a comment, I had taken it negatively feeling I had to stand up for myself, defend my rights and say, no, it wasn't ages, it was only a little while – what are you going on about accusing me of, I'm not doing anything bad or wrong!

The more we talked about it, and the more I tried to express my feelings and understand exactly what my true intentions were, the more I could see that she was right, I was not only being defensive then, but I am always defensive, and then it struck me: I ALWAYS FEEL LIKE I'M BEING THREATENED. And when I said the word *threatened*, the whole picture suddenly unfolded.

Previously when we'd worked on this point of my behaviour I had only felt scared, and afraid of my mother and father, of them accusing me of things – of being bad. I was aware of how much I hated this, and how I would do little things and say things resisting them. It was pathetic resistance, nevertheless it was resistance – I resented them being in control. My resistance was mostly my futile attempt of regaining control. But in all the times we'd discussed this, I had never until today felt how threatened I always felt, it was like the missing piece of the jigsaw suddenly fell into place.

I always felt threatened. I did! It struck me like a revelation. It suddenly make perfect sense and it was true. And that as I always did feel threatened, I felt I had to resist to remain in control and not feel so powerless. And it's true, my healing has showed me countless times how threatened my parents made me

feel – of them! Threatened was such an appropriate word, it was the truth. I always feel threatened about everything in the house and outside, always with potentially bad things threatening to happen – my whole disposition and outlook on life is negative coming from feeling threatened. They always made me feel threatened, never secure or unafraid, happy and content. I was and have been always on the back foot trying to do all I can to stave off some unseen impending disaster. Nothing disastrous has ever really happened, but the perpetual threat is ever present.

Then my feeling of vulnerability last night made sense. I was feeling vulnerable because I was scared of feeling threatened. That someone would suddenly be standing by the side of my bed threatening me, just like my drunken father, yelling at me accusing me of something, or my mother suddenly flinging my bedroom door open yelling and accusing me about something, waking me up, shocking me, making me feel disorientated and very vulnerable.

As the morning progressed I felt sicker. It was a dross energy sick feeling. I'm very familiar with it as a part of my healing. It comes on every now and then and I have to submit to it speaking about how sick I feel until I bring up the bad feelings 'puking' them out. I don't actually vomit, but I sort of dry reach – 'hurk' – all the repressed anger, fear, shock and vulnerability out of me. Once the energy is gone I feel better, rung out, but better and often more insight and revelation dawns. And it did this morning. Whilst I was in the throws of my hurk, suddenly I was thinking about what mum felt when she first heard or found out she was pregnant with me. I'd never thought of it before, but suddenly I knew how she felt, it was a big downer, she didn't like it, she was scared, she wasn't jumping for joy. She'd lost a baby before me, stillborn (I think) and maybe miscarried another one, so I can imagine she was nervous about going through it all again. I've never asked her about this moment in her life or how it came about that she knew she was pregnant with me, but my feelings this morning were telling me it was negative. It was like suddenly a huge weight of cement came down hard on me saying, 'oh no, not you, I don't want you.'

The insight dawned on me along with lots of understanding. Suddenly I could make sense of many things I'd felt during these past weeks but hadn't received any understanding or truth about. And other things slotted into place. I felt like I was conceived by a woman who really didn't want to do the whole child thing, then suddenly as the reality hit her that she was pregnant, it was like being smashed in the face – No I don't want to! Exactly the same feeling I had when the boy smashed me in the face with part of a brick when was three years old. It was the same feeling: you are not wanted, go away, you are not going to have anything; you can't come out into the world. And the more I thought about these feelings, the more I understood that I've always felt like this. Understanding that mum wasn't overjoyed knowing I was coming explains so much about my lack of ever feeling excited about anything in life and always feeling like bad things are going to happen preventing me from doing anything in the world. I've never felt wanted, safe and secure, confident to do whatever I wanted to do. I've only ever felt like I've needed permission to breathe, her acceptance to do anything in life. I've always needed her say so, yes or no, to define my life. I've never just felt free to get on with it doing anything I want and fully enjoying it. How could I when I was first greeted by such a heavy negative, her not wanting me, not wanting to be pregnant, not wanting babies, not wanting the family thing, not wanting any of it.

She didn't want it but of course she hid that and put on the smiling false face and pretended to be happy, even I think convincing herself that she did want me, that I was the best thing to happen in her life, all because she couldn't bear to be reminded of, or face the guilt of, her true feelings of not wanting me. But being the child, I know the truth – I felt it, it's me she was rejecting at that crucial moment. I didn't understand it back then with the clarity I can now, but now I know it's true because I can feel it and it all makes perfect sense explaining so much – it explains everything! And I too can see how I learnt to play along with the deception, believing I was loved and wanted. I believed the words she said to me suppressing my true feelings, burying the truth and the hurt deep away inside me.

It's taken me these ten years of consistent working on myself to slowly strip always the layers of pretence and bullshit, finally able to handle such truth. But it's all too real, I can feel that sudden downer, I can feel her fear reaction, the tensing of her; I can feel myself being pushed away, threatened, not wanted to the extent of feeling that my existence was coming into question. Had she crunched me any harder and I too might have been a miscarriage prematurely arriving in spirit. But I felt like I clung on and that is how I feel about life, like it's all up to me to cling on as hard as I can just to survive, never mind about feeling alive and active and confident and free enough and full of boundless energy to go out into life like I own the place. I feel and have always felt too exhausted before I even begin. If I want to try a new thing, I kill it before I've begun with it all being too much hard work and too many potential bad

things going to happen. With the work not being hard, but the having to deal with all the potential bad things and their resulting bad feelings being the hard part. The slightest obstacle is insurmountable because I'm using all the energy I have to hang desperately onto the thin thread of life as it is.

I feel like I've had to fight her for my life every step of the way. I've had to resist her, I haven't wanted to agree with her and do as she says and be obedient, I've had to in some small way believe I was still in control or else I would sink and drown in her not wanting me. I have had to shut out this truth and make myself falsely believe she does want and love me; I've had to grossly lie to myself and believe my own lies. And I have. I've legged myself over so far, but at least I know now I'm doing it, I can see and feel the truth. It's very real, it's shocking, it hurts, and it's true.

Whenever I think of mum now I can't avoid feeling not wanted by her, right from that very first moment. And when I look back at how she treated me, look behind all the bullshit superficial falseness, I can see it, it's obvious, she's always treated me this way. My healing over these years has shown me what to look for and I can see it. I can see it, Marion can see it, and that is enough confirmation for me that I'm not just making it up. My feelings don't lie, this I have learnt through my healing, and in fact they are the only things that don't lie. My mind is full of lies, all sorts of things, things I wouldn't know how to sort out as to whether they were real or not. Thank God for my feelings!

So I've felt threatened by mum right from her first moment of knowing about me. No wonder I've felt so scared all my life, and no wonder I'm never really happy. What an eye-opener! I still feel somewhat stunned by the revelation, it happening this morning. I'm still thinking and feeling about it. I don't feel bad about it because I feel so many of the bad feelings to do with it I have already worked through and felt over the past years. Now it just explains what I have felt all these healing years, and if anything I feel relieved. I feel good to have finally seen another such major part of my problem and why I feel the way I do about life and myself. And the best part that comes when I do see the truth is, I know that it's over, I've healed it, I've worked my way to the truth exposing all the pain along the way, and now I've seen the core reason for all those bad feelings and I can let it all go. I can heal properly, I can change; now I can feel I am the child of the Mother and Father and They DO want me, They DO love me, and They ARE looking after me. I feel They give me life, and I can feel confident with it, that I can be happy, and I don't have to be negative about everything or feel like I'm just clinging onto life. I can relax and let go, stop resisting and enjoy myself, do whatever I want to do knowing it's also what They want me to do. And I feel my life is no longer dependant on my mother, and just because she doesn't want me, doesn't mean I am bad. I am free! AND NOT BAD!

Men and feelings... women and feelings...

My thoughts.

Generally:

Men are forced to shut off their feelings in the home and world.

Women are allowed to have feelings, they are even forced into them, but are only allowed to express them freely in accepted ways (mostly accepted by men), with expression being confined to the home, and personally, but not generally out in the world.

Men feeling so alienated from their feelings can't enter into the woman's world of feelings, and can't allow her world to infringe on and disrupt his world of non-feelings. Hence the separation of the sexes.

Women complain about men not being able to, and not wanting to, speak about their feelings, and yet mothers prevent their sons from being feeling expressive.

Men complain about women always going on about their bloody feelings, and yet secretly are envious and fearful of them, but of course would never admit it as that would then mean they would have to accept how they felt.

Women hold the power over men by having their secret world of feelings, this making men – sons – feel rejected by their mothers. And so feeling rejected, men reject women and feelings – women's feelings and their own feelings. When men start to honour their shut-off-ness, they long to be able to freely express all they feel. We do because it's natural, and not to is denying ourselves – killing ourselves.

Women live generally longer than men because they are freer in expressing their feelings. Men die younger because they are more severely shut off to themselves. Living truly is living freely expressing feelings.

Men and women will always hate each other, although pretending to love one another, whilst we keep denying ourselves our feelings – we can't do anything else, because without living true to all you feel you can't truly love or be loved.

Relationships will never make sense until we all allow each other to freely express our feelings – all we feel. Until we encourage each other to speak up about it all. And relationships will continue to fail until we start openly communicating all we feel – good and bad feelings.

If there is anything you don't understand about your relationship with your partner, or areas in which you don't get on as you would like, then it's only because you are not expressing yourselves truly to each other, if you did, such problems wouldn't exist.

And really it's only because you aren't expressing and accepting yourself, because you are denying yourself, that you don't feel right and have a problem about anything. And by denying yourself, realistically, how can you expect to have a decent relationship with anyone else, particularly if they too are denying themselves? Most of us make do in a relationship, finding a happy acceptable middle-ground, somewhere allowing our feeling expression inadequacies to be the grey zone no one goes near and is avoided at all costs. And if this can be arranged and 'happily' agreed upon, the relationship is deemed 'successful'.

Mostly a 'happy' relationship is one in which the two negative minds and wills can reasonably and comfortably exist together. But it's not a true relationship, not a relationship based on truth and honouring the Golden Rule. It's at best only a compromise, a conditional acceptance of each others negative, denial and feeling expressionless states of being. And is okay if you don't want anything else, okay if you don't want to live true, okay if you believe this is the best you can have and the best you can expect and the best you can do.

However if you sincerely want to find your soul-mate, your true 'other half' (and you do have one), then you will only ever find and know them, know for sure they are them, know in truth, when you are both one hundred percent freely expressing all you feel. Up until then there will always remain a little doubt because you will have that bit of negativity, that bit of self and feeling denial still undermining your truth. But when you are completely healed then you will know, you will know with all your being; and what you know, will be true.

Something else to ponder; I have often thought about it during my healing.

Imagine (if you can) being the child of two people who are not soul-mates. Two people who come together pretending to be 'madly in love' to have you. And yet two people who can't truly love or even be loved because they never experienced it as a young child. Two people who are both using each other and you, but won't admit it, striving to carry out their superficial 'happy family' fantasies. Two people of a negative mind and will who can't parent as two true soul-mates of perfected positive minds and wills would.

Now imagine being parented by two people who are soul-mates, completely united in their love and feeling expression, fully and unconditionally self-accepting and accepting of each other; two people not seeking power, not wanting control, and not trying to use you or each other to gain it. Two people not competing with each other for love, or not using each other to make up their childhood love deficit; two

people who are simply true to themselves, to life, to God and to you. Imagine how free they would allow you to be in your self-expression, and how you would grow up becoming as they are: confident, self-assured, and knowing the truth of what you feel and how to freely express all your good and bad feelings.

