I consider myself to be an adult survivor of physical, sexual and emotional child abuse (at least three near death experiences). Through the enhancement of my instincts, assistance from internal and external guides and my creator I have found a way to free myself from the past, bring more joy into each moment, and actively participate in creating a better future for myself and the world around me.

At two and a half I survived being held outside of a forth floor window, by my hair, as a threat to my mother. An Angel and a Unicorn came into my imagery to comfort me. At eight years old I was held at knifepoint and brutally raped on a roof top. My angel and another image of me were there to calm me. At 16 I was drugged and raped, over dosed and left for dead. I had a conversation with my creator, as my stomach was being pumped, and it became the major turning point in my life.

As an adult I felt that fear and anger were buried, along with most of those memories, to protect me. They would sometimes rear their ugly little heads at inappropriate times, resulting in bad or unacceptable
behavior (inner child issues). I had issues of irrational behavior such as outbursts of rage and violence, and thoughts of suicide were entertained as a viable solution. Relationships were abusive, controlling and self-destructive, especially the relationship I had with myself. I held seriously emotionally wounded inner children, each created/fragmented at a traumatic point in my life leaving an emotional imprint for future recovery. I also discovered that there were three primary emotional fragments (inner children) and many emotional splinters and sub splinters within each fragment that had to be reunited.

I learned to accept myself, in all my splinteredness, for true acceptance begins with self-acceptance.

I have come to realize that parts of me, left behind in emotional rubble, were screaming for help. I did not know how to help myself. I had survived the ordeal and was left with all of the baggage. Anger and frustration dominated my life for a very long time. The gentle loving side was distrustful and defensive. Violent outbursts were common in my life. Depression was the norm and thoughts of suicide passed through my mind often.

*What comes after survival?*

I felt emotionally shattered and desensitized to most stimuli around me for years. Memories were buried or
muted until I was ready to revisit the experience, release diseased emotions and begin to heal. My body, mind and spirit held an overwhelming amount of compounded fear, anger, rage and terror which manifested in fits of temper, self-destructive behavior and questionable choices. My senses were deeply triggered with certain stimuli. The smell of tar triggered a gag reflex. The smell of tar was very strong that life altering day on the rooftop when I was held at knife point. My feet dangling in the water used to propel me back into terror hanging outside that window. The sight or smell of vomit can still shock my memories back and there I would be, face down in my own puke, dying. Not good feelings. Reflections of rage and anger surrounded me and created feelings of hopelessness. I felt buried alive and prayed for death often.

I learned that reflections could provide valuable insight into my own feelings. A sort of road map to recovering buried/unexpressed emotions.

I felt alone and vulnerable most of my life. My life canvas was cluttered with distrust, low self esteem and anger. I could not seem to get past some of this stuff. I felt helpless and imprisoned in my own fear. My frustration manifested as blame, judgment and guilt. I wanted to blame someone for what I was feeling about what had happened to me. I was being consumed by my own rage and
shrouding everything around me in darkness and despair. I was in a deep depression. My defense system had constructed a wall around me for my protection. There had to be a way to bypass my defenses and beliefs and begin to recover.

I learned about breathing to relax, to put sound to my release or exhalation and to use my imagination to return to the site of an emotional injury, releasing harmful energy repressed within it. Each time I return I am able to reduce the fear and begin to find any joy buried beneath the pain. Ultimately I had to learn to seek out the “awareness generator” in the past experience (the trigger or reflection) and recover whatever joy was buried beneath it through inner journeys of self discovery and enlightenment. I discovered that self-nurturing and self acceptance and laughter were a few of the main elements in the recovery process.

This book contains three stories of abuse, survival and healing. Three primary fragments of me each acting out their fears; learning to trust again and accept themselves and each other as part of the whole in harmony, through a process of natural healing.
This too shall pass

By N.T. Childers

Here I am sitting on my backyard patio, sipping my morning tea, and thinking about how wonderful life can be. My senses are abounding with the beauty surrounding me and I think of how lucky I am. Yellow flowers dazzle in the sunlight as they burst across the wall that snakes around the back of the house. I take a deep breath, inhaling the sweet smell of orange blossoms celebrating a new cycle. Birds are singing their praises of the new day, and my ears delight in the joyous sounds of nature.

My cats are hanging out at the patio door waiting for me to pay attention to them and enjoy their precious gifts. What a beautiful and serene place this is. I feel so blessed, nurtured and happy here, especially in my big comfortable terry cloth robe after a wonderful swim in the pool. Things were not always this way, however, as I come from a poor, abusive and violent background. I had at least three near death experiences by the time I was 16. Each experience resulted in further emotional fragmentation.

As a very young child I survived by using my instincts and imagination. When terror invaded, my mind would create an imaginary friend or protector to feel safe with, where emotions and memories could hide. I survived
by holding my breath a lot as I was growing up. At two and 
a half my heart almost stopped as my hair began to slip 
from between my stepfather’s fingers as my mother begged 
him to bring my tiny body back inside of the fourth floor window. I held back screams of fear and anger about what 
was happening to me, stuffing them deep inside where no 
one could hurt me. As the terror gripped my body I could 
feel my legs freely moving in the breeze. In my imagery, 
there appeared an angel and a white winged unicorn. The 
angel held me close inside her wings and the unicorn, 
Pegasus, allowed me to sit on his back and go for a ride 
into the universe with him. My inner wisdom and survival 
instincts provided me with a loving diversion from a 
potential emotional breakdown. Pegasus is one of my 
primary guides and sits in the crown of my personal totem 
pole. The angel is always with me and resides just above 
my crown energy center.

My breathing was so shallow that I became dizzy. I 
held my breath hoping that all of this was not really 
 happening to me. I was frozen on the roof top being 
sexually molested at knife point. I remember wanting to 
die. I also remember wanting to see him fall off the roof for 
what he was doing to me. I had to soothe him with my 
words, promising to stop crying so he would not kill me. 
There were splinters of my shattered eight-year old
emotions and innocence everywhere. An angel came to comfort me and divert my attention from this meltdown. Her feathers cocooned around me and I felt so safe. The angel brought a little girl who looked like me. I could hear her telling me that she would hold the space for me until it felt safe enough to return and rescue her and the others.

My throat was clogged with a tube trying to save my life from an OD. I was not able to scream out all of the rage and anger I felt at being raped, drugged and left for dead. This day at 16 years old became a major turning point in my life. My creator gave me loving council as I lay motionless in the ER. I was advised that I could leave this place at any time, however, I must return to honor my agreement to share my experiences with others in a healing way. My life changed drastically that day and I am forever grateful for the opportunities presented.

I brought into my adult life scars and emotional injuries as a result of being abused. Low self-esteem, despair, depression, anger and fear dominated my life for many years. After years of therapy, which helped me to understand and learn to live and cope with my injuries, emotionally I was still crippled. It became clear that the power to heal had to come from within. I took classes, listened to tapes, read books and embraced whatever I thought would help me to feel better. The all-natural
process that ultimately evolved has saved my life, and I believe can help others to reclaim their lives. The process enhanced my own natural abilities to heal myself through breathing, releasing, meditation, imagery and visualization, support systems and gratitude. Deep breathing helped me to regain access to and Release many of those held breaths. Adding sound to my exhalation allowed deeper pockets of repressed fear to be expressed and I now have a tool to reduce frustration and release diseased emotions, deep breathing and releasing many more, deeper, emotions to be expressed in a constructive way. I have always been fearful of my own anger. Through relaxation I am able to go on internal journeys of self discovery. I have been able to revisit those times of trauma, release uncomfortable emotions and accept more joy into my life through inner journeys. There was joy buried beneath all that pain and anger. It also became clear that I must change my perspective on things for as I focus so shall it become. I choose to help others regain more joy in their lives, contributing to a more harmonious environment. It is also clear to me that there is a great deal of anger and hate around and we, each of us individually, contribute to its energy. Focusing on what works in our life in gratitude expands the light. We need each other to heal the earth.
As a recovering adult I can choose to recreate my life by changing the way I deal with it, a simple *perspective adjustment:* focusing on whatever I am grateful for and releasing whatever emotions feel uncomfortable, by accepting my accomplishments, by becoming more conscious of my choices, and by taking an active role in breaking the chains of abuse and in creating a more harmonious environment. I learned that each day brought a new beginning. All I had to do was recognize and honor my own natural instincts and creative process. I became a Clinical Hypnotherapist and certified Imagery Guide, and created CHAT4healing in order to share the ever-evolving process of self-regeneration. I work to inspire others to recover from emotional injuries and begin to heal, contributing to global harmony, through my own experiences and work.

*A Process of Recovery and Healing*

My intent is to demonstrate, through personal experiences, how I accessed my natural healing power to recover from having been abused and from the resulting emotional injuries. I believe that we can recover from an emotional injury by letting go of the energy attached to and/or being suppressed within it, and by accepting our own innate powers of self-regeneration. This program is meant to be an enhancement to life. The process described
in the following pages is a way to take back your life by accessing and enhancing the powers you were born with and use every day of your life. Some of the ideas behind this process are familiar to most people, such as breath awareness, focusing on what feels harmonious, releasing what does not, practicing a positive perspective, taking better care of you, and making room for more joy. Other aspects of the process are less familiar, such as vibrating or putting sound to your feelings, using imagery and internal guides and a personal totem, and self-nurturing to gain access to and release past emotional injuries and regain more joy in your life. While the process can be described in a step-by-step way, fully understanding and appreciating the potential of this powerful therapeutic method can only be achieved by connecting with it on an emotional level.

I will, therefore, share excerpts from three potentially fatal or primal experiences, and resulting emotional injuries, of having been abused as a child, and the process of recovery. To demonstrate the impact from each traumatic experience I decided to name each one. Chronologically they are: Annie (2 ½ years-old), Maggie (eight years-old) and Pat (16 years old), to distinguish one from another and to demonstrate the personal fragmentation abuse can cause, and the reintegration and reunion that resulted from the self-interactive and Guided
therapy process. In each session a "G" will be used to denote the presence of an external/internal facilitator or Guide of some kind.

The fragment I named Maggie (eight years old) surfaced first and was the Gatekeeper and holds the first key. This particular experience created a major split in my emotional stability. This one was the meltdown for me.

Maggie was lured, then dragged, up to a rooftop, four stories high, and viciously raped and beaten when she was about eight years old. Emotional fragments went flying in all directions for her protection. She stuffed her emotions to be able to soothe the rapists’ anger with her words, telling him that she would stop crying so he did not have to kill her. Fear, resignation, rage, distrust and guilt were primary issues during her life, resulting in choosing self-destructive relationships, and in particular the relationship with herself. An Angel was sent to comfort her during this ordeal and who is still with me today.

Maggie was also the primary fragment behind which were buried, memories of terror, loneliness and fear, resulting in adult life emotional distancing and defensive posturing. She holds the key to EMOTIONAL RECOVERY.

I forgave myself and have let go of a great deal of my emotional pain, allowing my creative and regenerative
process to flourish again. That part of me that was Maggie could feel loved again.

Then came Pat the 16-year-old rape and overdose victim. Pat was drugged, raped and in danger of being thrown out of a window. Again she stuffs her rage to convince her assailant that he should protect her from the other two men in the room. It works and then she overdoses. As a tube is being stuffed down her throat to pump her stomach and save her life God shows up and counsels her on her options and the various possibilities. She could die but would have to come back and do it all over again in a more intense environment or she could live and fulfill her agreement. This became a life altering experience for Pat. She decided to turn her life around and did.

Pat is the second fragment, in the trilogy, and represents the Warrior and external protection. She became a chameleon for the better part of her life. She learned to become silent and disappear at will.

Pat holds a Warrior shield and the key to SENSORY AWARENESS.

I allowed myself to begin to trust in my own wisdom and instincts again.

Annie had been beaten, abused and held outside a fourth floor window, by her hair, as a threat to her mother,
when she was two and a half. She held her breath as her legs dangled in mid air. Pegasus, a white winged unicorn, appeared to allow her to ride away from the trauma. She had an abundance of anger, which flared up and became uncontrollable. Annie was ultimately able to forgive herself, understand that it was not her fault and move on to happier times.

All Annie wanted to do was be loved, played with and have fun. She had a curious nature and could not be confined for very long periods. She is a free spirit and offers creativity and adventure, and holds the key to RECOVERING JOY.

I was able to experience all the joy buried beneath the fear as I did when I was a tiny infant in my mother's loving and sometimes frustrated arms. I could actually feel, I mean my skin could actually feel a butterfly’s gentle touch with a wave of delight, rather than cringe in repulsion of the sense.

You will read about things that should not happen to anyone, especially a child, because this is, I believe, the best way to demonstrate the recovery process. I am hoping that, with your caregiver’s awareness, many of you will become triggered and recognize this opportunity to enhance the healing process. Make sure you check with your caregiver before embarking on an additional healing program. Please note that each session is unique and results
vary and are completely self-generated. Through sessions of vibrating feelings and guided imagery, in each case I was able to discover the roots of my rage, hate and despair, physically release potentially harmful repressed emotions, access the help of inner wisdom and power and recover a sense of joy and harmony in my life. I am in an ever evolving healing process and my life is in a more harmonious place as each day passes. And the reunion was incredible.
The process also represents my life's work with individual clients, groups and corporations.

Here I would like to share the aspects of my process of self-empowerment, and offer an overview of a few, possibly, less known terms:
Aspects to my self-empowerment process
-I recommend breathing techniques, which are deep inhalation and full exhalation. The fastest way to calm down is to breathe deeply and release, fully letting go of the stress and allowing the mind to clear.
-Adding sound to your exhalation, as in a sigh, growl, scream or chanting, enhances the relaxation process by releasing deeper pockets of stress. Putting sound to feelings is a constructive way to deal with aggression, fear and a host of behavioral issues. Please consider not explaining away your feelings. Feel them and let them go free. This natural process is a way of releasing repressed emotions from your body, in a more constructive way, thus freeing you, its captive, from an emotional injury and destructive imprinting.
-Using meditation to fully quiet the mind and rest the body. You must allow your physical body to rest and regenerate. Relaxation lowers blood pressure, respiration and pulse rate, releases muscle tension, and eases emotional strains.
A more relaxed environment allows for improved communications and creative problem solving.

-The imagination is one of the greatest gifts we possess. What you imagine becomes reality. What you place focus, attention or importance upon manifests exponentially. Imagery can help you get in touch with those memories and feelings to release them through breathing and by putting sound to them and uncovering any joy buried beneath them. Be your best supporter.

-Guided journeys can provide access to the past, present and future, through memories, being in the moment and recreation. Internal guides represent our inner wisdom and power, and can be asked to come into our imagery as a guide. Your guides are very skillful in accessing an emotional injury, presenting insights and solutions and advising when to release potentially harmful feelings.

-Accessing support systems such as family, friends, professional help, and self-nurturing which must be used to fill the emotional void created by releasing or movement of potentially harmful energy. Self-nurturing could be time alone, a massage, a hot bath. Whatever activity makes you feel like you are being nurtured contributes to a state of wellness and fills the emotional void. Being supportive and having FUN are very important in the healing process. And remember gratitude.
*Just a reminder here: always check with your medical/psychological practitioner or guardian before embarking on a new program of any kind.

Basically, I advise you to breathe deeply and release any uncomfortable emotions by putting sound to them, embark on internal explorations to discover your essence, treat yourself with kindness and caring, and enjoy life. The best part is you already possess the tools and can perform this process on your own.

*An overview of a few less known terms:*

Attachments – Emotional attachments can form as far back as during conception from the mother and be passed through the mother from the grandmother. Attachments can form at a time of vulnerability between participants. My anger attached to one of my assailants, keeping him in my memory and binding me to him until I released it. His anger, resulting in violence towards me, was attached to my experience through my sense of smell, hearing, sight and touch. It bound me to the memory and all related unexpressed feelings and emotionally imprisoned me for years. Fragmentation/splinters – When trauma occurred in my early childhood, my defense system blocked painful experiences, feelings and many memories to protect me. The blockages were significant enough to cause a separation or fragmentation from the emotional
host, which was my body. There were feelings of loss, abandonment, mourning, anger and fear associated with the loss or separation. I discovered that my three primary fragments had numerous levels and deep splintering, each requiring recovery and release.

Reflections – Many times what we see around us is a reflection of how we are feeling about ourselves. If there is anger around you then you are probably holding and lugging around anger towards yourself and others, perhaps a whole Country. It behooves each of us to release as much anger and rage as possible. Letting go of what hurts and accepting what does not. Begin to recognize and honor those reflections that represent joy and harmony and the gifts they present. Remember, focus begets reality. Focus on what is harmonious and release what is not.

Triggers – Triggers stimulate awareness of buried or unexpressed emotions, both fearful and joyous, in a plethora of ways, such as through family, friends, advisors, the printed word, movies, music and nature, and is transmitted through the natural senses. Triggers serve as reminders of things that are buried within an emotional injury. Fear buries joy. I recognize the opportunity presented by a trigger to become aware of my feelings, release those that do not feel nurturing, and accept those that do.
And for heavens sake try and stay out of blaming others for your feelings. Also be aware that as triggers, some very painful, present themselves, some form of release or an understanding should occur, for our health.

Just a reminder Stress in the short term can act as a stimulator. In the long term stress can have a serious impact on your life to the point of death. Stress is a maintainer of repressed emotions and memories, and can cause serious damage to our bodies and minds. Reducing stress can improve memory and concentration, and can inhibit the onset of depression and anxiety.

The more we choose to ignore the triggers, reflections and attachments the more intense they will present themselves the next time. Did you ever get the feeling that you were making the same mistakes over and over again? I have. I realized that I was not dealing with or releasing my feelings. They were buried and, for my health, required expression. I had to deal with painful unexpressed emotions, for if I did not the next experience would intensify the stimuli. This process takes you beyond the stress into healing.

Being able to recognize and take advantage of all of the healing opportunities hidden in an experience is a key to becoming more conscious of your own power to heal and recreate your life.
It's our future

Our future and the future of the world rest in our children’s hands and the adults they become. We must take a stand for our future and for the future in general, by healing our lives and creating a positive impact on everything around us. You cannot fully heal and achieve your heart's desire while holding on to emotional injuries. The world cannot continue to flourish in a dark and non-caring environment. You can heal yourself by enhancing your natural instincts and by becoming more aware of your own power. You can also contribute to universal healing in a ripple effect. The process truly begins and ends with you. The greatest gift we have is the opportunity to heal ourselves. I pray that those who could benefit from this process find this book.

Release the hate and promote harmony. Join the healing revolution and become more aware of your God- given power!! Let the games begin.

In Love and Light, Tracy
Dedication

I wish to dedicate this book to children and adult survivors of abuse who have suffered in silence and invisibility, showing courage in the face of Goliath. Many have prevailed, holding on to their vision and imagination, and knowing, instinctually, that there was something more.

To Sandy and my mom, my towers of strength and source of UN-conditional support, even when it was extremely challenging. To Diane, Mary, Debbie, Candi, Dwayne and Tami I love you. To my family for always being there even when it was very difficult. To my partner Sandy who has shown me another perspective to living and friendship. And to my family and friends for offering me so many challenging opportunities to evolve, I thank you! My heart and love to my Kitties who inspire and entertain me all the time. A special thanks to Kat Johnson, Henry Snyder and Ivan Simmons for having been my friends and guides. And most importantly I give thanks to my creator. I cannot imagine doing more rewarding work.
Table of contents
Introduction
Dedication
Disclaimer
The story of Maggie
She holds the key to emotional recovery
1 - Bear and heart – Room of joyful memories
2 - Wounded inner child – Angel
3 - Letter to my inner child
4 - Rage fragments – Eagle
5 - Emotional escape – Pegasus
6 - Sensory awareness – Coat of feelings
7 - The reunion - Future self
8 - Physical survival
9 - Beyond rage
10 -Inside the picture frame
Healing Through My Cat’s Eyes

The story of Pat
She holds the Warrior shield of protection and the key to sensory awareness.
1 - Victim/victor
2 - Daddy daddy please don’t leave us.
3 - Window of insanity pt I
4 - Window of insanity pt II
5 - Guilt
6 - You dirty rat
7 –I’m sorry mom
8 –Creative chat - Phone consultation
The robe

The story of Annie
She is the primary fragment, keeper of the key to Joy and harmony.
1 - Just hanging out
2 - The little boy in hiding - forgiveness
3 - Homecoming
4 - Despair
5 - Sorry Mom
6 - Two Mothers Day cards
7 – Healing

Adult time

Polarities of Love and Hate

Walk of reunion
Thanking the physical body for all the work it does for you

The Process

Daily recipe for happiness
The Story of Maggie

Maggie was eight years old when she was dragged up onto a roof of a building four stories high, held at knifepoint and had her innocence destroyed. An angel came to comfort her in her hour of need where emotional meltdown seemed imminent. The angel told her that there were various options available to her. One option was to allow the death scene to come into fruition by being thrown off the roof or having her throat slashed. Another option was to have faith and request an interceding person who would, in effect, save her life. While this discussion was occurring, emotional fragments of fear and anger were flying in all directions trying to escape the experience. Harmful emotional attachments were beginning to form. Abusive words such as stupid, ugly and not good enough were being accepted as truth, being compounded from earlier assaults. Anger and rage were plotting murder as she imagined the monster flying backward off the roof to his painful death. Fear draws her inside to a safer place where her imagination creates a flying unicorn to escape with. Survival whispers to her “Do not anger him by crying. Soothe him with your calmness and gentle words.” She could hear herself talking to her assailant very softly, telling him that she would not scream anymore so he did not have to kill her. He lowered the knife from her throat.
She was a little girl drowning in a sea of terror and despair, gasping for her life and yet a part of her wanted to die.

As an adult she had difficulty accepting her worth. Her relationships were dysfunctional and abusive, especially the relationship with herself. Anger, rage and depression were her constant companions. She was terrified of making a mistake and as a result became emotionally immobilized. Whenever things were going well she would experience a paralyzing sense of impending doom and feelings of being unworthy. She engaged in the use of traditional therapy and alternative healing practices throughout her life. She finally turns inward for the answers and begins the process of recovery, a process of recovering each of the scattered fragments, letting go of buried emotions and attachments and learning to Love and accept herself again.

Maggie, by learning to relax her body and mind through breathing exercises and by putting sound to her feelings experienced a sense of release. She was guided on internal journeys, requesting assistance from an inner advisor, and reconnected with her wounded inner child. She journeyed back to an emotional injury where deep wounds and scars were present. The injuries unfolded, over several selected sessions, and offered her an opportunity to let go
of potentially dangerous unexpressed emotions and attachments, and begin to heal.
Maggie's journey begins in her early twenties.

G= Guide  M= Maggie  IC= Inner child
Maggie
Chapter one – bear and heart – The room of joyful memories
G-Maggie, why have you come to see me?
M- I am desperate. I have so much anger that it scares me. It flares up and I can no longer control it. I find myself in fits of rage smashing everything in my room and know that I must do something. I am also in a very violent, abusive and controlling relationship and feel trapped. I am terrified of my rage and know that one of us will die if I do not do something. I have tried everything, and am lost.
I do remember being sexually abused, as a child, although my memory is a bit fuzzy about the details. I also do not understand how something that happened years ago and that I barely remember could have such a hold on me now. Why can’t I just get over it like everyone tells me to do?
Depression and feelings of despair are a daily part of my life and I have a fear of heights.
I have tried everything to help make me feel better, from seeing a psychiatrist to a Priest. Nothing seems to address the feelings of panic and terror I experience.

G- Maggie it sounds like you have sustained emotional injuries from being abused as a child, injuries that are holding unexpressed fear, anger, terror, sadness and unpleasant memories and buried joy. Buried feelings will continue to play havoc with your life until they are released.

You will continue to allow others to abuse you until you stop abusing yourself.

The method I use enhances your natural healing instincts through a process of breath awareness promoting relaxation, releasing what feels bad by using sound, internal journeys of self-discovery, self-nurturing to fill in the void left after releasing has occurred, and last but not least having fun.

I will guide you into a more relaxed state of mind and instruct you to ask for an imaginary animal or guide to assist with the journey. My primary function is to keep you in relationship with your inner guides and wisdom. Is all of this clear to you?

M- I have worked with animal guides before but never to go back to an injury. That seems scary to me. And putting sound to my feelings sounds downright silly.
Animal guides have played a crucial role in my own survival and recovery process, as have my instincts. My imagination created a safe place for me and there were always animals there. Each animal or guide is there to assist you in any way that it can through your imagination. After all no one could possibly know more about how best to help you than your self could. The animals or guides serve as intermediaries between your inner and external realities, or being in a condition of dis-ease, as opposed to feeling a sense of well being, with a great deal of wisdom and caring. They provide accessible support systems until you are strong enough to stand on your own.

