

Feeling bad will make you feel **BETTER!** – Eventually.

*Examples of my feeling-healing experiences;
together with other thoughts, inspirations, understandings and pontifications.*



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Feeling-Healing: Book 2

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Divine Love Spirituality

(written 2006)

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Introduction.

Following book one *Feeling Bad? Bad feelings are GOOD!* I want to write about experiences Marion and I have had expressing our bad feelings and seeing the truth of them.

I want to try and give you some idea of what it's been like for us. Some of the difficulties we've had in identifying and then acknowledging, accepting and expressing, our bad feelings. And I also want to try and show how we approach living with our bad feelings; trying to accept them rather than deny and reject them pretending they are not real or making us feel bad.

All I have written in this book is from my later healing years in which I've had a better understanding and connection with my repressed childhood. It has however taken me a good number of years to achieve this. It took years of just expressing how I felt in the moment, getting used to feeling my bad feelings and speaking about them, before I started to move deeper into myself making connections with my early childhood.

So if you don't immediately connect with your early childhood stuff, if it doesn't come to light as you express how you feel now in your daily life, don't worry, don't try and force or make a connection, it will come when it's time for you to start to see it. Just keep staying true to what you feel and longing to see the truth of why you feel as you do.

As I said in book one, our denial of our bad feelings is denial of ourselves. And if we are to live true and happy lives, then we need to heal our self-denial, with the doing of this being only achieved by seeking the underlying truth of why we are denying ourselves our feelings.

We need to understand: why we feel bad; where our bad feelings are coming from – those that are buried deep inside us; and why do we deny them: what happened to us to make us deny our bad feelings?

If you haven't read my first book, then here is a simple summary of what it was essentially about:

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

Feeling bad is good.

Feeling bad is GOOD!

It's not bad to feel bad – it's good.

FEELING BAD IS GOOD!

Very good!!!

And feeling *really* bad is also good.

And feeling *worse* is even better.

It's all very good!

It's okay to feel bad.

Bad feelings are okay.

It's good to feel bad.

Bad feelings are GOOD!

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

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

It's okay to feel bad, there is nothing wrong with feeling bad.
You might not like feeling bad, but it's okay to feel bad.
You are allowed to feel bad. Give yourself permission to feel bad.
Bad feelings shouldn't be dismissed.
Bad feelings already feel unwanted, why make them feel more rejected?
You are your bad feelings – if you reject them, you are rejecting yourself.
Why are you rejecting yourself? Why are you rejecting your bad feelings?
Is this how you want to live – rejecting a natural part of yourself?
Is this how you want to live, rejecting your bad feelings?

Feeling bad is normal. We all feel bad. We all feel bad a lot of the time, even if we won't admit it, or even if we're not aware of it.
There are many bad feelings, all sorts of different bad feelings, and they are a normal part of you – of everyday life.

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

If you ignore or deny or dismiss or reject your bad feelings, what are you really doing? Denying, dismissing, rejecting yourself. Is this what you want to do? Because if you do, you'll only make yourself feel even worse.

You are your bad feelings – Your bad feelings are you.
Bad feelings have just as much right to life as good feelings.

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

So Remember:

Feeling bad is Good!

Accept your bad feelings.

The full acceptance of your bad feelings, and the seeing of the truth they are trying to show you, comes from having expressed – spoken – about them. And speaking about them to someone who cares about you: a friend.

As you vent your feelings, the pent up ‘bad’ energy goes, often leaving you with the understanding of what they are all about: why you are feeling them. And once you understand and know this truth, then you are healed and free of them.

As young children we were all stopped from freely and fully expressing all our bad feelings. Things were done to us, we were forced to behave in ways we didn't want to, all of which made us feel bad. But we couldn't complain about how unjustly we were being treated. We tried, but often only to be met with harsher rejection treatment.

As adults we still have all this bad treatment going on within us. We formed patterns when we were young based around all the negative unloving parenting we had. And now being unconscious of these patterns we still (also unconsciously) expect bad things to happen to us to make us feel bad – and to feel just as bad as we did back then. And so bad things do happen. And we do feel bad.

So as an adult, we are experiencing life in the moment *now* as the adult, together with *all* we felt back when we were young, only we are unaware of it. Something will make us feel bad, and on the surface of it we might know why we are feeling bad, yet underneath, deeper within us, it will key into and trigger repressed bad feelings making us feel even worse in the situation than we might have otherwise felt.

So in doing our **Feeling-Healing**: healing our repressed childhood bad feelings through the feeling-experiences of our current adult life, we need to use every bad feeling to help take us back 'down' inside ourselves, to connect with what made us feel the same bad feeling when we were young.

We therefore embrace our bad feelings, speak about them and submit to them, allowing them to make us feel as bad as we can, and hopefully allowing them to take us back into our repressed and hidden bad feelings from early childhood. It's the constant speaking about them that eventually joins us back up with them.

The process is hard to do and requires a concentrated effort to really accept feeling bad and to keep speaking about all your bad feelings and how they are making you feel. And all the time longing for and wanting above all else: the truth – desiring to know what really did happen back then to make you feel so bad, and to make you feel bad now as an adult.

We are our bad feelings, and like them, **WE ARE STILL WAITING TO BE HEARD.**

The honouring, accepting and expressing of our bad feelings is our attempt to speak up and finally be listened to: to be accepted and loved – not rejected. And as an adult we can now do this, whereas a child we could not.

As Marion and I progress in our feeling-healing we are led into accepting our negative mind and will condition with every bad feeling experience. What we want to do is become true to how we really feel, that being how we felt during our formative years, which is still how we feel underneath everything else as an adult. We want to feel just as bad now as we did back then (we don't like feeling it, however it's what we want), all so we can understand what it was all about – all we went through. And once we've seen and understood it all (felt it all truly – just as it was), we will then live free of it, living in a way as if we've been born anew, but this time with a positive mind and will, and as if we'd had loving parents.

As adults we've learnt how to deny and cover up our bad feelings, how to put on a 'happy' face, and how to pretend that we are successfully involved in life playing along the best we can. But all of this is wrong, it's not how we truly are, and through our feeling-healing we slowly uncover the truth, gradually working our way back into being and feeling how we felt as young children.

We understand that in order to totally heal ourselves of all our childhood repression we need to first fully accept our negative state, and to do that, we must become conscious of it. We must strip ourselves of everything that we are doing that is denying us the truth of our early childhood experience – the truth of our relationship with our parents.

Marion was under no delusion as to the truth of how her parents treated her. She felt their dislike of her and never felt loved. For her, her healing is a matter of finding out the truth of why it was like that, and what really went on, all that she's forgotten, finding it all out as her buried feeling-memories surface.

For me it's a matter of uncovering my self-delusion, and it is huge. I was totally coerced into the illusion that I was loved and lived in a loving family. My family still believe it, but I no longer have anything to do with them. My healing has systematically revealed to me the truth of how it was not as I believed it was. It has been very difficult to give up the falseness and accept what my feelings are showing me, yet I can't deny what I feel, it's all too real and it makes too much sense. Everything I always did wonder about, things I felt that didn't add up, have all been explained to me, all through the process of self-revelation that occurs during your feeling-healing.

A major difficulty Marion has faced is that her parents made her put on a big false front; she had to be overwhelmingly nice to everyone. And she had to put on this façade while she didn't feel good about herself or her life – whilst she felt hated and despised. She had to pretend she felt good, which she tried to do up until around her early forties. It was then she decided to make the effort to give up her falseness. I met her about five years later, and as she helped me to understand what she was doing, we both committed ourselves to helping each other do our feeling-healing.

It's been extremely difficult for Marion to work through all the tiny facets of her falseness, they seem to go on and on forever, but each time she moves through another cycle she gets closer to just being her true unloved self.

It might sound like the very opposite to everything you have heard before (and it will be): that you have to allow yourself to be totally your bad feelings; and why would you want to consider trying to become as negative as you feel by honouring truly all your negative feelings, however the fact is that you are already negative, you were brought into it from conception and absorbed it all taking it all on throughout your forming years. And now it completely underpins all that you are. And so if you no longer want to feel bad then through complete self-acceptance is the ONLY way to heal yourself – allowing yourself to feel as bad as you do feel. If you don't feel good about anything in your life or about anything to do with yourself – if you have one bad feeling at all, that feeling or bad thing will somehow be connected all the way through you to your early childhood. And so simply, if you feel bad about anything, if you are sick or don't like any aspect of yourself or your life, it's all because of how you were treated during your early childhood, and it's still going on deep within you. Your childhood has ended but the resulting mental and will patterns that dictate to a high degree your emotional and feeling state are all still in existence, still unconsciously controlling you. And because you are denying yourself the knowledge of these patterns, so too are you denying yourself the resulting feelings from them – all your bad feelings.

It is understandable that you don't want to feel bad and will try and do all you can with you mind to not feel bad, but this is only making things worse for you, aiding your feeling-denial. We are all living in denial of a large, mostly feeling part, of ourselves, shown by our refusing to accept our bad feelings. So to heal this negative condition we need to reverse it, not just try to hide more of our bad feelings, but accept them. Bring them up, allow them to be and speak about them – express them, for in doing so we can then find out the truth of why we feel this way. And

it's the truth that is all important. Because it's literally true that: The Truth Will Set You Free. And it's true, for as you uncover the truth of your bad feelings, the truth of all their original causes, then you are healed of them. It is all to do with the dynamics of your will. When you see the truth, the whole truth of your negative self-denial state, then with your will you can stop living in rebellion against yourself and choose to live positively. And in that choice you are healed.

The healing by seeing the truth of ourselves happens mysteriously. It's beyond us for the time being how it happens. However our hands on role in the feeling-healing process is to first acknowledge and admit that we are denying our bad feelings, then accept and express them, whilst longing – really wanting to uncover and know the truth – of them. And this book contains more examples of how Marion and I have gone about doing our feeling-healing.

As you read Marion's and my experiences, please remember that this is how we've done it. And as you are different to us, how you do it will be your way. So try to use our examples merely as a guide. I'm not the best when it comes to expressing feelings, let alone trying to write about them. We are only two people who want to find and know the whole truth of ourselves. And have come to understand that the only way to do that and then to live true to all we feel, is to be found in the complete honouring and accepting of all we feel – both good and bad feelings.

We don't claim to be experts, far from it, it's only that our lives have led us down this difficult yet fascinating path of self-discovery. And we understand that there is a lot to our feeling acceptance and our feeling-healing that we as yet know nothing about.

The aim of Feeling-Healing

The real aim of doing your feeling-healing is to perfect your relationship with yourself, with others, with nature, and in the end, with God.

Until we are living true to all our feelings and living wanting to grow in truth from our feeling experiences, we can't live a perfect relationship. If we live denying any part of ourself we can't have true relationships.

Until we accept all of those parts of us we're denying, and understand why and how our denial came about, we can't live as our soul desires us to, as we have been created to live.

And when we do honour all our feelings and live the truth revealed by them, then naturally without any effort or mind control we'll just be perfect.

The bulk of this book is focused on helping you become more aware of your bad feeling denial; to help with the acceptance of your bad feelings and longing for the truth of them; and to hopefully encourage your desire to uncover all that was not right during your forming years that has resulted in all that's wrong within you: wrong within your relationship with yourself, life, other people, nature, and God.

Any therapy that you might do, any healing, should be focused on helping you to perfect your relationship with yourself, to help you to see why you're not functioning as truly as you could be.

The mystery is ourselves. It's all very simple really. We have just been brought into a life in which the focus is not on the personal but the impersonal, and we've been led to believe that this is the right way to live. Our parents made us focus too heavily on them interfering with and inhibiting our natural focus on ourselves. So as a forming person not being allowed to be self-focused has caused us all our problems. However our lives and bodies, thoughts and feelings, continually show us something's not right. And until we heal ourselves back into becoming fully personal, personal with ourselves, personal in our self-expression, at-one with our true self, we'll continue to suffer.

Many people try to seek God, try to understand the Greatest of all Mysteries before they try to

understand themselves. We will never be able to understand or relate properly to God until we can understand and relate properly to ourselves. We come first. We have to learn how to fully honour and totally accept ourselves and then we can move out into the world and greater universe.

It is true when it's said that we have to 'go in' and that you can find the answers to everything inside yourself. However you can't live this truth until you start to accept all the bad feelings you are denying. It's through the acceptance of all your feelings that you will naturally go in. What prevents you from going and simply being 'in' is your ongoing denial of yourself, of your bad feelings. Your parents literally made you become shut out from your true self, their forcing you to focus on them and not on yourself. So through your healing, the continual focus on your feelings in each and every moment is you coming back to yourself, you focusing yourself back on yourself.

To become perfect, as that is what we'd all like to be, first begins by accepting our imperfection, and that begins by trying to understand why we are denying so many of our feelings.

And to become perfect is one step on the road to become like God is: Perfect. And if we are true to our soul (by living true to our feelings), then it's achieving what really deep down we all feel we want to do. It's a natural longing built into our soul, it's what our soul is all about. We want to become as perfect as our parents are, that is how we start out in life. Yet because our parents were imperfect, then we've wanted to become as perfectly imperfect as they are, and that is our problem. That is how we all live – in our parents imperfection, in our negative mind and will states of being. Our longing to be perfect as our Soul Parents (God) are, never diminishes, it only gets buried along with the rest of our true self, all covered over by our imperfection.

**To want to live true; true to how you feel, is to want to be perfect.
And your feelings are the way.**

Some of Marion's and my Feeling-Healing experiences:

truth, insights, and
how I understand and see things;
and,
healing help based on our experiences.

Below are examples of how Marion and I have dealt with some our bad feelings: accepting, expressing and uncovering the truth of them. Also other examples of things we've both been through that have led us deeper into ourselves. And examples of how I currently understand things to be all based on what I've felt and uncovered through my healing.

If you're not used to feeling bad feelings, then it might be difficult to identify them, and it can take some getting used to them. What might be a feeling of constriction in your chest or throat for example, may turn out to be anger that's not being expressed. And to start accepting and speaking about it, you will first have to acknowledge the physical feeling from which the emotional feeling will follow.

The first few examples I've highlighted in italics the Feeling-Healing procedure I go through. And although I haven't done it in the remaining examples, still it's what I do, and what Marion and I have done right throughout our healing.

There are differences and similarities between Marion's and my healing, which are quite apparent at times, reflecting the different ways we were parented. One big difference, relevant here, is that throughout her healing she has spent long periods of time endlessly expressing her bad feelings without truth conclusively coming to her. However over time she does realise things, truth comes, and she changes with it. For me, it's much more straightforward, as just about every time I express my bad feelings, truth comes. I feel like I'm always discovering new aspects about myself and my self-denial, whereas Marion just seems to know it all anyway, she is far more aware of her suffering and pain, and her healing serves to confirm such knowledge and rid her of her pain.

I only mention this here because how your healing may be for you will no doubt be different to ours and even possibly your partner if you are doing it together, as with Marion and I. So if you can't relate to what I have written of concerning my healing experiences, it doesn't necessarily mean you're not doing it properly. As to what properly is, I don't know. All that matters is you accept, express and uncover the truth of your feelings, and how you do that is all that counts.

I'm now ten years into my healing. (The first few experiences recorded below come from about thirteen years into my healing, when my dreams were helping me a lot to feel bad. Now it's sixteen years on from when I first began, as I yet again re-read the book, and all I've written regarding Marion's and my healing and how we do it still applies – and even more so..) During the first five years Marion and I sat in a our small rented apartment's kitchen virtually talking non-stop about all we felt. I didn't do any writing. It took me those early years to break through some of my main barriers and self-denial patterns, accepting that I wasn't loved and didn't feel loved by my family. Then I started to write about some of my experiences. The bulk of the healing experiences in this book come from between my six to tenth years of my healing.

As I've got to know myself better, that is my negative state and all I feel, it's become increasingly easy for me to access the truth when I express my bad feelings. Now it happens almost immediately. But in the beginning I'd go for months slogging away speaking about how bad I felt, longing for the truth, and without much coming to me. So again, please don't compare or judge yourself too harshly against my experiences if you keep speaking about your bad feelings, longing for the truth of them, but nothing much comes. It will come in time.

A great privilege? Or run for the hills?

Marion feels it a great privilege if someone wants to speak to her about their bad feelings.

I want to run for the hills. Marion feels the only thing she wants to do in life is speak about her feelings, and her bad ones whilst she feels bad. I want to hide in the hills as far away from my feelings, and especially my bad ones, as I possibly can. Marion wants nothing more than to live true to herself – truth to all her feelings. I do to, I do, I really do... oh all right, so I do begrudgingly, and Marion has to keep dragging me along, helping me to stay focused on my bad feelings and helping me to try express them. But I do want to heal myself, honest I do, it's just that it's so dam hard, and all of my negative programming makes me keep denying and not wanting to have anything to do with them. It's not fair!

Thus speaks the truth of our negative states!

Feeling-Healing: *accept – express – long for the truth.*

I had a dream last night...

Accepting my bad feelings.

I had a dream early this morning that made me feel bad. As I got up I felt worse. I felt all yucky inside and I hated the situation I was in in the dream. After a few minutes, I began to realise I felt angry – that I was angry. I was very angry!

Expressing my bad feelings.

I started to speak to Marion about how angry I felt. I began by first trying to describe my yuk feeling, which naturally led onto my anger. So following her suggestion (and she's full of them, and it's always her suggestion never mine so far as our healing goes; she advocates making a real effort to describe all the physical bad feelings – pain. Such as: where it is, what sort of pain – dull, sharp etc., and how does it make you feel; does it remind you of anything; what's the worst thing it makes you feel?):

'I feel yuk this morning, very bad. It's hard to describe, but it's like the walls of my insides are coated with some poisonous metallic substance, and it's all through me and I can't get rid of it. In some way it has control over me.' Then I realised it was anger.

'It's anger, that's what it is, that's what I feel. I am angry, very angry. I had a dream last night that made me feel really bad, and now I can feel it's anger.

'You and I had to work for the dole (unemployment benefit). The people didn't care about us. You were made to dig all day long and it just became too unbearable for me watching you suffer. I couldn't put up with it any longer. It was bad enough for myself, but to see you struggling away nearly dying with the effort, was too much. I told them we weren't going to do it, that they were wrong for treating us this way, even though we were dependent on them for our survival. We were nothing more than slaves, and it wasn't right. I was going to talk to their superiors; I was going to demand our personal rights. I wasn't going to just put up with it any longer like I have always done, all because I have felt I've had no rights being unemployed. I wasn't going to take it. Something had to be done, and I was going to do it. I took you away while I was going to fix our situation.

'I was furious. I was so angry, more angry than I had ever been before. I wanted to rage and kill them all. I wanted to make them suffer as they were making us suffer. I wanted to do all the most heinous things to them. I wanted them to lose their jobs so they would be unemployed and made to suffer as we were.'

I kept on speaking about how angry I felt, but then the truth started to come.

Longing for the truth of my bad feelings.

As I was speaking about my anger, I was also longing for the truth of why I was feeling it. What was my anger this morning trying to show me? And then the answers started to come. I continued speaking to Marion about all I felt and was now seeing.

'I'm so angry with the authority, there is always the ever-present authority that is dominating and controlling my life. I'm always under its power. It was the dole people in my dream, but now I can see it's just mum. *(This is where the truth kicks in, when the symbology in my dream – the dole people, are seen as my mother; and this connection I just feel, I know to it be the truth. And it's a nice feeling because then I know I'm into the guts of it: what I had the dream for; what hidden truth I am trying to show to myself through my bad feelings. And then I also know, it's not the dole people I am actually scared of and angry with, but my own mother, and this truth hurts. My adult life, as represented by my relationship with the dole people, superficially shows me what's really going on within me from back in my early childhood, in my relationship with*

my mother. So we use what's happening in our immediate adult lives to help us go back and connect with our early childhood and the people in it who caused us our problems, with our feelings being the conduit.) Bloody mum! Always mum, she's always there, controlling and dominating my life. And I am so angry about that. I hate her so much for being that way, for treating me like the people in the dream were treating me – as if I'm nothing more than a slave for her.

'She never gave me an inch for myself. It was always her. Everything was always for her. I feel like I've been kept in such a tight corridor all my life, just her and I and no one else. I can't get away from her, she's always there, just her.'

Marion started to comment on all I'd been saying. Her comments are always so helpful, always taking me further into it all.

'Your mother took you for herself and because you didn't have anyone else in your life to stand up to her, to show you another way, she is all you see life to be. Your father didn't say anything, always just telling you to do what she said. Your grandfather was a non-event, and your grandmother was just as controlling as your mother. You didn't have anyone else. In a lot of the books I read there is so often someone else. The *helping witness* as Alice (Miller) calls them, someone like the gardener, the maids, the other parent, friends of the family, other relatives, who the child spends time with and can see that there are other ways of being. And the children all grow up being able to choose for themselves which way they like, which is of course the one that makes them feel the best. And often they can see that their controlling mothers don't actually have much, if any, power, as they are ignored or argued with by other people. So the child sees that its mother, or if it is their father who is the controlling one, doesn't have total control. But that didn't happen to you. You weren't able to grow up and ignore your mother, pushing her aside as you realised she wasn't the all-powerful one. It was just you and her with all the others supporting her.'

'And that's exactly how I feel. My whole life has been such a tightly controlled thing. I have only ever had one girlfriend, as my friend, at a time, and one thing I like doing at a time, not an open life like most people with lots of people and friends in it doing all sorts of things all the time. My life has been so narrow, and as you say, all because of her. And I can see how all Gran said was meant to take my mind off being stuck with only my mother who didn't love me, to make me pretend that my life was another way, that it was good and that I was loved. She just made it all the more difficult to see the truth, turning me away from the bad feelings I felt by making me use my mind. God, the two of them have fucked me up so badly. No wonder I can't do anything in my life other than just be on the dole with the ever-present authority bearing down on me telling me how I am to be in my life.'

So how does this all make me feel having seen this aspect of truth about myself?

'I am so fucking angry about it. I feel so powerless to do anything about it. I can't do anything at all. I could work more at the Fishing Park, Paul would have me, and I might even get off the dole for a few weeks during the busy holiday period, but I can't because I don't want to work all the time there. I even do it to myself; I can't move away from home, I have to just stay here doing nothing but pretending that my life is great doing my spiritual work. But I don't have a life, nothing happens with it, other than me writing all this stuff – but for what? It doesn't go anywhere, it doesn't get me out of my narrow life with her.

'I hate this feeling of feeling like I don't exist. It's all just her. There is nothing of me. It's her, her telling me how I am to be, my life isn't for me, and she's created so many problems for me. All the stuff I go through about our relationship and not being able to relate truly, it's all because of her. I know we know all of this, but I have to say it again. It's as if I'm seeing it all again for the first time, at least this part of it, being stuck with her in life, her and me and nothing or no one else.

'I was inside her, and I've never come out. I was cut out of her physically, but in every other respect I feel like I'm still in her. I haven't been born yet, I'm not free of her.'

'And really, it's all just her, you are her. You don't exist for yourself, it's all her that exists.'

'That's right, it is. It's just her. God that makes me feel bad. I am her in a way. I am not me. Only she exists, not me. I feel so angry, so bad, so yuk, just as I did in the dream. I am her. My life is all about my relationship with her – nothing else. So how the fuck can I have a good relationship with you? My life is really all just for her. That's what my whole negative life is about isn't it: her control of me. That's it, the truth of my life... Great! And there's absolutely nothing I can do about it.'

and, a little while later...

'Why am I biting my nails? I'm just chomping on them. I haven't done that for ages. And I can't stop. I hate biting them, god I wish I could see the truth of why I do it, I wish I could get to the bottom of it. I wish all my bad repressed feelings about it would come up, once and for all.'

Chomp, chomp, chomp...

'I can feel how nervous I feel, but only just. I have to focus really hard, but I can, I am scared, nervous, anxious. I guess that's how I am all the time, only mostly I don't show it, all thanks to Gran telling me that I'm okay.'

'But now I feel it because of all I said earlier about mum. I'm scared to death of her, she makes me feel so nervous, she's always so nervous, and so am I. I'm always so scared about what she's going to do next, what next will she do or say that makes me feel bad. She's the main source of all my bad feelings – my own bloody mother! Shit, how many times do I say and see this... when will it ever end? When will I finally be separated from and free of her?'

'And I can feel it's when I'm not speaking out about how angry she makes me feel, how angry I feel all the time, when I'm keeping it all in, that I bite them more. And I can't be angry, because none of them ever allowed me to. All I could do was keep it all down. And with Gran telling me that I wasn't angry, that everything was always good, and it was wrong to be angry.'

'I wish all my anger, fear and frustration would come out. I'm so sick and tired of it, a little bit coming up here, a little there, it's all so slow, and such a drag... just as my life was with her. Never anything stimulating and new for me, just always what she wanted to do... argh!, I'll probably go on biting them forever.'

A note about longing for the truth.

When I long, I long to God – God being my Heavenly Mother and Father – to help me see the truth of all I feel. Really it's like a prayer to Them asking for help. I long, ask, Them, to help me uncover the truth of my bad feelings, to help bring up all my repressed yuk that's making me feel bad. I ask Them to help me see the truth: the truth They want me to see. This really being my Soul-Healing – doing my Feeling-Healing with God.

I have written these experiences focusing on my feelings, my feeling-healing being a part of my soul-healing. And I imagine not everyone will want to have a relationship with God, let alone God being both their Heavenly Parents. And the beauty of your feeling-healing is you can do it without God, so you just long to yourself for the truth. You feel inside yourself your will, your strong desire to really want to know the truth of your bad feelings. In a way I guess you could say you are praying, asking, yourself for the answers – the truth. Or, you are asking some higher, or inner, or greater, or simply other part of you that might know the answers – your true self perhaps.

But all in all it doesn't really matter who or what you ask for help, just so long as you long. It's your deep sincere, earnest, heart-felt longing and yearning that drives your will (yourself) into uncovering the truth for yourself through your own feelings. We have to do our healing ourselves, and I know this sounds obvious, but you have to apply all your will, you have to

WANT TO KNOW ABOVE ALL ELSE WHAT REALLY DID HAPPEN TO YOU; AND TO WANT YOUR FEELINGS TO SHOW YOU. If you don't sincerely engage your longing, your desire: wanting to know the **WHOLE** truth of yourself, and being open and willing to accept it no matter how harsh or terrible it might be – accept all the pain of it, then you won't get anywhere. If you don't want to come clean, be brutally honest with yourself, and want to know how your parents fucked you up, then you are really wasting your time. You have to want to live true: true to your feelings, which is true to yourself.

All the pieces of your feeling-healing are paramount: the accepting of your feelings; the speaking about and expressing them; and the longing for their truth. Without doing this nothing will happen. You can speak about how bad you feel all day long, but if you don't **LONG FOR THE TRUTH** and really accept just how bad you are feeling, then nothing is going to change. You'll just be letting off steam. You won't be healing yourself.

And when the truth comes, and you see it, feel it, and know it to be absolutely true, then you have healed that part of yourself you are refusing to acknowledge, accept and express, releasing all those feelings that were preventing you from seeing it.

I Repeat:

It's all the things that go on in your life that make you feel bad – no matter what they are – that you use to help you accept, express and find the truth of why you're feeling bad. You use what's happening now – the bad feelings you feel now – to take you back into and connect with the same bad feelings you felt when young, all of which will come up as you speak about it all whilst longing for the truth.

So when you start speaking about your bad feelings, don't try to connect them with your early childhood. Keep focused on what's happening now as it will all be contained within the present. Keep longing to know the deep underlying causes but stay in the present. And in time you will naturally be led back to your childhood. Something may suddenly occur to you, as an insight, a memory might surface, a picture of understanding might form in your mind, all of which will start to connect the present with the past. Then it all falls into place making sense and giving rise to yet more feelings to be expressed.

The 'now' has all the things in it – past and present. So you just keep talking about what's making you feel bad now and you'll hear yourself say things that link you up and take you back into your childhood. It's a natural process and something that you must not try to force. It's a pointless exercise scanning over and over through your past memories trying to connect what you feel now with how you felt back then. That is only using your mind to do it, but your mind must stay out of it, so that's where just keeping on focusing and staying true to your feelings in the present comes in. Your childhood is still 'alive' and 'happening' now within you as the adult, only you don't see, feel or understand it. And gradually your healing will make you become fully aware of it, so in effect eliminating all separation.

Bloody rubbish truck!

It's 6am, still dark, we've just got up. It's a cold winter's morning. Suddenly we hear a strange noise – what is it? It's a truck. A garbage collection truck – the recycle truck? On a Monday? That's not supposed to happen until July when they are changing the collection day, and it's only the last week of June. What's going on?

Suddenly it roars up our street looking like a mechanical beast from the underworld, white and orange lights blazing and flashing all over the place – and it's so noisy! Potsy-Peepoo our little cat hates it and rushes for the door, yet also hating to go out in the dark and cold, but hating the truck more. She hides from it under the neighbours house.

Admittedly we hadn't read all the council information about the coming collection day changes, but that didn't concern us anyway as our large recycle bin only needs emptying once every couple of months and it was only recently emptied. But still, what's it doing here today?

Accepting the bad feelings.

It's an onslaught to my senses, my enjoyment of the early morning with no streetlights and complete quiet has been shattered, and as would be expected... there it is, my anger – I FELL ANGRY! It starts to boil and churn in my stomach. I let it come up in me. I don't try to bury it using my mind by saying: it's the rubbish collection day change and we didn't read all what was going to happen, so we weren't prepared; instead I just allow myself to go with my bad feelings of feeling angry.

Express the bad feelings.

I speak to Marion about how angry I am feeling. Marion has already expressed her feelings. She's angry that we weren't told about it, how it's just been suddenly inflicted upon her – just as her parents treated her. For me I'm angry about something different.

'Why is it coming so early. I hate it coming so early. It's so bloody disturbing, waking everyone up and scaring the creatures. I hate it scaring Pots, making her have to go out into the dark when another cat might still be around who will beat her up – that scares me, worrying that she'll be all right. I'm scared, I'm worried about her, why does it have to come in the dark at all, why can't it come during the day?

'It makes me so angry. I want to yell at the council. Write to them, speak to them, make them change it. But they won't listen to me. There's no point doing those things. No, I feel so inadequate, so powerless, I can't do anything, I just have to accept how it is. I hate that I can't do anything about it, and that makes me even more angry. I'm so angry that I have to always be just subjected to things, things I have no say in and that make me angry because I don't want them that way.'

Longing for the truth.

I long for the truth, but I don't even need to as it's already on it's way up in me, showing me how my anger is connecting with anger from my early childhood regarding my parents unloving parenting of me.

My parents always did things to me telling me that it was for my own good. If the thing made me feel bad and I tried to express my anger, my protesting would be met with even harsher anger and more of their telling me, to the point of convincing me, that it was as it was, all for my benefit. And often they would tell me how hard it was for them (they being the benevolent great ones) to make it for me as I needed it to be (as they believed I needed it to be). But I don't need the rubbish truck to come so early. Oh but you do, they might say, so you can bring the bin in before you go to school, and so it won't fill with rain. But it's a perfectly clear morning, it won't rain and I don't go to school any more. That doesn't matter James, it's just how it is, and it's the best way

for you and everyone else. But everyone else gets woken up so early, and it's Monday morning, who wants to get woken up so early on Monday morning? Don't concern yourself with such matters James, just know it's all for your own good. And on it goes in its patronising matter. And were I to protest even more, then it's: James, just do as you are told! Accept it how it is. The truck came early and that is how it is... and on and on it goes until I back down and have to accept what they say.

The truck comes early not for my benefit but for the truck company's and whoever is controlling the whole thing. They are my parents, they tell me they are doing me the favour by collecting my rubbish, a very necessary service indeed, and so I should be grateful that they do it at all, irrespective of the time they choose to do it. And aren't they nice that they collect for me, without asking me to do anything other than put the bin out. I should be the one bowing and scrapping thanking them, instead of being angry at being woken up so early... and on it goes. I'm not even allowed to have my say, let alone ever actually get my way.

In the end I give up having to feel totally powerless. I have no leg to stand on. They tell me they are doing it all for me, all for my benefit and I should be grateful, but really they don't give a shit about me and are doing it all to suit themselves. And this is what pisses me off so much. This was the attitude of my parents all the time. They always got it and had it all their way, and I was never to complain, never to disagree, and certainly never to get angry with them. After all, who was I? They made me feel I was some insignificant nothing, who had no right existing, and should be ever so grateful for just being their child – and wasn't that simply enough? Enough to be eternally grateful to these two unloving people for just having me. Oh, and aren't they the *Great Ones*, please... I just want to punch them in their heads.

My anger comes up but has nowhere to go. I can't rage at them, all I can do is keep talking about it – expressing it to Marion. The rubbish truck has helped me to connect back with how it was with them. As I hate it, I hate them. I don't actually remember any specific experiences similar to what the rubbish truck is symbolising, but all I feel is so familiar, as if I'm back with them having yet another one of those futile arguments trying to stand up for myself, yet getting dismissed without any respect or consideration.

Speaking to a friend.

At least now I can keep speaking about all I feel to Marion. She is on my side, she is my friend in it all. She understands and sympathises with me in the injustice of it. She allows me to go on telling her about how angry I feel. How I am full of rage, but also full of frustration because I can't do anything about it. They never listened to me taking me seriously. They were never on my side.

The healing takes place.

Gradually as I speak about it all, the anger lessens to where I can rationally discuss all that's coming up in me about it, with Marion. For the next couple of hours we speak about what we've seen about ourselves and our relationship with our parents all thanks to the rubbish truck.

Both of us, having seen a lot of this before, have also made new ground in our awareness of truth and so healing, as we now see even more about how badly our parents treated us.

The healing takes place as you bring out all your repressed bad feelings and uncover the truth of why you're feeling them. How it's all been locked away inside you and negatively affecting you – the controlling patterns – lessen and free up, as you liberate all the yuk keeping them in place.

I need Marion's help.

I need Marion's help as a therapist, counsellor, guide, teacher, friend, helper, coach and prompt.

'I'm miserable, I feel really miserable...'

'Why?'

'I don't know...'

'Why do you feel miserable, what is making you miserable?'

'Oh, I don't know...'

'Something is, speak about how you feel. Tell me about your misery. And want to know the truth of it and what to do about it.'

I try, nothing happens, nothing comes to me. I try to describe my miserable feelings:

'My back hurts, it's full of pain, it aches all the way across the lower part. The pain makes me feel miserable, I can't do anything, I can hardly move. Not being able to do anything makes me feel miserable. My misery makes me feel so defeated, so low, flat, wasted, full of nothing, no hope, nothing to look forward to, crushed back into drowning despair. I feel completely overwhelmed, unable to breathe, unable to move. I can't do anything and I don't want to do anything. I feel too depressed when I feel miserable. And I can't do anything about it. I can't make it go away, it's like I'm trapped in a fog of pain and despair and nothing I can do will make it go away. I feel all bound up, cocooned in my misery and there is no way out. I'm trapped, and this makes me feel powerless, so powerless and so miserable.'

'I just want it to stop... I just want to be happy. I want to be free of my misery. I want to feel good.'

'What do you want to do that will make you happy?'

'I don't know anymore. I used to think I did. I tried things hoping they'd make me happy, and they did for a short time, but soon the misery came again and now, nothing. I don't know what to do anymore to make me happy. I can't make myself be happy. I just want to be happy.'

'That's something new actually, I haven't seen that about myself before: that I can't make myself happy, as I always thought I could. I always thought my happiness was up to me, but now I feel it's not. I don't want to contrive it or pretend I am happy by doing things I like to do. I want to feel happy naturally, spontaneously, just happy because that is how I feel without having to do anything.'

'Do you really believe you can be happy doing nothing? Is a child always happy doing nothing?'

'No.'

'So you do want things to do, to be happy doing things?'

'I do.'

'It's okay, you can do all sorts of things and be happy – this is how you are happy – not just doing nothing.'

'Hmmm.' I think about it. It's true, it makes sense. I can 'hear' mum and Gran telling me I should be happy with what I've got, "just stay here, don't move, play with your toys and be happy. See, you're happy... this is fun, isn't it; isn't this fun and doesn't it make you feel good and happy?" But I don't feel happy and I've tried to live my life believing it's fun, but it isn't.

'I don't want to just sit and play with my toys – now my 'grown up' toy, the computer – and pretend I am happy, that I'm happy just because they say I am. I don't want my happiness to be a belief. I want it to be a real feeling. I want to know I'm happy because I feel happy, and I want to do things that will make me happy. I don't know what things, any things, just things. I want to feel fulfilled, like I'm achieving something, learning new things and excited about what I'm doing – loving doing it. I want to have genuine fun and then I'll be happy.'

'They just shut me away in part of the room and I am supposed to play with – "amuse" –

myself and be happy because they say I will be happy. It's fucked. What right do they have to control me? They just want me out of the way not bothering them. And if I'm "happy" playing with myself then they don't have to worry about me – "he's happy, leave him alone". But I don't want to be left alone. I don't want to live a life all by myself, amusing myself and pretending I'm happy. How can you have a fun life all by yourself, without other people? You can't. Only people like me who've been treated how I have believe they can. But it doesn't work, because underneath the truth is you feel miserable and anything but happy.'

Then the revelation dawns on me. I realise, I want their recognition – the truth!

'I see it now, see what I want, what I really do want to make me happy... I want them to recognise me, to treat me like I'm a real person. I want them to want me in their lives, I don't want to be shut out like a nothing person, someone who doesn't really exist. I want them to recognise me...'

The picture expands further.

'I want to recognise myself. I want to know that I am real and that I exist. How they treat me makes me feel like I'm not real and don't exist.

'I've always felt like I don't exist... Gosh it's true, I can see it and feel it, it's what I've always felt about myself... I've felt like I'm a waif, all six foot bloody seven of me, and like I'm invisible. Like I'm paper thin, not a real person, creeping around on tip-toes, slipping in and out of the molecules in the air.

'Nothing happened in my life to make me feel like I was real. They didn't treat me like a real person. They treated me like they didn't want me there, and in many ways, like I wasn't there. They didn't interact and communicate with me. They didn't want a true relationship with me. They didn't want me to participate and respond. They didn't want me to be myself; they didn't want to get to know me, so I don't want to get to know me. No bloody wonder I don't want to express my feelings, for how else can you get to know yourself than through what you feel?'

More pictures of understanding flash into my mind.

'... I can see how I've wanted someone to define me, to tell me who I am – what is my 'name', and what I should do. Gosh, all my wanting to try and find my 'thing' the thing I can do in life that will make me happy, is all about me wanting to be defined, to find something or someone who will tell me who I am. I am my thing! I want myself to feel I am ME. "I am a marine biologist", that's what I wanted to be able to say when I left university. But that's not me, that's a marine biologist, whatever that is. I want to be me. Me, James, just James – Me. And I want them to approach me as James, so I can know myself as James through them. I need their help to define me, to help tell me about myself and to help me find out what I'm like and what I like doing. Not just tell me, but to be in my life and to have me in their lives so it would all just naturally happen. That's what I wanted back then, it's what I still want: full self-recognition, self-identify. I want to be self-knowing. I want to know myself.

'I've always tried to change myself, to make myself 'fit in', in the mistaken belief that it will help me define who I am. But it never helped, only confused me more. I don't want to do that anymore, it's too false. I don't want to be like an actor assuming roles trying to define myself. I want my feelings to tell me, I want to find out the truth of myself for myself through myself.

'I can see now that I don't need other people to tell me who I am. Mum and Gran always told me who I was. Who I was to them, how they saw me and what they wanted me to be, but it was all wrong for me. They weren't looking at me truly, how could they, they are too fucked up themselves. I don't want to spread myself 'out there' looking to other people to define me. I want to retract and come back to myself, and look to myself for self-definition.

'I feel as though now I no longer need other people to define me, to tell me what I'm like and who I am, to try and show me and help me to find what my 'thing' to do in life is. And I don't need a thing in life to define me either. I don't need to say "I'm a marine biologist" and then everyone knows who and what I am. I feel like for the first time in my life I can rely on myself. I know, my soul knows, it's all in me, so why would I want anyone to tell me when they can't know

my soul? They can't know me. They can only define and get to know themselves.

'I want to know that I exist because I know and feel I do. I, me, James, I am real and I exist because I feel and know the truth that I do. That is what I want, that is my 'thing'.

'I don't feel miserable any more...'

'You've expressed that part out of you and found the truth of it.'

'Yeah... wow... what an insight. I feel once again like I can let mum and Gran go, I no longer need them to recognise me. I've been waiting for them to recognise me for such a long time. I've been dependant on them to be my mirror so I can see myself. But they couldn't do it; they filled me full of false images... no wonder I felt like I wasn't real. But now I can see I can rely on myself. I have myself, I am real. I AM REAL BECAUSE I FEEL I AM. And I don't need anything else. For the first time in my life I feel real... and it's a good fucking feeling!

'Thank you once again for helping me, thank you for listening, thank you for wanting to know me, for wanting to have a real relationship with me, for recognising me, me the person, me James. Thank you Marion, my friend.'

I feel out of sorts.

As usual, I don't know what I actually feel, I just feel strange, not myself.

During the early stages (years) of my healing I felt like this a lot. I couldn't define my feelings and I needed Marion's help. Now I'm more familiar with this not-knowing-what-I'm-feeling feeling, and I can quickly start to accept it and speak up about it.

'I feel strange, again.'

'How strange?'

'As if I'm all stuffed-up inside. Like I've got a cold but it's all through me, not just in my head – I'm clogged up.'

'And how's it making you feel?'

'That's what I'm trying to work out, I don't know exactly... just strange.'

'Yeah, but what does 'strange' feel like?'

About at this point I'd start to get angry with Marion asking me about something I can't answer. I feel so frustrated and angry that I'm once again unable to know what my 'strange' feeling really is. I don't know what I feel, if I did, other than strange, I'd say, but I don't know, and I feel more frustrated with myself for not knowing and angry with her for pushing me.

She might then say to me, reading my behaviour and body language: 'It's probably anger, it sounds like you're angry, what has made you angry, what's happened?'

And as she is almost always right, I'd go with what she said and 'try on' feeling angry, one of the other ways she's helped me to become more accepting and familiar with my bad feelings. I'd remember what being angry felt like, which wasn't hard now I was feeling angry being so frustrated with not feeling this other feeling clearly, then I'd try to see if I was angry somewhere within my 'strange' feeling: if I could imagine myself feeling angry.

This 'trying on' strategy of bad feelings Marion helped me to learn, has been a great help. She does it all the time when she feels bad but can't place the actual bad feeling – when she can't define it outright. She says she runs through all her familiar bad feelings asking herself: Do I feel angry? Do I feel miserable? Shame? Guilt? Anxiety? Fear? Scared? Powerless? Humiliated? And so forth, remembering times when she felt these feelings, or just the feelings themselves. Usually one of these feelings rings a bell and seems to fit, then she concentrates on working with the strange or yuk or just bad feelings in this light, speaking about it as much as she can until she's got right into it. And sure enough, the feeling, and often feelings, would reveal themselves further along the lines she suspected.

The reason why we can't simply define our feelings is because we weren't allowed to as children, and so have had no practice. They simply aren't apart of our daily life, and added to this, we mostly do all we can to suppress and deny them.

Anger she reckons, well, I'll give it a go. I say out loud, 'I'm angry, I feel angry, do I feel angry? Is it anger? Anger, anger, anger...' I try to be angry, try to remember what being angry feels like and it seems to do the trick, because suddenly a more familiar feeling surfaces... and it is anger!

Now I'm into it, now I can get on with expressing my bad feeling.

So do you see? Simply trying on the anger, seeing if it fits with my strange feeling, is my acceptance of my bad strange feeling, once I've admitted I feel and so acknowledged it. And so my 'strange' feeling can show itself for what it truly is – anger.

'Yes it's anger, you were right, I do feel anger, wow, I would never had known that my strange feeling was anger... It's getting stronger, I can accept myself feeling and being angry... I'm angry, I'm angry... I am very angry!' Now I feel like I'm boiling with anger, I want to rage and smash

bringing it up and out of me. All to make me BE IT, for that is how I am feeling. To try and stop myself doing what I do: refuse I am feeling angry.

During my early healing years, occasionally I could detect I was angry once I was more familiar with it, but I couldn't do anything with it. I'd say pathetically, 'I think I'm angry', but I wouldn't really get into it. I felt very self-conscious speaking out loud. Marion has no problems speaking about all she feels, she just gets on with it loud and clear, but not me, I'm too scared, so scared I'll make a fool of myself. So I find it difficult to do. However each time I have persevered it has moved me on and deeper into the feeling.

Marion will go at it for hours sometimes, moaning with it: I'm miserable, I'm miserable, I'm miserable, I'm miserable; a miserable repetitive low moan, over and over and over. She just allows herself to feel bad, to feel as she feels (it all sounds so easy to do, and seems so as I observe her, but it's about the hardest thing I've ever had to do, I'm just so programmed against doing it), and express the feeling, and if it doesn't go anywhere, then she just says how it's making her feel not going anywhere, over and over, and over.

At times I too can do this, once she's helped me get going, but mostly in my head, because as I said, I'm too self-conscious to do it out loud. However, I find that even if I do it in my mind and softly let words out, let the energy out of my mouth, it helps, I can connect with the feeling which often leads me on to more bad feelings. I find I often get into something like a chant: miserable, miserable, miserable, miserable, miserable; I'm miserable, miserable, miserable; I feel miserable, miserable, miserable; I feel miserable, and on and on, but have to keep remembering not to just let my mind take over, to always say focused and fully present with each miserable, making sure I'm connecting with them.

Too many yuk feeling days.

Marion and I have many days – too many – of just feeling yuk. Just feeling bad. The whole day of feeling bad. Nothing triggering it off, just waking up feeling yucky and feeling yuk all through the day. Periodically, we'd – she's much better at honouring it than I am – say how we'd feel. It's usually only brief, a few words connecting with – acknowledging and expressing – the bad feelings; together with longing for the truth, which gives rise to no truth only more feelings of yuk. So we just periodically tell each other how bad we feel trying to keep speaking about how yucky we feel.

One of Marion's yuk days might go something like this:

5am. I feel yucky. I feel bad, miserable, just miserable. My back hurts, I don't want to get up, I've got nothing to get up for.

8am. I still feel yucky. Yuk, yuk, yuk. I still feel miserable, down – bad.

10am. I hate feeling yucky, yuk, so yuk. I wish I didn't feel bad. I always feel bad. I'm sick of feeling so yuk.

2pm. Yuk, yuk, yuk, that's all I am. One big yuk bad feeling. I'm so unloved. I feel so yuk, so bad. Nothing, nothing – nothing happens. I don't do anything, nothing makes me feel good. Yuk. I'm just yuk.

5pm. I'm sick of feeling yuk. Always so yuk. I wish I didn't feel yuk. Moan, moan, moan.

5.30pm. Why do I have to always feel so bad? When am I ever not going to feel bad? Always so bad. Yuk, yuk, yuk – bad, bad, bad. Moan, moan, moan.

7.30pm – bedtime. I still feel yuk. Yuk, yuk, I hate feeling so bad. I wish I didn't feel bad. I've got a slight headache. My feet are cold. I've felt cold all day. I'm so miserable, I wish my life would change... (She wasn't allowed to feel just miserable when she was young. But now she can. And now she can finally tell someone about her woes – me.)

Today I hate:

The wind
The weather
Feeling too hot or too cold
Never feeling just right
Eating
Having to go to the toilet
Drinking
Having to clean the house
Doing the vacuuming
Cleaning the toilet and shower
Washing dishes
Dusting
Cleaning the sink
Cleaning, cleaning, cleaning
Having to mow the lawn
How it always needs mowing
My life
How nothing is happening
The world and all the bad things in it
Greed and all the greedy people
Nature – its cruelty
The baby bird blown from its nest
The baby bird being eaten by bigger birds
Myself
My pain
My back being sore
Feeling yuk
Waking up feeling always yuk
The cat
Having to follow the cat around to entertain her
Having to interrupt what I'm doing when she demands my attention
God
God for starting it all
God for putting me in it
God for making it all so bad for me
God for letting it all keep happening
My parents
My parents for fucking me up
And everything and everyone else...

I do feel good about being able to hate!

Marion complains about the weather, yet again. I feel angry. I don't say anything, she has the right to complain, so I stop myself from saying: Would you shut up about the weather, you're always complaining about it, and it's never going to be right and you can't do anything about it anyway. I don't express my frustration. I keep it wrongly to myself. I am denying it in both our lives, our relationship being weaker for it. I am denying it to myself and to Marion who is always so pleased when I speak about my bad feelings – any feelings, even if I'm really angry and shitty with her.

I can feel myself churning away inside. I know I should speak about about feeling angry, but I can't. I wasn't allowed to express my anger when young. I'm again denying my bad feelings. Why?

Why can't I just voice and vent my frustration with her. She's got the right to complain about the weather as often as she wants to, and I've got the right to complain about her complaining about the weather. I don't have to make her stop complaining, I can just speak about how her complaining is making me feel. And it's up to me to want to find out the truth of why I have a problem about her complaining, just as it's up to her wanting to find out the truth of why she's angry about the weather.

For me to honour my anger I have to stop what I'm doing and focus on that little tucked-away bad feeling. And then I have to be brave enough to come out with exactly what I'm feeling. I have to be able to say directly to her – right to her face: I hate you complaining about the weather, it makes me feel angry. I have to say to her there is something I don't like about you, criticising her, and this is very difficult for me to do. I could never complain to mum or criticise her, as it only brought her wrath down upon me. She was a fiery serpent lashing back at anyone who criticised her.

But why does Marion's complaining make me feel angry? Why, why, why... what is the truth of my feeling angry, what, what; what is it...?

How do I feel if I say shut up to Marion? Scared. I feel like she'll turn on me and be mean to me, telling me to shut up; she'll get angry with me, angrier than I am with her. She'll scare me with her anger so it's better I say nothing.

Having said that, focusing on Marion, I can now easily make the connection with mum, because as I was writing this I could see it was mum I was scared of and not Marion. It's mum who gets so angry so fast and then all hell breaks loose, and I don't want that because she makes me feel so scared. I'm so scared of her outbursts, terrified of her, that at any moment, or if I complain or say the wrong thing, she's going to start yelling at me.

Then suddenly my mind shifts, and I wonder why, where and how, I've learnt to rationalise my bad feelings away, by saying she has the right to be angry and criticise everything, but I don't. And I can hear in my mind my Grandfather and father saying: Don't say anything to antagonise your mother. (Often I hear word-memories so clearly in my mind, which helps me remember how it was when I was young. And it's always amazing to suddenly feel as if I'm back when I was young. Marion doesn't experience word-memories, as she remembers it all anyway. Her parents didn't allow her to block her bad feelings out with – and escape into – her mind.)

Then I hear Gran saying: Oh Rosemary, will you shut up! You go on and on about the same thing and nothing is going to change it, there is nothing you can do about it.

“Yes mother, I know you're right, but I can't stand it any longer, he's driving me mad. I can't bear being stuck here all alone all day long with the children, they're driving me mad.”

“Well you can't do anything about it, you've got them, and you're stuck with them, you'll just have to do the best you can. It gets easier as they grow older and we've all been through it, you'll just have to make do. I did and I never had anyone to help me either.”

I hate their arguing, especially over us, especially about me. I can't stand it, they go on and on about it. I want to tell them to shut up. She wanted to have me, she has to get on with it and look after me and stop complaining and making out as if it's all my fault. I want to yell and scream and complain all day long about how my mother treats me – just as as Gran complains all day long about how mum is. I want to tell her how bad she is making me feel, but I can't. She can

complain, but I can't, she doesn't let me. She doesn't want me telling her she's fucking up, that's the last thing she'd want. When I started my feeling-healing I wrote to her trying to explain my change of heart and outlook to do with her and the family, telling her I don't feel loved by her, but she rejected my letter inferring it was the work of *that nasty woman* Marion who was trying to take me away from her. She couldn't even credit me with the fact that I'd written the letter. So untrue is her picture of me, that in her mind it wasn't me who wrote the letter, but Marion – I wouldn't be capable of writing such a *nasty* letter saying I no longer loved her or wanted anything further to do with the family. It showed her up for how little she knew me. Never once did she ask me why, what's happened, why have you changed. It greatly helped me confirm much of what my feelings through my healing had revealed to me about our relationship.

My mother can openly reject me but I can't reject her. She can complain and criticise me and say she wished she never had children, never had me, all day long; she can complain about the weather and anything else, but I can't openly reject and complain and criticise her. No way, it's all one way – her way. No one gets a chance to have their say, she is the master controller. I can't sit down with her and try to explain anything about what I'm feeling or anything of what I've been through in my healing because she doesn't want to know about it. It seems, she thinks, that I'm just having a bad moment, and soon I'll return to my senses and come back to her and the family and everything will be just as it was. I'll get over my whoops and slot back in. And the years go by and still she waits. She holds onto her fantasy and nothing's going to take it from her. And every day I do more of my feeling-healing moving further away from her. The rift from my side is gigantic, from her side? I don't know what she really thinks.

So I can't immediately speak about and express my anger telling Marion what I'm feeling, all because of mum. Look at what it's attached to, there's just too much stuff, too much of a gulf between mum and myself. I can't bridge it, she made it, and I'm only waking up to it. It's far easier on both of us for me to simply keep my mouth shut. And I don't want to get involved in mum and Gran's arguing. I want to take the men's advice and keep out of it and not say anything to antagonise my mother.

But how pathetic is that? For her to live with men who are afraid of her, men who won't express their true feelings being scared to stand up to her. Men who instead behave as if they are her sons and she their mother – just like they learnt from their mothers: lie low, shut up, and never say anything against your mother. But what sort of a relationship can you have with someone if you are always afraid of them?

I joined the secret men's club conspiring to keep the women happy and to stay out of their way. But what sort of a relationship can we all have? It's all too pathetic and too sad. My mother rules the roost and everyone else creeps around trying not to disturb or provoke her. She can't feel loved, admired and respected. We treat her like she's the poor one, mentally disturbed, and mostly ignore her. And what does she feel about that? I don't understand, as she got rid of my father, hardly spoke to her father, and maintains a fantasy about theirs and my relationship with her. And I come from a 'balanced loving family' according to her and her mother – yeah right? Someone's seriously deluded.