And imagine being one of two soul-mates who have healed their negative mind states and are living true to all they feel. And then you feel you want to bring a child into the world, it's the next step of your soul unfolding, the next season of life experiences for you to grow in truth with by sharing it together. Imagine being so perfectly happy and at-one with yourself and each other, not denying anything within you, and then giving your whole self to loving another, your partner, and then your child: your creation together, your whole living and breathing and speaking little universe all contained in your personalities. Imagine the joy of you all fully and freely expressing all you think and feel, with no denial, no control, never breaking the Golden Rule. Now that would be some relationship to experience!

Car seat

The Mother throws her toddler into the car seat. She is angry. She rough handles her child speaking harshly to it, buckling it in. She is very angry.

I don't know what the mother is angry about, and I don't care, I am the child.

I am stunned, shocked, I don't understand what is happening to me, and why mummy is being so rough with me. I don't understand what she is saying, what I have done, all I know is she is angry with me – again.

I hold onto my teddy, she hurts me as she buckles me in, I hold harder onto teddy, I don't want to let him go. If I lose him, I lose everything. Teddy loves me and I love him, and I hold onto him as hard as I can. Mummy doesn't care about Teddy, mummy doesn't care about me. Mummy doesn't care if I lose Teddy. Mummy's already lost me.

Once again I am forty-five watching a mother unlovingly treat her young child, and it stirs up bad feelings within me. I am sitting no more than ten paces away from them. I can see and hear and feel everything. I'm not listening to the mother because I have long since learnt to block out what she is saying; this mother with her young child is my mother with me.

Now that I want to know what I felt in such situations during my early childhood, I am being presented with another opportunity to do so. I didn't have to go in search for it, it's just how life is, how it helps you to find the truth of yourself if you want it to.

I don't know how many times I've had experiences like this, observing other parents with their children and my feeling bad about how they are treated them as memories and feelings well up inside me. How many times have I started to express these bad feelings only to sink down into the desolation of feeling unloved. And here I go again. The woman and her young child have driven off, I am left alone, alone with my stomach churning, anger coursing up in my throat, alone wanting to yell out at the injustice that the little person, myself, should have to suffer at the hands of a parent who by its actions tells me loud and clear: I don't want you, you are a pest, God I wish I didn't have you. I wish you weren't so trying; I wish you were just good and did what I wanted all the time; I wish I didn't have to be left alone struggling away with you, wrestling with you, fighting with you every step of the way; I wish we got along well all the time and we didn't have these trouble spots; I wish you'd hurry up and grow up so you can look after yourself and you're not so dependant on me; I wish...

And here I am again feeling the bad feelings overwhelming me. Thankfully Marion is now sitting next to me, she didn't witness the mother and child, I fill her in, then I begin to express all I feel...

I felt angry while I was observing the mother with her child, but that's gone and I've sunk deeper into just feeling rejected. Unwanted and rejected. Today I feel rejected – again. I feel so rejected, so rejected by my mother. She didn't want me. How she treated me made me feel so unwelcome, I was a nuisance, I was always a bother, in the way, hopeless; she hated my helplessness, but what was I supposed to do? What

could I have done, I was so young, I couldn't look after myself, what did she expect? She was so uncaring, so unloving, she treated me with no respect, I just had to do what she said or else.

I had no say, I didn't matter, I didn't count... *now I'm into the guts of it...* she made me feel like I was not important to her, it didn't matter what I felt; she made me feel like she didn't care about my feelings and sensitivities. She wasn't sensitive to my needs, she was always only looking after herself, she was so selfish. She just picked me up angrily and dumped me into the seat, she didn't care if she hurt me, if the seat buckles pressed too hard into my knee that wasn't in the right place. She just jammed and pushed harder forcing with her strength to get the buckle in but my leg was in the way and it hurt. Then she'd see the trouble and push my leg aside even angrier that I was even more in the way, she didn't feel how my leg felt with her jamming it hard against the hard plastic seat. She didn't consider my physical feelings let alone my emotional ones. She didn't care about me at all. She wanted me to hurt, to suffer, to feel the pain.

But what could I do? I couldn't go away, I couldn't look after and protect myself. And the fact that I felt I had to protect myself, protect myself from my own mother – argh!, that really makes me feel bad. I feel brutalised in her unlovingness of me, how unloved and unwanted can I feel? I had to protect myself from my own mother. I had to look after myself, I couldn't rely on her, couldn't trust her, she was the one hurting me, not a stranger – my own fucking mother! She wasn't making my life nice and safe and secure, helping me find out about the way things are. Right from the start she is threatening my life, she is a danger to me, and what am I to do?

I want to love her and I desperately want to be loved by her, but I can't. She won't allow me to love her, she doesn't want my love, she doesn't want me in her life. She is so full of her own anger she doesn't have time or space within herself for me. I am over crowding her, just too much for her to deal with.

I HAVE TO PROTECT MYSELF FROM MY OWM MOTHER! The enormity of this revelation takes time to sink in. More anger rises within me. I want to kill her. I want to kill her for the pain she has caused me, to fear for my own life, to have to take that responsibility upon myself when I was too young and unable to do so: the responsibility of trying to protect myself, survive – but I am too young. I feel so stressed, so anxious about it all. I want to make her suffer like I am suffering, as she has made me suffer, all the bad feelings I'm now feeling I want to give back to her, I want to force her to take them, I don't like her, I want a new mother, why did I have to get one like her?

I sink still deeper into more bad feelings, as I think about this truth: that I had to protect myself from my own mother. It's a lot to handle. All along I believed that mum had looked after me well, protected me well, been on my side, been my friend, and yet now the evidence through my feelings is conclusively opposing this belief. It's a struggle to accept it. But my bad feelings are too overwhelming. My bad feelings are a mass of feeling miserable, sad and sorry for myself. I don't feel like crying, I'm beyond crying, I just feel empty, like something has been torn out from inside of me, something vital, something that gave me energy and a zest for life, now it is gone, now I am flat, as if I am dying. As I accept the revelation I am resigning myself to it, as I now know how I did feel all those years ago. There was nothing I could do it about. I couldn't tell her how she was making me feel, I couldn't do anything except live in a state of shock, fear and nervousness as she failed to do what her parental duty required: protect me, look after me, make me feel safe and secure – love me.

My sadness is that I feel so separate from her. I used to believe I had fond and even loving memories and feelings for her, but they have all been swept aside long ago. Now I live in a barren landscape, a desert, alone by myself, devoid of her. There are no good feelings derived from her, only bad.

This is the sad truth of my relationship with my mother. Countless times as I have plunged into the depths of my despair I have come up with the same end result, the same truth: undeniably the truth that we don't have anything in common, there is nothing between us, no mother and son, mother and child – nothing. Never was and probably never will be. Nothing.

And it's back to nothing, it always ends up nothing: the truth of my relationship with both my parents – NOTHING. I can't believe it. How can I spend so many years with these people and yet all I have for it is NOTHING, nothing except a bunch of bad feelings, and so many bad feelings, endless bad feelings.

All my parents gave me was bad feelings. They fed me bad feelings. I tried hard to override them all and pretend they loved me and I loved them, but it was all crap because underneath there was nothing. Had there been love I would have been left with something, but I have nothing. I scan searching my memories and can't find one thing that gives me a good feeling – NOT ONE GOOD FEELING! It's almost too hard to believe, and yet there it is, the truth is in what I feel, and I have felt these bad feelings and been investigating this truth now for ten years, and every time I plunge deeper into myself

uncovering more repressed childhood feelings, the truth of NOTHING, not only grows, but becomes stronger, just too overwhelming.

I sit and I allow the sadness of my nothing feeling to consume me. It's funny really because once I totally submit to it, it's not all that bad, it even at times it is actually kind of comforting, even nice. I feel it's my home, it's been where I have lived only I haven't wanted to live true to it. But now it's not so frightening, now it's more like my friend, and it is after all, me. I am sadness, I am nothing, I am a person who feels so disconnected from his parents that they may as well have not existed, only they did because they made me feel bad. I'd hate to think what they would feel if only they knew how bad they made me feel all the time.

My anger starts to return. How dare she dump all her shit on me! How dare she get angry with me when really it's stuff within her that is making her angry, stuff she is refusing to deal with, stuff to do with her parents. She is just transferring it onto me, doing to me what they did to her, she's passing the buck, showing me again she doesn't love me, doesn't care and respect me. She is just using me to palm off her anger and bad feelings. She thinks I'm at fault but I can see it's all her yuk in her. She's full to overflowing with it, no wonder she had a breakdown living in such self-denial, denial of her bad feelings.

She is the one with the problem, not me. It's not my fault, it's hers, and yet I'm the one who gets it all taken out on, who gets hurt. I'm the one who gets yelled at, who has to suffer her rage, who feels scared and threatened for his life. I'm the one who should be protected and looked after. I'm the one who is the beautiful, sensitive, helpless little person. She has no right totally abusing me like that. It's not fair, I have no recourse, I just have to cope it, take it all, and if I protest, she only gets more irate and the whole situation gets more out of hand and I end up feeling even worse.

Why doesn't she adore me, why doesn't she love me and treat me like I can't do anything wrong? Why doesn't she feel I'm the most precious and gorgeous person in her life? Why doesn't she protect me and want me to feel secure and happy, always happy and confident and self-assured in that protection? Why doesn't she love me? Why? Why? Why?

Oh it's all too painful to consider: Why doesn't she love me?

Am I that bad? Why?

It's all too much. I'm once again overwhelmed with feelings of sadness and misery and hopelessness. It is all too much. I can't fight against it, I can't fight against her, I have no idea how I survived, why didn't I just die? It's all beyond me, I have no power, no feelings of control, I can't determine anything in my life, I am utterly useless, a hopeless thing. I can't die, only live, but I don't know why. I don't feel any zest for life now, that's all evaporated, so much so, I think I was fantasising that I had it at all anyway.

How do you feel when you realise, when it finally strikes home with full force of the truth that: She didn't love me. I wasn't loved? How does this make you feel? How does it make me feel? And how do you cope with these feelings – feeling so unloved?

What a torture life has turned out to be. I had no idea. All these years I had hoped and believed it was good, that there were good things in it and things to look forward to, but now I know the truth. There never was, not from the start, it was all over before I began, a fait accompli. And there never will be.

All I have left are my bad feelings. They are all I've ever really had, this I now know, so that is it, they are my life. I can just feel bad, allow myself to feel bad, as bad as I feel, as bad as it gets. I can't do anything else. My bad feelings sometimes are my comfort but not always. Mostly I hate them and I wish they would go away and I could somehow start a new life. Start a good life, a life in which I can love and in which I can feel loved. Perhaps when I have seen all the truth of my no love life, perhaps then I can start out again.

Don't wear that!

Don't wear that, it makes you look too fat.

Don't wear that jumper with those coloured pants, they don't match.

Oh, you can't wear that, it doesn't go, now go and change... put on that nice new jumper I bought you.

Oh now look what you've done, you've ruined those pants, I'll never get that stain out, why did you do that, take them off, go and put some other clean ones on... no not those ones, you can't go out in those, go and put on the blue ones, the ones granny gave you, she'll like to see you in those ones, now hurry up, we don't have much time, she's waiting for us.

Why haven't you brushed your hair? You look like a ragamuffin... I don't care! It's the look you look like when no one loves you, no one looks after you. It wouldn't have done in my day what you see kids getting away with now, so I won't have you going out looking like that, so go and brush it, make it look respectable, or else we won't be going out. I refuse to take you out looking like that, like something the cat has dragged in, it just won't do.

Compare the above with:

That's nice, that looks good, I like that.

I don't like that it makes you look fat, but of course you can wear it if you want to, don't mind what I say.

Oh my look what you've done to your pants, I'll never get the stain out of that. You'd better run along and change your pants, wear what you want to, and if you need a suggestion, those new blue pants your grandmother bought you the other day would look good...

Well, that's a different hair style. Hop in, let's go...

It doesn't matter whether what is said is right or wrong, but what does matter is in the first lot of examples the adult person is telling the child what to do. The adult is stamping her control all over the child. The child doesn't get a say, it just has to carry out orders and follow instructions. It doesn't get a chance to think for itself, to make its own choices. It doesn't even get a change to think about what the adult is saying and then decide for itself if it wants to take the adults advice.