Let me explain what I mean by vibrating or putting sound to your feelings. The nervous system controls every cell, tissue and organ in the body. Stress and repressing your feelings can interfere with the natural healing process causing a condition of dis-ease. Putting sound to your feelings is, in my opinion, a very powerful way to physically release blocked emotions and promote balance. Yell, howl, growl, scream or any sound that represents how you are feeling. Just let it all out of your body in a constructive way.
(*Just a reminder here; to always check with your medical/psychological practitioner or guardian before embarking on a new program of any kind.)

Are you sure you feel comfortable about this process?

M-You come highly recommended and I am out of options, so let’s do it.

G-First let’s work on breathing and releasing with sound to reduce stress, allowing the body and mind to rest. Then we will use meditation, imagery and visualization to go on internal journeys. You have a network of internal guides all willing and able to assist.

It is also very important that you nurture yourself in the most loving way possible.

Let’s begin shall we?

M –Yes that would be great.

G- (Abbreviated version) Make sure you are in a safe and comfortable environment. Close your eyes and allow yourself to inhale deeply and exhale with a sound, releasing any feelings of discomfort in your body or mind. Relax. 10-9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1. Allow your body to grow roots and become more connected to the earth. In front of you is a large door. Can you see the door?

M - Yes.

G-The door is opening in welcome. Tell me what you see.
M-I can see a huge brown bear. She is angry.
G- Ask the bear why she is so angry.
M-She says that one of her cubs has been injured and she is angry with the predator. She wants me to help her care for the injured cub. I would like that. We are climbing into her cave and I can hear an animal moaning in pain. My heart hurts.

(Maggie is crying for the cub in pain. Her body is clenching up in pain.)
G-Maggie, allow your feelings to come up and be released. You no longer have to stuff them down.
M - The cub is way in the back in darkness. I feel afraid to see the baby.
G-Tell the bear you are afraid.

Heart left on the roof
M - I told her and she says that the feelings I am having for her cub are really my buried emotions trying to get out, and self-sorrow. She wants me to go over to the cub. As I move closer it cries louder and my heart is breaking. The bear is telling me that I left a piece of my heart back on that roof? She is showing me a drawing on the cave wall of a heart. She is telling me that the heart is entombed in stone like mine. I want to know what I can do about it. I am re-directed to the moaning cub and feel guilty. I am sitting
next to the cub and ask what it needs from me. The cub wants me to hold it. I am holding his tiny soft furry body in my arms. I cannot see an injury, and ask the bear about that. The bear says that not all injuries are visible and I must be cautious about making assumptions and judgments. Judgments such as you are a bad girl and deserve to be punished.

I can feel water flowing over my body like a fountain. The bear is showing me my heart entombed in a block of ice and beginning to thaw. The cub is feeling much better now and so am I. The bear wants all of us to go down to the water and look in. I can see a heart in the water but not my own face. This is strange. The heart is trying to get my attention and I agree to listen. The heart is happy that I have finally returned. It wants to merge with me. I want to know if that will hurt. The heart whispers “the separation was painful. Reunion will be bliss.” I have agreed to the merge. The heart is growing bigger and covering me. I feel like I can’t breathe.

G- Tell the heart you can’t breathe.

M - The heart is lowering its vibration and merging with my heart.

G - Inhale deeply and release, putting sound to your feelings.

M – I feel warm and fuzzy and dizzy all at once.
A reflection of Joy

M-There is a tiny door in front of me, just big enough to see through. I can see an infant being held and played with so lovingly by its mother. I ask bear what this has to do with my heart. She is showing me the mother’s face. It is my mother’s face and the baby is me.

(Maggie is sobbing and holding herself in a fetal position.)

G- Maggie, allow those feelings to come up and be released.

M – The bear wants me to merge with the baby and experience my mother’s touch. I am afraid to do that.

G- Tell the bear you are afraid.

M-The bear is telling me that beyond fear, joy and happiness are buried. She is telling me that there are feelings of happiness and contentment from before I was abused and at other times in my life. I must get beyond the fear and access those times of feeling joy and happiness. I agree to merge with the infant. I feel so small and helpless.

G- Tell the bear how you feel.
A pretty solid beginning

M-The bear is telling me to stop thinking and to be present in the experience. I can feel my tiny legs being tickled by my mother. I can see her looking at me with such love. She is holding me and kissing my neck. She really loves me. I feel so overwhelmed and lonely for her. The bear is telling me to talk to her. I want to know how I can do that since she is dead. The bear says that in my mind she is there waiting for me. I am looking into her eyes and see such light and love there. The bear wants me to be present with the feelings, as they will give me strength.

I feel lighter and want to hold onto my mother and never let go. I am asking my mother what to do? She is kissing and hugging me. She is telling me that she loves me and is always around to offer assistance and support. All I have to do is listen with my now opened heart and I can hear her. Oh, mom I have missed you so much. I miss being the only one in your life and getting all of your attention. She is telling me that I have all of her attention now and that she will help me get past all the fear and anger. She says I will be OK. She is also telling me that many of the self-destructive things I did to myself were to get her attention and others were attached to me from her experience of being abused as a child.

(Maggie is quietly rocking and crying.)
M- Mom is showing me how much fun we shared playing with my toes and fingers. She wants me to remember and feel all the joy in my life. She is wrapping me up in a big terry cloth robe and telling me to remember what being loved felt like and this too shall pass. She is telling me how much she loves me and that it is time to move forward.

G- Ask your mom if there is anything else that needs to happen here today?

A pink dress and a chocolate cake
M- She wants to take me to see something with her.
G- Maggie, are you willing to go with her?
M- Yes of course. She is carrying me to a room with black and white flowered linoleum on the floor. There is a green Formica kitchen table with a chocolate cake and presents on it. She is putting a pink dress with ruffled sleeves on me and little bows on my leg braces. It is my first birthday party. She is showing me how much fun we had when I got the cake all over the dress. We are laughing and playing in the cake. It is everywhere and she does not care. She is telling me to feel the joy and to remember that I can always get cleaned up and start over. I can feel a tingling sensation on my skin. My throat is vibrating with laughter and shrieking with joy. We are having such a good time.
G- Ask your mother if there is anything else that needs to happen.

The room of joyful memories and feelings

M- Mom is saying that it is time for her to go but that she is always around me. She is saying that we can visit anytime in my imagination. She is fading and I have come out of the baby’s body and I'm moving out of the room. The tiny door is closing and is beginning to grow a little bit. I am asking the bear what this means. The bear is showing me the sign on the door and it says “the room of joyful memories and feelings.” The bear says that this is just the beginning and that we will take it slowly at first. "We will grow the door so more joyful experiences can balance out the fearful ones."

Bear knows that I am afraid and anxious to move forward at the same time. Nothing further has to happen but not to forget the joyful experiences.

G-Thank the bear, her cub, your heart and your mother for being with you today. Ask the bear if there is anything she needs you to do for her.

M - The bear wants me to pay more attention to her. Let her play more. My heart wants to be full as much as possible. I want to know how I can do that. The bear says by nurturing myself more. She wants me to understand that
vibrating my feelings can create a void, which must be filled with happiness. We are done for today.

G- Take all the time you need to say goodbye, for now. When you feel ready, begin to slowly return to this room and open your eyes.

(Maggie has opened her eyes and can barely speak. She is crying and rocking her body back and forth.)

M – I have not felt so close to my mother since I was about a year old. I feel happy and content. I feel protected by the bear, my heart and my mother. It feels really good to experience emotions of joy again. My heart has been frozen for so long and I believe that it is time for me to recover.

G- Maggie, remember to put sound to your feelings whenever possible and release judgments. Treat yourself like company.

I had been badly abused as a child and was terrified of being hurt. As an eight year old in a terrifying situation my emotional body shut down to protect me. My guides were able to assist in thawing out my heart in preparation for recovery. This was the first step in my healing process. The heart is the main doorway to recovery. My guides were able to reintroduce me to feelings of joy, which were hidden behind fear and anger, as a stabilizer.

I was reminded that not all injuries are visible and to be cautious about making assumptions and judgments.
My heart has been thawed out and is looking forward to experiencing the joy buried beneath the fear, and playing more.

In the next session I will discover wounded inner children and other fragments lost in fear. I will also access an angel and a unicorn to assist in my recovery.

Maggie
Chapter two – Wounded inner child – Angel

G- Hello Maggie. How are things going since our last session?
M - I had a great week where my heart was open and then I started to feel angry, depressed and lost again. Things are becoming very tense and violent at home. I know that I must leave and am terrified of making a mistake.

Making a mistake.
M-The feeling of being terrified of making a mistake brings to mind something that happened to me when I was a fresh air kid living with a family in upstate NY. There was a mother; father and two adopted kids, a boy around my age (11 or so) and a younger girl who I was expected to take care of.
The mother was so mean and verbally abusive to everyone in general and especially me. She verbally attacked me at every opportunity. I used to question what I had done and now realize that her treatment of me probably had very little to do with me, although I carry the scars.

One time she left me a note to cut up some green peppers for dinner. I began to cut them up in thin strips, as directed, when the boy came into the kitchen and told me that I had cut up the wrong green peppers.

I thought I was going to die. My heart was beating fast in my chest and I could barely breathe from the terror I felt. I had made a mistake I reasoned, but the boy and I knew that that fact would not save me from her wrath and fury. Running away did feel like an option at the time and I knew I had to face the music, as it were.

That is how I am feeling at home. Most of the time I live in fear.

Anyway, back to the story. I cut up the right peppers, quickly, and, can you believe this, I tried to glue the wrong ones back together. I felt doomed and desperate when this boy looked into my eyes and said “Just remember you get to go back home in a few days, we have to live with her up until we’re 18.”
I find that very interesting because up till now I could only remember being victimized. Now I can remember the silver lining around my heart.

G- Were you able to release your feelings during this last week?
M – It felt too silly but I did it a little.
G – All I am asking is that you recognize how much better you are feeling, as you have stated, and with such little effort.

Vibrating your feelings can be an integral part of the recovery and healing process.

M – After the last session I felt better than I have in years. I will try to put sound to my feelings more. It’s just that I am so used to being silent that it will take some getting used to.
G – You don’t have to do this, you know? Go at whatever pace feels right to you, always.
M – I know. My heart is telling me to go on.
G – Allow your animal guides to help you. OK?

(Count down)

G - Maggie just relax and ask if there is an animal or guide willing to come and spend time with you today.
M - It’s Pegasus, a white unicorn with wings. He has been coming into my imagination since I was a year old, whenever I am afraid, to comfort me. He wants me to brush his coat. He is so soft and warm to the touch. He
wants me to go with him for a ride. He is taking me back to when I was eight years old living with my family in the south Bronx.

(Her body begins to tighten up a bit.)

G- Maggie what is happening?

*Kittens on the roof little girl*

M – We are flying down to the street above our old basement apartment. I can see my mother cleaning the halls as the superintendent of the building. I am feeling afraid now.

G- Tell Pegasus you are afraid.

M - He says that he will stay with me for as long as I need him. My stomach is hurting.

G- Maggie, tell Pegasus of your pain.

M - He says that the pain is from stuffing my feelings and that I will be all right. He says that I must go through this experience to release emotional attachments formed at the time of trauma, recover the fragments of me that were left behind, on the roof, and begin to heal the wounds.

(She is sobbing now and her body is in a fetal position.)

G- Maggie, are you willing to go through this experience?

M - Yes, as long as Pegasus is here. He says he will not leave me. He is nuzzling my face and licking my tears. He
is making noise to remind me to put sound to my feelings and let go.
(She is growling and howling. This goes on for about 15 minutes. She calms down.)
G- Maggie, what is happening?
M - I am standing in front of our building dragging a garbage can down the stairs. I am feeling afraid.
G- Tell Pegasus.
M - A man has stopped me and is talking to me saying “Hello little girl can you help me?” I am telling him that I am not supposed to talk to strangers. I can feel a sharp jolt in my stomach at the sound of his raspy voice. He is saying, “I am not a stranger. I live in the building, remember? Be a good little girl and help me carry the puppies off the roof.”
I am telling him that I like kittens better. “There are kittens too,” he says. I am following him up the four flights to the roof. My legs are short and I am tired. I can’t keep up with him and tell him I want to go back down the stairs. “The kittens could die if they are left there too long and I need your help,” he says. We are on the last stairwell of the four-story walk-up building and we meet a man whom I know named Rob, coming out of his apartment. They talk in Spanish and he walks down the stairs leaving us to continue. I am telling Pegasus how afraid I am. He says
that I can be an observer, here, rather than a participant, although being fully present would hold more benefit.
G- Maggie, ask Pegasus what needs to happen here.
M – Pegasus is asking me to merge with the little girl if I choose.
A voice says “RUN.”
M – I am the little girl now and can hear a voice in my head saying something that I do not understand. "You are in grave danger and must RUN. He is going to rape you.” I am afraid and close my eyes.

The tunnel
M – I can feel myself being pulled through a tunnel. I am in a dark place. A door opens and I am being pulled out of a closet and thrown up against a wall. I can hear angry words being hurled at me, “You are stupid, you f…g idiot, you should be killed, you are never going to be good enough.” There is blood on my legs and in my hair. My body is shuddering with fear and again I close my eyes to ward off the assault.

The last steps to the roof
M – I open my eyes and find myself back on the steps leading to the roof remembering the warning. I am surprised that the man did not hear the voice. I do not know
what the words mean but I feel, in the pit of my stomach, that it’s really bad. My stomach hurts and I feel sick. My heart is pounding so loud that I know he can hear it.

I am thinking about how mad my mom will be that I did not listen. I can picture her making lunch for my sister and me, not even knowing where I am. I’m sorry mom! I will be a good little girl! There is a strange familiarity about this fear. A flash back of a small child being beaten and stuffed in a closet is in my head. I feel numb but distant from it. I think, mom, help me, I’m sorry I disobeyed you. This punishment is too harsh.

Well he wasn’t a stranger after all. He lives in the building. Everybody in the building were friends and watched out for us, I reasoned. I feel so confused. I can feel all the tiny hairs on my body standing up and my skin is beginning to crawl with anticipation. There is a heat welling up from my stomach, a familiarity of fear. Maybe if I stop moving and breathing maybe I will wake up from this nightmare.

Pegasus is telling me to listen to the Angel.

“I am your angel, my child,” comes a voice. “Turn around and run down the stairs,” she says.

I try to run but my feet are cemented to the spot. As I break free and turn, my feet get tangled up and down I go, crashing to the marble landing which was now turning red with blood from my nose. I feel the terror of it’s too late!
His one hand grabs me by my hair and slams his other hand over my mouth. I am being dragged up the stairs. I feel so helpless and small. Voice where are you? I’m afraid and cry silently, trying to withdraw inside my skin.

G- Tell Pegasus how you feel.
M - Pegasus and the angel are right here. They say that they will not leave me alone.
I don’t understand what I did wrong. I have been a good little girl. The feelings are somehow familiar to me and yet I do not remember this happening before. I am so confused and afraid.

G- Tell Pegasus and the angel how you feel.
M - I sense a similar experience of terror but cannot place it. I am asking angel to please help me! The angel is saying, “I am here with you my child.”

*He smells dirty*

M – I don’t like the smell of his hand. It smells dirty like cigarettes, alcohol and sweat. My feet are no longer on the ground. I am being propelled into the air like a piece of garbage being thrown away.
The prey

M – Not yet! The predator is not ready to let go of his prey, just yet. He is telling me how he has been stalking me for days now. Learning my routine in order to capture, touch and kill me. His face is so grotesque with rage. He needs to hurt something and right now I am his target. He kicks open the door to the roof and throws me down. Ow! I am not very big why he is so rough with me, I think. I am engulfed in a smoky material and feel my body being thrown up against a wall and can smell my own blood. My body is very small and I do not understand. I feel like I am in two different but similar experiences at the same time.

The smell of Tar gags me

M - I realize he is glaring at me. The smell of tar on the roof is making me gag.

Spring in the country

M - It was spring and supposed to be a happy and rejuvenating time. My body is melting into the roof floor and I emerge running down a dirt road. I am in the country visiting a family as a fresh air kid for two weeks. There are animals on the farm and I am petting a cow. There is a fence and I am sitting on it wearing a red jacket. Off in the distance I can see a big brown cow running towards me. I
am becoming afraid and jump off the fence as the bull charges at it breaking one of the posts. My body is jerking and I am crying, “Please don’t hurt me. I will behave.”

I am moving in and out of the first hand experience. Pegasus is telling me that this is a reenactment of the original injury where fragments were escaping all around me. The feelings generated by each of the experiences are at issue here and must be released.

The Carnival-freedom
M - Again my body is jolted back in time and I am on a carnival ride. I am flying through the air while holding onto a metal bar which keeps me inside the car. I can touch the sky and feel free for a little while when back to the roof I go. I feel like I am going crazy.

Back to the roof
M - I am struggling for my life. I know he is going to do something bad and then kill me. He has dragged my body up against the door. I am screaming and kicking him. I beg him not to hurt me. Mom would have been proud of me, I remembered to be polite to my elders, I think. I am pleading with him to let me go home. The putrid smell of
fear permeates my entire being and I am starting to gag again.

G- Maggie, take a deep breath and put sound to those feelings.  
(She is screaming and choking.)

G - Ask Pegasus if a pillow, under your head would help?  
M - Pegasus says that would help.  
(She is no longer choking but continues to writhe in fear, sobbing, clenching and unclenching her fists.)

M - He has ripped off my flowered dress and tiny panties. I am thinking I only have three dresses, so quit tearing my dress, OK? I am afraid again! I must be going crazy. I feel so small and helpless and I am seeing things and hearing voices. What can I do? Help!  
I feel goose bumps all over my body. My skin is crawling with anticipation of what is to come. I am all alone and at this monster’s mercy.  
(Tears are flowing down Maggie's face and she is becoming angry.)

M - I want to kill him! I am biting him and crying louder to scare him off. His smelly hand comes crashing down on my face, drawing more blood. He pulls out a knife and is holding the sharp edge to my tiny pale pulsating throat. I can feel the sharp, cutting blade pierce my skin allowing blood to trickle down onto my bare shoulder. I am thinking,
maybe if I hold my breath he will leave me alone. This used to work when I was little when I would pretend to be invisible and silent to protect myself. I am jerked back into the scene by his angry words. “Don’t scream or I will kill you now you stupid little girl,” he hisses.

“Soothe him with your words.”
M - I can see the reflection of the knife glistening in the sun, reflecting off one of the roof pipes. The angel is telling me to stop struggling. I know he will cut my throat and decide to stop struggling. The angel says that I must soothe him with my words for just a few more minutes. I am telling him that I will be a good little girl now and not cry or scream again and that I will not tell anyone about this, so he doesn’t have to kill me. This seems to calm him down a little. As I lay there with my neck and part of my back folded into the roof, hurting, I think this is it. The knife is pressed into my throat. I can feel the warm blood trickling down my neck and I black out for a moment.

*The blue chair*
M – I can see a blue chair and a tiny little boy hiding behind it trying to become silent and invisible. I am scared
but do not know why. I can feel disappointment at my not being a boy.

*Playing dead*

M – My body snaps back to the roof and I think what can I do? Maybe if I become very still and completely silent he will think I am dead and leave me alone. I know that this tactic will not work any better than it did in the past. As I open my eyes I turn my face from the man with the grotesque smile on his face looming over me with his pants down around his ankles, leaning into my innocence.

*My skin is leaving the scene*

M - As I turn my face I can see the angel standing next to me. Her soft wings are caressing my terrorized skin. I can feel her guiding my skin, and all its senses, as it peals off my body and crawls across the roof to safety. I have become the skin and am afraid to look back across the roof at my body lying there. I am afraid he will see and kill me. I turn around to sit in the Angel’s wings and gasp at what I see on the other side of the roof.

How could this be, I am here and I am also still there under this man. The man is too busy to notice that I have left. I see a great deal of blood and know that there must be pain but somehow I don’t feel anything.
M - I am suddenly back in my body, not feeling anything. I am fascinated watching this other me sitting on the other side of the roof, translucent and surrounded by angel’s wings, telling me to watch her and not to be scared. She is saying that everything will be OK and that she will hold this sensory space for me until I can return and express these fears. I am not sure what she is talking about and don’t really have time to think about it. Pegasus is here to comfort me and take me away from this horrible scene. I wonder what it feels like to be dead.

Death is better
M - My chest is hurting and suddenly another part of me bursts forward and heads for the edge of the roof. I ask this part of me what she is doing. She is telling me that she accepts death and will no longer allow this man to violate her. She is saying that if he is going to kill her anyway then she refuses to let him hurt her anymore. She is saying that he is getting too much pleasure from hurting her and that she won’t take it anymore.

I am inside her head now and thinking, maybe I won’t die. What then? That would be worse. I am flying like a bird off of the roof to freedom. I can feel the concrete and steel railing cut through my small body, and then darkness.
Fragments of myself flying in every direction
M - Back on the roof the smell of tar and death is all around me now and my mind is looking at all of the possibilities. I will be killed, most likely, or someone will rescue me, I hope not. I hate this place and want to go home where it feels like I am loved. I can still see part of me across the roof frozen in fear, part of me has jumped off and I can see specks of me flying everywhere.
I am getting really scared at seeing so much of me leaving my body. I must be close to death and you know what, I welcome the escape of it.

Emotional escape
M - The angel asks if I want to go for a ride on Pegasus. Pegasus’s wings are soft and gentle on my face. I know he loves me as much as I love him. Who am I, I ask Pegasus, if I am still with this man, sitting with the angel on the other side of the roof, flying like a bird off the roof and riding you? Pegasus is saying that the part of me still with the man represents the physical body or host with all associated memories and feelings of the experience blocked to protect me from emotional collapse.

He says, "The host child will be moving through the physical life holding all of your repressed emotions. The skin part being held by the angel’s wings will hold your
feelings until you are able to return and express them freely. The one who flew off the roof represents your terror, rage and defiance. The part of you that is riding with me is emotional survival."

Off we go riding out into the Universe. This is great fun. Will the others on the roof be OK, I ask? "They will be protected," he says. "Do not worry!"

I am telling Pegasus how much I love riding around with him.

"I love riding around with you too, little one," he responds. Where shall we go for a ride I ask? We soar up and up into the clouds. There is a beautiful pink cloud over there. Can we visit this cloud I ask him?

"Yes of course we can," he says. We ride into the pink cloud. My eyes are so big looking at this place in the clouds. There are little blue bubbles floating around like from a bubble pipe. Wow! Can I do that, I ask?

"Yes, of course you can," says Pegasus. He is telling me how special I am.

I don’t think so, Pegasus. Kids at school tell me how ugly and poor I am. A teacher told the whole class that I had to be given free lunch because I was poor. She wanted to know why scruffy little kids like me were allowed to pollute her class. I felt so ashamed and wanted to run away.
An angel came to hold me when I ran into the bathroom to cry. Why was I poor?
"You have a kind heart and wanted to know what it was like to be poor," he is explaining.
I decided to be poor?
"Yes you did!"
I don’t understand!
"You will in time. You are very pretty, smart and courageous and don’t let anyone tell you differently, OK?"
We are back in the cloud again flying around. There is a building with lots of steps in front. Can we go to see it?
"Yes," says Pegasus.
I get off Pegasus and stand on the top step looking at marble pillars rising up as far as I can see. We walk through the archway into a great hall. There are so many colors and flowers. The smell is wonderful. Can I touch things?
"This place is in your imagination and you can do whatever you want."
Really!
"Yes, really!"
I begin to touch the flowers. They feel soft and mushy. I don’t want to hurt them.
"Don’t worry, you cannot hurt them!"
Red, orange, yellow and purple colors drip onto my hand. I want to wipe it off but can’t find my body.

"Don’t worry, you are safe with me!"

Every flower I touch begins to flow onto my hand and around my body, lovingly like new skin. It feels so nice. I like it!

"This is your temporary skin of sensitivity until you regain your strength."

From tar to floral

The smell of flowers wafts gently up my nostrils replacing the smell of tar, and I feel safe and happy. I feel like I am floating through this place. Each flower I pass moves closer to me wanting to touch me or be touched by me. A beautiful rose has asked to speak to me. Roses can’t speak, can they?

"They can in this place."

The rose is close to my nose and I can smell her.

"We have been waiting for your visit," she says. "Thank you for coming. I am here to tell you of your gifts. You have the ability to see and communicate with all things in the Universe: animals, flowers, etc. This will become very important in times to come," she says.
All of the flowers are moving closer to me and I feel such joy in my body, tenderness and caring on my skin and a wonderful aroma in my nose.

"Remember us when you are feeling bad. We will do our best to cheer you up."

They are fading away from sight in a blaze of color and fragrance.

G- Maggie, ask Pegasus if there is anything more that needs to happen here today.

**Primary fragments**

M - Pegasus says that I need to go back to the roof and reconnect with the other fragments of myself. He is showing me the primary fragments in the experience. The one part of me has been projected off the roof into what is perceived as freedom and rage, another part holds my feelings and memories to avoid emotional collapse, another is riding with Pegasus in survival and the host or shell is still there waiting for our return. Each of the fragments is an inner wounded child waiting for my loving return. I am instructed to allow my feelings to come up and be set free. I am to gently come out of the little girl’s body and close the session for now.