When I'd left my all-boys school I'd go to the pub with my school friends. We'd buy each other rounds of beer; we'd stand around looking at the girls. Often long times would be shared together when we didn't say anything – there wasn't anything to say. We might go to the pub often, every night, or at the end of the week, and very quickly we'd finish speaking about the latest news and then there was nothing much else left to say.

We longed for someone else, girls, the 'life of the party', to come and entertain us, just like at school when the school clown and funny boy would hold forth and we'd listen and laugh.

When I look back I can clearly see we didn't speak about feelings. We had them, and occasionally during break-ups with girlfriends or other bad times we suffered heavily from them,

but we didn't share them. We didn't open up, we didn't discuss, we didn't want to know each other – what and how each other felt.

So what really were these friendships of mine? The friendships being maintained and supposedly 'growing' on just being together, standing around drinking and smoking under different circumstances. They weren't friendships based around really getting to know each other – what we felt and thought.

There was a feeling of security in our little group brought about by familiarity and our conservative ways. No one wanted to rock the boat. I didn't, I was too scared. Smoking dope instead of drinking alcohol was about as rebellious as I got.

I left my friends and went overseas to live. When I came back I didn't see the point of seeing them again. I was interested in spiritual things, things that I knew were not what they'd be interested in, at least not to the extent I was. I wanted to know the truth of why we just stood around drinking beer unable to communicate with each other. I wanted to know why my life felt so empty. I didn't want these sorts of friendships anymore. I wanted to be able to communicate about feelings, but first I needed to find out what was wrong with me, why I was living in denial of all I felt.

Shut up you fucking dog, stop bloody crying I hate you crying, shut up, shut up, shut the fuck up! If you don't stop making that god awful sound I'll come and throttle you. I can't bear it, you're driving me crazy, it's so fucking sad, you make me feel as miserable as you sound and I don't want to feel sad. I hate feeling miserable, so shut the fuck up. Jesus! Can't you stop? Please stop crying dog, give it a break will ya, I don't want to hear it any more. I can't stand it, it's making me climb the walls... AARRGGHH! shut up, you bloody dog, shut up, shut up, shut up, shut up, will you bloody well shut up – Please!

I feel so angry about the dog crying, always crying; angry, angry, angry. I'm so bloody angry I feel like I'm going to burst. All I want to do is scream louder than it's crying so it might hear me and shut up. I am so pissed-off that they had to move into our street leaving their dog alone all day to do nothing by cry. They don't have to hear it, they're not here. They go off to work and leave him alone with us, not physically as he lives up the road, but it may as well be. We're home all day, we have to listen to him, and he never stops. Just when it seems like he's quietening done he starts up again, oh for Christ sake, will you shut up! Shut up, shut up, shut up, bloody well shut up will ya...

I hate that dog crying, it's always crying. I hate the sound it makes, the crying, I've never heard a dog sound so much like a person crying. I hate it, it sounds so miserable, I feel so sorry for it, it makes me want to cry, and it makes me angry. Don't its people know it cries all day long, don't they care? Don't they want to do something to make it stop, to make it feel better?

Argh the awful noise, it's unbearable. I want to go and tell it to stop, to shut up, but I know it can't help it, it's being left all alone all day long and it's too awful. If I was left alone like that I too would cry all day long. I feel so sorry for it, but I hate its noise, it's too heart-rending. I wish it would stop. I wish someone would come along and do something about it. I wish they would move away into the country so a big active dog like that could be free, running around and not cooped up all day in such a small back yard with nothing to do. It must be so bored, it's being tortured, it's so unfair, how would its owners like to be locked up in such a boring back yard day in day out with nothing to do but sleep and wait until they come home from work, which is always so late in the day. It's so irresponsible, so unfeeling of them, they shouldn't have the dog making it suffer so much.

It makes me want to cry, all the millions of dogs left all day long in similar situations. I would never have a dog or a pet unless I could give it all the attention it needs. If only they could hear it crying all day long. It doesn't stop making such a forlorn noise. It sounds eerie and makes me feel

scared. It's an incredibly sad song, a lament that makes me feel sorry, not only for it, but also for myself. In many ways, I feel like it does, so trapped in my own 'inner' backyard with nothing to do, no one with me, all alone, it makes me want to cry.

It reminds me of my early childhood, not picture-memories but feeling-memories. I feel like I cried like the dog, sometimes outwardly, but more often, inwardly. I know I did it within me because I'm still doing it. I'm still crying deep inside just as the dog is outwardly. The dog is helping me to feel it within myself, helping me to feel sorry for myself and to see just how bored, tortured and trapped I feel.

Thank you dog. I feel sorry for you and I'm sorry I can't do anything to help you. I feel sorry also for myself and I have to turn to myself for I can only help myself, that at least is something I can do...

Argh! The crying, crying, always crying, so, so miserable... I feel so miserable, no one wants me, no one likes me, no one cares about me; I feel so alone, so scared, so miserable, so unwanted, so unloved, I wish I could die. I wish it would end. I hate my life, I hate myself, I hate everything... the crying, the awful crying. I wish I could rip my heart out and stop the noise. I wish life wasn't so bad. I wish none of us had to suffer. I wish we could all love each other and respect ourselves. I wish it would all change; I wish I would change. I wish my misery would all leave me... when will it ever end? They made me feel so miserable, so, so miserable, crying, crying, I'm crying... always crying, endless crying. Crying, crying, crying, what a miserable wreck I am...

Describe your bad feelings.

Angry? What sort of anger? Is it a simmering or brooding anger; sharp, shallow, surface, deep, soft, strong, want to yell, smash, rage, fury, hatred, kill and destroy?

How does feeling these bad feelings make you feel?

How does feeling angry make you feel?

Angrier, frustrated, scared, out of sorts, hot, sweaty, itchy... and how does feeling these things make you feel?

Express all your bad feelings and long for their truth.

Keep going, following your feelings wanting to know the truth of them, wanting to know how you truly feel.

And remember, the aim is: TO ALLOW YOURSELF TO FEEL BAD, AND NOT TO REJECT, DISMISS OR DENY YOUR BAD FEELINGS. You felt bad a child, and now you have to feel those bad feelings again, but this time, all so you can understand why you are feeling them.

Also, please understand that I'm writing this book for myself. What I mean is, as if you, the reader, are me, someone who has no idea about feelings, someone who is completely unaware of them. So of course if you are not like me, being aware of all you feel, then most of this you'll probably find a bit basic, so please bear with me. And if you are great at naturally expressing your feelings it all being second nature to you, and even your bad ones, then if you want to do your feeling-healing your main focus will be longing to see the truth of them as you readily speak about them. However, as you never know how your life might be, your partner or friend might be like me, totally feeling-inept, so at least my work might give you some insight into how it is possible that someone so feeling-unconscious and feeling-unaware can exist in the world. And as trying as we are... please have pity on us.

Awareness of bad feelings.

Every now and again through the day, stop, be honest with yourself, and ask: Am I feeling good or bad?

If you include God in your life:

Ask God to help amplify your bad feelings so you don't miss them. If you're having trouble feeling them, becoming aware of them, ask God to help you become aware. Ask God to give you a signal so you know to stop and focus on how you're feeling.

Monitor yourself. Try it out, try it on and say it, *out loud*:

'I'm so angry about...'

'I hate that...'

'I feel miserable...'

'I feel sad...'

'I feel happy...'

'I feel good...'

....'That makes me feel bad...'

'That makes me feel unhappy...'

'You saying that makes me feel...'

'You doing that makes me feel...'

Or state it to yourself, and see if it matches:

Say it out loud, not just in your head, even if you say it to yourself. Remember, it's always about expressing what you feel, getting the energy that is within you moving. Bring it up and out, which in turn will lead to liberating your suppressed and repressed feelings.

'I am angry...'

'What that person said makes me angry...'

'I am miserable...'

'I am sad...'

'I'm guilty...'

Your feelings don't have to make sense when you express them, just get them out. Refrain from trying to make sense of them or you run the risk of using your mind to rationalise them away. Just acknowledge them, allow them to be, and voice them. And speak about them with all the emotion you feel. If you feel really angry, then express them angrily, not just passively, saying: I'm angry, but saying it aggressively: I'M ANGRY!

Submit to your feelings. Allow them to be – BE THEM. Let them overwhelm you, feel your fear of them taking over and blotting you out – express this too. Give in, give up, let them win. Submitting, surrendering, giving in to your bad feelings is very important. And it's what you are doing as you accept, express and long for the truth of them. It's allowing the poor bad-feeling you, to have its say.

Often your feelings won't make sense because you are such a confused mess inside, so all you can do is just speak about all the different parts and long to see the truth of them. Gradually a picture of understanding will materialise, and if it doesn't, then it's simply not time yet. So just keep speaking. Keeping on speaking about all you feel helps keep you focused in the moment, and most importantly: ON YOURSELF. Your parents stopped you from focusing on and being with – or being true to – yourself, by not letting you express all you felt. Now you are looking to do

the opposite by bringing yourself back to yourself, to feel what you truly feel.

It can take days, weeks, months of expressing all sorts of confused feelings, none of which make much sense, until you start to see what it's all about. All you can do is keep going. Keep accepting how you feel, speaking about all the different aspects. And want the truth.

We just want our feelings to come out so we can hear and *see* them; so we can see why we are feeling that way – what they are telling us, what they are wanting us to know about ourselves. Our minds can't tell us the truth of ourself, but our feelings can. Our mind can pretend it knows, but it doesn't have clue. Only our feelings are real and true once they are free of being controlled or manipulated by our mind.

My back is sore.

It's Not: I can't do anything because my back is sore, instead, it's: I can't do anything because of my emotional state of fuckedness, and my back is physically showing me how emotionally fucked I feel.

My sore back is all emotional, will, spiritual, mental, and then least of all, physical. My sore back is helping me to feel these other aspect of me – the truth of me.

Be volatile.

Be irritable.

Get out your frustrations.

Worry and complain, whinge and moan, groan all you can.

Don't hold it in, don't control it.

Be expressive allowing your emotions to have a say.

Emote your feelings.

Don't try to lock it down – don't try to control life. Try to simply allow your feelings to express themselves.

Give up trying to control your future with your mind. Abandon yourself to your feelings. Allow them to guide you. And speak about all the fear this makes in you.

Allow yourself to be unpredictable, to change your mind AS OFTEN AS YOU LIKE no matter how maddening you might be to yourself or another person. Allow yourself to go with your feelings. It's easier said than done, however that's the goal.

Don't try to maintain control over your feelings. And if you do but don't want to, then start by expressing this: how it makes you feel by always needing to have control? How does it make you feel when you feel out of control? What are you afraid of? How does feeling powerless make you feel?

And remember, don't fish too hard for your childhood stuff. Remain expressing your feelings focused in the present. Long for the truth. Long for your repressed childhood feelings to surface. When you need to connect with your repressed childhood stuff it will naturally come. (And even though I'm telling you such pearls of wisdom, also remember: TO ALWAYS DO WHAT YOU FEEL TO DO. This being one of the 'Golden Rules' of feeling-healing and life. So if you feel to fish, get out the fishing rods. If you feel to fish but don't feel to get out the fishing rods, then don't. And talk about all you're feeling and why you're feeling such feelings. All I say is only a

guide, nothing more than something to think about. I am NOT telling you a rigid set of rules for you to learn and apply to your feeling-healing. If you use them dogmatically you'll screw yourself up only denying your bad feelings even more. Feelings are f e e l i n g s – so use them to f e e l your way along.)

When you start trying to express your bad feelings, try to keep it as personal as you can.

For example:

If you feel miserable and you start to tell your friend, then say: I'm miserable. Keep it in the first person.

You can also say: I feel miserable, I feel miserable, but make sure you also come back to the personal, expressing it as you're feeling it. I'm – ME – I am miserable. Own it fully. Admit it out loud – to the whole world: how YOU are feeling. I'M miserable, I am miserable, I am miserable.

And you can even go one step further by just saying: miserable, miserable, miserable, but with the full intent that it's you and what you feel, as you're telling your partner. You say it about yourself, meaning you're feeling it: miserable. And you say it with your miserable feeling – so sounding miserable. It's not just an intellectual or mind exercise. It's not something you do because I've told you to. It's something you have to feel you want to do for yourself – because YOU want to do it. And because you want to hear yourself say it. You say it yearning for sympathy, you want someone to listen to you and feel for you. You want someone – your friend – to sympathise with you, to be on your side. You want them to know just how rotten you are feeling. You want them to care about you. You want them to be with you in your hell, in your bad feeling so you are no longer alone. You feel this way and it's right for you to feel this way, because it's how you're feeling. You want what has never happened to you: someone to take you, your feelings, what you feel, seriously. You want to feel like you're being brought in – welcomed in – from the cold. You want to be recognised, and feel, that all you want to say is important and should be taken very seriously. Because IT SHOULD!

When you speak about how you're feeling, say it with all the f-e-e-l-i-n-g you feel and full conviction that it's you and it's what you are feeling: I'M MISERABLE, ME, I FEEL REALLY BAD, I FEEL MISERABLE, MISERABLE; ME, I'M MISERABLE, MISERABLE, MISERABLE, MISERABLE, MISERABLE, FUCKING MISERABLE, THAT'S WHAT I AM, THAT'S WHAT I FEEL – I AM MISERABLE. You completely own and honour your feeling.

Don't solve the problem.

Marion says two seagulls are on the shed roof outside the back door where she feeds the magpies. One of the 'junior' magpies, Antoinette, is scared of them and can't fend them off when they encroach to steal her food. She loses a lot of food to them and it's very annoying for us. We don't want to feed the ever present and expanding seagull population, we only want to feed the magpies. We can't afford to feed the seagulls and we hate how they rush in stealing and squabbling, causing those who aren't like them or can't deal with them, to miss out. They're too competitive. Sometimes we try and flap them away with a scarf rubber-banded to the end of a wooden spoon. This works and keeps them wary and at a distance giving Antoinette a chance, but if we don't keep doing it they become very territorial and aggressive taking control of the shed roof keeping everyone else away.

Marion says she should flap them away but she's not angry with them at the moment as they are just sitting there peacefully, and Antoinette hasn't come so far this morning. She says she should flap them but she doesn't want to, and she asks me what should she do?

I believe they should always be flapped, to keep them unsettled, and I can do this when I want to, I don't feel bad about it. But I also don't want to keep worrying about whether seagulls are there or not so as to have keep flapping them away. I believe she's seriously asking me for my advice, so I tell her to flap them. But she doesn't really want to be told what to do, it's only a rhetorical question. She really just wants my support, for me to ask her to tell me what she is feeling, so she can work out for herself what she wants to do, what she feels she'd like to do.

She wants me to ask her: why do you feel this way, why don't you want to flap them? She wants me to help her to speak more about it all, not just find a solution to her problem. She wants to speak about all the feelings connected to her problem about flapping or not flapping them – it's irrelevant as to whether she actually does flap them or not.

She wants to be able to speak about why she should flap them and why she shouldn't flap them.

'If I flap them then they'll go away, and if Antoinette comes she'll be able to eat in peace for once. And she won't have all the best bits I've saved for her stolen.

'I feel so bad for her when they take her food right out of her beak. They just run up to her and grab it from her. She's already jumpy enough as it is, and it's not fair that they should take her food. I don't like that, so I should flap them, but at the moment I don't feel angry enough to do it. And if I do it, I'll feel mean, because they're standing there minding their own business. I don't want to hurt them, I hate making anything feel bad, and they squawk and screech as if they are so hurt at being rejected when I do flap them, and I don't want to be mean to them. I know what it's like to feel rejected, how bad it feels, and I don't want to make them feel that way. I don't want anyone to ever feel that way.

'But I also hate them being there ready to take Antoinette's food. I just wish they'd go away and leave her alone. Why do they have to be here anyway? It's not natural for them to live in the suburbs, they should be near the bay, the water. This is where the magpies live, not seagulls. I wish I knew what to do...'

All she wants to do is express all she feels, how she feels about both sides, flapping and not flapping. She doesn't have to choose one or the other. The truth as to how she feels will come to her and then it might lead her (through her feelings and not with her mind) one way or the other. But until it does, all she needs to do is speak about her feelings, not trying to find some resolution, not deciding she should do one thing or the other and then always doing that. She just needs to be free to go this way and that, to be in her contradictory and confused state for as long as she feels this way. And she's felt like this for months, and has spoken about these same botherations for months.

When she finished telling me what she felt, she went and made the bed, coming back to speak more about how she felt as she felt it. Later she did flap them away, and then spoke how that made her feel bad as they screeched into the sky.

Antoinette hasn't come this morning; the seagulls came back. Marion is happy this time around to leave them be.

The point I want to make is that she ONLY needs to express all she feels, looking for and wanting to know the truth of it. She doesn't need me to step in, take over and tell her what to do. She doesn't need me to solve her problem. She just needs me to listen, to be sympathetic to her, and to ask her why she feels the way she does – to encourage her to speak about all she feels. The open encouragement and support – my sincere wanting to know her and wanting her to come out of her hiding place within herself where all these feelings are kept hidden away, and tell me about herself (how she's feeling) – helping her to move past her blocks about saying all she's feels. Blocks put in place by her parents as they didn't want to hear what she felt and had to say. She wants me to be impartial; it has nothing to do with me. It's her thing and she has the problem. It's not my problem or concern. I know what I would do, but that doesn't mean Marion has to do what I say. I'm not the boss.

If I get angry about her indecisiveness, and if I think she should flap the seagulls and feel angry that she isn't, then I've got issues and problems of my own. I can then speak about them, but I don't have to enforce my way trying to make it law. I can keep my side of things in my court and say what I feel and what I would do, but really I should also wait until she has worked through her feelings, before I step in and interrupt her as I might put her off track. (Ha! As I write this, it all sounds so simple, obvious and straight forward, but shit, my need to control her and make her do what I say has led to terrible fights between us.)

As I've said before, this is the theory and it's easy to say, but for me to actually do, it's very hard. I've been made to believe through my early childhood that I'm supposed to be the master controller, and what I say goes and is always the best thing to do. To me it's obvious what to do: flap them away and be done with it, but that's not allowing for any feelings. It doesn't allow either of us to feel any emotions about it. It is just a remedy to take the problem away, to stop ourselves feeling bad – just another way for us to deny our bad feelings. And it definitely doesn't allow for the consideration of any feeling on either side, ours or the birds.

For me it's all too straightforward and there shouldn't be a problem, it's all black and white, it's all logical, all mind and no feelings: we don't want the seagulls stealing Antoinette's food so do all we can to get rid of them. Just shoot them all and get rid of the problem once and for all. That's the solution, but is it? What would that really solve? This 'male' way of dealing with everything sucks, as it doesn't allow and 'female' feeling stuff to be considered. And as I'm slowly finding out and starting to appreciate, life's fullness and true enjoyment comes from the depths and intricacies of our feelings. And Marion being a Pisces and able to so easily identify with both sides of the feeling-coin, hers and there's, is helping me to see that life isn't just about getting it all worked out so nothing bothers you, so everything runs like clockwork. It's not just about Taurus the bull putting his stubborn head down and ploughing on regardless. It's about the journey, the ups and downs, the emotions and feelings of everyone along the way. And about everyone involved having their say, whilst we all strive to uncover the truth of ourselves through our feelings. It's about our having relationships with each other and ourselves, and you can't have a deep and full and true relationship if you're choosing to relate to everything only with and through your mind.

Everything doesn't have to worked out. Things can just go along as they are, this way and that, and with all the problems, being talked about and worked with as required. With all feelings being

considered and expressed along the way. And as the truth comes, because we do want the truth of our feelings to be known, then it will be through and with the truth we'll know – feel – what to do.

What we've discovered is that if you don't try to resolve it and only express all you feel about it, a natural resolution will come. And you'll naturally feel what to do and when to do it, and what and when you do it, will be done and acted upon at the right and perfect time. There is always a natural resolution, there and unseen, and if allowed, through the ongoing expressing of your feelings, will happen. And when it does, it's exciting or amazing, and often something you would never have considered with your mind. So often a problem that seemed insolvable, just stopped happening once we'd expressed all we could about it. Things beyond our control just happened taking our problem away with it, without us actually having to do anything about it at all.

And if you ease up and don't try to control with your mind, then you'll find you'll have time for the unseen factors to work. As I said, many things just resolve themselves naturally seemingly without us having anything to do with them, but only so long as we kept expressing all our feeling whilst longing for the truth.

At the end of each breeding season, Mum and Dad magpie, as they are preparing to go into the next breeding season, chase most of their juniors away. In our case this year, all three juniors were used to our supplementary feeding and didn't want to leave the area. Beulah, the middle one, soon left honouring Dad magpies wishes. Freddie, the eldest, was not as scared of Dad and went away, but only so far as to ensure that he could still sneak back to the shed and hope to get fed.

We didn't know whether we were making things harder for Freddie and Dad. Marion still wanted to feed Freddie if he came, but clearly he wasn't meant to come back. Dad and Freddie had some violent fights and lots of chasing. No one was hurt, but that might have been only a matter of time. Should we feed Freddie or not?

Marion has lots of issues with the magpies as they represent her and her family, with the birds helping to bring up many repressed feelings from her childhood. All the way through Marion spoke about all she felt wanting to see the truth of how the magpies were helping her to see more about the negative relationship with her parents. She chose to ignore Freddie some days, other days she couldn't. But it was difficult for her to say no – her parents never allowed her to say no to them. If she tried they'd severely punish her, so she can't say no to anyone. He would come and ask her to feed him, and he was very insistent, and often Dad would suddenly appear to chase him off.

Weeks went by all very confusing as to what we should do: what was best for us; what did Marion want to do, and what was best for the magpies? She didn't want to find an answer and then just stick mechanically to it, saying: it's best for the birds, so I won't feed Freddie, she wanted to do what she felt, with saying no being extremely difficult. Saying no to anyone who wants something from her is a deep problem in her, so she wanted this opportunity with the birds to work it out.

Then time took care of the problem for us. As she worked her way through all her negative patterns seeing the truth of them, one day Freddie just didn't appear, and then another. Then he'd come back for a couple and then be gone for some more. And finally he left, the problem being taken care of by the birds themselves. The birds showed us they know what to do, what they want to do, they aren't stupid and don't need us to tell them how to behave. So shouldn't we be like them and stop telling each other what to do? All we needed to do was keep on accepting their help in providing us with the stimulation to do our feeling-healing.

Should we even feed wild birds or not is a big issue for us. But again we don't need to try and

find a solution to this with our minds. We don't need to work anything out because there is far more to it than simply saying yes or no and then feeding them or not. Life isn't that straightforward, and luckily it isn't, as we'd soon be bored with it.

Both Marion and I have many issues, most still unknown to us, about what we feel about feeding the birds, but we won't be able to work through them to know what to do, until we've expressed all we've felt about it. And we don't want to just stop feeding them because the authorities say it's bad for them, denying us so many bad feelings. We want to use our feelings to tell us the truth as to what we should do. We want to find out through our own experiences for ourselves, and not just be told yet again, as it were, by our parents.

And to do this we need to have experiences, we need to feed them until the truth of all we've expressed leads us to possibly not feeding them, then we won't feed them. And it will be the truth for us. We will be able to then say: it's wrong to feed wild birds. But really we're saying it's our truth: it's wrong for us to feed them – it might not be wrong for another person. And another person will have to find out the truth of whether it's right for them to feed the birds or not for themselves through all they experience and feel.

We have to find out about life for ourselves, all through our own feelings and the truth that comes to us. And this is what we have to allow our children to do. Not just tell them what we believe and they have to live that as law. If we can't find out anything for ourselves as children, then we can't individuate based on our own truth. And if we can't be our own true self living the truth we've found for ourselves, then we're not a real person, and that is where our problem lies.

Not resolving: staying true to myself, to my feelings.

Not crossing the line.

Marion likes to feed the broken up bones of our roast chickens to the magpies. They love picking off little bits of chicken that is still on the bones on the shed roof. They clamp it in one foot and peck and pull and bang away until either a seagull steals it or the now resident Australian Little Raven muscles in and takes it. The ravens, since spring, have started nesting in our area and one increasingly dominates the magpies – all accept Dad magpie.

When I was young we had a long-haired dachshund Tosca, and the one big no no was: feeding him chicken bones or allowing him to get to them in the rubbish. He loved them and would demolish the garbage in his quest to find them, but they could, and finally did, kill him splintering in his stomach.

The next door neighbours have recently moved in with three dogs, two of which are puppies, one being a little short-haired dachshund.

The raven flies off with the chicken bones and increasingly my dread is that he'll drop them in next-door's backyard, or perhaps in other people's backyards, potentially causing problems for people's dogs, even killing them.

This morning, seeing the raven take a bone off the shed roof, my worry increased to make me feel very scared. I am now very scared of causing a problem, I don't want any dogs suffering because of what we're doing.

My initial reaction, as soon as I felt sacred, was to tell – demand – Marion to stop feeding the chicken bones to the birds. I want to quickly step in and physically stop her taking all the bones away and throwing them in the bin, all the while yelling at her that they might hurt the dogs and she is wrong in doing what she's doing, and that she's a nasty person for making the dogs suffer.

My fear comes as a result of my feeling like I'm causing a bad thing to happen, and that I'm going to get into trouble when the man next door comes over accusing me of killing his lovely little dog. I don't want to be accused of anything, and I certainly don't want to hurt his dog. My

fear surges into panic the more I think about what might happen, and the more I feel myself going mad with panic. I don't know what to do. All I can do is yell at Marion to stop, just as I was yelled at by my parents to stop. I want to make her stop so my fear goes away.

To further complicate this, I unconsciously see Marion as mum, and I'm now faced with the terrible task of having to try and tell mum to stop doing something I don't want her to do, something I think is wrong. I can try and tell mum but it never got me anywhere except into more grief. She'd turn on me yelling at me, and somehow I'd end up to blame being accused of doing the bad thing. I was always defeated by her ending up feeling powerless. So my task is to tell Marion to stop, knowing that I'll end up defeated and feeling more powerless than I already feel. Marion isn't going to listen to me, she wants to feed the birds the bones, it's the birds second favourite thing after the roast chicken skin, and my telling her to stop is going to make her mad with me because what right to do I have to control her and make her do what I want. And she's right, I have no right trying to control her. If she wants to feed the birds the bones killing every dog in the neighbourhood she can. She can do whatever she wants to do, and it's not my right to forcibly make her stop by taking the bones away from her. I have all right to express my fear and tell her I want her to stop, all so long as I don't cross over the line and make her stop.

All of me aches to make her stop, to make her see the sense of what I'm saying. I saw Tosca suffer at the end of his life and it wasn't nice; I don't want other dogs or people suffering. I want to take her over and MAKE HER STOP. I want to get my own way, have it over her, make her do my will – STOP! And all because I'm shit scared that I'm going to get into trouble. People are going to come and bang on my door with their dead dogs and I'm going to get sued and made to feel like a murder. And yet I'm not feeding the birds. It's Marion. It actually has nothing to do with me. I should be able to step aside when they all come with their dead dogs and say she's in there feeding the birds the bones, you're quite welcome to accuse her, I agree with you.

But Marion's my wife and I should be on her side. I should protect and stand up for her when the hoards come to drag her off to her trial. I should be gallant and even say it was me, I am the culprit, take me, I deserve to die as I have killed all your dogs. But all of this shit I've taken on from my family. I'm supposed to back and support my parents no matter what, no matter what they do. I'm NEVER to go against them, never to speak out and say I think they are wrong. The family always has to present a united front no matter what, even though I totally disagree with my parents because what they are doing hurts me making me feel bad. I am to agree that their negative unloving parenting of me is exactly what I need, and pretend that I love them and be ever so grateful for all the good work they are doing raising me. I am to go against myself and protect them even though they are killing me. Fuck that!

This was the negative pattern I was trapped in: as soon as I felt bad I had to do something to make the problem go away – so I'd stop feeling bad. I have to stop Marion feeding the bones to the birds; I have to make her stop so I don't have to feel bad any longer. And I've only ever reacted this way, I haven't known there is another way, the right and true way for me to deal with the situation, that being to simply express, to speak about all I am feeling, and to want to see the whole truth of it.

So instead of jumping on Marion, I stayed on my side of the fence, and I spoke to her about how scared I am. I spoke about all I've written above, it all coming into my mind as I expressed how panicky and scared I felt and why.

And the more I stayed on my side and didn't do what I usually did – get angry with her for causing this potential problem, the more true to my fear I became. I could feel the panic welling up inside me, it was unbearable and all I could do was keep speaking about it. I could only speak all about how I felt and how much I wanted to make her stop; and how much I wished she'd take notice of me and do what I said, seeing that it was the right thing to do; and how much I felt powerless because I believed she wouldn't take notice of me, and instead would get angry with me for trying to make her stop doing what she likes to do. I tried to speak about it all and all the

feelings attached to it, while she threw more bones to the birds. I didn't try to stop her, not even with my words, I just concentrated on telling her how bad I was feeling, not even blaming or accusing her of making me feel bad by doing it, just staying with and expressing that I felt bad. I was the one with the bad feelings. I was the one feeling scared, she wasn't, so it was my problem. I had to find the truth of why I felt that way. And I knew there'd be more than just being worried about killing the neighbour's dog.

As I expressed all my bad feelings I felt so powerless, so impotent, not being able to force my will and control life making it how I want it to be. I couldn't simply override and disrespect Marion treating her like a child, like how we were both treated by our parents, but I so desperately wanted to get rid of my powerless feeling and get some power back. I wanted her to do my will, to do as I said, all in the misguided belief that I was superior to her.

To just speak about my feelings seemed hopeless, what good would that do? Nothing good had ever come of it before. Mum and dad never listened to me. I never got my way just with words unless I threw a tantrum, and even then it rarely paid off. But I kept going talking about all the feelings I was feeling by not doing what I usually did.

After I'd said all I felt like saying, I suddenly felt good with myself. I'd achieved something I'd wanted to do for a long time. To do exactly what I did: to remain on my side and just speak about how bad I felt, instead of dumping all my shit on Marion. Marion had helped me to see that this was the right way to behave, a way in which I was able to totally respect each of us: me by expressing myself, speaking up and not keeping all I felt suppressed; and her by not overpowering her, bending her to my will. I felt proud and happy with my achievement. And it was all I could do.

I couldn't solve the problem, it wasn't of my doing. And if Marion was to keep feeding the birds bones and it kept making me feel bad, then all I would do is keep speaking more about how bad I felt each time the bad feelings surfaced in me.

Doing this allowed me to feel myself within it all, to understand where I really stood. I wasn't projecting myself onto her or seeing her as mum; I wasn't buying into my childhood programmed negative belief and behavioural patterns. I was being true to myself, to all I felt, and that was all I could do, and it made me feel good. If the little dog died, no doubt I'd feel sad, but I'd feel and express those bad feelings when it happened. The reality was the dog hadn't died, and it may never die because of our chicken bones. Marion could keep on feeding bones to the birds forever and nothing bad might happen, all I was scared of was in my own mind. And then the most amazing thing happened.

Marion said she agreed with me. She said everything I said made sense and she felt the same. She didn't want to hurt the dogs either, and although it was something the magpies did like a lot, she really didn't want to feed the magpies anyway. She is wanting to stop doing it seeing that it's not right and interfering with them, all truth she's slowly been coming to within herself over these past months of trying to express all the bad feelings that she's felt which have come up because of her magpie involvement.

And so with the raven and the neighbour's dogs coming, she has more reasons to help her stop feeding the birds. So she said she wouldn't and doesn't feed them bones anymore. So amazingly, I did get what I wanted. I got my way, but without having to use force. Marion willingly chose to do what I was asking but understanding for herself why, and not simply doing something because I was telling her not to do it like our parents told us. Neither of our parents could explain to us reasonably and rationally why they did what they did to us. Mostly in my case they said, 'Just stop doing it because we say so', nothing further. Kids were only to act on the command of their parents, they weren't supposed to understand why or question authority – just how the army is set up. Parents, the officers, telling the grunts what to do, and the soldiers are supposed to just carry out their orders without question, and all 'for the good of the whole'. Army mentality only works

because we've already been conditioned to it; it's only an expression and extension of how we were treated during our forming years in our families.

For Marion to wholeheartedly agree with me showed me there was another way. And by speaking all I felt, and staying on my side, could get me what I wanted after all. I didn't always just have to remain feeling powerless. It was a great experience giving me confidence to do it again and see what happens. To allow myself to feel scared and powerless, to admit such bad feelings, and speak about them. To feel rather than act doing something to stop myself from feeling. And to do it without expectation, because Marion doesn't always have to agree with me, and I don't always have to get my way. All I have to do is want to speak up and say what I feel, wanting to know the truth of it for myself – really the outcome is irrelevant, however it is of course nice when you get what you want.

And Marion of course is free to change her mind anytime. Tomorrow she might suddenly feel like feeding the bones again, and stuff the dogs. She might have other issues within her that need to surface, and I have to allow her to find the truth of them for herself. If she decides to feed the bones again and I feel angrier, then I can express that anger, and so it goes on. And if we both allow each other the freedom to say all we feel without trying to control each other; and if we both remain firm and true to our commitment to see the truth of our feelings, then in time the truth will fully surface and we'll live it. At the moment it seems like the truth is that it's not right to feed the birds the bones, the truth based on what we both feel about it. And currently it's the truth we want to live. As to whether this is God's truth we don't know, but we do know we are asking God to help us see the truth, the truth God wants us to see.

And if it were to turn out over time that we both feel increasingly sure that it's wrong to feed the bones in this situation, then we'll also start to feel it's what God wants us to know. And as many other things have now happened for us like this, it gives you a good feeling to know the truth of your life, and how you feel you want to live, and why, and that it's all in keeping with what God wants.

Thank you Marion, birds, dogs and God for helping me understand a bit more about myself and what I truly feel and why I feel this way.

(And a few months later the neighbours sold their two younger dogs.)

Nature has helped Marion and I a lot in our feeling-healing. Our little cat, the birds and the crying dog, have provided us with endless bad feelings to express. Nature being true and right helps us to see how untrue and wrong we are.

As bad as it may be to interfere with nature, feeding the birds our food, depriving them of theirs, still it's something Marion and I have to keep doing because we want to do it. And although it may be wrong, and even if it is, still we have to just keep going with our feelings, doing what we feel to do, and expressing them along the way. And so long as we are always longing to uncover the truth of what is right and wrong, then eventually through our feelings we'll get there. And as sorry as we are to the birds for possibly screwing them up, we can't stop doing it – not yet anyway. It's just one of the horrors of our life we have to face, accept and deal with. We are fucked, caught up in our negative state, hurting and abusing ourselves and nature, but we can't use our minds to stop our doing it, as that is not facing and dealing with the problems. We have to work it all out through our feelings and in the meantime be ever so grateful to nature, to the birds, and our cat, for allowing us to abuse them, all so we can get better.

Keep asking: How do I feel about these feelings?

Follow the avenues of feelings:

'I feel bored. Shit I hate feeling bored'.

I've identified that I feel bored and how I feel about it. Feeling bored makes me feel how much I hate feeling bored. I don't always hate feeling bored, but today, now, I really hate feeling bored. I hate it because lately I've been feeling it regularly and each time I hate feeling it more. So I'm expressing my feelings about it, speaking up about my hating it. I tell Marion.

Once I've said that, saying it with all the feeling of hate I feel about feeling bored, I can then ask myself: Why do I hate it, and: How does hating it make me feel? Today I want to move deeper into how feeling the hatred makes me feel as I've already covered the why and I don't feel there's anything else there to see for the time being. I can speak about why I hate it again, to see if anything new comes, and it's worthwhile to speak about it all, but for now I'm wanting to focus on how feeling the hatred makes me feel.

I hate feeling bored, and how does hating it make me feel?

Hating feeling bored makes me feel angry, and then powerless because I want to do something about feeling bored, but I can't. I feel so powerless because I can't just make the boredom go away. I want it to go, I don't want to feel bored. I feel bored because nothing is happening in my life. All I'm doing is waiting around for more bad feelings.

I hate the hatred feeling. I hate feeling hatred. It's very unsettling, unnerving. It makes me scared. I'm not familiar enough with it, I don't know what to do with it... and that's the problem: I think I should do something. I believe if you hate something or someone then you should do something about it, like hit them, make them go away, or smash or stop the thing that's making me hate it. But I don't want to do this because that hurts and makes me feel worse, and I only got into more trouble if I hit. If I hit my brother mum and dad would yell at me and hit me. Taking out my anger and hatred on what or whom was making me feel that way never made me feel better, so feeling hatred, and the intensity of it, makes me scared, I don't know what to do with it. I don't know what to do to make the bad feeling go away. I have all this energy, all my hatred building up within me, and I don't know how to release it. I can't do anything with it. All I can do is eat, or masturbate it away, I don't know anything else. And that's why I want something to happen, so I can do that, and by doing that, then I'm no longer bored so I'm no longer feeling bad – hating feeling bored.

How does the feeling of not being able to do anything with my hated make me feel?

It makes me feel frustrated, very tense – angry. I'm full of pent up frustration I can't release or do anything with. Like having my hands tired, I'm trapped; it's all swirling around inside me and can't get out. I feel so inadequate not being able to do anything to let it out.

And how does feeling inadequate make me feel?

Fucking pathetic. I feel hopeless, paralysed with indecision. I don't know what to do. I want to do something, I have all this energy in me but I don't know what to do with it. I was never allowed to express it, so I just don't know, and the not knowing makes me feel angrier, more frustrated, mad with it. It makes me want to do something to myself, I have to try and deal with it, I need an outlet for the frustration and tension. I want to bite my finger nails, I want to masturbate, I want to eat, I want to run away as fast as I can. I don't know what I want to do. I want to hit myself; I want to destroy myself so I don't have any of these bad feelings. I don't want to exist, so I want to eat myself away. I want to chew on my nails because I can't just eat food all day long, that makes me feel sick, and they didn't let me. So I want to bite myself, but the trouble with that is it hurts, so I can't go on. I can't keep trying to eat myself away, gnaw on wood, grind my teeth, chew on my dummy, chew gum, smoke cigarettes, I can't do these things

for too long.

Really I want to blow up, destroy myself, just explode. That would solve my problem. But I can't. I can't do anything and that's the most frustrating thing of all. I can't even speak about how angry and mad and full of hate I feel. If I could, then perhaps I could say these things and that would be doing something and I wouldn't be as bored.

They stopped me from expressing my anger, they didn't allow me to be as I felt and do as I wanted to do. They made me fucking angry and then stopped me from expressing it. I couldn't hit or bite, or scratch, or cry, or scream, because I was stopped. 'That's not acceptable behaviour and we're not having it, so stop it right now, do you hear me! Stop it right now or else you'll be sorry.' What could I do? I couldn't do anything, it was so unfair. No fucking wonder I'm so full of pent up frustration because I can't allow myself to be angry when I feel angry. I have to stop myself and it all has to go away somewhere inside me. All those times when they stopped me, hundreds, probably thousands of them when I was growing up – so much anger and frustration I couldn't let out of me.

I want to yell and scream how fucking angry I am and how much I hate feeling this way. Feeling bored only helps make me feel what's always going on deeper within me. I'm full of this unexpressed anger and shit waiting to finally come out. Fuck I hate it. I hate not knowing what to do with it the most. Feeling so inadequate, not being able to do what I want to do – to say what I want to say; not being able to defend myself; not being able to stand up for my own feelings and say 'no, you're making me feel bad'. I can't stand up for myself and demand to be respected and to have my rights honoured. I feel so pathetic and useless, such a wimp, such a useless case. I have no spine, my back is fucked, I can't fight, I can't yell, I can't hit back, I can't do to them what they are doing to me. I want to be able to shove it all right back in their face, give them a dose of their unloving ways. But I can't. I have to be good, and quite, and 'do as I'm told.'

'James, do as you're told. DO AS YOU'RE TOLD! I'm not repeating myself again. You are to do what I say... and don't argue, don't even think about it, if you do that you'll be sorry, you're father will be home soon and he'll deal with you... so stop that crying and smarten up and be a good boy.

'James, I'm not going to fight you. You are going to just do as I say and that is it, that's final, do you UNDERSTAND? DO YOU HEAR ME! I am the mother and what I say goes. When you're old enough to be the father then you can do as you want, but until then you have to do what I say... and there's no use complaining because it's not going to get you anywhere.

'James, how much longer are you going on like this... I'm sick and tired of your antics. When are you going to stop, when are you going to realise that it's just not going to get you anywhere? When are you going to give up and listen to me? You can only do it when I say you can. We don't have time right now, we have to go out, so you can't go running off and play. You have to stay here with me and do as I say... DO YOU UNDERSTAND? Have you got it? I don't want to have to repeat myself for the hundredth time; will you for once just behave yourself and do as I say?

'James, LISTEN! I'm not going to say this again. If you don't do as I say there will be big trouble. You won't be allowed to go and play at your friends house. If you don't behave now, you won't be going anywhere, you'll be staying right where you are, here at home – DO YOU UNDERSTAND? DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME! DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I'M SAYING TO YOU! Now be a good boy and do what mummy is asking you to do. After you've done that, then if you're good I'll take you to your friends house... is that okay with you... good, see, now we're both happy aren't we, see, if you behave and do as you're told then we don't have to fight, we can get along and have a nice time, and isn't that much better? Good, now wipe your tears and come over here and give me a hug and do what I say...'

What fucking chance has James got? What chance did I have? None, she was so controlling, so dominating, it was all her way. And nothing happened, I couldn't make anything happen for myself, it had to all be sanctioned by her or done on her command. I had a nothing life. No

fucking wonder I feel so bored and hate feeling this way. Bitch!

This morning I feel good. GOOD! Good for bloody once! My back is still sore, but for the first time in a long time I haven't woken up feeling yuk, feeling heavy and negative and full of yuk bad feelings. I feel clear and alive and light, and good.

Are these good feelings a delusion? Are they true? Are they a pause in the yuk to help me see how I'm going, to help me know that I can and might one day feel good, and feel good for a long time? I feel so good I can hardly believe it, and I don't feel bad about feeling good, like some bad thing is going to now happen to me to take my good feeling away like I usually do and like usually happens.

It's so rare to feel good, so many endless bad feelings. I'm not used to it, I'm a bit surprised, but there is nothing to do but accept it. I feel good and I feel great. I feel great about feeling good. I wish I could always feel good.

How does feeling good feel?

Well, I feel light, like I said. I feel okay, and good about everything, nothing is bothering me and I'm not angry or miserable and not worried about anything. I feel content and calm, at a sort of peace. I don't feel any inner pressure, like I have to do something or should be doing something. I feel what I'm doing is what I'm meant to be doing, sort of at-one with everything, with myself, my life and with God.

Yes, I feel closer to God when I feel good. When I feel bad, I feel like God is a million miles away, I don't feel any connection, but now I do, and I feel everything is going along as it's meant to be.

It's as though I'm having a breather, coming up for air, having a look around, orientating myself, and yes, everything is as it should be, and so I'm ready to plunge back into more yuk.

I feel it's a respite, almost a 'well done son' – and because you've been working so hard on yourself, on accepting and seeing the truth of your bad feelings, you can have a break, we'll ease up you, give you these good feelings as a reward. But I don't want them as a reward, I just want them to be as they are and for me to feel them.

However this was the temptation, for me to do as I was told, and then things would be good. If I did what my parents wanted and behaved as they said, they told me I was good, and told me 'it feels good being good, doesn't it?' And I had to agree. It did feel good to be praised by them for being good instead of being criticised. So I tried to be good, and as I got older and fitted myself into their ways, less ripples I caused and less strife I brought down upon my head. I learnt how to play the game, how to rig the system, how to be their good boy, the good little boy they wanted me to be. I spent all my time doing this and little of my time being the little boy I wanted to be – that little boy was long gone, gone before he ever had a chance to begin. I don't know that little boy, I only know this 'good' boy.

So maybe feeling good today is a false feeling of good after all. Maybe I'm only feeling good based on how acceptable good was to them. It's all so confusing; maybe I don't have any feelings of my own, representative of my own true self. Maybe all I feel results from being under their influence, maybe I don't feel so good anymore...

Keep going.

Marion and I were watching the baby magpies. The two babies were on the ground in the school field. They were still unstable on their feet and not very confident in the air. They were chasing each other, playing, rolling over, pretending they knew what food looked like as they examined the ground like their mum and dad. We watched them growing bigger in the nest and then fledge, and Marion has finally settled on their names: Billy, the eldest more confident one; and Biddy, the seemingly younger and more fluffy and less confident flyer. Both we've decided are girls.

Biddy and Billy, having just bounced-landed, started to look around in the grass picking up little bits and pieces and testing them out for being food or not, or whatever little magpies do with twigs and other little bits. Then Dad arrived. Mum had flown off.

Dad walked quickly over to Billy who responded to his presence with her characteristic mouth open err, err, err, wanting a morsel to be thrust down her throat. Dad delivered the goods and then proceeded to peck Billy's head. He was jabbing around near her eyes and then around the back of her head. Billy looked like she didn't really know what was going on, but crouched down letting Dad do his thing, all the while making little noises like she was scared.

Dad continued to peck and then pull and twist feathers on the back or her neck, and while holding them, he jumped on her back, pushing her further to the ground. Her cries were still not too loud but sounded a little more distressed. Then he was more forceful with her, twisting and jumping on her, and if she got up to resume her looking at the ground, he'd quickly run after her and do more of the same. Finally he was rough enough with her, pinning her whole head to the ground with his beak around her neck and jumping on her, that she rolled completely over, totally submissive: on her back, feet in the air, looking like she was dead.

It was very disconcerting to watch. We'd never seen this magpie behaviour before. (We've since seen a lot of it having become more aware and observant of magpies.) It didn't look like loving parental behaviour. And it defiantly didn't look or sound like from Billy's point of view that it was a fun game. And this went on for about half an hour on and off, by which time Biddy came closer to Dad and got some of the same treatment.

Magpies are very hard on their babies in ways Marion and I certainly don't understand, and being such territorial birds with the young so dependant on their parents for so long, their training methods to us, being judged by our standards, look very harsh and unloving. It is of course what a baby magpie needs to become an adult, but it's hard to look at the little ones getting pecked and pulled and forced to the ground having to be totally submissive, squawking and making horrible protesting noises obviously finding the whole thing distressing and scary.

For Marion seeing the forcefulness and the brutality (admittedly we can't judge their behaviour by our standards for we don't have any idea about magpie behaviour and it might be a completely loving thing for all we know) causes her great distress, and it's these bad feelings she experiences that are the important things for her – why does it affect and distress her so much, even more than the baby magpie? As if she is the baby and she is getting horrible things done to her by her father who is supposed to be loving, kind and caring.

Of course the direct link is that it reminds her of how her father did treat her. He was brutal, rarely kind and caring, very unloving, and she has massive amounts of repressed feelings about all that he did to her; how he did it, and what she felt, what she felt experiencing it, and what she felt about him. So the magpies are providing her, as she transfers and projects herself onto them, with a situation now in her life similar in her eyes, and very similar in feelings, to her situation when she was very young. And she can use the distressing feelings to find the truth of what she needs to see about her relationship with her father.

1pm. Marion and I watch Dad with Billy and Biddy. Marion is making more noises of distress than the magpies.

‘What’s he doing to her... he’s hurting her... ow... OW.... OOOWWWW... he’s hurting her... make him stop... why’s he doing it? What’s he doing it for? I don’t want him to do it, he’s hurting her, I want him to stop... he’s hurting her... ah, I don’t like him hurting her... he’s twisting her neck feathers ... ah, now he’s jumping on her... ah, the poor little thing, LOOK, he’s forcing her onto the ground, she can’t get away... now she’s rolling over... ah, why is he doing it... he’s so nasty, just jumping on her and pecking her, hurting her so much... I don’t like him doing that, I hate him. He’s a bastard... Dad’s a bastard, I wish he’d stop... I can’t bear it... I don’t want to see him being mean to the babies... I want to only see him being loving to them... they’re only little, they don’t know what he’s doing, they just take it like young children; young children don’t know if their parents are being horrible and cruel to them, they just accept it all. Poor Billy, she’s just lying there taking it all, she’s too small to fight him off, and anyway, why would she want to fight her own father... oh I wish he wouldn’t do it... I can’t stand here and watch it. I can’t bear it, he’s hurting her again... I hate him, stop hurting her Dad! Dad you bastard I hate you! I hate you Dad, you hurt your own little babies, you’re mean, nasty and cruel, I hate you; I hate you more than anything in the world – you bastard. I wish you would die. I hate you, I hate you, I hate you... leave her alone! Stop doing it to her; go pick on another adult on someone who can look after itself. Stop picking on little Billy, she’s innocent, she hasn’t done anything wrong, leave her alone you brute... ow, he’s doing it again, look, he’s pecking her neck and making her roll over on the ground, he won’t leave her alone, the bastard... She can’t even get up and walk two steps before he’s doing it to her again... see, he’s jumping on her again... stop it Dad you mean bird, stop it, stop picking on your children... what sort of a father is he? Why is he doing this? What does he hope to achieve? Oh he makes me so angry, I wish I could smash him and tell him what a bastard he is. I wish I could punch him, bash him, jump on him, make him fall over and roll on the ground. Ah, I hate him, I hate him with all my heart, the bastard... why is he doing it to her! Why, and why does God allow him to? I hate God. I hate you God for allowing it to happen. I hate you God for allowing all the bad things to happen. I hate you God for allowing my father to be nasty and do horrible things to me – don’t you care? Don’t you have feelings?... Ow, look, he’s doing it again, I can’t bear this, when is he going to stop? When!? I hate him. I hate you Dad, you prick, you bastard, go pick on someone your own size. I hate him... stop it you bastard... stop it... oh I wish he would stop it... I wish poor little Billy could run away... where’s Mum, why doesn’t she come back and make him stop? She’s just gone, and while she’s always Dad can be nasty, no wonder they cower when he comes around, but that’s not fair, they’ve only just left the nest, they haven’t even had any time as a happy family. Is it normal what he’s doing or has he got something wrong with him and he’s taking it out on her... Oh look; now he’s doing it to Bidy as well, the bastard, well at least he’s doing it to both of them and not just picking on one. Ah, I hate him, I really hate him, if I could I’d kill him...’

3pm. Dad finally stopped doing it, and we left. We’ve been at home about an hour. We’re sitting together in the lounge.

‘Why does Dad do it? I want to know. Is it a normal thing dad magpies do, you don’t see Mum doing it. It’s so horrible. I hate seeing poor little Billy suffering like that. I hate seeing her cowering and cringing as he jumps on her and bites her and makes her roll over so she’s totally defenceless – she’s already defenceless, surely she doesn’t need to be more submissive. Why does he do it, god I wish I knew. I wish I knew if it was what all dad magpies do. I wish those people who wrote the magpie books wrote more about it, surely they saw such things, and if they did, why didn’t they write about it. Something that’s so distressing to watch, you’d think other people would have seen it. But because they haven’t written about it makes me worry that Dad’s not right, and his behaviour is wrong and he’s hurting his babies... but surely if he was bad, Mum would stop him hurting them... ah, it’s all so confusing.’

4pm. We meet in the kitchen.

‘Oh I hate him; I just can’t stop hating him. I want to know why I hate him so much. He’s such a bastard jumping on them like that, pecking them, and not being loving. I hate him and I’m so angry. I still want to kill him. I hate him, I hate him, ah I hate him...’

5.30pm. We’re back on the couch reading. Suddenly:

‘I hate dad; I hate what he did to Billy. I hate him, I want to kill him; I hate him, I hate him doing it to them; doing it to them when they are helpless. They’re completely dependant on him, it’s not fair, to be so small and then suddenly your own father just jumps on you like he wants to mate with you, but I don’t think it’s a mating thing, it’s just his way of completely having his will and way over her. Ah, I hate him, it makes me feel so powerless, that was just how my father made me feel all the time. I wanted to kill him, but I was like Billy, too small, what could I do, and he was my father, he was supposed to love me and not treat me like that. I didn’t ask for such treatment, and why did he do it to me? Why did he treat me so badly, what was wrong with me? Did he have some screws loose or what, or was he just a bastard. My own father who was supposed to love me, and all he did was hurt me. He always hurt me, he was so rough, he hit me all the time, yelling at me, making me come away from doing anything I liked to do so I could do what he wanted. I couldn’t play with my girlfriends after school as I had to make sure I was home when he got home to have his coffee ready for him. He was such a bastard how he treated me, how he treated us all, but mainly me, he was much worse with me. I hated him. I hate him so much, and I couldn’t do anything. I couldn’t get away, just like Billy, she can’t get away from her father; I couldn’t get away from mine, and I didn’t know why he hated me so much, why did he treat me like that...’

9.00pm. Having just got into bed.

‘I still feel so angry. I hate Dad magpie. I wish he wouldn’t treat Billy and Bidy so unlovingly. He’s so mean, so unkind. I hate how he just over-powered them, pushed them down and stood on them. I hate him. I’ve been asking the Mother and Father to help me see the truth, but nothing comes other than what I already know and what I’ve already said... I just have to keep going, They tell me to just keep going. I hate Dad, I hate dad, I hate dad...’

6am. Having woken up.