How does it make you feel always being told what to do? How does it make you feel never being able to do what you want to do?

Compare the feelings of being told what to do, having no say in your own life, never being able to think or feel or make decisions for yourself; to always having a say, always being able to think and feel and make your own choices. How does each feel? Which would you like? How do you treat your children?

When I'm not given a choice the world closes in on me. I feel like life is not for me, my own life is not mine, it's someone else's, I am only an automaton for them to control. I don't have any power, I can't make my world be how I want it to be. There even becomes no point thinking and feeling for myself. I don't have to take responsibility for anything because I know someone else will make all the life decisions for me. I don't have to decide what I want to eat, I don't have to choose my clothes, I can't do anything for myself, I learn that I am nothing, I am useless, I can't do it for myself, and I grow up always needing, depending on, relying on, looking to someone else to do things for me.

How many women complain about their men not being able to do any of the normal looking after yourself things? How many women complain that the man is all but useless without them? How many women like to know they have some power over their man because without them the man wouldn't be able to clothe and feed himself – being hopeless, useless, and only able to do 'men's things', as if clothing yourself and preparing your own food isn't a mans thing to do?

How many women as mothers, grandmothers and aunts treat little boys as if they are incapable of doing anything, ordering them around, making them totally dependant on them, so they grow up needing their wife or partner to do what their mother did for them?

How many women complain about men needing them only as a substitute mother, and yet it's the women who are fucking the men up.

And you can apply a similar relationship for fathers and daughters.

How does it make you feel knowing which clothes suit you best or which you like, what size pants you wear, what your taste is, whether you like wearing synthetic or natural fibres, or if it truly doesn't matter; what you like to eat, how to do your washing? And how many men grow up not thinking any of this is important, getting someone else to do it whilst they concentrate on what is important – the business of making money? And how many men are ashamed if they were to come out and be honest that they don't know how to do these basic life things, that their mothers never allowed them to find out how to do them, and they have always relied on their partners to do it?

And how many men will one day, like I did, wake up to the fact that they are totally incompetent about such things, that they don't have any idea, and in fact, such things: knowing about all aspects of yourself ARE IMPORTANT! And how many will, like I have, as they do their healing, realise how much their mothers and grandmothers dominated them rendering them all but useless about the house and in their personal lives, making them reliant on a woman to take care of such essential needs or having to pay someone else to do so? And how many men will, like I did, say they hate such trivial things, and who needs to know the size of pants when all you have to do is try them on and see if they fit. And how many men, will be like me, when they do take the time to learn about their taste in clothes and what size pants does fit them, and whether they like cotton or polyester shirts, and which underpants feel good, and feeling good about knowing these aspects of themselves. And will feel good about being able to shop for clothes for themselves, no longer needing their mother (or mother substitute) telling them what to do and what suits them and looks good on them. And how many men, again like me, discover that they actually enjoy shopping for clothes when all along they said and believed they hated it, that it was such a chore having to be dragged along by their partner agonising over the whole ordeal.

Being always told what to do by those who supposedly care for you is crippling. I feel crippled. I can't do anything for myself in life. I was totally reliant on everyone doing things for me. When I first started to live on my own, if I didn't buy takeaways I lived out of cans. I could only cook two things, and after a while they'd get boring. I had no idea about even the foods that were available that I could put together and cook myself. I only ever cooked a piece of toast and eggs for myself when I was growing up. I hated cooking, that wasn't men's work. I figured I'd just have to earn enough money to get someone else to do it. But now I love the small amount I cook. It's not much, but I cook for Marion and I and we love what we eat. I even grow our vegetables, something I would never have dreamed of doing. I love veggies, the tastes of home grown, they have become real things to me: a cauliflower is a magnificent creation and so sweet and fantastic raw – and its leaves are wonderful too! I never had cauliflower unless it was smothered in white sauce or cooked to death and tasteless.

As my healing has progressed I feel like I haven't lived a life. What does being able to say I ate in this or that restaurant do for me now? Nothing, it was only a waste of time. It wasn't really living appreciating the basics, it was something I did because I was so out of touch with myself, out of touch with my feelings, with my true reality and any sense of my real self. I was living heavily in denial of my feelings, and all because I was heavily told how to be, what to do, controlled through every step, through every day of my forming years. I was controlled so I had to keep making sure my life was controlled. The restaurant controlled me, the shop assistant controlled me, takeaways controlled me, I did nothing for myself. I never knew for myself what I really wanted to do, how I wanted to do it, and what I really liked, even though I pretended I did. I was all but dead to myself.

If I take myself back and imagine being with parents that didn't just take me over but encouraged me to choose for myself; that didn't just tell me what to do but allowed me to do what I wanted to do, I can feel what a different upbringing I would have had and how that would have affected my adult life. I would have gone into life already knowing the basics, already knowing the basic me knowing what I did and didn't like. I would have had a totally different life and one that was of my own creation, one that suited me, and not one in which I was always trying to do what I was told by them. Always striving to fulfil their negative controlling patterns they instilled in me.

If I had not been told what to do, I would have had good self-esteem, felt confident about myself, and

created my life to be how I wanted it to be, consequently enjoying it. It wouldn't be as I have felt so much and what my healing has helped me to understand: always feeling like they are still with me, still overpowering me, still dictating to me, still telling me what to do.

I grew up in a relatively free democratic country: Australia, the so called 'Lucky Country'. I think we call it that because we feel we are lucky to be so free, however I don't feel free. I feel trapped within myself, imprisoned to always and still and forever do what my parents told me to do. They didn't allow me to enjoy the Lucky Country as I wasn't free in myself, I wasn't allowed to be. If you aren't free in yourself there is no such thing as a lucky anything, as you never feel free.

Telling your child always what to do and how it should be is breaking the Golden Rule in a major way. It leaves the child with no hope of ever finding and getting to know itself. How can it with you imposing your greatness on it all the time. It's all too easy for unfeeling adults, insensitive to the complexities of will, to impose themselves on a child who's will is only just forming. It doesn't take much to control and to ruin all self-esteem, to crush the spirit, to turn your child into a person who feels within themselves nothing more than an inadequate hopeless crippled piece of shit.

When I go back placing myself back with my parents and I hear them saying to me: 'No! Stop that, don't do that, do this', my spirit weakens, all life-force drains out of me, I feel myself withering away. I don't want to live in their world, I don't want to keep going – for what is the point to life if I can't do what I want to do. I may as well give in and give up my existence. I fight them, but that too becomes too laborious, so I gave in, I became a nothing person, I all but rotted away waiting for something when... I don't know what... for it to end?

Don't cry

Don't cry, equals, stop expressing your feelings.

When you tell your child to stop crying what are you really doing?

Do you want to teach your child how to deny itself?

Do you want your child to grow up to be like you, an adult living in self-denial?

Do you want to be so cruel?

Do you want to be so unloving?

Without so much control

Marion just finished reading a biography that illustrates clearly how parental control can affect our lives.

The Mother when she was a child was profusely praised for being 'such a good help to her mummy'. She was made to help her mother all through her childhood and young adulthood life heavily praised for being such a good person helping all the time and doing what was asked of her. As this child turned into a mother, she was the 'perfect' mother. She was always there, cooked and cleaned, totally selfless, always giving herself to everyone, never complaining, never asking for anything herself, never demanding, never controlling – the perfect 'angel' mother. And although she was just 'the mother', just as she was praised throughout her childhood, so too was she heavily praised as the mother for being this way – so kind, gentle, caring and loving.

This perfect mother had a daughter of her own. And she never controlled her daughter. She didn't make her do what she was made to do by her mother. She didn't make her own daughter do things then heavily praise her for doing them because she was too busy still being the good little girl, still doing everything so everyone (her mother) would praise her.

So this daughter grew up not wanting to do anything that her mother did. She NEVER wanted to become a mother. She NEVER wanted to cook, NEVER wanted to do the housework, NEVER wanted to be the servant like her mother was, she NEVER wanted to have children. All of these nevers were what she felt as she was growing up.

But then when she did grow up she was able to make her own decisions being mostly free to do so, and did want to be a mother, and was a good mother, and a very happy mother, and loved to cook and loved having children, but all on her terms and in her way. She married a man who was her equal and not just the dominant overbearing boss-ruler husband. And she didn't dominate and control her children.

The sad part is that her mother, the 'perfect mother' was unhappy within herself. She never admitted to anyone and especially not to her children, that she loathed her life, she hated being the servant always doing everything for everyone else and never anything for herself. And as she was dying, as she couldn't control herself any longer, and to everyone's consternation, suddenly huge anger and rage started to uncontrollably erupt out of her. Suddenly the most gentle and 'never getting angry mother' was hitting out fuming with abuse and the unfairness of all she had suffered, never feeling happy, never doing anything in her life for herself, always doing everything to make everyone else happy, raging at the unfairness of it all.

This poor woman had taken on the praise believing that it was love, and gave herself totally always in service to everyone else (namely her mother). She slaved and subjugated herself to this praise, not being able to give it up, for forfeiture of such praise would have meant her losing all purpose and meaning, only to end her life totally dissatisfied, unhappy and feeling unloved.

She was totally controlled, and so totally controlled herself by always doing what was expected of her. She married a man who expected her to behave this way and praised her for it, it all being done so everyone else would accept her.

But thankfully for her daughter (and by default), she didn't inflict the extreme control over her, so her daughter could grow up self-determining, confident, doing things for herself first and then others, never putting herself aside, never submitting to another's will, always demanding equality. And her daughter grew up thoroughly loving all her life, her husband, her work and her children.

Many people are praised for being loving, caring and so kind. They are always putting others first, never complaining, even seemingly happy in their acquiescence. But are they really, or is it only a result of their childhood patterns, and really underneath it all they resent being as they are?

The cries of an adult child

Having read numerous autobiographies (actually Marion reads out all the relevant parts in people lives about their childhood, repression of feelings, and how it's all affected their adult lives) there are two often loud cries made by adults about their childhood:

'Why wasn't I told anything?' and *'They never asked me.'*

Continually Marion and I read about bad things happening to people when they were young, and bad things happening within their families, and as children they were never told why the bad things had to happen to them. They weren't told about anything that went on in their lives, nothing was ever explained, things just happened to them as if it was of no concern to them; they didn't count, even though it greatly affected them. And why is this? Why don't some parents consider that their children need to know? Things are just done to children, nothing is said, no explanation is given, and such things to a child can be shocking. Put yourself in the child's place when suddenly a bad thing happens to you or around you, and all the adults are suddenly acting strange and everything is different, and you're feeling lots of bad feelings and no one is speaking to you. You are fobbed off or just shut out of family life – rejected. And often it's not until that child is well into their life that they find out what happened and what it was all about – if they do at all. These people mention such things in their autobiographies because they are major things in their lives, major events they have suffered having been shut out of their own life being treated like they're not even real people. It's all very disconcerting to say the least.

And how many times do we read where children and adolescents get punished and blamed for things, but no one stops to ask them why they did the things. Everyone just treats them – a child, an adolescent – as if they are an all-wise and all-knowing ‘you should have known better’ adult, and so punishes them.

If the child is never asked why it did things, then it won’t learn to speak up and tell why and put its own case forward. It just learns to take all the blame, and often it’s completely innocent, often it was the adults that caused the child to err or commit a crime, something which it wouldn’t have done had the adults treated it with more respect and understanding. So is it right to blame the child, to treat it like an adult, and expect and even demand it to behave like one? Shouldn’t we expect the child or adolescent to go off the rails and show extreme behaviour if it’s been fucked up by its parents during its forming years? Shouldn’t we show some mercy and compassion – some understanding?

It’s all so easy to yell at your kid for doing something you don’t want it to do without asking it why it is doing it. Without wanting to know its side of the story, without wanting to KNOW IT. It is your child for god’s sake. Don’t you care about what’s going on inside your own child?