**Coming back**
G- Allow yourself to move out of her body and safely into your own time and space. Thank Pegasus, your angel, the flowers for their transitional contribution to your sense of smell and the other fragments that have protected you all of this time. When you are ready, slowly return to this room and open your eyes.

(After a few minutes Maggie opens her eyes.)

M - I am amazed at how clearly I could see and feel everything. The flashbacks are a little unnerving however. I finally know why I feel a deep void in my soul, a pain in my neck and a fear of heights. I am very tired and need to go home and sleep now.

G- Maggie, I want you to breathe deeply and put sound to your feelings as much as possible. A door has been opened and unexpected emotions will come flying out, creating a void. It is imperative that the void be filled with self-love and nurturing, as soon as possible. The breathing and releasing will help to relieve some of your depression, anxiety and rage.

I would also ask that you write letters to your fragments or wounded inner children. Write the letter using your dominant hand and allow their response to be written with your non-dominant hand. Nurture, nurture, nurture yourself. As you release feelings, a vacuum is created and
must be filled with kindness to yourself. Do fun things and savor yourself.

Maggie is a very brave woman to return to a time of such deep emotional terror. Her imagery is taking her into multiple realities to remind her that there are other wounded inner children inside her mind. She must recover and reintegrate those parts of her that have jumped ship, so to speak and release attachments of fear and discouragement. With help from an angel and Pegasus she will return several times to this horrendous scene, gathering and healing fragments of herself. This kind of trauma renders a child and the resulting adult emotionally crippled and must be addressed for healing to begin. Her guides have been with her all of this time waiting for her return. They are very skillful and know how to proceed and when to stop. They have assisted her in replacing the terrifying smell associated with the experience, tar, with the gentle fragrance of flowers.

Maggie will be using a very valuable tool in the next session, which is corresponding with her wounded inner child. Writing letters back and forth to your inner child is one of the most powerful tools I have come across. This tool provides a depth of understanding from the inside out.
Maggie
Chapter three – Letters to my inner child (IC)
M – Hi, I do not feel as nervous or angry. I have been using the tools you suggested and they really do help to calm me down so I can think things through. I brought the letters and would like to read one, if you don’t mind.
G- No of course not. Please go ahead.
M-I have to tell you I thought the exercise was going to be one sided and stupid and was amazed that this was such a wonderful form of communicating with my inner feelings. I wrote, Dear Maggie I am from your future and wanted to say hello.
IC-The response was I am so tired and lonely. It is dark here. There is no SUN to warm me anymore.
M - I have come to warm you.
IC-You left me and I hate you! I don’t need you. You don’t care about me. Why are you bothering me after all this time?
M- I am sorry! I do care. I have been watching over you and am finally able to come for you. I have always been there watching over you even before this experience. Do you remember voices in your head warning you of danger?
IC- Yes. Was that you? How did you get away?
M - Because of your bravery I was able to escape and keep all of us alive.
IC- All of us? What do you mean?
M - When you were hurt and afraid something happened to keep you safe. Parts of you left in order to survive. I want to bring all the lost fragmented parts back together again and begin the healing process.
IC-How were you able to come back?
M- I am here now through an internal journey and by putting sound to my feelings. This has helped me so much and I want to share it with you. Can you scream and holler?
IC-I am not sure I can make a sound. I have been silent for so long.
M-I will help you. Every time you feel bad put sound to those feelings. I know how confusing this is. I do love you. You are such a beautiful little girl. I know how pure your heart is.

As I read her response I began to cry and made growling and howling sounds. I was a little embarrassed to be making noise, even in my own home.
IC- I am having a hard time making a sound. And my heart hurts. I am so lonely. Nobody cares or even sees me. I am invisible. I hate this place and want to die. My teacher told me that I was very lucky to be in a school that let kids like me in. I felt so ashamed. I did not do anything wrong. Why am I poor?
M- You wanted to experience poverty among other things. Tell me about school.

IC- I don’t like School but I do like learning things. I have a friend named Denise. She invited me to her house for lunch one day. It felt like a new adventure. There was a room just to eat in and she had her own room with dolls on shelves along the ceiling. Her mom made lunch and we sat down at the table to eat. There were little mats under the plates and all the silverware matched. I really liked this place and decided to go back every day for lunch. On day three her mom asked if my mom knew where I was. I told her that I got free lunch because we were poor so mom thinks I was at school. After a week of following Denise home for lunch her mom finally told me not to come back anymore. I felt really hurt and did not know what I had done wrong.

M- I am sorry you felt hurt. I remember that. I remember that the woman tried in every way possible not to hurt my feelings. I also remember being invited to lunch by a German girl named Ingrid. Her family treated me really well. They introduced me to the Nancy Drew books and mythology. I was able to escape into those books. Do you remember this?

IC- Yes I do. They were really nice people and did not make me feel bad. I still do not like this place. I have been
sitting on this roof for a long time, waiting for you to come back. But you never did.

M- I am here now. I will soon be ready to take you all home with me.

IC- You left me here to die. I won’t listen to you!

M- I am sorry. I had to leave you to save you. I was in an emotional meltdown, as were you, and became a fragment myself. I have found a way to become healthy enough to return and rescue you and the others. I know part of you felt that death would be better, but the majority of us wanted to survive. Your thought stream had to be frozen in mid stream. I am back to take care of you. I love you.

IC- I am afraid but am happy you came back.

M- I am happy to see you also. I will come back again so we can talk, OK?

IC- Bye for now. Please don’t forget me.

M- I won’t, I promise.

It was a surprise to be able to communicate with her so well. Maybe I can bring her and the others home with me when I get my life straightened out.

G- Maggie, you are making such strides in your healing process. You are very brave and courageous.

Maggie has discovered another tool that will provide access to her innermost thoughts and voice. She
will revisit this particular injury as it has many fragments and splintered emotions buried there. Maggie will have to face her demons and let them go by whatever means available.

Maggie

Chapter four – Rage fragments – Eagle guide

M – The letters to my inner child have blown me away. I also got that apartment I told you about and moved out of the house and left the controlling relationship last week. I feel happy and scared all at the same time. My heart is helping me to see things differently and vibrate my feelings. My heart is also showing me all of the judgments I held about who I was. About not being a good girl or smart enough.

The apartment is a three-room railroad flat with the windows facing a brick wall. It does seem appropriate as a large part of my emotional life has been spent in darkness and it would be healthier to move into the light slowly. I have to climb across a dresser to get to the bed but it’s mine. Now I have a safe place to return to and space to bring home all of my emotional splinters.

I quit school at 16 and decided it was time to go back. I got my GED and have enrolled in an alternative degree program, school without walls. I’m psyched!
My first apartment

M - Every evening when I come home from work and school I run my fingers across the wall in disbelief of my joy. A bear came into my imagery this morning and told me that I would be in another, larger and lighter apartment within a year. I fee-e-el good, Dad ada dada-dada, the song by James Brown did a full split into my thoughts. How can a bear come into my imagery while I am awake?

G- This could be considered an open eyed journey, and may indicate a strengthening of self-trust. We use our imaginations all the time, from planning what we will wear the next day to focusing on negative/positive emotions. What we focus on creates reality.

Let’s begin the session shall we?

Allow yourself to relax, becoming part of the mattress, and part of the earth. Ask if there is an animal or guide willing to spend time with you today.

M - There is a long hallway and a door at the end. I am walking through the door, cautiously. There is a huge eagle with his wings spread wide across the doorway.

G- Welcome the eagle and ask what needs to happen here.

M- The eagle is showing me a desert scene. He is inviting me to walk with him. The terrain feels lifeless. There are no animals, except for him, and no vegetation. Why are we
here, I ask him? He is telling me that this is the place of my buried feelings. I am telling him that I am afraid of those feelings. He says he understands and that I am now ready to dig them up. We are digging and digging but nothing. I am sad that I cannot find my feelings. He wants me to remove a twig that has been imbedded in his paw. I gently remove the twig and put it on the ground. He is jumping around on the twig and a tree begins to grow. How did you do that, I wanted to know?

"Your act of kindness has opened your heart," he says. "And when your heart is open all things are possible."

I look around to see flowers popping up all over the place, animals running around and a pond of water. This feels wonderful. The eagle wants to take me for a ride. I do not want to leave this place. He suggests I reach out my arms and fold the scene into my heart. OK! That feels better. Off we go on our journey.

We are flying over the roof now and I am feeling anxious again. The eagle assures me that all will be well. We swoop down just below the roof edge and fly in place. Why have we stopped here I ask? He does not answer me. All of a sudden I can feel a small child’s body land on me with a thump. Hey watch where you’re going. You could have killed us, I scream.
And then I realize that the child is the fragment, of myself, that flew off the roof to freedom.

She wants to know who I am.

I am another part of you coming to help, if I can, I am telling her.

"You can help by getting out of my way and letting me crash and die," she says.

You have every right to be angry at what has been done to you, I say. I care and want to see all of us back together again. You know we really cannot live apart and be happy.

The eagle asks if I want to go to the park for awhile. I beg the child to come with us, just for a little while and have fun.

"OK for just a few minutes," she says, "but don’t touch me."

We are sitting on the eagle together. He flies us over to a park nearby and sets us down.

I am looking into my own eyes and see anger and fear in them. She knows who I am and is confused about how there could be more than one of us. The eagle wants us to play together in the park. We are running around and having fun in a cautious sort of way.

She wants to know if this is heaven.

Yes it is but it is the heaven in your heart I am telling her.

She is asking me where I came from.
I come from your future where things are wonderful, I say. Suddenly we are back on the roof seated across from the gory scene. My stomach turns and I gag. I ask her to come home with me right away. I am very uncomfortable here. She is looking at me with tears in her eyes.

"I can’t come with you. My place is with the others. I am stuck here and cannot abandon them."

G- Ask the eagle what needs to happen here.

M – The eagle says that the rage fragment has several fragments that need to be merged before reunion with the host can occur.

G- Ask for assistance.

M – The eagle is showing me a movie screen of dangerous things that I have done to punish myself for being a bad girl. I am walking on the edge of the roof just to see what will happen. The eagle is placing me in the scene. I can feel the roof edge beneath my feet. The street below looks very far away. My body feels like it is falling.

(Maggie's body is jerking and she is holding onto the couch.)

G- Maggie, what is happening?

M - I can experience the fall without falling. Part of me is hovering over my mangled body deciding my fate. The eagle tells me to hold out my arms and welcome this part of me home. I am doing that.
(Maggie is sobbing and holding herself tightly.)

M - I am holding a part of me that I felt deserved to die. She is very tiny and is as light as a feather. I am telling her how much I love her and how nice it is where I come from. I am asking her not to die. I ask her to come back with me. She is very weak and can barely speak. What can I do?

G - Ask the eagle what needs to happen here.

M – The eagle says that I have recovered the spirit and need to go back and pick up the body of the dead child. Wow! I agree to do that. There are three tiny shadows made of cloud-like material and one of them is merging back with the lifeless child on the pavement. As soon as the shadow merges the child begins to stir. There are two more shadows left, one is of a small child appearing to be dead and the other seems to be crippled. I am asking the eagle what I should do now.

The eagle is saying that they are not rage fragments from this experience and will be addressed, but not at this time. He is also telling me not to worry.

The eagle is bringing the child and me back up to the rooftop. I again ask the rage fragment to rejoin the host. She is telling me that there are other rage fragments that must be recovered before she can rejoin the host.
The angel says that there is another fragment in rage that needs my attention. OK, I am ready to help her. The angel is pointing to the edge of the roof. I cannot bear this.

(Maggie begins to cover her head while sobbing into the pillow.)

G- Maggie, allow those feelings to come up and be fully expressed.

(She is quieting down now.)

M - My heart is pounding so loudly that I feel everyone can hear it. I remember teetering on the edge of this roof until I felt vertigo and never did it again. Looking over the edge makes me feel sick.

G- Tell your guide.

M - I can see one tiny hand holding onto the edge. I ask if she wants to be pulled up.

"No! I am bad. I think bad things and now I am being punished."

I ask what she did to deserve this.

"I can’t tell you. I will burn in hell for my thoughts."

Please tell me what you did. I do not remember doing anything wrong on that roof. We survived and I am here from your future to tell you that life can be beautiful and full of joy. She does not believe me. The angel says to tell her something no one else could know about that day on the roof.
She says, "I remember being very curious about what was under his pants. I did not like the looks of it but could not take my eyes from him either."

(Maggie is sobbing and screaming.)

M - She is very ashamed of her curiosity.

Angel is telling her that it was quite normal to be curious and that she was not a bad girl.

"This experience was not your fault and you must forgive yourself," she says.

She has put her other hand on the ledge. She believes the angel and wants to be lifted up. Her eyes are all red and puffy from hanging there and crying all this time. She wants to see the others.

I am holding her in my arms and telling her how much I love her. She looks into my eyes as a tear escapes. Her eyes are hazel and so pretty. She is saying that there is another rage fragment to be recovered but at a later time. She is saying that she feels strong enough to move into the light now. She is telling the others, on the roof, how much she missed them and how lost and alone she felt. The angel is holding them all lovingly in her wings. She is telling them that she can fill them with love and light.

G- Allow the feelings to be fully expressed here. Put sound to the feelings.

M - I am so very tired.
G- Tell angel.
M – The angel says that I may be avoiding feelings here.
A cartoon roadrunner whizzes by with his head sideways looking directly at me and yells "yea, yea, yea."
He is very funny.
(Maggie is laughing and crying.)
All of them are on the roof at the same time. Wow. They are all crying and holding each other and all talking about what it was like at the same time.
G- Maggie, ask what needs to happen here.
M - They are asking me to hold them. We are holding each other. This feels so good. This is awesome. The eagle has returned and the bear and angel are here. The angel says we are waiting for Pegasus and another fragment to return.
G- Ask if there is anything else that needs to happen here today.
M - Nothing more for today. Again I am instructed to pamper myself and have more fun.
G- Thank your guides for coming and helping you. Say goodbye for today. When you feel ready slowly return to the room and open your eyes.
M - I have always been terrified of my rage when all the time it was my wounded inner child trying to get my attention. I felt so much guilt about my curiosity. For so long I believed that my curiosity was at fault. I feel more
and more connected, to myself; each time I come here. Thank you.

G – Maggie you are a very brave girl and are beginning to trust in yourself.

Maggie has been able to recover emotional fragments of her that were lost. Her guides have lovingly reunited them and are helping her to feel safe again. The part of her that was defiant and determined to no longer be a victim survived by playing dead. For many years she has played dead emotionally to survive, and to no longer be hurt. Each fragment needs a loving environment in which to begin the process of healing and reintegration.

There is a rage fragment with murder on its mind, which must be confronted, in a future session.

Maggie

Chapter five - emotional escape – Pegasus

G- Hi Maggie. How are things going?

M - I am having dreams where I wake up drenched in sweat and feeling very anxious, like something really bad is about to happen. Although whenever something good happens I still always feel a sense of imminent doom.

G- Put sound to those feelings, Maggie, and allow yourself to relax.
(Count down). Tell me what you see.
M - I am in a place with many stars in the sky. The sun is rising and is so beautiful. It feels like it is rising just for my benefit. My angel is hovering above me and I am feeling a bit more nervous now.
G - Tell the angel how you are feeling.
M - She is telling me that she will stay with me and that nothing bad will happen.
"I am here to offer assistance to the others."
I ask her what others? The sun is shedding light on everything. The angel is floating behind me, revealing the gruesome scene on the roof. I don’t want to be in this place anymore. I left that all behind me and do not want to go back.
(Maggie is screaming and yelling with rage.)
M – I ask the angel why I have to keep coming back here. When will it end?
The angel is explaining that I was injured here and there are other parts of me waiting for my return. She is telling me that I have emotional attachments to the experience and cannot leave here unless all feelings have been expressed and when each of my fragments is reunited.
Oh! How many more are there, I ask her?
"Only a few left. The reunion will be glorious, believe me."
G - Ask the angel what needs to happen here today?
M - I am in a garden with birds singing, beautiful flowers, sunlight and a pool to get cool in. There is a black bird sitting in a tree that wishes to speak to me.
I will listen.
"Now there’s a novel idea, you idiot," he says.
I feel a little hurt here.
G- Maggie, allow your feelings to come up and be expressed fully. Tell the bird how you feel.
M - The bird is telling me that I was getting too serious and he wanted to interject some humor. He wants me to feel the hurt of the abusive words being flung at me and express them with sound. "Vibration will help to heal the wounds," he says.
(Maggie is releasing a great deal. Her hair is soaking wet and she asks for a blanket.)
M – The bird is telling me that I have really worked hard to reconnect feelings to the visual realm of the experience and that there are other senses and judgments to be addressed.
"Each injury holds a charge of feelings in varying degrees and could encompass more than one of the senses. In this case smell, sound, visual and sensory were prevalent."
I ask him what he means. He is saying how I have always said that I was a visual person rather than anything else.
"This is a limiting judgment and also provides an avoidance factor. Our bodies are programmed to record
everything that occurs without prejudice for future reference. As a result we can gain access to this data through meditation, imagery and visualization. Your desire to self-heal, which is the prime directive, provides movement, through vibration or sound. Sound had one primary function, in this experience, and that was to be the voice of your neighbor, Mrs. Faith, yelling at the man to stop.
The smell of tar was meant to trigger feelings when you were ready to deal with them, which you have. There is no further trigger on smell or visual. The only sense left to address is sensory or touch, and any other attachments we come across."
I feel terrified here, particularly since I am not feeling anything at all. Is the injury so deep I had no conscious knowledge of its presence?
"Yes! There is also another rage fragment left on the roof."
Is now a good time, I ask?
"If you wish."
The bird is flying me up to the roof, again. There is a shadow of my body standing at the edge of the roof with no wall for protection. She is standing up and taunting the man looming over her physical body.
“Hey mister, over here,” the shadow yells at the man.
A shadow of the monster is turning around in pure rage and lunges at her.
As he does so she falls down flat against the tar and he flies off the roof to his death, as planned. She is very pleased with herself and her ability to trick him.
The bird is floating next to her asking if this action made her feel good. "It was him or me," she says. She was tired and angry at being his prey.
I ask her if she remembers hearing Mrs. Faith yelling just as he lunged at her.
"Yes," she says.
"He has run away and will not return. You are safe now."
I feel a little bad and am afraid of going to hell, she says.
"This was not your fault and you have every right to be angry at what has been done to you. Let's take a closer look at the scene."
I am afraid to look over the roof at what I have done.
"A part of him wanted to get caught so he could get help and another part wanted to jump off the roof and be killed for what he has done."
I am instructed to look over the roof now, if I can.
I can feel myself falling into a dark place. I am very small and bleeding, lying on a linoleum floor next to a blue chair. My abuser picks me up and as I flinch he brushes my hair from my face. He is kissing my cheek and telling me how
beautiful I am. I can feel my body relax into his arms. As soon as I let go he grabs my hair and across the room I go. I can never trust him again.

I close my eyes and escape his beating and find myself back on the roof looking over.

I can see two shadows of this predator, one barely hanging onto life on the edge of the roof and the other hovering over a dead body on the street below. I need to get the bear to help me now. The bear is here and wants me to help them both to safety. This feels really weird to me but I trust the bear so I will do it.

We bring the body and shadow from the street and the shadow hanging from the roof up onto the rooftop. The angel says that the man has something to say to me.

Oh no! This is where I draw the line. The bear is holding me and asking me to listen. I say I will. The man is lying there all mangled telling me that he is sorry.

So what, I am yelling at him.

(Maggie is yelling in rage at this man.)

M - He is saying that he was abused as a child. He was called stupid and ugly all the time and was always being hit. His mother wished him dead on many occasions and finally threw him out of a window.
I am having difficulty feeling sorry for you. I spit at him. I have my own pain to contend with if you don’t mind. And by the way I am not a stupid little girl.

He is saying that he is not here to seek sympathy for himself. He wanted to tell me that I am allowing an anger attachment to him to strengthen by holding onto the past. He is saying that the only way to let go is to let out my feelings and fill myself with joy.

"The more hate and anger you feel towards me the more intense the attachment and your self-hatred becomes. Forgiveness is a form of releasing attachments and healing. Hate turned inward contributes to a condition of imbalance or dis-ease. I am also stuck in this scene and cannot make amends. You are not condoning what I did; you are simply releasing harmful attachments to the experience in an effort to heal. I wanted to thank you for having me arrested. At least I could no longer hurt anyone else but myself."

Didn’t you throw that little girl off the roof two weeks after you raped me?

"No. How could I, I was in jail."

I wouldn’t tell anyone who you were. I was terrified that my dad would kill you and be taken away from me. The only person, who knew who you were, was Rob on the top floor. Oh I remember I told the police that he knew who
you were. This way my dad was not involved. All this time I blamed myself for that little girl’s death.

"Your rage and hatred for me is festering. The rage from my actions is holding you back from your desires. Free yourself and me," he pleads.

I understand what you are saying but have a great deal of rage at what you did to me.

He says that my rage can manifest as self-destructive behavior and self-hatred like contributing to a condition of disease. Rage can also explode outwardly and harm others.

You are a bad man, I yell.

He is beginning to cry.

Do ya think I care if you cry you monster? Well I’m not going to do it.

He is sobbing now and I don’t care. The more he cries the smaller and younger he becomes. He has regressed to a young child of about two with blood on his head. He seems much more manageable now. I don’t want to kill him anymore but do want him to feel my pain so I am punching, kicking and biting him. I knock him down. His body is gasping for air as he sobs more intensely. He is hyperventilating.

Now I feel bad, OK. Are ya happy now, I ask the bear?

I am hugging him and cleaning up the blood, telling him everything will be all right. I know you are sorry and I
forgive you, I say. I want him to know that the only reason I forgive him is to let go of the attachment, not to free him from responsibility. His body is floating back with the other shadows and evaporates.

We can all see the various parts of me floating back to their respective positions. The bird is telling me that we are waiting for the final piece to be addressed in the next session. "There is nothing else for today," says the bird.

G- Maggie, allow yourself to come back slowly and open your eyes.

M - I cannot believe that I actually forgave him. I never thought that this could ever happen. During various self-empowerment classes, this issue was addressed and I could not ever forgive him because he was so much stronger and in control than I was. He was not vulnerable enough for me to feel safe. The two-year-old did it. Thanks. I know that the issue of sensory recovery will be difficult but I am willing to move through it.

G- Release the judgment that the experience will be difficult. Remember to put sound to your feelings, whenever possible and nurture yourself more. Releasing rage creates a void that has an imprint of the injury. Similar energy will be attracted to you until all emotional charges have been addressed. Nurturing becomes vital in the
healing equation. Treat yourself like your best friend. See you soon.

Maggie is able to confront her rage and hate attachment, from and to her assailant. In forgiving her assailant she was able to release the crippling emotional attachment. Forgiveness does not address or excuse the deed. It simply allows for movement into the future. She also finally let go of the guilt of another child’s death, something she had nothing to do with.

Maggie will be helping to comfort the host or the fragment that went on and carried all the emotional injuries around. A terrified little girl, frozen in an uncomfortable position, with all emotional systems shutting down and memories being blocked. She was a shell with emotional injuries inside.

Maggie
Chapter - Six - Sensory awareness
M - I feel happy. Things seem new to me. Colors are brighter, smells are richer, and things are so much more beautiful. I released the judgment that I am bad and deserve to be punished. In preparation for the session I have been nurturing myself more by swimming, having a massage and paying more attention to my skin.
G- Good for you Maggie.
M - I also know that there is another huge piece left. So let’s do it.
G- Allow yourself to relax. Ask if there is a guide for today.
M - I can see the bear and her cub, the eagle is flying around, Pegasus is hovering over me, the angel is bigger than life right now. All of my animals are coming in. This is going to be a pip. My guides are greeting me and holding me. This feels so good. I can see my body lying against the roof after the man has left. The animals and I are sitting across from the host, lying there frozen in terror. The angel is talking to her, letting her know that she is safe now and that we have come to take her home.
(Maggie is sobbing and rocking.)
M – The angel is helping her to sit up. The child is so full of blood that it scares me. She is so very frail and helpless. The little bit of light left in her hazel eyes was dormant now. She was completely shut down.
G- Tell the angel how you feel.
M – The angel says that she will be OK. "She is a very strong and persistent being and will always persevere."
The angel is advising her to do something. The host is opening her arms and calling us back to her.
(Maggie is howling and rocking.)
M - My animals are surrounding the host and becoming her skin.

The angel is asking me to merge with the host for a few moments to give her transitional strength. This feels good but odd. I want to know why they are forming my skin.

"We are serving as the glue or a magnet in bringing many of the fragments together in preparation to reunite. You may move out of the host’s body now and thank you," says the angel.