‘I hate dad. I hate him, he really upsets me. I feel so nervous, always anxious, stressed. I feel like I’m Billy always waiting for dad to come along and hit he and be cruel and nasty to me. He always was, and I feel so scared, terrified all the time that he’s going to come and hurt me. I’m always so scared, you know, deep inside me. I’m so shaky, so worried that he’s going to come and do some bad thing to me. And I hate feeling so scared all the time. I’ve felt like this all my life, fifty-five years and I still feel scared of my father and like he’s going to come any moment and hurt me. And I can’t do anything about it. I’ve tried to run away, but it hasn’t done any good, he’s still in me and I still feel threatened all the time. I’m so tense, no wonder I have cramps in my feet at night I’m so tense, my body is always so tense, no wonder it’s falling apart. God I hate him, and I hate God too for giving me such a nasty unloving father; and why did I get a father like him, so many other people have nice loving gentle fathers, mine wasn’t. Mine was a bastard. He was nice to other people but horrible to me, and I couldn’t do anything. No one ever listened to me when I told them how bad he was, they all said, “Oh he’s not that bad”, or, “you’ll be alright, he doesn’t mean it”, but what did they fucking know. They weren’t with him, they weren’t hurt by him, they

weren't his child. They didn't have to live with him. I was so alone, so sacred, and my mother, she was just as bad. And she didn't do anything to help me, just like Mum magpie, where was she, didn't she care what was happening to her babies? It's not fair, why did I have to have such a rotten family? Why did I have to suffer so much? I've never felt happy. I've always felt scared and so alone, and no one cared, no one did anything to help me or to stop them; no one believed me, no one cared. My mother and father didn't care, no ones ever cared, all I've only ever felt was powerless, so sacred of everyone and everything; so powerless and fearful, always worried bad things are going to happen to me, and they always do. I'm so scared all the time and I hate being so scared all the time. I hate it so much, but it's all I've ever felt. I've never felt not scared. Why do I have to feel scared all the time, other people aren't scared all the time, why do I have to be... it's not fair. It's just so not fair, I hate it all, I hate everything, I hate you and Mum and Dad magpie and my mum and dad and everyone else, and I hate God, and it's all fucked. I'm fucked and it's fucked, we are all so fucked and I hate it all. I hate myself more than I hate everyone else. I can't have anything to do with anyone because I'm scared of them. I'm scared they will do a bad thing to me, hurt me, just like my parents did. Why do I have to have a life full of fear? Why do I have to be so scared all the time, it's not fair. It's so not fair my life, I've had such a rotten time, nothing good has ever happened to me, and nothing will. Other people have good things happen to them all the time, but I never do; why don't I? It's so not fair, life is so not fair...'

6.30am. In the kitchen.

'Ah I feel so angry. I have so much anger still in me, I can feel it all down repressed deep inside me. I want it all to come out. I beg the Mother and Father to bring it out, to help me see the truth of it and to show me what I need to do – I want my anger to come up. I wish I could just yell and scream and get it all out. I wish I could go and see Alice Miller, she'd know what I need to do to bring it all up. She'd be able to say the things I need to make it come up; you're useless, you don't help me, you never know what to say to make me angry. I know you don't want me to be angry, but I want to be angry, it's no bloody use if I'm not angry, that's only keeping it all repressed. I have never been allowed to be angry, that's my trouble, my parents never allowed me to be angry, god had I ever got angry with them they would have killed me. I was so never allowed to be angry, you have no idea, I always had to be nice, so nice, always putting on that bloody smile, all a front so no one knew how bad I felt. No one had any idea how bad I always felt, how miserable I was. I've always been so miserable, I've never felt happy, and it's not fair. God I hate my life. God I hate the way things are, god I hate myself. I hate myself so much because they hated me. They never said a good thing to me, never praised me, never said they loved me, that was all sissy stuff. They wanted me, their children, to be tough, you could never show any affection or any kindness as they saw it as a sign of weakness. I was weak and yet they pushed, always pushed me to do things I couldn't do. My mother was so hard on me, she always made me scrub the pot until it was shining, until my arms nearly dropped off, no one else's mother made them work so hard. I could never go out, I always had to stay at home and clean and cook and do what they told me to do. I never had any free time to myself. I always had to do what they said, and they were always telling me what to do. I couldn't go and lock myself away in my room and read like other children could do. I didn't even have my own room, I always had to share my room with my two sisters. And you know that time I've told you about when I my period was just beginning and I was in the bathroom trying to put on this stupid belt thing and pad and dad just opened the door telling the others to come in and have their showers because I was taking too long, I felt so humiliated, so ashamed, I had no privacy, no respect, he and my mother didn't care about me, about what I felt. No one cared about what I felt. They didn't show any feelings, none of us did in our family, feelings were the no, no. Oh god I've had such a bad time. Fifty-five years of utter misery. Covered in psoriasis, I can't see, I can't hear, my teeth are rotting away, my toes are falling off, my back hardly works, cracks in my fingers, pains

everywhere. I feel so fucked, so useless, what's going to become of me...'

7.30am. We're in the lounge on the couch.

'I feel it's so unfair. I liked the magpies, I really liked finding their nest, watching them grow up and then to go and find them each day to see where they've got to and how they're going. And watch Mum and Dad feed them, and all their little peeping noises and their funny walking like little children, and seeing how they fly. It's been such good fun, something that's mine, something that I've really enjoyed, and now it's ruined. All ruined by Dad. I hate how he treats the two little ones. I don't want to go back and watch them because I'm worried he'll be nasty to them again, and I don't want to see that. I hate seeing them scared and worried about what he's going to do next. I don't want to see them cowering, running and then suddenly sitting down as Dad appears, scared and wondering if he's going to peck them or jump on them and force them to submit and role over. I hate the whole subjugating someone, anyone, thing. It's not fair, and neither is it fair that Dad's ruined my enjoyment. Always the things I've liked have quickly been ruined. Why couldn't they all have been nice to each other and just been a nice happy family, and I – we – could have watched them grow up and then go off and find their own territory, instead of all that bashing up and nasty stuff. I can't bear it, I hate it. I don't want it. I don't want to see it. It's not fair, it's not fair on them and it's not fair on me. I don't want to have my thing, the one thing I enjoy, ruined. I don't want to have to give them up, to not go and see them because I'm too worried about what other nasty things he's going to do to them. I don't want to go down there, but I do. I can't not. I have to go and see what happens. Ah it's so hard, so complicated, why can't my life be easy, like other peoples, they don't have all these worries and complications, some people enjoy doing things for years, their whole life, and never have a bad thing happen. But not me, I always have a bad thing happen. I never had a thing of my own as a child, and bad things always happened, and it's not fair. Nothing good has ever lasted. I know it can't because I never had it during my forming years, but it's not fair. Why did I have to have such bad parents? Why couldn't I have got nice ones and I could have enjoyed many things and still be enjoying them? Why does everything I like, everything I touch, have to be ruined and by someone like dad. Bloody Dad magpie, I wish he'd piss-off and leave the babies alone, and let Mum – she never does a bad thing to them, get on and enjoy being together. I wish I had nice parents and never had to deal with my father. I wish he'd have left and maybe mum might have been a bit easier. She was so sacred of him, always having to do what he said. I wish he'd have died. I don't know why we didn't just let him die when he had the diabetes thing and we found him the car almost dead. Instead it was me, I saved him, mum was hopeless, she just stood there and froze not knowing what to do, and I ran and got the keys and told her to get him out of the car. I bloody saved him, god knows why, I saved the bastard who never did a good thing for me other than sending me on the riding lessons in the mountains and taking us on those holidays to the beach. They were good, but so little good, so few times he eased up and relaxed and treated me civilly; the rest of the time he was such a bastard to me, and what did I do to deserve his treatment of me, I never knew.

'It's too unfair, my relationship with the magpies is ruined, I can't go and see them, I don't want to, I don't want to feel bad if Dad does more bad things to them. I hate feeling bad like that. I can't do anything to stop him, I feel so powerless just like I've always felt. It's just not fair, and I hate it, I hate my life and I hate myself. Hate myself, hate myself, hate myself, I wish I could kill myself. What is my purpose, what's the point of me, I can't do anything, I don't have anything, all I had with the magpies I enjoyed and now that's ruined. All I bloody do is sit and read books all day long, nothing else, that is my life, fifty-five and I don't do anything – nothing, how pathetic am I – shit I hate myself. I am the most pathetic person on the planet. I wish God would just fucking kill me, get rid of me, wipe me off the face of the Earth. Really I ask you: what is the point to me? But I have to go and see the magpies; I have to see if Dad does more

bad things. I'll have to not look if he does, but it's Billy and Biddy's painful noises that I can't stand. I'll have to go right away until he stops. I don't have anything else, and I like certain things about the magpies. And Mum and Dad are going to bring them up to the shed when they are old enough for me to feed. So I can't not see them, but I just wish he wasn't so nasty to them. I know I don't understand what he's doing and it might not be nasty, but I wish it didn't make me feel so bad. I wish I could see all the yuk in me that it's triggering. I wish I could bring up all my repressed feelings about it all – that's what I want. Oh well, I guess I'll just have to keep going and see what else comes...'

8.30am. Marion is going off by herself to watch the magpies.

'Oh well I'm going. I have to go, I want to go, but I don't want to see any more bad stuff. I hope Dad's not there. Or if he is, I hope he doesn't hurt them. I'll see you soon, and if he's bad to them I'll murder him, or I'll leave them and walk around the lake until he stops. I hate Dad magpie, and I don't hate him. I like lots of other things about him; I just don't like him hurting them. I like him and hate him. I guess that's what life's about to do with everything: you hate it and like it. See ya...'

G-string bum-crack – all the secretive bad stuff has got to be brought out in the open.

Marion and I had seen the Rufous (or Nankeen) night heron standing on the opposite side of the lake a week ago. We'd never seen one before and didn't know what it was. He was a gorgeous looking bird, standing on one pale yellow leg, with his grey-blue crown, white fine long thin breeding feathers flowing off his scull cap and down his luscious soft rust-brown back. His large knife-like beak and intense eyes always on watch for movement that would trigger an instant pounce and stab to acquire food, such as three baby ducklings that paddled unknowingly in front of him. He looked so majestic, so royal – magnificent, standing there absolutely still. We'd looked him up in a book of local birds, the picture giving us no feeling of exuding life and vitality that the heron gave in real life.

I wanted to see him again, and so it was with such expectation that we walked to the same spot on the edge of the lake, and as we got closer, THERE HE WAS! I could see him a way off, and I could also see a woman and her little toddler standing about where I wanted to stand to look at the bird.

As we got closer the attractive tall, tanned, thin, thick dark-brown wavy-haired woman in her jeans and tight small mid-riff showing t-shirt, crouched down being able to hold her child preventing it from falling into the lake. We had to pass close by her to get to our night heron viewing spot, and as we did I couldn't help noticing the top of her fine white g-string on dark flesh disappearing off down between her bum-cheeks, the top of which were exposed for all to see, as she bent forward and over to hold her child.

I felt slightly embarrassed, not wanting to look, and wanting to look more at her g-string disappearing down into the depths of fantasy, than at the night heron. I felt disturbed. I didn't want to be disturbed. I wanted to enjoy being with Marion as we looked at the heron who was standing in a tree opposite us on the small island, perfectly displaying his beauty and looking at us.

The woman stood up and moved off with her child. I felt a sense of relief. I didn't *have* to look any more, I could get back to the job at hand... but I still felt disturbed.

After some time Marion and I walked around the small lake, and on the far side around the back where the public toilets were, she wanted to go and so I stood on the bank watching the large pinkie-bronze European carp stirring up the mud as they foraged for food. And there was the woman and her little child again near me. And there too was her g-string and her inviting me to look at her brown bum. I felt disturbed again. As she was facing away from me, and Marion was in the toilet, and with no one else around, I felt I could look until my heart was content, but I couldn't. I felt bad, like a pervert, intruding on someone's privacy, and yet she was exposing this part of not normally seen 'sexiness' for all to see in public, so why couldn't I look if I wanted to. But I wanted to look at the fish, not at some woman's bum and g-string, and I didn't want the stirring interrupting fantasy that was starting in my mind. I didn't want to feel sexually aroused. I didn't want my peace and enjoyment of visiting the lake spoiled. And it was BAD. It wasn't right to look at this woman this way, to molest her with my mind. That in itself was an intrusion of her. It was not a part I liked about myself and had been something I'd been working on myself for a long time through my healing. Whether it was right or wrong to look and lust was not the issue, the point was it made me feel bad, it disturbed me. I didn't want to look at women in this light, even if they were standing before me stark naked, and I sure didn't want to feel tempted and teased by seeing just a sneaky bit of forbidden flesh or a flash of sexy underwear.

I had a few quick looks sacred of being caught, caught for doing something I shouldn't have been doing; something my grandmother would have chastised me for; something the boys at school would have ribbed me for, yet something we all wanted to do and see – those of us boys who were sexually torn apart, frustrated, and screwed up teenagers. Marion returned and the woman walked off, and we continued our walk ending back at the Rufous night heron who hadn't

moved since we'd left.

I didn't say anything about what I felt about the woman to Marion. It was a swirling confused mess of feelings that I didn't really want to know about. I didn't push the feelings aside, but I did what I do with them now being more familiar with how I feel when I'm all stirred up, being more experienced with my healing. I let them simmer away inside me while I accepted them and thought about them. Many of them were now familiar having worked with lots of the more obvious issues about my sexual stuff over the years with Marion, so I let them be, waiting to see what new stuff would come up. And by the time we got home, it did.

Sitting on the couch after our walk I felt an increasing internal pressure, my confusion was not content to just stay there or go away, it needed attention and the feelings started to push up in me. I felt then that I wanted to speak to Marion about it – all I felt, not having wanted to speak up until this point. Speaking about all my perverted sexual stuff, having to admit to it, was still not something that I was entirely used to, feeling ashamed and embarrassed, having to confess.

'I've got a sexual thing going on with that woman at the lake.'

'Which one?'

'The tall dark-haired one with her little child when we first got there.'

'The one with the little person dressed all in yellow... what about her?'

'Did you see her g-string and bum when she was bending over?'

'No I didn't. She had dark skin, I saw that on her back, but no, I didn't notice that, it's not something I really would notice much.'

'Yeah well it was very obvious and it has stirred me up giving me all sorts of sexual fantasies and making me feel bad and I hate feeling this way – all confused and out of sorts, bothered, as I don't want to be thinking about sex with that woman. I had to really fight hard to keep my concentration focused on the fish and the Rufous, my mind kept wandering off onto other things, perverted things, things I didn't want to think about, and yet I did. I didn't want to look at her bum, yet I did. I felt embarrassed and ashamed, even guilty at looking, like I was going to be caught, like a naughty boy looking at something he shouldn't. And I felt embarrassed because you were there and you'd see me looking at this other woman's bottom and g-string –'

'You know I don't care what you look at, it doesn't interest me, and no, I didn't see a thing. The other day when I was there, there was largish woman sitting on a seat with another woman and they both had toddlers, and I looked over at them mainly because they were talking and that attracted my attention, and I saw half one woman's bottom, it was sticking out there for all to see. I don't care if they are so unaware of their own bodies, and if seemingly they don't care about everyone seeing everything, but go on, tell me what you're feeling confused about and why you feel so disturbed about it.'

'It's my mind starting up with a fantasy that I hate the most and feel bad about the most. I feel like she has a sign out saying: Take me, yes; I'm open for sex. I feel like I have to do something. I don't know what, but as if I'm supposed to just go over and take her by her hand and walk her up to the toilets or into the bushes, and she willingly comes knowing what's going to happen and wanting it. And I take her into the cubicle, and she takes her jeans and g-string off, and I fuck her from behind as she leans against the wall. And I pull up her t-shirt undoing her bar and hold and rub her tits as I pound away. And she loves it and wants it, and wants me and takes it all, and it's the best thing that's happened to both of us for a long time.'

'I want to magically have my way with her, to just use her, to just have sex with her and nothing else. I don't even want to speak to her. I just want us to want each other and do it. I want to be wanted, I want to be accepted by this woman, no questions asked, her freely giving herself to me, the most private part of herself, to me, and only me, right there and then in the park as if no one else exists. Just the two of us, two strangers meeting nowhere and wanting to fuck each other, to unite as one, to become one, to meld together, be together like nothing else matters or exists.'

'But my fantasy doesn't work because the child is there and keeps getting in the way, what do

we do with the child? We can't just ignore it, so I end the fantasy by telling her (the only words spoken) to meet me here in the park at the same time next week in a dress (jeans are too hard to deal with), with no child, no knickers and no bra, and we'll fuck in the bushes in secret up against a tree, and we'll fuck and we'll fuck and we'll fuck each other's brains out.

'If I really let myself go, my fantasy then explodes out into the unreal. I am the Great Park Stud, it's my kingdom, my domain by the lake with all the lushness of nature, green and fresh and wild and free, and into it come my women, all women, beautiful women, women who want me, all women who just WANT ME. And they all want me openly, they want to give themselves to me, they want me to do whatever I want with them, to root them all over the place, and never to stop, and keep on going loving every minute of it. And they never stop coming to me, and I never stop wanting them to come, and they all – WANT ME. They all want me and I feel so wanted; wanted to the very depths of my being as they give themselves totally to me, telling me how much they love me, how much they want me to have sex with them, how much I am the great stud – the only one who can satisfy their needs and make them feel wanted and like a real woman, the only man who makes them feel good about themselves, who loves them and wants them.

'And I want us all to take our clothes off and to fuck rolling around on the fresh green grass with the warmth of the golden sun on our backs and no one else around, no one to disturb us, no one to say no, no one to interfere, no one to make me feel bad, only my women all whom make me feel good, so loved and wanted all the time. I want to have sex for the rest of eternity living in the ecstasy of orgasmic bliss with no other bad feelings, just pure delight, an orgy of good feelings.

'That's what I want; fuck I'm exhausted speaking about it all. But it feels good to be able to get it out. It was hard to say, it hurt my throat to push it out, but that's the ugly truth of what I dream of, what my fantasy is really about.

'But the part I really hate is the part that makes me feel bad, the fact that I have such fantasies, that I have such desires. I don't like feeling this way. I don't want to look at another woman and just because I can see her bum crack and she is pretty and I feel sexually stimulated, I then want to haul her off into the bushes and stick it up her. I don't want that intrusion, I don't want my mind to think about such things. I hate thinking about them, I'm sick of them suddenly encroaching on my space. It's like an intruder suddenly coming into my house, I don't want it.

'It reminds of being with other boys when I was a young adolescent. Some of them were always commenting on women's bits, and if the women were showing something or in some state of undress that was sexually arousing, they would go mad. It would make their day saying all sorts of lurid things about what they'd like to do with and to her. I never said those things, but secretly I agreed with what they said. I was too embarrassed, too shy to speak so openly as they could. I confined all my fantasies to the privacy of my masturbation mind.

'But it makes me feel again that feeling, like I have to do something. I feel like I'm with those boys, and dad was the same, he was just like those boys always ogling and eyeing off women and openly commenting about them: "She's a nice one James, wouldn't you like to jump in the sack with her?" I was too young, embarrassed that he was speaking like that to me, and yet feeling proud that he was, that I was manly enough to be with him and we could talk that way, shit no wonder I'm so perverted. No wonder I only have to see a woman's leg and I start to get aroused. I was surrounded by these boys and dad, and going to an all-boy school as you know, that was all they constantly spoke about.

'One boy, Mathew, would enthral us all with his weekend exploits. How he had her on her back on the bed, her legs up in air spread wide, him pumping away and then exploding all over the roof and the wall behind her; how he'd fuck them this way and that, on and on, weekend after weekend, like reading an endless series of porno stories. And we'd all laugh not really believing him and yet he spoke so convincingly. I'd hardly even spoken to a girl let alone kissed one, and here he is ejaculating all over the place and doing it right alongside his best friend and his girl. He

probably never did it at all, just read his father's porno mags and made it all up. Shit it never occurred to me he was probably full of bullshit and hot air. I hadn't even read any of those porno stories at that age.

'But I feel like I have to do something, I can't just let it pass and not be interested. It's like the woman is saying: take me, I'm all yours, come and get me, fuck me, do what you like to me. And I feel such a pressure to act, to do something. I don't know what to do, I'm too shy. I'd never have the balls to actually proposition a stranger like that in the park; but I feel like to be a man I'm meant to be brave and out there enough to do it, and the woman of course would always say yes, she wouldn't reject me and tell me to fuck-off. God if she did, I don't know what I'd do, it's all too fraught. But she is showing her g-string because she wants it, isn't she? Isn't that why women put lipstick on and get all dressed up, because they want the man? And don't they all want him to come and fuck her and have his way with her?'

'No, not all women, maybe some, but that wasn't why I put lipstick on. I did it because that was what you did, we all did it. And I did it to change myself. I didn't like how I naturally looked. Yes we wanted to meet a man, but I didn't want to just have sex with him, I wanted to get to know him, you know, have a friendship, a relationship. And if things went well and we liked each other, then maybe have sex or think about having it. How you see it is not how most woman see it, and it's always surprised and shocked me when men have said similar things, or when I've found out they only wanted sex and only looked at women for sex.'

'Yeah I know and I agree, it took me a long time to realise that women weren't just walking sex advertisements and that all they did was to attract the man so he could root her. But that was the environment I grew up in, it was all so perverted, so sad. That was all most of my friends, most of the boys at school spoke about, I guess all of us getting it from our fathers. Not all the boys did, but most of the ones I had anything to do with did. God I wish I wasn't subjected to all that shit. I wish, like we've read in some of the autobiographies, that sex just wasn't a thing.'

'I know that for some men I've read about they didn't have any sex stuff in their lives until their early twenties. And then it gradually happened through the relationship they were having, enabling them to take responsibility for it, able to consider the consequences of it all -'

'Well I wish I was like them. To have been bombarded with sex, sex, sex all day long from so early on has been such an intrusion, such a corruption. And it was all spoken about in such a derogative way, mostly secretive, not openly and out there like it's just a natural part of life. The natives aren't all hung-up sex-starved perverts. It's just a natural part of their life. They see their parents having it, they understand what it's about, it's no big secret, no big taboo. So their minds, I bet, aren't stuffed full of sexual fantasies.'

'My life was so boring, so unfulfilling, so sex as I got older was all I had as an excitement. And even though I'd hardly even spoken to a girl, it was something larger than life. It was a thrilling, exciting life, something with no boundaries, no constraints, not restrictions, it broke all the rules, it was naughty, something radical, something that beat the system and said fuck you all you arseholes that have made the world so fucking boring. It was the only stimulating thing I experienced. I would get an erection and I could do something. I could masturbate in secret, in my own little fantasy world and it always made me feel good. It was the only really good, piercingly good, feeling I had. And I could make the good feelings happen. And I remember back when I first started to do it, if sex was even better than wanking, then I couldn't wait. It was all I longed for. Sex was so awkward the first time, but from then on it was all I wanted, the only really exciting thing, and I wanted to become a master of it so women would love doing it with me and want to do it all day long for the rest of eternity.'

'It's like this evil force that jabs at me. It wants me to masturbate all day long so I can keep feeling powerful and excited and feeling good. It's the same feeling like I have to do something. I have to take the woman up on her offer. I have to be brave and courageous and approach her and say: how about it, let's get our rocks off together. I have to be the hero, the romantic, or the blunt: let's just fuck, bloke. I have to do something, always I have to do something, I can't let the

opportunity pass, and if I can't be brave in real life by approaching the g-string crack woman, then I have to spin off into my mind doing it in my head. It's such an intrusion and invasion of my privacy, let alone hers. It's so much how mum and dad were, always just invading my space and interrupting my thoughts. They didn't consider how I felt, what I thought about things, they just imposed their mind and will on me, all over me; they just made me stop what I was doing, as if I was only there for them. I was the one always available to them and they could do whatever they wanted with me. If they wanted to pick me up when I was a baby or young and move me, they did; they didn't care if I didn't want to be moved. And if I started to protest, I was hit or yelled at, or it was just: too bad.

'Fuck them, they've fucked me. And bloody dad and all his looking at women, it was all he ever thought about other than business. He wasn't happy with just mum, he only saw women as sexual objects, toys, play things, things all for him, things there all for him to do with whatever he wanted. He had no respect for them, mum was just a doll, a pretty-faced doll with her fake blonde hair and "thin ankles" and sexy body. He only saw woman as sex, he wasn't interested in relationships and wanting to get to know the person, or if he was, he never conveyed that to me. The more I think about it, the more I can see that I only saw him and his relationship with women as sex. They were useful. They cooked and looked after him and gave him what he wanted – sex. Mum said after the divorce that he was only interested in sex, and really that's the same for me. I haven't wanted to admit it, but it's true. I didn't know about relationships and getting to know another person, being with them and enjoying their company, getting to truly know them, speaking about all my thoughts and feelings – that's all new for me and all thanks to you, I only wanted to go in for the sex-kill.'

During my early twenties it was all I wanted. The conquest and the power, the dream to be the all great sex one. God, I even remember a few times when I've have three prospective women on the go, sound's horrible doesn't it, but that was how I saw them, only as sex potentials. And I'd try to work out how I could meet one in the morning, and 'crack' them, have sex with them for the first time, and then meet the next one at lunch time, and crack them, and the third one at night and crack them. It never happened mind you, it was only yet another fantasy, I couldn't have been so lucky, nothing like that sort of luck has ever happened to me, but I tried. That was the worst thing, can you believe it, I was that fixated on sex... god what a hopeless fucker I was. And the bizarre thing was this all went on in my mind. In my real life I had girlfriends, one after the other and for reasonable duration. I didn't believe in affairs. And when I was with them I only wanted them and I wasn't obsessed by sex, with all women, only with them. I used to enjoy and want it a lot, but it wasn't my only focus with them, I *was* interested in the relationship and getting to know them – well, as much as I could back then with all my repressed feelings and not knowing how to speak about and express them like I do now.

It really was the power I wanted, and I thought I was getting it with my mind. I felt, which I didn't know back then, but know now thanks to my healing, so powerless. I felt hugely powerless. I was so reserved and shy living in my fantasies to a large extent, or at least wishing I could, wishing they could come true. I wanted to be wanted so much, by everyone, and mostly by women, mother substitutes I guess. I wanted mum to want me, this I now know. I wanted women to just give themselves to me. Of course they would give themselves to me, without my having to ask me, just like I wanted mum to give herself to me. But she didn't, and so it never happened with women. But that's why I wanted it. At best I had to work hard at it and ask for it. And then I had all dad's crap stuff about how you get power in the world – you just take it. Women are just there for the taking, so why not. They display themselves enticingly like a good juicy roast beef, so you take it, take a big bite, take all you want, indulge in it, use and abuse. And the best part is you don't have to take their feelings into consideration. Just have sex, that's what all women secretly want – right? Just give it to them, they all want it, and when you start, they can't get enough. And as you do, you'll feel all-powerful. It's a man's right to take the woman, his woman,

another man's woman – any woman. It's his right to be all-powerful, that is being a man – that is MAN. So go out there and go for it. Ask them all for a root. They can only say no, and so what, who cares about that, those prudish ones don't know what they're missing out on, that's their bad luck, but you'll always get the ones who say yes, and are up for it, and so have your fun. Take all the cake you want, and stuff it in and stuff it up her. That's all she's good for, what else are women good for – cooking and cleaning and having babies, shit you pay other people to do all of that for you, women are only good for one thing, and that's sex, sex, sex and more sex. And what else is there in life? What else makes you feel so good? Yes, it's good to pull off a good deal or two and make lots of money, but it's still nothing like sex. Sex is the potent energy you need to tap into, the creative life-force to fuck your way into oblivion – that is what sex is all about, that is what it's there for. Shit, we wouldn't have invented the pill if we weren't meant to have sex all day long.

Dad didn't exactly coach me so openly along these lines, we didn't have that sort of relationship, we hardly had any relationship at all for that matter, but it's about where he's coming from. He mightn't even know it, but it's about all I've received from him. And add this to all I received from the boys at school, from so many other men, and all the shit that's out there, it's no wonder that I'm like it too. I grew up on it, it's become me, I'm it, and my healing has slowly revealed it to me.

It hasn't always been easy to come clean about my fantasies and perverted thoughts with Marion. No way, it was the last thing I could have conceived of doing when I first started my healing – admitting all that stuff, actually telling her about my fucking sex fantasies. But with her help, openness, non-judgementalness, encouragement, and just wanting to know me, I've overcome my shyness and embarrassment allowing myself to speak about such things to her. And they've shocked me, a lot of what I've heard myself saying, having no idea it was inside me. I never thought I was like that, so fucked up, so perverted, so twisted up inside, with the sight of the top of a woman's g-string wreaking havoc through me, stirring me up to the point where I feel like I have to rush off and wank to get over it, to carry out my fantasy and to get my excitement, thrills and power.

But it's me, a dark part of me. I'm not happy about having it, yet I can't deny it. I can't just make it go away. I can't pretend it doesn't exist. It's there and will always be there until I do what I've done and accept it, expressing all I feel about it, and seek the truth of it. Then it can and will and has slowly over the years gone away. Less and less am I as affected by such things. For example, a couple of weeks ago as we were driving through a small shopping area, a woman was getting out her parked car facing us as we were coming along. Marion drives. The woman's blonde hair attracted my attention simply because it was a light colour that suddenly stood out, a bright coloured flower doing the same thing. And I focused on her watching her getting out of the car as we got closer, getting out of one of those big black tank-like BMW's. One leg was stretching out and down for the ground and at the same time her dress must have caught on the seat as she was sliding out of the car from so high up, and a puff of wind caught her dress and lifted it up revealing right before my eyes as we drove past, her red underpants. Not a g-string, but nice pretty knickers. She didn't seem to notice she was flashing her redness to the street, and didn't try to stop her dress from blowing up, and then we were past. I had had a face full of an unexpected surprise which the old me would have possibly broken out in a sweat-of-good-fortune over. To suddenly be confronted with a secret something not to be seen, and out in the middle of the street with everyone looking at me looking right between her legs, right there in front of my face, and yet none of those old feelings came up in me. I didn't feel anything. It was just as if the wind had blow up a branch of leaves uncovering a pretty red flower that I saw, and possibly only I saw it, it was like a gift of a secret given to me. But not a special gift, one I could now secret away and bring up back in the privacy of home, waking on my dick with the sheer unexpected thrill of it, letting my mind run wild with it's sexual fantasies; no, it was just like a gift

of seeing something nice, unexpected, like a rainbow lorikeet suddenly flashing past, just something that happens occasionally and is one of the nicer aspects of being out driving around. I felt no sexual stimulation, no embarrassment, nothing at all. It was simply onto the next thing to look at that caught my attention. I was so pleased that I didn't have any sexual feeling reaction to this woman and her red underpants. Actually, later when I thought more about it, when I realised that I hadn't taken any real extra notice of her, I felt a feeling of relief. I was relieved that my mind didn't start up on its fantasy forming. And nothing came the next morning or since. I wasn't suddenly thrown back to the picture of her standing there before me with the feeling like I should do something, like if I don't I'm going to miss out on something – as if God had given me this gift of red knickers and I should immediately take it. It's not every day a pretty woman's dress blows up in your face. But nothing, I felt so good, so good about not being disturbed and interfered with.

And I want to stress again, that although I can easily and openly write about such experiences now, and the feelings all come and I can tell them to Marion, articulating my way through them and to the truth of them, as I said, it hasn't always been this easy. It's taken me these ten years of constant practice and getting to know myself, what I do feel, and how I react in certain situations, to be able to deal with it now as I do.

Previously I was just a big mess of bogged down feelings. I didn't know what I felt. I probably would never have said anything to Marion, being to embarrass to and also wanting to keep the experience to myself so I could secretly work it, masturbate to it, indulge in my fantasies. It would have been like a treasure given only to me. The woman herself might not have even known what I could see. I know my shorts ride up at times and I'm surprised to find that had I been bending over I might have been exposing something without consciously aware of doing or intending to do it.

It gives me such a good feeling being able to speak to Marion about all these sorts of perversions. Things which ordinarily I would never have spoken to anyone about – it would never have occurred to me to speak to anyone about them. And yet I can't tell you how beneficial it has been for me to decide that I don't want to have secrets, and I don't want to have any kept from Marion. I want her to get to know all of me; all of the yucky perverted me that I am. And I want to get to know myself, because I've not known what's been going on inside me, and to what depths such things are. I've been too scared and too shy to want to explore and investigate myself, too afraid of what I might uncover and what I would have to admit about myself. But to be able to get it out, and to have someone who is not affected at all by what I said, taking me very seriously, never laughing or scoffing at me, and always wanting to help me delve deeper; always wanting to help me to find the truth, is so reassuring, so nice, and it does make me feel wanted. Marion is giving me what I want, what I actually really do want. She is giving me unconditional acceptance, she passes no judgement, and this means so much. She listens, nothing fazes her, she adds her bits. And always what she says only helps me to open up and speak more; she never makes me feel like clamming up. She never gives me the feeling that I'm boring her and she really doesn't care or have the time, and doesn't really give a shit, not like how my mother made me feel so often. She is always open to me, always wanting me to speak about my feelings and whatever I want to say, admonishing me if I don't. She wants me to bring it up and out and she's genuinely interested in me, what makes me tick, me the person – who I am and how I have come about. She wants to hear all of my story, how all my yuk has come about, and how I've suppressed it and how I keep it all repressed. There is no better friend and companion.

And the more I share myself with her, the more I get to know myself and my feelings; and the more I appreciate her understated way, the more I appreciate just what a true relationship is all about. We don't have sex, we don't need to whilst we continue to express all we feel. I don't know if we ever will again, somehow I doubt it as there just doesn't seem to be the need. I never think about it until it's suddenly thrust in my face in such a way that my mind jumps in and takes over,

and when this happens, as I said, I feel so disturbed. I'm going to the park to stand by the lake to watch the Rufous night heron, not going hoping a woman is bending over showing me her g-string and half her bum. When I was twenty and sexually demented and so screwed up about sex, I would have gone to the park secretly hoping to see a bum and underpants, or tits falling or threatening to fall out, or just a pretty woman, with the birds being a poor compensation if I wasn't treated to such an unexpected thrill. But now having done so much healing, I am seeing birds (and that's the feathered kind, and not dad's "nice one – look at that sexy birds arse" kind) in a new light, as if I've never really focused on them before, which of course I hadn't. I'm enjoying their glory, their beauty, their truth, and just the wonder of nature. And I want to be able to keep enjoying these things even if suddenly a g-string does appear in front of me, just how I was undisturbed by the woman getting out of the car. And so hopefully with the work I did on myself, by expressing once again as much of my sexual perversion as I could, next time, and there will be a next time, because until I don't need it, it will come, if only to show me I no longer need it, it won't be so disturbing.

One final thing, as I was speaking to Marion about all I felt, at one point I felt very angry about it all, having been subjected to such shit when I was young and not being about to deal with it. The more I spoke the more my throat hurt as I could feel the anger coming out in my words. I wasn't speaking angry words as such, but I could feel the anger coming up with all I was saying. After I had finished speaking about all I felt there was nothing else to say. I had longed and prayed to see the truth, and I had asked God to help me bring up all my associated repressed feelings. And then when it was done, it was done. I didn't feel disturbed any more, I simply picked up the book I was reading and carried on. The morning after I awoke with more stuff about it, and I expressed all of that and saw more things about myself, and once done, again that was that and there was nothing further to do. It's so good being able to feel disturbed then wait until I feel ready to speak about it all, then out it comes and far more than I think I will say. And I find the truth of it and it all makes sense, and then it's gone and back to normal. I love the whole process when it works, and when I'm no longer feeling bad. It's incredible working my way through my stuff. And I love how over time I have less feelings of such drastic mass confusion, having the right amount of confusion I can work with at any given time. I feel so much more settled within myself, with the disturbances when they come standing out so I can concentrate on them. It sure is an amazing process – the expressing your feelings wanting to know the truth of them.

Frustrated.

God I feel so frustrated. I hate this feeling, it's such a fuck of a feeling. I feel trapped, pushed back inside myself, stopped from getting up and doing things I want to do. I feel like I'm young, stuck at home being told what I can and what I can't do by mum, and she doesn't let me do anything. 'Sit over there and play with your toys and be a good boy.' Fuck I hate that. I never want to hear it again. That's all I do, it's all I can do, go and sit over there and play with my laptop toy and pretend that I'm doing something, that I have a life, that I'm busy and important. It's all crap. I feel tapped, hemmed in, shackled to my nothing – no life existence, and I feel soooo fucking angry. I have a knot of anger in my guts. It's deep and swirling around and it won't budge, it won't come out. I can't express it. I can't rage and punch her in the face and tell her what a shit life she provided for me. I can't tell her how I hate her and hate everything about her; how I hate her attitude to me – to everything. I hate having to do what she fucking says all the time, and I hate been continually criticised and reprimanded by her: 'Don't do that, don't touch that', don't, don't, don't – WELL WHAT THE FUCK CAN I DO!

I hate her so much and I hate my fucking life being trapped with her. She is nothing more than my torturer, I'm dying a slow agonising death of doing nothing. Why won't she let me do anything? Why won't she help me to do things? What the fuck is a mother for anyway, what a fucking useless waste of space she is. Shit I wish when I was young I'd known what I now know. I wish I could have nuked the fucking place, her and me – everything, just got rid of us all and put us all out of our misery.

I hate her. I hate feeling trapped. Shit I feel so frustrated, so frustrated, you have no idea how fucking frustrated. I feel like I'm standing in my cot or playpen holding the bars of my eternal imprisonment. I can't go further than a few paces. I can't just run out the door into the forest and run and run and run and be free and explore and come back only when I'm hungry. I can't go running about all over the place with her and her blessing. There is nowhere to run. My legs ache like nothing you could believe, always aching from all the runs I never had. I feel like my legs have always been in a straight jacket. I could run when I was older, but rarely was I able to. I had to run at school, and I hated that because I was told where I had to run and how I had to run, and that wasn't running free. I am a bird with it's wings clipped, but not a happy bird that doesn't seem to mind its captivity, even relishing it and all the attention it gets. I'm a clipped-wing bird hating every moment of its incarceration. I want to get out, to fly free, to go somewhere, anywhere, just away from her and her boundaries, and her: 'You can't do that, you can't have that, you can't go there, you must stay here, don't do that, don't touch that, get off that, stop doing that, don't yell, don't run, don't eat so fast', don't, don't, always fucking don't. Why the fuck doesn't she shut up? Can't she see how much of fucking moron she is, how much of fucking moron she sounds. I can't bear it, she can't bear it, but she's so fucking unconscious she doesn't even know she's doing it. She's always on a roll, it all just keeps trundling out. She opens her mouth and it flaps about and all this shit pours out all over me, controlling me, judging me, criticising me, chastising me, correcting me, reprimanding me, checking me, stopping me, holding me back, pushing me down. I feel like she's chopped my legs off at the knees so I can't go anywhere, so I can't go out of her sight. I can't run away and 'get myself into trouble'. I can't do a fucking thing. I am so frustrated, sooo, soooo fucking frustrated.

All I can do is chew my finger nails trying to relive the tension of my frustration. Doesn't she understand that she's crippling me for life? That she's damaging me, that I will now never be able to do anything? That I will never have a life of my own, that it will always be censored by her, that I will only be able to do anything conditional upon her will. I hate her, I hate her for ruining my life. She's fucked me up so badly, she has no idea how badly she's crippled me. It's amazing I wasn't born a cripple with her attitude toward me. On the surface I look normal, but inside, emotionally through to my will and spirit, I'm crippled – fucked for life.

I am so angry, so furious with the injustice of having to be subjected to such a horrible

controlling person such as her. She said she was only like that, only doing things for my own good, because she was always scared, well then she shouldn't have had me. If you're scared about life, why the fuck have children? Did she think I was going to somehow take her fear away? Now she's putting all her fucking fear on me. I am scared to death about everything in life, about taking every little step. I can't take any steps because I'm so scared. I can't do anything because I feel I'm not allowed to and if I do I'm going to get clobbered by something. I'm going to get hurt. So I don't do anything, I don't say anything, I sit around wondering what the fuck I am to do or meant to be doing with my life. I sit and I read shit books, and sit and write shit stuff like this, and I sit and I eat, and I sit, and sit and walk around the house, and I sit and I sit, and I wait and I wait and I wait for something; I wait for someone or something to rescue me, to give me the permission that I can get up and do something else.

I don't know what I am waiting for, but I'm always waiting. I used to think I was waiting until I could get away from her. And when I could I left. I went to the other side of the world. But nothing happened when I was away because I didn't know how to make it happen. I just sat in another country, and sat and sat and wondered what the fuck. I tried to do things but nothing worked, and I had to come back to her and sit and sit and sit and wait and wait and wait and sit. And then I realised that I couldn't run away from her, I could never escape because she was in me. I was her, I'd taken all she gave me and made it me. I was forever trapped, forever confined, forever fucked. I was and am the forever person – forever doing what she says, forever waiting until she tells me what I can do next, forever not being able to do anything for myself, forever waiting, forever sitting – forever fucked. I am forever feeling frustrated, miserable and so pissed-off that this is my rotten forever nothing life. Forever I will sit and wait. How fucked is that? Waiting for something that will never happen. It can't happen unless she says it will. Nothing in my life with her when I was young could happen unless she said so. She was the controller, I was the controlled, and I hated it. I wasn't a slave I was just controlled, controlled into doing nothing. Nothing, fucking nothing. I am the forever nothing man. That is my life, exciting isn't it – a nothing fuck life. God what a shit. What a fucking waste of fucking time.

Everyone else has a life except me. I have a no life. I have pretended I had a life, but it was pathetic, pathetically nothing – forever nothing and that's the truth. Nothing will ever happen and I'm so angry, and I don't want to wank away the anger, instead I want to smash her into a million little pieces. I don't want to sit and wank out my misery by pretending I'm rooting some woman, a woman who wants and loves and allows me to do whatever it is, praising me all the way, and not stopping me and not controlling me and not telling me what the fuck to do with my life all day long.

Why did she think she had to tell me what to do all the time? Did she think that I was a moron and incapable of doing anything for myself? Did she think that without her I was nothing, that unless she took over my life, I would just sit and do nothing? And look how it's fucking turned out! Why did she tell me what to do all day: what to do, what to eat, when to eat, what to wear, when to go to the toilet, when to breath, when to sleep, when to drink, all the basics – everything. Why couldn't she have left me alone and let me work things out for myself? Why couldn't she have just been there for me when I wanted her?

Why do I have to be trapped in these endless cycles with her? I go around and around, feeling okay some days, then the yuk starts to crowd in and then I feel worse and worse, being confined, pushed down, held back until I crack and fall in on myself and feel totally fucked, miserable, depressed, discouraged, distraught with all my fucking bad feelings – the same bad feelings, god I'm so sick of them. Over and over I cycle through them. Shit I can't even feel different ones because I never felt different ones when I was young. This is my lot, how it was back then, how it is now, nothing has changed except I have got older. How fucked is my life?

I am anger-impotent. Frustrated as hell. It's all trapped within me, I'm trapped in it. We both have no where to go, nothing to do. I can't express it, it can't express itself, I have no life to do anything in.

I hate feeling this way. I hate it, more than anything. I hate feeling so nothing. I can't even begin to write the words to describe how I feel. I feel so bad. So frigg'n bad. I feel like I will never feel a good feeling ever again. This bad feeling is complete. Nothing, trapped, frustrated, angry, fucked. That's the best I can do. I can't go anywhere else with it because I was never allowed to. I can't work my way out of it because I was never allowed to. All I can do is suffer it, experience it, feel it and do nothing. I can accept it and speak and write about it now, but back then I couldn't. And although speaking about it makes me feel a little better, still I feel so trapped. I can't move, I have no room to move within. Going for a walk or a drive does nothing anymore, it used to, but not now. It's all within me. I'm trapped within myself, within my nothing self, trapped with her. Who needs to go to hell, this is fucking hell; it's been hell right from the beginning. I have been stuck in hell trying to make hell my home and my life, trying to block out all the bad feelings, but now I am allowing them to re-surface, now I know the truth – I am in hell. I live in hell. I AM HELL! I sit on my comfy couch in hell, hell inside myself. I don't need to go into hell, that would be something to do, to face the demons and be burnt to a crisp by a dragon, that would be exciting, that I would volunteer for, but this, sitting day in day out with nothing, nothing but my bad feelings, this is hell. And I need to experience it, that is why I remain in this condition. I've tried all my life to get away from it, to make myself do something like a job or a hobby, to be interested in something, even the spiritual stuff, but not anymore. What's the point? It's all only a cover-up. It's only a slight reprieve, an escape, but it doesn't do anything for me as I'm still in my living hell.

I can't do anything now but submit to it, to allow it to consume me, to allow myself to be what I am – nothing, a frustrated nothing. It's the one thing I haven't done before. I haven't just faced it and said okay this is it; I will just sit with my mother in me and my fucked nothing life and feel how I feel. Now I am doing that and I feel awful. I couldn't have begun to imagine how bad I would feel – how bad I DID feel. How bad I STILL feel. How bad I DO feel. It's all too much, I and bound up in my bad feelings with no escape. I am now living true to how I felt all those years ago. I feel like I am still there, no time has passed, nothing has changed, the only difference being the physical person of my mother is not with me living in my house. She is with me in my emotional constraint and fuckedness, in my beliefs, she is hamstringing me all along the way, and she is still making me sit on the couch and do nothing but feel frustrated and miserable with only my nails to bite for stress release and suppression of my anger.

It's a bastard, the doing of your feeling-healing. It makes you feel like this. And who'd want to feel like this. Who'd want to give in and accept all they feel, be as bad as they feel so they can find and see the truth of it? Not fucking me. If I knew what I was in for I might have hesitated, but then again, what else is there? I can't keep running because I get nowhere. I've tried many things and nothing has worked, nothing has healed me, nothing has relieved me of my pain, nothing has been able to keep me away from her and all how bad I feel – nothing, and nothing ever will. It's not meant to. I'm simply not meant to feel this way. If I didn't, then I wouldn't keep thinking I need something to help me. I'd just feel good no matter what I was doing. But I don't. And now having given up everything to help me escape, I am it – frustrated, fucked and miserable, with nothing in life, nothing to look forward to, no inspiration, no excitement, no good feelings whatsoever. And this I know now was how it was for me as a young child, this was my life because it is still my life – nothing has changed, nothing can change, why would it?

I am angry, miserable and fucking frustrated. I am pissed-off with feeling this way, yet again. I can't tell you how much I hate feeling like this. I want to smash everything to bits; I want life to crumble, Armageddon to happen to give me a bit of excitement in my life. I want something to come along and smash the house down, to smash me away from her, to kill her and set me free. I want her to die and then I will be free. I have prayed to God to kill her so I can be free. I have hoped that she would just vanish and all of her would go out of me, and I would be free. I have hoped and it hasn't happened, because it can't happen, because she has to be with me, because she always was. Her dying isn't going to do anything, she is still within me, I carry her around

with me everywhere I am. There is no escape and that's the bastard of it – no fucking escape. There is no way out, I am doomed, doomed to eternal torment, doomed to feel bad forever: forever, forever, forever!

For some reason I really like the word 'forever', even though I feel forever I will feel bad. It doesn't ruin the word even though there will be no respite. I don't know why I like the word forever, I think it gives me some sort of hope, but it's probably just another sort of escape, trying to escape into a word as that is all I have left. Forever I will one day feel good, that is my hope, but I know it's a last desperate fucking stand. I have no fucking hope of ever feeling good, so 'forever' can go fuck itself and I will forever feel forever fucking bad. Argh, I can't do anything but crap on about a stupid word. My mind has nothing, no more fantasies, no more imagination, I have used it all up trying to escape; trying to pretend it wasn't all that bad; trying to pretend I didn't feel that bad, but it was all only a waste of time. I wasted my mind, I wasted my imagination, I wasted my time. And now I sit on my couch with no-mind, nothing in my head to distract me, all my fantasies and dreams have been ironed out of me, they have all proved to be false, just lies, me lying to myself – nothing is ever going to improve and get better. I know I say the same things over and over, but who cares, I don't have to read this shit, I only have to write how bad I feel. And as I have nothing else to do but type away about nothing, then that is what I'm doing, another useless abstraction, another: me pretending to be doing something – pathetic isn't it? Clinging onto anything I can, hoping that something will led onto something, that something will led me out of my prison, but it's futile because nothing will happen. It's not a part of my pattern. Nothing happened back then to let me out, even for a moment, so nothing can happen now. I can only hope that by accepting and expressing all I feel will heal something in me. I can only hope it will set me free. If it does, it will be a miracle. I hope, but not too much, because I have given up hoping as nothing ever came of it. I just plod along day after day wondering what the fuck I am to do, and how I can do it – nothing. So I just sit and I sit and I feel miserable and frustrated and nothing, I just feel bad – always more bad. I've even given up wondering or hoping if it will end. How can it, it never did, so it never will – always will I feel bad – always, always, always, al-fucking-ways. Frustrated. Fucking frustrated, that is what I am.

An affirmation the healing is progressing.

A Shadow healing experience.

Periodically Marion and I will have what I call a ‘shadow experience’. We have an experience, which reminds us of similar previous experiences, and whilst having it we feel or sense, like a shadow, the past experience expecting what happened in the past to happen again, but it doesn’t.

You expect things to happen to make you feel bad. You expect to be criticised or for something to go wrong, whatever the usual pattern of making you feel bad is, but this time it doesn’t happen because you have changed. And you can feel the new you overshadowing the old you. And you feel that as you have changed you no longer need to experience the old pattern, like you’ve been set free of it, and this feels really good. You feel like you’ve accomplished something, it’s a real tangible feeling-sign that your healing is working. And you know after the experience that you will never again repeat those old patterns.

It’s sort of like the old pattern comes as a shadow pressing itself on you but it has nothing to connect with any more within you, it tries to make you feel the old familiar bad patterns: the things you might have said, how you might have reacted, your negative behaviour, but you don’t. And it’s a great relief knowing that the lock has changed and the key no longer fits so you can’t be turned against yourself and made to feel bad that way anymore.

Often it all happens in a fleeting moment, but it’s still real enough for you to perceive the two realities, and as I said, it’s a really good feeling to know that never again will you be afflicted as you once were. You’re no longer that person, your whole attitude, approach and way of seeing and doing things has changed, and you see that it’s all for the better.

Unfortunately these experiences don’t come often enough, but when they do they serve the purpose of showing you that things are happening, you are progressing, and all the healing work, all your feeling expressing and seeing the truth, is doing something. The situation has been presented to you again, you start and can feel the same old cycle starting, but this time it doesn’t connect, the habit of the pattern has been broken. It’s almost like you’ve returned to the scene of the crime only to discover the crime never happened. And when you start to analyse all that did happen, you can feel the new you and see the old you you’ve let go off and changed. And you realise – perceive, it’s never startling clear – that a lot has happened, a great deal has changed for the good within you.

I see these experiences as distinctive landmarks on the journey given to me by my soul and God, all to show me I’m on the right path, and to reassure me that a lot more is going on within me than I am consciously aware of.

Another example of my not owning my feelings.

It's to do with being a friend – Marion's friend.

A true friend sympathises: 'holds your hand' and helps you to get it all out. A true friend is on your side able to 'feel' what you feel. A true friend wants to know you – all you are feeling good and bad. A true friend wants, and will encourage you, to freely express yourself. A true friend will not judge or conditionally condemn you, but will say all they think and feel in response to you. A true friend helps you become true to yourself, living true to all you feel.

Marion tells me how bad she feels about her father humiliating her in front of people. 'He always humiliated me, at home in front of visitors, when we went out, he always made me feel so bad, he, they – both my parents, never made me feel good. Other people's parents made them feel good, mine didn't, they never did, they only made me feel bad. I always felt so humiliated how they treated me: why did they have to give me such a hard time? What was wrong with me? Why was I so bad?'

As I listen to her anguish and pain I feel angry about what her father did to her, and I want to do something to stop him, I want to deride, criticise, beat him up with my mind, reduce him to a whimpering nothing, giving him a dose of his own medicine all in the vain hope that he will see and feel how he's making her feel and stop. I say: 'Yes he's a bastard, he wouldn't know the word humiliation, what a fuckwitt.' I judge him, dump on him, I criticise him, BUT I am wrong to do so. I can do it as I can do anything I want, but if I truly want to sympathise with Marion and help her with her pain and to bring out all her repressed childhood misery, this isn't the right way to do it.

By saying such things about her father I believe I am on her side agreeing with her about what a prick he is in his treatment of her, but in doing so I am focused on him and not her. I am thinking about him and what I'd like to do him, what punishment I would like to inflict on him, or what hell he will one day suffer for the abuse he gave her. I am thinking about him, being with him, imagining he's doing to me what she's saying he did to her – and reacting accordingly. I am not thinking about and being with Marion. In my mind I have left her, I'm no longer on her side, in fact I have gone over to join and be with him. I have effectively taken over from her. I'm saying to her, I don't want to listen to you anymore, I want to punish him. And if I could, I'd physically leave her and go and punish her father – she'd be left with her bad feelings and no one to listen to her. She'd be left talking to the walls, and you can't express your pain to them, you need another person to be sympathetic to you.

What I am doing is the very opposite of supporting her and being with her. I'm not being her friend. I'm rejecting her, not wanting to listen to her. I'm saying, you shut up, I don't want to listen to how bad you feel anymore because I can't bear it, it makes me feel so bad imagining being treated that way, I don't want to know you, I don't want you to keep speaking, I want to stop you from feeling bad, I want to stop him. And in doing so I am leaving her with her repressed bad feelings making her have to suppress them once again all while in my mind I go and attend to her bullying father. I'm just trying to stop the problem again. But I'm only using her father to shut her up. The truth is I don't want to be sympathetic to her, I don't want to listen to her pain and misery, all because it's too much for me. I can't deal with it, it's too close to the bone, it makes me get angry with him and with her for speaking about it, for feeling so bad, and all because I don't want to feel bad. I am not a separate person to her. I am now her, feeling beaten up and humiliated by her father, and I want out, to shut myself up from speaking about and feeling how bad I now feel. I don't want to feel bad, so I don't want her or anyone to feel bad. I have to try and kill what I believe to be the source of the problem – her father. But it's not real, none of it is actually happening now, it's in the past and it has nothing to do with me. He wasn't my father. It's all her repressed bad feelings surfacing, and she needs my sympathetic ear to listen and allow her finally to come forward and express all her pain. She needs me to just listen so she can tell me and bring out more of her pain. If I do have a problem with her father, as bad

feelings come up, then when she's finished speaking about hers, I can speak about mine.

I hate it when she pulls me up on this because I do want to help her, be sympathetic, but instead all she feels is like I'm taking over, controlling her, donging her on the head and shutting her out and up, all so I can rail against her father. She feels she doesn't exist anymore, and so feels exactly how her father made her feel. I have done exactly what her father did to her – I am the same as her father! I believe I'm helping her, when I'm only doubling her pain making her feel twice as bad. And of course I hate it when I do this, I hate making her feel even worse, and the thought of being like her father, doing what he does, makes me feel... I want to kill myself for being so uncaring.