I know it’s all very well and easy for me to sit back and judge parents (mine were exactly like this: they never asked me and never told me what was going on, and I was made to feel like I was a piece of furniture and had to develop my own secret fantasy life to feel like I was alive), but I can judge and I can wonder and I can be sympathetic as well to the parents, because I understand that if they were never told or asked, then it won’t occur to them to tell or ask their own children.

So the whole thing is a self-perpetuating mess, but at least if we speak about it and criticise and make our judgements, we can get them out of our system and then be more empathetic, and we can accept it’s a bum lot being both the parent and the child living in the negative as we all do.

The selfish child

Why do we punish children for being selfish?

Think about it in the context of will. Our will is what we use to forge our life, to get what we want, to survive. Imagine if you didn’t have a will, what would your life be like – always having to wait for someone else to look after you, always being dependant on someone to ‘know what you want’ – and they’d have to be a bloody good psychic!

And yet our parents make us dependant on them. They control us so we can only do this or that and what we want with their permission. We may as well be will-less, because what’s the point of having a will if you can’t use it when you want to use it?

The whole drive of a growing child is to forge its will (inclusive of its personality) into Creation, to get itself up to speed so it can be self-determining and self-regulating fully able to look after itself. To know what it wants and how to get it when it wants it. We only have to look at animals to see how keen they are to forge their wills, to look after themselves ensuring their own survival. The four young Indian mynah’s eating food on our shed roof all go for it. Their parents stand guard stopping the seagulls from taking the food, but they don’t interfere with their youngsters. They don’t say: ‘Now James, don’t be selfish, don’t be greedy, don’t you take it all, leave some for your brother’, nor do they say: ‘James, put your sister first, make sure she gets what she wants, and then when she’s had enough you can have yours, that’s being chivalrous, and that is what a gentleman is’. So James has to learn that he can’t fulfil his needs first when he wants to, he has to put himself aside and allow others to fulfil their will. James grows up being a ‘gentleman’ whatever the fuck that is, and James can’t assert his will, he can never put himself first, he even believes that life isn’t for him as it’s for everyone else; and his role, if he has one at all, is to make sure everyone gets what they want, that they have a life – all at the expense of his own. He can’t even breathe the air first if someone else wants it. He can never be selfish – geez, that’s the worst sin imaginable! But the sad irony is, James doesn’t even know what being selfish is! And he’s so scared of being accused of being selfish he would rather hide in the back corner, not engage in life, not put himself forward, just wait... wait until that magical day comes when finally – IT’S HIS TURN.

At least until six years old, or there about, by the time one’s mind is fully formed, we should be allowed to

be as selfish as we want, we should be allowed to forge our wills as they want to be forged. And that doesn't mean we'll grow up being selfish little brats and bigger asshole selfish adults, it only means we'll grow up with our will intact right from the beginning. And then with it intact, we'll be able to learn with a full positive, loving orientated and motivated will, that life consists of other wills, and that there is give and take and sharing, and that even a good feeling comes from putting others before you in certain situations, just as there is good feelings in other situations in putting yourself first.

The Mother and Father have created us to survive, for ourselves to develop and forge our will – our self, and we don't need our parents *help* (or interference) in trying to make us be a *certain way*, something they believe we should be. We need our parents help to make sure our environment (emotional, spiritual, physical, mental and everything else) is loving and all for us, within which, and with their full support, encouragement and praise, will allow us to naturally 'unfold' – evolve our will into being in accordance with the plan and pattern laid down within our soul by our Heavenly Parents. The Mother and Father should do all the hard work, and our parents just enjoy the whole experience of being with us. If parenting is a trial in any moment, then that is a sign that you (the parent) are off the track, you have taken matters into your own hands and are putting negative pressure on your child. Life, including parenting, should always be a joy, even if it's challenging, and we only have to see how it works by looking at nature. However we'll not know what it's like to live such a life until we've fully healed all our negative mind and will state.

If you weren't allowed to be selfish – and as selfish as YOU wanted to be – as you were growing up, don't be surprised if through your healing, as you take yourself back into your early childhood, you find you want to become selfish. Don't resist it, go with it, as with all feelings accept them, and seek the truth of them. You will have to go back and 'fill in the gaps' so to speak; you will have to live everything that you were denied so you can bring your whole system back into the positive.

And when you do experience these things they feel very weird. I am forty-five and yet in certain situations I feel, live and act, like I'm a baby or four or six or everywhere inbetween. I find I suddenly fight Marion, I don't give a shit about her, I don't put her first like I have always done, it's every person for themselves, and I relish beating her and getting my way and being in the controlling seat. And I look at my hands and expect to see little child arms and hands and fingers, but I don't, yet I feel and behave just like I'm that little person. Sometimes I feel humiliated, as I'm back being small feeling what a dickhead I was, how fucked up I was, how I did such bad things and how I was really selfish and uncaring, but as I express these bad feelings and find their truth, I can understand and forgive myself for acting this way. And then suddenly after a few minutes or hours or days I feel like I'm back to being James at forty-five and I know I've changed. I've reprogrammed some of my early life and feel the better for it.

And besides: What is wrong with being selfish? It was a huge revelation to me when suddenly I realised that I can be however I want to be; so if I want to be selfish, why not? The world isn't going to end, and perhaps it would be fun. I can explore it and see how it makes me feel, how other people react, and if I don't like the feedback, then I can stop or modify my behaviour. But if I don't allow myself to be selfish, how will I ever know what it's like to be selfish – if it is a good or a bad thing? If I listen to Gran's advice and never be selfish, try to be something I have no idea about, then I am living in denial and deluding myself about life. It's no longer my life, it's hers, she's stepped in and taken it from me, taken over and I am now just something of clone of her, and not of the Mother and Father's creation. I am a 'gentleman', someone with commendable manners, someone 'worthy of dining with the Queen'. Christ, as if I'd ever want to dine with the Queen and all that pretentiousness and affectation – give me selfishness anytime if it gets me out of that terrible prospect.

I am not my Grandmother. Her standards are not mine. She had all the standards and moral etiquette imposed on her by her parents. That's three generations ago of stuff that is now being put on me – no thank you! – I don't want to live in those 'good old days' when 'men where real men James, and they NEVER walked in front of a woman and never went into a room before the woman and never made the woman open the door for herself'. No, instead they cultivated all these pathetic submissive women who could only find power and control by making the man play his role so she could play hers. And who cultivated them – the men!

It was my third girlfriend, she was Danish and 'liberated', independent and freethinking, whom wanted to

open the door for herself. She didn't want to be submissive and subservient and lesser than the man. She didn't like me being so 'gentlemanly' and brought such robotic behaviour to my attention. But it was Marion who made me question my motives in it all, she pushed me to question myself deeply: Did I actually like opening the door for women; did I like putting myself aside and allowing them to go first? And did I? I didn't really know, I'd never thought about it. I just thought it was what women liked. It was supposedly what THEY liked, but was it what, I liked?

And as I worked my way into all I felt about it, did I get a surprise as to all the stuff locked up in it. I discovered I HATED opening the door for the woman (my Grandmother, because she always told me what to do), it was so hard to open the door and at the same time stand back allowing Marion to pass. Luckily I was tall so I could stretch out my arm over most of my girlfriends heads valiantly keeping the door open so they could go first, but I felt stupid doing this contortionist act whilst also trying to push with all my strength against the door that wanted to automatically close.

Then I tried breaking the first rule and entering the doorway ahead of Marion so I could open the door, then stand aside holding it open for her. It was better, but gosh it felt weird stepping into the place ahead of her, even if it was to only hold the door open. I felt like I was committing a huge sin and at any moment the wrath of God was about to descend upon me. I could hear the accusatory echoes of my Grandmother: 'Now James, that is NOT how a fine young man behaves', James, the 'fine young man' being all of five years old. When I relive the memories and re-feel the feelings I want to scream, I want to run away, I want to yell and smash and never open another fucking door again in my life for anyone other than myself!

And then Marion informed me that she hated going first into a shop, that she would love it if I could go in first particularly if it was busy and if there were other people wanting to come out. She is, relative to me, small, just under five foot four to my nearly six foot seven, and she likes the feeling of being protected my me, she likes the feeling of being able to slip into my slipstream not having to fight her way through the crowds. And it made perfect sense, I could understand her reasoning, so now here she was asking me to be the protecting man (the gentleman) for her by NOT only going first, by NOT even then wondering how to manage keeping the door open for her, she could manage the door herself, or she could nip in behind me without it being a bother. And who did I want in my life: Marion or my Grandmother?

And boy did this feel strange. Here I was now breaking all convention. I was being radical! – can you imagine it – I was actually breaking a rule of life, I was daring to defy my Grandmother, daring to say 'No' to her – it was unheard of! I was going first into the door, being selfish, doing what I wanted to do, without even having to put myself aside for anyone else. What a new experience! At first I didn't know if I liked it – it's hard to break such well ingrained patterns; it took some getting used to. I'd slip back into my old ways when I wasn't thinking: the old programming coming back, then when I was half-thinking I'd get myself all caught up, stuck halfway through the door, sort of going first, sort of not, and trying to usher Marion through, it would be a complete stuff up. I'd tread on her toes whilst also trying to get out of the way of the inevitable fat lady who was also trying to squeeze her way out, and I'd feel confused, bothered, angry, and Marion would be angry, and we'd have lots more bad feelings to talk about and find the truth of.

But thankfully, as does happen, the controlling negative beliefs break down falling away and new patterns evolve reflecting the new alignment of will. And so now we've, or at least I have, pretty much got it worked out, and do you know what happens? Sometimes I go first; other times I hang back and hold the door open; sometimes I just follow her and let her deal with the door and the people herself – I do what I feel and I want to do! And Marion does what she wants to do, and as she's also worked through her stuff about why she needs me to protect her and why she can't look after herself, then it all just works out – we don't even think about it anymore. We both suit ourselves and IT WORKS! Amazingly we can both suit ourselves, do entirely what we want to do, and it works. We can be selfish, self-centred, self-focused, and it works for both of us because as we've seen that by respecting ourselves and living true to our feelings in each different situation life works, and funnily enough we aren't selfish, in that, neither one of us feels that the other is being selfish, is being controlling, is being disrespectful.

Gradually I'm coming to understand that life can work, and actually works very well – perfectly in fact! – if you are living true to your own free will. If you live expressing your will without any negative influence being imposed upon and conditioning it, then guess what? Life works as it's meant to, as God created it to... now isn't that interesting...

Once again at the library

I'm sitting at a computer in the Beaumaris library. Opposite me, a mother has sat down at another computer, she's holding her toddler in the crook of one arm. Her three year old daughter, obviously familiar with the library, stands for a moment while her mother settles into the chair putting the toddler on the carpet, then moves away. A little while later her daughter returns with an odd shaped red book. Her mother takes it reading the title and says 'I won't be long, I just want to print something off the computer and then I'll come and read it to you.' The Daughter, obviously happy with this walks off to look for other books, and meanwhile the toddler has toddled over to a nearby row of shelves and removed a magazine and is bringing it back to his mother with a big grin on his face. She acknowledges him, receiving his gift with equal enthusiasm, and he happily turns around toddling off to find another magazine. Their mother with a moment spare does what she can on the computer. Her daughter and son return with their respective prizes each being warmly welcomed by their mother, and then they go off again.

The mother can't get the printer to work not knowing how the money thing works at the library, and picking up her little son walks over to the main counter asking for help. The daughter arrives and together with the man they all go back to the money machine as he explains how you put money in, it's recorded on your library card, and then you swipe your card for the printer to work. She does what's required and returns to her seat to get the computer ready to print. She explains to her daughter what's happening, says she couldn't get the printer to work but now she won't be long and then they can all go and read their books together. Her daughter accepts this and goes off to look at the book for herself; the little boy is set down again and happily goes off exploring behind the selves. She keeps an eye on him while she sets the computer to print.