I am looking at the small body frail and terrified. I want to know how they were all going to fit into it.

"Do not worry we will all fit. Your heart is big enough now."

Her arms are outstretched for our return and she is calling us home. The fragments are sticking out all over my body as I sit with the angel across the roof, and I find that to be funny.

(Maggie is laughing hysterically.)

M - We are becoming more fluid and connected as we begin to crawl across the roof, back to our body. The angel is helping her up. We are forming a coat of feelings for her. She is slowly wrapping us around her. All of us are talking to her at the same time telling her of our adventures. She is crying and holding onto her coat of feelings.

(Maggie is sobbing, holding herself, rocking and howling.)
M - All of us are dancing on the roof. This is odd but feels OK. They are telling me how much they love me and want to come home with me to the future. I am telling them that I want to take them all home and make them feel happy again. The angel and Pegasus are gathering us all up and preparing us for the journey into the future and to safety. We can be together again.

G- Ask if there is anything else that needs to happen here.

M - No. This is all for today. The angel tells me to remember that the primary reunion will be glorious.

G- Thank all your animals for helping you and thank your inner children for their bravery and courage. When you feel it’s right come back to this room and open your eyes.

M - Wow! I feel spent and exhilarated. We are going to have the best time together. I cannot wait to show them all how much I love them. My heart is very full at this moment and it feels so-o-o right.

Maggie has been able to revisit her rage and hate and release those self-destructive feelings. Her guides were so very skillful in maneuvering her through an emotional maze of fear and terror, bringing her back into a state of balance.

She will be addressing what some of the positive ramifications were from this experience.
Maggie
Chapter Seven - The reunion.
M -Life is truly beautiful. I was sitting in my apartment this morning, sipping tea and taking in the wonderful feelings. A black bird flew around me, in my imagery, squawking. He told me to acknowledge my accomplishments. I will do that more often. I am ready.
G- Allow yourself to relax and journey inside. Ask for the most appropriate animal or guide.
M -There are many animals about. The bear is here, the eagle of course, a wolf, the angel, Pegasus and many others. They are rallying around all of us on the roof waiting for our reunion. The bear is guiding all of us to the center of the roof. The animals are making a circle around us and offer their loving care. "We have waited a long time to see the light come back into your eyes," the animals are saying together.
There is a tree that has caught my attention and I am moving towards it. It does seem odd that there is a tree on this roof, but OK.
I am holding the tree and it starts to move. It is shaking a lot and a branch twists and a door opens. I look inside and know that this is different. I ask the angel what I need to do here.
She says to ask the contents of the door to respond.
What do you need door, I ask. The door opens wider and a big voice booms out.
A voice from the inside the door says, "You are to be visited by your future self. Please listen carefully."
I can hear my voice saying, "I am from your future and have come to take care of you all."
The fragments want to know where I've been all this time. They were very lonely and hurt. They agreed to stay behind to survive but believed that I would return right away.
Again I heard my voice telling the fragments why it took me so long to come back for them, "I could not even remember you were there, the pain and fear were so intense," I said.
"I am sorry I left you and am back to show you more happiness and joy than you have ever known."
They want to know more about where I live.
"I have an apartment of my own, a tiny dining room with colorful place mats and matching silverware. I am happy there and want you to be happy too."
We trust the angel who says you are who you say you are.
What do we do now?
The angel is directing us through the door and into the light together.
G- Maggie allow your feelings to come up and be expressed.

(She is rocking back and forth holding herself. She does this for a long time and finally comes back.)

G- Maggie what is happening?

M- We are all together now being held together by light. I feel love and forgiveness for myself. There are animals all around us forming a circle. The bear speaks to me, letting me know that for the true reunion to take place the animals must perform a healing. The bear allows light to shoot out of her heart surrounding us with protection and love. The eagle flies around the circle spreading sunshine on us. The particles of sunlight surround us and move through our bodies, weaving us closer together. The wolf is howling in thanks to the creator for our safe return. Pegasus is also flying around and lands next to us. He is so soft. He wants each of the fragments to touch his magical wings. Many of the fragments have never experienced feelings of softness or joy and are all excited.

All of the other animals are dancing around us allowing light to be projected from their hearts into ours. It’s a beginning, squawks roadrunner as he races around us squawking "Remember fun. Have lots of fun."
We are all holding hands and singing together. The angel has opened her wings to full span and is engulfing us in them.

"You are all back together again and only have to return to the roof one more time," she says.

No-o-o.

"Yes there is the physical self who is still waiting in terror for survival to happen. That trip will be left for the next session. Right now have fun and enjoy each other."

G- Ask if there is anything else that needs to happen here?

M - No, that is all for today. I am reminded to treat myself with respect and loving kindness. I treat friends better than I treat myself.

"Show the parts of you that have sacrificed themselves for your survival, how much you appreciate them. Show them you love them," says the angel.

I will.

G- Allow yourself to come back to the room and present day slowly and gently. Open your eyes when you are ready.

M - I had no idea that there were so many parts of me left back on that roof. My skin feels alive for the first time since I was an infant in my mother's loving care. It is just amazing to me how powerful we are. Thank you so much for your guidance.

G- You are quite welcome Maggie. Now rest.
Maggie still has another hurdle to get over. The host or physical body is the final piece to be recovered in this journey. She will be fine. She has made great strides in her healing process.

Maggie
Chapter eight - Physical survival
M - I have been floating on air and cannot imagine that there is anything more that needs to happen from that experience.
G- Just relax and let the animals guide you into healing. Allow your mind to step aside and your sub-conscious to come forward. Ask if there is an animal or guide willing to spend time with you today?
M - I can hear a woman’s voice from far away yelling at this monster.
"Hey you what are you doing there?"
I am jerked back into my body lying on the roof frozen with fear. The man ran down the steps. I lay there still for what seemed an eternity hoping that he was really gone. I am terrified to move for fear he will come back with the knife and be mad that I disobeyed. I can’t get up. My legs are like rubber, with blood everywhere. I looked at this other me and she and the angel are right beside me helping
me up. I am being told that my guides will always be there when I need them. The angel is helping me up, picking up my bloody panties. She is helping me to put my ripped dress back on and is guiding my hands on the banister inching down, slowly. Every step feels like a knife shooting inside my body, ripping my insides up. I am terrified that I will run into him in the hall. The angel is holding me and telling me that it is over and that I am safe. I finally make it to the basement and the look on mom’s face tells me that it was not a bad dream. She is yelling at me to tell her what had happened.

I can only mouth the words “I want my father.”

I refuse to tell her until my father comes home. She asks to borrow a neighbor’s phone to call the police and the bowling alley, in New Jersey, where my father is a pin boy. It takes him two hours to get home, by train and bus. I will not budge. I refuse to go to the hospital or tell anyone what had happened until I see my father.

The lady who saw this man and me on the roof is here to tell someone what she witnessed. Mom is crying and asking how this could have happened to her? This makes me angry. It’s like I am invisible.

Dad is home and looks at me lying in bed covered in dried blood. I told him that a man did this to me. The veins in his
neck are bulging and he is very angry. He says that he knows who it is.

“It’s that bastard who just moved in on the first floor. I will kill him.”

My heart stopped. I am so afraid. How could he know, I thought!

No Daddy, that is not the man. Please don’t kill him. They will take you away and put you in jail. I was clinging to his leg to prevent him from leaving.

My body is jerked into a scene where I am sobbing and saying, it’s all my fault. I am to blame for the death of a little girl who was thrown from a roof, to her death. I will have to be punished for letting the monster go. What do I do now?

G- Maggie, ask if there is a guide willing to help you.

M - A snake appears and spits at me saying, “You had to be slippery to survive! You were but a child who’s innocence was ripped away prematurely. It is time to let go. You have certainly paid your dues, however unnecessary.”

The work today will involve accessing your inner-child through regression.

The snake wants us to adjust the focus in this case. The bear will guide me today in and out of portholes of reflection to recover and release unexpressed emotions. Each porthole will reveal a memory where either recovery
needs to take place, joy accepted or attachments released.
The snake is saying, "We hope you understand that our primary responsibility is to protect and heal you. We care for you a great deal and feel you are ready for a mass recoup of lost will and joy."
G-Maggie is this OK with you?
M –Yes!
G- Ask the bear if she is ready.
M - She is already here and we are walking up the side of a mountain toward her cave. I love the bear so much and would follow her anywhere. We are in her cave and there are small lights over several smaller caves. These must be the portholes.
"Indeed," says the bear!
Which one first, I want to know.
"Whatever one you want."
I move to the mouth of the smaller cave and find a small door opening for my entry. I ask the bear if she is going with me.
"I will be right beside you every step of the way, my child," says the bear.
In this porthole I am being taken to the hospital emergency room. I can see the large needle the doctor is going to use to stitch up my insides. My skin is beginning to feel things again. The needle hurts and I scream and scream and fight.
I bite the doctor and kick him. He tells me to stop crying and not to be such a baby about this. They are tying my hands and legs down with thick strips of material. He orders me restrained during the procedure. I wanted to break loose and kill him. I cannot stand to be confined and become violent if restrained in any way.

I am not a baby, I scream as he puts tape on my mouth to keep me quiet. I thought I heard him say, “No Novocain.” I was big and I shut up and stopped struggling. I would show them how big I was. I would never cry out loud again. I could cry inside where nobody could tell me to shut up again. No one would ever really know how I felt, again. I had my armor and mask now to protect me. My body turned cold and I fled with Pegasus.

G- Maggie, ask what needs to happen here.

M - I am beginning to shut down one cell at a time. It feels like sand collecting and bonding on my face and body, like a sheet of protective armor. Actually, although confining the shield does make me feel safer.

The bear is holding a large pitcher of green liquid over my head. She says that this will loosen the granules so they can be washed away. The liquid feels warm and nurturing around me. My head is being opened and liquid is being poured through my body.
"This liquid is heart energy and will loosen fears and wash them away," says the bear. I am also being told that the fear of needles will save my life at one point in the future.

G- Remember to put sound to your feelings.

(Maggie begins to breathe deeply and starts to sob and rock.)

M - My skin feels soft like a new baby. I am being shown another scene where there is an older girl, kind of looks like me but with black hair, who has encountered the drug heroin. She is horrified of needles and runs away. I can see a sign turned backwards. I turn it around to read - The fear of needles has saved your life.

G- Ask if there is anything further.

M - “Hell we’re just beginning, girl. Hi I’m roadrunner, the funny guy, remember?”

Here comes another scene. I am being walked through the local police station trying to identify the man. I knew what would happen if I told them who the attacker was. My dad would kill him and be taken to jail. I let him get away with it and had to be punished. I felt so small and helpless. I also felt guilty because I knew where he was and could not tell anyone.

Pegasus has come to take me for a ride, to protect me. I hold onto his neck for dear life. The wolf comes and tells
me to forgive myself and let go of this weight. She wants me to howl with her.

"You don’t deserve to be punished. You did nothing wrong. You were just an innocent child who loved animals;" says the wolf.

(Maggie is howling and releasing her feelings.)

M - I am standing in front of an image of myself when I was eight. The child is putting up her arms for me to hold her. I need to hold her so badly. It feels so wonderful to hold her again. She seems to like it as well. She is telling me how very lonely she has been but knew I would come back for them, and so they waited.

"And here you are coming to take us home with you." She is handing me a brush so I can brush her hair. She almost purrs at the feeling of someone caring enough to brush her hair. She has a guarded innocence about her. She is going to take me on a journey into reflection and projection. Forgive them for they know not what they do.

M- She shows me as a fresh air kid visiting a family down on Long Beach, NJ. All the kids and I were running on the beach having the best time and I stepped on some wood. The two-inch sliver of wood was jammed deep in my foot and has to be surgically removed. I can see a large needle in the doctor's hand and I begin to scream and kick. Everyone around me keeps telling me what a baby I am
being and to stop carrying on so. They kept shaking their heads in disgust at my outbursts. My whole body began to relive all those frozen memories on the roof. They didn’t know! I am to remember to not judge that which I have no knowledge of.

The bear has come to take me away to safety. She is taking me to her den and letting me play with her cubs. She is teaching them to fish for food and wants me to go along. We move down to the river. One of the cubs was holding onto a stick overhanging the river and almost fell in. I laughed and laughed. The bear is roaring with anger. "This is not a game," she says. "You must be careful at all times." She said that my animals would always be around me for protection but I must be more aware of my surroundings for my safety. I am to forgive those who do not understand, for they know not what they do. Off we go again.

**Carnie kids**

M-This next scene shows memories from living with the carnival for a summer. My sister and I are standing on our tiptoes to reach the French fry stand where they are always free to Carnie kids. We can go on all the rides when there are few customers. We love it.
The truck, which is where we live, kind of smells but we are having a ball. We reached Florida and one of the hoochie koochie girls calls me to her tent. I am sitting on a stool facing a mirror and she is brushing my hair. It feels so good. Dad is pulling me from the stool and forbids me to visit “that white trash.” I don’t understand.

"You just do what I tell you, now get," he growls. I am confused but have to obey my father. He is my whole world. Can I talk to dad?

"Yes of course you can," says the bear.

Dad, are you there?

"I am here."

Dad, why did you forbid me from visiting this dancer?

"I did not want people to look down on you the way they did me. She represented trash where I come from. I realize now that she was just being kind to you."

Mom had such strength.

M-I can hear mom and dad arguing about dad's friend having stolen all our money and stock for the concessions. Dad did not know what to do.

Mom is taking control. She is yelling that her kids will have a home if it is the last thing she does. She is moving us from town to town asking for help from churches, the Salvation Army, whoever would feed and shelter her four
kids and give her enough money for gas to get us to the next town, until we reached NY. She was so strong. I felt safe with Mom at the helm. She passed on her strength as well as her fears.

Two dresses
M-We are lying on mattresses in a parishioner’s attic for the night. I am six and the others range from four to a newborn. The woman opens the door, carrying clothing for us to choose from. She shows me two dresses and asks which one I would like. I do not know where the voice is coming from but it is mine as I ask for both dresses. Well! You’d think I’d killed somebody or something. She is scowling at me like I was vermin.

“You are a selfish little girl and should be grateful for what you are given. You shall have neither dress as punishment. You must learn some manners and to accept what you get.”

She has turned to my mother and is telling her that birth control could also mean abstinence. I jump up and my mother grabs my arm. I am glaring at the women and tell her to go to hell under my breath. We had no where to go and were at her mercy. I am to let my feelings about this scene out.

(Maggie is screaming in rage, then quiets down.)
M - I know she was doing her duty. I do volunteer work in homeless shelters and show respect and caring. I made a decision that day. No one was going to treat me this way when I got older and I would never treat anyone else this way.

G- Ask if there is anything else that needs to happen here.

M - I can see where my strength comes from, my mom. Thanks mom. I am to admire this child for her courage in the face of adversity. I am to honor the power I possess. There is one more thing that needs to be disclosed. A dragon comes and scares me.

G- Tell the dragon you are afraid.

M - He says he is big but gentle. He can be very mean and very kind. Why are you here I ask?

"I represent a facet of you that wanted to know what it felt like to be close to death. Have you satisfied your desire," he asks?

Most definitely, I say. Because of this experience I will be able to help others having similar backgrounds and injuries. I have a better understanding and respect for my inner wisdom and knowing. I will never neglect my inner voice again. Thank you. Dragon becomes smaller and he is able to fit in my pocket, just in case I feel afraid he will come to my aid. He says that all of the animals are very tired and happy that everything is finally settled. He says that I will
draw on this experience from time to time while assisting others through their grief. The bear says that there will be another, specific, session to come which will deal with happy memories. I am also to remember that I am a work in progress.

G- Thank the bear, the dragon and all of your guides for their wisdom. Allow yourself to gently return to the current reality and when you feel comfortable open your eyes.

M - I do not know what to say. This feels so right. I feel free and happy. Thank you!

G- You are welcome Maggie. Remember that it is all you in these sessions. I am a facilitator.

M - Great! I will see you soon.

There are so many aspects to an emotional injury. Internal guides are all knowing and so very skillful in their approach. Maggie will deal with emotions that lay beyond rage in her next session.

Maggie

Chapter nine – Beyond rage

M - Things have been going great. I moved into a bigger brighter apartment this weekend, exactly one year from my first move. School is going well. I love learning and
creating things. I was promoted to office manager this week, at work. Things are good. I do feel lonely sometimes but know that I am enough, right now.

G- Relax and ask if there is a guide willing to come forward.

M - It’s the cartoon roadrunner fleeting by. The bear is back and I am being lead to a movie house. I am shown a movie of my first birthday party. I have on a very fluffy pink dress. Mom has gotten me a very chocolate cake. I am covered with chocolate cake. It’s in my hair and of course on my pink dress, the table, my leg braces and the floor. Mom just hugs me and tells me how much she loves me. She is happy that I am having such a good time. A neighbor is disturbed about the mess I made. Mom is telling her that it can be cleaned up but the memory of my joy is forever. I love mom very much. She is my whole world and I am hers. I am anxious for her to play with me. My body is vibrating in delight at her loving touch. Wow. I forgot how good that could feel.

"Remember well, my child! Feeling joy is also sensory awareness," says the bear.

(Maggie is crying in relief.)

M - It has been a long time since my skin felt total joy. I miss you mom! I am sorry if I have ever hurt you. I did not mean it. I hope you can forgive me.
"Oh my little girl. Don’t you know that there isn’t anything you could do that would make me stop loving you? I love you unconditionally."

M - We are holding each other and I have to tell you this feels great!!

G - Ask if there is anything else.

M - There is another memory that wishes to be expressed.

Thank you mom for coming. Thank you roadrunner for your funny ways. I will see you all soon.

I am being led back to our basement apartment and the concrete yard. We played in this alleyway next to the window so mom could see us. Dad has come home and we want him to play with us. He says he will play basketball with us. We don’t have a hoop we tell him. Dad is going inside to the kitchen and is taking out one of the large potato soup pots, and lid. He is telling us that the lid upside down is as deep as our other regular pots. He uses a bottle opener to cut into the lid and around its sides. He is getting nails. He is nailing the open-faced lid to a piece of the wood fence. We can now play ball. I am amazed at the resourcefulness of this action.

Roadrunner is passing with a sign, again. It says, “You are very resourceful yourself, ya know. Admire that!”

I look at dad and feel such love for him. I feel so safe and secure when he is around. Can I talk to my dad?
"Yes."

Dad I am sorry I was mad at you or for anything I did to make you mad at me.

"My baby, I also love you unconditionally and watch over you still. Your work is very important to many that have lost their way."

Dad is picking me up and holding me. He is caressing my face and telling me how beautiful I am. Roadrunner is telling me to feel those feelings fully. "Remember the joy. Allow your body to enjoy these feelings for a long time. That is all for now."

G- Thank your mom and dad for coming. Thank your guides for their assistance and allow yourself to come forward in time, to this room. When you feel that it is time, open your eyes.

M - I feel whole again. I am crying for joy this time. Thanks.

My mother and I had an estranged relationship. I was always looking to be important to her and would do self-destructive things to myself to get her attention. The more kids and distractions she had the wider the distance between us, where once there was no separation. I yearned for her to touch my skin with the love she expressed when I was born and until I was about a year and a half. After I got hurt on that roof I could no longer feel, especially with my
skin. So no matter what she did I felt lost to her. We knew without question that we loved each deeply and I still yearned for things the way they were.

She had cancer for eleven years but refused to go because she would not leave her younger children. When my youngest sister was eight years old mom was diagnosed with cancer and given six months to live. She told the doctor she would be ready to leave after her youngest child got married. The doctor said, “I don’t think you heard what I said.” “Yes,” she said, "but I don’t think you heard what I said." My mother died three months after my youngest sister was married, 11 years later. Talk about will power.

This was such a freeing experience for me. Thank you again for being here and listening to my stories.

G- Take care of your self, Maggie. Remember you can do it!

Maggie is beginning to remember the joy buried beneath the fear. She has been able to reclaim her mother and father's love.
Maggie

Chapter ten - Inside the picture frame.

G- Hi Maggie. What seems to be the problem?

M – Things have been going well and I am afraid that something bad is going to happen to wreck it all. I keep feeling like I am not important to anyone and that I do not matter. My anger is coming up again, not as bad, but it feels really bad inside. I am getting an image of my mother taking all the attention from me when I was hurt as a little girl.

G- Allow yourself to relax Maggie, ask for a guide to come and help you here.

M - Wo-o-ow!! This must be big because all of my animals have come.

G- Ask if there is one animal that will be leading things today?

M -The bear has stepped forward and she is telling me to come with her.

G- Are you willing to go with the bear?

M -Yes, of course. The bear is one of my best friends. The bear is leading me to a junkyard. The bear shows me a picture frame and begins to enhance it. It is big enough to walk through as directed. I am in the scene acting as a mediator between me, as an eight year old, and my mom.
There I was an eight year old, laying in a fetal position, dress torn and bloodied wondering what had happened and feeling lonely. I could hear my mother crying and asking why this had to happen to her. I am screaming inside “what about me!”

I have to say that I am a tiny bit afraid.

G-Tell the bear.

M -The bear says it is time to let this go. The bear wants me to hear what the little girl is saying, in her mind.

I can hear her saying, “I am so cold and lonely. My mind is shouting but no one seems to hear me. Are they all deaf? I’m the one laying here with parts of myself scattered across the universe. Fragments of myself strewn into the depths of depression while other parts of me are riding Pegasus.

How do you think I feel? Left abandoned in darkness and self-pity. Leave me alone! Who are you anyway and how do you know me?”

I tell her how sorry I am and that I just recently became aware of her injury. I am telling her that I am from her future to do whatever I can to bring her into happiness.

“Oh-OK! You know how I feel now go to mom and ask her what was going on that she could abandon her child in her darkest hour of need. Ask her that, will ya?”
M- I turn towards my mother in the scene and ask her what I can do to ease her pain. 

Mom is sobbing and barely hears me ask the question. I ask it again. She looks up and says, 

“You are from my baby’s future, oh thank God,” and sits down. 

It had never occurred to me that she would understand what was going on. She knew God would send her help for her child. I admire her faith in her creator. She wants to know why her baby has not said one word since walking down the stairs with blood on her torn dress except I want daddy. 

"Where was I? What kind of mother let’s her daughter get hurt? This used to be a safe neighborhood, how could this happen to me?" she screams. 

Mom, I say, please listen to me, I need your help. She immediately becomes silent and attentive. That child on the bed is feeling like nobody cares about her. Now, let me finish as she tries to defend herself. This is not about defense or blame. She is hurt and lonely and needs you or to at least understand what you are feeling. This information could free her from her prison of depression and self doubt and free you as an emotional attachment in this experience. So, please tell me. 

Mom says “I can’t tell you how cold my blood ran when I saw her dress torn and bloodied, holding her red stained
panties. My body turned to stone and a whirlwind of memories and feelings engulfed me. I became immobilized with my own past trauma. I remember being held home from school after my foster mother went to work. Her husband threw me on the bed and raped me. I was only 11. He told me that he would kill me if I ever told so I buried the feelings and memories. I never told anyone until now. I love my child and want to do everything I can to show her that. I am sorry I was not there for her.”

M -I am asking the bear what needs to happen here. The bear says to ask the mother and child to reunite.

I am talking to the child, asking if she understands what happened.

She is saying, that she understands. She is telling me that she never knew that her mother had been hurt when she was a little girl.

The little girl felt bad for her mother having to hold all of that in all those years. Where were her mother's animals she wanted to know?

I am telling her that her mother was so badly injured that all memories were buried, including those of her guides.

The little girl wants to be held by her mom now.

I am telling mom that the little girl wants to be held by her and is that OK?
Mom is crying and holding out her arms saying, “Oh- h- my baby girl come here so I can love you.”

The child is getting up slowly as she is still in a great deal of pain. Her mother is holding her close and they are both crying.

Mom is telling her that she was sorry that the bad man hurt her and that he will pay the consequences for his actions.

The child is telling mom “I love you mommy!”

Mom is telling her “I love you too baby.”

The little girl says, “Mom I have to tell you something that I have been holding back since that time. I knew who the man was and felt so guilty about that other little girl being thrown off of the roof a few weeks later. Daddy was right about who it was. I am so-o-o- sorry but I did not want daddy to be taken away.”

Mom is saying “Oh my little girl. Don’t you remember that you told the police about Rob, who lived on the top floor and his having talked to the man as you were being led to the rooftop? The police arrested the man and he was sent to jail. I am surprised that you did not remember that and that you have been carrying around all that guilt for all this time. The little girl who died two weeks later was playing on the roof with her brother and fell off by accident. You poor little thing carrying around all that guilt. You are free from it now so let it all go.”
(Maggie is screaming and rocking. She does this for some time.)

M–Thanks mom, I feel so relieved.

"You are so very welcome. I had no idea. I love you."

Mom I forgive you for not being there for me. I now understand.

Mom is telling me to be aware of emotional injuries she carried when I was conceived that could cause me damage. 