What I have to do instead of leaving her and going against her is stay on her side. I have to just listen to what she is saying, and sympathise with her, show her I understand, give her my support and not worry about her father. If what she says makes me feel bad, and so bad I can't support her, then I can speak about this and deal with my repressed stuff, but I need to be with her. I need to say what I feel for her: 'you poor thing, oh how terrible, how horrible... yes it is awful how he treated you'. I have to be right there with her, in her pain, hold her if need be, be the loving supportive parent who's child has come home feeling hurt and wanting to speak about what happened. I'm not to just push the child aside and say I'll take care of it, leave it to me, you'll be all right, it's over now, come along and brighten up, it's not that bad, you'll be okay, and so on. I have to get right in there with her, saying: Yes, you have all right to feel the way you do, of course you should feel this way, how you were treated was appalling, you should feel miserable, and angry and in pain; yes, yes, yes, you are right how you are and what you are feeling. You are right, **YOU ARE RIGHT!** Keep going, keep telling me how bad you feel. I'm right here with you wanting to know, wanting you to tell me everything, and I'm not going to leave you. I'm not going to take over and tell you what to do or how you should be. I am just going to listen and say what I feel as I imagine and empathise with all you are saying. I'm not going to worry about the perpetrator of the crime, he doesn't matter, because it's **YOU, NOW**, right now, in this very moment, in these very feelings you are feeling, that matters and **ONLY** matters. You are worth it, it's you I like and love, and it's you I want to know, and it's you whose friend I am, no one else has anything to do with it now, it's just you and me, so keep speaking about all you feel, keep telling me, I genuinely want to know. (If only it were so easy!)

We all need someone to be with us, someone who cares about us, who sympathises with us – we all need a friend. Why we have repressed feelings in the first place is because we didn't have a friend. We had parents who didn't care about us, didn't sympathise about us, they weren't our friends. If you were lucky enough to have a parent who did care and sympathise with you, then you will naturally do this and naturally be a friend to others. But if you had uncaring parents, then you will probably reject being sympathetic unless you've learnt how since your childhood. (And probably learnt how over the top of your rejection of the other person.) We need someone to listen, to reach out to us, to cross over and be with us. When we feel so bad we are often in something of a state of shock, we're experiencing the trauma we feel, and as we weren't allowed to speak out expressing it all when we were young, it's hard to do. It doesn't naturally come to express all our bad feelings, so we need someone to gently reach out to us and help us. We need someone with us who sincerely wants to know us and will gently ask questions helping us to speak up and come out of our self-imposed prison and state of shock. You need someone who will help you let it all go, help you cry, listen to all the worst stuff you feel about yourself. And listen without judgement, without criticism, without saying anything other than being sympathetic and encouraging. A wholly unconditional and all-accepting listener.

When I came home and told mum that a boy or a teacher was mean to me at school, she instantly took over and said she would deal with them. She'd go and speak to them; she'd see the boy's parents or go to the schoolteacher and tell him to leave me alone. She'd stand up for me, which sounded good, but it actually wasn't what I wanted as it made me even more scared thinking of the reprisals if I couldn't fight my own battles needing my mother to racing around

everywhere protecting me. Her wanting to fight on my behalf embarrassed me. I felt embarrassed for her, I didn't want to know about it, so I preferred not to tell her my problems. I'd deal with them – mostly by hoping they just went away.

My mother took over, took charge of everything. She was the dominant one. She'd judge and abuse and criticise the bad person: How dare anyone treat her son like that! But all this approach did for me was make me clam up being even more scared of what she might do; and worse, what I might have to do: what if I had to go with her! She took my bad feelings away, she dismissed them, it was with a cursory listening to get what she thought the picture was, then action, she was off. She'd suddenly leave me and I was left still feeling miserable. I felt alone, unloved and uncared about by her. All I wanted was for her or someone to listen to me, to how bad I was feeling. I was feeling in pain and I wanted attention for that pain, now, I wasn't thinking about my problem and how to resolve it so I wouldn't get into the situation to feel the pain again. I wanted her to just stay on my side, to empathise with me, telling me it was terrible what happened to me and to be understanding and sympathetic to my feelings. I wanted her support, her acknowledge that what I was feeling was right, it was appropriate to the circumstances and I had all rights to feel that way. I didn't want to feel dismissed, I was already feeling dismissed, rejected and hurt by the person who hurt me. I didn't want more of the same from my mother. She was to be my safe haven, a place I knew I could go to that was just for me. A private place with just us in it, her warmth, care, love and attention. A place I could trust and rely on when I felt bad. A place I could safely come to being able to talk freely about how bad I felt and never be judged or criticised or feel that I was the bad person for disturbing her, as now she had to deal with my problem and fight my battle. I didn't want to be a bother or a nuisance to her, I wanted to be a son she loved to be with, just as he was with all his bad feelings.

So with Marion, I did what my mother did to me. As mum believed she was being loving and caring to me by wanting to deal with my problem and fight for me, being on my side in a competitive mind way of life, and not on my side in a feelings way, so too did I think that I was being supporting and caring to Marion. But I wasn't, as my mother wasn't for me. It was the perfect example of her negative pattern passed onto me, and both our misguided belief that we were right and true in it, when we weren't.

When I have behaved this way and Marion has pulled me up, although it's frustrating for her because she has to stop her feelings-flow and deal with me, tell me to shut up, and point out how I'm not helping her only interfering and making her feel worse, doing just as her father did to her, exactly what she's speaking and feeling bad about, at least it allows us to understand more about what being truly sympathetic is. I can work on myself, looking into the truth of why I behave as I do, and how I wrongly believe such behaviour is right. And gradually I have become more understanding and more sympathetic.

Both Marion and I have felt sorry: her for herself because she doesn't have a true friend in me; and me for myself because I'm such an uncaring person unable to be that friend she needs, and yet it has all still worked in our favour. For as much as Marion has needed and does want a true friend, she has also needed to be able to stand up to her father and tell him what a bastard he is, and how wrong he is in what he's doing to her. And as she can't do that now to him, he's dead and he did it all those years ago, she can tell me. As I become him, treating her as he treated her, she can tell me off and call me a bastard and point out to me how wrong and unloving I am in my misguided and evil behaviour. She can speak to me as if I am her father, telling me – (him) – about how bad I've – he's – made her feel. She can push him back, regain power, not actually needing a friend or someone to help her. She has needed to do it all by herself, to prove to herself that she can stand up to him (through me, but standing up to me). And when she does, nothing bad happens to her, he doesn't beat her up how he used to (I don't beat her up), and instead he listens (I do listen, at least try to), and then says he's sorry seeing the error of his ways (I see my error when she's pointed it out to me), and tries to change (I do try to, and it's amazing I have changed – a little). I become the substitute good father she never had, or at least a bad

father she is able to fight back against and have a say with, a father she can speak up and tell when he's hurting her, and he listens, is sympathetic, and doesn't just come down even harder on her. And gradually as she uses me to be the father she needs to stand up to and have listen to her, I become less of a controlling 'father' to her, and so I can become more of a true friend. Like with all we've found through our healing, it all does work for us, only in ways we might not have expected.

More on owning my own feelings.

I awake angry. I don't know it immediately, but slowly I become aware that is how I feel. I'm angry with things: with Marion and with Pots (Potsy).

We usually turn the oven on for Pots. She sits on her bed a 'woolly bottom' on the top of the stove snuggling into the oven heat overflow. It's a warmer morning this morning, and having turned the oven on, I turn it off thinking she won't go on it, instead she'll want to be outside doing her rounds.

I go outside and Marion comes out putting the seeds out for the birds. I come in and see she's turned the oven on. I feel angry with her for turning it on when Pots won't go on it this morning. We can't afford to just have the oven on all day long whether Pots wants to go on it or not.

I'm angry with Marion but I also feel I'm not right, it's not right to be angry with her, I'm just using her, dumping on her, criticising her, wanting to make her feel bad instead of allowing myself to feel bad. I'm blaming her by focusing on the oven for being the source of what's causing me to be angry, but she isn't to blame. I'm now aware enough to feel that I am wrong. I'm not owning my anger, I'm not trying to just express it and find the truth of it. I'm avoiding the real causes and my repressed stuff that is now trying to force its way up, by getting angry with Marion, deflecting onto her, trying to have power over her by criticising her for doing such a stupid thing as put the oven on when it's so obvious that Pots won't be using it this morning.

And what makes me feel so sure I know everything? How do I know what Potsy is going to do. I don't, I'm just using my mind pretending I'm the great *knower* of all, wanting to be in control so I don't have to own up to the repressed anger I'm really feeling. And then just to show me up and prove I'm not the great knower of all, Potsy jumps up onto the oven settling down in her heat spot.

I start telling Marion that I feel angry, and suddenly I realise I feel angry because I've got up so early, it has nothing to do with the oven. Pots woke me demanding I get up and be with her. I'm angry for being disturbed; I hate being made to do something I don't want to do. I'm so angry! 'Pots meowed waking me, making me get up. I didn't want to get up. I hate being disturbed!'

I can feel how my parents did things to disturb me all the time. Shit I hated them doing that and I can feel how they, as I wanted to dump my anger on Marion, dumped their anger on me, always criticising me, making me do things, stopped me doing things, always controlling me, instead of owning their own repressed anger.

I'm saturated with it from them, and what's worse is, now I do it! I get angry with Marion and blame her for not doing things how I think they should be done, but who am I? I'm the great one again, the great knower of all, of how everything should be done and when it should be done; I'm the master controller, just as my parents believed they were.

I hate this aspect of myself, of my behaviour. I hate not being able to be true to my feelings, to just own up to them and express them – to find the truth of them. I hate how I so readily blame and criticise everyone else before I take responsibility for what I feel. I hate how I have to deny my bad feelings dumping on someone else. I hate knowing I do it, and I hate how my parents did it to me. I hate the whole rotten fucking thing.

When I finally come back to myself, accepting my own anger and finding the truth of it, and

why I am repressing it, I feel connected more to myself. I am attending to myself, and not putting my shit out over everyone else. I only need to deal with my space and not try and control and tell the rest of the world what to do. I wish my parents had stuck to their space and not used me as their dumping ground.

I have a headache.

IT HURTS
IT MAKES ME FEEL SICK
I FEEL SICK
MY HEAD HURTS
I HATE HAVING A HEADACHE
I FEEL BAD, I FEEL REALLY BAD, I FEEL ALL WOOZY, NAUSEOUS
MY HEAD HURTS
OW, OW, OW... IT HURTS... IT HURTS... OH IT HURTS SO MUCH...OW...OW...

Speak it out – like standing on a mountain and saying it to the world. Bring it up, and get it out – get out what you're feeling. Let your pain speak – give it a voice.

Want it to come out – 'I WANT MY HEADACHE TO COME OUT'.
Don't hold it in, like taking a pill to make the pain stay in while deluding yourself it's gone.
Speak it out. Express it dramatically, be the feelings, put yourself right in them and express them to your friend.

Speak to your friend – TELL THEM HOW BAD YOU ARE FEELING. Want them to know all about how bad you are feeling. Reach out to them expressing your pain to them, but do it for yourself, because you want to be heard. Don't do it for them, or because you believe it is what you should do; do it because it's like poison in you and you want to get it out. Speak it out as if you are telling the whole world, telling them all about how bad you feel, and as if they want to know. And that you have all right to say how bad you feel, and they want you to say it, because they don't want you to – and neither do you – suffer anymore by keeping whatever it is – all the bad feelings – inside you.

I FEEL ALL WOOZY, FOGGY IN MY HEAD, I FEEL MISERABLE, DEPRESSED, LIKE I CAN'T MOVE. I'M BOUND UP, TRAPPED IN MY HEAD, AND IT HURTS... IT HURTS... OW... OW... IT HURTS REALLY BAD. I FEEL ALL SLEEPY, LIKE I'M GOING TO BLACKOUT – FAINT. I DON'T WANT TO, IT MAKES ME FEEL SCARED, I FEEL SCARED OF BLACKING OUT, I'M SCARED OF THE PAIN, SCARED IT WILL NEVER END. IT WON'T GO AWAY, NOTHING I DO MAKES IT GO AWAY. I FEEL POWERLESS, AND SO MISERABLE... MISERABLE... MISERABLE... AND FEELING SO MISERABLE IS SO DEPRESSING. I CAN'T DO ANTHING FOR MYSELF... OW MY HEAD HURTS, RIGHT ACROSS THE FRONT AND THROUGH THE MIDDLE TO THE LEFT, LIKE A KNIFE IS CUTTING THROUGH IT, THROUGH ME. I HATE FEELING LIKE THIS... OW MY HEAD HURTS... OW... OW... I WANT TO KNOW WHY I FEEL THIS WAY: WHY DO I HAVE TO HAVE A HEADACHE? I WANT TO KNOW THE TRUTH OF WHAT I'M FEELING! I WANT TO SEE THE TRUTH OF MY PAIN, AND I WANT ALL I'M REPRESSING TO COME UP OUT OF ME. I WANT TO GET IT OUT. I DON'T WANT IT IN ME ANY LONGER. I DON'T WANT MY HEADACHE, I'M SO POWERLESS TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT. I WANT IT TO SHOW ME WHAT I NEED TO SEE, BUT I ALSO WANT IT TO GO AWAY... I DON'T WANT TO FEEL BAD... I HATE FEELING BAD... OW, OW, MY HEAD HURTS... WHY DOES IT HAVE TO HURT? I'M SO CONFUSED, THE CLOUD AROUND MY HEAD MAKES ME SO CONFUSED, I DON'T UNDERSTAND... OW... OW... OW...

When you really connect you should be able to feel the energy moving, detect something going

on within you, not always, but it's a good feeling to know you're being effective when you can.

When you express, really PUSH it out, push out, force out the bad feelings if you have to. Will it out of you, make the effort, it's you speaking up about your own survival and you have to make the world – your parents, hear you. And pushing it out, if that's what you feel you should do or try to do, will help you push through your barriers and blocks, those being how your parents treated you and made you feel. By doing this you are honouring and giving yourself the respect and acceptance and love you need, all what you didn't get when you were young. Don't hold onto it, let it go, let it come out. Don't hold it in, push it out. Get into really trying to feel the pain, allowing it to be all through you, and then speak about it: how it feels, how it's making you feel, how these feelings make you feel, what it's making you feel like doing; speak whatever comes to you, let it flow, go for it.

And speak until you've had enough. The pain may or may not go away, but you'll feel when you've said all you can. Long for the truth, and speak up again when you want to, when the pain becomes too great again, or when you feel to. It tends to come in waves or cycles and sometimes, but not always, you might be able to express all the pain right out of you, and your headache might actually go by its own accord.

Physical pains.

All through our healing Marion and I have had masses of physical pains. Mostly we just accept them as part of our yuk and bad state showing or expressing itself through the physical. Often when they are worse than usual we focus more on them speaking about them to each other. When we speak about them they don't easily show up the truth like emotional pain and associated feelings do. So all we do is focus on them and keep saying how bad they are making us feel. Sometime this can be a lot of times through the day or only once or twice, usually depending on how intense the pain is. Often the pain comes and goes in intensity, and as it comes we tell each other about it, but as it recedes we don't feel the need to speak and express it.

And through the course of our healing years, I think every part of us has ached and had pain in it at some point. Some parts coming and going relatively quickly, other parts, like our lower backs, constantly giving us grief.

Marion has always insisted that the speaking up and acknowledging these physical pains will help to bring up the associated underlying emotional pain and bad feelings – and often it does. And amazingly, often we both will speak about our physical pain and then magically it just goes away. We forget we had it. For example:

Headache.

'My head hurts. My head hurts. My head hurts, it's here in the front and it feels like a knife is slicing through it right down through my eye and face. I hate the pain... Ow it hurts, it hurts, it hurts...

'I don't want my headache; I don't want my head pain. I've got a pain in my head, and it hurts... my head hurts, my head hurts... I don't want it to hurt.

'Ow, bad pain, my head is in pain, pain, right there, more pain, stronger pain, pain, pain, ow, ow, pain, pain, head pain, ow, it's sharp, right here above my eye...

'... my head hurts, it's now moved, the pain's now moved around the front, it's almost as if I've got something pressuring me, bearing down on me, causing the pain... my head hurts... ow it

hurts...’

As I said in the previous headache example, we try to speak out the pain of the feeling, that is, what the pain feels like or what it’s trying to say as well as describing where and what the pain is like. And Marion, as with all her feeling expression, is a million times better at it, being far more consistent and persistent, than I am. We do this making sure we’ve got the other persons attention as we are speaking looking for their sympathy. We want their acknowledgement of our pain, our discomfort, and we want to know they care. We want them to be aware that we are in pain and are suffering in some way; we want to be both the adult and the child getting the attention and sympathy we need. So often we didn’t get it when we were young, but now we can.

Often when I say such things about my pain, I feel like I’m the young boy speaking, wanting mum or whomever to acknowledge that I’m not well and wanting them to look after me. They don’t have to actually do anything to try and fix the pain only allow me to express my bad feelings.

Mum would always ask me if I wanted a headache pill, something to take the pain away and deny my bad feelings. She wasn’t nasty or uncaring, she did try to help, but what could she do? What can anyone do for a headache? But she didn’t want me to speak about my bad feelings, to tell her about all the things that I felt were bad, we didn’t converse like that at all. I couldn’t share my fears with her, she didn’t want to know about them, she only wanted them to go away. And it never occurred to me that she and dad were the cause of my headaches.

When Marion and I have any pain, we treat it the same way, by speaking about it, openly acknowledging it. A pain wants to be heard, listen to (as it certainly gets your attention), and taken serious notice of, that’s why it won’t go away, that’s why it’s a *pain*. So by saying: my knee hurts, my knee hurts, my back aches, by backs aching, I’ve got a pain in my toe, my arm hurts... it is acknowledging that a part of you is not fairing too well. I guess it’s a way of loving our pain, by truly accepting and speaking openly about it. And all while we long for the truth of it.

When we speak about our pain we are taking notice of it, someone – ourselves – is finally taking notice of us. Our pain is to show us we haven’t been taking notice and care of ourselves, and is telling us something is out of order. And it’s not to be dismissed even more so by taking a painkiller (although if the pain is simply too unbearable you must do what you have to do and take a pill), for then the trouble will only intensify.

We are trying to have a loving and accepting relationship with our self. We were prevented from doing so while we were growing up and all our negative patterns, beliefs and behaviour are a testament to that. Now we’re trying to reverse the wrong. We’re trying to accept our pain and allow it to be, and even though a great part of our feelings might be that we don’t want it, as pain is pain and it’s not pleasant, still by speaking up about it we are allowing it to be. Our pain is us; we are our pain, so as we accept it, we accept ourselves. We weren’t allowed to be as we wanted to be, and now we can allow our pain to be, as it’s all really only the pain of our self-rejection we are suffering in all the pains we feel. Back during our childhoods our parents could have spoken about their bad feelings if we caused them, and they could have also allowed us to have ours and to speak about them when we were old enough to. But mostly they didn’t resulting in our self and feeling denial which equally reflects all our pain.

We live in gross denial of much of ourselves. And we only have bad feelings and pain to tell us something is wrong. And as much as we might not like the pain or feeling bad, we have to accept it if we are to give ourselves any chance of self-acceptance and self-love.

Often Marion and I wake up feeling all sorts of stress and physical aches and pains, a lot of muscular pain in places like our shoulders, neck, back – upper and lower, upper arms, upper legs, and we can hardly move. It’s as though we’ve severely pulled a or many muscles, and are reminded of it though the day.

I understand that these muscular stresses, strains and severe knots are our soul putting us in a kind of traction, helping to readjust our skeleton and whatever else needs such adjustment. Because as we're healing, as we're letting go of our bad repressed feelings and the associated negative beliefs and behaviours, we're making room for the real us to exist. And for the real and true us to come forward, physical, as well as more subtle adjustments, need to occur.

Often Marion and I will also experience a headache, a certain type, one of those 'shockers' on the right hand side, after a big breakthrough in seeing a truth which we hadn't seen before, and one that has a big impact on our understanding of our negative state.

Marion has far more headaches than I do, and lots of hot flushes. Often when she expresses, particularly some anger, she'll get a hot flush. Madly she has to take clothes off as she burns inside. Infrequently, I too get them, and it's amazing to suddenly feel yourself fire up and over heat, but it soon dissipates. She got a lot of hot flushes as she expressed her way through her 'change of life' all of which happened effortlessly for her and was a blessed relief from the torturous period pains she used to get.

Sometimes her period pains were so bad she'd end up a crumpled heap on the bathroom floor or in bed, but all the time she'd express all she could about the pain. (Ah these were horrid times, I felt so bad and sorry for her to suffer so greatly.) She'd moan and groan and tell me how bad she felt, longing to see the truth of the pain. And the truth would come, and the pain would sometimes ease, but now it's gone altogether as she no longer has periods.

Marion's body is full of more continuous pain than is mine. Mine mostly occurs when I try to do something like gardening, then my knees won't work, my legs cease up and ache, and lately my lower back has been 'unwinding' releasing all it's pain, with spasmodic spasms scaring the life out of me and hurting like hell. (Three years later with so much pain coming from my lower back and hips, I think we both suffer as much physical pain as each other, and often to where it's so debilitating we can hardly do anything.)

Marion finds it difficult to lie awake in bed for any length of time as her hips and legs ache, and she complains about the pain when it comes. And if she gets cramps, she'll speak about it all during the night, speaking about the pain in her mind to God, and me when I wake up or when she wakes me.

Looking back at all my physical pain that's come up throughout my feeling-healing, I can see definite cycles to it. My legs would ache for a time then my elbow, neck, then my knees, so much so I couldn't keep them in one place for very long with them always feeling restless, but now that has thankfully passed. It may come again, and if it does, at least I know I can accept it and keep on speaking about it.

I have no idea what it would be like to be afflicted by pain from a disease, and how it would be trying to accept and express it, however as a guess, I'd try and do what I could just as I've done with my physical aches and pains. If I had to take painkillers I would, but minimally, trying to allow and accept all the pain I could. And all the time as I spoke about all I felt, I'd long and really want to see the truth of it. I would just try to be as negative as I could.

We've read about older people when sick becoming very angry, critical and nasty, seemingly to turn into a different person no longer being the nice one they were before their illness. This happens because their barriers and falseness, all that put-on 'niceness' trying to keep at bay what they really think and feel underneath, is breaking down, and if such a thing were happening to a relative or one of my family I would encourage them to be as spiteful and nasty and hurtful as they can. It would be very hard not to take it personally if my buttons were pushed, but that would give me more opportunities to accept and express and work at seeing truth about myself. All of the festering evil that is rotting them from the inside needs to come out, and the more such people (anyone who feels bad) can be encouraged to spit it out, no matter how vile and unloving, thoughtless and uncaring, it will be for the better. It's all the shit these people have suffered when they were very young spending their whole life keeping it suppressed, and they'll be full of it. It is after all, why, and what is, making them sick. And the more they can get out,

even if they are not specifically doing their healing, the better it will be for them in spirit.

I sat on the couch all day today and did nothing. Occasionally I read, occasionally I spoke. All day long I felt crushed. Completely flat. No energy, no will, no life, nothing to live for – crushed.

I can't get off the couch. My back hurts, I have a pain in my stomach, my legs are stiff, my knees ache, I feel stuffed. Totally crushed.

I was born with a stomach ulcer. I feel like I've got it now, and like I've been poked and prodded, and I hurt like I've been beaten all over, beaten to within an inch of my life. I can't move anything, can't think about anything. I feel like I just want to curl up and sleep; to sleep, read, eat and take it easy, as if I'm recovering from a severe trauma – the trauma of my beginning.

I have no memory of it, but my feelings are asking: Why did I have to have such a rotten start to life? I can't do anything; I'm sick – sick before my life began. Sick in the womb, sick when I'm born, having to go to the doctor and get prodded and poked. I'm powerless, crushed, depressed.

Other people are okay, but I'm not. I don't feel like I have any power, no motivation, no strength to do anything. Today I could only look at the veggies, in no way could I pick any for lunch, nor could I dig to plant the potatoes. I wanted to write but no way could I drag myself to the table and the computer. The thought of having to make my mind function being too great an effort, to begin to think about doing it makes me feel like collapsing. I feel so sick, so debilitated; I'm just ticking over, just alive.

And it's an all too common feeling; a feeling I've felt all through my life. I've battled against it; tried not to succumb. I tried to summon the energy to drag myself up, to make myself participate in life. For short bursts I've succeeded while something's captured my interest, but always I end up back sitting around unable to do anything.

I've always wondered what was wrong with me, why do I feel so lacking in energy so often and so unenthusiastic, uninspired and uninterested in what most people seem to enjoy doing. And now I know why. As I sit crushed on the couch I can feel why, because this is how I feel, this is my truth.

I have no power, no energy, I'm crushed. Crushed into nothingness. This is the truth of how I truly am. This is the truth of how I've always felt, deep within me, underlying all: miserable, depressed – crushed.

How am I expected to live life? I feel like all I can do is look at the other children running and jumping and having fun. I can look, but I can't join in. I don't envy them or even wish I could, I just accept I can't. I'm sick, I was born sick and that is that.

Today I feel crushed. Empty, alone, miserable, depressed and crushed. I hate feeling crushed, empty, alone, miserable and depressed, but that is that. I can't be what I am not. I can't not feel this way – it is me.

The dreaded Cloud.

It's mid afternoon, I'm sitting on the couch and it's happening to me again. It's happened to me like this every day this week, and on and off over the past few weeks. I don't like it, but I can't help it, it just comes on – the cloud. I don't like the cloud of heaviness; the cloud of sleep, but it comes. It comes of its own accord. My eyes get heavier, I try and fight it, but I can't win. I feel too powerless. It hurts to resist, it's bliss to give in, let go and drift off.

It's like a heavy white-grey fog. It seems to come into me more from the right hand side. It's not a real fog but it seems to fill my head. I hate its feeling of coming into me and pushing me out. I feel like it's pushing me aside, I don't matter, I don't count. It wants me, it wants me to do

what it wants, it wants me to go to sleep.

Once my eyes start to close and my consciousness fades, I've lost. I can't make myself get up. I can't shrug it off. I can't use my mind to keep my mind awake, it's too powerful, too strong, all too overwhelming.

I feel like I'm young and I've been given something to drink, as if my afternoon milk has been laced with a sedative, something to put me to sleep, to knock me out. It feels like an invading presence, a force too strong for me, I can't fight and resist and overpower it. I can only submit.

I don't want to fade off, I don't want to have an afternoon nap, I want to stay awake, but I can't – it's useless. I'm useless, I can't even control my own mind, I can't stay awake. I become drowsy, my grip is slipping, and when I finally give in: argh! the sense of relief is wonderful. I no longer have to fight. I succumb and I don't care that I have to sleep in the middle of the afternoon.

Sometimes the cloudy, drowsy, drugged feelings remind me of times in the afternoon on warm summer days at school, after lunch, the boring drone of the teacher, the wanting to fade off. It was excruciatingly painful and very hard to stop myself, and only the fear of what the teacher would do to me if I fell asleep prevented me from dropping off. It was the same in my jobs once I'd got the hang of them: the endless repetition, the boring afternoons, and the desperate desire to fall off to sleep.

I remember I had to have an afternoon nap when I was young. Is it still only a part of my early programming now surfacing and wanting to re-assert itself? I don't feel sleepy at this time in the afternoon if I'm doing things. I don't always feel I have to doze off in the mid afternoon.

Did mum or someone put something in my drink to make me fade out, all so they could enjoy a peaceful afternoon? I don't know, but I hate the feeling of the cloud coming, taking me over, and closing me down. (Now, some years on, I no longer experience it.)

It's early morning.

My lower legs hurt, they really hurt. They're aching, they feel stiff, like they're made of wood.

They feel like they've been encased in something, something that's hard and unforgiving and doesn't allow them to feel free; like they're bound up from knee to ankle and it makes them ache.

I can't do anything about them, they feel dead, lumps hanging below my knee; my feet and toes feel lifeless, I can't flex them. When I walk all I can do is shuffle them along, my ankles won't bend and my knees won't work, they hurt too.

I hate this lower leg-bound feeling, it hurts. It hurts and it makes me feel miserable – really miserable. The more I focus on it, the more miserable I feel.

I'm miserable, miserable, I feel miserable. Always I feel miserable, so miserable. I hate waking up and feeling like this, nothing but misery. I wish I could die with the pain and misery of it all, but I can't. What do I have to look forward to? All I do is sit and feel miserable about my aching legs, feel my miserable miserable feelings of misery. There isn't anything else. I feel miserable; I'm miserable, miserable, miserable, so miserable.

Silent scream.

Lying in bed awaiting sleep suddenly I'm jolted back to consciousness, it often happens just before I'm about to completely drift off. Then it begins.

A disturbing feeling comes into my lower left leg. My toes want to curl under, but I know this feeling and instead of pushing it aside like I've always done, I go 'into' and with it: I accept it and allow it to be, and then to come over me. I relax into the tension allowing it to do what it wants: to move up my leg. I fear it, but I let it come. It's a very intense uncomfortable feeling, and as I

allow it, it races up through my body seeking escape. I scream. I scream a silent scream. I don't want to wake Marion. And I can't scream a real scream anyway even if I tried, the pressure of the energy seeking its way out of me feels so strong that it would rupture and tear my throat out.

My scream is silent and my face contorts. My eyes close so hard that my eyeballs hurt. My jaw is so wide that I worry it might somehow break. My scream, although silent, is loud, very loud, and heard, I want to believe, in the highest heaven. It's the scream of my anguish, and it's been locked away inside me as anger for years. And now in waves it erupts out of me so long as I allow it to. It doesn't take much to stop it, and it takes a lot of effort to keep allowing the horrible waves to rise up through my body, and to silently scream them out of me.

After a few of them I start to get hot. I try to feel what these waves of repression are really saying to me. Sometimes I can connect with them and the anger becomes real, not just an etheric energy, and I feel very angry about specific things. Usually things that have happened through the day, but not always, and usually something also to do with my early childhood, but not always.

After about a dozen of these waves and screams I can't take any more. I'm exhausted, my face feels like it's formed new wrinkles with the contorted effort. Luckily, mostly, I then drift off to sleep.

Almost every night for the past two years, to a more or less extent, I have felt these waves of anger come in one or the other of my legs. Rarely is it both at the same time. I have longed repeatedly for the truth of this experience, but little has come. All I know is I feel better having this unwanted energy out of me instead of it still doing whatever it does suppressed inside me.

The best thing for me to do would be to give physical voice to the scream, but as yet I can't. Perhaps one day I will be able to, and perhaps then I will understand what these experiences have all been about.

(Five years on having had such leg anger surfacing on and off during these years, I've moved to simply allowing the repressed energy to have more of a physical expression, that being allowing my legs to kick and jolt, all of which has come naturally and has stopped the need for my silently trying to scream it out. And lately I hardly have it anymore.)

Marion asks me to lift the doona off the clothes rack for her.

Suddenly I feel: my life is not my own, I don't want to participate. I have to wait to be told to do things, always being told what to do. I can't do anything myself, I have to be told then begrudgingly do it. I don't want to do it. I'm always resisting. They always just told me and I was expected and had to do it. I hate it, I hate doing what they say, I hate having to do what I'm told, and I don't want to do it, not for them, not for anyone. What right do they have to tell me what to do, always telling me what to do and how I should be. Just because they are my parents, does that give them the right – the right over me? Do they care about how I feel? Do they know how I feel? Do they want to know? No, I don't think so or else things would be different, they would be different. They don't care; don't want to know – I hate them! They make me feel bad. Always I'm feeling bad because of their treatment of me. I hate being their kid. Don't they understand, don't they realise what they are doing to me, how they are making me feel? No, obviously they don't. They don't want to. I'm the one who has to accept this. I have to get it into my thick head and stop believing they do love and care about me, when they don't. I have to wake up to the truth of how I feel – how they've made me feel. I can't avoid it any longer. I can't continue being unfaithful to myself. I have to look after myself; they don't care, so I have to. And I have to start caring about myself by speaking up about how bad I feel. I can't do to my feelings what they have done to me – ignore, dismiss, pretend I'm not there. I have to make myself be there for myself. I have to care about me, how I feel – always, not just when I feel good. I have to make myself care when I feel bad. I have to make myself because it doesn't come naturally, because they didn't care

for me when I was young. It's all up to me. They stuffed me up and now I have to un-stuff myself. I can no longer be dependant on them. They are never going to change. They are as they are. I have to change myself, heal myself, find the truth of my bad feelings, if I want help myself. I didn't ask to be treated this way, and now I'm the one who's suffered so much and I have to fix myself. It's so unjust, so unfair. I hate my life. I hate them. I hate myself. What a fuck...

This is an example of how in the intimacy of a close relationship, so many small and seemingly insignificant things, such as Marion asking me to do something for her like lifting the doona off the rack, can suddenly plunge you into feeling bad, and all so you can express more of your yuk and uncover the truth of yet more feelings. All of which continues to help paint the picture of your relationship with your parents: how you really feel about it, how it really affected you. And as anything through the day can trigger bad feelings, you can see how doing your feeling-healing, if you commit completely to it, will be ongoing all the time, and not just something you can do a couple of hours a week when you visit your therapist. If we had to rely completely on such visits alone to heal our childhood repression, we'd be seeing our therapist until the end of time.

More about having a good friend.

Marion and I have found that at times during our healing a state of feeling bad surfaces and we can't do anything about it. We are in shock, the state originally being shocking to us, and all we can do is just exist within the bad feelings. And even though we know we should express our bad feelings we can't, were incapable of doing so. We're crippled, we can't express our feelings, we're too locked up within ourselves. We feel too bad. We weren't allowed to express these bad feelings when we were young, we were just in a state a shock – trauma – and still are. And it's during these times we need a friend, we need the other person to ask: What's up? What's wrong? What's going on? We need the other person to pull us out of our shocked state, all by showing how much they care for us, by encouraging and wanting us to speak.

(In re-reading this last paragraph it all sounds rather too matter-of-fact and devoid of the shocking state one feels having sunk back down ones hole into the depths of ones trauma. When Marion is in her bad states like this the look on her face of sheer despair, futility and hopelessness causes me to feel so sorry for her. To image her as the innocent free, so willing to please, little girl who's being treated so appallingly bad by her parents, is soul-destroying. I can't bear seeing her this way, and mostly I'm ceased with panic and shock myself as I don't know what to do to help her. My pathetic attempts at trying to get her to start speaking make me feel even more weak and powerless. I'm so dependent on her to be right and relatively okay, just as I was my mother, that when she succumbs to her shocked traumatised state, alarm bells ring in me and fear overwhelms me, as I can't bear the thought of her being so bad, with all of this making me feel all but too shocked as well, being able to help her even less. I'm afraid I'm not too good a friend for her, being too scared for myself.)

When these harrowing bad feeling shock states first came up within us, particularly within Marion, it took us a long time to work out that she wasn't capable of doing what she normally did with her bad feelings – speak about them, and often an argument would result, which fired up our anger and served the purpose of stirring up things and shifting the shock. As we became more familiar with these stunned states in which we were totally helpless and unable to speak and express ourselves, being utterly trapped within our deep traumatised state, we could recognise the warning signs in each other and so try to help by injecting a stimulus encouraging the other to speak up. Marion was of course better at reading these signs in each of us than I was, and I wasn't too good at encouraging her to speak, but one way or another she'd get stirred up enough to help herself again.

Although we are to help each other, really we are only helping ourselves, but when one is trapped in one of these states, you're not objective enough to help yourself, you have no power, no

energy, the bad feelings are too overwhelming, and you feel too crushed and need rescuing. These were the times ideally when ones parents would have come to the rescue allowing you to cry or express whatever it was until you came back to yourself, however as mostly it was our parents causing us to be shocked and so traumatised in the first place, no one saved us and we had to do what we did with all our unwanted bad feelings – bury them as a survival self-protecting action. But the shock has stayed with us; so many parts of us aren't fully functional, being instead in a permanent state of shock. It took me a long time, many years, to realise and accept that I was living in all but a semi-permanent state of shock, putting on a learnt superficial exterior to hide it pretending I was okay.

And when it so happened that we both arrived at the same time in a state of shock utterly able to do anything for each other or ourselves, then we were well and truly fucked. Such times were horrible, really really bad, some of our worst times, and I don't know how we survived them, but somehow something would give and usually we'd argue our way out of them. Sometimes we'd end up having raging arguments slinging all the hurtful yuk at each other, cutting deeply with no regard for the others feelings, and it might take us a whole day or two to work through it all, but eventually the truth would come, and it would end, and we'd move onto the next thing to be healed. All that evil putridness being contained in our shock.

These hard times during our healing have shown us the strength of our negative patterns. How heavily ingrained they are within us, and how hard they are to bust out of. But if you have a friend and they are familiar with how you normally are, it's great to have someone who can draw your attention to yourself when they detect you're not right. They can reach out a hand of friendship and love to you, doing what your parents didn't do for you, helping you to pay more attention to what's going on within you, helping you accept how fucked up you really are.

Just when I thought: what more could there be to see; and as always when I have this thought, suddenly, I realised there is a lot more.

I woke up feeling really bad, my legs were aching, my lower back – agony, and all I felt like doing was curling up in ball and wanting to cry feeling so miserable. So I did. I curled up, but couldn't cry, so instead told Marion how bad I was feeling. I expressed my bad feelings of pain and misery for about twenty minutes moaning about it and saying whatever words came to mind to describe my yuk. And the more I said the more a picture started to form within me. I began to feel like I was crippled, I couldn't move, as if I was lying with deformed legs. Then I felt that all I wanted was mum or Gran to come and take care of me, to wash me, to dress me, to get me up because I was unable to do it – I couldn't do anything for myself: they needed to do everything. I was completely retarded not able to do anything without them, and I felt terrible about this, so miserable and angry. I could see a memory type picture of me when I was young and them treating me like I was an invalid. And as soon as this picture and realisation came up within me the truth began to come; it was so obvious and something I hadn't any idea previously about. I understood that they parented and treated me like I was incapable of doing anything for myself, like I was a cripple, and this treatment of me made me believe that I was. They made into a cripple! They made me into an invalid, when I wasn't!

And then the lateral link ups started to occur. My physical body leading the way.

Flashes of insight dawned in my mind as I realised so many things about my behaviour, and how I feel about life; and why my legs and body have felt so crippled throughout my healing. It was all

making sense, my whole negative state was explained by this: that they had crippled my self-expression to the extent that I should have been a cripple – it didn't manifest physically, but I sure felt like one. But on top of this, as I got older, they told me that I was the leader and head of the family, especially after the divorce, and so on top of my feeling like I can't do anything for myself because of feeling like a cripple, I added the beliefs that I could do everything. And I wanted to believe this because I didn't want to feel like the cripple they'd made me virtually be. So as I entered my adult life I believed I could do anything I wanted, but my life didn't show me that. As it turned out I couldn't do most things, and had to gradually admit that I couldn't do anything. And this has been a reoccurring theme through my healing, which I now understand, as I've had to give up trying to do things, pretending I can do them whilst admitting that I can't. I'm a failure, and I need someone else (mum or Gran) to always tell me what to do and how to do it, or to do the things for me.

Since this big revelation of truth my body has packed it in even more. And as I've allowed it to, my feelings have confirmed to what extent I was treated as an invalid by them. And how much control they wanted over me when I was just a little baby and toddler. They controlled me to such a severe extent crippling my natural ability to do things for myself in life, and my wanting to explore and discover things and learn about life myself. They got in the way, took over, and ruined all this for me, and I'm furious at them for doing so.

The whole ten years of my healing has come down to this point of finally being able to accept and see the truth of my denial state – that I believe and behave as if I'm a cripple; that I can't do anything. I can hardly walk; I can't do anything other the simplest things – I'm totally fucked. And the more I submit to it, the more I understand my negative behaviours and how I've tried to cover up these feelings and beliefs about myself being so incapable. I've tried to do things, doing them desperately to show myself that I can do something. I have a forum and put all my stuff on it, but look at it, no one is speaking to me; no one wants to come and play on my forum, it's just me alone doing and being as I've always been. Just a poor pathetic wreck who pretends that he has a life and tries to show it by doing things like writing, all in the hope that someone one day will come along and say: I want to be your friend you retard; I want to be with you and help you. All I want is someone to come along and take over, to say: hey, you can write and this is good stuff and I know what to do; here, let's do this, here's the money, you don't need to work, as you can't anyway being so crippled, and...

I still want my mother and grandmother to come along and tell me what to do next and how to do it. But instead of them, I secretly want the nice mum and Gran to come and help me. I can't do it, I can't stand up and act like a non-crippled adult. I feel to emotionally fucked up and crippled inside. I don't know what to do, I'm too scared to do anything. I'm a fucking useless bastard – it's what they've made me, and it's only taken ten years of progressively unwinding my shit and seeing the truth of it all to finally understand: I can't do it, I just can't! And all I can do is want to cry, but I can't even do that, even my crying they controlled. They took over everything, fucking me up completely, and I hate it. I hate feeling like this, but as I give into it, as I submit to my feelings and feel the truth of it, I know that how and what I'm feeling is right. It's me and I can't do anything else other than be me. I can only be the crippled person that I am.

This morning I woke up and could hardly stagger out of bed. I thought my emotionally crippled legs were going to give way altogether and that would be it. I'd be confined to bed. I felt exactly like I felt when I was ill with fevers when I was six. I couldn't do anything but give in, and in a way found comfort in my disability. I didn't have to pretend or try to be something that I wasn't, I could just be sick. I didn't have to pretend that I was okay, capable and like everyone else – normal. And this is how I feel today. I can only sit on the couch like a lump, by legs feel so tense and bent, they aren't, but that's how they emotionally feel, like they're all twisted around, and if I were to stand I'd fall over being unable to move and coordinate them. My feet are constantly cold

no matter what I do to them, no amount of socks or warm shoes warms them up, the blood just isn't circulating through them properly; they are all but inert – fucking useless, and it's exactly how I feel all through me. It's exactly how they've made me feel – cold, no feelings: all in my mind.

I feel totally inept, I sit here writing and I don't know how I'm doing it. I feel like I really shouldn't be able to do anything, let alone function like a normal person, but all of these things are of course how I felt when I was very young, all coming through as feelings to me now so I can see and realise the full extent of the truth, the full extent of my suffering and what I've been up against all my life – trying to deny that I really do feel like this.

All the way along I've denied these underlying feelings. I was reasonably good at sport making the first teams at school. I was okay in the mind department going to university, but it was all a front, all done to hide how I really felt about myself: how they made me feel all those years ago. And I could only do it at school because school told me to it, how to do it, and when to do it. Really had I been able to live true to how they made me feel I would have been useless at sport and a dunce. But no, I couldn't bear this and neither could have they, so they told me I was good at sport and smart and that that was the right way to go: begin life with those credentials and you've made it! So I did it. I never felt good about it, I never enjoyed it, I did it because I didn't want to be left out. I didn't want to be thought strange and have no friends, but look where it's got me. Here I am now with only two friends, Marion and our little cat, a forum with no members, and a whole lot of spiritual understanding that is so far beyond most peoples grasp and will to try and understand it, to see for themselves if it's real, that I'm even more isolated. I can't relate to normal life because I don't like it anymore. I see the bullshit and crap and I don't feel good. I don't feel good within myself, but I want to feel good. I don't want to feel crippled emotionally or in any other way. I want to feel good and happy and able to do what I want. I don't want to remain locked away in my isolated rejected disabled state. Those people who are disabled are alone, how can anyone reach them, and how can they fully express themselves? And that's how I feel, but I don't want to be like this. I want to be able to express all I feel, and things I've never felt; things which my parents and grandparents denied me. I want to live, have a real life, not some useless retarded life of falseness and pretension.

But what can I do? Being so fucked up I can't do anything. And at least now I understand that there is nothing to do. I'm not meant to do anything other than be the cripple fucked-up person I feel I am. That is my truth, which is how I feel, there is no denying it any longer, no point, it only causes me grief, pain, and more bad feelings if I don't accept it. All I can do is accept it, and writing about it like this helps me to do that. Accept it and be it – it is me and I am it, and that is the truth of my fucked negative mind and will state. There is nothing else except probably still more truth, more bad feelings to uncover, more to explore and understand about what it feels like to be so fucked around with and controlled when I was so young. (Years more, as it's turning out!)

So all I can do is long for the truth, I can't do anything else. Long for the truth of these bad feelings I'm feeling and keep speaking about them as they come up. And thankfully the truth comes, that is something that is different, that is the change, that is the new me emerging, because before, the truth never came. I didn't want it. I didn't know it existed and I denied it. Before I didn't want to accept the truth of how I really felt and the truth my life was trying to show me. But now I do. Gradually I'm accepting it more and I'm understanding. Less and less am I fighting it. I'm telling myself: I am retarded, crippled – it's true. I'm not trying to run away. I'm simply accepting it and seeing what happens. I can't change myself from how I am. I can only understand and accept and love myself for being how I am – fucked. It wasn't my fault that I got all fucked up – they did it to me. And as I'm in the Father and Mother hands, I give myself over to Them. After all, They want me to be this way. They want me to experience it.

I'm longing to live Their Will, to live with Their Love and help, and to live the truth They want me to see. And this is what they are showing me, so all I can do is accept it. It's pointless to deny it, as I'd only be doing what I've always done, and deny Them. And as They, God, are showing

me my retarded pathetic useless state, then with faith I believe that if They want me to one day be healed of this state, it will somehow happen; They will make it happen. They will do what is needed to bring about the changes within me, and this I have already experienced throughout my healing, so my faith grows stronger in Them and in myself as I see more of the truth of my negative self.

And when will it finally end? I don't know anymore. Every time I think I'm getting closer I see even more the extent of my horror and yuk. They know when it will end; when They've shown me all They want me to see, so I will try and be patient and accepting, but shit it's hard. I will try and do nothing, write if I feel like it, post it if I feel like it, and keep on expressing all my bad feelings as they come up within me. I can't do anything else. I can't make it all go away. I thought I could, but now I know I can't. I have to completely give up and give in, surrender and submit to the healing, soul-realising, me-understanding, process. I have nothing else to do. I've gone too far now and I definitely can't go back.

So this is me, this is what I am, this my truth – the truth of crippled me. It's not what I might have hoped for or expected when I first set out longing for and invoking the Divine Love into my soul, but that me all those years ago believed it was in control, just like how my mother and grandmother were. Now I'm a little wiser, and being in control is what I don't want to be. I don't want to be like they are, no way, not anymore. I want to be how my true Mother and Father in Heaven want me to be, how They are, and I guess I'm gradually getting there. Something is changing because I'm sure not living life how I used to live it. And what do I know, I seem to be going totally backwards becoming more fucked rather than less, and perhaps it is the right way; perhaps it will all somehow work out... I don't know. And I want to stop trying to know, I just want to let it happen, let my feelings come and let them govern my life. That is what I want, my Mother and Father... the truth, and Your Divine Love. That is all I want...

False promises.

I'm still waiting.

I have a strange feeling in me. It's something of a feeling of expectation. It's a familiar feeling, I have it often but usually other feelings come up that are stronger causing me to focus on them. Today I can feel it... it's disturbing. I can't quite describe it. I feel like I'm waiting, waiting for something to happen, expecting something, and it's a good thing. I've been waiting and expecting for a long time. As long as I can remember. And I'm still waiting and that's annoying. Why haven't I given up? What is it I'm still waiting for? And why hasn't what I'm waiting for happened yet?

Yes, it's waiting for something, rather than for something to happen, although they are both connected. I'm waiting for something mum and dad have told me, something they have said to me, promised me? Yes, I think that's it. I think I'm waiting for something from them, it feels as if I'm waiting for them to come, for them to come to me. I'm waiting for them to come; I'm always waiting, always waiting for them to come. Why won't they come? They never come, but I never stop waiting and expecting them to come.

What is it that I'm hoping to get from them when and if they do come? Is that it? Am I hoping for something... the feelings are very vague...

I'm hoping for them to give me what I want. What do I want? I don't know. I just want them to give me all that I want.

It is a thing a material thing? No, I don't think so, they did give me things, no I think it's more esoteric, it's what? It's everything... I want them to give me everything, to give me themselves, to give me love? It's love, but it's more than love. It's themselves, I'm waiting for them to come back to me, for them to come and be with me, to give themselves to me. Yes, that's it, it's as if they've said they had to go out and they wouldn't be long and I'm waiting for them to come back. That certainly happened a lot. We were left with the girl who was looking after us. But it's not quite it. What is it?

Please God help me to see what it really is I'm waiting for. I want to see the truth of these feelings, I really want to get to the bottom of them. What am I waiting to get from them? What was it that they didn't give me but said they would, and I'm waiting for it – always waiting.

Argh, I give up, I don't know... it's too hard. I've lost the feeling... I'll have to go back, retrace my steps, retrace my feelings, start again...

I think I'm just waiting for them to love me, to make me feel loved. To give me the emotional love and support I needed. It's as though they've said they will, they have said it's all a part of them being my parents, they are meant to, have to, and that they understand their obligation, however they just can't quite get around to it, too many things get in the way. Things pop up and they have to attend to them; they have to attend to them before they can attend to me. And they need to get these other things out of the way so they can finally give me their full attention. But the trouble is, these things never cease, there is always another thing to do, another thing in the way. When will they come? I so much want them to come and give me what I hunger for. They are just over there, talking to those people, they are just out of reach, they always seem just out of reach, even when I run up to them with my arms open and my heart longing, longing to have them come to me and receive me and hold me and love me, give me all the love I need, they are too far away. We never seem to connect, we never link up, and I need to, I so desperately need to.

I need to unite, become whole, at-one with them. I need us to be altogether, on all levels, all through me as if we're all in a womb, all together, all being loved and loving each other, all safe and secure, I want us to unite. I want us to unite so I can begin. Until I feel we are all one, I can't let go of them and separate into being my true self. I need them to give me all the ingredients to make me whole, to make me be a separate individual so I can then know them separately and individually from myself.

I feel I need all they are meant to give me so I can start my life. Without what they are to give me nothing will ever happen, and I will forever be waiting. Yes, that is how I feel, like I'm waiting

for them to come and give me what I need so I can begin. And if they don't come, I will never begin.

I'm caught in this predicament. I need them to help me start my life but they won't come, they keep putting me off saying: 'I'll be there in a minute. Go away and amuse yourself, I'll be there in a little while. Be patient, I'm not going anywhere; I said, I'll be there in a minute.' But I want them to be there now, not in a minute, it's always: 'in a minute'.

I want them to be with me now, to come now and give me what I need, now. I want them to be with me now so I can begin, but it's always 'in a minute'. Why don't they come now – this I don't understand. I want them to come when I want them to. Don't they care about me and what I want?

Is that it? Is that what you want me to understand God? That they don't actually care about me. If they cared about me they would come, and they'd come without me even having to ask them – they would never have left me. Why do I have to always go to them and ask them to come to me? Why don't they just come to me? What's wrong with me? Why aren't they just with me all the time? Don't they love me – is that it?

I don't like these feelings, they make me feel very bad. If they really don't want to come and be with me, then it means they don't love me, and that is too bad to think about.

But what if it's true, what if they don't actually love me? Then why did they have me?

Why don't they love me, what's wrong with me, did I do something they don't like, do I smell, am I ugly, do I have bad breath; what if they can't even stand the sight of me? Me, their own child, what if they can't stand me? Argh, it's all too much. Why don't they just come so I don't have to feel all these bad feelings?

I go to them, I come to them and I show them I want them, but they only reject me: 'not now, stop bothering me, go see what your brother is doing...'. They're constantly rejecting me. I don't feel wanted. I don't feel wanted, and not feeling wanted is not feeling loved. They don't want me. That's the hard cold truth, they, my very own parents, don't want me – great. Now what am I to do?

My parents don't want me, don't love me, don't want me to bother them. I'm a bother to them. Great. What am I to do? Where can I go? Back to my room I guess, where else can I go. Back to playing with my toys again. Back to waiting for them to come... always waiting for them to come... always, always, always... and I'm still waiting. Forty-five fucking years old and I'm still waiting for them to come and give me what I need so I can begin my life. All of these forty-five years all I've been doing in the world and in my life is waiting in my room, playing my little games in my room waiting for them to come. Ain't life grand!

And how does all of this make me feel? How does feeling unloved, unwanted, always waiting for it but now knowing it will never come, make me feel? It makes me feel two things.

First I feel good. Yes, surprisingly, I feel good. I feel like I understand what this feeling of waiting is all about now, and as I know that they will never come, can't come, that the love is not going to happen, I can finally stop waiting. I can stop longing to them for it. And that's a relief. I can give up. I don't have to do it anymore, I don't have to be caught in this pathetic bind of feeling I can't have a life until they come, all the while knowing they'll never come.

Secondly, I feel like smashing them to bits I'm so fucking angry with them. I am livid with rage, fury and anger over their treatment of me. Who the fuck do they think they are, by having me and not giving me what I need. It's a fucking universal law: if you choose to become a parent then it's your responsibility to give your child all it needs. No one else's – YOURS! And if you don't give it all it needs on all levels, all the love it needs, all the emotional, mental, will, spirit and material support, then you're a fucker and deserve to pay. You deserve to suffer. I hope my parents rot in hell. I hope they feel all the pain they have caused me. And I don't give a shit that they are themselves suffering neglected and unloved by their parents, that's no excuse, they shouldn't have fucking had me. They should have been honest and true to their feelings, which

would have told them like mine are now telling me, that they are still waiting for their parents love, waiting for their individuality, waiting for their true life to begin, and that by having me isn't going to make it come about.

They've had me expecting me, the child, the baby, to give them all the love they need. They expect me to fill in their love-gaps, to fill in their love deficit, but I can't. It's not right, it's not something that should be put on a child, the child is supposed to always be receiving, it needs constantly filling up, and if that happens, then anything that spills over can be given back to the parents. THE CHILD IS MEANT TO COME FIRST – it's helpless, weak, it can't look after itself, and it's definitely not meant to be made to be responsible for giving its parents what they want.

They should already have it all, they shouldn't feel in deficit. They should feel so loved and fulfilled within themselves and with each other that they are brimming over with love and the joy of life, all of which they can then pour into their child.