While this is all happening, on another computer to my right another mother is seated looking at the library catalogue. Her five year old (my age estimation) daughter comes up to her with a book and her sandals in her hand. She puts both on the table next to her mother and her mother says, 'Oh don't bother me, I told you I won't be a minute, and take those off the table (referring to the sandals), go and sit down over there, I won't be long.' The girl looking defeated and bored slides the shoes and book off the table and plods with her head down back to a nearby seat sitting with the book open in her lap. Her mother gets up and walks over to the bookshelves, presumably having found the book she wanted on the catalogue. A few moments later she returns to the catalogue and some time after that her daughter comes back and is met with more angry words of frustration from her mother and is told not to bother her. She is admonished for coming back and not waiting, being told again by her mother that she won't be long. (It's nearly been half an hour – what does she call not long? Half an hour of waiting feeling bored is a lifetime, even more so when you are young.) Her daughter dejected and rejected yet again, plods off to resume her waiting on the seat.

I felt good watching the mother with her daughter and toddler, it was so refreshing to see a mother attending first to her children and then to herself. She put them first all the time, she didn't make them feel rejected, she explained things, including them in her life making them feel wanted. And she took them with her and at the same time gave them space to come and go freely. She didn't speak luvy duvy words to them, she didn't put on a show: *aren't* we a happy family all having a *wonderful* time together, she was straightforward with them, sincere, open, and with no hidden agenda. She wasn't engaging in any power struggles with them, it seemed like she had all the time in the world to do her printing, whilst also having all the time in the world for her children. She dealt with the printer difficulty as she dealt with everything, she didn't get angry, she just did what needed to be done after she attended to her children.

The other mother by comparison had her own agenda for being at the library, she was there only for herself, her daughter had to just wait, 'be patient', and let her do what she wanted to do. She was angry with her daughter, fighting against her as she was fighting against what she was trying to do in the library.

She reminded me of my mother and so many parents I see who fight their children, their children seeming to be just a nuisance, something that they have to take and 'drag along' with them while they do what they want. So the child feels separate, left out – not included at all, it doesn't feel wanted or loved or a part of its mother's life. It feels rejected, miserable and bored, and it's trapped. It can't just get up and do what it wants to do. She doesn't seem happy to be at the library, she's not happy reading a book by herself, she looked so dejected and depressed, reminding me how I felt all too often when my mother 'took me shopping'. I hated going out with her, as it was all for her, even though she made it seem it was for me. She bought me things, but it was hard work for us both, what she didn't do was be there with me and for me. She was only there for herself, and I dragged along frustrating her, causing her to get angry with me, she'd yell and criticise me, causing me to drag along even more – it was horrible.

While I was at the library I just observed these two different approaches of parenting, or simply relating to a child. Although I'm writing this making judgements of one and obviously preferring the other, even wishing I was parented this way, during the experience I didn't sit in judgement of them, I didn't feel bad things at all. I simply observed. Most of these issues I have written about I have worked through during my healing and I can empathise with both the mother and her daughter who weren't having a loving time together.

It was not until the next day that the experience became important to me. I was at home with Marion and became aware that I had been biting my fingernails a lot during the morning. I suddenly woke up consciously to something I was unconsciously doing to myself. I know that I bite them when I feel nervous and scared, but I felt okay (or so I thought), I didn't feel agitated, but I couldn't stop biting them. So I focused on the fact that I was, I brought it out in the open telling Marion that I was and that I didn't know why, and I didn't feel bad. However I knew I must feel bad, the bad feelings only remaining covered up in me. I longed to God for the truth, to help me understand why I was biting my finger nails, and as soon as I finished my prayer, I did start to feel agitated. It was as though a switch had been turned on and I'd been given (or gave myself) the green light, I felt nervous and scared, I didn't know of what, but I had to sit down as I was literally shaking inside and out. My hands were shaking and I couldn't bite my nails any more. I started to speak to Marion, to express all I was feeling. I told her how nervous and scared I felt, afraid something bad was going to happen to me, and even as if bad things *were* happening to me. Gradually the more I spoke the more I felt like a little child, and I was able to speak the words of my fear. I was scared mum was going to hit me, to yell at me, criticise me, I didn't want her to, and then I felt (a feeling which was new to me) that I hated all the things about myself that she criticised. When she told me off, I hated that I was bad and imperfect and causing her a problem. And I wanted to get rid of the bad thing in me. Suddenly it was as if she was criticising my hair, it's too long, it looks shabby, tatty, and that I needed to have it cut. Earlier I had looked in the mirror and thought the same things about my hair, it was time to cut it. And as I 'remembered' her words, I could sort of hear then in my mind I felt bad, I felt my hair was bad, she didn't like my hair, she hated my hair, my hair was a bad thing, and instantly I hated it too and I wanted it to go, to all be cut off. Had I acted on the feeling I would have jumped up and hacked it off with all the anger and hatred of having this terrible part of me that she didn't like that I had to get rid of.

I then felt and realised how much I have hated, and do hate myself, but only the things she hates about me. She is my mother, she is *god*, she is right, so if she says something about me is imperfect then I believe her and want to kill my imperfection. I want to only be perfect, as perfect as she wants me to be, and I will do anything to get rid of those bad bits she doesn't like about me. I wish I could cut them all off, just get rid of them so I would be good and she wouldn't yell and criticise and hate me. I want her to love me, and for her to accept me, I hate it when she doesn't like me, but there is little I can do and she won't let me do anything. She won't let me just cut it all off, she won't let me kill myself, if I try, she criticises and yells at me for doing those things too, so what am I to do? I can't do anything. I'm trapped in this bad situation. I feel so pathetic, so powerless, so useless. I can't please her one way or the other. I can't, I have tried, but nothing works. I have tried countless times but still she criticises and finds things wrong with me, so all I can do is withdraw, retreating into myself trying to hide out of her away.

So I sit in my corner, I sit on the couch reading and biting my nails, waiting for her to criticise and yell at me. I'm in my mid-forties (now my late forties) and I'm still sitting on the couch unconsciously waiting for her to do these things to me, like she always did, and I am nervous, I am scared, afraid, and I am

trapped. I don't know what to do, how to get rid of the bits of me she hates and doesn't want, so I chew my fingernails, frustrated and anxious, shitting myself that any moment now it's going to happen. Any moment now she is going to start on me again or say a nasty unloving thing to me, making me feel unloved, rejected and hurt. And then suddenly I get an overwhelming urge and desire to masturbate.

The feeling is all-consuming, I want to jump up, run into the other room and wank madly away all my bad feelings. I don't want to have to sex, Marion and I don't have sex, I want to masturbate because I can control masturbation fantasies easier than having sex with someone.

During my wank I can imagine the perfect woman, the one who wants me, who openly accepts me, who never criticises me. For her to want to have sex with me is her saying she loves me, she loves every part of me as it is, she doesn't want to change any part of me, she wants me totally as I am, and oh what a relief it is. To be wanted for a change, to be unconditionally wanted, to have my dream-woman open her legs and arms to me, to want me to come into her and join with her and to have her hold me tight and to love every part of me. I want the orgasmic bliss of maximum self-love reciprocated by my partner and loving me in her orgasm.

I want my fantasy woman to be the perfect mother. I want her to be the mother who loves me and won't want to change me, wouldn't dream of changing me in any way. And I want the perfect sister, and the perfect girlfriend to also love me unconditionally, me being the perfect brother and boyfriend to them. I want it all to be perfect, to be all-loving. I want to completely feel loved never to feel bad, never to feel anxious, never to feel nervous, never to feel bad about myself, never to hate myself. Only to feel good about myself because they feel good about me, they compliment me, they love every bit of me, and I love every bit of myself. I want this fantasy life and I want it now! And I want it – I need it – all for myself. I don't really care how they feel.

I want it through sex or masturbation because it was a sex orientated society, culture and family I grew up in. The ultimate expression of love between two people is sex (so I was led to believe and hunger for). If she says she wants sex, she LOVES you! And if you want sex with her, it's because you love her. SEX IS THE TRUTH! There are no lies in sex. In sex there is only love. These are the beliefs I acquired as I was growing up. All I wanted was to find the perfect woman, my perfect partner, it wasn't a soul-mate thing, it was, so I now realise thanks to my healing today, a woman who just accepted me. I want to be loved, not critically carved into little pieces, I want to remain whole and feel good about myself, I want to be loved inside and out.

And so it came back to these women at the library the day before. As I was expressing all my above feelings to Marion, I could see I wanted the first woman. I didn't want her the person, but I wanted my mother to be more like her. I didn't want the other nasty unloving mother, I wanted her – the loving, kind and gentle mother; the mother who put me and my needs and wants first; the mother who made sure she was with me, and not the mother who was pushing me away from her, not wanting me with her, who was rejecting me. I wanted to feel good, to have a big smile on my face like her little boy, happy to toddle around and find his magazines, and to be loved and adored and appreciated for just being him. I didn't want to have to 'wait over there and read your book like a good girl'. I didn't want to be made to feel miserable and to be always bored. And I didn't want to always be embroiled in a fight against my mother. I just wanted us to be friends, to get along and enjoy being with each other.

By feeling rejected by my mother I was never able to form into a confident self-loving, self-assured person. I feel like I don't know who I am, like I'm lots of different bits that somehow are meant to go together but don't know each other, even hate and despise each other. I am introverted, not wanting to fight any longer; I am tired, my fingernails hurt having been chewed to the quick. My dick feels strained having been rubbed too often, far too long, and too many times all in the hope that I might somehow unite all the separate bits of me in the glorious feelings of orgasm wherein no darkness can penetrate, no bad feelings can be found.

I just long to be loved, so I feel loved, can love myself, and then love others. I long to be loved so I feel whole and not a shattered wreck. I Long to be loved so I don't have to masturbate or have sex or do anything to myself desperately trying to take the pain away, trying to fill the gap, trying to create in my mind a loving mother, a parent who wants me just the way I am.

And I don't want to have sex with my mother, I don't have a sexual complex about her, such a thought is abhorrent, especially when all I feel is she hates me how I am, always needing to be critical of me, and always trying to control me and have power over me. No, I just want a nice, true and loving mother, a real mother, a mother who loves me. The women in my sexual fantasies I create only to carry out the dream

of a perfect woman/mother on a sexual level, but really the sex side of it has nothing to do with it at all. It's far more fundamental, far more basic, it's all about me being loved when I was forming during my formative years. Sex really has nothing to do with it, it is all about me, me the person and my relationship with her. And back when I was young I wanted a true, honest and accepting, all-wanting, loving relationship with her, which sadly I never got. I couldn't get it from her because she herself is like me, she is a shattered person, she was heavily criticised by her mother and father, she doesn't feel happy, confident and self-assured, she is scared, she too bites a fingernail (stopping herself from biting them all), she is an anxious wreck most of the time. She never got the love or the start she wanted and needed in life. And she can only treat me how she was treated. And her parents were no doubt treated the same way by their parents. How can any of us be any different; how can we all enjoy having a good expressive relationship together when it simply doesn't exist?

We all so desperately want love. She wanted me to love her, to fill her gaps; and I wanted her to love me and not allow my gaps to be created. There wasn't the love to go around. So we both remain deprived, and we have no relationship at all. I don't want to maintain the charade of us having a happy loving time when we are together, so we are not together. We no longer see each other, there is nowhere for us to relate to one another, as there is no love.

I am still that little girl sitting on the couch reading her book. I am still waiting. I am nervous and anxious and worried about how my mother is going to be when she finally comes over to me. Meanwhile I wait, I'm bored, I'm tired of pretending to be interested in other peoples stories. I wait, and I worry, and I hope it's not going to be too bad, and I chew my finger nails, and I fantasise about being with a mother who does want me.

Toddler in pusher

I look down at myself. There I am, small, cute, strapped into my pusher. For the moment I am content to play with my spongy toy looking around as I'm pushed by my mother down the aisle of clothes racks.

Looking down I can imagine this was how it was for me back when I was so small and helpless; back when I was strapped into my pusher or pram while mum shopped.