"The fear and despair I felt when you were born has been passed onto you."

Mom are you saying that some of the terrible feelings I have lived with actually do not belong to me?

"Yes. You carry a deep sense of loneliness, which must be released."

Wow I had no idea that I could carry your emotions through my life and accept them as my own. This is great and freeing news. Thanks mom.

The scene is beginning to fade now and the bear is urging me to come out of the picture frame.

I am back with the bear and we are in a beautiful garden with palm trees, flowers and birds singing. The bear is telling me to feel how wonderful my life is now. I am in recovery and have a great deal to be thankful for.

G-Ask the bear if there is anything further that needs to happen here today.
M - The bear says that all of the animals have come to form a healing circle.

G - Is this OK with you?

M - There is a dragon, a rabbit, a roadrunner, the bear, the wolf, the eagle, Pegasus and an angel. There are also many animals behind each of the primaries. I am to stand in the center of the circle as each animal and their companions project love and healing into my body. This feels so-o-o-o-o good.

G - Maggie, allow yourself to fully feel this healing and love from your guides.

(Maggie is sobbing with joy for a change. Tears are flowing from her eyes as she has a message for each of them.)

M - I want to tell them all how much I love them in silence. Is that OK?

G - Yes, of course. Let me know when you have finished.

(Thirty minutes later Maggie is ready to talk to me again.)

G - What is happening, Maggie?

M - I told each one how much I loved them and appreciate their help throughout my life. They are beginning to move closer to me and I feel like parts of me are coming home. Wow! They are merging into my heart where they will always be. Thanks, you guys. I am finished now.
G-Ask if there is anything further that needs to happen here today.

M - There is a tiny bird that wished to speak to me. He is telling me to remember who saved my life that day. Oh yes, a neighbor Mrs. Faith. Barbara and Tommy Faith’s mom was the one who yelled out of her window for the man to stop. Thank you Mrs. Faith for caring. The bird wants me to fly back to my own time and be happy.

G-Maggie ask if that is all for today.

M - That is all.

G-Thank all of your animals and guides for their support and love. When you feel ready to come back to this room do so and open your eyes.

M - I feel so full. I have never felt this good before. Wo-ow! Thank you for your help.

G-You are quite welcome Maggie. Anytime. See you soon.

I was a deeply wounded child having emotional fragments flying all over the place. Anger, guilt, fear, terror, cunning and rage dictated my behavior for many years. I had no idea why I was so distrustful, argumentative or self-destructive. I felt unloved, unlovable, and ugly and that I should be punished for being a bad girl. There were so many pieces of myself buried in multi layers beneath fear and rage that had to be released. My guides took it one
step or one layer at a time beginning with the primary emotional injury; an injury that compounded what had come before and set the stage for loneliness and self-destruction to follow.

My guides were able to help me to understand what happened, recover many of the fragments lost on the roof and reunite with many of my parts. Forgiveness allowed attachments to be dissolved.

For the first time I understood that not all of my pain and emotional turmoil was created by me but passed on to me by my mother. I also recognized that I was passing on some of the abusive words spoken to me as a child, breaking the chains of abuse in the story “Healing Through my Cat’s Eyes,” below.

I began to remember where splinters of my emotional well being were buried and began to recover.

I was also guided to the joy buried beneath the fear and rage.

I am able to live in a more harmonious way these days. My relationships have significantly improved particularly the one with myself. They are more supportive and loving. I am happier than I have been for as far back as I can remember. Things come up and I get triggered but now have solid tools to be able to deal with them.
Nurturing has become part of my daily life and it really works.
Maggie will be reunited with the other two primary fragments in a walk of reunion.

Healing Through My Cat’s Eyes

I was in my office working on this book, when my nine month old kitten, in addition to my other four treasures, were being cats, climbing on everything and running around making noise.

I found myself yelling threats at the baby. Threats about him having to find another home if he did not behave. As soon as the words were out of my mouth I realized that I did not mean them and a flashback of my mother shouting those very words at me came into my mind. They were very hurtful and abusive words. Now here I was repeating those very words to something I loved, and have become the abuser.

Abuse gets passed on from generation to generation until the chains are broken.

Fortunately I recognized the opportunity to release that which felt bad, and anger attachments passed on to me from my mother’s experience.

I also focused on the joy of watching this kitten discovering the world, as I once took delight in doing.
The Story of Pat

The next experience is about Pat and her struggle to overcome depression and suicidal tendencies. Pat has been a victim of sexual, physical and emotional abuse. At the age of 16 she found herself drugged and struggling to survive. Having been raped by the leader of three men, unknown to her, she quickly realized that the other two men were deciding who was going to be next. She blanks out and hears a voice telling her to massage the leader’s ego and to soothe him with her words.

Survival takes over and she could hear the words coming from her mouth even though she was not speaking. She had crawled up onto the bed behind him and told him that she was his now and that she needed him to protect her from the other two guys. He puts his hands behind his back and around her and shouts at them to back off. She was amazed at how cunning this part of her was and how smart. She blacks out again and opens slits in her eyes, can’t move and hears the men deciding what to do with her, dump her body out the window 12 stories up or leave her to die in the alley. The leader says that she is his and he could use another girl on the streets.

She blanks out again, and again opens her eyes and is aware of a wretched smell. A voice in her head tells her to lift her face and turn it to one side. This is not an easy
task in her condition. She was lying in the driveway of a hospital suffocating in her own vomit, than darkness. The next awakening was looking up at her mother who had a terrified expression on her face. She finds herself floating above her tortured body seeing her stomach being pumped. An angel was holding her in its wings showing her that she had come to the crossroads, again. She could choose to stay there and not return to her body or go back and take charge of her life and continue on her path.

How did she survive and recover from such an experience? Pat was able to survive at the time with help from her internal guides and warrior, and recover through an inward journey of exploration and healing.
P=Pat  G= Guide

Pat

Chapter one – Victim/victor

G- Hi Pat. How can I help you?
P- I am a very unhappy person and do not know why. Nothing seems to make me feel better. I work hard, have good friends and a loving family and still feel suicidal, often. The depression is so bad sometimes that I hide in my closet. Fear of making a mistake keeps me frozen in the house for protection and immobile from taking action. I am afraid that I am going crazy. I know there has to be another way to heal myself.

I was so depressed a few years ago while still living an abusive environment that I could not remember if I had taken my Valium or not so I took more. I became very woozy from taking so many pills and fell down, on the floor, in the kitchen. As I started to pull myself up using a cabinet door for stability I began to feel really cold. The hairs on my arms were all standing up. My eyes were just about focused when I began to get a terrifying feeling in the pit of my stomach.

My eyes were level with the windowsill and the room went dark. I started to feel my way around and could feel gritty stuff on my hands, like dirt. I felt very afraid of opening my eyes. Maybe this was death and what I had been praying
for. Oh boy, now I’ve done it, I thought. I opened my eyes and my worst fear was realized. I was sitting in my own grave.

I could hear a voice in my head saying that this was the point of no return. I could die here and now, shut down emotionally or get up, put my coat on and run! The dirt felt so cold and unloving. I knew this was not my time. I got up, put my coat on and left the house. There was no other choice for me at that time. I know how courageous and freeing that action was. From that day forward I have been consciously trying to heal from my injuries.

I have seen a psychiatrist, several therapists; and a Priest; taken numerous classes in building self esteem; read and listened to everything I could get my hands on. I am finally realizing that I have gathered a great deal of information from the outside and now it is time to explore my inner self.

I know that imagery works for me and feel that an internal guide would be appropriate here. As you know from reading my file, I had been abused as a child in numerous ways. In my head I recognize many things but also realize that there must be a connection with my emotional essence. I need to connect with my feelings in order to heal. This is where you come in. Can you help me get in touch with my own powers of healing?
G- I would be delighted to facilitate your journey for today. Shall we begin?

Basically I advise you to breathe deeply and release any uncomfortable emotions by putting sound to them, embark on internal explorations to discover your essence and treat yourself with kindness and caring. Does this all sound OK to you?

P- Yes it certainly does. Let’s go.

G- Allow your body to begin to relax. Inhale deeply and exhale using sound. Focus on your toes, ankles and feet allowing all of the muscles to relax completely. Focus on the space just over your head and allow the energy to flow freely. Begin to imagine that you are walking into a forest. The sun is warm, birds are singing and small animals are scampering around. Tell me the first animal you notice.

P- A gray wolf is walking towards me growling and showing his teeth. I am scared.

G- Tell him you are afraid.

P- He is acting like he is going to charge at me.

G- Allow your feelings to come up naturally. Tell the wolf that he is scaring you.

P- He is charging at me. I am covering my head and feel his body whisk by my body. Did he miss? I open my eyes and he is fighting with a coyote. The coyote has run away and the wolf is hurt. His paw is bleeding. He says that the
coyote was going to attack me from behind and he was there to protect me. I ask if I can do anything for him. He says to put my hands on his damaged paw and hold it. The blood dries up and he is feeling better. He is telling me that I have healing hands. He wants me to brush his coat. I brush and brush him and realize that he is a white wolf. He is howling with pleasure. Thank you he says, now let’s begin the session.

He wants me to follow him down the road. I am following him and we come to a tiny cabin. He says that this is our first stop. As I open the door it feels really cold and damp in there. I can’t see much at this point and want the wolf to come inside. He says that I need to remember and feel the coldness of my anger and pain. I must return to various injuries and recover lost parts of myself. This is the best place to start.

I ask him where we are. He is licking my face and it feels warm. I crinkle up my face and close my eyes.

As I open my eyes I am chilled completely to the bone at what I am seeing. I am really angry to be back in this place. I ask why we are here. This incident is no longer an issue, I say.

He says, "Think again! You were a victim here as in the other cases. The healing will be intensified if you choose to participate first hand rather than as an observer."
I don’t know about this, I am telling the wolf.
The wolf says that whatever I choose is fine.
Well, I am here to work through many things and I trust the wolf. OK I will participate. It is really dark in here suddenly. What happened to the light?
"Remember I am always a touch or thought away," says the wolf.
My body feels so heavy and numb. I am having difficulty moving around, my mouth tastes dry and dusty and my head hurts. Other than those things I'm fine. I feel a sharp pain in my stomach and open my eyes and manage to lift my head up. This guy is lying on top of me having sex. I grunt that he is hurting me. He tells me that he knows I am enjoying it. He keeps telling me to admit that he is a good lover. My head falls back on the floor.
My friend, Chuck, is lying on the floor across from me pretending to be asleep. What a coward and an asshole he is. We were taking all different kinds of pills and I must have passed out.
"Oh boy, now look at what you’ve gotten us into,” says a voice in my head.
Who are you, I ask?
"I am your warrior fragment and am here to protect you from harm," is the reply. She is telling me that this situation is very dangerous and must be handled with care and
cunning. That I should go back to sleep and she will take care of things.

I am thinking that maybe I can finally die and escape from this awful place as darkness overtakes me.

The room has disappeared and I find myself floating back through time. I can hear voices shouting abusive words like stupid and dumb. There is a little girl lying in a pool of blood. A baby is crying and being beaten. A small child is hiding from something she is very afraid of. Red colored material is beginning to engulf me. It is swirling around me and I feel anxious. I feel helpless and alone.

G- Tell your guide how you feel.

P- The wolf is telling me that the red material is my anger and rage. He is showing me how self-destructive the material can be. He also wants me to recognize that the material is trying to get my attention so healing can take place. The material is showing me words “Whenever I feel anything in anyway to remember NOT to blame anyone or anything else but to recognize the trigger and release my feelings.

I am to welcome the red material and begin to vibrate my feelings.

I am telling the wolf that I do not understand.

He is telling me that rage and anger are the results of stuffing my feelings about being abused. He is also
reminding me that there is an injury still there holding unexpressed, potentially harmful emotions.

A warrior has popped out of my body, jolting me back into the initial experience. I can hear my voice telling this rapist what a great lover he is. He is pleased with that, saying “I knew it” and gets off of me. My legs are bruised and sore and I have thrown up on the carpet. He is getting on the bed to go to sleep.

Now how do I get us out of this?

The warrior says not to worry.

From the corner of my eye I can see two other men in the room just waking up and ready to use my body. My body is in serious trouble with all the pills and all. The men start to make their move, fighting each other to be next.

A voice tells me to drag myself over to the bed, pull myself up and hover next to the back of my assailant. I can feel my body shaking him awake and my voice telling him that I am his girl now. I asked him if he is going to let his friends take advantage of me.

He put his arm across my body from behind his back.

They are getting on the bed and I am yelling at him.

Do you want people to think that you could not protect your girl, I am screaming.

This has struck a cord. He suddenly sits up and growls at them in warning.
“She is mine, you stay away or I'll have to hurt you.”

They are backing off. I am unable to walk, so sleep is the best thing. I can hear voices faintly, arguing about what to do with me. One was afraid that if I survived I could identify them. The one who protected me said that if I lived he would put me on the streets for him. The sound is fading. I am fading.

My body jolts as though I was falling and I am aware that I am no longer in the apartment. I am in a dark tunnel with a door off to the side. The door is opening and I can see the color red everywhere. It looks like blood. I see the legs of a young girl, sprawled out in an odd sort of fashion. She isn’t moving. Maybe she is dead.

"She is alive but emotionally frozen," says a soft voice "She will be shut down for some time to regenerate.”

I want to know what needs to happen here.

The wolf is asking me to open my heart and send this little girl loving and supportive energy since I am so much stronger then she is. “She is very fragile and in deep terror. She will survive and at some point in the future will find peace.”

I opened my heart and sent loving light to her and her body moved.

I am back in the tunnel wondering, where to next?
I am aware that I am laying in something that really stinks. Throw up. Yuck. Blackness again. I am drifting in and out of consciousness.

I’m in the dark tunnel again, moving rather quickly. I stop and realize I am in a dark closet. My legs are tiny and have braces on them. I must be about two years old. The closet door is being flung open, exposing my hiding place. My body is being thrown across the room, hitting the wall. I can hear a man yelling at me saying “You are a little bastard and you’re going to get out.”

My face hits the wall and darkness again. My body is jerked back into the first experience and I can see my feet being dragged along the sidewalk.

My words are slurred as I ask where we are going. Darkness again.

My body has crashed onto the concrete. I can smell vomit everywhere and just want it to be over.

I can hear a voice telling me to turn my head so I can breathe.

Darkness again. I do not like this place.

G- Tell the wolf how you feel.

P-The wolf is directing my attention to the warrior.

The warrior is saying that she represents my protective armor and that she has always been with me. The warrior is asking the wolf to assist.
The wolf is licking my face.
He says he will pull me from this experience anytime I choose and that I should not worry. He is also telling me not to worry about the flashbacks, as they will all be addressed. Each flashback represents an injury and/or an attachment to be resolved.
I can see an angel holding out her wings for me to float into. I feel such love for her. I am asking her to please take me home.
She is telling me that it is not my time and that I have a great deal to do along my path. She is saying that my sacrifices will prove to be invaluable to others at some point in the future.
I am slightly conscious at this point. The smell is putrid and I am gagging. What the hell is in my throat?
I can see my mother's worried face, through tiny slits in my eyes, staring at me. She is saying that I am going to be all right. I am thinking no, no! I feel horrible and want to sleep some more. They won’t let me sleep. I hate them. Mom looks real worried and I feel bad about that. I can see an image and am directed to go into it.
There is a tiny 8 x 8 room with nothing in it but a small bench and a toilet in the corner. There are about 12 other people in the room, beside myself, most of whom are shooting up, nodding out or passed out from using drugs.
Someone is offering me a needle and my skin is starting to shrivel up with fear. I am terrified of needles and refuse. A voice in my head is reminding me that this fear of needles, from another time, has saved my life. It is late now and everyone is out cold. There is filth and vomit everywhere so I am trying to fit my body on this tiny bench. I fall off for the third time and take a good look around. A voice in my head is asking if this is what I want for my life. An angel is helping me to get out of there. I am staggering up the street and I meet a friend, and he asks if I want him to take me to his place to crash. I am feeling so drained and just want to go home but know I cannot make it on my own and say OK. We are staggering across town and meet this guy that everyone knows. He wants us to go to a party. I do not want to go but can’t really verbalize anything so my friend says OK and off we go. We get in the apartment and I am given pills and pass out. I wake up and this guy is on top of me. The warrior is telling me to remember that I had already decided to get out of this life. My body is growing tiny daggers of anger and I want to kill my friend. G- Tell the warrior how you feel.
P- She says that I will be fine.  
I am moving in and out of consciousness.  
I am asking God to help me.  
A response comes, “I am here, my child, do not worry. All will be well. You are at a crossroads again. The choices are to pass on or continue the journey. If you pass, the next embodiment will present more difficult experiences. All of your experiences, due to their level of intensity, will become invaluable in the future. We have talked about this before. You are destined to help many troubled people find their power. You wanted to understand, first hand, what suffering was like. You have done really well. This is the final physical abuse. Remember you are loved and supported by the universe. Now it is time to choose.”  
I am floating above my body, thinking about the choice here. I can see my limp body, with a tube down my throat, mom standing there looking scared.  
If nothing else I did get my mother's attention, again. A little drastic, even I must admit.  
All right father I give up the struggle to leave this life.  
I pop back into my body, feeling really bad. The wolf is back licking my face and staying close.  
G- Ask the wolf if there is anything else that needs to happen here?
P- The wolf is telling me to be calm. Everything will be fine. I am feeling really anxious.

G-Tell the wolf.

P- The wolf knows how I feel and is telling me he loves me and will always be there. He wants me to go back and tell my assailant how I feel about what he did to me.

(Pat is becoming very agitated and is screaming and crying.)

G-What is happening Pat?

P- The guy is standing in front of me looking at me. He wants me to tell him, directly, why I am so angry with him.

G-Pat, can you do this?

P- Yes I can. I always felt like it was my fault, what happened. I also felt grateful that you did not kill me, showing kindness. I now realize that you must have done this before to unsuspecting girls. Young girls that you wanted to put on the streets to make money for you. You had no right to violate me.

(Pat is screaming at him. She is very angry.)

P- He wants to respond to my allegations. The warrior is standing between my assailant and I; shield and sword ready for battle.

He is telling me that he is sorry for what happened. They were all strung out on something or other and wanted to have some fun. He never intended for this to happen, but it
did. He says that I have to accept some responsibility in this case. He is telling me that I did not seem to care what he was doing. That I never even put up a fight. He felt that I did not care what happened to me and that he believed that he had my permission to have sex with me.
I am telling him that I acknowledge that life seemed worthless to me and that I really did not care what happened to me at that time but that did not give him permission to rape me.
He wants me to understand all sides involved. He says that the rage and hate I felt allowed this experience to manifest. Are you telling me that I created this rape and overdose situation?
He is telling me that by my own self-destructive behavior I put myself in this situation. He says that he was completely in the wrong for abusing me and wants to make amends. He says that I was also abusing myself at the time, taking pills and putting myself in harms way.
He wants me to know that he wound up in prison on another charge, did his time and never got into trouble again.
I am feeling very angry at being told that this was partially my fault.
G- Tell the warrior.
P- The warrior is telling me to release all the anger. She is saying that I must acknowledge that my self-destructive behavior contributed to the potentially fatal situation.

"Taking responsibility is one of the first steps in recovery. Only then can you accept the joy, buried beneath the fear, as having been self-created. The healing part of your being attracts emotions of rage and hate in an effort to remind you that they are there and want to be released from their tomb," she says.

She is saying that I now have an opportunity to let out all of the harmful feelings and memories attached to this devastating experience and recover.

I am telling the warrior that I don’t really care about what happened to this man.

The warrior is asking me to seek the opportunity of growth in this man's words and my present reaction.

"There are many potentially harmful emotional attachments present and must be expressed," the warrior says.

(Pat is screaming and yelling about her discomfort. She finally calms down.)

P- I am telling the warrior that I do appreciate the information the man has offered me today and will think about it. The man is leaving and warrior is calling the wolf.

The wolf is saying that that will be all for today.
G- Thank the wolf, warrior, angel and god for coming to be with you during this difficult time. When you feel ready come back to this room, and open your eyes.
P- Wh-e-e-w! I never connected my rage to this experience before. And the flashbacks feel very uncomfortable. What do I do now?
G-Whatever feelings come up, allow them to be expressed by putting sound to them. You will be able to reduce depression, stress and anxiety more quickly. You are very brave for addressing this situation. Your guides will help you through it. Try putting sound to your feelings now while the anger is present.
(Pat is making very faint sounds.)
G-Pat, can you howl like a wolf? This is the place to try it first.
P- I feel silly.
G- I know. You asked if there was some way to deal with your anger. This is the best tool I have to offer. Combine it with internal journeys and self-nurturing and you have a chance to heal. OK! So try it again.
(She is making louder and deeper sounds now.)
G-This is much better. You must remember to move as much of your feelings in this manner as possible. The other thing is nurturing. As you release repressed feelings a void is created and must be filled at once. Fill it with self-
nurturing things. Whatever makes you feel good contributes to a sense of well being. Keeping a journal is a wonderful tool and acknowledging your daily accomplishments will help. I will see you soon.

P - I feel nervous. Why can’t I just let it go?

G - You have an emotional injury here that needs to be released. Your depression and anxiety may be a result of this incident, compounded from another painful experience, or passed on from a parent. It is all a process, which cannot be rushed. Let your guides help you. OK?

P - You mean to tell me that some of the terrible feelings I have may have been passed on to me from my mother? That they may not belong to me at all?

G - Yes, Pat. Things get passed on genetically, why not emotionally? Is it not all energy anyway? Will you try and release any feelings that come up?

P - OK! I will try. See you.

Pat

Chapter two–Daddy, daddy, please don’t leave us.

G - How are you Pat?

P - I have been trying to figure out which emotions were passed on to me by my mother.
I am feeling anxious and scared. I feel like there is so much buried inside me that I will explode in the process.

G- The best thing you can do is to vibrate those feelings and doubts.

Are you ready to get to work?

P- Yes I am, but don’t you need to know more about me?

G- Your guides are the therapists. No one could possibly know your needs better than you yourself. I am the facilitator, helping to keep you in relationship with your inner guides.

P- O-oh. OK.

G- Take a deep breathe and allow yourself to relax, beginning at the top of your head and moving down to the tips of your toes. Let your body relax. Ask for a guide to assist you here.

P- I can faintly see a young teenage girl and she appears to be melting. The girl is pointing to a clear plastic box in her arm. She says she is thirteen and invites me to come closer and see what she has. She has a clear plastic box that had been glued together to form a room or display case. There are two black slate pieces forming the floor and back wall. Inside the box is a doll with brown hair in pigtails. She has tears painted on her face in red and blue. The word “Daddy” is plastered all over the inside and outsides of the box in red and blue.
Wow! I feel like my head is splitting and my heart is about to stop.

(Pat is beginning to breathe deeply and scream loudly to relieve the pain.)

P- My body feels like it is in a multi dimensional time shift, where all time is now. I can see myself, at thirteen, standing at my aunt's window with my four younger sisters, waiting for our dad to come and take us home. My brother had just been born and we were staying with our aunt across the street from our basement apartment. The man I believed was my father, whom I adored, had decided to abandon the six of us kids and mom. I never recovered from that. I have nightmares of him coming back to our basement apartment and we are not there. They tore the building down to build projects. My heart is so heavy with guilt that it was somehow my fault and anger that I was left to take care of them all.

G-Pat, are you ready to journey deeper into a state of relaxation and into this scene?

P-I am desperate.

G-Allow yourself to relax. Allow your eyes to close and your body to grow roots deep into the earth for grounding. Ask for a guide.

P-A wolf has come and is licking my tears. I can see myself holding onto a steel gate. My hands are raw from holding
on so tight. My mother is trying to pull my hands from the
gate saying, “He is not coming back.”

I am screaming, N-o-o m-o-m, he will come home.

It is dark now and very late. I am holding on so tightly that
my hands are cut and bleeding. My body has slid down
onto the concrete and I am sobbing. The rain is washing
my face and mixing with the tears. I am sobbing, I w-a-s-
s a-a g-o-o-d little girl. I did everything I was told. What
did I do wrong? D-a-d-d-y p-l-e-a-s-e give me another
chance.

The wolf is telling me to comfort her. I am sitting on the
street next to her body and softly say hello. She jumps with
a start and wants to know who I am and where I came from.
I tell her that I am from her future. I ask, if there is anything
that I can do for her.

She screams at me, "Bring my daddy back!"

I am telling her that I cannot interfere with the will of
another but can remove her emotionally from the
experience and be her friend.

She is curling up in a little ball.

I ask if I can hold her.

She is very hurt and angry and unwilling to let me hold her.

She wants to know what she did to make him leave.