We've got it all around the wrong way. My parents had me for themselves, not for myself. I was to serve them, not them serve me. They've been like too leeches sucking my life-force dry, and all the while making promises to me that one day they will come and give it all back to me. One day I will get what I want... one day. One day they'll honour their contract and pay me out what I'm owed, so they promise, so long as I continue to be a good boy and do as they say, do as they want. And so I'm still waiting, but their well is empty, bankrupt. They should have gone into liquidation long before I was thought of, so I've missed out and always will. It's what I'm now used to, it's all I know, my mind and will have formed in this environment of false promise and eternal waiting.

I hate them. I hate what they have done to me and I hate how everything is. I hate that they are fucked and are allowed to have children to fuck them up. I hate how the whole meaningless thing keeps going, with no one taking responsibility for themselves, no one truly honouring their feelings.

My parents felt bad, but they denied such feelings. 'Lets have a baby, he'll make us feel good.' Great. I'm born to amuse them, to make them feel good. And did I achieve that? Maybe for a moment or two, but soon I was a burden, I was too much responsibility. My father stayed away 'having to work' all the time; my mother dumped me off at my grandmothers and went to work as soon as she could. What did we do as a family? Not much. And then they divorced – the whole thing was a fuck-up. And what does my mother say, 'you kids are the best thing of the whole mess', great! We're the best thing and I'm still waiting. I'd sure hate to be the worst thing...

Scared to be angry; no right to hate.

I feel like I have no right to hate. I have no right to get angry, I'm scared of getting angry. If I get angry I might have to do something about it, I might have to demonstrate my anger, I might even have to hate, but I have no right to do that.

What right do I have in hating my parents? What right do I have in hating anything? Hating something is saying it's wrong, but it has the right to be however it wants to be. What right do I have in saying it's wrong and shouldn't be how it is, and should be how I want it to be so I no longer hate it. I should be able to hate it and leave it be – just hate it.

I feel hate, I hate, I hate, I hate, I hate. I hate everything, everything in my life, I hate it all, and I hate everyone. I hate everyone in my life.

Do I hate Marion and Potsy? No, not right now, I hate everyone else. But who is this everyone else when there isn't anyone else at the moment? It's just them. And who are them?

Them are my parents, who else, they are who I hate. Yes, they are the ones because they have ruined me and ruined everything for me. I don't hate everyone else in life, I hate them. But if I

don't hate them, then I do hate everyone else.

I used to hate everyone else and not them, now I know where I was going wrong. Now I can let everyone else go because it has nothing to do with them, and I can turn all my hatred to them – my unloving parents. This I can now feel, it's taken a while, but finally I've got there to know the truth of who I hate and why I hate them. And why is that? Because they fucked me up. They were the ones who interfered with me; they were the ones who didn't allow me to be me and so have led me to hate myself. It wasn't other people who did it all too me, only them.

I hate them, I hate them, I hate them, I hate what they did to me. God it hate what they did to me. The more I go, the more I see, the more I hate them, but still within it all, within all my hatred, I still have another part of me that feels I have no right hating them, so where does this come from? Where, where, where, where do you come from feeling?

... I think I can hear... I think I know... 'James, it's not right to hate. You won't get anywhere in life if you hate people. It's not right to hold a grudge and to want bad things to happen to other people even if they do bad things to you. They will get what they deserve in the end – you don't have to worry about that, so you don't have to hate them. You can still be nice, you can choose to have nothing to do with them, and you'll only antagonise yourself with your own hatred if you hate people. It will burn you up, eat you away and you won't get on. You can't let it get to you, you have to put it behind you, you have to be more tolerant and more accepting. Just allow things to be the way they are, there's no use hating everything, because it won't get you anywhere. No one has risen to the top by hating everyone, at least no one who was liked by other people...'

It's Gran again, and her bullshit words of advice and feeling denial. Yes Gran, thanks for the valuable life-truth, thank you so much, now I'll never be able to say no, get pissed-off, and say I hate you. Now I have to just accept everything that is said and done to me without complaint. I can't say I hate anything. I just have to somehow love everything and everyone even if it or they are hurting me and making me feel bad. I'm not supposed to take it all, all the punches to my head with a stupid smile on my face – don't you know!

And what's so bad about saying you hate something or someone? All young children say it effortlessly (if they are allowed to) because they need to, they feel to. Expressing our feelings is all a part of being able to look after oneself, stand up for oneself, but if we're stopped when we are young, we're stuffed.

We are meant to know what we like and what we don't like, even what we hate. If you taste something that tastes really bad, you're meant to say I hate that taste so you won't eat or drink it, it's a part of how you survive. But if you can't and can only say: oh I don't like that taste, it doesn't taste very good, instead of: I HATE THAT! What's the point of living, what's the point of having feeling extremes? What really is the fun of life?

We've been given great emotions and feelings, a huge range and variety of them, so why not use them, feel them, express yourself with them. Why not enjoy them, even if they are strong and fiery and intense.

I Hate you, I hate you, I HATE YOU. It feels good to really get into it, to really connect and let rip. I FUCKING HATE YOU GRAN, AND I HATE THE THINGS YOU SAY AND THE THINGS YOU DO. AND I HATE YOU MUM AND DAD FOR FUCKING ME UP, FOR NOT TREATING ME RIGHT. I HATE YOU BOTH, I REALLY DO.

I have a right to hate and so I will exercise that right when I feel to do so and nobody can stop me, and after all, what is it anyway, it's only words. Words don't hurt you when you're an adult, words can only cripple you when you're young, vulnerable and forming, and are used as an expression of someone's negative will assertion and unloving control over you. But ordinarily they are only words, and this is all only my opinion, and we're all entitled to our opinions.

I have a right to hate. I have a right to feel hatred, and I hate your Gran for teaching all me that shit because it's got in the way and fucked me up even more. It's not as if it wasn't bad enough with mum dad, but you had to stick your bib in all the time being so superior to them and the-

know-it-all, and I believed you. I'm triply fucked up. Thanks a lot to the lot of you – I HATE YOU ALL! And I have all rights to do so, and I DO!

These are examples of my being angry with God. Marion and I do all our feeling-healing with God (our soul-healing), however you don't need to, if God isn't a part of your life. If God is a part of your life, there are going to be times when you feel bad to do with God, and you'll need to accept and allow yourself to feel and express these feelings. This was very difficult for me because I was taught that you can only speak to God in a certain way, you have to always be nice to the all-loving God. So to tell God to fuck off and I hate You, is something that took a bit of work to do, however it was what my feelings wanted to say. And so in keeping with doing what is required, having faith in the process and not knowing what bad feelings you have tucked away inside you, if you feel like telling God where to go, do it.

And as you'll find by venting your anger at God, it's actually your parents you're speaking to and not God. But to begin with, if it's God you're pissed off with, it's God you've got to speak to.

I want You God to give me a life. I don't have one and You have to give me one. Now! Yes, I demand it. I feel really angry that I don't have one and I want one, not the shit one You've already given me, one that only makes me feel bad, but a good one, one in which I am happy – always happy.

I want a good life, a happy life, and one that works for me. And I want You to give it to me. I don't see why I can't have it. You gave me a bad one to begin with, with my parents, and You've told me that that was because You wanted me to learn certain things, well I'm sick of learning how bad I feel. So how about it God, I want a new life!

I can't do anything. You gave me parents that didn't allow me to do anything, and the things they did want me to do, I didn't want to do. Those things, so I've found out through my healing, made me feel bad, they didn't make me feel good, they scared me and made me feel powerless, and I hate feeling powerless, it's one of the worst feelings in the world to feel. So how about it, I WANT A NEW LIFE! NOW! And I don't give a fuck about those people who say you can't demand things of God, because why can't you? I can do whatever I want to do. I'm so sick and tired of doing what 'those people' say you can do, of fitting in with what everyone else wants. I want to do what I want to do and that means right now in these feelings I want You to give me a new life. It's what my feelings want, and it's what I want and I can ask You. And I don't even care if You don't give me one, I just want one, and I want it NOW!

I could ask my parents for certain things and sometimes I got them, but what I really wanted – a good life, I never got. I didn't know how to ask for one back then, but now I know how, and so I'm asking You because my parents are too hopeless to give me one, and besides, it's all too late for that.

They are never going to give me one, so You have to, and like I said: I WANT IT NOW! I don't want to wait for it, to wait until tomorrow, or next week, or to 'have it on the weekend' as my parents said, I want it now. And You're God, You're my True Parents, and I want You to look after me, and if You don't, I'll be really angry with You.

In fact, I am already really angry with You. Why did I have to have such rotten parents anyway? And don't tell me it was for my own good because You wanted me to learn about evil and the negative mind. That's not good enough, because when I feel angry I hate everything, and I really hate You for making it all so bloody hard.

Why does it have to be so hard? Why did you give me a mother who was too powerful, and her mother who was always trying to use me to stop her daughter, or slow her down, to make her see sense. It had nothing to do with me, but you put me in between these two women and together they've fucked me right up. And to give me such an inconsequential father and grandfather who did nothing to help me, making mum and Gran have complete control over me.

I don't want to live this way anymore, trying to hold back the dam waters who are my mother by adhering to how my Grandmother said mum was to behave. Mum didn't give a stuff about listening to Gran, and yet I was supposed to listen to her, take it all on, believe it all, and then apply it to control, or at least reign in, my mother. But what about me and my life? I'm more

involved and concerned with their lives than I am my own. And only by controlling mum – as if I ever could – can I find some peace of mind, and then think about doing what I want to do. But I was only young, I was the child, her child, I couldn't control mum, she didn't listen to me, she did what she wanted and over-rod me making me scared all the time. It's like I'm always facing a raging lion, and I'm supposed to, according to Gran, somehow mollify it and keep it under control and make it listen to some sense. And yet it doesn't even see me, it just rages right over and through me. There is no way I could keep my mother under control, that would be like trying to harness and stop, or divert, a cyclone of nervous, anxiety energy. She couldn't sit still for two minutes. And I was supposed to make her do what Gran wanted. No wonder I'm such a shaking wreck, always biting my fingernails worrying about how I'm going to control mum and fearing her overpowering me, making me feel totally useless.

Gran put all that shit on me about having to be the man, but I was only young, it wasn't meant to be my responsibility. What about dad, what the fuck was he doing? He couldn't control mum and maybe mum didn't need controlling anyway, it was all just shit Gran made up because she wanted the power. It's all so confusing, and I'm the meat in the sandwich. I can't have my own life because I've got to sort out there lives. I have to do what both Gran and mum want, and they both want power over each other. I'm in a no-win situation and I don't want to even participate in the struggle.

I wish they'd have left me out of it. Then I might have been able to live something of my own life and not one that has nothing to do with me, but all to do with them. No wonder I don't have a life. Thank You God, thanks a lot.

You know God, I hate them both for what they've done to me. I know they couldn't help it, but too bad, I hate them both and never want to have anything to do with them – ever. I want them out of me, or rather me out of them. I don't want to be involved in their lives, caught up in the middle. I want out, so please get me out of it. Please remove me and give me my own life.

I tried to be good Mother and Father. I tried to go out into the world and make my life happen, but the doors kept closing and nothing ever really got going, and now look at me, forty-five and nothing is happening at all. All I've got is sitting writing to You about how back I feel – great life!

I've given up everything that I can, there isn't anything more. If I give up anything more I may as well die. I feel like I am dead. I'm not really alive, I'm so nothing. I don't really exist, do I? It was really always all between mum and Gran, no one else, no of us really existed, and if we were taken notice of, it was only as pawns in their battle. I feel so inconsequential, of no account, just scared, scared of what to do. I can't stop mum and I can't do what Gran says, and yet it's all I know. They were all I had, there wasn't an escape. I was their 'little man' and they used me for their own shit power needs. I don't know how to use my power for myself, I waste it all in trying to keep mum and Gran happy. If I can succeed in this, then they will ignore me and I will find a little bit of peace for a moment, and that is the best I can ask for, that is, until the lull ends and they're at it again.

Now I know their game, their battle which they carried out under false smiles, trying to be nice and pretending we're a happy family; now I know if I got rid of all their pretence, they'd hate each other and be at each others throats. At least then they would have been more true, and then I might not have been involved so much, but it wasn't like that, and I believed all the crap they told me about love, and their loving each other and me and our loving family – it was all so wrong.

They didn't make me feel loved, but You set it all up. How can I believe You are all-loving when You make me suffer something like that? Where is the love, where is Your love, and why does it all have to be this way? Why couldn't I have had good loving parents, why did I get shit ones? What did I do to deserve that, can you tell me? I want to know. Why, what is it all about? Please show me the truth – I want to see it all. I want to understand it how You want me to understand. I want to feel loved by You, really loved, nothing else but loved. And I want to leave

all my unloved feelings behind. I want them to go. I want You to heal them, to take them away from me. I don't want them anymore. DO YOU HEAR ME? I DON'T WANT TO FEEL UNLOVED ANYMORE!

All I've got is masturbation, it's the only excitement in my life, it's the only thing that makes me feel good. It does feel good, and it's soothing, comforting, and it gives me power – all the things they didn't give me. They pretended to soothe and comfort me when I was sick or feeling bad, but it didn't make me feel loved.

I don't want to have to 'play' with myself to give myself any good feelings. I want to feel good in life, without having to wank, which only drains me of energy and actually ends up making me feel worse. It makes me feel like I'm back stuck with them still, and having done it, I only want to do it again and again and again, trying to escape from them. I hate being stuck in this pattern, it only momentarily makes me feel good, but it's a contrived good feeling, not one that comes from my heart. It's one I make up mostly with my mind, and I don't want that. I want You to make me feel good, just good; it's all I'm asking for because then I will have a new life.

I feel so battered about all the time. Within myself I'm still as I was as a child, even though now I'm an adult, caught between mum and Gran yelling at each other, mum yelling at me, and Gran trying to be calm and not show she's angry. I feel out of alignment, my lower back is stuffed, I can hardly move, my upper body feels like it's separate from my lower body, my knees are always sore and I can hardly use them. I feel such a wreck, and not just physically. Emotionally and spiritually I feel drained. I have no life-force in me, they've sucked it all out me, used it to fuel their own battle, leeching me dry.

I don't want to feel so disconnected God, I hate feeling this way, and I'm getting angry again with You for making me like this. Why won't you fix me up? I can't go on like this. I want You to end it. Kill me or do something for god's sake, just help me. I want Your help and I want it know. I want You to heal me of all my pain and make my life work; to make me work. And please God, kick mum and Gran out of me. I don't want to have them fighting inside me any longer. I only want myself.

Mother and Father.

I'm fed up with feeling bad. I hate it, I'm sick of it. All that happens is more and more bad feelings come up in me. I feel so miserable, so traumatised, and I've been feeling like this for years now. I get a little respite and then it's into the next thing, and I feel worse. I can't believe how I can keep feeling so bad for so long. When is it going to end? How much repressed shit do I have in me? Why does it have to keep going this way, can't You do something? Can't You make it end? I do want to see all the truth, but how much truth is there to see? Can't You bring it all up and out of me?

'We are James, your Father and I are doing just that, as that is what you want Us to do. And all you can do is keep on acknowledging, accepting and speaking about how bad you feel. Long for the truth and do what you are doing – there isn't any other way. You are living the process of your soul-healing and you are discovering there is a lot to it.'

You can say that again, but how much?

'You have to keep going until you see and feel and can express through your feelings, the totality of your negative mind state. You have to allow yourself to fully submit to it, to all it makes you feel. And when you have done that, when you are living the truth of it – the full truth of it, then it will end. You have to become the living negative mind and will that you are, and you can only

achieve that by doing what you're already doing and allowing the process of inner transformation to happen.'

But it's so bad, it makes me feel so bad so often. I hardly ever feel good. I feel totally shattered, miserable, depressed, despondent; I feel so angry at You and the Father for giving me such a shit life. I feel how fucked my whole life has been, one big waste of time, and worst of all, I feel like doing nothing. What's going to happen to me? I hardly long to You for Your Divine Love anymore. I feel no inspiration to do anything, and even if I did, I could hardly move because of all my aches and pains. I am bored, I'm just a big fat nothing. The government is hassling me to get to a job, but I can't do anything. I can hardly cook the food to keep us alive. Is this really the truth of what my early childhood was about?

'It is James, it's the essence of how you were treated. All you're experiencing is emotional suffering, and it's all exactly how you felt as a young child. The only difference being back then you weren't consciously aware of it like you are becoming now, and you had the vitality of new life constantly flooding into you, driving you on and through all the pain. Now that that child's vitality has ceased you are able to feel the real pain, and the truth of that pain you suffered as a child. Just keep concentrating on how bad you feel. And when you do speak about it, long, wanting to know the truth of why you do feel that way. Pray and long for Our Love only when you feel inspired to do so. You don't need to do it now in every spare moment you have. Do it only when you feel to. Do everything only when you feel to. Keep going, keep speaking about how the pressure from the government makes you feel; keep speaking, telling Marion how bad your back pain makes you feel; how feeling so useless and nothing and bored makes you feel. Speak, speak, and speak more. I know you're inclined to keep it all in and grin and bear your pain, but don't keep it in, tell Marion about it as often as you can. This is how you bring it up, and as you do, you'll see the truth. When it's time for the truth to come and be known it will come and you will know it. You'll see it and understand. The process needs to run it's course, and you don't have far to go now.'

Ok, but You've been saying I don't have far to go for years.

'And you still don't. We love you James, and We are always with you, your Heavenly Mother and Father.'

I personalise my relationship with God knowing them as my Heavenly Mother and Father. It's not a Christian thing, it's just that is were my experiences with Them have led me. And by speaking to Them about how I feel, instead of just 'God', I feel I make more of a personal and direct contact with Them. This helping me when I'm feeling very angry and pissed-off with myself and life, so I can go complaining to Them for giving me such a shit existence.

Mother and Father, I am fed up, yet again. I feel so fucking bad, so bad, so twisted up and fucked up inside about my life. I can't bear it. Nothing happens that I want. All I have to look forward to is getting some shit job I don't want to work at and for what? I don't want to live this way. I don't want to be like millions of other people who all get shit jobs making only enough money to just survive, and then having to do all sorts of self-destructive things to give them any sort of thrill. I don't want to take drugs or drink to make myself feel any good feelings, and I don't want some boring job that pays nothing with which I have to spend all my days working hard with no time left for myself. I hate the whole way we live, I don't want to be a part of it, I want to die, to get out, or for You to come up with something that I can enjoy doing.

You're in control of my life, so why do I have to keep living a fucked one. I want You to fix it. And I want to stop feeling all these bad feelings. I don't want to have to come yelling at You every second day begging You for a better life and for Your help. I'm Your fucking son, so why don't You help me?

I don't have anyone else I can go to. I can't go back to my parents and yell at them for fucking me up, they can't do anything about that and their just as a fucked as I am. They are like me, like so many people who don't enjoy their lives, doing only what they need to do to survive and pretend they are happy and enjoying life.

Can't You at least keep my healing rolling along? I go through a little each day, but it's slowed up, at least it seems like it has to me, I want it to hurry up so I can get it over with. I want all my repressed shit feelings out of me, for at least then I won't be bothered by them while I live out the rest of my uneventful shit boring life.

I don't know what else I can do Mother and Father. I speak about these feelings, I long for truth, I long for Your Divine Love, and still nothing. I see a bit here and there, but still my bad feelings come around again. Am I deluding myself by believing that all this about my feeling-healing is true and leading somewhere? Is it all crap You have told me about it – what if it is? And You, are You just something my mind is making up, and really I'm not doing anything, really there is no healing and it's not going anywhere, and I'm going to feel like shit, like this, every day?

I just can't believe this is the sum total of my life. I started my spiritual journey to get to here, to this point of nothing, only feeling how fucked I feel. I can't believe this is it, surely there's got to be more?

What am I going to do, live with no inspiration, nothing interesting me for the rest of my life, and then for eternity in spirit? What is the point, where is the meaning of it all? I want to know, I want You to tell me.

God I hate feeling this way, god I feel bad, so disgruntled, angry, and just like shit with no end in sight, nothing but these bad fucking feelings. I hate how You're making me go through all this shit. I hate it, I don't want it anymore. I didn't ask for it, and is this all the shit life I'm going to get? Why do other people get good lives, but mine has to be shit, nothing, boring, shit? Why? Why? Why? I hate it, I hate it, I hate it! I fucking hate it. I hate it more than anything else in my life, and I wish I could scream and rip myself and my fuck-arse life apart. I don't want it anymore, I don't want to exit this way. I hate it, I hate and I hate saying all these pathetic words because they don't fucking help either. What's the fucking good of saying: I hate it, I hate feeling this way.

What more can I say? I can't say it more than I HATE HOW I FEEL! I HATE MY FEELING, I HATE HOW I FEEL, I HATE MY LIFE, I HATE HOW FUCKED EVERYTHING IS AND NOTHING MAKES ME FEEL GOOD. I DON'T WANT TO LIVE THIS WAY, I HATE IT. I WANT YOU TO MAKE THINGS BETTER. I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU DO, JUST DO IT. I CAN'T BEAR IT A MOMENT LONGER, BUT I'M SO FUCKING USELESS I CAN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT. And what could I do anyway, kill myself? What fucking good would that do, I'd still have these feelings in spirit, I'd still have a nothing shit-house life. Shit I wish I could scream until something changed, until I changed, until I felt better.

I hate how my bad feelings just gnaw away at me, inside my stomach somewhere, deep inside me, always these depressed, gnawing feelings. God I hate them. All I can say is the same fucking things over and over again, and repeatedly saying them is so boring. I can't imagine anyone wanting to read this shit. I don't even know why I'm bothering to write it. At least I can pretend I have something to do, and something to look forward to, but it's all crap. Nothing is going to happen, because nothing has ever happened. But I want something to happen; I don't want to be how I've always been.

Mother and Father I want a new life. Don't You care that I'm so unhappy? Why do You want me to suffer? Why do You hate me? I didn't ask for it. What do You get out of it? What sort of perverted pleasure do You get watching Your creations suffer so much? Don't You have any

feelings? Are You just as bad as my parents? Am I to hate You as much as I hate them? I don't want to keep going on in this same moronic way, nothing, nothing, nothing, fucking nothing. Nothing but bad fucking feelings. I wish I could put my hand down inside me and rip out all the bad feeling bastards. I wish I could just rip them all out of myself. I wish I never had anything to do with my parents. I wish I had good parents who loved me and made me feel only good. Then I'd have a good life and feel loved and only good things would happen – it's so unfucking fair!

And I don't know what to do. Please tell me what to do. I need help desperately. I can't just go on feeling bad like this. I wish I could take a pill to make my bad feelings go away, but I know that's no fucking good, that's only covering them up and denying them, and I don't want to do that – shit I'm already doing that enough. I can't do anything but this, speak and write them, but I want them to end. I hate them, and I want them to go away. I'm sick of them and they make me sick.

I don't want to be hamstrung and pinned to this shit life all because I had a shit start. It's not fair, and I'm so angry about it – why do I have to keep on suffering? Okay, so I've seen how unloved I am, so how about getting on with changing my life? You can do it, I can't. I've tried and I can't. I don't know what to do. I've given up – You have to help me more. PLEASE!

I want good things to happen. I want anything to happen. But I don't want having our car smashed into and having to run around trying to get quotes out of car repair places who won't give us quotes, to happen. And I know You'll say that it's what I need to help bring up more repressed stuff and to help me to get to know myself, but I don't care. I just don't want to feel bad anymore. Years and years of feeling bad, years of feelings these same horrible feelings, please God, get Your shit together and help me, will you.

You said Potsy wouldn't get hurt again!

(Notice how my speaking to God is really my speaking to my parents. All I'm saying to God, really I'm saying to them.)

You said Potsy wouldn't get hurt again! You said everything would be okay. You said we'd healed ourselves enough so she wouldn't need to get hurt again for us to feel bad. You said she wouldn't get hurt again in any way: bashed up by another cat, or hurt herself, and I believed you. I trusted what You said. But she did. Another cat hurt her again.

What am I to believe now? I'm furious with You. You said nothing bad would happen to her but it has. I hate You. I hate you for lying to me. I feel so maddened; I don't know what to do. I want to bash You up, I want to hurt You, I want to do to You what You let happen to her.

I feel so let down, so disappointed, crushed, because I now don't know what to do, what to believe. If I can't believe you Mother and Father, and have faith in You and trust You, what can I do? I feel so alone, scared; there is no reality if I can't rely on You, on what You say.

If I can't love You I can't love anyone. There is no meaning to my life, nothing makes sense. I feel almost deranged, my whole life has been turned upside down. I'm yelling and thrashing around in myself in utter turmoil. I can't live this way, in utter confusion, things have to make sense, things have to be right, even if they are wrong. But when you say one thing and then the opposite happens, I feel so demented. I want to strangle you, I want to go back, reset the clock and not make it happen. I want a straight continuity I can count on. I need stability I can rely no, not a random haphazard thing in which out of the blue everything goes to pieces. I need You to be honest with me so I can at least count on someone, shit if I can't count on You Mother and Father, who can I? *(Which is exactly how I feel about my parents – it all applies perfectly to them. And I continue...)*

I am so angry and so frustrated, I can't do anything with my anger. I can't hit You, I can only tell you what I feel, but that feels so inadequate. I feel like I want to be able to change You, to

make You be how I want You to be, someone I can trust, someone I can look to for comfort and reassurance, someone I can count on; and when You say something, then that something will remain true. I don't want You to go back on Your word. That demented me, my whole world gets turned on its head and I don't know what to do, nothing then makes sense. I want to control You and make sure You don't do it again, so I don't have to feel like this again. I want You to be good and behave, and be who I want You to be.

I don't want You to be like my mum and dad. They were like this, they said things and then went against them. It was so frustrating, so infuriating, and now You are doing it too. You are meant to be different to them, not doing what they did. You are meant to make me feel good, not bad. I DON'T WANT TO FEEL BAD ANYMORE. I'M SICK OF FEELING BAD – DO YOU HEAR ME! – I'M REALLY FED UP WITH IT. I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE. IT'S KILLING ME. I HATE IT. I HATE IT ALL. I DON'T WANT YOU OR ANYTHING TO MAKE ME FEEL BAD. I WANT YOU TO ONLY MAKE GOOD THINGS HAPPEN. And I don't want to have to say please: Please God will You make the bad things not happen; please God will you make only good things happen; please God will you not let Potsy get hurt. I don't want to have to beg or to ask nicely. I want You to just do it, I am Your child, and You want me to be happy, so I believe, so can't You make me happy!

I know You've told me that You do only what I want, and because I still have a negative will and wrong beliefs, You do what my parents did, and You do it so I can see the wrongness, You say one thing and do another just as they did, so I can see this truth about my relationship with them, but I hate this. I don't want You to be like them. I want to have my will and beliefs healed, and be right and true, so what You say will happen and not the negative patterns from my early childhood. It's all very confusing when You are just like them. I don't know what to do, who to trust. I wanted to trust them but they proved untrustworthy, making me feel let-down and disappointed, and I don't want You to make me feel this way. You are God, the be all and end all, I want to count on and trust You. I have no one else. So would You please help me to see more of the truth of why Potsy had to be hurt again when You said she'd be alright. What am I doing wrong? What's wrong in me to make You have to be like mum and dad? What are You showing me, can You help me to see it? I want to know, I want to clear away all my negative wrongness so then You won't have to be like mum and dad; You won't have to honour my negative patterns carrying them out. You will be able to be Yourselves with me, as I will be free from mum and dad. And then I can relate to You directly as an individual and hopefully rely and count on You.

This is what I want. Can you please help me achieve it? Please! I don't like being angry at You Mother and Father, and when I am, I know really that it's at mum and dad I'm angry at. I want to be just angry at them as they are the ones that have fucked me up, not You, although You have fucked us all up and it's all very confusing. But I understand You must support my negative mind and will, but I hate it when it makes me feel bad. So I want to be healed; please help me to see all the truth of what's wrong in me.

**More:
insights, revelations of truth, information, and
how I see things;
and my understanding about:
the feeling-healing process and feeling-denial.**

Getting car accident quotes.

On returning to our car Marion and I saw that the right back indicator casing had been smashed along with paint scrapped off the bumper bar. A very apologetic man came running over to us happy that we, the owners of the car he'd backed into with his waste removal truck, had returned. As we stood listening to how he did it and whilst he wrote down the necessary details for us to claim the damage from his employer, I tried to feel what I felt – a little shocked. I didn't feel angry, as it's one of those things that was 'inevitably' going to happen one day. (I didn't feel angry because I believed I wasn't allowed to feel angry.) Such a thing had never happened to me, yet it had always been lurking in the back of my mind that one day I would have some sort of car accident and have to deal with whatever it was that one did to get whatever happened fixed. So today was the day.

As it was only a minor accident, Marion and I discussed what needed to be done and I phoned the company, who weren't too cooperative however acknowledged their driver had told them it was his fault, and we didn't think much more about it that day.

With spring coming on and the birds waking up early – it doesn't even seem to be light – Potsy is woken by them and wants to be let out. Usually I can manage this in my half unconscious state returning to bed and drifting off into the bliss of sleep until she comes back in having finished her morning rounds demanding someone gets up to be with her.

This morning my sleep was fretful with remnants of dreams going around in my mind together with the worry of what to do about the car, and suddenly waking up more, I became aware of angry feelings about it all. I had to speak then out, and so having made sure Marion was awake and listening I told her all I felt.

'We are the poor innocent ones in this case; it had nothing to do with us. That company should be going out of its way to ensure that we are okay, and yet we are the ones who now have to go running around trying to get quotes and organising what needs to be done. Really that should all be the company's job, to make sure the assessor comes out and looks after us, making sure all our needs are met, and we are okay about everything. Instead the company treats us as if we are the bad ones, as if we're the evil ones who crashed into them on purpose with the intent to somehow get money or something out of them.'

It felt really good to articulate how I felt, I'd never done it before so clearly feeling good about all I felt. Feeling so clearly right, knowing my rights and demanding that they should be acknowledged. We were the ones that needed to be compensated for the inconvenience it was going to put us through, and the law was there to support us. Prior to the accident whenever things like this happened, I never knew anything about what one was supposed to do. In many ways I never even knew my own rights or what I felt about it. It was just a bother and something to be dealt with, and although I hated doing such things because of all I feared, at that time during the morning I felt powerful, not scared, and not like in some way it was my fault.

Marion and I always felt in some way everything that happened to us, even if we were in the

right, we were to be blamed for (all thanks to how our parents treated us and made us feel), and that somehow the whole thing would swing around being manipulated against us, so we'd end up getting accused, treated without respect, and made to feel worse than we already did. So I felt good being angry at the company for not even apologising or being sympathetic, and not trying to offer to help us in any way. And the more I spoke about it, the angrier I became with them. If I had run into someone I would want to make sure they were okay, fully accepting my culpability. If I was in the wrong I wouldn't want to try and put it on the other people as if they were the bad ones, and yet I realised that had I not done so much of my healing, I would have been just like the company was being to me had I caused an accident. I could understand the company's aversion to being accused.

The more I spoke about my anger, the more I could see that how I was treated by mum and dad was the same as how the company was treating me. They would accuse me of being bad when something happened that wasn't even my fault. I just shouldn't have been running or playing where I was, or in this case, I shouldn't have been parking where I had been. I didn't get the sympathy and empathy with the bad experience I was having, and so my bad feelings were never accepted by them. I just had to deal with it myself with no or only begrudging support from them.

So my feelings helped me to see something more about myself though this accident that I'd always wondered about: why did I always feel like I was to blame, even in situations when it clearly wasn't my fault; and why didn't I ever feel strong and confident like I was this morning knowing I was in the right and able to stick up for myself. You can't be confident and strong if you never had any support from your parents during your forming years, clearly my 'support' wasn't very supportive.

During the weekend I started to feel anxious about going to the car repair places to get their quotes. And by Monday morning I felt scared. They were familiar feelings of being scared, ones I'd worked on repetitively through the previous feeling-healing years and had uncovered a lot of truth about. But now faced with going out into an unknown area of life speaking to strangers, I felt scared again. As I started to focus on it, all the previous things I'd seen about this terrible scared feeling came back into my mind, but none of them really connected with my fear and nervousness this time. It seemed like it was coming from a much deeper place inside me and it started to annoy me that I couldn't get into it, that I couldn't connect with it. I started to tell Marion about how scared I felt and longed hard for the truth. I longed to God to help me see it, I really wanted to see it with all my will. I longed and longed and kept on saying I felt scared about going. I spoke about all the things I'd felt previously when I felt like this: how I was afraid of speaking to strangers, that somehow they would make me feel stupid, or would laugh and ridicule me; how they wouldn't tell me all I needed to know and I would get ripped off; how they would condescendingly and patronisingly treat me making me feel very unwelcome, like I was taking up too much of their valuable time and that I shouldn't bother them, even though potentially I was coming to give them business. All the same things you-know-who made me feel when I was young.

As we drove to the first company I was acknowledging my scared feelings saying every now and again: 'I'm scared, I feel scared, so scared' and I'd try and speak about anything else that came to my mind. Marion was also working on something that had come up for her, so we were alternating speaking about our bad feelings.

When I got to the company and was face-to-face with the man who was supposedly going to give us the quote, my fear vanished, but it always has done. I'm always terrified in anticipation. Terrified might sound like a strong word to use, but really that is how bad my fear makes me feel, it's only that usually I'm doing all I can to deny it. But when I don't try and do that, I can feel myself shaking and shitting myself with fear.

The man told me what I needed to do, something completely different to what I'd found out

having earlier made a call to a motor accident advisory number, and he didn't give me the quote I wanted. He completely took over all the conversation telling me what I needed to do. It was just like being with my parents again when I was young.

At the next place I was able to ask questions that were only half answered, causing me more confusion, but they were going to forward a quote. Then the next place I was told what I really needed to do and why, how the system worked, and why it was different to the advice I'd received over the phone. I had to go back to the offending company and get more details from them.

So I rang them when I got home and explained what I needed and the woman was condescending and defensive making me feel stupid. But even though I felt these things, I didn't feel bad because I was expecting them. I wasn't fighting her, I'd healed all that out of me some time ago, I was just going through the process expecting nothing; expecting that if we ever get the car fixed it will be a miracle, and I was more intent on seeing what feelings came up in me as a result of the experiences I was having. Anyway, she asked someone else in her company for help, found out that I was right, and suddenly her whole approach changed and she was ever-so helpful.

At home, having spoken with Marion about all I felt all the way through our mornings experience, I still felt that I hadn't got to the bottom of why I was so scared this time. And I really wanted to know. I was still longing on and off for the truth, and then suddenly through our conversation about how we were both feeling, a new feeling came up within me. I could feel it – all very clear – suddenly arrive, and along with it came a picture. As soon as I started to speak about the feeling to Marion I could see what it was all about. I suddenly felt having got home that something bad was going to happen to me, like I was going to get punished or yelled at. And it was clear that I had been sent on an errand for mum, as if I had gone to get the quotes for her, but not having got them and having been told all sorts of confusing stuff, I was bad for not doing what she wanted, and so she was going to yell and scream at me for being stupid and not doing what she said, even though once again, it wasn't my fault. The people at the repair companies all had different things to say and it simply wasn't going to be as easy as she would have wanted.

Then I could feel that this sort of thing happened to me a lot with her when I was young, and even when I wasn't so young. She always wanted things to happen how she wanted them to, and to happen fast, and anything that got in the way made her angry. She always wanted me to do things for her, but abused me when other people stopped her getting what she wanted. She didn't abuse them, she abused me. She didn't go and sort it all out herself, she sent me, and she didn't tell me up front what to expect, her errands always just sounded so simple: 'James, will you just pop down the post office and pick up a package for me?' Okay, no problems, but when I'd get there it never was that easy, there was always a problem, like I needed some identification which I didn't have, or it needed to be her in person who picked up the parcel, so I'd return empty handed to get abused by her. She wasn't on my side, I was the enemy stopping her getting what she wanted and getting it NOW! I didn't get any sympathy for having gone there and wasted my time, or for having been made to look like a fool when everyone knows you need ID with that sort of pickup. She never apologised, she'd just growl and send me off again with whatever I needed so I had to front up to the man again and hope this time everything was okay.

As I remembered these situations, I could remember myself saying to myself when I was older, 'I'm never going to do anything else for her ever again', but that pattern was already set, and by the next time she'd ask me, I'd have forgotten about the last time, and so off I'd go again and ARRGGGHHH!

Seeing this helped me understand why I was scared about going to get the car quotes. I was scared that when I got home I was going to get into trouble. I'd always thought I was so terrified about the person, the MAN, at the other end I was going to see, or the situation, but now I could see, and it was a big revelation, that it was actually the coming home and having to face mum that

was really scaring me. I was a little scared to deal with the unknown man, but the terror came about being confronted by mum upon my return, having to tell her it didn't happen as she wanted it to; having to suffer her wrath at not getting her way. But there still had to be more.

What I'd seen now explained how and why I became so scared when I was young, but I was still old enough to be dealing with people in the outside world, so there still had to be something between mum and I, something similar that happened to form these negative patterns and underpin everything at home in my inside world when I was younger.

I deduced this from experience with my healing, it would not have been something that would have occurred to me when I first started out with my feeling-healing, and I could also feel like a blockage, or a 'energy-cork' was stuck deeper in me that I wanted to pull out, thereby releasing this even deeper cause to my fear. I longed again.

By this time I'd started cutting up the vegetable greens to top-up the soup I was making for lunch. I felt calm in the feeling department; happy to have seen everything I had so far. Marion was speaking about the magpies, when suddenly I could detect deep inside me and off to the right another feeling creeping up within me. I concentrated on it and could feel/see the picture of how mum used me like I'd just describe to do things for her that ended up with me getting into trouble and feeling bad and so forever scared of the confusion and messed-up result with her, and now also with dad. She'd send me off when I was very little to ask dad something, or get something from him or whatever, and instead of it being a straightforward thing in which I made her happy by doing or getting what she wanted, I'd come back from dad without it or telling her his reply that make her angry. And instead of yelling at him, she'd always take it out on me. She'd accuse me for how bad he was, how annoying and stupid or whatever it was that was making her angry. And then she would send me off again to try and get what she wanted from him, and again I'd come back without what she expected, and again she'd pour her wrath over me. I felt like I was a messenger-boy between the two of them, she never getting the end result she wanted, and dad being just like the three men I'd seen this morning, one telling me what's going to happen, completely against what I'd found out was meant to happen (completely disregarding what mum had said); the other man half telling be but being all very dodgy and non-committal about it; and the third man who was straight with me, but still didn't give me the quote as I needed to get more information for him.

So my life has given me three perfect examples of my relationship with my parents, with me being the middle man and not getting anywhere, being caught up in their power struggles, all with mum making me scared about returning with dad's wrong answers, and also with dad making me scared by asking him to do things for mum and his being angry with her and so not giving her what she wanted.

They were angry with each other, they used me, when all they could have done was walked a few steps to speak to each other not needing me to run back and forwards between them.

Now I had the complete picture, or complete up to this point. I could understand for the first time, as I could remember my feelings from when I was young and how I was used this way by them and how scared it made me feel. I thought I was being good by helping them, and yet all I seemed to do was get yelled at. I was once again just a pawn, my feelings weren't considered, I wasn't considered, and it was as if in some way I didn't exist, they may as well have spoken to each other on the phone and got the same results (which they often did). So I had many compounding fears all of which were derived from behaviour patterns instigated way back then, and which continued on in their relationship even after they'd divorced. So those patterns are well ingrained in me, and I never knew where I stood. I was certain I hadn't done anything wrong, and yet I was always getting yelled at, made to feel scared, very insecure, and very unsure of myself. No wonder I've been so scared about doing anything in the world when my inner world, all thanks to them, makes me so scared. And this is only one part of the whole problem of why I'm so scared. Every day as I understand more about what really went on in my early relationships, I understand more about why I am so terrified of life.

One point I'd like to make to you reader is that it might not seem like anything very harsh, traumatic or abusive that I experienced in what I've said with my parents. I wasn't physically abused, nor did I suffer any great traumatic experienced like being sexually assaulted. However for me, my feelings are very real, and as I've progressed in my healing I've had to accept that when I feel abused, I feel very abused even if it's only emotionally. I can't compare myself with another person's experiences, for all I can know is how I felt, all told to me now through the repressed feelings that are surfacing in me.

My experiences have caused me to be the way I am, and when I'm scared I am scared and I hate the feeling of feeling so powerless, so overwhelmed with nervous anxiety and dread. And I know that if I don't do something to try and bring these buried feelings up out of me, they are going to fester away and make me suffer even more.

When we are little the whole world is our world with our parents. If you are scared in this world then you will be scared in the bigger adult world. If you feel loved and supported and everything in your child world is for you and everyone is on your side, then these are the patterns and beliefs and mind and will circuits you will form and so manifest in your adult life. You will carry on with little to no fear never even thinking that life is not all for you. But this wasn't what I experienced in my early world, and so I can't just switch a button or do a workshop and change all my deep internal patterning. All I can do is try to uncover the truth of it.

Each of us are still locked up in our own little worlds from early childhood, and can and will only relate to our adult world through these mind and will patterns. And there is nothing we can do about it until we do our feeling-healing, that is find out the truth of how it all came about through our feelings; through all those feelings that you felt when it was all forming but you weren't allowed to express.

It's the following day and Marion and I went out to try and finish getting the car quotes to repair our car. It hasn't been that easy. Everyone says: just get two quotes, you just go along and ask for a quote and they'll give it to you, they don't take long to do it – no worries.

We've gone to six places with only one quote hopefully coming in the mail. The others won't quote without knowing all sorts of other details about the company's truck who ran into us. I feel again like a tennis ball having to go backwards and forwards between the quote people and me ringing the truck company for more details. I've been expressing my anger at it not being the right information up front and everything never being what it's supposed to be. And how few people take the time to explain things, and how hard I have to push to get my questions answered.

We'd given up for the second morning needing to return home to make yet more calls to the truck company for more information. We were standing in the supermarket car park and I looked over and saw right there only thirty metres away (never having taken much notice of it), a car repair place: Let's see if they will give us a quote.

'No worries, have you got ten minutes and I'll do it, names George.'

I discuss with George my troubles with the other car repair companies and he explains it ALL to me. And the quote is done in exactly ten minutes. Thank You George! So I guess I don't need the run around any longer to help bring up more bad feelings to help me see more truth about myself: how I am in all these situations. And best of all, today I felt very little apprehension starting out, and now having returned, only a shadow of the I'm-now-going-to-get-into-trouble feeling. As I went around this morning, I kept myself open to any feelings and made sure I had no expectations. Now to wait and see what happens next once I send the quotes off to the truck company. No doubt more bad feelings...

It's hard to get your mind around the truth, that what happens in your life is ALL only so you can feel things, ALL so you can find out more about yourself through them. And whilst you're of the negative, then it's more about you in and of the negative. It's not really about getting the car fixed how I want it to happen, in the way I want, and in the time I want etc. All that happened to me because of the car being smashed into is all for me, all to help me get to know myself better; all to help me get to know my feelings and to express these aspects of my personality. Everything to help bring myself out more, now that I'm wanting to live true to my feelings instead of living denying them and untrue. And everything in life is there ONLY for that purpose. If we want to remain and go deeper into our lost and unloving negative condition of mind and will, everything that happens will help us along that way. If we want to stop and go the other way coming back to our true selves, then everything will, if we accept, express and seek the truth of our feelings, help us come back. And this is what our spiritual growth is all about, our growing in the truth of ourselves. The truth of ourselves, life and God – nothing else, as everything else springs from that.

Making judgements.

Instead of passing judgement on another, look into your feelings for the truth of why you want to do so.

What is it that you feel that makes you want to judge? What is it that you feel that makes you want to criticise? What are you envious of? What are you afraid of? Why are you angry? What is it about yourself you don't understand that makes you feel anxious, nervous, scared, angry – enough to make you judge others? What is it about them that makes you feel powerless, that they are in some way having power over you? And how are they doing it – what do you believe they are doing to you?

We are the great tellers of what others should do.

'You're too fat, you shouldn't eat so much; you're too thin, you should eat more.' We believe we are being a great help, as if the other person isn't aware of themselves. Don't they know they are too fat or too thin? Are they such an absolute moron that they need you to tell them how they are? And what are you trying to achieve in making this judgement of them? Why do you want such power? Why do you want and have to be the authority, the 'know it all'? Do you have a sickness that makes you always interfere with another person by telling them what to do and how they should be? Why don't you just tend to yourself, why do you have to encroach on others? Do you think you are being helpful, kind, friendly, nice? What's really going on within you? You're the one with the problem not the person who's fat or thin. You're the one who's disturbing their space. You're the reason they are fat or thin, because they probably had parents like you, parents that never left them alone to be as they wanted to be.

Why don't you just shut up, mind your own business, and piss-off. Go tell yourself you're too fat or too thin. What makes you think you have the right to put yourself out there all over another person taking over their space, intruding on them, making them have to listen to you and your judgement of them, taking them away from themselves.

And were you or are you like this with your children – always telling them how they are, judging, criticising, interfering? Are you always such a pain in the arse?

'Don't take it personally, don't take it seriously, she doesn't mean it.'

Why can't she take it personally? Why can't she take it seriously? She does mean it or else she wouldn't have said it. Face up to the reality of what is actually taking place. Don't avoid it. It's your life, deal with it and accept it. Don't allow anyone else (or even yourself) to make light of it, to tell you it's not as it is, to tell you it's not real. It is real – very real!

I wrongly believe.

I wrongly believe that we should all be like 'soul-mates'. That we should all get on well in the family, all loving each other: thinking the same, having the same opinions, supporting each other, united as one – us against the world; one big happy family in which we don't fight, don't argue, don't disagree – we all just get on perfectly well together. And I hate it when we don't. I get angry

and I don't know what to do. I get confused.

I wrongly believe this because my parents tried to make me into a clone of them. They wanted me to do as they said, be how they wanted me to be. They didn't want me to disagree with them, to have my own opinions, my own way of doing and seeing things. They didn't want the bother of someone rejecting and rebelling against them. They didn't want me to be an individual. Their idea of what a happy loving family was was wrong. This I can now see.

Now I know I can live as an individual in a family with all my own thoughts and feelings independent of others. I can argue and express myself as I want to. I don't have to be a clone of another person.

Now I understand that potentially we can have very dynamic family relationships – all the more interesting, and we can still be a close loving family. A family of individuals who appreciate and respect the difference and uniqueness of others. And we can all yell and scream and fight each other, but still love each other – it's just all good fun. My family life was boring, dull, we were all too much the same, trying not to be feeling expressive, trying to be minds without feelings all living 'nicely' together – one big happy and *nice*, and yet totally false, family.

Dreams.

I was asked the other day about how I saw the purpose of dreams. This is what I thought that day.

If you want to live furthering your negative mind condition then your dreams will help you to keep your childhood repression and bad feelings suppressed. They will help lead you deeper into your denial (probably doing this by helping you become more successful in your life as you don't want to live true). If you want to do your soul- and feeling-healing, finding the truth of your self and feeling denial, then your dreams will help you to get more in touch with your bad feelings and your repressed childhood yuk (probably helping you not to become the great success). They will help you to become aware of your feelings. By speaking about them, and in particular any parts that make you feel bad, they will help you connect with what it is you are meant to understand through these bad feelings.

Marion and I went through about a three year period of recounting our dreams every morning as they contained bad feelings, and our dreams helped us to open up to much of our deeper repressed stuff. We'd spend the whole morning discussing our dreams and where our feelings led as we started to express them. Since that time the daily focus on our dreams has eased off. Now my dreams, I remember more of mine than Marion does, are used to stir up deeper yuk with me. They are weird, their symbology I can't relate to, nor the relationship going on in them between myself and other people, and they are always changing and going through different 'types' of dreams, but I can detect that things are going on within them to prepare me for the following day. And sure enough, as I accept and express my bad feelings though the day, I'm led into seeing more truth about myself, which I can vaguely connect back to my dreams the night before. I feel my soul is releasing light (more repressed stuff) into me, and my dreams are sorting it out through their mock experiences in the dream state, preparing me subconsciously for what is to become conscious. I enjoy the process. I now love feeling stirred up by them because I know they will lead to the liberation of yet more bad feelings, through which I'll be able to see more truth of myself.

And years on, still my dreams make me at times feel bad. So I use these bad feelings to lead me into the truth I am to see about myself and my relationship with my family, life – mostly other

people and how we all are, nature and God. And when it comes, as it always does, I understand how in a way all the different people and elements within my dreams are aspects of myself.

I have also wondered why can't they be more straightforward, giving me direct pictures and experiential memories of my early life, but as Marion pointed out, back in your early life you weren't aware of all that you are now, and it was always subjective, you weren't outside yourself watching the video of what was happening to you, so you need your dreams to be symbolic so you can relate to the feelings you had back then through the feelings you are having now. And as nothing in your life back then made any sense as you were being forced to live untrue and against yourself, so it's right nothing in your dreams makes any sense either. Which makes it all the more important for you to keep focusing on and expressing your bad feelings, all so they will lead you into seeing the hidden truth of yourself.

Being detached.

How many times in response to the question when they've been emotionally hurt: Are you okay, do you want to talk about it?, do you hear people say, in life, in a book, on the screen: 'No, I don't want to talk about it?'

And how frustrating is it? How frustrated and shut out do you feel when the other person withdraws, shuts themselves away and doesn't want to speak? You feel rejected in being closed on and rebuffed; you feel useless and powerless because you want to help but they don't let you. And you can see how much they are suffering, how much they are hurting, and your heart is going out to them wanting them to confide, share, open up and feel safe with you. You feel you want them to come out and be with you, to bring their misery and pain out so you can be together instead of having it separating you. You want them to speak about it, get it all out, so the barrier that is now between you goes away and you can get back to relating to each other how you previously did – openly and freely.

And being the person who's hurt, how much do you feel that no one cares about you, no one wants to listen, nothing will or could make the pain go away anyway, so the best you can do is withdraw into your shell and deal with it yourself. You might not want to 'inflict' the pain you're feeling on others, and you might not believe it will ever go away, so you have to protect yourself, curl up, grieve, feel sad and sorry for yourself, be angry and deal with our own pain in your own way.

And isn't it such a pity that when we are hurt the truth is we can't come out and express it to each other, we have to shut off and be rejected, we have to feel powerless?

Wouldn't it be nice if instead of retreating we felt the other person sincerely did love us and wanted us to come out, and we could trust them to listen and accept and sympathise with all our pain. That we could go straight to them when we are hurt knowing that they will help comfort us, and the last thing we need do is pull away and hide in our misery, locking ourselves away in our room to deal with our pain.

We are not meant to be alone, particularly during the hard times. We need to learn that it's better to come straight out, to start accepting and speaking about how bad we feel. It's okay to just cry and tell other people how bad you feel. It's okay to feel bad. If we could all help each other to express our bad feelings allowing ourselves to feel as bad as we need to feel and for as long as we need to feel that way, wouldn't life be more caring and loving?

The childhood suppression of our bad feelings has been so severe that we have to shut ourselves away during our crisis times, the very times when we should do the exact opposite and come out the most. Doing this because this was all we did during our early childhood when our parents rejected us, making us feel unloved, unwelcome and unwanted.

Wouldn't it be nice if when you felt bad and someone asked you if you were okay and did you want to speak about it, you could say: Yes I do feel bad, and yes thank you, I do want to speak about it, and they were there for you all the way along. And you could speak and cry and be as miserable or angry or however you felt for as long as you wanted to. And they didn't judge, criticise, or try and tell you how to get over it and how to make yourself feel better. And they just allowed you to go for it, to slobber and blubber and grieve and go through all the natural releasing and healing stages without getting in the way; just being there for you, wanting you to tell them all about yourself – all you're feeling. And when you were ready, you could long for the truth and try to understand why the pain is so bad, why you are feeling all the bad feelings you are feeling, all in the loving supportive trusting presence of your friend.

Wouldn't be nice if we allowed ourselves and each other to fully express all we felt and didn't feel like we had to deny anything; didn't have to reject ourselves when we felt the most in need. That we could seek help, love, care and attention when we felt we needed it, that we could even ask each other for it if that's how we felt, and it was willingly there and given for us to receive.

Wouldn't be nice if we could allow ourselves to feel and express our pain? And if we could, I'm sure we wouldn't feel the pain for as long as we do (and in many instance may not even feel the pain to begin with). And we would be able to deal with it, to keep accepting it for as long as it was there, thereby allowing ourselves to move on, to mend, to heal, to come back to ourselves.

I feel like I've done it! Finally I can say: I totally hate my life. I hate everything about it. I hate my negative life; I hate all that my life is based on, all my parents made it. It's a wonderful feeling. It feels so good to know once and for all that I hate it. I hate it and I can hate it, and no one can stop me; stop me feeling what I feel. I hate it and it feels great! I feel like it's what my healing has been all about – helping me arrive at this point of truth knowing that I completely hate it; that it was all wrong and no part of it was any good.

I feel relieved, the picture fills my mind, over all these years I've finally uncovered the truth. I've looked into every aspect of my life, I've felt what I truly feel about it and none of it has made me feel good. There is not one part of it I want to live any longer. I don't want to try and make it how I want it to be. I want to give it all up. I want the Mother and Father to take over. I've tired to live how I believed I should and none of it has made my feel happy. For brief moments I enjoyed certain things, but I no longer want or need to do these things so they no longer count.

My soul-healing has been about my total acceptance of my negative state. Now I know more about my negative state, I know more of the truth of it. And what I know is that nothing of it makes me feel good – nothing. So I don't want it any longer. I have had enough of it. I want to stop trying to make it happen how I think it should happen. I just want to live it how the Mother and Father want me to live it, without my getting in the way and interfering with it.

I feel so much lighter, relived of a great burden: my trying to control my life and dictate where it should go and what it should be like. Now I want Them to control it, and I want to live the life They want me to live. I want to live it Their way and feel good about doing so. I want to live with full acceptance, faith and trust in Them, and in my feelings. My feelings can guide me, they can tell me what makes me feel good and bad; and what makes me feel bad I want no part of.

I want to see where my life goes now that I'm stepping out of the way. I've had the brakes on myself. My parents stopped me and I took over from them. Well I don't want that way of life – their way – to be my way any longer. I want to give it all up, give the whole lot away. I want to finally be free...