Now I want to get up, I want to get out of the pusher, or at least turn around, I want to move, I want to express myself in another way – I want to do something else. I no longer want to stay as I am, my body needs to stretch, to extend and express itself, to walk; my will wants me to have new experiences, and my mind is curious about all the things I'm looking at and watching about me. I want to explore, I want to get out of the pusher and roam about wherever my inner inspiration takes me. I want to be free, I want to walk, I want to explore, I want to move, I want to see mum, I want to go and see what she is doing, I haven't seen her for a long time, I don't want to be strapped in any longer. I want to get out.

But I can't.

I can't move as I want to. I struggle against the restraints. I try to squeeze myself out from under my confinement. I don't want to be here anymore, I don't want to be held back, I don't want to be stopped doing what I want to do; I want to get up and go, I want to be free, but I am trapped.

I am trapped!

Anger rushes up in me. I strain as hard as I can to break out of my bonds. My will drives me on, but I can't free myself. More anger and I can't keep my frustration under control, I scream out, a scream of anguish, rage, the unfairness, the helplessness, a scream of anger saying: I want to get out, let me out!

I struggle and struggle, no one comes to my aid, my mother doesn't come to help me out, she doesn't even say anything. I feel alone, trapped, scared and even angrier. I cry out again. I look up and see a tall man with a sad face looking down at me. Why won't he help me, can't he see that I am trapped in this horrible place and I want to get out; why won't he let me out? Why won't anyone help me!

I struggle more, but I know what's going to happen – Nothing.

Nothing does happen. No one comes. No one cares about me. I feel powerless, I give up, I can't fight it, I can't win, I am too helpless, too small, no one cares about me, no one comes, no one speaks to me, the pusher is pushed on. I struggle once more. My anger is useless, it does nothing for me other than

making me feel hot and bothered. I give up. What else can I do? I resign myself to my helplessness. I have been beaten yet again, defeated by the unyielding force – it's all too much for me. It has control over my life, I don't. I have no control in my life, I have no say.

She knows I will give up, she knows it's only the first round, she knows I will go back to playing with my toy having nothing else to do. She knows my anger hasn't reached fever pitch yet. She knows I will try again, but for now she can carry on looking at the clothes on the rack.

I have given up. I feel defeated. I am frustrated, my anger turning to misery, miserable at the fact that it's always like this, the pattern is well established. I will have to go through the same performance twice more getting more furious each time before she comes and attends to me. I can already feel the next surge building in me. I don't want to just give in and wallow in self-pity; I want to fight while I still have it in me. I want to break free of my prison, I want to live my own life how I want to live it. I still have hope that I can get my way. I will struggle and cry out again, louder this time; I will continue to fight. Something in me doesn't want to fully submit yet. Not yet, I still feel a raw power in me, I feel it can break the bonds, I still feel I can win. The next wave is close now, I'm feeling hotter, unbearably restrained, every cell in me wants to break free, to smash its way out... why doesn't she help me? Why doesn't she let me out? Why does she do this to me? Why does she punish me? Why doesn't she like me? Why doesn't she love me? Why does she treat me this way? Why does she keep me tied down stopping me from living life how I want to live it? Why? Why? Why?

Hey Mr Sad Faced Man standing tall above me – do you know? Have you solved the puzzle? Do I have to wait until I am like you before I will be free? It's a long time to wait? And I'm scared that by the time that time arrives I will have lost all understanding that I am imprisoned. I will know nothing else, my confinement will be the norm. And if I were to come to you then, would you help me? Would you help me to see the truth of how I felt all those years ago when you were looking down at me? When you knew the agony I was suffering. When you felt it within yourself, yet felt how I felt: powerless to do anything about it – powerless to help me, as you were powerless to help yourself. Will you help me? Will you... please?

I want the breast

I want the thing, the thing, anything, that thing – I want it. I am very small, I want that thing, I reach out for it, I want it, I want it, I want it.

I want my bottle, I want my bottle, I want my bottle, I want it, I want it NOW! It's mine, it's the thing I want, I want my bottle. Only having my thing, my bottle gives me anything, I need it, I need it to fill me up, I need its comfort.

I was denied the breast. She never gave me her breast, instead I got a bottle. Had I had a breast, that would have been my thing, the thing I wanted, the thing needed to give me warmth, comfort, feelings of security.

Had I got the breast I would have got her. I would have started with her breast and slowly awakened to knowing her. But instead I got the bottle, and awakened to knowing nothing, only it, a thing, a bottle and nothing more.

It was with my bottle I looked to have a relationship, the thing that was satisfying so many of my needs. I couldn't look further than that, simple gratification was all I could manage, all I wanted, the bottle fed me, and that was what I wanted at the exclusion of everything else.

Of course I really wanted the breast, I wanted her, I wanted her life essence – her love, but she denied me it, replacing it with a bottle, a lifeless thing; and now all I want is my thing, I want my thing no matter what it is, I want it, I need it to make me feel better so I can believe I'm loved.

By not getting her breast – an essential expression of her, I was rejected, and in turn could not express myself to her. A separation was brought about, and it has remained ever since. I could not fight it, I could not demand her breast, I could not bring her close to me and make her love me. And were she not able to give me her breast for some legitimate reason, she didn't make up for it by loving me even more. All I could do was accept that this was my life, unloved, rejected, not properly cared about. And so I looked to

my thing as a substitute for her. I have done this all through my life. I relate more to things than to people; I want things not people.

I want my computer, I want to write things, I want a place to live and nice things, I want the things that make me feel better – all I want is things. I want to be left alone and not interfered with, left with my things. I want to sit and play with my toys, be with my things and not be with people. People have always hurt me, have made me feel bad; things have not hurt me, and made me feel good. My first people gave me things instead of themselves, so all I yearn for is things. Always more things, always a new toy, the latest or a different colour, something to amuse me, something to keep me busy, to occupy me, something so they won't have to worry about me, or be bothered by me, something with which I can amuse myself happily for hours.

I don't yearn for the society or company of people, I only want things. I want to hide from other people, stay away from them, keep to myself. I want things that can't speak to me and can't tell me how to be and what I should do. I don't want to be a person, only to be a thing. People have bad feelings, people make other people feel bad, they make me feel bad, and I probably make them feel bad – I don't want to feel bad.

I have no desire, longing or yearning to be with people, to express myself, to communicate with them. I have no deep and primal and basic connection with people, only with things. I don't want to speak, because it never did anything for me, yet I do still speak because I have to, they made me; and deeper down I feel that really I do want to speak to people, as I don't want to live a life alone, separated, shut off from other people. I really do want to be included and liked, and I want to be loved. I do really want to get to know other people, but I don't know how too. I don't know how to begin. And because I can't freely express myself, I am afraid to step out, afraid I'll be ridiculed and feel humiliated – my clumsy stupid attempts at life, laughed at. It's all too much, the damage done to me when I was too young, so I don't even try anymore, I just remain with my things, pretending they are what I want in life. They are my friends, they are what I need, they are what I want. Things not people. I live in a world of things, and I believe this suits me fine; but of course it doesn't, and I am in pain and I long to be loved and taken into the world of people. I want to give up the world of things and come back to the very beginning and start with the breast. I want her to love me, to want me and to offer herself to me. I want her to look after me and make sure I feel good, and to show me how to express myself. I don't want her to criticise and be nasty to me. I just want her to love me, to love me for being as I am – just me.

A child scared of the dark

Imagine you're a child and scared of the dark. You're in your bedroom, in your bed, alone, only you, and you are a small child and you are all by yourself, very alone; and being a small child you don't want to be alone.

Can you feel/remember yourself as a small child, and can you remember if you enjoyed being alone, and all alone in the dark in the middle of the night? Can you remember being afraid, scared, and all because you were alone? Can you remember when someone else was with you, when you were with your mother or father, then even if it were dark, you were not scared, all because you were not alone?

Can you remember being a young child not knowing about the world; the world only being your immediate vicinity, and your world's security based entirely on having your parents with you? You don't understand about what a house is, what even your room is, what your bed is, they are just things, places, and if you are alone, they are potentially scary places. And can you remember how much you loved and needed the feelings of warmth, company, knowing someone was with you, there for you, able to protect you from your vulnerability; someone who wanted you to feel safe and secure? And can you remember how good it felt to be wrapped up in the love and security of those who were with you, to feel as part of a whole, part of a group, and as an important part – someone who is not alone.

But to wake up suddenly in the dark, disorientated, unaware of the world and life and what's going on, and to wake up all alone. Can you remember this if your parents left you to sleep in a different room and a different bed to theirs? And can you remember how unloved you felt, unwanted, rejected, shut out by them, how... alone you felt when you were very young?

Why is it that so many parents think it's a good thing to put their young child (even their newly born

baby) to sleep in a room separate to them, let alone in a separate bed? It is to ensure independence, or is it to make the child feel alone, scared, lonely and unloved? And do parents actually put themselves in their child's place to imagine how their child feels? The parents don't like to sleep alone, they don't like to sleep in different rooms, so do you really think your child does? Your child sees you both sleeping together, so what is it to think? That you want each other but not it?

Right from the first moment we start off fully embraced in the womb. Surely it should be a gradual introduction into life as an independent and separate person. Look at any baby and young child, they crave to be included, the centre of the world – their parents world, and day AND NIGHT. Any separation brings pain, trauma and masses of bad feelings, unless they willingly choose to move away and be by themselves, which they will naturally do as they get older if they first feel secure in themselves.

The mother is still only a little girl

A young girl comes up to her mother who is looking at the computer screen. The girl reaches for the pad and pencil the mother has by her in case she needs to make notes. As soon as the girl reaches for it the mother snaps at her: 'Leave it, I'm using it'. The girl with a dejected frown, the light of her wanting to do something she wants to do, extinguished; and head down, retreats back to the seat to continue reading her books waiting for her mother to finish.

Why was her mother so nasty to her? Why was she so uncaring? And why doesn't she see how she's treating her own daughter? Is she a monster totally insensitive to her daughter's feelings and needs? Why does she treat her like she is her enemy, someone who is threatening her life and what she wants to do; someone to just have power over without giving the situation a moments thought? And why doesn't she notice or care about her daughter's resignation, everyone in the library can see it, the despondency, the crippling affect her mother is having on her?

But the mother can't see it, she is insensitive to it because she can't feel or see such things within herself. She can't see that how she treats her daughter is how she treats herself, which is exactly how her mother treated her. The mother is still only a little girl, and being as such, mistakenly believes that she is competing with her own daughter, they are two girls together, and she being the 'mother', has the upper hand, the power and authority to command and have things her way, and so naturally she does. She isn't mature within herself to be a mother, to be a mother looking objectively at her daughter and so treating her accordingly. She is yet to grow up herself, and yet has had a child – a daughter to ensure she has power over and someone to control, as that is all she wants, no matter what else she might think she wants.

Too many parents are still only children themselves and treat their children like they are a younger sibling, all vying for the attention of their parents. It is such a tragedy seeing the child in this situation being deprived of its chance to enjoy being the child of loving parents, when instead it's forced into competition right from the beginning with its own parents. It has to learn how to protect and defend and get what it wants within its parents control. It never experiences the love and joy of being loved by its mother or father; it will only know the hard fought existence of trying to compete against its parents who are nothing more than an older unloving sibling. And this makes for a greatly distorted view of the world, life will never 'work', it will always be a struggle, it will always be in a world of competitiveness, and it won't be until this daughter has children of her own that then she will be able to finally win, be the boss, the all-powerful one wining back all those losses she suffered from her own mother.

They get ya while you're down.

Do you know the feeling of feeling shocked? A most terrible feeling of helplessness, nothing is as it was, everything has been turned upside down, and you're shocked, numb, you can't think and feel properly, your whole system being traumatised into something like a state of all but unconscious suspension. You are lost, from yourself, from your world, from what is right, alone and desperately in need of help; of needing someone to come to you and take your hand, to hold you, to comfort you, to just be there to help you come back. You need their love, sympathy and support, and you need to be able to take your

time, to allow yourself to come back having withdrawn so far inside. And when you are able to, you need to speak, to be able to speak about and express all the tumultuous feelings you are feeling, and to do this uninterrupted; without being told how you should be, how you should deal with the situation, what you should think and feel, just allowed to be and say whatever you want and to be accepted; above everything else, simply accepted for all you are feeling and saying, accepted without judgement or negative comment.