I am telling her that he loved her even though he left. He
could no longer take care of everyone and had to run away.
The wolf is asking if she wants to talk to her father through her imagination.
She wants that very much.
Her father is emerging from the word daddy on the plastic box.
She wants to know when he is coming home.
*He* says, "*I cannot come home, but I did love you and the others. I want you to remember the fun and loving times we had together. Remember when I first started taking care of you when you were four years old and very afraid of everything. You are a smart and beautiful little girl.*" He shows her a homemade basketball hoop he made for her and her friends.
She is crying and telling him how much she misses and loves him. She is pleading with him to give her another chance. That she will do whatever he wanted. She would be a good little girl.
He is telling her that his leaving had nothing to do with his love for her and that she needs to forgive herself and let her feelings out.
He tells her that he will watch over her in spirit. He wants to hold her. Her heart is pounding so loud that the wolf can hear it.
The wolf is licking her tears.
She is sobbing like her heart is breaking and she wants to die.

Her father is telling her that she has much rage and fear from this time. That rage and fear are attachments from him as an injured father, having a wounded inner child himself. He is telling her that his father left him and his 11 sisters and brothers in the hills of West Virginia, starving to death. His mother had to leave them with their aunt and move to Philadelphia, PA to find work to support them all. His aunt could not handle 12 kids and they were disbursed to other family members. He ran away and joined the Army when he was in his teens. He was very hurt and angry about his being abandoned and felt badly about doing the same to his kids but could not help it. He is telling her that she can release these attachments of rage, from her childhood, by what I am doing now.

I feel very sad.
G-Tell the little girl how you feel.

P- She is crying and telling me that she is desperate to come home. She is very lonely in this dark and confining place. She cannot take the darkness anymore and is afraid of dying.

The wolf is telling me to feel the desperation and despair and to set them free.

(Pat is screaming and holding her body in a fetal position.)
Allow your feelings to come up and be released, Pat.
P- The little girl is saying how she remembers having these feelings before, a long time ago, but could not remember when.
I can see a dark hole materializing beneath her feet and she is falling in. I am trying to grab her arm to help her. I am also falling in. We are swirling around in darkness with specks of light visible along the way. There is a small opening just ahead and we both slip through it, landing in the middle of a living room with a blue chair and black and white floor. I can see her peeking from under the chair and find that funny.
G- Tell the little girl how you feel.
P- She is looking very scared and I am not sure why. A hand has grabbed her from under the chair and she is being thrown up against the wall. Her assailant is screaming “You should be dead, you stupid, crippled brat.” For some reason I am invisible here although my body feels shaken. I am asking the wolf what I need to do.
"Become her Warrior and remove her from this experience."
Armor is beginning to form around me as I move over to where her bloodied body lay. I am covering her with the shield and holding her. The man who hit her is moving towards her looking sad. He has picked her body up and is
telling her that he is sorry. Her eyes are closed and she lays motionless in his arms. He is becoming agitated that she is not responding to his gentleness. My shield is protecting her from further assault. He is being separated from her. I am holding her broken body to soothe her. Her eyes are opening and she is crying and holding on to me.

She is back hanging onto the gate. Her eyes are red and stinging from crying. She can no longer scream. Her throat is closing up. She closes her eyes as the rain comes down harder and the wolf is looking at her with large green eyes, a black face and tail and a brown body. The wolf was an old friend. The wolf licks her bleeding hands and tearstained face. She lets go of the gate to hug him tightly.

Please wolf; take me away from here, she cries. He is so soft and warm and she feels so cold and wet. She climbs onto his back and off they go. The little girl is looking back at the part of her that is still attached to the gate and asks wolf what will happen to her. The wolf says that she will be OK after a while.

An eagle has swooped in and is flying back and forth in front of my eyes. Each time he flies past my vision another scene is presented. I can see the part of myself that stayed behind, to hold the pain, begin to turn into a statue of granite.
In one scene I am becoming belligerent, defensive and am fighting with everyone. My rage is out of control. I am in a fit of rage and breaking things.

In another scene a truant officer has come to the house looking for me. I stopped going to school for the most part. The teachers plead with my mother to force me into attending school. “She is so bright.” I am unreachable. I am forced to see a counselor who I have convinced that everything is fine.

I am always playing a part to survive and please others. A huge black bear has come to stay with me in this dark, dismal place where all feelings are frozen to protect me from emotional harm.

G-Pat what is happening?

P-The bear is telling me to let this stuff go as it comes up. To free this inner child and all the attachments involved. The session is complete but the next one should deal with releasing the feelings I had standing at my aunt’s window waiting for our dad to take us home and at the gate. I am to thoroughly rest and take care of myself.

G-Thank your guides for coming today. Thank your father and inner child for their assistance. When you feel ready come back to this reality and open your eyes.

P-I know there is much more there and I am willing to journey back and heal. I will see you next week. Thanks.
G-You are quite welcome Pat. You are a very courageous person. Please remember to put sound to your feelings as soon as possible and in as safe a space as possible.
P-I will thanks so much.

Pat

Chapter three–Window of insanity part I

G-Hi Pat, how are things going?
P-I am feeling confused and very anxious. It seems that the more feelings I put sound to, the more emotions there are.
G-You must realize that this experience has produced emotional injuries, where your unexpressed feelings are buried and anxious to be expressed. Your inner guides will not permit you to deal with more than you can handle. The process is like peeling an onion, peeling one or several layers at a time will eventually reveal its heart.
Are you ready to begin the session?
P-Yes, let’s get started.
G-Allow your body to fully relax. Call for an animal to assist in this journey and tell me what you see.
P-An eagle has flown into my view. The eagle is inviting me to fly with him. I tell him I can’t fly and he says everything is possible in my imagination.
He wants me to remember that imagination precedes physical reality.
I ask if I can attempt to fly while over his body and he agrees.

He tells me to close my eyes and take a deep breath and as I let the air out allow my spirit to soar with him.

I imagine that I am flying with him, all the while keeping my eyes closed. I am afraid to open them and fall.

G-Tell the eagle how you feel.

P-He is telling me to be gentle with myself and that all things come in their time. He is pointing out that I have lived with so many injuries for such a long time, that it will take a bit of time to heal. He is telling me what a brave girl I am to confront my injuries. He also wants me to know how much he and all of my guides love and care for me. It is time to go into the experience. I am advised that to re-experience the injury personally would be most beneficial to me in the long run.

I cautiously agree to participate fully.

The eagle wants me to open my eyes, in the imagery. As my eyes begin to focus I realize that I am back in my aunt's front window, with my sisters, watching and waiting for our dad to take us home. I am 13, the eldest, with 4 younger sisters, 11, 6, 4 and 2 and a new brother at the hospital having just been born. We are staying with our aunt who lives right across the avenue. Her apartment is on the second floor and faces the avenue. I can see our building...
across the street from her apartment window and yearned to
go home and have things the way they were.
I see daddy Phil coming down the street with his hands in
his pockets and head looking down. I run to get our jackets
and help my sisters to get them on so we could meet daddy
and go home. He is at the front door talking to our aunt.
He asked my aunt to get his daughter. I heard this and ran
to the door to see him. My heart is in a panic. Why wasn’t
he taking us home? What was wrong? He would not even
look at me. What have I done wrong, I am screaming. My
aunt pulls me away from the door and tells me to go and
get my younger sister, his first born daughter. I am stunned.
I had forgotten he was not my, or my 11-year-old sister's,
real father and my heart sank. My aunt told me to take off
our jackets except for the 6-year-old. The rest of us, who
were left behind, crowded at the front window. We
watched as he held her tiny hand as they walked across the
avenue together. I feel scared, hurt and angry. I have a sick
feeling about this and know that my life would be changed
forever, again.
G-Pat, tell the eagle how you feel.
P-The eagle is telling me to go deep into the feelings and
consciously release them.
We can all see Daddy and his first born daughter across the avenue. First he is talking to her, she is crying and then he is holding her. Hey, how come he loves her more then me? The eagle is telling me to feel my feelings and let the rage and sorrow out.

(Pat is screaming and shouting at him for abandoning her and her family. She is yelling at him for leaving them all to die and that she hated him.)
P-I hate you Daddy for all the pain you caused my family. You were wrong to hurt us so much.
I can see the image of my father standing in the doorway not able to look at me.
The eagle wants me to ask my father what I want to know. I want to know why you abandoned us. What did I do wrong?
He is crying. He is very sorry he hurt us but felt like he could no longer breathe. He felt trapped and desperate to run away. He loved us and felt like one of us at the same time.
You made me love and trust again and then you let me down. I feel set up and will never trust anyone ever again, I tell him.
He says that the rage and anger I feel towards him is part of the prison I have built around myself. No healing can take place until I agree to feel whatever comes up and let go.
P-He is holding me and telling me to let go and heal myself of this pain. I fight him at first then just surrender into his arms.

(Pat is sobbing and rocking back and forth in a fetal position. This takes some time.)
I feel a little better.

G-Ask the eagle if there is anything else that needs to happen today.
P-The eagle wants me to understand that we will tackle each of the injuries buried in this experience when it is safe for me to do so. That is all for today.
G-Thank the eagle for his loving support. Thank your dad for being here to help you. When you feel comfortable enough, slowly come back to this room and open your eyes.
P – I can’t even talk about this.
G – Pat, if you do nothing else release those painful feelings. Let them go and save yourself.
Pat, call me if you need to talk. I will see you soon.

Pat has been extremely brave in this situation. She adored her father and was thrown into an emotional tornado when he left. She believed that she was not good enough to keep him in her life. This experience compounded early childhood beliefs of no self worth.
She felt pushed aside, second best and emotionally distanced herself from the outside world. Low self esteem and being insecure allowed people to take advantage of her vulnerability. She, of course, craved love in her life and did not always listen to her inner voice or gut instinct when a little attention was shown to her.

In the next session Pat will delve deeper into this injury and uncover more pain and anger and release a great deal of potentially harmful emotions.

Pat

Chapter four–Window of insanity part II
G-Hi Pat, how have you been?
P-I have been able to return to this experience and release a great deal of repressed feelings about what happened. I need to find out what else is buried there.
G- Are you ready to journey back and find out?
P-Yes I am ready. Let’s go.
G-Allow yourself to relax. Feel your body being supported and nurtured in this safe environment. Release any expectations and move with the flow of your emotions. Call for an animal or guide to come and assist you today and tell me what you see.
P-The eagle has returned and is rubbing his head on my face. He is flapping his wings to show me how free flowing
they are, how flexible. We are going back to the window in my aunt’s apartment, again looking at my Dad holding my sister rather than me.

The eagle is telling me to feel those feelings and let them go.

I feel numb and cold.

G-Tell the eagle.

P-The eagle says to stay with all the feelings, as they are part of the burial materials my body uses to protect me from feeling pain. He is also saying that the only way to heal is to feel and let go.

My body is so numb. I love my sister and feel so very distant from her.

The eagle says to tell my sister how I feel in my imagery.

My throat is closing up and I can barely speak as she is walking towards me.

I hated you for taking Daddy away from me. He loves you more than the rest of us. I feel that there must be something wrong with me that mom, and now dad chose other children over me.

I could not even bring myself to feel the sorrow that was mine, until now.

I also feel bad for you. You look too sad and lost. I am sorry he left you. He left us all to die.
She is telling me that she was just a little girl and that she was devastated about his taking her and then abandoning her. She says that she has carried this hurt all of her life and that it has continued to cause pain.

I am telling her that I could not bring myself to be angry with him so I realize that I transferred those feelings onto her.

"I blamed myself, mom and you for his leaving me."

I wanted to be important to him and was never as important to him as you were. My world fell apart that day standing in front of that window. I almost lost my mind.

She is saying "We were just kids and were not to blame. We were all victims of abandonment. I do love you." She is smiling and moving towards me. We are holding each other and it feels good.

The eagle is flying around us and perches on the windowsill. He is showing me scenes of happier times when Dad would play games with us all and watch TV. We had just gotten our own, used, TV and were all crowded around it. We were watching a show about gorillas. A huge, silver back came into view. Dad was calling us little monkeys when the narrator called the gorilla Phil. We all laughed with dad at the gorilla having the same name as he had.
I can see mom, in the middle of the night, trying to straighten out a bent wheel on an old doll carriage and painting other toys to make them look better. The toys were used and broken from the Salvation Army but were beautiful to me. There was so much love surrounding each toy that it felt new and extra special.

We were stringing popcorn on the tree on Christmas Eve. This is when the trees were given away. Mom wanted us to be happy and we were. We always had each other.

Mom went all over the city to get us a chance to go away to the country for a few weeks in the summer, with the fresh air fund. I loved going away in the summer and seeing different places and types of animals.

We were little kids running through the Johnny pump’s sprinkler system, on a scorcher of a day in the South Bronx. I can hear my mother’s voice telling me to always remember how wonderful the water felt on my skin and in my soul. I remember the joy in my spirit.

The eagle is flying around my head now, pecking at me to move out of the scene.

I back up and the window disappears. I am walking into a beam of light. It feels really warm and comforting on my body. It’s mom holding a warm terry cloth robe to embrace me, telling me to remember. This is the first time I can
remember feeling anything on my skin. The eagle is
flapping his wings in celebration.
G-Ask the eagle if there is anything else that needs to
happen here.
P- The eagle wants me to tell my mom how I feel.
Mom, you have never abandoned me or any of us and I
thank you for that. I know how hard it was for you to
accomplish that with so many kids and no one to help. You
could have put us in foster homes, like your mother did to
you, but you didn’t. No matter what any of us ever did we
knew we always had you on our side. I thank you from the
bottom of my heart for your tenacity, courage and the love
you showed us. We can hug each other again.
The eagle says that is all for now.
G-Thank the eagle for coming today. Thank your sister and
mother for their willingness to share their feelings with
you. When you feel comfortable enough come back to this
room and open your eyes.
P-W-h-e-e-w!!! I did not realize that there were so many
feelings being held back in this experience.
It will take me some time to feel all of this and let it go.
G-Take all the time you need. Ask your guides for help.
Take care of yourself. I will see you soon.
P-Thanks. I feel really weak and very tired.
G-Are you able to drive in this condition?
P-I will be fine. I just need a few minutes. Thanks again. I will see you in two weeks.

Pat, with assistance from her very skilled inner guides, was able to go even deeper into the painful experience, identify the roots of her pain and release. It became clear to her that throughout her life she never really got along with this particular sister. They loved each other but had very little connection. One of the connections was rooted in painful feelings of rejection and abandonment.

The next session deals with Guilt.

Pat

Chapter five – guilt

G-Hi Pat. How are things going?
P-I found out that my father passed away and that he was buried in Florida. I took a five-hour plane ride, rented a car and drove two more hours to the Veterans' cemetery. I was going to have it out with him and get closure. I saw the grave with his name and dates on it and I sank to the ground sobbing. Everything came flooding back. All the pain, anger and fear, all of it. I spit on his grave stone. I kicked dirt on it and screamed at him for leaving me without ever saying he was sorry.
It was good that no one else was around to see me acting this way. I told him how much he hurt all of us, and left us too die. He never sent us money or cared. He was a horrible person and should be ashamed of what he did to six children and mom.

As I was raging at his tombstone I felt a wave of sadness come over my body. I was sobbing and lying on the grave trying to understand.

I could hear his voice asking me to remember the good times. To remember how he saved my life when I was just four and scared of everything. How he loved and raised another man's child as his own. He told me to focus on what was good in my life at the time rather than on all of the painful memories. He wanted me to let go of the rage and anger so it could no longer hurt me.

I felt a calmness flush my system and I could breathe clearly again. This was a great trip. I was able to get closure and feel better about what happened. I loved my father more than anything else and had to accept that he was gone and that it was not my fault.

I do feel lighter with this experience. The nightmares of his being killed and lost to me forever have stopped.

G-What do you want to cover in this session?
P- Guilt. I was 16 years old and engaged to be married. I felt like I belonged to some one and that he would take care of me.

He was a 29-year-old with two kids, I think a friend of my mother’s. He started coming over almost every day to our apartment in the Bronx.

He spent a lot of time telling me how beautiful I was.

Mom told him she was not interested even though he seemed like a nice guy.

He told her he was flattered but was interested in me!

I told him, in a very defensive way, that he didn’t even know me. He said that he thought I was nice and wanted to spend time with me. I liked the attention but did not trust him or any man for that matter.

He took me everywhere during the next six months. We spent time with his two children ages ten and six at his family's country house. He taught me how to use a gun and rifle for target practice. I refused to kill anything.

He told me that we would be married and live together real soon. I was so happy that he was going to take care of me.

He never touched me and that was good! I began to trust him more and more. I was finally replacing my father.

He said that it would be OK for us to sleep together because we were going to get married. I knew I would have
a responsibility, as his wife, to have sex with him and agreed to his advances in June.

In November just after my 16th birthday we were scheduled for a trip to his country cabin for the weekend.

I had not seen him for a few days, which was unusual. He was supposed to pick me up by 7 PM on that Friday night.

I had my winter clothes on and bag packed, as always. He did not show up so I went over to the neighbor’s house to call him at his parents’, where he had been living since his divorce. They said that he was not there and did not know where he was.

I was terrified that something had happened to him. I called his parents’ house again the next morning and they told me that he had been home and gone out again. He was alive.

So what was the problem? Had I done something wrong? Maybe he was busy at work? That had to be it and I would have to be patient.

A few days later I realized that my period had not come and I knew that I was pregnant. I was in a panic and left several urgent messages for him to call me. At noon on Wednesday Mom came into the back room and handed me a letter from him. My heart sank.

I knew again that my life would be changed forever. I locked and barricaded the door for privacy. His letter said that he was sorry for hurting me. He realized that he was
much too old for me and that he was doing me a favor by letting me go. What! The room began to whirl around me like a tornado. I heard glass crashing and loud noises. I felt pain in my hands and head from smashing things in the room.

It felt like a dam had broken and I was at the base waiting for death to come.

I could hear my sisters yelling for me to stop, afraid that I would hurt myself.

I heard my mother tell them to let me alone, that I would have to work this out for myself. Sweat was pouring off of me and I eventually slumped to the floor and slept and prayed for death to take me home.

I woke up in sort of a dream. I could not feel anything. My skin felt like leather and my heart felt like ice. I knew I should not have trusted him. I lay in that back room for two days trying to hold my breath in the hopes that I would die. No such luck. I could see blood on the floor from my hands and remembered that I still had not gotten my period. More panic and fear.

I would kill myself before I would have a kid. I had had too much responsibility as it was and could deal with no more. I told mom that I would not wind up like her with all the kids and no one around to care. She was a Catholic and was
very reluctant to assist. In the end she knew that I was
desperate enough to do harm to myself and gave in.
She gave me what I believe was quinine. That night I began
to bleed all over the bed and floor. I never heard from the
guy again. I dropped out of school and began to take pills
to ease the pain. I went to work most of the time not really
caring about anything in particular.
I hated my mother for chasing away the only father I had
ever known and loved who would have protected me from
this guy.
G-Pat, are you ready to journey?
P- Yes!
G-Allow your body to fully relax. Ask for a guide to come
and help you today and let me know.
P-A lion has come.
G-Welcome the lion and ask what needs to happen here.
P- He seems very angry and I am afraid of him.
G- Tell the lion you are afraid.
P- He is roaring and pacing back and forth.
I ask him what needs to happen here.
He wants me to look at his paw.
I am nervous about this.
G- Tell the lion.
P- He says he will not hurt me. He is representing my rage and hurt. He has carried them for a very long time and he is tired.

I look at his paw and it is bleeding. I see some water and wash his paw clean to look at it more closely. There is a large tear in his paw. I ask him if there is anything I can do to help?

He wants me to look closely into the wound.

I look more closely and can see an opening.

He wants me to go into the wound.

This feels gross to me.

G-Pat, tell the lion how you feel.

P- The lion says that the wound is within me and must be cared for.

I am going into the wound and everything is pitch black. I can't see anything. The walls are slimy and warm. He is following me inside and I ask him what this place is.

This place is inside your body where you hold guilt and anger about having possibly aborted your child.

(Pat is screaming at the lion that she was only 16 and could not stand to have a baby and no one to take care of them. The older man had abandoned her and did not know about the baby until years later. What was she supposed to do live on welfare and rot like her mother. She would rather be dead.)
G-Pat, ask the lion what needs to happen here.
P-Lion is asking me to brush his mane and get on his back. He is very soft and I feel calmer. He is carrying me to a place that has light. It is a cave of some kind. There is a baby’s crib in the corner. I feel afraid.
G- Tell the lion.
P-He wants me to go over to the crib and take a look. The crib is very tiny and there is a small speck of light in the middle. The light is growing and I sense calmness about it. The light is telling me to look into my heart for the answers I seek. The lion is putting his paw on my heart and it opens like a trap door.
That was cool! I look into my heart and the tiny light is there, waiting for me. The light is forming into an infant.
(Pat is sobbing.)
P- I feel so bad about having aborted you. I just could not wind up like my mother, poor and with no one to care. The infant is reaching up for me to hold it.
(Pat is crying and rocking back and forth holding herself in a fetal position.)
P- I am so sorry, please forgive me, I know that I did the right thing for both of us. The baby is kissing my face and telling me that I need to listen to what she has to say.
(Pat is sobbing with the knowledge that it was a little girl.)
P-The baby is telling me that I was not ready to have a child and that she was to wait for another host, my mother. She is telling me that my younger sister was initially scheduled to become my child but decided that I was not strong enough to accept her. She is also telling me that I should remember that I was only two weeks late and under a great deal of stress. She is telling me that I was not pregnant at all when I was given the quinine. She had hovered over my body on several occasions and decided that I was not prepared for her and her spirit had never entered my body.

All this guilt for nothing!
She is telling me that the guilt was attached to the action and not the reality. She wants me to know that I was never supposed to have a child, so I should forgive myself and move on.
That I was supposed to be involved with raising the others as best I could.
She is so soft and warm. I feel love for her.
She is hugging me and telling me that she loves me as well.
I can see her growing and she looks like my youngest sister.
She is telling me that she loves me and thanks me for being her sister.
I feel such relief. The lion is directing my attention to scars on the cave walls.
He is showing me a bucket of water to clean the walls. I clean the walls and they are bright red and yellow. The walls are telling me to forgive myself for what I did to my body the day of the alleged abortion.
How can I do that?
The walls are coming alive with a smoky image of me when I was 16. I am telling the image of myself that I am sorry for hurting her. The image is becoming clearer now and I realize that it is a mirror. I forgive you for what you did. I forgive myself for what I did.
The image in the mirror is asking me to merge with it.
I can do that. We merge and I feel a sense of peace now.
The lion is telling me that we must deal with two other areas here but not today. My heart is closing and I say goodbye to the baby and thank her for what she has done to free me from the prison of guilt I built for myself. I thank the lion for his help and love. The lion is helping me to close my heart and move out of the wound. I am directed to put mud on the wound and it heals immediately. He is able to walk better and thanks me for helping him. We say goodbye for now.
G- Take your time Pat and when you feel ready come back to this room and open your eyes.
(Pat is crying with joy.)
P- I feel so relieved and overwhelmed. I also feel really weak and tired.
G- Take your time. You can lie down in the other room for awhile if you like. Can I call someone to come and get you?
P- No I will be fine. I just need a little rest. Thanks anyway. I will see you next week.
G- Remember to release any feelings that come up from today’s session and NURTURE YOURSELF.
P- I will, and thanks again.

Pat has had such a difficult time dealing with guilt, depression, anger and self-hatred. Perhaps her mother passed on some of her debilitating guilt to her daughter.

Pat

Chapter six – You dirty rat!
G- Hi Pat. How are things going?
P- I feel much better. I went home last week with nothing else on my mind but the session. I journeyed on my own and asked my mother what happened after I started bleeding, since I did not remember much.
She told me that she felt such guilt about having helped me, even though it was very possible that I was not even pregnant, and her first allegiance was to her child. She cleaned me and put me in a hot bath to soothe me. She helped me out of the tub and put a robe around me and gave me a hug like she used to do when I was a baby. She wanted me to always remember how it felt to be loved and how special I was, even when she was not around, when wrapped in a big terrycloth robe.

I told her that I realized that I may have taken more chances than was safe, partly to get her attention. I knew that if I were hurt she would be there no matter what. And she always was.

I remember as a very young child being beaten and abused when my mother was at work, by my stepfather. He would tell her that I was clumsy when she asked about the bruises on my body.

I realized pretty fast that, if I were hurt mom would come and hold me.

We both held each other for a long time remembering and reawakening the joyous basic imprinting of being loved.

Things are getting better at work and in my relationships. I am still scared that others will hurt me. The feelings seem hollow and residual. All I can do is vibrate them and begin to understand a little better. I talked to my baby sister and
told her about my journey. She said that it makes sense as she has always felt like I was her mother, and she loved me dearly. Although she also felt that way about my sister Diane at times as Diane was so caring towards her.

I had a dream about the journey where the lion was holding his paw over my stomach. There was a large gash across my belly and he was putting light into it. The wound healed. I used to get terrible stomach pains. Although it seems impossible, the pains have subsided.