Marion waking up.

Marion realised today whilst waking up, she hates waking up. She wants to remain unconscious. When she wakes up all she is aware of is feeling bad, feeling all her faults, her worries, her yuk, and feeling her life of having to do everything for everyone else and doing nothing for herself.

Marion didn't get her needs satisfied so she transfers herself onto the other person wanting what they want. So as she helps give them what they want, she is vicariously giving to herself.

Potsy meows wanting something and Marion has to act. Marion is now Potsy wanting whatever it is, and Marion has to give to herself (through Potsy) what she wants.

Marion becomes very angry always feeling she has to jump up and look after everyone else, because if she doesn't, then she won't get anything. But the catch is, she isn't getting anything anyway, they get it, so she doubly loses out. And she can't stop doing it.

This transference business I find very confusing and complicated, but it can all be worked out through your feelings.

My parents always said I/we (the kids) made them feel bad, interfered with their life. They said we got in their way, annoyed them. Their focus was always on themselves, not on us, not on me. I wasn't criticised so much personally (not at least compared to how much Marion's parents criticised her), it just would have been better for them if I wasn't around. This didn't give me much reason for living or self-confidence in my existence.

Marion's parents always focused directly on her. She was repeatedly told she was bad, ugly, at fault, an idiot, stupid, hopeless, of no account, never good enough as herself or in what she did; she was always heavily criticised. And so she believes all these things about herself and feels them to be true. It was a complete savage indoctrination undermining all her self-worth.

I believe I have a life somewhere, and if only the botherations would leave me – like my bad feelings – I could then get on with my life undisturbed. I would find my true thing to do in life. I think like my parent's thought. Everything just gets in the way and stops me from getting on with my perfect life – whatever and wherever that is.

Marion believes she doesn't, and will never, have a good life; and that she is useless and nothing is for her. She can exist only by doing things for others (for her parents), and she never does them well enough. What she does do is never good enough. Her parents were never satisfied and told her so. They were always accusing her of being bad, never leaving her alone and never saying anything good. She never got praised – never. And because they never said good things to her about herself, she can't and won't say good things about herself, she won't even allow herself to feel them. And if others say good things about her, she ignores them or says they are wrong, just as her mother said. She is always heavily self-critical and feels she will never be good enough.

I'm exactly as my parents were. They gave me a false sense of power, of self-importance. Mostly the attention I got was when I made them angry and they focused on me for a moment. Other times I just felt like I didn't exist. I was ignored, and all they wished was that I'd go away and amuse myself. And when I did, I was praised for being a good boy at looking after myself and not disturbing them. I try to move about the house as if I'm paper-thin and light as a feather, never even disturbing the dust. I don't want to disturb anyone and definitely not make anyone angry. The more I can disappear and hide in my corner and write, (watch my fish, which I did when I was young), the more of a good boy I am. There is no way I can push out into life and disturb anyone. I feel like I don't exist, I'm just thin air. I didn't want to kill myself, because then I

wouldn't be annoying to them anymore, then I really wouldn't exist.

Marion knows she exists but wishes she didn't. Her experience was only misery always being told how bad she was, always being criticised. She wanted to kill herself. But she couldn't do that because she wouldn't be able to do it well enough, nothing was ever good enough. She tried and failed. And you can never change the patterns once they are set, that is, not until you've done your feeling-healing.

I need a cat to annoy me as I annoyed them, to want me and occasionally disturb me. But sometimes I like to play with her, as occasionally my parents liked to take me out and do things.

Marion needs a demanding cat, being as her parents were, always telling her what to do, always making her feel her life is for them and not just for her.

When I feel my bad feelings so often I sympathise with mum and dad. I say: I can understand how they felt – always being disturbed and wanting to get on with their lives. I don't focus on what I felt. My parents told me what I thought and felt, and it wasn't what I was thinking or feeling. Marion's parents just didn't allow her to express any thoughts or feelings. I can't find my true feelings; I'm not aware of them. My healing has been to uncover them first then express them. Marion is very aware of her feelings. Her healing has been to express and bring them all out.

When Marion gets in touch with her feelings, all she feels is how bad her parents made things for her, how much they hated her, how she was bad. She is totally aware of her bad feelings. Her healing has been to understand what negative effect they've had on her. When I get in touch with my bad feelings, I'm amazed I actually have feelings and can feel them.

Saving yourself.

By accepting and expressing and finding the truth of your feelings, by doing your feeling-healing, you are saving yourself. You are saving yourself from being consumed by the nothing, saved from oblivion, saved from annihilation. Saved from continuing on being evil, anti-life, anti-love, anti-truth, from being feeling and so self denying. Saved from existing in a negative state of mind and will; saved from endless pain, suffering, torment and unhappiness. Saved from all the crap. Saved from being false and untrue. Saved from living a lie.

If you feel scared of these things it's only because you are not accepting, expressing and longing for and finding the truth of all you feel.

You can try to use your mind to save yourself from all that you fear, you can 'find Jesus' and ask him for help, you can take drugs, you can seek help from a counsellor, but this isn't really saving yourself.

Saving yourself comes from the full and true liberation of all your denied feelings. Saving yourself comes from the full and true acceptance of yourself. Saving yourself comes from wanting to find the whole truth of yourself through your feelings, both good and bad. Saving yourself is re-connecting with your feelings and your heart of truth, thereby allowing your soul to freely express its personality – all that you are – in Creation. Saving yourself is learning how to unconditionally love yourself by freely, fully and unconditionally accepting all that you feel.

By denying any part of ourself we are denying ourself life. We are sending ourself off into the nothing, shutting ourself away in a cupboard, not wanting to hear.

'Children are meant to be seen but not heard.' If the child is not allowed to freely express itself, then it's being shut away, rejected, forced out into the nothing. And in the nothing there is nothing, no life, no thought, no feeling, alone, oblivion, annihilation – no reason to live. It is beyond misery, depression and despair. In the nothing there is no truth, no love – NOTHING.

Feeling the nothing means you've been rejected by those who you initially wanted to accept you. You haven't been treated as a real person. They didn't want to know the real and true you. And so neither will you. This is why you're rejecting yourself. If they didn't want to know you, then neither will you. So as they shut you away, so have you shut yourself away. And as they won't be coming back to let you out, it's all up to you to get yourself out.

But it's hard to do, however you can come back. You can come out. You can save yourself, all by the honouring and living true to your feelings – there is no other way. And it begins by speaking about all you feel.

The more I understand my healing – what I am actually healing – the more I understand how important speaking is – speaking to have relationships. And because of this our healing is done in the *now moment* of our adult life. In what is happening right now to make us feel as we are, and it remains in the now even though it will take us into our past – our childhood repression.

So ones focus must be on honouring all one feels now, right NOW. To speak and express and accept what you are feeling NOW, and not ignore or dismiss anything. This will all help you come into the reality of life, allowing all incongruities, all that is wrong, to stand out. If you behave in a way that makes the other person wonder why you said or did what you did, and makes them feel bad, then as they express their bad feelings, you'll be able to investigate your actions and what you said and did, and most importantly, why you said or did them – all your hidden underlying motives.

There is a right way to express oneself. There are universal laws that determine how you do it. And when you do, then you function properly from your inner most levels, from your soul out to the physical. Everything flows and works properly for you, and you are able to express and communicate yourself properly to another person all the while honouring your will and there's. Anything that isn't right is a will-infringement and so rebelling against the universal laws having a detrimental affect on you and the other person. And it will one day have to be fixed, because if we want to live truly in Creation then we need to live within, and so true to, the laws of Creation. And as you'll discover, the laws are the truth, meaning the laws are expressed as truth, so as you grow in truth then naturally you'll become more perfect, existing correctly within the laws of Creation.

So if you want to express all you feel truly now with whomever you are relating to, as well as all nature and God, then you will have to heal all that's untrue within you, hence the need to look back into your early childhood to see where you've transgressed the universal laws because of the negative, unloving parenting you received.

A lot of this might sound rather technical, and that's because it is. Truth is truth, it's true, there is no bending it, and all the universal circuitry relies on this. And because of this we can all count on the truth to help us live the correct way. So as we seek it and uncover it within ourselves, we'll all end up naturally and willingly complying with the laws. Everything will work for us, as God desires it, and we will live a happy and fulfilled life as God has planned it.

Then within the technicalities of truth and manifestation of mind, it is our feelings that allow us to experience it all personally and not just like and impersonal circuit board. Our feelings make it all come alive, they add the colour to the line drawing breathing life and light into our day. And if we continue to deny ourselves our feelings then we are only doing ourselves a great disservice.

It's an incredible part of us, of our soul, of our creation, that we can start life subjected to negative unloving forces that corrupt us turning us against ourselves, but as adults we can rectify the damage that was done through our desire to live true to our feelings. This being fulfilled as we do our feeling-healing. We have been given a marvellous opportunity (as bad as it is) to experience the depths of hell, and at the same time, being allowed to heal ourselves out of them.

Accept your feelings, see the truth, accept your feelings.

Once the truth has come to you through your feeling acceptance, then you'll need to accept it as well, along with all the new feelings that come from it. It's a case of acceptance all the way along.

If the truth reveals to you a bad thing you do, some bad behaviour, there is nothing you can do about it expect accept it. You can't make yourself change your behaviour, and you don't need to, you only need accept it.

For example: Say I say something to Marion that makes her feel bad. And as we both work back through our feelings: she finding out why she feels bad, and me finding out why I said that thing with that intention of making her feel bad (often unconscious that it was my intention), then all I can do is accept that I say this thing or behave in a certain way that makes her feel bad. And as I accept this behaviour by speaking about it all, then mostly I feel bad at having done it, having it within me, so I accept, express and long for the truth of these feelings.

When I have uncovered a bad or negative behaviour, it's then up to me whether I want to change my behaviour or my intention for saying or doing what I said or did. And mostly I do, I don't want to hurt her purposefully or unintentionally. But because I do it unconsciously, then a part of my problem is I'm not aware I'm doing or saying the thing, it's just an automatic behavioural response, one I've learnt during my early childhood and one now fixed in place by negative beliefs and the negative behaviour they control.

So I see through my feeling expression the truth – all why I do the thing or say the thing as I do, and I decide that I no longer want to be that way, but that's all I do, I still don't try and stop myself. I have often tried, but over the years I've seen it gets me nowhere and I can't actually will myself or make myself stop. And it's wrong to do so anyway, as that's only using my mind to take over once again, that being what I'm trying to stop doing by staying true to my feelings.

When I see the truth of the bad thing, I don't like myself for doing it. I don't want to do or say anything unconsciously that is hurting another person or myself. I decide I don't want to do that thing and I wish I didn't do or say it, but I usually feel powerless to stop myself. And luckily I don't have to. It's not always up to me to consciously stop myself and change myself, all I have to do is accept the truth that I do this bad thing, and accept all the feelings this makes me feel – knowing I do the bad thing.

And as I do this I know the truth is, I am wanting to hurt. And all of this makes me feel very bad. As I acknowledge that a part of me does want to hurt another person, otherwise I wouldn't do or say it, and I feel very bad, very very very bad. I hate myself for doing or saying such a thing, even if I was unconscious of the truth of my actions or the effect of my words. And I wish I didn't do it. And all of this is accepting it – it's accepting me, the yuk, bad, negative me that I am.

Of course I don't like seeing I'm bad. I want to believe that I am only good and only do nice things and say nice things and don't hurt or want to hurt anyone or anything, but it's not true. I am living in a negative mind condition, I'm fucked up, so all I can do is hurt myself and others because that is all I know, as that was all that was done to me when I was young. As I've grown older I've covered up the bad stuff with pretend nice stuff, convincing myself that I am good and nice and not bad and don't hurt others.

By accepting the truth of my badness, of all my negativeness, I am accepting unconditionally all that I am. I am bad. I might not like it, but it's a truth. I might not be all bad, but even having one bad thing in me is bad enough.

One of the magical aspects to our feeling-healing is that by accepting the truth of ourselves, and accepting the truth of all we feel about that truth, we *are* healing ourselves. In the acceptance we are self-forgiving, and we can heal our wrongness. And when we've fully accepted ourselves by seeing all the truth of our badness, then our soul, along with God's blessing, can heal us, and it happens. Our negative beliefs which keep the whole lot in place are replaced with positive beliefs. And this happens mostly without us being aware of it. It's an ongoing gradual inner

transformation process that happens in step with our bad feeling acceptance and seeing of the truth of ourselves. When we replace our untruth with truth, then so too is our mind and its negative beliefs readjusted to reflect and be the new expression of this truth and positiveness. All giving rise to the terms *Born Again* or *Born Anew*, for that's effectively what's happening to us. And we find that we simply no longer do the bad thing we did or said. It's gone, the negative pattern simply vanishing through our acceptance of the truth and all we feel about that truth.

It's a very subtle inner transformation, but it happens. Retrospectively you suddenly become aware that you've changed, that you no longer do or say that thing you used to. Your intent has changed. The focus of your will, your underlying motives have changed. You are healed. You are more positive and will more lovingly accept yourself for being the good you you're becoming, and this brings with it lots of good feelings.

We don't have to do anything throughout our healing process other than accept ourselves.

Nothing happens by accident.

There is no luck involved. Everything is all pre-planned. It's all exactly what you need to either further your negative life, or to help you heal it; and once healed, to live in a positive state. God and your soul are taking care of it all.

If an accident happens, or your house is broken into, if you get a job promotion or are sacked, if you suddenly become ill, it's all exactly what you need at that time to help you with one of the above ways of living life. It's all to help you further suppress and keep repressed your bad feelings, or to help you bring them out and express them so you can find the truth of them.

It's your choice to either live blind to what's really going on in your life by remaining shut off from and out of touch with your feelings; or to wake up into a real conscious life full of daily truth revelation all designed to help you understand yourself and your life through your feelings.

What happens does so all for your own good, be it a negative or positive state of mind and will. If you want to stay cut off and repressed and in self-denial, then bad (and even good) things will happen to help you stay this way, and in this case, these bad things are good by helping you stay in your self-deluded unconscious state. They give you yet more bad feelings for you to deny and remain ignorant as to the truth they want you to see, all helping you to keep rejecting and carry on being unloving to yourself.

If you want to heal yourself, then bad things are also good because they'll help stimulate bad feelings for you to accept, express and look for the truth of.

Life always works for us; it's only a matter of understanding which way we're living, and which way we want to live.

Marion feels like she was locked away in the cupboard by her parents and brought out only when they wanted her to do something. She feels like she was just a possession of theirs, definitely not a person. They treated her like she was something other than a person, something that didn't have feelings, something that didn't have it's own integrity, something that didn't have it's own thoughts, and something that didn't want to be self-determining in life. They just made – often forced – her to do what they wanted. She couldn't protest, she couldn't stand up to them, she couldn't face them, she could only obey.

Marion wasn't allowed to speak about what she thought or felt. She wasn't allowed to tell them how she felt. She couldn't do what people do together: relate, have a relationship, get to know one another. She couldn't express anything of herself, as they didn't want to know her.

And on top of all of this, Marion's parents made her, as a part of their telling her what to do,

behave in certain ways in social situations. She had to look after the needs of everyone else but her own. She was forced to put everyone before herself. She was made to feel what they felt and to tend to them, all at the expense of what she felt. And all being done with a happy, bright and smiling face. She couldn't protest, she couldn't say no, she had to do as she was told. And often if she didn't she was hit or very harshly punished.

Marion was made to put on a social and very friendly face when she was with people. She was made to appear caring, kind and able to know exactly what people needed and when they needed it. She was told by other people she was so kind and caring and attentive and that she'd make a good mother. Marion could only put on the performance for short bursts. Then she had to return to the cupboard.

How could she have been a good mother? It was all only a show, all only an outward appearance done to make her parents look good. It was something she was forced to do; something she learned to do, it wasn't of her own doing and she wasn't doing it in her own way. She didn't know what her own way was, she was never allowed to experiment, try things and find out. She still doesn't know what her way is.

All she does know is that she can't be with other people because she is only false, and as she can only sustain the falseness for very brief intense periods of time, it's all too much for her. Then she needs to run away, she's exhausted; she needs to return to her cupboard.

When she's with other people she can't just relax and be comfortable expressing herself naturally. She wouldn't know where to begin. She doesn't have any childhood experience of it, so has no confidence about doing what it is that life is all about – having relationships and interacting with other people.

Marion has had to live in the impersonal. She has had to switch herself off, putting her feelings on hold and keeping them out of the way; she hasn't been allowed to be personal. And it's nearly killed her. Having no life with parents who keep you all but locked away, suffocating your every moment with themselves, doesn't augur well for having a happy life with lots of friends, feeling comfortable with other people.

With me, as we have deliberately chosen to allow each other to say and express all we feel, she has been allowed to slowly come out, to have a interacting relationship, to say all the things she's never been allowed to say; and to say all the bad things she's always felt. Slowly she's coming out. Slowly she's discovering herself. Slowly she's coming back from the impersonal to her true person. Slowly she's losing all the pretence. Slowly she's learning that she doesn't only need to obey. Slowly she's learning that she is more important – the most important person in her life, with her life being for her.

Perhaps one day she'll be able to relate truly and freely with other people, not feeling like she has to be their slave. Perhaps one day she'll be able to freely express all she thinks and feels with whomever she is with. Perhaps one day she'll be a real person.

Putting on a front.

Are you aware that you put on a front to deal with life? And if you are aware, have you stopped to consider why you do? Why you really do; or do you already know? And if you already know you do because that was what you had to do as a child, have you wanted to stop doing it – have you longed to be the true and real you? Have you longed to give up all falseness?

But yeah I know, as much as you might want to, you can't. I understand, and it's perfectly right that you can't. If you were able to you would be doing it already wouldn't you, you would have shed your front long ago, but it's too hard to expose yourself, isn't it? It's too fraught, too scary,

too embarrassing, too humiliating, everyone will look at you, the new you, the confident all-inspiring you, and die of shock, or simply accuse you of putting on a front and pretending to be something you are not.

And as you're already pretending to be something you are not, why pretend to doubly do it. It's not going to work, leave it to others to try. You're the hopeless case, the one who can't do anything, too shy, too introverted, too shut off from mainstream life, too much the outsider. No you can't go that way, you can't try and dismiss your front, you're stuck with it, no matter how much you dream it would vanish leaving the real you.

All you can do is work to accept this pathetic you. It's okay mind you, to feel this way. Your parents and early childhood have fucked you up, it wasn't your fault, you didn't ask for it, and God didn't just 'make you this way'. You're a misfit because you were made to not fit. No other reason, and the jobs been done on you so well that all you can do is put on your front, try to be friendly and not upset anyone, not draw attention to yourself, play along, be nice, do what is expected of you, obey, do and say all the right things in all the right places. Your parents and early life has made you conform to this deceitful way of life. It provides you with shelter and comfort, some level of safety within your constant nervousness. It gives you some sort of foundation, stability, a place to work from, a place to keep back the rest of the world, a shield; it gives you an acceptable face, and once in place you don't have to think about it, you simply maintain it. And that's okay. You're not a bad person for being a fraud, for living a lie, it's all totally acceptable and what you must do. And you can't do anything else otherwise you'd fall in a heap and be sent off to the funny-farm. It's what you need to do to survive, and as sad as it is, it's the truth.

But what you can do is talk about it, allow yourself to accept it, that this is how you are – start to bring it out. Think about it, how you behave, how you present yourself, and how you feel while you're doing it. Start to honour and accept all the bad feelings you have about it. You don't have to be ashamed of yourself, just accept what you are. And it's okay to be that way, no one is going to think any worse of you, they probably don't think as badly of you as you do of yourself. It was your parents that thought badly of you, not other adults. So don't try to change how you are, simply try to allow yourself to be exactly what and who you are, even if you don't like it. The more you can accept how you are and how bad you feel about that, the better it will be for you.

And along the way, if you want to know why you feel and act as you do, you can long for the truth. Long to know who you have to put on the face that you do for. And long to know the truth of all the bad feelings you feel and are trying to hide from.

We can't wish away all those parts of us we don't like. We wish we didn't have them, but wishing won't make them go away. But we can say what we wish. We can ask and beg and plead with God to take them away, but God won't because they are a part of your negative mind, and they won't go until we understand why we have them. All we can do is go the other way and accept them. Don't try and force them away, that was what was done to you to get you into this bad state in the first place. Your parents forced you away, so you have to do the opposite and bring yourself back, and you can do this through self-acceptance. By accepting all of your bad feelings about yourself and longing for the truth of why you feel this way.

And as you do and uncover the truth, you'll find that your front changes. It will slowly diminish, and gradually you'll be able to give it up. As you accept the inner you, your true inner face will gradually come to the fore: the real and true you. And all you will have had to do is accept all that you feel about yourself.

So when you look at your face and see your front, feel how it makes you feel. And if you feel bad, go with it. Accept all these bad feelings, allow them to be; and if you can speak about them to a friend, do so. And whilst you're doing that, long to know the truth, the whole truth of why you have them. And in time the truth will come, and as it does, it will replace the untruth.

Abusive relationships.

Why are we attracted to abusive relationships?

Why do we get into a relationship that is not good for us?

And why do we do it over and over again, even when we know it's not good for us?

And why can't we help ourselves to stop doing it, or leave it when it becomes too bad?

Our relationship patterns are formed and set like stone within us during our formative years. Our relationships and associated belief and behaviour patterns are formed by our mind and will, and if they are negative, abusive, then that is what we believe we should have in our life, it's what we then unconsciously expect (and so get), even if consciously we've told ourselves we deserve better.

As we grow older we can easily build new patterns on top of these deep fundamental patterns, ones based on what we see and how we would like our relationships to be. We build up all sorts of fantasies, drawing from all areas of life, and expect them to come to fruition as we move into adulthood. But they won't, as they can't.

On the surface, in our lives, on our faces and with our false behaviour, we paint a picture, and this unreal picture and fantasy of ourselves we present to the world, and then along comes someone, themselves with their false picture, and our two pictures seem to gel believing we are in love.

We fall madly in love living only in the superficial; we have found our chosen partner we declare, as our emotions swirl around based on our misguided beliefs. But the honeymoon can only last so long. Then things seem to change, the person *seems* to change, 'he wasn't like this when we first met'.

We want our partner to fit the role our parents did for us when we were young. We've absorbed our parents relationship together and their relationship with us. Then we've added our grandparents relationship with each other and with us, and any other authoritative people, a real mixed-up batch, and through it all we've developed fantasies about having perfect relationships. We've developed fantasies because our relationships weren't perfect.

Then we meet our 'perfect partner' and that partner ends up being the *perfect* abusive parent we had. He or she takes the place of our mother or father and all the mixed up confusion, and we're securely trapped back in our past, living in our adult life exactly the same way we lived as a young child. And we keep repeating the process because that is our negative pattern. And until we change that pattern by doing our feeling-healing, the pattern will endlessly repeat – it has to, because it's you.

We go into the relationship believing that this time our parents won't be bad to us, and will instead love us. We go into the relationship with our fantasy of the good kind caring all-loving parent or parents we wished we had being manifest in our perfect partner, but alas, it's not to be so. And it will never be so until we've changed that original pattern.

So often we get screwed up in our relationships, they not meeting all our hopes and expectations, because we are wanting to relate untruly. We delude ourselves by believing in our fantasy without even knowing we're doing it, and we try to make a go of something that is doomed to make us feel bad. And it has to make us feel exactly how we felt as a young child because that is what our will is demanding as it maintains our negative misguided beliefs.

And we can't just walk away owning up to our mistake, because we couldn't and didn't just walk away when we were very young. Had we been able to, then that pattern would be in us, and we'd be able to walk away as adults. We are ONLY and FOREVER living out our childhood relationship patterns, and they are not true patterns. And so we can only feel bad.

And for those people who do meet and live happily ever after, the same applies. They do so because of their childhood patterns, their relationships allow them to, they were not as abusive. And the more true our relationship patterns are, the truer our parents were to us when we were

forming, then the truer will be our adult relationships.

A person can believe they had a good, true and loving relationship with their parents, and that their parents were good and true, but still only end up having bad relationships because what they believe to be good and true for themselves and their parents was only what was going on on the surface, and what they were made to believe as part of their abusive and bad relationship. Underneath it wasn't good and true, the truth of how bad it was being echoed and expressed now in the current bad relationship.

It's hard to understand that we live with a highly groomed superficial layer that is masking what's going on deeper within us. It's masking and often entirely shutting out the deeper truth. But the truth is the truth and has to be lived, it can't be avoided, and so in the end once the superficial has worn away or become tiresome, it appears: the truth of how bad the relationships were in the beginning.

If you have a bad relationship it's all because you had it when you were very young, and you're still having it. And as obvious as it might be that it's your bad unloving father or mother in the other person that you've married or joined up with, there will be masses of issues, masses of beliefs and behaviours that you will have adopted and assimilated through your forming years, all of which will need to be systematically worked through as you do your feeling-healing.

Most of how we relate to each other and to our lives is superficial fantasy and untrue. And yet what actually happens in our lives is formed from and dependant on the truth of what went on when we were very young. The most difficult part of trying to grasp the whole problem is when we wrongly believe that as an adult what you see is what you get – it's not. What you see is governed by what you've already got, all from those early years of your development. And so why things don't work out as you would like them to, is because you are not living true to what you did get and what is still going on within you – you have moved aside from this negative and painful reality trying to live and adopt a different and better one. But it's a futile thing to practice, because you can't override your early programming with later programming, it's not going to work. It might for a time, even your whole life and well into our spirit life, but eventually it will fall in a heap with the old reasserting itself. And it has to reassert itself because this is the true and real you, not the imaginary unreal and false you. So bad things have to keep happening, your relationships have to bomb out if that is how it was for you back then, and no amount of doing anything to make yourself change or heal will help you unless it involves the principles of your feeling-healing.

Giving up things, but not giving them up.

Often I find I suddenly want to stop doing something I'm doing, such as writing. Yesterday I felt I had finished with it. I felt I no longer wanted to do it anymore. All the stuff I'd written I could throw in the bin. I don't need it anymore and I don't wish it would somehow get published, and I don't feel like anyone else has to read it. I did it all for myself, for my own growth and understanding, and now I'm finished with it.

It was a good feeling, I felt free of it. Free of a burden. Free of doing it because I believed I should do it. I could stop it and throw it all away, all the books, all the messages from the spirits, everything. Prior to this I couldn't stand the thought of just throwing it all out. It was important stuff and humanity needs it, someone will one day surely want it. I thought I must at least keep it, it might be used if not when I'm alive, then posthumously (Sorry, I had to put that *big* word in to show off... and when else would I ever use it! ..., then when I'm dead.)

I couldn't give it up because I still wanted something from it. I still wanted it to fill a gap in me. I wanted the acclaim, the notoriety, possibly money and fame. I wanted it to be the way I was accepted and wanted in the world. I wanted the attention. I wanted it to give me love, to make people love and want and care for me to replace the deprivations of love from my parents. My writing was my thing, the thing I'd finally found, the thing that was to give meaning to my life, to justify my existence. It was me and I was it. It was an expression of me. It had helped me get to know myself and it was valuable, perhaps even invaluable, and I didn't want to let it go. To discard it would be like cutting off an arm and throwing it away. No, I would keep it, and keep working on it, perfecting it, always adding more to it. And people would see what a great 'channeler' I was, what great understanding of truths I had, what a great person I was, and they would want me. I could go to my parents and show them that after all they had got it wrong. I was someone and something, and not a 'good-for-nothing'. I was important and they needed me. They needed my writing to help save themselves, to heal them. The whole world needs me, because I am the saviour – I am the Revealer of the New Way! And my parents would turn to me and say: Yes how stupid of us, you are right, we are the ones who are wrong, and we are deeply sorry. We have done you a great wrong but now because of what you have done and what you have said we know the error of our ways and we do love and want you after all. Oh yes James, our beloved child, we love you and want you more than anything else in the world. Come back to us and we will love you and make everything better, we can all start over, we can love each other and live happily ever after. We need you. We were greatly mistaken. We need what you say – WE NEED YOU JUST AS YOU ARE!

So I don't need my writing anymore. I don't need it to fill my gaps. I don't need it at all because I have found more of myself. I am filling the gaps the further I go with my healing.

When I felt this feeling, that was it, the end of my writing. I told Marion, and I felt like it was another chapter finished in my life, and I was looking forward to not doing anymore and seeing what else happened. The feelings were so strong, so well defined and clear, it was definitely the end. I could throw all my writing out never looking at it again. All that was in it was in me, I knew all the truth, it was a part of me, so really I didn't need to keep a record any more as insurance in case I forgot some of it. And as the truth is 'living', I could feel it all *alive* in me, so there was no need to record it. And what about other people needing to know it from me? What about them? No one is saying that they want to know it from me, no one has expressed any real interest in what I've written, and they can surely find the truth for themselves just as I have done. Marion and I have done it, so why can't others find it if they too are serious about doing their feeling-healing. I'm not needed by them, I no longer feel needed by mum and dad. And they certainly showed me they didn't need me, they were able to look after themselves. They didn't want to listen to what I said, so if they want the truth they can find it out for themselves. It's not as if it's a secret, it's all within us, you only need to know where to look. Accepting your bad feelings instead of denying them, isn't a difficult understanding to come to.

So yesterday afternoon in the throws of this feeling and declaration to Marion that once again I am giving up writing and no longer need it, I felt it to be true – and in the context of all I've now written about it, it was.

When I woke up the next day the first thing I felt like doing was writing. But I had given it up! Now I wanted to write some more, to write this; to write about how we do need to give up certain aspects of things but we might not necessarily need to give up the whole thing.

It's always all just a matter of going with what you feel in each moment. Nothing has to be fixed in concrete, not like how my grandmother said it should be: 'The mark of a good man James is that he can make up his mind and stick to it no matter what'. There have been other things I reached the end of through my feelings, and have then woken up the next day being even more convinced that my feelings are saying to let it go, to give it up, and I have and haven't gone back to the thing. But with other things it's not so clear cut as that. And these are things that I still need. There might still be negative things attached to my writing and so now I can start out uncovering the truth of the new things, and to one day give them up. Or my writing might be an attribute that will stay with me. I might want to keep doing and enjoying it, and so all I'm doing now is giving up the garbage associated and attached to it, allowing me to have a truer relationship with this part of myself. Allowing me to truly love and enjoy it.

So I can declare in all honesty to Marion one day: I give up my writing, and then the next day declare: I'm doing some more writing – I'm not giving it up, and it's not wrong to say I'm stopping something then go back on my word. Nothing has to be finalised, it's all ongoing, things might stop and start again. We can't know what is right for us at any given time, all we can do is honour and go with the feelings we feel looking for the truth of why we feel them. That is all we can do in life. We can't control it, we can only flow with it. And what we are in any moment is the expression of ourselves in that moment – nothing more, and it can't be anything else.

We weren't just brought into being fully adult and up and running. We've started life in Creation being dependant on others, our parents, and so with this pattern deeply ingrained within us, so too can we look to our Heavenly Parents allowing ourselves to be dependant on Them. We can't step in and take over from Them, no matter what we believe. And when we do submit to Their care and way, then through our feelings They will reveal the truth to us as to how we are to live our life. And as we give over to Them ending all that we're doing that is keeping us separated from Them, then gradually we'll feel better about ourselves giving up all the things we're doing and the reasons for doing them that are wrong and hurting us.

'I wish I'd got to know my father better.'

How many times have you heard or read something like that? It might apply to you: have you wished you'd got to know one or both of both of parents better or some other member of the family who's died?

At a point during my feeling-healing when I was focusing on my father, and feeling all sorts of feelings about his death, I felt like I wished I'd got to know him better. I wished I'd asked him more about himself and his life: what was his early family life like, what did he think and feel about his parents; did he have grandparents, and what were they like. And what did he think and feel about our life together: when I was young, as I got older, and before he died. I didn't know him at all, he was all but a stranger to me even though we spent so much time together. Why hadn't I wondered and made more of an effort to reach out and get to know him?

I felt like I'd messed up, it was all my fault that I'd missed the opportunity. I felt like I was selfish, not interested enough in him, only interested in what I was doing. I was to blame for the missed opportunities and our limited relationship. I had a father, now he is dead, and I don't have a clue about what he was really like, or what his life before and with me was like. Sure I can catch

up with him about these things when I meet him again in spirit, but it's not the same thing. I felt like I missed out on finding out here, as our lives unfolded together.

On discussing these feelings with Marion, she pointed out that I was not to blame as dad was to blame. He hadn't made any effort to get to know me, and so as a consequence it never occurred to me to want to know him. And the more I thought and felt about what she said, the more I could see what she meant. She was right. I can feel that how I was with him was how he was with me. As obvious as it is, our parents are the leaders and we their children are following them. So if they don't, nor someone who is an authority in our lives, set an example, then it doesn't become a part of our mental and behavioural pattern, so it simply doesn't occur to us, unless when we're older and able to think for ourselves somehow it comes to us that it's something we can do. But by then it's often too late.

I was to dad exactly how he was to me. If he were to complain that I didn't make any effort to get to know him, then I know it was because he didn't make any effort to get to know me. If I rejected him by not being there on his death bed and not seeing him during his final days of illness, then it's only because he'd done the same thing to me. He'd already rejected me, he wasn't there for my birth and was away a lot when I was young, always working. The pattern had been established as to how our relationship was going to be, how he was going to relate to me, and so that was all that happened to me, it was all I knew, and so became all I could do with him.

By the time he was dying and died, I'd done enough of my feeling-healing to be true to how I really felt about him. I had no feelings of wanting to see him at all – for any reason. I don't see death as a final affair, it's only a transition, and he's still alive in spirit and I've since spoken to him, but I still don't feel I want to have any more of a relationship with him than what he established and had with me.

I was advanced enough in my healing so have thrown out the family obligation stuff of being there when my father died. I didn't want to pretend. I didn't want to be false. I didn't want to put on the show that I cared for him, just because he was now dying, because I didn't. Nor did I want to say because it was end, 'no hard feelings dad, we'll let bygones be bygones, alright – all is forgiven', because I was full of hard feelings. This I discovered through my healing. I wanted to be and do exactly as I felt, and that was nothing. And I did it. And I don't feel bad or guilty, instead I understand now why I felt as I did and the truth of our relationship. And I know that if I ever feel I do want to make the effort and get to know him, then I'll get the opportunity when I move into spirit.

The child is not to blame, nor is it to feel guilty. It can and only ever will be, the parents fault.

Support.

We all need support, someone who accepts us for how we are. If we didn't have such a person during our early childhood, if we only had people always criticising us and telling us they didn't like us the way we were, then we feel very insecure in the world – we have no place, no one saying: I like you, and you are free to exist as you want with me, I'm giving you space in the world.

When you feel insecure, when you've had a hard time or are having a hard time, feeling alone and that no one likes or wants you; and when you're especially feeling this from your parents, if people you speak to say: Don't worry about it; don't take what they say personally; they don't mean it; you just do what you want to do, all you feel is rejected. You feel these people don't understand, don't want to understand, don't care about you. These people are the same as those people making you feel bad. It's all right for them, they weren't treated as you were, they don't understand, they can just brush it off, but you can't.

And you can't, and you shouldn't brush it off. These people are the ones who are false, and

they are denying, not only their feelings, but trying to make you deny yours. These people's self-confidence is only a cover for what they are too scared to contemplate, the truth of their unlovedness that's deep inside them.

You are more raw, exposed, vulnerable to your bad feelings, not having anyone to support you in covering them up when you were young, and in the long run, if you wish to accept, honour and seek the truth of why you have them, it will in some ways be easier for you. You are under no delusion as to how bad you feel. You won't have to first strip away the falseness, which these other people will need to do when they want to do their feeling-healing.

If you feel alone and want support but there isn't any for you, you still do have yourself, and you can give yourself support by accepting how bad feel about not having it and really allowing yourself to feel all the bad feelings.

Throughout what I have written I've stressed how important it is to have someone in your life to which you can freely express yourself, however as important and beneficial as having such a person is, we can't just go out and find one when we want one.

It might be that for you, if you don't have such a person, you are to begin your feeling-healing relying on just yourself. Marion did this. She started to work on herself and fifteen years passed before we met. It took her this amount of time to fully accept that her life was fucked having gone through enough repeats of her cycles showing her that nothing she could do would have a good effect.

We all need time to wake up to the truth that our lives aren't working as we want them to, and that we don't feel good; that we're not able to control life and make ourselves be how we want to be. We slowly are taught by life that we're not in control, and that if we want to be happy, then we have to somehow stop trying to control it. But to see this and to accept it can take a lot of time, and often a lot of time by yourself struggling on wondering why you feel so bad and why things don't work for you.

The time that you are by yourself in hindsight will be good times, although you felt so bad. We all need to come to the decision of wanting to take matters into our own hands, that is, matters to do with trying to help ourselves, trying to find out what's wrong with us and what's really going on. Other people can tell you and give you advice, I can by you reading all of this, but you still have to come to your own conclusions even if they turn out to be the same as the advice given.

If no one is in your life to help support you with your feeling-healing, then there is a good reason for that. And it means you are to begin by yourself, and this is okay, you can do it – you can begin. You can still accept and express and seek the truth of your bad feelings, you'll be able to work out ways that are best for you to do this. And if it should come about that now is the time for you to receive some personal face-to-face help, then someone will come into your life to help you.

Your soul and God are always orchestrating your life. There is a plan that is unfolding. You might not be aware of the plan, however it's still there and you're living it. And if a part of that plan requires you to be alone, then it's the feelings of being alone you are accept, feel and find the truth of. And if you can't express your feelings to anyone, you can at least accept them. And it's in the acceptance, the allowing of yourself to feel as bad as your feelings are making you feel, all the while longing for the truth of why you feel this way, that is a part of your self-expression, you are expressing yourself to yourself, you're allowing yourself to feel that part of yourself you've previously been denying. So you *are* progressing in your healing.

Really the whole healing process is one of self-acceptance: you allowing yourself to be and feel how you do, you giving yourself the support. The reason at some stage we need another persons help to express our yuk to, is to do with healing the relationship side of things. When your healing takes you into understanding about relationships, where yours went wrong with your parents and initial carers, and why, then you'll need another person to work with because it's in the relationship with them that you'll be able to uncover all the wrongness and work it out to make it right. But even with the help and involvement of another person, still you'll be doing

most of your work relating to yourself, getting to know yourself and how your denial-self is in relation to your emerging true self. And often we need time to begin a relationship with ourselves. Time to decide that we do want to have one and we do want to find the truth of what's wrong in it, seeking to rectify the wrongness. Some of which may need to be done by yourself without the interference of another person. And when this foundation is established, then you'll be ready to venture out into dealing with relationships with other people.

Your parents screwed up your relationship with yourself, and in doing so, also caused your relationships with them to be screwy. So we have to first start on ourselves then move to sorting out all that went on with them.

Marion needed time by herself to establish that she wanted to live true. And as I look back over all the relationships I had, barely being without one for more than a few months, I can now see that although I was with people, still I was really alone. And I needed this time with my girlfriends to see how fucked my life was all so I too could come to the conclusion that I wanted to know the truth.

Healing differences.

Among other things I want to try and write about Marion's and my different approaches to our healing. There are lots of differences, which could possibly be just put down to personality type, but some of them go deeper and are a result of how we were treated when we were young.

As I have said, I basically grew up totally unaware of my bad feelings. I learnt to shut them out whilst believing I felt good. And I believed I mostly had good loving parents, with my healing revealing to me a whole different picture. Marion grew up under no illusion of what her parents were like to her. She never felt good. She tried things as an adult but nothing took her bad feelings away. She sought help directly and indirectly in one way or another, both professional and alternative trying to shed light on her bad feelings, whereas for me to seek such help was the last thing on my mind. I didn't need help, help with what?, I was okay, okay compared to some people like Marion who were suicidal and spent time in the clinic. Marion and I seem to be coming at our healing from opposite ends, and we find it every difficult to relate to each other in many aspects of our healing and how to do it – in many aspects of our relationship. The same over all principle applies, we want to express all our repressed stuff and find the truth of it, but how we actually do this differs greatly. And the difference is in our expression of our bad feelings and what we expect it to achieve.

Marion already knows how bad her parenting was. Nothing that comes to her as she uncovers the truth really startles or shocks her. Her healing and truth unfoldment is more like shedding off layers taking her always deeper into her pain and suffering both of which she is already very familiar with, only as she never had anyone to speak about it all to, now she can with me. And so she approaches it with no thoughts of where it's going or what the future will bring, or even if it will end, it's just a moment by moment, day by day focusing on whatever bad feelings surface. Speaking out expressing all the emotion of them, and then seeing what truth comes when it does. And this is her whole life, there isn't anything else. And if it ends one day, then when that day arrives, it will end, and she will express and know this truth as just another feeling. She isn't really building a bigger picture of understanding about herself like I am, although greater awareness and understanding does come. All her bad feeling expression merely confirms all she's always felt. In some ways I give her permission and a safe environment to now speak about all she's felt. She sort of already understands herself, if not all consciously, then intuitively, with so much of her truth confirming what she already knows. And as I said, it contains few surprises. However for me, it's totally the opposite.

When my bad feelings come up, I express them trying to hunt down the truth. Usually I speak

about them and the truth comes and it's another amazing new piece of information, something I have had no idea or even remotely suspected about myself before. It's a blazing new insight often shocking as I see something about myself, my early family life, my relationship with mum and dad, or about them, and it's as if my eyes are opening for the first time. Mostly I'm stunned to find that it wasn't how I believed it was. Nothing of my past early family life was as I thought it was. I was totally hoodwinked so it's all new for me. Lately I only have to speak about my bad feelings for a short time expressing all I feel and a picture of truth flashes to me adding to my overall picture.

Marion can speak for hours and even days about the same thing, seemingly not getting anywhere, not seeing any truth, just speaking over and over about the same things, the same bad feelings. And then the next day or week, sometime later, truth pops up and certain things fall into place. I get frustrated with her because of her endless speaking about the same old boring things, how many times can you hear how miserable someone feels. And I want to block her, stop her, interfere with her saying it all, and I do, and it pisses her off as I break her flow. But a great part of her healing is just being able to say whatever her feelings want her to, and to say it over and over again if need be, as she did feel endlessly miserable during her early life. She was never allowed to say anything about how she felt in her family, her parents controlled everything, and she always felt bad. At least in mine I could speak about how I felt, even though I was then dismissed and over ridden with no one really wanting to know, and then I was told I wasn't feeling that bad, I was told I was feeling good and how so. But I got a say, Marion had none, and so much of her healing is just her saying what she never got to say, and there is all those years worth locked away inside her.

I want my healing to finish. I feel like it's the problem, like a knot in my leg after running around the block, and I'm waiting for it to heal so I can get on with my life – albeit a new life. And the waiting involves speaking about my bad feelings and finding the truth of why I feel bad. So I feel like with every episode of bad feelings that surface, I'm onto them (mostly with Marion's help mind you), find the truth of them and they go, and I'm one step closer to them all going. But Marion is more accepting of her bad feeling state; it's all she has known. I deluded myself that I didn't feel bad and felt good, so I want to only feel good, whereas Marion is prepared to always feel bad, to feel as bad as she feels, as bad until there is no more bad. I have been very impatient with myself and with her. She has all the patients in the world. She is unconditional and all-accepting; I'm conditional often a pain in her arse. She knows there is nothing else for her to do; this is her sole aim in life. It's mine too, but still I only see it as an interlude to my real life, which I wish, would hurry up and arrive! However I am currently working to give this up as I understand the truth of why I see it this way, it was exactly how my mother views life, and I'm gradually becoming more like Marion.

Marion keeps leading us deeper into our negative states. It's as if in many ways she's at the bottom of her well-of-hell and she's bringing light into it as she reveals all her pain. And slowly as I become more self-accepting, I am lowering myself down into my well using her light as guidance.

Why I'm writing this is that I imagine some people will come to understand about healing their childhood repression in the light of how I am presenting it, already being feeling self-aware, feeling bad about how they are. They will have done a lot of psychological work on themselves, even being very aware of their bad childhood and bad relationship with their parents, and so I imagine they will approach their healing similar to Marion with it only taking them deeper into what they already know as they peel away the layers.

And then I image there might be other people who are aware of some of the bad stuff that went on during their childhoods, but aren't aware of just how bad or of the truth of it, and so like me, it will all be a new awakening that comes as the truth reveals itself.

A healing moment. A tough time – time to push.

This is an experience I've had more in the later part of my healing. I might feel bored – again. I have felt bored a lot. Each time I've spoken about it trying to express all I've felt and all the emotion of being so bored, and what feeling so bored makes me feel. And I've seen various things. Then it comes around again. I feel: Oh not again, not feeling bored again, and so here I go again, I try to express it, but I feel like I'm going over the same territory now very familiar. I have to ask myself: what is it this time? I try to speak about it and say how feeling bored makes me feel: miserable, that there is nothing for me in life, that my life is nothing, that I am just a useless waste of space, that I am depressed with not having anything to do, that nothing inspires me and so on, but it's all stuff I've already seen and been over many times before. And so I find I lack the enthusiasm to do anything else. What else is there to do when I feel like I've seen all there is to see, I've been here to this place so often. And the inclination is to just let it go. Nothing has changed, nothing's happened – I'm still bored. I'm bored with trying to speak more about it. So I'm tempted to drop it, deny it, go get something to eat, walk outside, read a book, whatever, something to fill in time taking my boredom feeling away.

And it's at this point that I have to make a big effort to long hard, very hard for the truth. I have to push myself hard to long and speak about it. I have to make myself want to know what it is this time, what else is there in this boredom feeling for me to see and understand about my childhood and myself. I long hard to God asking Them to help me see the truth of why I am bored this time. I long hard and then let it go. I don't try to fish for any answers. I wait. I go and do whatever, have a walk, read, eat and see if anything comes. And usually it does. It might not come right away, but before the day ends it does come, and it often ties in with other stuff that's been going on for me through the day, other bad feelings.

It's the having to remind myself to long and push myself to long hard for the truth, to really want to know what it is, that I want to convey to you. When bad feelings are coming up and they are new, it's natural to want to know what they are all about, but when they are the same old bad feelings you've felt a million times before, and you're bored with feeling bored, then it's time to push harder. And as I said, mostly, I am rewarded.

And of course, with Marion's help, and often her pushing, I keep trying to speak about how feeling so bored makes me feel. Even if all I can say is: I'm bored.

... in the child's place.

Marion and I were at the library the other day. At the far end of it was a book reading and entertainment group for parents and their toddlers. It's quite a long walk, especially for a little person, from the main entrance past all the rows of books for borrowing, to the back of the library where the music had started.

One mother arrived setting her nappy wearing toddler to toddle down the main isle to the group. However, with the music going, the mother wanted to be at the far end and was telling her child to hurry up. Of course it couldn't, I doubt it would have even been aware about what was going on and where it was meant to go to, but she kept at it, as if she didn't want to be late, or perhaps, (and I know it's a subjective assumption on my part) for fear of getting into trouble if she was late. When you look at it rationally, it was the mother wanting to be there on time, not the toddler. Was she there for herself or for her child?

As we watched her she became more impatient with her child. It wouldn't get the message and toddle fast enough. The mother then grabbed her child by both arms and swung it forward helping it to move along quicker. And she proceeded to 'hop' it all the way down through the library saying repeatedly, 'Come on, we have to hurry up, it's started', and saying it loud enough so

the whole library could hear. The child was then plonked into a spot in the group, the mother happy they had arrived.

Now compare this mother's relationship with another mother who came in soon after her. She too set her nappy wearing toddler down just inside the entrance, and the toddler eagerly started to toddle off, but not towards the music and group at the far end of the library. It (I don't know if it was a he or she – I can never tell) turned left and started to walk down through the first row of books, and its mother followed. And its mother simply followed it allowing it to go wherever it wanted to go. It went up and down the book isles, would stop and look at something here and there, and the mother would stop with it and also look while quietly speaking to it. Gradually the toddler found its own way to the group, it sat for a while, then got up and went to look out the window still with its mother following and giving it all her interest and attention it wanted. And it didn't matter if this toddler toddled off investigating other things straying from the group, as its mother went with it seeming to enjoy the exploration as well.

Other toddlers also wanted to leave the group and go exploring, and would start off only to find themselves unceremoniously hauled back to the group and made to sit still and stay in place and do what was required.

I guess the mother who allowed her toddler to go everywhere could be criticised by these mothers for allowing her child to wander all over the place potentially disturbing everyone, but it's a big library with plenty of space and the toddler was quiet and there was only about five other adults in the place, like me on the computers, so it wouldn't have and didn't disturb anyone.

Now having passed judgement on both these mothers what I want to try and express is how I felt, putting myself in the place of the toddlers. I don't want to say whether either mother is technically right or wrong, I don't know, and I don't want to know, but I do want to feel what I feel observing both these women and their children. And by doing this exercise, by allowing myself to feel such feelings, has helped me greatly in uncovering more truth of myself. So I put myself in the child's place.

The immediate feeling from the second mother I get is one of peace and a self-assured calmness. This I like immensely compared to the rough heavy-handed first mother suddenly picking me up and swinging me along by my arms. And the second mother allowed her child to be self-determining – completely in control of itself. It was free to go where it wanted with her complete support. (And I love the feeling of being free with no one telling me how to be and what to do and when to do it. And I love the feeling that my mother loves me being this way and that she is with me in all I do – that it's all for me.) She had brought it to the library for itself; for it to do what it wanted to do, and it was doing it. The first mother brought her child to the library believing it was for her child, but was it? It didn't seem like it. It was more like it was the thing she believed she was supposed to do – a good thing for her child, and 'being a good mother', however, this then means it's not actually for her child she's doing it, but for herself. She's doing it for herself, to be a good mother, or whatever it is she believes she's meant to do. And she completely dominated and controlled every step of her child. Having set it down to make its own way to the group she didn't have the patience, she wasn't there for it – allowing it to do what it wanted, she had to immediately take over and swing it down the end as if they were having a good time on full display to the whole library. This reminded me of my mother, always on show for everyone else. This was a huge thing I discovered about myself through my healing, that everything I do is for everyone else. It wasn't for myself, it was all for the show and what was expected of me. And it's been such a hard deep ingrained pattern of behaviour to heal and change.

The amount of control a parent displays over its child is always a cause for concern within me. If it's too harsh it makes me feel bad. It pushes my bad-feeling-memory buttons because it was how I was treated. And as these bad feelings have surfaced in me I have expressed them seeking the truth of them, and it has been revealed as to how I was controlled in similar ways thus

causing me to relate to the situation and the anguish of the child I'm watching.

I wish I'd had a calm, not dominating mother who'd been there for me, rather than always making a show of herself and using me as one her props.

It's infuriating feeling yourself being controlled – totally dominated by someone else. The women who don't allow their toddlers to toddle making them stay put in the library group for about half an hour are totally deciding what their child is going to do, how its life is to be. They aren't there for it helping and allowing it to be how it wants to be. The toddler might not want to participate in the group, it might want to go off and toddle around, but what it feels it wants to do, it can't do. And it should be allowed to do it. If you're sitting in a group but what's going on doesn't interest you, and you instead want to go and do something else, what do you do? Do you stay till the end, 'being polite' or feeling too embarrassed to walk out of the group? Do you stay even through it's boring you? Do you walk out of a boring movie or do you stay right to the end 'getting your money's worth' or because you don't want to draw attention to yourself if you left mid-way through it? Do you stay hoping it will get better? Have you been to a spiritual group and found that you don't like it; you don't even agree with what's going on, but as you're a part of the circle you can't just walk out saying it's not for you? How many things have you sat through not knowing why you can't leave – you just couldn't – when all you really felt was you wanted to leave?

What are these mother's 'teaching', training, their toddlers to expect from life? That once they are in a group, even if they don't want to stay, they must. And that they are not free to get up and live their own life inspired from their own inner expression. Those toddlers who try to walk off but are pulled back and stopped from doing what they feel they want to do, time and time again, end up giving up. They can't keep doing something that gets them nowhere. But what happens to that inner inspiration? It's lost or goes on hold or gets buried, but one way or another you lose it, you don't know about it, you don't let it happen in your adult life as you were never allowed to experience it when you were very young. And you wonder why your life is so frigging boring, and why you don't feel inspired, and why nothing happens for you. You wonder why you can't even walk out of a boring movie in the middle of it. And I used to wonder why – and now I know!

The woman who allowed her toddler to freely come and go as it liked is allowing it to fully express its feelings, she's allowing it to do what it wants when it wants to. She's not dictating its life to it, making it conform to her ways, her fears, how she was badly trained, she is allowing it to discover life for itself. And what marvellous feelings of power, of being self-determined, it will grow up having if she keeps treating it like this. It will be able to walk out of boring movies and know its bored and follow its inspiration to do wherever it feels it wants to do. It will probably never even go to a boring movie as it was never made to stay against it's own will and get bored in the first place, so it never developed such negative mind patterns to determine and so demand a boring life. So it won't do things that it unconsciously believes are the right things for it to do, all so it feels accepted and 'loved' by it's unloving mother. Its life will always be full of things it really wants to do, not things it's doing because other people are making it do them and it believes it should do them – they are the *right* things to do. It will always be self-governing, refusing to be a part of the norm, the boring bulk of other people who plod along wondering what the fuck life is about and why it's so boring. It wasn't taught that life is boring, that you have stay put and do things against your own will – things you don't want to do. It was taught life is there for you, it's up to you to toddle out and explore it and make it what you will. And it's all about you, and not about listening to some boring lady playing the same music tape they always play, saying the same repetitive things she always says, as if she's speaking to a bunch of morons, all who are made to clap their hands when she does, and smile and laugh when she does. All who are taught the 'right' ways to behave: how to be 'sociable in a group', how to be a part of the mass who has no individuality – how to 'fit in'.

Who do you think is going to have the enjoyable, fulfilling and interesting life? The toddler who's allowed to explore life on its own terms and in its own way and time, or the toddlers who are forced to stay put against their will being only able to watch the other toddler freely wandering about enjoying itself? Who's going to grow up being envious and jealous of whom? Who's going to be full of repressed hatred for its mother because it was forced to stay put and not allowed to be free? And who's going to be the more fucked up individual as an adult, living out unconscious patterns it learnt as a toddler long since forgotten? It's a crime against the individual. It's crushing its individuality and yet look at how many parents make their children conform and fit in. Half of the mothers are being driven mad trying to keep their toddler in place. When all they need to do is let it go. Let go of the controlling reigns; let it have its freedom. And the library is a good place to do that in, the child can be easily observed and can't destroy anything or harm itself and it's not as if its yelling and screaming the place down. The let's-now-all-make-a-happy-smiley-funny-face woman is making far more noise with her music than all the toddlers put together could ever make.