Now if you can't remember yourself as a small child in shock, try to imagine being one, try to image that suddenly you are shocked, and shocked by your own parent. Your mother or father might suddenly surprise you doing something or yelling at you, grabbing you and hitting you, they in a state of rage – all so shocking for you. You are ripped from your state of clam equilibrium and plunged into their cyclone of rage. You don't know what it's all about, it's all a surprise and a huge shock.

Naturally you try to express your feelings, you cry and you might even cry with that cry of a young child that is terrifying to adult ears making the adult want to run to help it, to save it, protect it and reassure it everything is all right. And when the child cries this heart-breaking cry, it has lost it, it's in shock, it's gone, it's not of its right mind, not in its right senses, unable to think and be rational, it's screaming for its life. *(Usually in a state of shock one can't do anything – certainly not cry or scream out for help. However I'm extending the state of shock to include the bad feeling expression of it by a child. The whole experience being so traumatising and shocking.)*

And yet how many times do parents simply override their child in this state, they won't accept it and come to it and be with it and sympathise and love it; they instead abuse it, telling it to stop crying, talking to it as if it should be rational and understand what they are saying to it. It should simply stop crying, wipe its eyes, and say: yes mum, or yes dad, you are right, I understand what you're going on about, and I won't do it again – I'm okay.

And the child screams and the parent desperately tries harder to make it become a rational being again, and then more unloving and uncaring things are also said, particularly when the child starts to finally calm down, things like: 'Now be a good boy and come over here and help mummy, mummy needs your help', and, 'now go and help your mother, she needs you to help her', the parents trying to coerce it into forgetting about its own feelings hoping to make it feel important and needed by saying mummy is more needy than it.

However this is a killer, it's horrible to use a child this way, and will hurt it to the core of its being. The child is the one needing all the love, care, attention and sympathy, NOT the parent. To make the child turn against itself when it's traumatically suffering, is reprehensible, you may as well take a knife to your child and plunge it into its heart because this is how it will feel emotionally. You are telling it that it's not worth anything, mummy is the one who's worth everything, mummy needs all help, mummy is the weaker one, mummy is the child and the child is not allowed to be itself, it has to deny itself, all it feels, coming down hard on its little self to go and help mummy because mummy is the one who's actually suffering, not it. It's not in a state of shock, it's okay, but mummy is in a bad way, and mummy's whole life depends on the child; it's all up to the child, her child to save mummy, mummy needs rescuing, and the only person, not even daddy, that can help, is the child. The child gains an inflated view of itself, it suddenly becoming the all-powerful one, or so it's led to believe. But this power is false, it's only being used by its parents to get it out of its traumatised state all in the misguided belief that they are doing something loving for it, when they are not. They are doing the worst and most unloving thing to their child they can do: stop it from expressing itself; stop it from allowing its traumatised state (which they have caused) to work its way through. They are causing their own child to deny itself, and in its time of weakness and powerlessness, when nothing but love is required to bring it back, they are making it learn and wrongly believe that it has power, that it's not traumatised, that it is wanted and needed (but all in the wrong way – unloving, self-denying and negative); and without it, something bad will happen to mummy. The psychological ramifications of these actions by both the parents and the child are horrendous. The child will develop all sorts of weird beliefs and corresponding negative behaviour, and it will take it years to uncover the core dynamics as to what brought them all about when it starts to do its feeling-healing.

And how do I know? Because it's taken me years to unwind all my bad feelings and self-denial and to expose all my false power beliefs and to get to the core of me in which I could feel the emotional knife of hatred from my parents that they thrust into my heart. My parents coerced me away from my self, away from my traumatised states of shock by portraying mummy as the weaker one, and by making me wrongly believe mummy needs me, and if I help her, I will be loved. But she didn't need me and I didn't feel loved, and all I got was a lot of negative beliefs and wrong behaviours that have screwed up all my

relationships in life.

Through my healing my feelings have led me to see how many things my parents did to me that shocked me. Many were little things, just everyday things, things most parents wouldn't think twice about doing to their children. But these things were done to me without the sensitivity I required, causing me to feel bad and often more shocked and traumatised. Throughout my healing things have happened to shock me. Through my adult life I've never been shocked by these things before, because I'd learnt as I grew up, how to stop, shut out, and hide their impact; and so much so, that some of the things I had even convinced myself were good, kind and loving things happening to me. I had turned so far against and away from my true feelings, and I have taken a long time with excruciatingly hard work to reverse my negative patterns. Now I can accept the shock and experience the trauma for what it is, allowing myself to sink down into the depths of being so disorientated and devastated, being aware that I need help and able to call and reach out to Marion for her help; or I can give myself the time and empathy I need to express all I feel, gradually helping myself come back.

It takes little to be shocked (especially if your whole upbringing was shocking), this I now accept and understand; and things should impact shockingly if that is what they are meant to do. So much of our way of life is going so much against the grain of nature and ourselves, so does shock us. And for a child, growing up with parents that are themselves in a virtual repressed state of perpetual shock, its life is nothing short of a continuous traumatic experience. And that is really what living in the negative is, one long shock, one long ingrained continuous trauma. To be coerced evilly away from yourself by your parents only compounds the shock, you are shocked by them, and then they do other shocking things to you trying to get you out of your shock. It's a wonder we can function in any state of sensibility and aren't all just living in a insane asylum, but then again, you might argue that life as we live it is insane – and we've never left the asylum.

Thank God for the telephone

I'm sitting in the supermarket car park waiting for Marion to come back.

A young woman with her little toddler parks next to me. She gets out her car and walks around to the opposite passenger door to unharness her child. She opens the door and then takes her mobile phone out of her pocket. She does whatever you do with a mobile phone (Marion and I don't have one, and as yet, we've never used one), it takes time, and then she presses a button and puts the phone to her ear and starts speaking. She stands in the open car doorway speaking looking about over the roof of the car not really focused outwards, concentrating on what's being said in her ear. Her child can't see her face only her middle, it's restless, it wants to get out, it's wriggling around trying to grab hold of anything, even it's mother, to help pull itself out of its restraints. She talks on. Its pauses in its struggles then tries again, its movements getting more intense as its frustration builds. She notices it struggling and bends over using her free hand to make some sort of pacifying gestures to it. Her attention seems to placate it for the moment and it settles back as she carries on with her conversation. More time passes and the child starts to struggle again, its frustration and anger building. And once again it attracts its mothers attention, and she feels that she had better take care of it. She ends her phone conversation, pops her cell phone into her pocket, and sets about getting her child out, and off they go to do their shopping.

No sooner had they gone and another car arrives on the other side of me, another young mother and her two young children. The eldest girl gets herself out of her child seat whilst the mother opens the back door to get out the other younger child. She is just about to start unstrapping him when her phone rings. She can't put the phone call off or not answer it, she must speak to whoever it is and so does, and then sets about fumbling around trying to get the child out of his restraining straps as she's speaking. It's hard work, her mind is not on the job, the boy is struggling, and half way through she stops, remonstrates to him with her hand to keep still, and stands up to concentrate more seriously on her phone call. Distractedly she also reaches out for her daughter who has come around holding her close to keep her supposedly from wandering off into the car park with other cars coming and going, even though the daughter has already come around the back of the car into the car park by herself. The little boy struggles even more wanting to get out and be free with his sister. She takes his hands and together they wait. They know the routine: they have to wait for mum to stop talking on the phone. Finally she stops and off they

go.

Not long after this the first mum with her little boy comes back. She loads the groceries and him into the back of the car. Having strapped him in, out comes the red cell phone again and more checking, and then yes, another phone call. It's the same as before, she stands there speaking looking about over the roof of her car. Her child wants her attention but she ignores it now it's strapped in and can't bother her. Half way through the conversation, with one hand she rummages in one of the bags, extracts something and gives it to it to eat. This settles it down so she can carry on with her phone call. Minutes later she finishes, checks it, and they leave.

Then the other mother arrives back with her two children, the boy is munching chips from a bag in his hand and is sitting up on the trolley, the girl walking alongside. Then out comes the phone. She checks it and then makes a call, and with one hand sets about struggling to put the few things they have bought into the boot. Then she sees to her daughter getting herself in properly, and then one-handed lifts the boy into his car seat and straps him in. I'm impressed at how she can do all these things all the while speaking on the phone without pausing, without missing a beat, obviously well rehearsed. And once she has finished her conversation having got into the drivers seat with more minutes passing doing whatever one does with such phones, they leave.

And finally Marion returns!

One of the things I have healed has been my anger I had at my mother because she spoke so much on the telephone at home (as I have written about). The phone was more important to her than I was, with this becoming obviously clear to me the more I expressed the pain and anger of this truth. When I was young, if she was with me doing something and the phone rang, I was instantly dismissed, the phone taking priority. I was left. How many times were I left because the phone rang, and how many minutes in our time together did she spend speaking on the phone instead of being and speaking with me.

Through my healing I realised I hated the phone but this was anger transference, it was her and her relationship with the phone I hated. I was jealous of it, it being more important than I was. And sure, if I accused my mother now of this, of her loving the phone more than me, she would say I was wrong, and how could she love it more than me it being *only* a phone; and yet her actions speak louder than her words. She wasn't aware of her using the phone to get away from me; every time it rang it must have been a relief to have a legitimate excuse – at least legitimate in her mind – to get away from me. And had she not wanted the phone to intrude in our life together, because she did love me more than it, then she would have disconnected it or simply not answered it. It seemed to wield a power over her, it rang and she dropped everything and ran to answer it. What would she have been like had mobile phones been around when I was young... like these mothers in the car park today?

And how did it make me feel to uncover and accept the truth that the phone was more important in my mothers life than I was? What do you think it made me feel? It's taken a lot to accept these bad feelings, to bring them up from where they lie hidden within me. I wanted to believe I was more important to her than the phone, so I suppressed my feelings about how she makes me feel. I learnt to accommodate the phone in my life, it was what my mother did, she would always answer it, enslaved to it, so I learnt how to wait. I shut myself off, I stopped myself from feeling my feelings of rejection and not being loved, and I waited. I waited until she finally finished the call and returned, but oh it was terrible during those times when no sooner had she hung up and it would ring again, and then again, and I had to wait and wait, longer and longer. No wonder I am able to sit 'patiently' being a 'good boy' while Marion goes off shopping for so long, sitting without complaint, pretending to myself that I don't mind waiting as I can think about things. I can observe life, other people's lives, while I don't have one. I can sit alongside this other little girl, boy and toddler – my new friends, and wait with them, wait bored with them while their mothers speak on their phones. And we all wait and we look at each other. I now being older try to give some consoling looks, but they do no good, and I focus on my anger and frustration about being confined to my seat waiting and expressing to God in my head all the anger and rage I feel with my mother being these mothers and how they are treating their children – how she treated me.

It's very sad when our mothers need something like a phone as their source of security, comfort and well-being – as their feel-good, feel-wanted love substitute. They need to feel wanted by the people on the other end. They need to feel wanted and so important. They feel so isolated and shut out of the world of life and of themselves having to maintain precarious relationships through their phone. It's such a pity

they don't feel loved within themselves and are able to delight and enjoy being with their children in every moment they are together, valuing each precious moment never dreaming of wanting anything (and especially something as impersonal as a phone) to ruin the relationship. It's all very sad... but at least we don't have to dwell on the sadness do we, because there is one thing we can always count on... there will always be another phone call...

Beware, the Golden Rule might not be what it seems

A part of the Golden Rule is (*and by the way, I suppose I should say as we're getting toward the end of the book, that all of these 'Golden Rules' I've made up, they becoming more important to me as I move along in my healing*): treat another person how you like to be treated. And on the surface this truth sounds like good advice. Why wouldn't you, if you don't want to be treated harshly then you wouldn't treat another person with disrespect, however this is all very well if things were perfect, if we were living with perfect positive minds and wills.