The lion told me that I should have a conversation with Tim, the guy who left me, in this session.

G- Are you ready to journey?
P- Yes, I am ready.

G- Allow yourself to relax. Ask for a guide to come and help you with this conversation.

P- The lion has come to help me. I am happy to see him and hug his beautiful mane. The lion is taking me someplace in the woods. We are coming upon a little cabin and I recognize it is the place Tim and I used to go for weekends with his kids. His is standing in the doorway inviting the lion and me inside. I feel anger welling up inside.

G- Tell the lion you are angry.

P- The lion says that I need to tell him how I feel.
You are a dirty rat for what you did to me at 16. You were 29 years old and should have known better. You were and probably are a coward. I hate you for abandoning me like my father did. You knew what my dad did and you did not care, just like he did not care. You took advantage of a scared and vulnerable child and left her.

I had contemplated killing myself and almost succeeded with quinine. You did not even have the decency to tell me in person. You let me wait for you on that Friday night, like always, and never showed up. I was crazy with fear that something had happened to you. Then you sent me a letter telling me that you were doing me a favor in letting me go. You bet your ass you did me a favor but the way you did it was inhumane. I will never forgive you for what you did to me. It triggered a chain reaction in my life that lead to a drug overdose. But what the hell, you were rid of me. You did not know that I heard you coming out of my friend’s apartment in the morning. Not only are you a coward you had the nerve to cheat on me as well. What do you have to say for yourself?

He is crying.

You deserve to cry and feel the pain I lived with most of my life.

He is saying how sorry he is and that he was a coward to have broken off with me in that way. He says that he never
knew about the possibility of a baby or the abortion before I told him in my twenties. He says that he was very immature, having just come off of a divorce and still had a great deal of rage himself.

He says he never meant to hurt me and that he has felt guilty all of his life. He wants me to know that when I so ruthlessly hurt him with the news of having aborted his child he deserved to feel my wrath.

The lion wants me to listen to what he is telling me.

He wants me to know that I have so much anger and hurt about what he did that it could destroy me. He says that I have attachments of his rage for his former wife and that also needs to be released. He says that he will have to live with what he did to me for the rest of his life but that I could be free and put all of this behind me. He says that I deserve to be happy and that I should begin to focus on all of the wonderful things I have created in my life and the great work I am doing to help others.

The lion says by not forgiving him I keep the attachments of his rage.

I feel he deserves to be tarred and feathered. I could have sent him to prison for statutory rape but I did not because he had two young children who deserved a father and it would have killed his mother.
The lion shows me a bucket of tar and a pillowcase of feathers and tells me to go to it.
Tim is standing there as I throw the tar all over his body and then the feathers.
He stands there accepting my rage.
He is crying and says he cannot breathe with all the tar in his nose.
I feel sorry for him and begin to wash the tar from his face.
I give him permission to remove the rest of the tar and feathers from his body.
Somehow this did not feel as good as I thought it would.
He is sobbing and the more I feel sorry for him the smaller he becomes.
I wonder if he will disappear altogether. He is about a year old with his big person’s clothes hanging on him. I help him remove the big clothes. He is shaking with the cold.
I wrap him in a blanket and hold him.
I think I can forgive you now. Will you be OK, I ask.
He says that he will be fine now that I have forgiven him.
His conscience has begun to heal.
I ask the lion if there is anything else that needs to happen here. The lion wants me to climb on his back and we leave the little cabin in the forest waving to the little boy Tim.
That is all for today.
G- Thank the lion for coming to care for you today. Thank Tim for sharing his feelings with you. Give yourself a hug for being so brave. When you feel ready come back to the room.

P- I never thought about what he was feeling or why he did what he did. I have a lot to let go of and feel like I now can do just that. Thanks. I will see you in a few weeks.

G- Take care, Pat.

Pat has been carrying a great deal of anger from this injury. The experience brought back all the painful memories of her father leaving, compounding the injury. Relationships, of any kind, have been strained and distant at best. With skilled help from her guides she was able to get in touch with and let go of some of the rage. She was able to forgive Tim for what he did and let go of the attachments between them. This action has allowed her to move beyond this experience.

She now has the tools to recover and heal from an emotional injury.

In the next session Pat will be letting her mother know how much she loves her.
Pat
Chapter seven – I’m sorry Mom
G- Hi Pat. How are you?
P- I have had a rough time dealing with all the feelings coming up. Sometimes I feel like I am going crazy, that maybe it was better to have kept them inside.
I know that is not healthy and will continue to heal myself in whatever way I can. I had a dream where my mother came to me and told me that I was going to be fine. That she was watching over me all the time.
G- Pat, are you ready to journey?
P- Yes, I want to journey to visit my mother.
G- Allow yourself to fully relax. Ask for a guide for this journey.
P- I can see my mother walking towards me with her arms open wide. Before I allow myself to embrace her I want to tell her a few things.
Mom, I am sorry for anything I have ever done to hurt you, especially when you began to lose your hair from the radiation treatments. I just could not accept that you were going to die. Please forgive me.
Mom is telling me that no matter what I ever did she always loved me and knew I loved her. She was hurt about my not helping her but understood that I was afraid.
Mom, I also wanted to thank you for always being there when I needed you even if I did not know it.

You left your husband when I was a two-year-old because he was abusing me.

An image is beginning to form. It is of mom putting our coats on and removing us from harm's way, John’s beatings. We were all pretty banged up but safe.

When I overdosed you were there as they were pumping my stomach and I felt a little safer. I know that hurt you.

Mom is saying that she felt so helpless with me. She blamed herself for not being there more for me but just did not have the time, with the other kids and work. She did the very best that she could at the time.

I understand, now, but then I felt totally lost and alone.

Mom is saying that some of those feelings were from her experience and some were from my own and that I must let all of them go.

Thanks for making sure that we left the city during the summers. The experiences, not all good, gave me a different perspective on life. I realized that being poor was not written in stone.

Another image/memory is forming. It is late at night on Christmas Eve and I am hiding to see what mom is doing. She has an old broken down doll carriage and is trying to bend the wheel back into place. She is cleaning the carriage
up and using nail polish to repaint the lines on the sides. There is an old doll that she is cleaning up with a new dress she made from dishtowels. This is one of my most cherished memories.

I admired your strength in finding a way to get us home to New York City from Florida when Dad lost everything with the Carnival. I know where my strength and gumption come from.

You were the one I knew I could hate and you would never turn your back on me. That was always my safety net. I know how much hurt and fear I placed in your heart with my running away all the time, sniffing airplane glue and getting high. I wanted to kill myself but somehow knew I always had you to come home to. Thanks mom for loving me so much. I love you too.

She is holding me and rocking me like when I was a baby. I can feel how much she loves me.

Mom I wanted to tell you something about my prom dress. She says she knows and thanks me for having spared her the pain of knowing how I felt.

Thanks mom, I love you.

She is brushing my hair away from my eyes and looking at me with such love.

She wants me to know that she had injuries too and truly did the best she could for all of us. She wants me to know
how very proud she has always been of me. She wants me to remember how strong and persistent I am and how much she loves me.

There is an image of my sisters and me running in the street through the sprinklers from a Johnny pump, a New York City watering hole, and what she said to me, "Remember the joy and freedom of this moment, always."

She is floating away waving goodbye. She says that she is always with me and that we can visit anytime I want. She will help me with any problem I have.

That is all for now.

G-Thank your mother for coming today. When you feel ready return to the room and open your eyes.

P- Wow! I feel so happy and cared for. I have not felt that for a very long time.

I wanted to tell you about the prom dress. In the 9th grade or end of Junior high school there was a graduation with money needed for a book, ring, cap, and gown and prom dress. I knew my mother did not have any money and would feel really bad that I did not have what everyone else had. She was by herself with six kids and on welfare. Not much left over for graduation. I did not go to school much, only when it reached a critical point. I managed to pull passing grades however.
All of my teachers passed me and there was a discussion amongst the school board as to whether I should be allowed to graduate with my class due to my poor attendance record. The vote was split 50/50 with my Spanish teacher being the deciding vote. He told me that he understood how poor I was and that he was offering me another chance. He told me that if I were absent one more time, during the last few weeks of school I would not be allowed to attend graduation with the others.

I took off the very next day. He gave me what he believed was bad news in the school auditorium and I hugged him and said thank you, thank you! The look on his face told me how very puzzled he was at my response. He probably thought I was crazy. I was so happy that I did not have to be embarrassed by being poor, yet again. The teacher had decided for me.

I skipped in joy all the way down Webster Avenue to our basement apartment and down the steps. I walked in the door and mom was standing there with a big smile on her face. I walked into the room and she was holding up this yellow, off the shoulder, dress with flowers on it for my graduation.

It’s second hand but beautiful, she said.

I could not believe it. I thought I was going to faint.
It was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen and now I could not go.

She was so happy to have been able to do this for me that I did not have the heart to tell her. I thanked her and gave her a big hug. She was so proud of me. She would meet me in the auditorium for the ceremony.

Oh god what am I going to do now I thought.
I told mom the day of graduation that the ceremony was an hour later than it was, knowing it would all be over by the time she got there. I met her at the bus in my new dress telling her how sorry I was about getting the time wrong. She was disappointed but happy for me.
I remember something else about the prom dress.
I rode the bus home with her and changed into my pleated skirt and sweater and off I went to the school gymnasium for the dance. My teacher told me I could come to the dance but not in a Prom dress.
I walked in and felt my stomach flip-flop seeing everyone else with their prom dresses on.
This is another fine mess you’ve gotten us into, I could hear a voice in my head say.
The next thing I know my body was on the dance floor doing splits and spins. I thought this must be what a whirling dervish must feel like. This feels like freedom. I
could hear a voice saying, “Remember how good freedom feels.”

I had neither control nor the desire to stop. I wanted to feel what freedom felt like and I did. I could hear some of the kids saying; “Boy that girl can dance.” Dancing became my lifesaver after that. I became popular and felt more confident.

I wore the beautiful yellow flowered dress to my sister’s wedding and looked great. My mother never knew.

Thanks for doing this work. I am astounded at how my own inner self offers continued support and guidance. I appreciate your facilitation. I will call you if I need anything else.

G- You are a very brave girl. Please do let me know if you need any assistance in the future. Take good care of yourself and remember to vibrate your feelings and journey into whatever it is, asking for a guide. Be well, Pat.

Pat

Chapter Eight – Creative chat

Phone consultation

G- Hi Pat what’s going on?

P – I have been having dreams where I am sitting with God talking about things in general. It was like having my father
sit with and pay attention to me. I would like to do a journey into this dream.

G- Allow yourself to relax, etc.

You are in a beautiful place. A place that makes you feel nurtured and loved. Tell me what you see.

P – I see the most beautiful sunset, like in Sedona, AZ. The colors are so vibrant and nurturing to my soul. I can see an eagle flying by telling me to close my eyes. My eyes are closed and I can feel my body going into a free fall. I am moving faster and faster and know I will crash into the bottom soon and brace myself for the impact. I can feel something brush my face and I am feeling terrified now.

G- Tell the eagle of your fear.

P – I squint and see the eagle flying next to me and my body relaxes a little. He is telling me to open my eyes. I am afraid but trust him so I do.

I no longer have a physical body and am pure energy free floating. I can see a very bright light up ahead and the eagle wants me to move into it.

It looks like God to me.

Eagle is telling me to go and say hello to my true father.

My joy is overwhelming and healing at the same time.

He tells me that he knows why I am here and that he will answer my questions mainly because he loves me.
I am asking him why things are so confusing and why so many people are in rage and so hateful?

He says, "Anger, rage and hate represent fear and a plethora of unexpressed feelings, resulting in an emotionally injured being, and usually having beginnings in childhood, as abuse. And confusion offers diversion from those feelings that were buried because they were too painful to experience, at the time, usually as a child. This does not excuse any being from consequence of action.

This energy, left unresolved, can move in two directions simultaneously, internal (self-destructive - diseased) and/or external (lashing out - murder). Rage and hate can literally consume the human body in the form of disease."

I told him that this sounded very serious.

He said that yes, indeed, it was a very serious matter.

"Many of us were self-consuming from the degree of unexpressed fear and density of the energy. There are many who, as I do, march out to meet their demons and recover from their injuries to provide a more loving environment. And it is the responsibility of every being to generate light rather then shadows. The only way to do that is to fully express fear which will assist in raising the vibration field high enough to attract more light."

I wanted to know how emotional injuries happen.
He says, "Each emotional injury holds unexpressed fear and memories from a traumatic experience, and closes itself off by fragmenting from the host, for protection. Anger, rage and hate can, by our choices, also serve as warriors seeking to trigger awareness and get help for their emotionally pained host. They can represent a warning sign that something is in a state of imbalance and must be corrected, if we seize the opportunity and listen to our inner voice or instincts."

He says that any emotions that are triggered, in any way and from any source, within myself must be released. When others show me anger, the anger is for them to deal with internally. Should the anger trigger uncomfortable feelings in myself then I must take advantage of the opportunity to attend to them.

So the only thing I can do is release/vibrate feelings that no longer feel good.

He said that I was correct and this is a process of regeneration and is the prime directive, which is to heal. I also asked why we were all here and how we got here. He said that he had many little spirit children who wanted to play an experiential game of hide-n-seek. So he used various energy frequencies to create an inter-active, multi-dimensional holographic universe for them to play in. The
Universe was a place where they could recreate their experience moment to moment. Somehow many of them got caught up in the props and dialogue and got lost in the density of it all. Fortunately there were safety protocols woven into their embodiment program including a silver thread connecting them to the core energy, natural instincts, survival and self-regeneration (healing) being the prime directive in the program.

"The silver thread is a major reminder of their infinite wisdom, power to self-heal, and greatness and the love I hold for them," he said.

I told God how much I appreciated our time together and all the times he came to visit me from early childhood. He told me how very much he loves me and would be available whenever I needed him. He wanted to remind me of the power of my choices.

He said that he would always be waiting at the porthole for each and every one of his lost spirits to return home. He showed me a pair of ruby red, diamond studded slippers and clicked them together like Dorothy in the Wizard of OZ, and we laughed together.

The eagle is saying that it is time to go now.

I said goodbye to God for now and he disappeared.
The eagle is bringing me back to what is now a spectacular sunrise. I am sliding on a sunbeam back to the Earth plane. G- Pat, allow all your feelings to come up and be expressed fully. Ask if there is anything else that needs to happen here. When you are ready return to the room and open your eyes. P-I am so blown away by this journey and happy to have been in his presence again. This was an extremely empowering experience. It woke up something I have felt deep inside all of my life. I am living proof that we have the power to change things. Coming from a background of poverty and abuse and now having my own place, a good job and caring relationships is proof that change can occur. Thanks again. G- You are quite welcome, Pat. Thank you for sharing this experience and wisdom with me. Take care of yourself.

Pat wanted to journey into a dream where she was sitting with God which made her feel safe, like being with her father again. An eagle shows up directing her to say hello to her loving father. She understood some of the results of having been abused as a child and the danger of not releasing the pain. She also saw what devastation rage and hate can have on her life and the lives of others. (September, 11th) She also understood how protected and
loved she was and the need for others to understand that they have the power, within, to change their world.

Pat represented the second primary fragment in the trilogy, the warrior and protector. This is where I made another pivotal turn in my life's path. My path, although blurry, was clearer to me at that time than at any other time in my life up until that moment.

Her courage and commitment to spiritual growth and emotional healing guided my efforts to a safer, more nurturing existence.

With her as my internal guide I was able to journey back to several debilitating injuries and recover.

I went back to get my GED and enrolled in an alternative degree program. My physical, mental and emotional health improved, and I began to trust and love myself more.
For so many years I had been trying everything in my power to regain the closeness I once felt, as an infant, with my mother. As my stomach was being pumped I could see, through slits in my eyes, my mother’s face. I think that a part of me was trying to get my mothers attention, again. I also began to remember inspiring words from my mother like “You can do whatever you put your mind too, remember how much I love you when you put on a warm snugly robe” and “this too shall pass.”

My mother was always there through thick or thin. You could always count on her to do her best for you. She made some mistakes along the way and did whatever she had to do to survive and keep us all together. And for that dedication I thank her from the bottom of my heart.

“The robe” is about my mother instilling in me the association of being embraced by love, with putting on a big soft robe. It does it every time. Whenever I am feeling a bit down and in need of some nurturing I take a hot bath and dry myself in a big terry cloth robe.

I realized that there had always been a special bond between my mother and myself, remembering “the Prom dress” story, where both of us sacrificed for the other to spare the others feelings.
The Robe

I love my back yard, in Arizona, and take advantage of the swimming pool whenever possible.

After taking a run through the sprinkler system and another swim I was looking forward to putting on my warm, huge terry cloth robe. It always reminded me of how my mother used to wrap me up with hugs and kisses after a bath. She always told me to remember how wonderful her love felt by remembering the feelings associated with the robe. My skin felt enveloped in a loving energy with my mother's special brand of caring.

She was right.
The Story of Annie

Annie had been physically and sexually abused for over a year when she was two and a half, and was held outside a four-story window by her thin hair as a threat to her mother. She could feel her legs dangling between life and death, as her angel appears to caress her in loving wings. She tells the angel how she wants to leave this awful place and go home but is concerned that she would merely damage herself rather than die.

The angel assures her that the choice was hers and that she should remember why she was there at the particular point in time. She was to help others, in an understanding way, through personal experience.

Annie has nightmares of being captured and tortured. She has had bouts of depression and has entertained suicide as a solution. At 27 years old she is riddled with rage, and feelings of insignificance. She has tried everything to get better and is in despair.

She will journey through some difficult times, recovering, one layer at a time, using her inner strength and wisdom.

Annie is the first of the three primary fragments, being addressed last because she represents the earliest assault and core of emotions. She is the keeper of the key to joy and harmony.
A=Annie   G=Guide

Annie

Chapter one–just hanging out

G- Annie, how can I help you?

A- I have tried so many ways to feel better, many of which have helped. I feel a great deal of fear and depression. I am not really sure why I am afraid or depressed. The abuse I suffered as a child has been dealt with a long time ago. I am in charge of my life now and will not let anyone hurt me anymore.

I have always tried to please everyone. I have changed my appearance and mannerisms to fit the person or group I was with. I do not even know who I am at this point. I have terrifying dreams. When I see small children I feel scared and alone. I have great difficulty reading the newspaper or looking at TV. Many of the stories are of abused children and I feel engulfed by fear. I can almost feel the way these children must feel, abandoned, victimized and alone. I need to work this out for my sanity.

G- Annie, you have many inner guides willing to help you through this process. Are you ready to get started?

A- Yes. I am afraid but more afraid to continue the way I am going.
G- Allow your body and mind to relax. Call for a guide to help you at this time.

A-I can see an angel.

God sent her to me, when I was about a year old. I was very afraid at the time and asked God to help me. He sent me an angel who is always there when I need her. She is showing me a window. I feel afraid to go there.

G-tell the angel how you feel.

A-The angel says that I am not really there anymore so it is safe for me to return in my mind. She says that she will be with me the whole time. I love her and I know she loves me so I feel safer now. She is showing me a small child being held by her hair outside of a window. The little girl looks so tiny and scared.

My heart feels like it is breaking.

G- Tell the angel how you feel.

A- The angel and Pegasus are both there holding her up. They are talking to her. I want to hear the conversation but cannot.

G-Ask the angel to allow you to listen in.

A-The angel says that would be fine but I must be present in the experience.

I can feel my hair slipping through his fingers as I dangle four stories up, outside of this window. I can hear mom crying and begging him to bring me inside. She is pleading
with him not to drop me. “John, I will get rid of the dog, tonight. Just bring her inside and I will do whatever you want,” my mother is screaming.

I am crying and struggling to get free.

The angel is caressing me with her wings for comfort.

The angel always listens to me and holds me in her soft warm wings, like a terrycloth robe, until I feel safe again.

Pegasus takes me for rides when I am afraid. Especially when John throws me around and touches me.

He told mom that I was clumsy and stupid.

I’m not stupid, am I, I ask the angel.

The angel says, “No, my little one you are not stupid or ugly. You are a beautiful little girl.“

I ask her why John hates me so much.

She tells me that John is a very sick man, having been abused for most of his life, and that he does not even see me when he becomes enraged.

She asks if I remember why I came to this Earth.

I am telling her not really but I do know that I hate it here and want to come home.

The angel is advising me that I can come home at any time. She also tells me to remember who I am and the mission I undertook for this life span. She says that I agreed to experience all sorts of abuse in order to help people later on in my life.
I am asking her if I am to blame for his abusing me. She is telling me that although I did not plan for his abuse the opportunity arose and I am to let go of the painful memories and anger and focus on whatever good came from the experience. I wanted to know what that could be. She says that I must begin to accept that my life is a creation of my imagery and desire. I wanted to know what it was like to be close to death and to make a difference in others lives as a result of the recovery process. I am asking her what needs to happen here. She says that if I give up and fall I could damage myself further and become more of a cripple than I already was. I am asking her what to do. She says she cannot tell me that but whatever I decide, God, she and Pegasus would always be there to help me. The angel is directing my attention to a large movie screen with images on it. Images of what lead up to this point. She says I have an opportunity to let some harmful feelings out of my body and mind before making my decision. In the first scene I am an infant lying on a bed, naked, and having the best time with mom. She is tickling and holding me. My body is vibrating with joy at the anticipation of her touch. She loves me so much and makes me feel special. A child never had so much love and nurturing.
Mom was happy again but scared to death of losing me as she had lost her eight-month-old son to crib death before I was born. She would have me sleep in the bed with her so she could watch me breathing and touch me. She would tickle me and play with me all the time. Whenever I would fall or hurt myself and cry, mom would hold me and tell me how beautiful I was. She would say “Remember this too shall pass.”

I remember feeling warmth encompass my tiny body as mom held me and brushed my curly blond hair. I felt safe and happy there. She is giving me a bath and wrapping me in a warm towel, hugging my body all the while. The baby is looking right into my eyes and I sense that I should feel the joy present in this experience. I am directed to remember that beneath the pain and fear is joy and happiness and a sign that I am healing.

The scene is changing to my one-year-old birthday party. My hair is pure white and curly, big hazel eyes, and a pout that could melt a stone.

I am wearing a beautiful, very pink, dress with tiny flowers on it and ruffled sleeves. In front of me is a large very chocolate cake and candles. Everyone is singing happy birthday to me. This is great. My hand slaps the chocolate cake just to feel its texture. Chocolate is splashed everywhere, especially on my dress and in my hair. I am
taking hands full of cake and rubbing it in my face and hair and having one of the best times of my life.

A neighbor is telling my mom how dirty I am and that I should be scolded for making such a mess.

Mom says, “No, I want her to be happy and feel everything. She can always get cleaned up. I want her to have a good time and explore everything.”

My dress, hair, face and the table are covered in chocolate blotches.

Mom is telling me to have a ball. She is telling me that I should not miss out on having fun or taking chances.

My fingers are covered in chocolate cake and it feels and tastes so-o-o-o good. I look so happy.

The next scene is when mom's new husband, John, shows up. His touch is cold and mean. I do not like him. Mom says he will be my new dad and I am afraid for the first time in my young life. Mom is spending more time with him than with me and I don’t like that very much. I am feeling abandoned, lost and confused. I am shrieking at the top of my lungs in protest. John is shouting at me to shut up. Mom has left for work and he is pulling me out of the crib by my hair and throwing me across the room. I stop crying.

I am asking the angel why he is so angry with me.
He is hitting me in the face for screaming, causing a stinging sensation that I have never experienced before. He is picking me up and throwing me up against the wall, drawing blood, because my leg braces make too much noise. I can feel the blood and know mom will be home soon and pay attention to me because I am hurt.

I am silent most of the time because I am terrified of making a sound. I believe that if I am silent and invisible he will leave me alone. I can hear mom at the door. I am running into the living room as fast as my braces would allow. As mom puts the key in the door John puts his foot out and trips me as I pass.

Well since I was being hit so much maybe now mom would pay more attention to me.

Mom asks about the bruises on my body. John is telling her that I am clumsy, crashing into walls and falling all the time. He is telling mom that I am stupid and that she should put me in an institution. That she should get rid of the little bastard.

Mom is telling me how beautiful and smart I am as she cleans off the blood.

“You were never clumsy, why now,” she says.

Da-a-a.
John is yelling at me and mom has walked into the room. She sees how scared I am, and comes running over to pick me up. This makes John even madder.
At least I was getting held, sometimes.
We are alone and he is yelling at me even though I am not making a sound. He is beating me and I feel like I am becoming invisible. Mom is in the next room and I know she will come running to hold me if I scream. I also knew that this would make him hurt me more. I have to take the chance of getting held. I am biting my arms and using the corner of the coffee table to cut myself to get mom’s attention.
He has called me from across the room and when I look up a book is flying into my face. I am stunned and begin to cry. He has come over to me as I am cowering and trying to become invisible. He is taking my diaper off and touching me. He is hurting me and I am struggling and screaming.
He is hitting me in the face and screaming at me to shut up. He is taking off his belt and hitting me with the leather part. Mom has come home and notices the bruises. He is telling her what a terror I am, always into something or falling. He is saying that I am probably retarded in addition to being crippled.
John smells drunk and is very angry with me for being there. He has backhanded me and my small body is flying
through the air crashing against the blue chair. Mom sees this and moves in front of him to block him from hitting me again. He is beating her now.