And then it happens! It gets all too much and the dreaded thing happens. One toddler says NO. It resists, it wants to toddle off after the one who's allowed to come and go. It doesn't want to sit still any longer. It wants to toddle. It's starting to walk for God's sakes, it's a vital part of its life that's beginning and a major way of expressing itself, and yet it can't experience its little legs toddling along under its own power. It has to sit still, always sit bloody still, but now it has had enough. It's exploded with an ear-piercing scream that rips through everyone. The mother's dreaded moment has arrived: she's losing control. She grasps it hard, pulls it into place, but this only sets it off more. The fight is on yet again; her big will against its little will. And it's putting everything into it.

The music lady carries on trying to pretend it's not happening. The other mother's are glad it's not happening to them, their smugly happy that their child is 'better behaved', yet it's a tenuous gloating of power because they also know that at any moment their 'dear little one' could suddenly turn into 'the terror' and screech louder than a cockatoo.

The mother and child fight. This isn't the type of show the mother wants to put on – the failing-to-have-control-bad-mother act, and she's struggling with all her mind and will to 'make things right', to get her disobedient 'wilful' child back into order, back under her thumb and subservient to her. She hates being in this situation more than anything. The incredible shame and humiliation she's being subjected to – her, the failure mother, and with the whole world watching and sitting in judgement. The pressures on: being out in public on full display and NOT being able to control HER child. It sure is tough being a parent, the hardships one has to go through.

And she's doing it all to herself, and all because she believes and so feels she has to. She can't help it, and she's so unloving and screwing her child up no end, and it's all so sad. When had her mother loved her and allowed her to freely express herself when she was young, just like the other free-toddler mother, none of this excruciating pain would be happening to any of us.

And yet all she has to do is give up, give in, and allow the child to win for once. But she can't. She can't let it have its own way because that would be the beginning of the end – certain death. If she does, how will she *ever* re-gain control? Her child will *forever* want to run around like a *wild thing* and will *never* do what's it's told. It will *never* conform or fit into life, it will become a *renegade* and end up in strife, and worst of all, it will *all be her fault*. And instead under her *loving* guidance it will live a life doing what its told, what it's been trained to do, having to suppress all its bad feelings, fearful that if it doesn't, it will explode with anger and hatred and won't know how to cope in life. And it will die of some painful disease resulting from its early years of suppressed anger and its rejection of its own feelings – rejecting its own self; rejecting its inspiration all of which was never allowed to occur and be freely expressed, when it all could have been so easy.

But the controlling mother can't change; her patterns are locked into her from her toddling age. She'd have to do her soul- or feeling-healing to express her way out of her imprisonment

through the acceptance of all her bad feelings. She can only enforce her power and will and make her child conform to her ways. She is acting like an automaton, as is also it much be remembered, the other mother who's freely allowing her child to wander about. Their both the same (assuming they aren't doing or haven't done their feeling-healing); both unconscious of the underlying patterns driving them and determining how they parent, only one will allow her child some freedom of expression whereas the other won't.

And what about the woman leading the group making all the children smile and 'be happy' when perhaps they don't want to be. We're taught from such an early age that we have to smile and be happy, but what a load of shit. We end up going around with big beaming smiles on our faces even when we don't feel good. You walk into the checkout line feeling angry and pissed off with things, and suddenly you're confronted by this young smiling girl who's beaming her 'brightness' insincerely out all over you, asking: How are you to day? And does she really care or want to know? She's been programmed since toddler-library-group and having it reinforced during her Miss-Nice-checkout-training, in the mistaken belief that the customer always wants to see a bright happy cheery face. Not that there's anything wrong with a bright happy cheery face, but when it's for real and not just a contrived put-on false face that everyone can see.

The other day Marion answered the checkout girl's question with: I'm feeling really angry, do you want me to tell you about it? How to answer Marion's question obviously wasn't in the training manual.

But the checkout girl can't help it. She's been programmed to believe that a happy face is a winner, it's what her husband will want because no one wants an angry face for their partner. It's taken me ages to allow Marion to be angry (let alone myself) while we're out and about, because what happens if she said something, like what she did to the checkout girl, what will I do, how will I deal with it having my wife as an unhappy nasty angry person embarrassing me. But on that day I too was feeling angry, angrier than Marion, so it was rather fitting. If you ask a question of someone, then by rights, that someone should respond truly to how they feel, and if you who are asking doesn't really want to know then you shouldn't ask. The whole business of joining in and playing a stupid let's-all-be-happy-and-nice-and-friends game is ridiculous. What if you don't want to play? What if you don't want to sit in the library group and robotically smile and laugh and be happy when you're told to? What if you're feeling bad? We're told to 'be happy'. How can you 'be happy' on command? You're happy because you're happy, it is all to do with feelings and nothing to do with your mind. But we're made to override our feelings with our mind, so we can believe we're happy even when we're not. So we can be fuming with anger as we arrive at the checkout girl and as soon as she asks that magic question instantly we kill our own feelings of anger, magically they vanish in a flash, and we're suddenly happy and chatting away with her smiling like an idiot. Then when finished, off we go, and if we're lucky or unlucky, depending on what you believe, your anger may or may not return.

I am one of those children forced to stay still and sit quietly and do what they funny-lady does in the group. And now I'm the one who has had enough. And I don't want to be there. How do I feel?

Angry. VERY ANGRY! And the more I'm restrained, the angrier I get. I am now furious, filled with so much anger I feel like I'm going to explode. I'm raging, 'throwing a tantrum'. I'm fighting with all my toddler will: I hate being restrained, I want to break free, I want to smash my way out of her hold, out of the whole situation, out of the my whole existence. I want to smash and break her apart so she will let go of me. It's more than just being able to be free to toddle about now, it's what she's always doing and what she's done to me since conception – restrained me against my will. She's imprisoned me and I hate it. I hate it with all I am. I am hate, pure hatred of her, of life, of everything. I'm raging and raging and want to smash and kill and break and

destroy and do whatever I can to free myself. My survival now depends on it. My life force is ebbing away with every constraint. With every restriction I feel more powerless, more frustrated, anxious that I'll have nothing left with which to live and survive in life. She is crushing the life-force out of me; I'm dying before my life has even got going. I hate her more than anything; there is no love – that has long gone. I hate her with every ounce I need for my survival. I up against it, looking down the barrel of annihilation, and I'm terrified. I am screaming for all I'm worth, screaming for someone to come and love me, screaming for the horrible monster mother person to leave me and to stop torturing me. Without a will functioning perfectly I'm nothing, useless, a pathetic blob, and this is the life she is preparing for me. She, and him by not being there with her and loving me, are forcing me into a life of torture and hell. They are putting me on the cross as Jesus showed us we are doing to ourselves, each other and our children. A life of no good feelings, of nothing working, of me never feeling happy and able to do things for myself, of my being a poor pathetic tortured victim person unable to connect with life, an outsider – doomed. And I don't want this sort of life. I want a life in which I can be free and feel absolutely supported, respected and fully cared about. A life that's all for me, and in which I can do whatever I want and go wherever I want whenever I want. And more importantly, I want a life that when something bad happens to me, when someone makes me feel bad, they will pay attention to me when I protest, and stop doing it – they will respect me. My parents don't respect me. They don't give a shit about what I'm feeling and going through. They want me to sit still and shut up and be a good boy. They want me to be a fantasy child they have in their deluded minds. But I don't want to be that child, I can't be, it's soul-destroying and they are crippling me. And they are not listening to me. I'm not screaming for the fun of it. I'm not screaming because I'm overjoyed at being in the library group with her. Don't they understand? Doesn't she get it? What the fuck to do they think I'm feeling? Where are their feelings? Can't they feel for themselves what their doing to me; why I'm reacting screaming my lungs out? Are they so moronic, these two people, my parents who say they love me? God, what did I do to deserve them? Why am I in this situation that I can't do anything about? Why am I being broken? Broken down into a nothing person, a non-feeling person: a person cut off from my pain and bad feelings. Why are they turning me into this type of person – and they are, because that will be the only way I'll have any chance of surviving. By giving myself up and giving in and over to their control. By submitting my will to theirs. By dying and reforming into a false person. It will be hard to do. I'll have to get very sick in a few years time, nearly die from illness when I'm six years old. But the illness will do it for me, it will break me down completely, it will strip every last shred of my vitality from me, and I will give in and give up completely begging them for mercy. I will forever be their slave and do what they want. I will never do what I want. They've won, I give up, I can't go on. They are too strong and unrelenting. They won't break, they won't give in to me, they won't let me do what I want. I'm fucked!

And if you think perhaps this is a little too extreme, wait until you do your healing. Wait until you feel what it really feels like to have your will crushed out of existence and replaced by theirs.

And how can they do it? They can because it's been done to them. They went through the same initiation – welcome to evil life in the negative – procedure with their parents. They were forced to submit and become the victim. They were forced to cut off, separate, and deny a huge chunk of themselves so they could fit in and do what their parents forced them to do. They had no choice in the matter, and they too had to do whatever it took to survive. So they lost themselves. They don't feel their bad feelings, so they can do what they're doing to me without feeling anything but anger. They aren't sympathetic to me. They feel I'm overpowering them, me the little child, and they are back feeling the victim all over again; they being the child, which they've never actually stopped being, only pretending they no longer are by playing the adult. So no way can they be loving and sympathetic to me, as they aren't in touch with their bad feelings and

sympathetic with themselves. And worst of all, they are filled with erroneous evil beliefs that tell them they are right. It's the right way to treat their child – it's loving – it's what the child needs to learn discipline, to be obedient so it will fit into the world. And it will work, of course it will, it all being in their child's favour in the end so they believe, just as they mistakenly believe it's worked in theirs lives. And they haven't grown up, grown beyond themselves as a toddler in their feelings, they are too feeling-immature and retarded to stop and ask themselves – did it really work for us? Am I happy with my life and myself? They can't ask themselves that question and take it seriously. Perhaps they can ask, not really wanting to know, but to really want to know will mean they will have to stop and do their healing, face their inner pain and torment. And they are not ready for that yet. So they put the pressure on me, crush the life out of me as it was crushed out of them. And they believe, and are trying to get me to believe, that sitting in that group listening to that woman is fun – a nice thing to do together. And isn't that what life's all about? Ain't life Grand!

At this point I would like to remind you reader, that all I have written in this book (all I write anytime) is only a snap-shot of my current thoughts and feelings. All of which are apt to change as my healing progresses. And that I am no authority on it all. All I'm writing being only my subjective points of view. So please bear this in mind and seek to uncover your understanding of truth through your own feelings.

What do you do when you have a problem?

Firstly you accept the problem and accept that you don't know what to do. We are meant to live life accepting that we aren't the great 'knowers', that we don't know the solution to everything, or how to go about anything.

Because we've grown up in a controlling environment then we naturally believe we too should be able to control, and always be in control, but what Marion and I have found is the more we can relinquish control and say: we are not in control and wouldn't know how to control, the easier life gets, and many previously unseen doors start to open as to how we can live.

Our healing is the giving up of our minds control. And we do that by saying: I don't know. And how you achieve this is by being true to and expressing and accepting all your feelings. If you accept all you feel and simply try to live within your feeling, then you don't know how to control things with your mind because you're in your feelings. And this is the personal way to live: to relate to everything feeling first, and then move, if need be, into the impersonal with your mind.

So in a crisis situation in which you don't want to control, you have to admit and accept that you DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. And you accept that in the moment.

Then you can say a quick prayer to the Mother and Father something like: Please help me Mother and Father, as I don't know what to do. You are admitting to Them and to the whole universe that you can't solve the problem, it's all too much for you, you are still the child, and you don't know and you need Their help. And in praying you are admitting that you don't know, your mind is giving up, letting go and you're not trying to be the great controller – god.

Marion's good at praying in the intensity of the moment. She will start with this prayer and then ask Them for whatever else she needs, whatever else she needs Their help with. I don't always have my focus on Them when problems occur, I'm too busy in myself with the problem, caught up with all my yuk, still trying to control, trying to work things out about what to do with my mind. Or, I'm just too much in the experience with no mind, no thoughts at all, and just doing. I've become better at this and I pray when I remember to, but mostly I just try to go with it all, express and feel, allowing it all to happen as it does.

And if you can do this, then you just do what you do.

And then you talk. Talk, talk, talk and more talk all about it – all about everything to do with it; all you felt and all you thought about the problem. What you're worried about; what the real problem is; why you want the control; how you feel about not having it; are you scared of letting go; and how far can you go, and what if scenarios; and whatever else comes to you about it.

But you talk about it with your partner. And for you to find the truth you need in the whole experience, you have to speak about it ALL with another adult. And ideally you need to talk to the one who has agreed to help you find the truth; who wants also to do their healing or is sympathetic to you and understands why you want to talk; why you want to express all you feel, all so you can find the truth of what's relevant to the present, and the truth of what relates to your early childhood.

What we've found is that it's the truth that is all we need in every situation. It's not about what is right or wrong to do, what is the correct solution, or what's really going on. Our experiences

are only for us to find the truth of them. But to find the truth we have to ensure our minds are not in control, like ours are. And the truth might not immediately come, but over time it will. So we have to give up, and by honouring and allowing ourselves to feel all we can, helps to keep our mind out of it. And then the expressing and talking about all we feel and think helps to stir up the whole lot, and doing it with another person helps to give you insights and other ways to see things, and stirs up other feelings to keep the whole lot going.

When you speak about it all, keep going until you can't speak anymore, until you feel blocked or like you just can't go any further. And then if you can't, keep going, go back over it all again; keep trying to keep speaking as sometimes you have to push and break through the barrier, even if all you can say is about your anger or frustration at feeling blocked and what it feels like not being able to keep speaking about it. If you feel there is nothing else to say, then of course you can't keep forcing yourself to keep going, as there might not be anything further. Leave it; stop, ask the Mother and Father to help you express any more if there is more to say, and if there is, other things will come into our mind and other feelings will come up.

Oh, and another thing, I know it's not always possible to talk about the immediate problem in the moment with your partner, but one aim of life (and it doesn't have to be achieved immediately, just wanted), is to be with your partner enough so you can deal with all the problems as they come up.

I know that having to work puts a spanner in the works so far as this goes, however there are always hidden ways to achieve it; we don't know what help the Mother and Father could give us. For Marion and I to be unemployed for so long – and it's all worked out so perfectly – has come about because we both wanted to be together as much as we could so we could ONLY do our healing – neither of us wanted anything else. And so it's happened, and incredibly keeps happening; and just when I think it's going to come to an end and I'm going to have to find a job, something else happens and still I'm able to spend nearly all my time with Marion, all so we can do nothing but our healing. So although it might not be a reality you can see happening, at least you and your partner can want it. One day it will happen, even if that day is when you get to spirit.

So just to re-cap: I want to stress again how important it is to let go and allow your bad feelings to have their say. To admit you don't know, and to try not to know what to do in every problem, to try not to solve or work out what to do. To just allow yourself to feel how hopeless, powerless, pathetic, useless, inadequate, bad, angry, confused, twisted-up, frustrated, or whatever you feel when the pressure is on. Trying to solve the problem is only trying to assert your mind, your rational thinking denial self that has learnt and been forced to take over believing you need it to take control of your life so as to survive. But we don't. We can survive by being a total dodo's and not knowing anything, not trying to work things out, just living entirely with and though and in response to our feelings. It's a whole different approach to live, but it makes you feel good when you start to sense it and go with it, it opens up whole new areas in life and allows you to have different experiences from new motivations.

Trying not to take over and control and dominate by finding the solution has, as I've said, been bloody hard for me, and I guess will be for a lot of men, as that's part of our assumed role. We're supposed to be the handy man, the Mr. Fix It, the one who looks after the woman, and not the one who constantly says: I don't know, I don't know, I don't know... But you know, it's okay to say you don't know and to not try and solve it, to just talk about all you feel and all that makes you feel. And amazingly the solution will come, something will happen or occur to you and it will be the right thing at the right time. And the best part is, you know it's coming from deep within you – it's you and not just something you've learnt to do. And the other good thing about talking about it all is it enriches your relationship and allows you both to be equal in everything, rather than you – the man, do all those things the mans does, and she – the woman, does all her things.

Life with no freedom.

The child doesn't know anything. And for it to accept no love is traumatic – horrendous. It only wants love, to be loved, to feel wanted and secure in its feelings. But then to have to completely change itself, is all but beyond comprehension.

Imagine if something made you completely change yourself, imagine if suddenly a radical form of communism was imposed on us, if suddenly we had none of the freedom we're used to. If suddenly we had to be answerable for everything we did and were made to march out into the county and put to work in the fields or interned in re-programming camps having our minds controlled. It would be all too much and yet we could still adjust and survive it if we wanted to. We could even join the other side, but what would we have to do to ourselves to make such a compromise and change so drastically. It's hard enough imaging having to do something that you don't want to do, let alone then being forced to do it.

But look back into your childhood, look at how your freedom diminishes as you remember how you were treated, what it was like to be so dominated, so controlled, and do you think you would have liked having your whole mind re-programmed then (not that you actually had a mind to reprogram as it was still coming into being) anymore then than you would now as an adult?

Our souls are programmed to bring us into being in a positive loving way, but we force them – ourselves – into a negative and unloving state. We have to make severe changes within ourself all creating a lot of pain. And all that pain is still within us, until we allow it to be released. Feeling bad is that pain manifesting. Accepting your bad feelings is accepting your pain. Speaking about your bad feelings is ejecting your pain out of you. And it's very painful to do.

Discipline.

The parent believes one of its jobs is to instil discipline. If it doesn't, then all hell will break loose.

'If you don't break their will while they are young then you stand no chance, they will not obey you, they will be a trial, hard work, disobedient, and you'll never get them to do what you want. You've got to be firm with them, you've got to teach them whose boss, you've got to take, and always be, in control. If you show any sign of weakness they'll be all over you. They'll never shut up; you'll never have a moment's sanity ever again. If you don't come down hard on them they'll try everything on just to see if they can get away with it. If you're weak they'll run right over you. They don't respect or care about you, so you have to look after yourself. You're the parent, the one in charge, and they must be taught to do what you say. It's you or them, if you don't break them, they will break you.'

Shit! What are we doing? Is signing up to be a parent signing up to go to war? The way some parents speak about their children (and to them) and parenting, you'd think so.

Marion was reading an autobiography the other day and she read to me a letter the father of the man writing it wrote to a friend. In it the father said that his little boy was two years old and coming along really well, he was very proud of him. He said that the boy was already able to take care of his aunt who the boy didn't like. The aunt was trying to control and discipline him according to her standards believing she was a better 'mother' than the boy's mother. During one time with his aunt, the aunt was telling him he was a dirty little boy, and the little boy said nothing but then came up behind her and hit her (with what I think from the story was a toy mallet) on her head. The father was speaking to his friend proud of his little boy being able to stick up for himself. It appears like the boy didn't get into trouble for hitting his aunt although nothing was said about it.

The whole tone from reading about this child's early life is that he was not forced to be obedient like the aunt would have liked and believed little boys should be. His mother was said to

be weak. It was looked on as a failing not being able to control your child. And yet look at what is really going on here.

Here is a little two-year old who feels secure and confident enough in himself to show his feelings to his aunt. His aunt is unloving, she is not treating him with any dignity or respect, she is trying to control him, depower him, turn him into a nothing person, breaking him down making him conform, all in the belief that it's best for him, and that if he doesn't conform he won't be able to grow up properly and fit into life.

His mother is considered weak, a bad mother in the eyes of many, a mother who can't enforce discipline. And yet this boy grew up having a very responsible role in life. He didn't turn out a useless bastard who couldn't fit into life, far from it, he was by all accounts a very nice man and wasn't an arsehole authoritarian disciplinarian like his aunt.

This little boy, unlike me, grew up feeling good and confident about himself, he had lots of self-esteem and seemed to be a fair man. He was able to be self-determining and remembers his parents favourably, especially compared to those memories of his aunt.

The trouble we all face is we've got parenting all wrong. We shouldn't parent to control and crunch and discipline our child's will, that's the worst thing we can do. Any will interference is wrong, it's not in keeping with the laws of nature and it's hurting and harming the soul involved, not matter how 'loving' it's believed and said to be.

The difficulty we face is knowing if we are infringing on our child's will, and that we can only know if we choose to live a higher truth. Whilst we remain going around in endless circles in no truth, living to the tune of our negative minds and will, we'll never see the error of our ways.

Those of us who are more fucked than others had more severe methods of control forced on them. And control doesn't all have to be applied only through physical force. There is emotional, mental, spiritual, psychic and wilful control, and there is outright and forthright control, and control by default, and combinations of all. But the more it's applied, the less a person can grow up feeling good about themselves, and the less effective they feel in their life. The less positive self-control they have in their life because they've never been allowed to be in control of their own life. If your parents are always in control of you, how can you learn to be in control of yourself?

The true way to parent is to allow yourself, your child and everyone in your life, complete freedom of feeling expression. However, how this would be I have no idea. It's only a theory and it would mean that the parents of the child would have completed their feeling-healing before they have children.

What I do know is we've got a very long way to go before we can parent truly and understand all that's involved, and before that happens we'll have to understand all that's involved with expressing all of our feelings. All that's involved with our self- and feeling-denial – all that's involved with our negative and so evil state.

Hating your parents.

I've spoken a lot about my hatred of my mother and how she treated me when I was young. And many people might not like the idea of doing their feeling-healing because they don't want to end up hating their parents as I hate mine.

I can't say of course whether your relationship with your parents will turn out like mine, the truth will be revealed as you move through your healing.

What I want to write about is how my relationship with my mother has evolved through my healing to give a more objective picture of it.

Before I started my healing I believed I loved my mother even though there were lots of things she did and said I didn't like. These things, like most people do, I swept aside, I didn't want to dwell on them, and hey, nobody's perfect.

The doing of my feeling-healing has been a systematic uncovering of the truth of my relationship with her. It has also uncovered the truth of my relationship with my father, but it's mostly with my mother that my difficulties are because she was the more hands on controlling person in my early life. My father wasn't around as much as she was. He was the dominant one in our family, yet my mother and her mother had more of a controlling say over me than he did.

It took me about five years of my healing to reach a point of accepting that my feelings and all the truth I'd uncovered through them were real and true, and that I didn't actually love my mother as I believed I did because there was no love from her. Had there been true love, then I would still feel it and it would have been confirmed by my feeling-healing. But so far my healing has stripped away all my mother-love fantasy and delusion.

It was a great shock to start to uncover the truth of how my mother treated me and how this made me feel, and how it made me feel about her. And for ten years now each day I have uncovered progressively more things about our relationship that have been wrong. It is has astounded me as to how much can be wrong between two people. (And as I read over this another three years on in my healing, it continues to show me how unloving she was with me, and how wrong I am within myself and in all I do because of her. And another three years on, as I yet again re-read it, the same still applies, each day more light being shed on my unloving relationships with my family.)

Because it was so difficult to accept that anything was wrong with my mother, she was the goddess on a pedestal whom I was terrified of – yet loved, it's taken me a lot of hard work to come back into myself, accept my anger I have at her, and be able to express it. It's been very hard to accept that I don't like her. My mind has been broken and bent and twisted into many shapes as the truth has surfaced all showing me how strong my early childhood programming was. Nothing was going to shake the picture of my loving mother, but not only did it get shaken, but it's shattered into a million pieces.

The further I progress in my healing the more I hate my relationship with my mother and the more I hate her. I hate how she's treated me and I want nothing to do with her. However, I also understand that as she is fucked, all bound up in her negative state, the real person who is my 'real' mother, neither of us know, just as she doesn't know herself.

If she were to come to me and seek my forgiveness for all the wrongness she has caused me I would willingly give it. I hold no grudges, and if she wanted my help in the doing of her healing I would give that too. I no longer fear her. I see the whole thing more as an amazing exercise, something that on a soul level we've all agreed upon. Her and dad agreed to be my parents and I their child. And they inflicted their negative minds and wills on me and I grew up suffering because of them. But now as I am healing myself of their evil influence, I no longer feel attached to them. I don't feel I am their child any longer. I feel I am a child of God, God being my true Mother and Father. I feel if anything, that dad and mum are simply two other people, if anything more like a brother and sister of humanity, and currently our paths are not intersecting. And as to whether they ever will again, this I don't know, nor do I really care.

One the best aspects of my healing has been to heal and remove all my outstanding love needs for mum and dad's love. Not being loved as I longed to be loved caused me such grief, deep pain and trauma. But now having healed so much of it I feel I have been set free of this negative pattern with my parents, free to give myself the love I need, and free to allow others to simply be as they are, without my trying to use them to fill my love deficit. My relationships with other people, and most importantly with Marion, are free to be what they will naturally be.

As I have grown in truth I have felt myself ascend. It's sort of like I'm moving on from my pain and anguish, along with my hatred of mum and my relationship with her and dad. However I haven't transcended them, rising above them without dealing with all my issues and bad feelings

associated with them as many people try to do, it's more that I have merely moved inwards to a deeper or higher plane of understanding, becoming more real and in the present, more true to all I feel. And this gives me good feelings – lots of good feelings.

A great part of my healing has been my writing about my hatred of mum. This of course might not sit well with her or other members of my family, but it's what I've had to do. I make no apology for it, as it's something I've had to do to heal my self-repression, and as she caused it, then it's merely a cause and effect situation.

Currently I feel I want to make my feelings and experiences public, and to do that I have to present them as truly as I can. I want to be as real as they are and not doctored so as to not hurt mum or anyone in my family's feelings. If what I say makes them feel bad, then they are free to accept these bad feelings and seek the truth of them. If they don't want to do this then they are free to continue denying them. And equally am I free to speak all I think and feel, something in my family I never felt free to do.

I feel that through my healing I am slowly growing into being a man, a true man, and a man that I like. I've had to become the little lost, unloved boy again first, and this has been very confusing and traumatic of itself, but gradually the real and true me is emerging and catching up to me at the age I am now. I feel I am allowing myself to finally grow up, something my parents didn't allow.

The final point I want to make is that although the bulk of what I write about is aimed at mum and how I felt so unloved by her, I want to make it clear that dad is equally to blame. As I said, it's only because he wasn't so influential a person in my life when I was growing up, so I don't refer to him. But in the full essence of my healing, of what in me needs to be healed, he is equally to blame as she is. And in fact one could even argue that the man should be held more responsible because we live in a male dominated society, and so what chance did mum have against convention. She was the mother, she was stuck with the job of looking after the babies. Dad could piss-off and escape leaving all the hard slog to her. He could enjoy his nice breakfasts at his favourite cafes under the guise of morning business meetings, and he could stay out late and work on weekends because 'we needed the money'; he could escape the drudgery of being stuck at home with screaming kids, poohy nappies and no one to speak to. So even though mum has copped most of my shit and anger during my healing and being heavily blamed, it's still overall equal, and if not more in some ways, my father's fault for not taking more responsibility in trying to find the truth of all the bad feelings he felt.

As it 'takes two to tango' this must always be remembered and so kept in perspective. The man gets away with enough as it is, and often women only have their children and family in their lives. And if that's all they want, well and good, but if they don't and can't so easily escape as the man can, well that's a huge stress all of which can only affect the child badly. They don't have other mind-distracting interests, other businesses to escape to; they don't have their mates to go drinking down the pub with. And so for such mothers to have to now face the truth that they are harming and have traumatised their children, instead of being the loving mother they believed they were, is like dumping just another pile of rocks on them. So if you read my stuff and feel I'm overly biased blaming and accusing the woman for all my woes, please keep in mind that even though I might not mention it in my writings, within me, dad is equally responsible for all the pain I have suffered. And I hate him just as much as I hate her.

A moments summary:

When you feel bad.

When we feel bad and when a bad thing happens to us, there are two ways we can deal with it: with our minds – denying it, or without our minds – accepting it.

With our minds – denying it.

Because our minds are in a negative state, if we use them to ‘deal’ with our bad feelings, we will deny them – we can’t do anything else. We can deny our bad feelings by:

Out right denial: ‘It’s okay, I’ll be all right, just give me a moment.’ Refusing to accept we feel as bad as we do.

Rationalising it away: ‘He didn’t really mean it’, ‘They can’t help it’.

Expressing it: ranting and raving, letting off steam when angry, crying, by expressing it some way but not wanting to go deeper with it; not wanting to know the truth of why you feel bad. Staying within the surface layers.

Time: ‘In time it will pass.’ Just grin and bear it and in time the pain or problem will go away.

Find a solution: Work out what to do about the problem to stop it, so it will stop causing you to feel bad.

Shut down: Clam-up, withdraw and don’t talk – don’t talk about how bad you feel. Close down all feeling expression. Block it out at all costs. Don’t give in to the evil monster or it will crush you. Fight to bury it, hide it, reject it: fight yourself and all others.

Indulge yourself in an escape: music, movies, TV, computer, book, entertainment or recreation, work, hobby, keeping busy, exercise, drink, drugs, sex, meditation, prayer – even for Divine Love, do whatever you can to ‘keep your mind off it’ and to ‘not allow it to get to you’.

Positive affirmation and non-confrontational approach: Think good and loving thoughts, don’t allow yourself to be affected, change the negative into a positive, don’t buy into it, be pro-active, do whatever you can so you don’t fall into it allowing it to get the better of you.

Medicine: Take a pill, go see the doctor, get someone to take it away from you – to fix you, to make it all better.

Other: And I’m sure there are lots of other ways to deny our bad feelings.

Without our minds – accepting it.

We acknowledge it, accept it, allow it to be, allowing ourselves to submit to it – allowing it to overcome us; to fully experience the bad feeling all with the intent to know what is going on deeper within us: what is causing us to feel bad – accepting that we are full of repressed bad feelings from childhood all of which need to be expressed. And wanting to know the underlying deep unconscious causes of it: why we’re repressing it, what are we repressing, what were the original causes of it – what was done to us.

And then expressing the bad feeling: speaking about it, bringing it all up so we can feel it all; all the hidden components, and all because we want to know the truth of it – know what it's all about.

And by doing this we want to know ourselves. We accept the bad feeling, any feeling, is another opportunity to find out more about ourselves – the truth of ourselves; and so we use it through acceptance (self-acceptance) and don't reject it – we don't deny ourselves what we feel. We long to see the truth of all we're feeling.

In submitting to our bad feelings we are stopping our mind from controlling our denial of them. It's hard to do, to reverse our patterning and ingrained behaviour, it takes practice and a strong intention to want to allow ourselves to feel everything and not dismiss anything, but it can be done.

With the result being the truth of it, why we feel so bad or why bad things had to happen to us, comes to us. We get to know ourselves a bit more, we spiritually advance, we're healing our way out of our self-denial through self-acceptance – true self-love.

To spiritually advance.

If you want to spiritually grow, how do you. How do you start, and what really is it?

Spiritual growth is advancement of truth. It's also other things, but still when you look to what you are really doing, what drives it, you'll find it's growing in truth.

And what is growing in truth?

It's looking into yourself and understanding the truth of yourself. But you can't just do it using your mind, deciding that you are going to do it, and so use your mind to find out the truth of yourself – what you are all about. Your 'thinking mind' can't find out the truth, only your 'feeling mind' – through your feelings can.

Truth and spiritual advancement are achieved through a submission to your feelings. Your feelings are needed and used to find the truth of yourself, literally: the truth of what you feel.

If you want to grow in truth through finding out what your feelings are wanting to tell and show you, then all you need to do to start the process is want – apply your will – and long to know the truth of yourself through your feelings. You can also tell God of your intentions and ask God to help you.

With your wanting and longing for the truth in place, it's simply a matter of focusing on your feelings, good and bad. And when they occur, you accept them, fully allowing them to be; you speak about them – express them, and you long and want to find the truth of them. And the truth will come.

Because many of the things you have thought, said and done have not been good or loving things, then as a part of your spiritual growth of truth you'll need to want to find out all these things as well: what you did that was wrong; how you might have hurt people; how you've lived in sin and error according to God's Laws and the Laws of Nature, from the largest to the smallest thing.

And because we are living by default in a negative denial mind state, then we're doing all sorts of wrong things all the time without knowing they are wrong – without knowing we are doing them. And we need to uncover the truth of all these things – the whole truth of our negative mind state, all that we are that is against God; against the laws of nature; against the laws of the universe; against the laws (or truth) of yourself.

And so when you long and want to know the truth, such negative or bad things will come up within you for you to focus on, to feel and accept, and speak about.

Negative unloving things from your past: memories of things you said or have done, feelings, thoughts, fantasies, delusion will all gradually surface making you feel bad, giving you the opportunity to accept them and see and feel the truth of what you did; how you made others feel by doing such things, and how you made yourself feel. It's a humiliating process but a very valuable one, and it will lead you deep into your original negative causes and the patterns of behaviour associated with them so you can see how you've become the way you are.

The memories of the bad stuff will last as long as you need them to, as long as it takes for you to fully accept all the bad feelings associated with them and find the truth of them. And once you've

found the truth, they will fade away.

If you are sincere about spiritually advancing in truth, then you might as well accept and always bear in mind, that you are going to feel bad a lot until you've brought up and out all your childhood repression. You'll have masses of bad feelings to accept, express and find the truth of. And it will take time for you to work yourself steadily back to your root causes.

By having the negative mind and will state forced on you through your formative years, and by default accepting and complying with it, you will have a lot of negative stuff you're mostly unaware of within you, all of which you will need to heal by finding the truth of it, by owning up to it being you and by taking full responsibility for it.

And by doing this, not only are you healing your negative mind state, but you are also advancing in truth – you are spiritually growing. All else that is purported to be spiritual advancement is not true, as in – TRUTH – advancement, it's just mind advancement, the two being very different resulting in very different outcomes.

Much of the psychology I speak about is already known, and from the little I know about it, it also seems well understood.

When I speak to people and they say: Oh yes, I know about that; I agree with that; I have seen that in myself; I know about my childhood repression; I understand about how badly my parents treated me; I read that in a book about relationships, have you read it, you'll see that it talks about what you talk about, I wonder why they are speaking to me about their problems, for surely if they have 'been through it' and 'seen it' they wouldn't need to be interested in it anymore, surely they'd be healed.

What has become apparent is that you can through reflexology and kinesiology for example, uncover a lot about your problems, your inner blocks, and a lot to do with your childhood repression; and you can have lots of 'breakthroughs' and 'clear' a lot of energy, and feel a lot better and believe you are healing; and maybe to a certain extent you are, however so much is still only mind stuff, and it's not YOU connecting directly with the repressed you and feeling all you felt when you were little, coming to understand through direct self-revelation all from your own feelings, the truth of what really went on between you and your parents – the truth of your relationship with them, and so consequently with yourself.

You might be able to find out with your mind a lot of what happened to you, through alternative or regular professional means, however that is not the same as finding out what your soul and God wants you to know about what went on. And there is a huge difference. If you want to remain always in control then you will always place restrictions on yourself, however if you want to submit to the bigger picture, and find out the truth your soul and God want you to know about your negative mind and will condition, then everything changes.

And I'm sorry to say, from what I understand, albeit limited, some people I've spoken to who have been working on themselves for years using their mind, will have to in a way, begin all over by finding out the truth of their negative bad feeling state through their feelings. Most of their so-called healing, being nothing more than a reshuffling of beliefs, giving one the illusion one has made true healing progress, and all the while only adding to ones self-deception furthering the control of ones negative mind over one's true feelings.

For these people this might sound disheartening, to have done all that hard work only to be told that you have to start over, however all is not lost, for there is always a good reason for why you do everything you do even within the negative, and in time this too will be revealed through your feelings.

Also from what I can see, a lot of people delve deep into their childhood repression uncovering lots of bad feelings and truth about their unloving relationship with their parents. But once the trauma or specific problem has been 'healed', and feeling so much better within themselves and about life, merely get on with it, but still without understanding or appreciating the fact they are still of a negative mind. Some people I've read about, through their trauma healing, are even able to make peace with their family – everyone getting on well loving each other now all the 'bad stuff' is out of the way. And yet all I can see is that still the family relationships and relationship with the persons parents are untrue and false, so still functioning in the negative. The healing allowing all the negative patterns to just exist more comfortably together.

When you submit to your feeling-healing, when you submit to your feelings, you are giving up control because you can't control your feelings, you can't tell what and how you're going to feel from one moment to the next. You can't determine the impact an experience will have on you, and the more I give up my minds control, giving over totally to my feelings, the more surprises my feelings give me. If I try to second guess them they always prove me wrong. If I try to control them then I'm only doing myself a disservice.

Giving over to allowing my feelings to guide and control my life has been very scary and challenging because I am giving up the control I believed I had. It wasn't much, but it felt like something, it made me believe I had some power, some say and control in my life; but giving it all up and what do I have – nothing. All I do have is how I feel in each moment.

At first I couldn't do it, it was all too much. Over these past ten healing years (as I said, now thirteen years and still counting) my minds control has been taken away as I've been stripped back to my bear essentials. But having given up a lot of mind control and getting to know my feelings better, how and when and why they come up, I'm beginning to understand that they are not just a haphazard random affair, and that in fact I can trust them. And learn to live having faith in them (faith in myself). And as this grows out of an expression of the truth that is accumulating and evolving in my soul, it gives me good solid grounded feelings. It gives me a feeling of assurance within myself, I can count on and trust myself and my feelings, and being dependable, will lead me successfully through all the necessary experiences my soul and God want me to have to see the truth of.

It's wonderful to be given a different way to live, one based on faith in ones own feelings and the truth that is generated by them, rather than relying on ones own mind and all the uncertainty that goes along with that, particularly when it has been programmed to go against me, making life hard and truthless for me by denying so many of my feelings.

And once again: The woman's curse – you have to be nice!

Marion had to be nice; she got punished if she wasn't. Even if she felt bad and didn't want to be nice she had to override her true feelings and put on a smile and make herself be nice. To be falsely nice all the time required a huge effort, all culminating in her having to force herself to do it and becoming: too nice, and too friendly, too over the top.

Because she was making such a great effort to be nice, she hated being criticised, but what more could she do? She was doing the best she could and criticism felt like having a bag of cement thrown at her, so if she was criticised, she'd over react, she'd react too quickly, too aggressively, harshly defending herself.

When you are made to feel you are hated and that's it's your fault, and you can't express how this makes you feel, and instead you have to not be hateful yourself and be only nice, you're heading toward a break down.

When hatred is poured out all over you and you can't fight back, and you're made to accept it

being forced to believe that the hatred is right, that you are a hated putrid person who only deserves to be hated and treated like the scum of the earth, you have little chance of developing any self-esteem or good feelings about yourself. And then coupled with this you have to smile, smile at the aggressor and still be nice, and not complain and never refuse to do what you're told, you have no chance at all. All you can do is submit killing yourself, your own person being slowly crushed and smothered out of existence.

You are nothing, you are hated and treated like you are nothing, there is nothing for you, no one wants you, and all you can do is smile and be nice. You're not even allowed to withdraw into yourself, to curl up and wither away, you have to stay in the present, put on the 'nice face' and play your role.

And when you do manage to do this, you are not praised, you are not told 'well done, that is good, that is how I want it to be,' you are told that's not good enough – try harder, you have to try harder to deny yourself and pretend to be something you are not. And all the while you can never be nice enough.

When you escape your controller you still get angry with yourself for not being nice enough. You are constantly judging yourself as you were judged by them. You try and try but never attain the standard and expectation you have put on yourself – the one they put on you. You try extra hard to be friendly believing it's your duty, but deep within you all can feel is rage. You want to rage out and rip the smile from yourself, be as nasty as you possibly can; you want to turn against yourself, against them; you want to make them go away, you want to die. You can't face going on any longer, it's all too much.

However you can't just change, let go of it all; it's too heavily programmed in you. You can never say no, you can never stop smiling; you can never stop what you now automatically unconsciously do. It's all too late. And worst of all, you can't even kill yourself because that is not what a nice friendly smiling person does.

Marion puts herself in everyone else, doing what they want and doing nothing for herself if she feels it will interfere with them. She puts her life aside to attend to others. She has had a hell of a time wrestling with all her bad feelings and problems. The control over her by her parents was extreme. I don't know how she hasn't just broken down and given up for good. Her whole sense of self has been not only annihilated but also turned against herself believing she is nothing but shit. Her only sense of self comes from doing something good for someone else, then she feels she has a small reason to live. She can't feel any reason to live for herself. Her person has been made to step aside allowing the other person to be. Her parents pushed her aside placing themselves in her place by making her serve them without question, destroying any natural ability and feeling, any inspiration of living and doing anything for herself.

So many of her problems, are as she tells me, the problems of a lot of women, and I had little idea or understanding about them. As she's worked her way through accepting her bad feelings and seeing the truth of them, it's certainly been an eye opener for me. We men have it easy being in the power position and need to stop and listen and give ourselves over to understand the problems of women.

Marion sees everything more personally than I do – she relates to everything personally, the impersonal doesn't exist much for her. And yet I and so many men relate more to the impersonal than the personal, so we don't see how women see and feel things, and we demand that they be and see things how we do. We put a great pressure and burden on them, and no wonder there is a huge gap between the sexes.

Throughout my healing the constant emphasis in my relationship with Marion has been for me to let go of my masculine dominating ways. It's been very humiliating to see that I am being controlling and how I'm hurting and inhibiting her, and I've needed her help to point out what I'm doing to her that is hurting her and infringing on her rights and will. And all she has said to me, has over time, turned out to be correct, because she is coming from the personal; and as I've

let go of my impersonal controlling ways and come 'back in' becoming more personal, I've been able to personally relate to all she's said through my own feelings.

To accept the woman is the leader in the personal has been very difficult. The man can lead in the impersonal, but where is he leading to? Our world certainly isn't better for it. For him to become personal he will have to give up and readjust his way in the impersonal.

Our feeling-healing has been about me becoming progressively personal and understanding what this is and how I've been forced to deny it and so against it within myself. And for her it's been about accepting that how she sees things, how she is in the personal – personally – is right. And she's only been made to believe it's not right by those who haven't been living true to it – who have wanted to control the person through the impersonal.

Our world and all our problems are being caused by our negative mind states, which make us impersonal. We relate impersonally, without feeling, to everything. We relate to it with our minds and not our hearts. If we are to save the world – save mankind – then we're going to need to understand about the way we conduct our relationships and how impersonal they are and how out of touch we are with our feelings. And then if we can understand this we will naturally feel more personally about everything, and will not want to hurt, destroy, use and abuse.

The real battle is not actually about good verses evil, it's simply personal verses impersonal with the balance being held in favour of the impersonal by our negative mind states.

It's well worth adding to your list of wants, a longing to be personal, to be able to relate personally to yourself, others, nature, life and God as personally and as truly as your soul wants you to – as God has created you to. You are a person, and a person needs to personally understand his or herself, and only then can he or she personally understand anything or anyone else.

Getting sicker?

What happens if as you start to acknowledge your bad feelings you start to feel sicker? What happens if you start to feel weaker and more powerless? What happens if how things used to be and happened for you in your life no longer are or do; things become harder and don't seem to work out as easily? What happens if as you progress in your feeling-healing doors close instead of open? What happens if instead of feeling better about yourself and your life as you make progress healing your negative state, you start to feel worse?

And what happens is, you keep accepting your bad feelings, knowing that you're on the right track.

I want to stress again that the doing of your feeling-healing is about finding out the truth of your negative self-denying mind state. It's NOT about succeeding in the world – not at least as we mostly define and consider success. It's mostly about going in the opposite direction to what you might think is the right way to go. And as you submit to the healing process you'll be pushed back into yourself and forced to give up and let go of all the things you are using as props to keep you afloat. And this is very harrowing indeed.

If you are pretending that you feel good about your life and yourself, when underneath the truth is you don't, then as that truth begins to make itself felt, you'll start to feel worse about yourself, and this is right, it's what will need to happen if you want to truly heal yourself. You have to want to allow yourself to feel as bad as you really do feel.

You might find that you change from being a super competent person who through she or her could do anything and everything, and did them, into a incompetent person who can't do anything other than realise just how much of a false front and effort she or he was putting on to

keep up the appearance of success.

My healing experiences, if I were to try and describe the overall effect and impact of them on me, have felt like I was running along fast, and just as a door was thrown open in my face and before I hit it, something threw a noose over me causing me to then be pulled backwards sending me off in an entirely different direction in life. With me being the last person to realise and accept and catch up with what was happening.

If you fear the breaking down process, then you have more bad feelings you can start to accept. And all you'll be broken down to is the truth of how you lived as a young child. You obviously survived then, and so you will survive your healing, but you'll come out of it a very different and changed person.

Continual pain.

If you feel continual pain, pain you live with, pain you just accept there is nothing you can do about, now you can do something about it. You can always do something about it. It's pain, you don't like it, so you can say something about it. Every time you feel it, when it's hurting, you speak up, complain, tell the world that you are suffering, moan or groan, register that it's bothering you and you are not just bearing it and keeping a stiff upper lip. Make noise about it. Even exaggerate the noise if you tend to take it for granted that you have to live with it and it's not important and don't need to pay attention to it. Speak out your pain as if you are telling your parents (how they should have been were they loving to you), someone who does want to hear that you are suffering, that you are not right, that you are feeling bad. Make a noise to draw attention to yourself, so you are telling everyone – the whole of Creation – of your pain and suffering. And speak about how your pain and suffering makes you feel. You have all right to exist in the world pain free, and all right to complain when something goes wrong, even if it's self-inflicted. Don't just take it, do something about it, speak up! And keep speaking up even if you feel or believe it's pointless and that nothing will ever change. It doesn't matter about it changing or even healing, it only matters that you are registering yourself in Creation, that you are important, and that you matter and have all rights to speak up when something happens that makes you feel bad. You have all right, so speak as if everyone is listening to you and will treat you seriously. When you speak, mean it, speak with feeling, and always, always, always remember to long for the truth: want to know with all your heart – why you are feeling this way; why you have the pain, what's happened to you to get it.

What's the feeling bottom line?

From all I've experienced so far, and this is only for me, it might be different for you, my feelings bottom line can be summarised in two parts:

- a). unloved, unwanted, and uncared about.
- b). nothing, don't exist, oblivion, annihilation.

When I've worked through my deepest repressed feelings, through all the anger and misery, rage, hate, blame, guilt, humiliation, depression, sadness, unworthiness, patheticness, uselessness; through all my other negative feelings, I get to love and simply: was I loved or wasn't I? Do I feel loved by my parents or not? And I have only come up with feelings of: No I wasn't, making me feel: unloved, unwanted, and uncared about.

When I have gone with these feelings to a deeper level, then I have been faced with the stark

reality of nothing, of having no existence, of oblivion and feeling like I'm about to be annihilated, all of what feeling NO LOVE makes me feel.

And I hate feeling all these bad feelings (Do I like feeling any bad feeling!), however I have learnt to live with them. By accepting and understanding the truth of them, why they are within me and why I feel them, I have been able to stop denying them. The pain, fear and unhappiness they have caused me has slowly abated, and in many ways, even totally gone.

It's taken these past ten years for me to be fully ground down into them, forcing me to accept them, forcing me to accept that this is the truth of how I do feel. I feel these feelings, they are too overwhelming, I can't escape them now and I know I'm not making them up. Too many days have now passed with me feeling them on and off, and they have helped me understand so many things about myself that previously I wondered about but could never get a hold of. Now I know. Now I know the truth of how I really do feel, the bottom line truth of my negative unloved self and state of being.

I have spent long hours and days, and even occasionally weeks and months, of feeling these awful feelings. And when I'm in them there isn't anything else. It's like they exist at the bottom of the ant-lions cone of feelings within me. And I have been the ant desperately struggling to try and stop myself from falling back into their jaws of nothing, oblivion and annihilation, in which I feel so unloved, unwanted and uncared about.

These feelings are the truth of me, the truth of my relationship with my parents. And there is no avoiding them. Now that I've decided that I do want to know the truth, and I do.

Progress.

I hate how everywhere you go and all anyone speaks about is material progress. I hate it so much, what do these people think: that we can just keep building more, encroaching on the environment, selfishly trying to gain more power.

I hate the philosophy and belief that it's our – man's – right to tame the environment, to bring everything under our control, to make the world suit us and not give a dam about anything else except yourself.

I hate how we've got it all wrong, it's not material power and progress we need, but spiritual progress. And not spiritual progress to give us more material power, but spiritual progress as reflected by growing in truth. We need truth, and we need our feelings to guide us. And if we can live this way then whatever material progress we make will be an expression of our spiritual growth of truth and that is going to be environmentally considerate. It's going to honour and respect all relationships – including our ones with nature.

But what is it that I really hate?

What really pisses me off about the so-called 'great world progress' is that all the usual lies about it we are told trying to justify it, trying to make out it's not happening detrimentally to nature or ourselves, when everyone can see it is and no one is wanting to take responsibility, is exactly how my parents were.

The world is my parents, and just as they gave me the shits and didn't give a shit about anything but themselves, neither does the world. My parents told me all the usual parental crap about everything being for me, in my best interests, and that they were making a huge sacrifice for me, and we've heard it all before, and oh please, spare us the crap.

They were the ones who wanted to have me, and now they behave as if they are doing me the great favour and I should be oh so grateful... and grateful for what? For all the shit they put me through, for making me feel so bad and making me be not able to cope in life, making me feel

scared all the time and lacking in self-confidence and afraid of saying no... yeah, thanks a lot, I'm really grateful.

My parents have got a nerve to spin all that crap, to lie to me, to me their own flesh and blood, it sure shows how much they loved me. They were so full of shit, so full of falseness that they swallowed their own lies. They didn't stop to think if what they were saying made sense, or of what impact it would have on me. They just went ahead making me feel miserable, and I'm to be grateful?

I'm also to be so grateful for all the businesses who produce things by polluting, by using up resources, by being greedy, by wasting things, by lying and cheating. I'm supposed to be proud of my country, Australia, the so-called lucky country, when so much of the government is corrupt, loses so much money, refuses to make the hard decisions being controlled by big business and the Church, and is still so environmentally unaware and unconcerned about our continual abuse and destruction of nature. I'm supposed to say that I love and support my parents no matter what – just because *they are my parents*. Yeah well fuck them. I've got news for them, it's all gone too far and now I know the truth. And I'm supposed to proud of my country, when all I feel is ashamed to be a part of it.

Throughout out my healing I've given up so many material things, things I thought I needed to make me have a happy life. But having given them up I've realised that they didn't make me happy, they only helped me to stop feeling bad, helped me to keep denying myself, denying my bad feelings. I don't need all those things. Certainly I need some material things but compared to what I believed I needed, I need very little. My happiness is coming from knowing that I'm healing myself of all my wrongness and finding out the truth of myself. And with every repressed feeling that surfaces, that I see the truth of, then there is another thing I don't need within me. It's surprising when you have to give it up, just how much material stuff you don't need and how little money you can survive on.

If many people did their feeling-healing and our motivations in life changed as to what was really important, we'd all cut back dramatically on our material needs. Those who still wanted progress would be disappointed, but at least we wouldn't be such a drain on the natural world, and perhaps we could even start putting something back.

The more I give up my material parents the less I need the material world as I did. Now I have found my spiritual parents (Mary Magdalene and Jesus) and soul parents (Heavenly Mother and Father), and to live with them doesn't need such an involvement in the material. The material is still very important, and we won't have to go back to living in caves, but still who knows where we'd evolve to if we started to live true to our feelings giving up our insatiable need for power, and a need that can never be fulfilled whilst we're living in the negative.

My parents didn't think much of spiritual things. My mother wanted to only sell the next dress; my father to make the next property deal. I have little in common with them now; I wonder what they'd think about the doing of their feeling-healing?

Feng Shui.

Feng Shui is yet another perfect example to trying to use our minds to control our feelings. With our mind we try to plan out the optimum environment for our health. We have to make sure the water feature and living plants are in the correct spot within our house allowing the maximum benefit of energy to flow so we can gain the optimum benefit for ourselves.

But this is all mind fantasy. It's all trying to do things with our minds to make us feel better, trying to ensure that we can feel as good as we can within our environment.

If we were to study the unseen etheric lines of energy we would no doubt see that there are

laws they follow and it's very possible Feng Shui supports a number of these rules, but what I want to make you aware of it is: SO WHAT! What does it really matter? What does it really matter trying to organise the energy flow when your own soul is stuffed full of so many repressed bad feelings. And by manipulating your environment with your mind you might be postponing the inevitable, but one day it will catch up with you.

The beauty about trying to give up your minds control by allowing your feelings to freely express themselves is you are naturally led to adjust your environment through your feelings if you need to as a part of your advancing truth.

Marion and I have gone through inner changes for a certain amount of time and then suddenly we'll feel we want to make outer changes in our environment, all designed to help us with the next lot of repressed feelings that our soul knows are soon to surface.

We don't need to think about it and we don't need to work things out with our mind. Things just find their right place when it's time for them to. And when it is our feelings leading, our mind then follows. Our mind is still free to act, however only in support of our feelings and not at the expense of them.

So we just know that our environment is how it is for the healing we need to do now. And if we need our environment to change for us to do more healing, it will. And either from inspiration from within us: we suddenly feel we want something to be different, like re-positioning the couch, or an ornament or changing furniture from one room to another, and we do it; or it comes from outside of us – the rent goes up too far beyond our means and we have to move.

And why I say *suddenly* so often in regards to feelings coming up, is because that is how we often experience them. Suddenly we'll feel something when prior to it we felt no such thing and it was the last thing on our mind. Our feelings being our guiding inspiration.

The more time you try to work out how your environment should be to help you maintain health, the more time you are spending on denying your bad feelings, so 'killing' your soul and making yourself sick.

We can spend hours trying to figure things out with our minds all sorts of things, but it's all time used in furthering our self-denial. If you want to use your time efficiently, then use it to monitor, accept and express your feelings whilst seeking the truth of them. Give up all the rest of the stuff as it will all be naturally taken care of for you.