So many things we believe we like, and believe are good things that happen to us, and we believe make us feel good, are in fact not good things to us at all. They are only things we've been led to falsely believe are good for us, even to the extent of contriving misleading feelings that we say make us feel good.

So many things that I believed made me feel good have turned out not to. I believed coffee made me feel good, I enjoyed it, but through my healing it's turned out that it has the exact opposite effect on me making me feel bad. And more importantly, so many of my behaviours, things I did and said to Marion that I thought were loving, kind and caring things, have turned out to be the exact opposite, and I've had to accept that I hate her and want to reject her. And it's been very harrowing to accept these things about myself.

So all the way along I have done things to her and other people, things I believed were good things, and things that made me feel good, and I've done then hoping others would treat me the same way, and yet the truth is that I am treating myself unlovingly and doing the same to others and I'm actually unconsciously asking others to treat me that way, and they have done. I've been treated, as I have unconsciously wanted, with so many strange things happening in my relationships, none of which ever made sense. However now having found the truth of what I'm really doing, and seeing that I haven't been loving, and that I've been inflicting my shit and hate and yuk on others and wanting them to do the same to me, which they have done, makes sense. And as I've healed these negative things changing into being true, more loving and considerate of others as I am of myself, then so have my relationships changed being more kind and considerate of me.

What I want to point out is, nothing is necessarily as it seems. What is going on on the outside might not be what is going on on the inside. You might believe you are doing good works, being a nice helpful person, expecting to get the same done back to you, but if it doesn't quite happen that way and you wonder why you are being treated badly when you are only doing good, then you might want to take a closer look into what is *really* going on within you; how you really are treating yourself, how you really were treated as a child. And you might, like I have been, find your are very surprised by what is actually going on within you, what you are manifesting in the world. And when you do find this truth within yourself, it will I assure you, explain things to you, and so many of the strange things that you could never make sense of, will make sense. All of life is meant to make sense. If something happens to you and it doesn't make sense, it is only a reflection of what's going on in you, something within you is not making sense and the outside things have come along to help you see... that is, if you want to use them to help yourself find the truth of yourself.

Our problem

Our problem, which encompasses every problem in our lives, is that we have not been allowed to freely express ourselves from the first moment of conception. And this is what we have to work out – how have we not been allowed to express ourselves, and what does it really mean: not expressing yourself.

This is what our feeling healing is about – our self-expression, the relationship we are having with

ourselves. If we deny any part of our self-expression then we will create a problem for us in life.

Our feeling-healing works us back through all the layers of self-denial. It makes us accept and deal with and find the truth of all our problems. When you feel bad you have a problem, and so it is we have to allow ourselves to feel all our bad feelings, we have to work hard at allowing ourselves to express all we feel.

Life is only about expressing our feelings, this being a direct expression of our will. From this everything else comes. If this doesn't work correctly then nothing will follow, nothing will be: just right.

So what is expressing yourself truly? And this I cannot tell you. This is what you will need to discover for yourself, as it requires finding the truth of yourself. And when you have found the truth, enough to complete your feeling-healing, then you will know what truly expressing yourself is. You will not only know, but more importantly, you will feel what it feels like to be fully expressive, to have no part of you being denied this state of being.

To truly express yourself is to be simply just you, the true loving and real you in God's Creation being how God wants you to be – nothing else. And living in this state will make you feel truly happy, for how can it not? And you will feel loved and love. And isn't this what we all want?

Each of us has our own unique self-denial patterns now embedded in and a part of our negative minds expression. All that you feel wrong about yourself is attributable to these patterns. And it will be these negative patterns you will heal.

Our parents parented us denying us our true self-expression – this is the great problem of humanity. If we can understand this personally and collectively and heal it, then all humanity's problems will be gone. This is the true and perfect state of being your soul longs for. Can you feel yourself yearning for it? Can you feel yourself wanting it more than anything else? And can you feel how it will all be up to you to bring yourself back to true self-expression?

Our healing is our starting to love our self. Starting to accept all of our self, starting to allow the parts of ourselves we don't like to have their say. To heal the wrong, we have to first allow it to be, as it's already there, there is no point continuing on refusing to acknowledge it, trying to block it out. We have to fully allow ourselves to embrace, be, and live our negative selves, all by accepting our bad feelings and how bad these make us feel.

By surrendering and submitting to your bad feelings you are giving up the battle of pretending that you don't feel bad, that you aren't denying parts of yourself; you admitting that you are bad, you are self-denying, you are failing in life. And that is how it has to be. You have to admit to your failure and accept your powerlessness, before you can find the truth of it and set yourself free.

You are in a negative state, but denying it. As you admit it and stop denying it, and allow yourself to be it, then you can make it positive. If you continue to fight yourself refusing to accept that you are living in the negative, which is against yourself, then nothing will ever change. No matter what your problems are, they are all being caused by you not loving yourself, by you denying some part of yourself, by you not expressing feelings of some aspect of yourself. And if you seriously want to heal yourself, then you will need to want to heal all the self-expression you are denying. Changing a belief, cutting out a bit of cancer, is only superficial change. The real and true change can and will only ever come as you move into understanding the truth of yourself, and that means for now, the truth of your negative self-denying self.

Through your bad feeling acceptance you can uncover the truth of your negative state. As you accept and express all your bad feelings, gradually you will expose or reveal to yourself the truth of why you were denying yourself, what your original problem was. And it will all be to do with your relationship with your parents, how they treated you as you were forming. The picture will evolve, you will break down any delusion and fantasy regarding your relationships with your parents, and what you will be left with will be the truth. And as you know: *the truth will set you free*. This is true, because once you've found the truth you are free, you are no longer controlled by your negative patterns, and I can assure you it's a wonderful feeling knowing that another anti-you pattern as gone as the truth makes itself known.

It's a simple equation. The truth is: you are denying yourself. To stop denying yourself you need to find the truth of why you are. And all truth only comes from love, that being through and with acceptance – complete acceptance of self. As you allow yourself to feel bad, you are loving and accepting yourself, and so the truth is free to surface. If you persist in denying your feelings, you are non-accepting, not loving of yourself, and you will never uncover any truth.

Humanity has remained in this state of self-denial for hundreds of centuries, so long that we wrongly believe how we are is just how we are, and that it's even good. But it's not. And this your feelings will tell you. You don't feel right and there is a reason for that, and that is the truth you must long to find. And when you sincerely want to know it, it will come, nothing will stand in its way, not even yourself. But you have to really want to know it. Yet how much of your negative life are you prepared to give up? How much of the hard work are you prepared to do?

No one has said it will be easy, but what I can say to you is: it can be done. Whether you complete your healing whilst you are still of flesh or whether you complete it in spirit, at some point it can be completed – you can fully heal yourself of your negative condition; you can live a life of positive joy.

Our Difficulty

The difficulty we face is having been parented by people who are seeking power because they themselves were made to feel powerless; and having therefore grown up in a competitive environment, relinquishing this false power, or the belief that we now have it, is extremely challenging and not what many people will want to do.

And yet it is what we have to do if we want to live true. We have to give up our power seeking and controlling ways in the negative, disentangling ourselves from evil, turning to truth to find righteousness and the correct way of living with true power, and without competition for it.

Right from your very first moment, to survive you have had to fight and struggle against your parents, so all you know are the ways of competitiveness in the negative. And then to turn around giving up such ways, is not only challenging but harrowing, because it will require you being stripped of all you believe is power, making you feel powerless, pathetic, useless and unable to cope with what you believe life to be. However, as you relinquish such erroneous ways and strike such beliefs from you, you'll gradually awaken to the truth of a new way: living with power, the full power of your will, and power in a positive loving sense. And this will be a power that is loving of yourself and all others; a power that is considerate, sympathetic, caring and kind, and not one that is heartless, cruel and without mercy, totally selfish and unloving.

How we are parented and live in the world is wrong. We've all been led up the garden path, wrongly taught that by asserting our negative will and mind, we will be all-powerful and that is how God created us to be. Even those who believe they are living God's will are living it in this negative and incorrect way, and so are not living it at all. They are only living yet another erroneous belief. To truly live God's Will will require a relinquishing of your negative or false power and control, a giving up of all your controlling beliefs and ways, all your controlling behaviour. And as you are stripped of such things through the doing of your feeling-healing, you will come to see the errors of your ways, the truth will be revealed, and then you will know that how you have been led to believe is the right and true way to live, wasn't right and true at all.

It was traumatic what you suffered as a young child having to forge your way into a negative controlled world, and it will be just as traumatic and very disconcerting trying to extricate yourself from it. It's a long hard process through which you'll readily apply your will to will yourself rid of your negative focused will; you will battle and fight within yourself realising that submission and giving up the struggle and admitting your untruth is the only way to heal and live true.

In our negative will states, when told we are wrong and we need to heal ourselves, immediately we try to do what we've always done: apply our will to overcome our negative or wrongness, but this will not heal you, this will only reinforce the dominant negative controlling patterns within you. When we approach our feeling-healing we have to do the very opposite and not enforce our negative will, but give up, submit to its power and control over us, admit we are living this way, and seek the truth of why we are.

Only by confessing to our controlling ways, seeking to see and understand them, can we through self-understanding relinquish those negative patterns, which are so heavily ingrained within us.

We have been brought up to break the Golden Rule. Everything that we are is anti and is defying this rule. All we believe to be right is wrong, and all we believe to heal what is wrong with us only solidifies the wrong's power over us.

We have grown up feeling powerless, we are conceived into feeling powerless, and from that moment on it's a battle trying to reclaim power. But as I've said, it's false power, only that contrived and believed by our minds. The true power of truth and love, can't be captured or gained with our minds, it's only something realised through our feelings. So through our healing we effectively need to allow ourselves to 'die', to end the power struggles, to give up the competition all so we can go back to the beginning and start anew – be *born* anew, but this time with a positive will and with power that naturally comes from our truth and love. If we are stopped from freely expressing ourselves, as we are by being parented into the negative, then living in self-denial we can never hope to know what true love is, what it feels like, what it's like to live with. We are only part people, highly compromised, and with some of us well trained to put other people before ourselves, all in the misguided belief that if we don't we are being selfish. We deny ourselves our own love, and until we wake up to that we'll remain trapped in our confusion and pain.

So remember:

Do to yourself as you would have others do to you.

Do to others as you would do to yourself.

Do not force your will over another – over another adult, child or creature.

There is always another way.

Strive to live true to yourself; true to your feelings, and remain on your side.

Honour the Golden rule.

Respect another's will; be responsible for your own.

And:

Don't take the other persons bad feelings away from themselves.

Don't try and stop them from feeling bad.

Never interfere with a persons feeling expression – especially their bad feelings.

Never stop an adult or child or creature from freely expressing itself.

Never stop yourself from freely expressing yourself.

Never deny the truth – always live true to your feelings.

Live true to all you feel.

Never deny yourself your own feeling expression and full personality self-expression.

**Be kind to yourself, self-denial in any form is NOT the way.
It's NOT the way of love.**

Only truth is the way of love; as love is the way of all goodness, truth and beauty.

(September 15, 2009)

Potsy died a week ago.

Her dodgy jaw finally failed and she couldn't eat without great stress so we had to put her to sleep. And right to the end we crossed the line having to force her into her cat-box, which she hated, and making her scared being with people she didn't know. And accordingly we suffered the pain of our doing something unloving to her that she didn't want us to do. We have felt awful all week wishing there could have been another way, and perhaps there was, yet Marion and I were too pathetic and useless to find it. And we have grieved at her passing. Many sad feelings, much to speak and cry about, and lots of truth to be seen. A big change.

We are so grateful to your little self for giving us so much and helping us in so many ways. You totally gave yourself asking nothing in return, but we couldn't fully give ourselves and asked a lot from you. We are sorry we weren't as pure and selfless as you. Good-bye Miss Potsy-pee-poo – we love you.