Be aware and beware of anything that says it will help you by using some sort of technique or roll-play, anything that requires you to artificially control and contrive situations, because all such things are of the mind and might interfere with your ability to simply accept your bad feelings.

Even in counselling sessions and gaining help from professionals, one can find too much mind control. Certainly such sessions and therapies, and even some techniques, can offer much help, just so long as you remember and remain alert to what your true aims are: the doing of your healing by the acceptance and expression of your feelings, and your longing to see the truth of them.

Many people seek help wanting the problem they have to be fixed or to go away. They are prepared to make certain changes mostly with their mind and try different approaches to situations, but it's all still mind control.

And these people mostly see that their problems don't allow them to function 'normally' in life and so once they are fixed or have 'healed' them, they can get back on track or make a go of what they already know life to be.

What I am offering is not something that will simply make a success of your negative feeling-denying life, get you back on track, or help you function better in your everyday normal evil state. I'm offering you a way out of your negative mind state and into a new way of looking at and living your life altogether. You won't know what this way is, but as you progress through your

healing by seeing the truth of all your repressed childhood feelings, you'll be changing, you'll be living a new way.

The two things I want to stress over and over is for you to be aware of anything that your mind is controlling. And that if you simply aren't just allowing yourself to accept and express all your bad feelings whilst longing for the truth of them, then you're doing stuff with your mind and it will invariably in some way be preventing you from accepting your feelings and living true to them.

And I want to stress yet again the importance of wanting to see and know and understand and live the truth of your bad feelings. If you don't want to know and see the truth, then you can accept and express your feelings all day long, but you're nothing more than a kettle letting off steam – you won't get anywhere. The Truth – wanting to find it and see it – see all it's telling and showing you, is so important if you seriously want to grow and change your negative mind condition – if you seriously want to get better. I can't say that enough, NO TRUTH; NO PROGRESS. What I am speaking about: accepting your feelings, goes hand in hand with longing for and uncovering the truth of them within yourself.

When you were young you were subjected to techniques of how to interact and manage your feelings, all controlled by your parents minds. You were subjected to their whims and controlling patterns. To do your feeling-healing it's best if you can rough and tough it out in your relationships, interacting simply throughout your day, just as it happened when you were young. Sitting with a counsellor or applying a certain technique is not a real life situation, it's not simulating being back with your parents, and this is what you'll need to do. And you can't contrive it, it will all be naturally set up for in your life by your soul, other souls you're involved with, and God. You will need all the dynamics, good and bad, that naturally occur within relationships to help you stimulate your repression so your bad feelings come to the surface.

When you read someone like Alice Miller you might wish you could see her or someone like her who could help you, but you don't need to, you can do it all in your home, all in your daily life with those involved in it. And the more you can allow the natural processes to occur, the better. (However having said that, if you feel you can benefit from a good feeling based and feeling aware and feeling accepting therapist, then of course do what you feel to do. I only want you to understand that in theory I firmly believe you can do all your healing within your intimate relationships, however of course there might be other experiences you require which can only come from outside help.) When you were young it all went into you in a haphazard confusing way, and so it will have to come out of in exactly the same manner. All so you can see and relive as an adult exactly what you experienced as the young child.

Many relationship therapies try to help control anger: how to be more considerate and diplomatic with each, how to try and place yourself in the other person's position seeing things through their eyes, but although this can be helpful, it's still all mind stuff. You might feel you need to do it, but there will come a time when you'll need to go it alone with just whomever it is that is in your life working out stuff with or because of them.

It's no good trying to control anger when it's angry you're feeling – it needs to come up and out. You can consider what you do with it as it comes up, and control that if you're prone to taking it out on someone or something else, if your self-denial patterns are to dump it onto another person or creature instead of owning it by keeping it for yourself and expressing all its making you feel out through your mouth; but what you must do is allow yourself to be angry. To bring it up and get used to it. To see what it feels like, what it makes you want to do and to see the truth of it – of why you have it; to always express it longing for its truth.

It's good to have arguments thrashing it out verbally with each other, to really go for it, all whilst you're longing for and wanting to see the truth. If you don't want to see the underlying real causes of why you feel angry, then you are better of trying to learn anger management techniques so you won't get yourself into trouble or unnecessarily hurt another person.

When you can understand that it's right for you to fight (with words, you don't have to do

anything physically to hurt each other) and argue and criticise and do whatever your bad feelings are making you feel, then you can start to accept that all of what you are doing is what you did or wanted to do with your parents. And it's all got to come out.

I hate it when Marion and I fight, but for both of us when we are abusing each other verbally, it's stuff we've always wanted to say from very early on but have never been allowed to. And now we are giving each other the go-ahead and support to do it. It's our chance to finally get it out there and say all those mean and nasty and hurtful horrible things, most of which were said to us when we were young, and which we could do nothing with but take. We couldn't fight back as we'd be abused even harder. But now we can go for it and get it all out.

You might worry that being so open and honest in a relationship, saying EXACTLY all the terrible unloving things you feel to your partner, might be the end of your relationship, but if that should come about, then that is good. It means your relationship was false as you couldn't share truthfully all your feelings, so it was no good. And if you're not prepared to live falsely any longer, and your relationship falls apart because of the truth you uncover as you bring up and express all your feelings, then so be it. It will end up being the best for both of you. And of course having such fears and worries about your relationship not being able to survive, is yet more bad feelings to speak about.

If you can't allow each other to be honest and express all you really feel, all the bad stuff, then your relationship is one of denial and it's up to you as to how much you're willing to compromise yourself.

To want to live a completely free, open and honest relationship in which all feelings can be expressed no matter how bad they are, no matter how much they might seem cruel and unfeeling, callous and full of hate, will allow you to accept all the bad negative yuk within you a lot quicker than trying to pretend it's not there, or trying to vent it, but being 'nice' about it.

If you do want to freely express all you feel to your partner and you start to feel really bad stuff, worrying about its impact, then you must of course speak about this worry as well. Do the same as for all bad feelings, speak about it accepting it and longing for the truth of it. Bring it all – everything – up as it comes.

Some of what you might say when you really get into it might surprise or even shock you making you wonder: where did that come from, and making you ask: is that really what I feel? But keep going and let it come, long for the truth, and you can see what you feel about it later. So much stuff we have accumulated from all sorts of influential sources when we were young, and with later generations being exposed to TV and all that's said on it at young ages, it can all go in and remain repressed.

So often I've felt to, and said, all sorts of nasty one-off one-liner snide remarks to Marion. They've just come out of my mouth the more accepting I am of allowing myself to say whatever it is feel. And these comments have hurt her, and we've had to stop and work hard to try and see why I said them, what was going on in me. I've been totally surprised to hear myself say them, and as I've uncovered the truth, I've been able see that it was something I've picked up from television which I wish I had been able to use to speak back to and hurt mum or Gran. I would never have said such things, I was too afraid to when I was young, I might have wanted to, I can't remember, but when I get in touch with feeling the feeling from where these comments come from, I can then relate it to something I've picked up and wanted to use.

So many things I say to Marion I can end up hearing my grandmother, mother or father saying to me or other people. I have never said them, not at least that I can remember, but when we're young we copy, we might not say it to the face of those it comes from, but in our imagination or games we might say it. Then as we get older it gets forgotten or at least left behind, but it's still within us and it all has to be brought out. It all has to be brought out and spoken with its true intent. If it was meant back then to be said to your mother or father, it will come out by you saying it to your partner, and as you keep expressing all the feelings as to why you said it, you'll finally be able to relate it back to whom you really want to say it to.

We have tons of nasty stuff buried away inside us – all our pain and hurt together with all our anger at being so unlovingly treated to make us feel this way. If we get sick it is what is making us ill. If we rot away when we're old, it's because we've never been able to rid ourselves of the putridness and poison. It's all in us and it all went in in a certain way, and as you give over to and accept the feeling-healing process, it will in its right time, all come out.

From my experiences with Marion, for a relationship to truly succeed (and ours might still fall apart one day), if you both want to live true, you both have to accept and want to be able to fully and truly – honestly, feel and express ALL good and bad feelings. And you can support and encourage each other to do so. And as you both get hacked around by your healing, and as many times you're relationship looks like it's going to fail, the more open and honest about all of the fears and worries, the better. Open is open. And the further you progress in your feeling-healing the more open you'll become. You can't simply open your feeling-doors and away you go, it's not that easy because you'll have masses of blocks preventing you from doing so. So openness is something you can work towards and really that's a blessing because it allows you time to accept and adjust and change. To have it all wide open and full-on too fast could blow you apart not helping at all.

When you are doing anything on the feeling level and with truth, you are dealing with all aspects of your personality – all levels of yourself. To find and then heal the original beliefs and behaviour patterns in you is changing your fundamental you. You're changing the guts of you, the deepest part of you, and it takes a lot of energy and hard work, and the changes are huge. You're reprogramming yourself changing your basic original and fundamental programming. You're not just adding on new programming to the negative original trying to fill in the gaps, circumvent the bugs, and present a better face. You're actually getting into redesigning your most primal depths. So it will take time and there'll be a lot to go through. It will take time for your physical body to change. It's the slowest part and has to take its time honouring the physical laws of nature. But all of this time serves a good purpose in allowing you to adjust and accept and prepare for the next deeper cycle on other higher inner levels.

And it's all so easy to say this in writing, but shit, when your healing drags on and on... oh fuck me, when is it going to end!

Why doesn't God love us?

Why is it that we pray and ask God for help and yet it often doesn't happen? Or we devote our whole lives to God and yet still bad things happen? Or God says that bad things won't happen any longer and yet they do? Why is God seemingly so out of reach? Why is there such a big gulf between us when it's said that God loves us and God is with us all the time, and yet here we are living in great pain in our self-denying negative states? And why if God makes everything happen, and can make anything happen, that They keep on allowing the negative to exist?

And the answer is because God is completely unconditional in Their love for us, They allow us to do whatever we want, and because we are living in a negative mind and will system They support us in this entirely. God for Their reasons want us to experience evil (the reasons as to why They want us to start our existence in Creation in evil, coming to us as we heal our negative state uncovering the truth of our evilness through our feeling acceptance), living in our self and feeling denial negative states. So this means God makes the bad happen in accordance with our negative patterns. Our negative patterns were put in place during our formative years, our parents making us feel bad and doing bad things to us, and so God in Their unconditional love for us ensures these patterns are honoured. They can't do anything else because they are our patterns, we want them, even if we had to unconsciously accept them. Our negative patterns of mind and will are us, and so in God's love for us They make things happen, negative and positive, all in accordance with our patterns, all so we can keep living how we want to, how we're programmed to, this being the expression and outworking of our free will. They in effect do exactly what our parents did to us. So the Mother and Father continue to parent us negatively, and that is why even though we beg and long and pray to Them to make only good things happen, bad things still keep happening.

If we want to change our relationship with God then we have to first change our negative patterns – change our relationship with ourselves, which means, change our relationship with our parents. If we can heal our patterns by seeing the truth of what they are, then God will honour our new positive patterns and only good things will happen to us. God will do what we want, all because They *are* so loving. It even being an act of Their love that they put us in and kept us in evil so we can maximise our personality expression, so we can experience first hand the *other side of love*. And as you do your soul-healing you will see how this works. Bad things still happen as you work your way along honouring your negative patterns, but they diminish in size and intensity as your negative patterns are healed. And eventually when all the negative is gone then the bad things won't happen, because you won't want them to, your mind and will being no longer patterned this way. Well, that's the theory anyway. It sounds good, and maybe one day I'll get there to see if it's true.

God does what God does. (*I love saying inane, obvious, unnecessary things like that... oh well, more truth to uncover as to why I do...*) They love us and provide for our needs. So when our needs are negative based They lovingly see that our lives are full of bad things happening to us so we can be riddled with bad feelings, all because that was how our parents treated us. And the shit of the whole thing is that we have been inducted into the negative without being consciously aware of what was happening. We've been forced by default to take it on, and now we don't understand the severity of what we've done to ourselves – how we are now denying ourselves, how all we do keeps us locked in and so perpetuating our pain and suffering. So when God makes bad things happen for us we don't understand why it seems to go against all we've been told God is. But God is still all-loving. They look after us in our pain and our negative mind and will states by making sure we feel the pain and have bad things happen to us. And we can't blame Them for being an unloving God until we've taken full responsibility for our negative state. And once we've done that, then if we find God isn't loving, we have all right to accuse Them of being so. However in the meantime (just to contradict what I said), if you feel to blame God and hate Them, then as with all bad feelings – go for it! Do what you feel to do, as that will all be apart of

your healing process.

Our problem is that we just don't understand about the complexities of living in a self-enforced negative condition. We judge God through the negative, so we judge Them incorrectly. Our relationship with ourselves is negative, and so it is with Them. We're all screwed around and mixed up with nothing seeming to make any sense. And it's all because we're not seeing things correctly. We're seeing them all through the negative, so of course nothing will or can make any sense.

As we do our healing and get ourselves out of the negative, then gradually things come around to making sense. Our relationship with ourselves sorts itself out, as does our relationship with God. It all becomes positive and does make sense. God doesn't have to make bad things happen to us when we're healed, and They don't have to tell us one thing and do the opposite. They no longer have to be like our parents, doing what they did to us. They no longer have to appear like They are unloving and don't care about us. We can finally separate the two, leaving our negative unloving parents to be how they are, and God can relate lovingly to us. Finally from being all twisted up we are sorted out, and what a great relief!

I have said in my writings that we can do all our healing ourselves, meaning with our partner or attentive friend, without needing input from professionals: counsellors, psychologists, therapies, psychoanalysts, healing techniques, alternative whatever, workshops to help you break barriers and become more expressive, and I truly believe this to be so.

It has been so for myself, and so that is what I base my belief on, however, of course I don't know if that belief is relevant for everyone else.

I spoke briefly to a psychologist today about my healing, discussing the main gist of it, and she made me think about and understand certain things adding more objectivity to my outlook regarding the feeling-healing.

I realised, not for the first time, but REALLY realised – you know when you seem to suddenly REALLY see something clearly, something you thought you already knew and understood – that I HAVE done my healing with a therapist. I consider Marion a 'therapist', not professionally trained, but her approach to her healing and mine has been to work at finding out what is wrong, with lots of input from her to me, helping me to get in touch with my feelings, always questioning me, probing me, encouraging me, testing me, pushing me, sympathising with me, abusing me, arguing with me, affirming for me, teaching me, supporting me, rejecting me, and fully accepting me – loving me.

She has done an incredible amount for me and I can't thank her enough. And I know that I wouldn't have been able to any of my healing – I wouldn't have even known it was something to do – had it not been for her. So together we have basically signed off from the world and life and concentrated on doing only it, working out what's involved and uncovering the truth of our childhood repression. And I understand that our time together has been extraordinary, not just an every day thing. So bearing this in mind, perhaps I should say that really I don't know if everyone can do their healing without help, without something like what we've done together. Perhaps other people might need help from outside if they don't have such readily available personal 'home' help. I have said I believe it – that one can do it all at home without outside help – and I do, but I don't know to what extent to firmly hold this belief. I guess it will take a lot of other couples doing their healing to confirm to me that perhaps it is something more substantial than a belief.

Now I can appreciate that I have received tonnes of 'therapy' from Marion in one way or another, and I know that if couples, or someone with a close friend, were to do their healing and start expressing all they feel, they too would be *therapists*, *counsellors* and *teachers* for each other thereby possibly not needing outside help.

Anyway, I want to say, if you feel you need or would like help from outside sources, of course get it. The psychologist today said that perhaps if I had had more professional help I would have been able to work through my stuff quicker. Maybe she is right concerning some parts, but most of it, the deep relationship stuff, needs twenty-four hour focus and continual work with feeling-expression, she didn't really understand all Marion and I were going through, because how could she, she'd not done such intensive work with her partner. Going the professional way wasn't my way. I wanted to do it all without professional help to prove that: as it all went into me, put into me by my mum and dad and without 'professional' input, then surely I can also get it all out of me without professional help.

Another thing in my writing I continually state is that you do need a partner or close friend to help you do your healing – that you can't do it alone. However, the 'can't' is yet another belief based on my subjective experiences. Perhaps you can do it alone, truly I don't know because it wasn't how I've done it. Perhaps animals – pets – can help you being a substitute for a person to some degree, Patsy (our cat) has certainly helped Marion and I. Or perhaps it's just that you can do so much, and a lot by yourself, but at some point you will need your soul-partner or a close friend to help to do other parts completing the whole thing. (Now three years on in my healing, I tend to favour this last sentence more. The last two years have been very intensely focused on our relationship, all of which is healing our relationship with our parents on very deep levels. And I can't see any way of doing such healing other than in an intense intimate relationship, and one that has all the previous healing years as its foundation of thoroughly getting to know each other. And now another three years on I know that you do need the intimate personal friend, someone with whom you can talk and talk and talk and talk and talk and talk. Our healing all takes place as a result of our constantly expressing, and so talking about, all our thoughts and feelings whilst we long to uncover the truth of them. We are not meant to live alone, so we do need someone always to talk to and share ourselves with, hence the Mother and Father creating us as a soul-pair. If we didn't need someone else to bring ourselves constantly out to, then we'd have no need for a soul-mate.)

When you read what I write, please bear in mind that I am writing categorically from my experiences which are true – the truth – for me, however they might not be what and how you will experience your healing. When I write something that I know to be true, it is true – only for me – as to whether it will be true for others I don't know, that is what you'll have to discover for yourself.

Some other points the psychologist rose were interesting and very relevant as to whether or not one seeks professional help.

The main worry this woman had for me was that by 'indulging' too heavily in my negative feelings – by actually wanting to feel bad, and willing them to come up in me, I would lose myself, drown in them, they would be too overwhelming leading me to 're-traumatise' myself never being able to get out and escape from them.

I don't agree with her, and within her words I can see her fear, and it's a very relevant fear (I had it and had to work through it): Are the bad feelings ever going to end, and if there are too many of them, am I going to sink into the depths of depression, misery and despair, never to feel good again? And what happens if I open up my can of worms or Pandora's Box and all my bad feelings, tons and tons of them, gush out swamping me and I can't put the lid back on – am I forever going to feel bad?

But the beauty of what Marion and I have been through is that, yes, you do open the can of worms and it all gushes but not in an overwhelming way because you are asking the Mother and Father to help you with it and They allow your bad feelings out systematically giving you only what you can deal with at each time ensuring you don't get crunched into oblivion by them. (And

even if you aren't asking God directly for help, They and your soul will still control it all for you, only ever giving you what you need – what's best for you in each moment.) Marion and I have felt at times like we've come close to being obliterated by our overwhelming bad feelings, but as we kept on expressing and speaking about them, the energy has been released, and sure enough, they have passed leaving us with the truth.

And the part about being 're-traumatised', I don't see how this can happen because we are already traumatised. We were traumatised as young children and we're still in that state, all we've learnt to do is cover it up and pretend we are capable and 'normal' functioning adults. All we're doing through our healing is getting rid of all the controlling suppressing adult bullshit behaviour that we've added to ourselves in the belief we are no longer traumatised, and that we have got it all together. So you can't re-traumatise yourself because you are already it!

Having said that however, when you do get crunched into your really bad and deep yuk you do feel traumatised – the trauma you suffered back then and are still suffering, but because you've forgotten about it and cover it up pretending you're no longer traumatised, when you expose the raw wound, I can understand that mistakenly you might think you are re-traumatising yourself.

And her point about my healing being quicker had I received professional help, well, as I said, I don't know about that, but the thing I don't like which she is inferring to runs along the lines of: I have a problem – I feel bad, let's say depressed, so I should go to the doctor or therapist and they will help me heal it and then I will be 'all-better' and able to 'get-over' the problem and resume normal life. So in my case with professional help, I can 'cure' my depression and then get back out into the workforce living a 'normal' life like everyone else – like she does. Just like putting a band aide on the cut, the cut heals, and I can carry on as normal.

But the thing is Marion I don't want a 'normal' life (something which, as sympathetic and understanding as the psychologist was, she couldn't come to terms with. She couldn't – didn't want to accept – the idea and notion that all of our lives were wrong being lived in a negative state. Had she, and she said as much, then she would have to face (and deal with) the unloving impact she was having on her own children. And she said she wasn't ready for that yet). We've given it up – or trying to. Originally when I started my soul-healing I thought like this psychologist did, all I had to do was bring up some repressed stuff, see it, and once I'd done that, I would be healed and my life would start and work for me, and I'd be able to live a normal successful life doing whatever I wanted because now my inner restrictions and emotional problems that were holding me back had gone. However gradually I changed as I came to understand just what it really was I was setting out to achieve by doing my soul- and feeling-healing. And I gradually understood that my life is NEVER going to be how it used to be. GOD FORBID, I DON'T WANT IT TO EVER BE HOW IT USED TO BE – IF THAT WAS BEING NORMAL – I DON'T WANT IT, NONE OF IT! I am NOT doing my soul-healing so I can heal my problems and then be able to forgive everyone: my mother and father, and go back to them and get on perfectly well in the family having a wonderful fun time, all still bound up unknowingly in my evilness and negative state. This life 'normal' is over for me, it never really happened other than in my minds fantasy anyway, but I did think that was what I wanted: that all I had to do was sort out my problems and then I could forgive everyone and relate to everyone lovingly and get on with it. But now I know differently.

Now I know my life is about living true to myself – my soul – and the Mother and Father. It has nothing currently (and may never again) have anything to do with my family. It's not a matter of just learning how to forgive everyone, being able to say: I forgive you mum, I understand, you did the best you could and that you had a shit time during your childhood, and now that I've got over my problems I'll let bygones be bygones and we can all get on as if none of the bad stuff ever happened. For me this is all simply just another way of avoiding the truth, sweeping it all under the carpet and pretending it's not there. Just another way to avoid your bad feelings. My brother did this, he went and saw dad on his death bed, they talked, dad admitted he wasn't the best father, my brother forgave him, no hard feelings, and it was all over. They were both happy.

Dad had been absolved to die in peace, and my brother could get on with his life without the emotional baggage from my father weighing him down (or so he believed). If only it was that simple! But it's not. It's just another way to deny your bad feelings. FORGIVENESS is the BIG word. If you find forgiveness in your heart, and especially with the help of the Divine Love, then you can use it everywhere as a power tool, being superior to others by saying condescendingly and patronisingly you forgive them as they can't help what they do or how they are, the poor things; but you can magnanimously forgive them by being the all-loving, generous and kind one. But it's all crap.

True forgiveness comes from living the truth, which you first have to find. This other forgiveness is only a mental affectation – it's wrong and it isn't real forgiveness. It's wishful thinking. It is wanting to believe you are the all-loving one and not like the nasty uncaring unloving one whom you're benevolently forgiving. It's covering your arse, so no one can accuse you of being bad. 'I'm the good one because I can forgive, and we all know everyone likes the 'good one''. It's a word used in this capacity to deny and suppress your bad feelings, nothing else. 'I'm the good boy; he's the bad one!' Good old sibling rivalry.

My life has changed and is no longer normal. I no longer know what it is all about, it's in the hands of the Mother and Father, and They are revealing it to me. First They want me, as do I too, to finish my healing, 'then we'll see about what you're going to 'do' in life'. And even if I do end up getting a job, making some money, owning a house and having my own family – being 'normal', then still even though I am doing such 'normal' things, in no way am I normal because I know the truth of my childhood repression, and I'll no longer be living in a negative mind and will condition. Once you have uncovered your truth, I assure you, you can no longer be 'normal'. Normal being what people like the psychologist call living everyday life in the negative, in an evil unloving self and feeling denying way. That is currently the norm on Earth.

There is far more to doing your soul-healing (your feeling-healing and longing to God for Their Divine Love) than just healing your childhood repression. It's a huge undertaking and will rectify every part of your personality expression; all how you relate to another person; all how you communicate. It will also educate you spiritually and will evolve your relationship with yourself, your soul-mate, with Jesus and Mary Magdalene (not to be confused with Jesus' mother – Mother Mary) and the Mother and Father, up to a Celestial level of truth and beyond, all the way to Paradise. And all along the way you will continue to relate to 'normal' life but in a new 'abnormal' positive and truly loving way. Your life, well at least my life, has become fuller, so many things I thought I was interested in and thought would always be a part of my life, like my family, have gone by the wayside, and other things, things I would never have dreamed about, like my relationship with Marion, my cat, Mary and Jesus and with the Mother and Father, have become my whole focus.

If you want to live 'just a normal life', and don't want to change the foundation of your whole being; if you want to just 'patch yourself up': patch up your wounds, gloss over your traumas, and not take seriously your depression, misery, pain, anger, and then get on living like everyone does: living not in conflict, being able to graciously forgive everyone and your family; and if you want to be able to restore the peace with them, forgive their abuse of you, and end up all living happy every after, then I suggest longing to God for Their Divine Love if you want to include God, but don't bother with doing your soul- or feeling-healing; don't bother about seeking the truth, forget about that until another day – put it on hold, it's not for you.

If you want the truth, then I guarantee it's going to smash all these sorts of things apart. It's going to make mince meat out of your happy family fantasy because as you face, deal with and confront all the pain from your traumatic childhood, the last thing you are going to be able to do is pretend that nothing has happened, and that you suddenly forgive and love those who tortured you. You might be able to find some love and true forgiveness for them when it's all over, when you've finished your healing, but until such time, give it up. Wait until the Mother and Father have taken you deep down and walked you through your Valley of Darkness before you start to think

about such things, because by the time you start to ascend up the other side of your Valley you will have changed, you will be a different person. You will see the world, all your past, all your relationships, in a totally new light. You will have given up so much stuff from the old that you won't have much connection with it anymore. And mostly if you're like me, you'll want to forget it all anyway and get on with a new future, one the Mother and Father have in store for you. It's not called a 'New Birth' by Mary and Jesus lightly. It is a new birth and you feel very different from how you felt at your first birth. If it weren't for you still having your same personality you'd be inclined to think there may be more truth to reincarnation after all (which, by the way, there isn't), and you have been 'reincarnated' somehow and are starting all over again.

Marion and my healing has been a total implosion, change and emergence into a new... We're still not there yet, but it's been huge, and it has been nothing that I could call normal. In some ways we retreated back into the womb to sort out how bad it was for us within it, and we have slowly re-formed and are re-emerging, into... I don't know what, but something new... and it feels SO MUCH BETTER. I like the person I'm becoming – that is on my good days – compared to the person I was. I love discovering the real and true me and getting rid of the false and untrue me that was fashioned into shape by my controllers.

Trying to be all-loving.

I want to comment on the notion of 'trying to be all-loving' and 'having to love everyone'.

On the surface of it, it sounds like a commendable thing to do, and why not do it if it's easy to do, but I never found it easy to do. I was too critical; too judgemental. I wasn't from a 'love everyone' family.

Recently I was reading about someone saying they try to love everyone, and always try to keep 'loving thoughts in their heart' so they will always think well of everyone and won't, I guess, contaminate others with nasty or evil unloving thoughts. However, although it might all sound good on the surface, mostly from what I could gather from the things this person was saying, it's all crap. It's simply a belief, something probably from their childhood that they were told or taught to do, or believe they should do so they won't be ill-treated, rejected and accused of being unloving. And once again it's the insidious evil trying to assert its feeling-denying ways using the mind.

I think, and particularly having received some Divine Love, that it's very wrong to make yourself live the notion that you can be all-loving, and with a little (or even great) effort, by always keeping loving thoughts in your heart and have loving feelings for everyone. As I said, it's just another way of denying your bad feelings and all the anger and hatred that's stashed away inside you. Trying to be falsely nice inhibits true feeling expression.

To TRY and be-loving, to TRY and keep good loving thoughts in your heart, to TRY and be anything, is wrong. If you are not just naturally it, then it's a contrivance of your mind and it will only serve to help deny more bad feelings.

Jesus (and Mary Magdalene) is all-loving because he IS all-loving, he didn't have to try to be it. He was it because he didn't have any negative yuk within him. He wasn't full of anger, hatred, resentment and self-denial like we are. He and Mary weren't born of the negative. They remained free and true, pure and perfect examples of a positive state of mind and will. One which we can aspire to be like and have as we do our feeling- and soul-healing. So we have to go the other way; we have to 'TRY' and be, or at least acknowledge and allow, our evil, vile, ugly, unloving thoughts and feelings to surface so we can find the truth of why we have them. We have to heal ourselves of them, forgetting in the mean time about 'being loving' and just be as we feel we are – true to ourselves, no matter how unloving that is. And when we've completed our healing, then without

all the negative yuk within us, we'll simply be the child of our loving Parents, so we'll be all-loving – just as Jesus and Mary 'M' are.

Just because you may be partaking of the Divine Love, doesn't mean you are going to suddenly be all-loving. It's not going to happen. And any pretence that it is or that you are becoming more loving if you're not actively healing your soul through your soul-healing, is a delusion.

Stop trying to make yourself be anything, give up and allow yourself to be whatever your feelings are saying you are, even if you don't like the feel of them. You've got to want to get to know yourself, even the repulsive, horrible, unloving you. In time love will come, but not before you've uncovered all your un-love.

I don't really hate my mother.

I don't *really* hate my mother because I don't really know her – not the real person that her soul is underneath the horrible yuk mother-person I know and was parented by.

As a child, if someone says you're boring and you don't want to be boring, you set about changing yourself becoming 'not boring', but the problem is the false you that you believe is now not boring, IS boring. You've turned yourself into that very thing you didn't want to be. All your anti-boring behaviour will make you boring, whereas the real true you would never be boring.

We couldn't stop our parents negatively influencing us during our formative years, so WE CHANGED becoming false. We had no other choice but to 'willingly' take on all the falseness.

I say I hate my mother, but I don't actually hate her – not the real her – as I don't know her. I hate the untrue false her, the artificial her that treats me unlovingly. If she weren't false I wouldn't hate her, as she wouldn't treat me unlovingly. If she weren't false neither would I be, and I would love everyone as I love myself.

It's all so sad and such a shame. I can't have a relationship with my mother because I can't stand her falseness, I can't stand how she treats me. And her true self is buried and hidden too deeply for me to even get a glimpse of. All I can do is hate her – the false her, as my bad feelings surface exposing her negative influences on me. One day I might meet her when we are both true having healed ourselves, and then who knows how I will feel about her.

Unconsciously we know the truth of our falseness. Our healing is just uncovering it, exposing it, bringing it all up and out into the conscious so we can admit to it, so we can say: 'I am false, I am unreal, I am untrue, I am unloving.'

If someone says 'you're boring' and it pushes your buttons and you react negatively, such as, feeling angry or being upset, it's because they have spoken the truth – what you unconsciously believe about yourself and don't want to admit. However it's only the truth of your falseness, something you have been made to believe, and underneath, the real and true you, is not boring.

If you were true and someone came up to you and said you were boring, as they'd be nothing unconscious within you you were trying to avoid – the false belief that you are boring, their words would have no effect on you. You wouldn't feel bad or react angrily or be upset, and you might be curious as to why this person said such a thing to you – what's going on in them making them say it.

God.

Whether you believe in God or not, the truth is God created you and is orchestrating your life through your soul. And you can either choose to keep shutting God out or welcome God in.

If you do choose to welcome God into your life you don't do it by going to Church and becoming a Christian or adhering to the ways of the Bible, or by 'getting to know God' through any other man-made religion or spiritual set of beliefs. You do it by doing as you have been doing. You simply decide you do want to know the truth about God in your life, and so you long to know it. You want to know it, and it will be through your feelings that you'll be guided to find out the truth of God for yourself. It's the same as everything; your feelings are the way, the way to yourself and the way to God. The less you deny them, the less you deny yourself, and the less you are denying God.

Believe it or not, God is on your side and is the only one who can love you to the depths of your soul. Your parents, had they been perfect and positive, would have loved you only to the depths of your natural love, but not to the core of your being, this only God can and will do if you let Her and Him do it.

God, as you'll discover through your feelings, makes Her and Himself known to us as our Mother and Father. God is Two Personalities who are *One* Great Soul, that is, one soul that is *both* our Parents – our Mother and Father; Our Heavenly Mother and Heavenly Father being the ultimate Soul-Mates, and you can relate to God as your Mother and Father, and it's a wonderful feeling to experience.

The aim of doing your feeling-healing is to get you into a positive and perfect mind and will state, that is, to perfect your natural or self-love. And you can do it with or without God's help. If you choose to do it without, then one day having achieved this goal a new longing will come to you, a longing to go further, deeper, to move beyond the limitations of your natural love, and to satisfy this longing you will need God's help and love (the Divine Love), but you'll know you are ready for it. You will feel it's time, and you will start to long to know God. It's the next logical step to get to know personally the Two who created you, your soul, your Soul-Parents.

You have spent all this healing time sorting out your relationship with your own mortal parents, finding out what is wrong in your relationship with them and fixing it, all the while sorting out your relationship with yourself. And having once got it all sorted, then you will be free and ready to move onto dealing with what will become (along with your relationship with your soul-mate) the biggest and most important relationship in your life.

If you feel you are ready to ask God into your life (and currently and including the next forthcoming spiritual age, you can do this anytime, not just once you've finished your feeling-healing; or if you already have God in your life, be prepared for your relationship with Him (or Them) to change), then you can begin to long directly to God, your Mother and Father, for Their Divine Love. Long with all your heart for Them to fill your soul with Their Love. That is the beginning, and more of which will lead you to my other books that deal directly with developing your relationship with God, and living with and true to Them and Their Love.

If you feel you don't like God and have bad feelings about God, then you know what do to about those bad feelings – it's time to start accepting them and wanting to uncover the truth of why you feel that way.

And for many of us, it is right that we do have bad feelings about God. Our relationship with God has been interfered with along with everything else, and like all our bad feelings, all the bad stuff will have to come out.

Self-love.

Everything begins with and ends with love, as no doubt you know. If you truly want to love

yourself then stop denying your bad feelings: express them.

Self-love is allowing yourself to express all you are. It's unconditional acceptance of all you feel, think and do. It's how God loves us.

Self-love is NOT achieved by teaching yourself how to 'be loving'. It's not accomplished by saying loving things, or making yourself do loving things. Positive loving affirmations, such as: I love myself, only good things will happen to me, I am love, love is all there is, I feel only love, I want to only be and do love, are only ways of perpetuating the hatred and unloving feelings about yourself. (If you didn't hate and did love yourself, you'd have no need or reason to practice such self-loving affirmations, you'd just naturally feel loving of yourself.) They help you to escape from your bad feelings, those feelings that don't make you feel you are loving and are of love. They are simply ways to use your mind to control yourself even more than you already are. It's false loving, saying and trying to be nice and kind and caring, and is devoid of any real feelings of love. Anything that you have to work at, apply your mind to achieve, to remind yourself to be, to criticise yourself for not being and then try to apply the 'correct' way to be, is unloving. It's all how your parents treated you. It's all self-denying and self-defeating. It may sound good and like the right thing to do because you believe it will help you, and it's said by some people that it's you taking back the power and control of your own life; it's said it is you determining and dictating the conditions of your life and how you are going to be in life, but that too is all wrong. The way to truly love yourself is to honour and accept unconditionally that you feel powerless and lacking control; that you feel pathetic and that you hate not being loving and not loving yourself, and allowing all the yuk, terrible, nasty, evil and miserable feelings about this to surface. This is being truly loving. You already feel this way, so ACCEPT it! Don't reject yourself. Don't reject these bad feelings. Accept them – love them. I know they are hard to accept and it's going against everything you've been told, but it's the way to go, it makes logical sense. You have to accept that you are bad, that you feel bad, BECAUSE YOU DO already feel this way.

It's just how it is. You are not a bad person for it; it's just how you are – how you've been made to be. It's very sad that you feel this way about yourself, but THERE IS NO DENYING IT. You've been battling against it for so long now trying not to accept and not believe it, but now you can do something that really is loving for yourself, now you can love yourself by no longer rejecting these aspects of yourself. Accept them, express them and want to find the reasons – the truth, of why you feel this way. This is self-loving.

And remember: it's okay to hate yourself. It's okay to not be loving of yourself. AND IT'S OKAY TO NOT BE LOVING OUT IN THE WORLD. It's even okay if people think badly of you. What's not okay is you denying yourself these truths. And how not allowing yourself to feel all these things makes you feel. You might for example believe that it's bad to not be loving in the world, and be scared of the ramifications – what will people think of you – if you show it and don't do all you believe you are meant to. And it's these feelings of being scared that is what's important, not whether people like you or not. It's accepting that you feel scared if you don't perform your required role in society, in the family, or in your relationships, and such feelings need to be fully accepted and expressed and found the truth of. Why do you feel bad things are going to happen to you; and are people going to do bad things to you; and why are you scared of what they might do or if they say a negative thing about you if you don't put on your bright and smiley face? This is the truth you have to want to find and uncover within yourself. And you can if you face your bad feelings, accept them, speak about them bringing up all your fear expressing all you can about it. You can and will find the truth if you really want to know it.

Too much emphasis is put on being nice: You must always be nice, if you don't be nice no one will like you and how will you get on in the world. Too much emphasis is put on denying how you really feel underneath, in ensuring that you never show your anger, you never not smile, you always play your part and play it enthusiastically. While you are out in the street you don't have to remove this false front, and can carry on doing it, but allow yourself to become aware of what's really go on underneath. The patterns of 'how to be nice' will be hard to remove, they are heavily

ingrained. And it's not that you have to take them away and suddenly become this horrible, evil, vile creature, spouting your vileness all over the place, abusing everyone by telling them the truth of what you really think of them. You only have to become aware of what's going on in yourself. What your self-denying patterns are. And to your friend you can bring out your longing for the truth of it and all your vileness. To them you can express all your unlovingness and see what's there hidden away inside you. And as it comes out and you do see the truth of why you feel as you do, then you will heal and change. Gradually you'll become more real. You'll find you'll let go of the falseness that you are, it just slips away. No longer will you have to *smile* as much as you do, instead you'll be more true to your feelings. It's not natural for everyone to go around all day long with a big smiley grin on their faces as if we're all thoroughly loving our lives being ever so happy and joyful. At least not when we're living in a negative anti-love condition. It is natural to express on your face whatever you feel. If you feel hurt you show it, if you feel happy you show that. A natural smile will naturally come on your face being generated from deep within you, from within your heart driven by your feelings, and not something you've trained yourself to do like a well-trained dog by using your mind.

As you start to become aware of your false smile and start to stay attuned to your feelings, it's a weird experience to know you are feeling bad in a situation, but to also know you are standing there grinning and effusively nodding uncontrollably like you're the happiest person in the world and having the greatest of times. It shows you what your feelings are doing and saying as opposed to what your mind and conditioning is making you do.

Having been trained to be loving is not genuine lovingness. It's all only false love. So much of what we call and expect to be love, is false. It's all a put-on show, all something we've learned is required of us, and all it's doing is making us feel unloving by denying ourselves.

Truly loving yourself comes with full self-acceptance, and full self-expression of that full self-acceptance. You can be a loving person and also experience and express anger and even hatred. You can be a very loving person, but if something makes you angry, as an expression of your love, you can express your anger. Holding your anger back, suppressing it, is NOT BEING LOVING. You owe it to yourself to allow yourself to feel angry if you feel angry, you don't owe it to yourself to not show it. And you owe it to the relationship you are having that makes you feel angry. If you want to have a loving relationship but suppress all your anger or bad feelings and thoughts, how can you have a real and true relationship? You can't, as you are not being your full, real and true self – expressive self. You are being false, so the person you are relating with doesn't know you are angry with them, and the lie lives on.

Wanting to live true means wanting to express all you feel as you feel it. Can you imagine a world in which we didn't have to be falsely loving, on in which that evilness wasn't the goal? And we could all just be as we felt. If we didn't feel like smiling we wouldn't, even if other people around us were. We would only smile when it came from deep and spontaneously within us, because we wanted to, we felt we wanted to smile and so we expressed and showed it, and not because we have been trained to smile on command. Imagine if we could all just be as we felt, and if someone felt bad, they were allowed to feel bad. If they wanted to speak about it or just be grumpy, or angry, or miserable, or depressed they could, instead of being told they couldn't. Instead of being told: Oh, it'll be okay, you'll get over it, don't let it get the better of you, you'll only make yourself feel worse if you keep being angry, you've got an attitude of denial by being always angry – get over it! I'm sure you know all the stuff, god we do it to each other all day long. 'Have a nice day', and when standing in the checkout 'Hello, how are you today' with all the sincerity of someone who's paid and trained to say such meaningless words without seriously wanting to know. All the nice and pleasant face we put on for each other is false, and we all know it and hate it, but go along with it. We have to, because what else can we do? If we don't we face ostracism, and who wants to feel like the outsider, the person everyone hates and ridicules? But as I said, you don't have to try to stop being the false person in the world, continue to be as you are, only becoming aware of the untrue you. It's okay to be false. It's okay to be exactly how you are.

It's even okay to be your negative and evil self – because you are it. But if you don't like how you are, then by first accepting that you don't like it, and that you are it, you can set about expressing it all – all it makes you feel, and all you feel about it, in an attempt to find the underlying truth. And when you do reveal the truth, then bingo! You won't have to worry about doing it any more. The falseness will just melt away from you. And strangely you'll find that by being true to yourself you will like yourself better, you'll even LOVE yourself. And if some people don't like you any more, you now being the true you, then that will be okay because you will have grown away from them, you'll no longer like them or have anything in common with them. When you bow out of the game of falseness, you find that you enter into a new one, only this one is not a game being real and true and contains people just like you. Such people might be a bit thin on the ground, but as you'll be feeling so much happier with yourself, loving yourself for being just you, you won't need as many people to help prop you up as you did during your false unloving existence.

IT YOU WANT TO TRULY LOVE YOURSELF THEN STOP DENYING YOURSELF. STOP DENYING YOUR BAD FEELINGS. ALLOW YOURSELF TO FEEL THEM. ACCEPT THEM. EXPRESS THEM. DON'T JUST HOLD THEM IN STILL. GET THEM OUT, AND SEE WHAT THEY ARE – LONG FOR AND FIND THE TRUTH OF THEM: WHY YOU HAVE THEM, HOW THEY HAVE COME ABOUT, WHAT'S CAUSING THEM WITHIN YOU.

We use the effect of our negative causes to find the truth of such causes, and once having been found, then we no longer express or live the effects.

We use our bad feeling as a sign that we have a deep cause within us making us feel bad: something is not right. We accept and express, speak about all that this bad feeling makes us feel, and it leads us to the cause. And when we see the truth of the cause, then the cause ceases to be; when we understand what has gone wrong, where it went wrong, what happened to us to make us feel bad, all the reasons for having the cause and it's bad feelings, then it no longer will need to exist. So we can dump it, edit it, eradicate it, decide we no longer want to be this way, and it's gone. We apply our will, we make the decision based on the truth we now see and how it makes us feel, and in choosing we no longer want that cause, it's dead. It no longer has control or any power over us. We have loved ourself truly in our negative state, so no longer feel bad. We've loved, through feeling self-acceptance, ourselves into a positive state of being. So we stop living the negative. And so naturally the effects of it are also removed, they too cease, you no longer feel or live them.

And when this happens, at first you're mostly unaware. You work hard on yourself, loving yourself by accepting your bad feeling (and by the way, when I say loving here you don't actually feel any great love for yourself as you feel too bad in your bad feelings, but the whole process is loving), expressing it to find the truth, you find it and it's gone, and you move onto the next bad feeling. But then sometime something will make you remember that negative effect you used to do or experience, and you'll notice that it's no longer there. It's gone. You no longer act or say things as you did. Those things that used to make you feel bad don't anymore. You have changed, and so subtly, hardly even aware of what's go on within you. But you know you are no longer that person you were, that part of your self-denial and unlovingness is gone, and gone for good. And what nice feelings that leaves you with!

To truly love yourself you don't activate you mind announcing: right, from now on I'm going to make to real effort at being kind and caring and a decent loving person to myself. That is all only seeking negative mind perfection, the ultimate unloving control over yourself. To truly love yourself you do say: right, I feel bad... I feel BBBBAAAADDDDD... shit I feel bad... I will allow myself to feel bad because I do.... I accept my bad feelings... I am loving myself even though it doesn't feel like I am, by allowing myself to feel bad. And the worse I allow myself to feel the more I am loving myself. Weird, but it's true. This is true self-less unconditional love; this is all the loving you can do. You don't have to make the effort to be loving, give all that crap up, if

you don't feel loving **YOU DON'T FEEL LOVING** – it's just how you are and there's nothing to do about it except find out the truth of why. And by denying yourself this truth, dismissing your bad feelings and pretending, deluding yourself into believing you are loving, will only make you hate yourself even more. You are only exacerbating the problem by trying to use your mind to cover over all your bad unloving feelings by pretending to be loving.

And it all makes sense, doesn't it? But it's bloody hard to reverse your programming. So now, if you accept what I write, you are taking the step of at least allowing your mind to consider a new approach to being with yourself. You can see what you think and feel about it. You can even test the water by accepting a bad feeling here and there and trying to speak about all its making you feel. And you can even long to see, to find, the truth of why you do feel bad, and see what comes. If nothing comes, don't worry, it can take a long time, but keep longing. If you keep longing for and building your desire for the truth, to know the truth of all you feel, good and bad, in time it will come. Things will happen in your daily life to give you the opportunity to feel bad, so you can get into the bad feelings instead of pushing them aside. And you can tell someone who cares, if such a person is in your life, and whilst you're telling them, **LONG WITH ALL YOUR HEART AND WILL WANTING TO KNOW AND SEE AND FIND AND UNCOVER ALL THE TRUTH OF WHY YOU FEEL THIS WAY**. Even speak your longing out loud, announce it to the world, tell your friend and yourself. Tell God.

And finally, as you progress in your uncovering of your negative denial mind state, you will I'm afraid, feel bad. You might momentarily feel better for having expressed a bad feeling and seen the truth of it, but overall, if you are intent in doing your feeling-healing, then you will gradually feel and live more true to your negative state, to how you really do all, what's really going on deep inside you and how you truly felt as a very young child. So you'll feel bad and very bad, often, and very often.

You might seem to become less loving of yourself and everyone else as you go along, but that's okay and as it's meant to be. The love, joy and happiness will come – eventually – but only once you've finished your healing. So allow yourself time, years, of feeling unloving, and possibly even feeling that you don't have one drop of love in you, nothing for yourself and nothing to give, and that you might even be the most hateful, despicable unloving creature on the planet – it's all okay. If this is how you feel, it's how you feel. It's how you were made to feel when you young, and so just keep going. Keep owning up to your feelings, accepting yourself for having them, accepting them and accepting all they are making you feel about yourself, especially all the really bad parts. It is something of a journey into your own private valley of darkness, a journey into your unlovingness, and even though you may feel you only hate yourself and all other people, that's okay, because by allowing yourself to feel this way you are in fact loving yourself. And in time when all your badness and yuk has been expressed out of you, when all your childhood repression has been healed, you will then keep loving yourself when you feel bad, even enjoying feeling bad. The bad feeling now in your healed positive state of mind (if indeed you have bad feelings) will relate to the here and now no longer connecting up to repressed stuff buried deep within you, as you'll no longer have any of it within yourself. So you'll understand why or what's making you feel bad and you'll feel love for yourself feeling this, allowing yourself these bad feelings.

When all your childhood repressed self-denial has been healed, then all that will be left will be the loving true you. And you'll live naturally expressing this. Then you'll be all the attributes of love freely being expressed in each moment. Then you'll truly know what it feels like to be truly alive, being the real loving you. And I'm sure it will be definitely worth the wait.

So go with your darkness, allow yourself to be that horrible unloving person you've always secretly dreaded you are. Just allow yourself to feel all you feel about it. Bring up all those dreaded evil feelings, bear your soul, confess it all, and like the poison it is, **GET IT OUT!**

So I repeat: this is how to love yourself. This is being truly self-loving, and as you are loving of yourself, so will you love others. As you unconditionally accept all you feel, so too will you

unconditionally accept them, and so all they feel. You will allow them to be the true expressions of themselves. You'll stop all those controlling mental things you do that helps them deny their bad feelings. You'll be happy to allow everyone to express all their yuk, as you express yours.

And once again, we are told that it's good and loving to be unconditional, but to do it, or try to be it with only your mind, is wrong, it's false and it's very conditional. Dump the belief, certainly want to be that way, but understand that it only comes naturally as you submit to all your bad feelings, loving yourself by allowing yourself to feel them. Anything you try to do with your controlling mind, trying to control yourself, give up – or at least want to. Occasionally through your healing you'll feel you have to assert your will and it can take a lot of considerable effort to do it, and you will so need to apply your mind. But as you will feel, such motivation will come from a deep feeling, a feeling of wanting to assert your will this way, and when it's there, you can do it. And it's all the same simply going with and accepting how you feel.

Self-love through feeling acceptance will help your mind give up its control. This will hurt, be hard to do, but the controlling patterns can be broken. Acceptance as always is the key: accepting being one of the main attributes of love. Accepting yourself is loving yourself – ACCEPT ALL YOUR FEELINGS, ACCCPET ALL YOU FEEL YOU ARE, ACCEPT YOURSELF. Love.

Remember:

If you're like me, even though you might want to express all your bad feelings, you'll drift back into your ways of denying them.

You are the world, keep it personal, everything is happening or being done to you. Don't worry about other people, it's always about how YOU feel.

I hate the weather, it's not fair, it's late spring nearly summer and it just won't warm up enough to get the cucumbers and capsicums going. Yesterday it was warmer, in the evening it looked like we would have a nice few days – finally – but no, the wind and the clouds came – more cool weather. I thought a drought was meant to be hot, not this cool no-rain weather. It's not fair, why does it have to do it to me. Why can't I get the seeds going? I won't be able to have any summer veggies if it keeps going at this rate. I feel like no one cares about me. Bad things always happen to me, nothing works for me, I can't control anything, I can't have anything how I want it, and it's always against me. I'll always fighting a losing battle. I can't get my hopes up, I can't hope for anything too good. It's so unfair, I feel like giving up altogether, what's the point, why go on, I wish I could just cry and cry and cry, I feel so miserable, everything is out to get me, to stop me, to thwart me. Why me? What did I do? Why am I so bad? Why can't the weather be nice to me? Why can't I have a few warm days enough to get the seeds going? Why doesn't life work for me? What did I do wrong? It's so unfair; I never a get a proper go at it. I hate my life... I feel powerless. And feeling powerless makes me feel miserable, all the same old feelings... and feeling miserable makes me feel bad... and angry. I feel angry. I don't want to feel so useless. I feel bad. Bad, bad, bad. I feel...

It doesn't matter that last year I did get a go and it was warm and I had all the veggies I wanted. It's all about now. How I feel in the moment – now. How the world is for me – now. How I'm feeling about everything in my life and how it's affecting me – now. Express all how you feel – NOW. And long for the truth.

The Truth is expressing yourself, NOT suppressing yourself.

All her life Betty never farted (if she could help it). She was taught not to, it was impolite, it was something her parents didn't do or like her doing. So where did all her farts go?

But now, having begun her feeling-healing, if she tries to hold them in, she feels like she's going to blow up!

Suppression verses expression – it applies on all levels...

KNOW YOURSELF THROUGH THE TRUTH OF WHAT YOU FEEL.

WHEN IS IT EVER GOING TO END?

Fuck I hate this, fuck I hate feeling bad everything fucking day, day in day out, always fucking bad. When is it going to stop, when am I not going to feel bad? I'm so fucking miserable all fucking day long. It never changes, I'm sick of it.

Fuck it all, I'm sick of saying I'm sick of it. I'm sick beyond words of it. I can't stand it, I hate it more than anything – I hate feeling bad, always feeling bad. It's so fucking moronic, my life is so moronic, I'm so fucking moronic, isn't there anything else?

Days of feeling bad, god I wish it would end. I wish with all my fucking heart it would stop. Just stop, that's it, it's over, and I never need to have any more feelings coming up in me from my childhood.

I hate always looking back into my childhood. I can't look forward, I'm always looking back in and down, back to the little me who got fucked over and fucked up and who is now fucking miserable. I hate it. I don't want to spend the rest of my life feeling how badly mum and Gran and dad treated me. Okay God, I get the picture, I feel it and I hate it and I don't want it anymore – Do you hear me! Will You stop it! I've had enough. I don't want to go on living this way. I'm fucking fed up.

Shit it's infuriating, and speaking about it, expressing it, is fucking piss-weak. It never feels like I get anywhere, and I can't even get properly angry because they stopped me from doing that too. Everywhere I turn they stopped me, I can't do a ruddy thing – nothing!

I'm just totally fucked and I'm trapped in my fuckness. I wish I could just curl up into a ball on the ground and cry it all out of me. I can't even fucking cry at the uselessness of how I feel. Angry and miserable, that's all I feel. I want to feel some good feelings for once. And not just for a moment, but for days, weeks, months, years, for the rest of eternity, I don't want to feel this shit anymore. I hate it. I hate my bad feelings. I hate feeling bad.

When, when, when is it ever going to end? WHEN????? AAARRRRGGGGHHHHHH! It's no fucking good, bad feelings are NOT fucking good, they are shit and I wish they'd piss off. I don't want them; go away, DO YOU HEAR ME, I DON'T WANT YOU – I DON'T WANT YOU MUM AND DAD, YOU ARE ONLY BAD FEELINGS TO ME – PISS-OFF, GO AWAY AND LEAVE ME ALONE. I don't want you anymore!

Feeling bad is NOT good, it sucks, it's terrible, it's the worst fucking thing that can happen to us. Bad feelings are NOT good, they are fucked, that's why they are bad. It's all shit, all this acceptance of our bad feelings, pretending they are good. Who was the idiot fucker who thought up that shit title: Feeling bad is GOOD! He must be some poor deluded fuck.

Feeling bad is BAD and that is the end of it, that's what bad feelings are for, for god's sake. I hate feeling bad, I hate it, hate it, HATE IT! Fuck I hate it! Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck. ARGH! I wish it would all end... It's not about accepting my bad feelings, it's about wishing they'd go away once and for all – I don't want you bad feelings, I don't want to feel bad. I hate feeling bad, please stop making me feel bad, please, I can't go on any more, please don't make me, please end... please.

**Doing your feeling-healing is telling your story.
It's telling the truth of your whole story.
And it's all for you.**