He is telling her that he is sorry and that it will never happen again. She is telling him that she is pregnant and he seems happy about it. He is saying, “Wow, my own kid.”

He is drunk again and beating her until she is bleeding all over the floor.

She is crying and he is holding her and telling her that they can have another baby and that he was sorry.

The next scene is when my sister was born. John is focusing all his attentions on his daughter and leaving me alone. She is really cute and helpless. She is also keeping his attention away from me.

Mom is paying too much attention to her though and I hate that.

I am taking her dirty diaper and rubbing it in her face and hiding. She is screaming and I feel bad for her.

John is taking my diaper off and poking me with his finger. I am screaming and kicking at him. He is holding his hand over my mouth and is hurting me. I could smell cigarettes and booze on his hands and body and I hate him.

Pegasus has come to take me away. I feel such a deep sense of loneliness and despair. I yearn to have mom hold me and look into my eyes with such love again.
This was not fair!!!

John is coming over to pick me up after a beating and I am trying to get away. He is picking me up and telling me how sorry he is. He is telling me that if I would only be good then he would not have to hurt me so much.

I really wish I knew what good looked like to him. I never made a sound. I never touched any of the glass figurines on the coffee table. Mom was always bragging to neighbors about how I never touched her glass figurines.

I feel so lost and alone.

John is talking to me very nice and I know that he is going to do bad things to me again.

My stomach is hurting, my throat is closing up and I can’t run. My eyes are closed hoping he will disappear.

He is making me bleed. He is drinking a lot and becoming meaner and meaner.

He does not like me. He is saying that I am always in the way. He hates the noise my braces make and is yelling at me to stay still or he was going to call the police to take me away.

He is threatening mom about getting rid of the “little bastard.”

I am asking the angel why I need to go over all of this again.
She is telling me that I must feel all of the emotions again and let them go so they can no longer hurt me. She says I have attachments to and from John, primarily about trust.

G-Ask the angel what she means by that.

A-She says that I also have a great deal of hate and rage about his treatment of me. The fact that I still carry it around becomes an attachment between us, allowing him to remain in my life and promote distrust.

G-Ask the angel how you can release yourself from these attachments.

A-The angel says that I must forgive him!

I will never forgive him. He can rot in hell!

The angel says that I can hold onto these attachments as long as I want but they have become obstacles in my current life. She says that I am not yet ready for this. We have a lot of work to do before I will feel safe enough to forgive him, thus releasing myself.

G-Ask the angel what else needs to happen here today.

A-She wants me to continue through what lead to my being held outside the window.

She is showing me a brown dog. Timmy!

He was my mother's best friend's dog who came to stay with us for a week while she was in the hospital. Timmy and I loved each other. Mom would be taking care of my sister and Timmy would be taking care of me. I could hold
onto his body and he would drag me all over the black and white swirl design linoleum floor. The angel says to go into the experience again.

Timmy is licking my face and I feel happy. My eyes are directed to mom holding and tickling my sister and I feel like a kid with my nose pressed up against the candy store window with no money. I miss mom and her loving arms around me.

G-Tell the angel how you feel.

A - There just wasn’t a lot of time for me. She had a job, a husband and two little kids to take care of.

The angel is telling me to stop explaining away my feelings. I must feel them and let them go free.

G-Remember to breathe deeply and put sound to those feelings.

(Annie is screaming and crying.)

A-I feel so lost and alone. Nobody cares what happens to me anymore.

The angel is telling me to keep releasing those feelings. She is also telling me that mom loves me and that she and Pegasus would always love and take care of me.

John complained every chance he got about us kids and the damn dog making noise.

The angel says to remain in the experience.
I am sitting, holding Timmy. He loves me and is licking my face. I love it. John has come home from work, staggering drunk again. I am in the living room with Timmy. John is walking in my direction and I know he is going to hurt me again. Timmy is showing his teeth and growling, while moving in front of me. John is enraged and is starting to break things. He is screaming at mom that no dog is going to prevent him from doing what he wanted to do to me and to get rid of the dog or else. Mom is taking Timmy out of the living room and locks him in the bathroom.

The dog is howling and scratching at the door. John has grabbed me by my hair. I am screaming and fighting with him to let me go. Mom has run in from the other room and is asking him to put me down. She wants to know what I had done. He is standing at the window, has opened it and is pushing me out. We live on the 4th floor. I am dangling outside the window by my hair. My braces are making clicking noises as I sway in mid air. I can’t scream. My body is frozen.

I know this is serious and some kind of turning point. Maybe I will fall and die. This would not be so bad because at least I could get away from him and the abuse. But what if I just get hurt. Then I would become more disabled.

I can feel the brush of an angel’s wing across my body. A voice is coming out of the air to comfort me.
“I love you my child. Do not worry I will always be right here with you. I will always send an angel and Pegasus to help you feel safe.”

The angel and Pegasus both began to divert my attention. Pegasus wants to take me for another ride. I wanted to go and have fun but was worried about the part of me that was hanging outside the window.

The angel is telling me not to worry, that I would be all right.

Pegasus has moved his body under mine so I can sit on him, and off we go into the clouds.

I can hear a voice in the clouds saying “I love you and want to take you home with me.”

Who is that, I ask Pegasus.

He is telling me to ask the voice.

Who are you, I ask.

"I am from your future and want to take care of you. You have suffered a great deal on my behalf and I want to show you how much love there is, waiting for you," is the reply.

I am asking Pegasus if this is real.

"Yes," he says, "She is from your future."

So I am going to survive this window thing.

"Yes."

Off we go, leaving a part of me behind. As I ride away I whisper to Pegasus, "Am I dead?"
Pegasus pulls his head back towards me and nuzzles my leg affectionately and says, “No, little one, your life has just begun.”

How can I be here and see myself back there? What will happen to her?

“She will be fine, now.”

Pegasus wants me to lean forward and hold onto his magical Unicorn horn.

This is great fun.

My tiny braces fall away and I know that no one here will beat, kick, yell at or touch me. This is a safe place. This is where I go when I feel afraid.

“You do not have to be where you are so fearful. I will always come and play with you and take you away until you become stronger. There will be many animals that will come to love and protect you in your life. Remember this always.”

I am back in my body dangling from the window. If I stop struggling he will relax so mom can talk him into bringing me inside. I don’t want to relax too much or he will forget I am here or think I have given up and drop me. The braces on my tiny legs are clicking together as I struggle. The weightlessness feels kind of good except for the heavy braces on my legs. My body is beginning to shiver and fear has taken hold.
The angel is hovering next to me with wings of lucid white, surrounding me for protection.

I can hear my mom begging John to bring me back inside the room and promising that she would get rid of the dog. I now believed that mom would pay more attention to me, if I lived.

He began shaking me and I could feel my body falling, down, down, down crashing on the concrete of the street. I am looking up and could still see my body dangling from the window. There is a shadow of my body, mangled and bleeding there as well. I am so confused. How could I be in so many places at the same time?

The angel is holding me and telling me that a part of me wanted to give up and leave this horrible place.

I want to know what happens now.

She is telling me that I will stay here on the street for a long time waiting for my essence to return in healing.

I close my eyes to rest.

I am back in my body dangling again. This is getting boring, I think. John has decided to pull me inside. He is flinging me up against the wall like a rag doll and is yelling at mom to get rid of me. If she did not get rid of me than the next time he would just throw me out of the window.

“NO!” He is screaming that the next time he would not throw me out of the window because I might survive. He
would take me up onto the roof and throw me off to make sure I did not come back.

I hit the wall face first and fall to the floor, bleeding. There is blood on my face, clothes, legs, braces and all over the wall. Somehow I do not feel a thing. It all feels like it is happening to someone else.

My baby sister was screaming now. He is yelling at mom to clean up the wall of his apartment and shut the kid up.

I feel no pain, just yearning for mom to hold me. She picked me up and is holding me. Well if this is the way it has to be, then so be it. At least when he did these things when she was around, then I would get some attention. Quite a price tag! When she picked me up he got mad. He wanted her to clean up his wall first.

When she did not move fast enough for him he began beating her and me with his fists and belt. He pulled me from her by my braces and dropped me in the corner and continued beating mom. Mom cleaned up the wall to calm him down. She dressed my sister and I, put on our coats, got the dog on his leash and off we went to her friend’s house. Mom is telling me not to worry because she would never let him touch us again.

We never looked back. I got to see real love and strength that day, and no more John.
G-Annie, ask if there is anything more that needs to happen here today.

A-God has come into my mind and wants me to know that I will be fine. He loves me dearly and he and my other guides will come more and more into my consciousness. I trust my creator, always have. He says that there is a great deal to be dealt with and I will feel better and better. I thank him, the angel and Pegasus for their help today.

God wants me to look at the pieces or splinters of my emotional self, which began moving off into different directions, as a result of this experience. There is a part of me still hanging outside of the window, terrified to breathe, causing me to hold my breath, even as an adult, when stress comes my way. Another part has plunged to her death or into a long sleep, contributing to a thickening of my skin and the prison walls that surround my body as defense. Another is lying, mangled, beyond repair, on the concrete, with crippling fear inhibiting her emotional movements in the future. And another is off with Pegasus on an adventure and emotional safety. That is all.

G-Take a deep breathe and release. Take your time and when you feel ready come back to this time and open your eyes.

A -Wow!! I have known these things but lost my memories for a time.
G- How do you feel, Annie?
A - I feel kind of numb at the moment.
G- Take it easy and remember to nurture yourself. The more repressed emotions you release the more nurturing you will need to take in. Take care of yourself.

Annie made a life decision as she dangled outside of that window, four stories up. She would get what she needed by being sick or hurt. It worked on her mother. It did not work on John so maybe it would not work on everyone, but probably most. She also decided that being invisible was safer. If she could not be invisible then she would be whatever others wanted her to be. She would avoid being treated badly or doing or saying something that would bring violence to her. It became a game of survival. She became quite good at it and lost parts of herself in the process.

Annie

Chapter two the little boy in hiding - forgiveness

G-Hi Annie. How are things going?
A-I feel a lot of apprehension about today. Have not been able to sleep. I am vibrating my feelings and sometimes feel like I am going to choke or throw up from the fear.
G- This is normal Annie. Do not worry, your guides will always be there to comfort and advise you. Let’s get started shall we?
A- OK.
G-Allow your body to relax. Ask if there is a guide to assist you today.
A- There is an eagle flying towards me and he zooms over my head and is perching above me. I welcome him and tell him how beautiful he is.
He pulls one wing over his head like he is embarrassed.
That is so cute. I ask him why he has come.
He says that I called for him.
I want to know what needs to happen here.
He is telling me to climb on his back so that we can take a ride.
We are back at the window where I dangled for awhile. We are flying inside and we land on the living room linoleum, with its black and white swirling design. There is a blue chair in the corner of the room. We are standing behind the blue chair. This seems odd to me.
G- Tell the eagle what you are feeling.
A-The eagle is directing me to look under the chair.
This is silly; the chair is very low to the floor so there can be nothing to look for under it.
The eagle is pulling me backward away from the chair and
telling me to watch and feel without judgment.
I can hear John, drunk and angry, looking for me.
(Annie is shivering and crying. Annie inhales and release
with sound.)
A-I don’t think he can find me and that is making him
madder. He is throwing the end table across the room. It
would have been me. He is cursing me and beginning to
get tired. He went into the bedroom and passed out on the
bed. Well I guess that is that.
The eagle is shaking his head No-o-o-o. He directs my
attention, again, to the blue chair.
The eagle is pulling the cover off the chair and there stands
a little boy in a blue jumper with braces on his legs and
head down.
"How can this be?"
The eagle is telling me to go over to the boy and talk to
him.
I ask him his name and he is still looking down. As he
raises his tiny face I feel drawn into my own eyes, filled
with sorrow and fear.
I want to know how he and I can be the same person.
He is telling me that it will become clear at a later time.
I ask him if I could hold him for a little while.
He shakes his head no. He tells me that he is a fragment of my fear, prior to the near death experience. As long as I hold fear about my experiences with John, then I would not be able to bring comfort to him.

He wants me to watch for awhile. He is sitting on the floor next to the blue chair and hears John come home, drunk and enraged.

The child’s body stiffens up and he tries to hide in the chair but John could hear the clinking of his leg braces.

John picks up the baby and throws him across the room where he hits the wall and slides down with a crash. John trips over a footstool and lands on his back and is still for awhile. John is getting up slowly and picks up the boy. He is holding the boy close and telling him how cute and lovable he is. And just as suddenly John drops him on the floor and begins to laugh hysterically.

John has fallen again into a drunken stupor. He is sitting up next to the boy, at eye level.

I feel sick and want to leave this place. I feel hatred for this monster.

The eagle is telling me that it is time to become the experience and let all of my attachments to and from John go.

I am afraid but I agree.

The eagle is showing me a photograph of this scene.
I touch the picture and begin to melt into it. My body feels very fluid.

I am asking John why he hates me so much. He is crying and telling me that he does not hate me, he is jealous. He was abused and never held or cared about when he was a child. Why was I so lucky to be loved by my mother?

I am telling him that I do not care how abused he was, he had no right to treat me so badly.

He wants to know how he can make it up.

"You cannot!"

John is standing up now and is covered with heavy chains. He is telling me that we have attachments from our time together that must be returned to their rightful place. His rage is attached to me and must be released for my well being.

I tell him that I will not do anything to make his life or death any easier.

He is telling me that he is not here on his behalf but on mine. This is a way for him to make amends to me. He must live with the chains he forged in life, but as long as I hold rage and hate for him my life will reflect emotional distance. He is telling me that he is truly sorry for whatever pain he caused me. He is so much bigger than I am and that makes me afraid.
The eagle flies over John’s body, which begins to shrink in size.

He appears to be about two years old. He is standing next to me, the same height, and this feels more manageable. I am hitting and kicking him all over.

He is crying and his body is shaking with sorrow.

I do feel bad for this little two-year-old boy. I have become the abuser here and I do not like that. I go over and put my arms around his neck and tell him not to cry that I will not hurt him anymore and that I will forgive him for everything. I can see his body beginning to disappear.

He is thanking me, through tear-filled eyes for setting him free. He says that I am also free from him. He is gone.

G-Annie, ask if there is anything more that needs to happen here today.

A-The eagle has come to collect me. As I am flowing out of the photograph I realize that I have left the little boy behind the chair. I fly back and ask if he would like to come home with me.

He is nervous about leaving. He has spent so many years in darkness. I am telling him how nice my home is. I promise to hold and love him forever. He is telling me that it is not yet time for him to be reunited with me. He is crawling up onto my lap and wants to be held.
I encompass his shaking body in love, like a warm terry cloth robe in winter, as he begins to relax and feel the love I have for him.

“You are safe my little one,” I say.

That is all for now.

G-Annie, take your time and slowly return to this room and open your eyes.

A-I had no idea that he was there. It feels like he was a product of fragmentation and attachments, both John’s and mine. I do feel lighter and freer than I have in a long time. I think I need some time to digest all of this. Let’s make an appointment in a month’s time.

G-I am delighted to see you taking time for yourself.

Annie has taken a tremendous step in her healing process. She has been able to forgive John and let go of anger attachments to/from him. Attachments that kept her focus on fear and anger thus recreating experiences that reflected the same in her life to come. Focus creates reality. Forgiveness is incredibly healing and does not necessarily mean that you forgive the action taken. It allows the attachment to be detached from your experience, freeing you. It is really about giving you permission to move past the fear, gaining access to the joy buried beneath it.
An eye for an eye can leave the whole world blind.

Annie
Chapter three – A homecoming
G-Hi Annie, how are things going?
A-I have been having dreams about my mother and reliving the night she passed.
My mother had been diagnosed with cancer 11 years before she died. She had been given six months to live at the time. When she was told about the six months she informed the Doctor that she would be ready to die when her youngest daughter, eight at the time, got married. The Doctor thought she was crazy. He said, “I don’t think you heard what I said.”
Her response was “And I don’t think you heard what I said.”
She was committed to staying alive to take care of her children.
I drew strength genes from her.
She was back in Sloan Kettering in New York shortly after my youngest sister got married, 11 years from her initial diagnosis. The cancer had spread to her lungs and her time was limited. My family was scattered all over the country and came in to say their goodbyes.
The night my mother died all the siblings were there to say their goodbyes and anything else that needed to be said. I left the hospital around 10 PM to drive to south New Jersey where I lived. I prayed for mom’s quick release as she had suffered for 11 years now and she was tired.

I was in bed and fell into a deep sleep and saw a vision in front of me. It was mom and she had on a white flowing garment.

She was telling me how much she loves me and wants me to listen to what she has to tell me. She is saying that all the rage, anger and fear she kept compounding, in her life, was the cause of her physical demise.

“*The key to finding joy is to release the sorrow, creating a space for it. Let all of those painful feelings go. Let them be expressed, freeing the space for joy and happiness to fill. Always remember to seek out and focus on the positives in any given situation, for what you think becomes reality. So if you don’t like the reality you are in, change it by altering your focus to a more positive one, and see what happens. Always expect the best and you will manifest a reflection of yourself with which to measure your success. Focus on what feels good in your life and release what does not.*”

She told me how very proud she was of me and of my courage.
Than I saw myself moving into the vision, also wearing a white garment. We were telling each other how much we loved each other.

Mom I am so sorry for any hurt or pain I caused you. I never meant to bring you pain. You had had enough and I am sorry to have ever contributed to hurting you. I love you mom.

"I love you too and always will my little girl."

We held each other and then I turned into a little baby again feeling and loving her caring touch. She told me how proud she was of the work I was doing to help others.

I was my current size again hugging my mom. We embraced for a long time, just melting away all the fear and anger. I cried and told her how sorry I was about not helping her when she needed to have her wig styled after radiation treatments.

She said that she understood that if I helped her then I was accepting that she was going to leave me again. She asked if there was a time that I wanted to re-experience with her and what would it be.

I wanted to be held by her loving arms, again.

She wanted me to know that she never stopped loving me, her beautiful baby with the smiling face.

She wanted me to remember that all experiences offer wisdom, if I choose to look for it.
She needed to go but would never leave me. She held out her loving arms for me and I flew into them.
The feeling was like when I was a baby, warm and fuzzy. We held each other and told each other how much we loved and missed each other.
Mom was, again, telling me how very proud of me she was and how much she loved me. She is telling me that she is always there watching over me so that I need not worry so much. That I must learn to accept compliments and support as they are a form of self-nurturing. And then she vanished.
My body was jolted into this reality by the phone ringing around 6AM. It was my sister telling me that mom had just passed with such a look of peace on her face.
G- Quite a story. I hope you have been listening to her words of wisdom.
I am sure it was very comforting and healing. Do you want to begin the session now?
A- Yes I do.
G – Allow your body to relax and go to your ideal place of relaxation. Breathe, allow your mind to rest and ask if there is a guide willing to come and spend time with you.
A – I can see baby angels flying all around something on the ground. I am being directed to take a closer look. I am a little nervous at this moment.
G – Tell the angels how you feel.
A – They are surrounding me and I can hear them saying, in unison, how long they have waited for my return and how much they loved me.
We are moving closer to what they are looking at and I can see two small shadows, kind of gray and slightly vibrating.
I feel incredible sadness here.
The angels are fluttering their wings around me and saying to release feelings of discomfort for they no longer serve my needs.
G – Annie, allow your feelings to come up naturally and freely.
(Annie is sobbing.)
A – I am asking what needs to happen here and am advised to hold each of the shadows to comfort them, beginning with the weakest one.
I slide my arm under her tiny frail lifeless body and hold her next to my heart. There is a slight heartbeat and I am telling her how much I love her and want to take her home with me.
She is looking up at me with tear-filled eyes, saying, “I am so lonely and afraid. I just want to go home.”
(Annie is rocking back and forth holding her arms and howling.)
G – Allow your feelings to be expressed.
A – She is getting stronger. The more I let my feelings out, the more negative energy peals off her body and flies away. She is becoming pure light and is beginning to swirl around the other shadow that appears to be crippled. They both are becoming light.

Pegasus has come into view bringing another fragment of myself. We are all climbing onto his back and going for a ride. We are moving upwards towards the fourth floor window and the child, buried in fear, whose life hangs in the balance.

The shadows are merging with the fragment on Pegasus and then with the baby hanging outside the window. They are all together now.

Pegasus wants me to open my heart for them to merge into. My heart is growing and I can see a tiny door opening. The opening is growing large enough to fit all of the recovered fragments in this experience.

This feels like the first time that I had cotton candy, the way it melted into my mouth and tasted so satisfying.

They are all inside of my heart now and I feel a completeness that I do not remember having experienced before.

G – Ask if there is anything else that needs to happen here today.
A – Pegasus is telling me to keep them in my heart, adding to the other fragments recovered.
That is all for today.
G – Annie, take your time and when you feel ready, return to this room and open your eyes.
This takes some time.
A – I had no idea that there were parts of me left back there. It is amazing to me that my inner guides know exactly what to do to help me.
Thank you for your help.
I will see you soon.

Annie was able to recover more emotional splinters and further enhance her healing process.
She began accepting the joy buried, for so long, beneath fear and anger. She is very comforted by the fact that her mother is always accessible.

In the next session Annie will deal with her feelings of despair. She discovers that it is not of her creation but passed on, in an attachment, from her mother. She has a lot to release and will.

Annie
Chapter four–Despair
G-How are things going, Annie?
A – I have been overwhelmed by the degree and intensity with which my feelings have been pouring out.

G – Are you vibrating your feelings as they come up?

A – I am working on that but feel really self-conscious about doing it.

G – Annie, remember this is your life and only you can truly heal what ails you, everything else is strictly external support.

Is there something specific that you want to journey on?

A - I feel like I am being buried in quicksand. Like my body is sinking in a sea of tar. Fear is controlling everything I do. My voice is getting lower, almost inaudible at times. I do not know what to do.

G - Let your guides help you.

A - OK.

G - Focus on each part of your body and relax all your muscles. Let your body and mind rest. Ask for a guide to come and help you today. Let me know what comes.

A - A white buffalo has come. He is standing in a field waiting for me to come over to him.

I welcome him and ask if there is anything I can do for him.

He wants me to brush him. He says that he has a great deal of dust in his fur.

I have a large wire brush and am removing dust and debris from his fur. He likes this and is lying down and rolling
around. You would think that this would make him dustier but it seems to free him somehow. He wants me to hug his neck and I am happy to do it. He is so soft and warm. I can rub my face and body against his. He is telling me that this journey is very important for me and that he will be with me every step of the way.

I close my eyes and I am in a very dark and warm place. It feels confining and I am afraid. The buffalo is making a noise to remind me that he is there and to comfort me. I am in my mother’s womb being born. I can feel my head being pushed out of a very small space and it hurts. I can hear voices and feel cold metal being wrapped around my head and I am being pulled from my mother.

Darkness again.

I want the buffalo to take me home.

He is telling me to close my eyes again and go back.

I feel my body being pulled back inside to safety. I open my eyes and am hovering above a baby’s crib. I feel terrified, as I know that this is the crib of my brother who died before I was born.

Why am I here of all places, I ask the buffalo.

"This is a very significant time for you. A great deal of despair has been attached to you from your mother's experience and must be released. Please continue." I trust the buffalo and will go on.
I can see Brian's tiny body flipping back and forth on his back, then onto his stomach. Mom has come in and is holding him. She loves him more than anything else on earth. Her life is filled with his love for her and joy. She is leaving and going to bed in the other room. He is rolling onto his belly and the blanket is covering his face. He is struggling. I can’t stand to see him die.

Is there anything I can do?
The buffalo wants me to reach out to him.
A thin layer of his body is floating up towards me. The angel is holding his body and mine in the safety of her wings. We are watching as our mother comes in to say good morning and feels how cold his body is.
Mom is covering my brother with blankets and holding his limp body. She is crying and begging him to wake up. “Mommy's little angel please wake up. I love you,” she is screaming and holding him tighter when her neighbor Ruth comes in to see what is wrong. She realizes that the baby is not breathing and calls the police. Police officers are everywhere, trying to pry the baby from her arms. He is already dead and she will not let him go. She is insisting that he will be fine, that he is just cold. He could not die he was an angel. We are watching this and I can feel her despair. My body is wracked by the feelings and I cannot breathe.
(Annie is sobbing and rocking back and forth.)

G-Annie, release the feelings and be free.

(She is screaming and writhing in pain.)

A-I cannot believe that all of these years I have been carrying mom's despair, not my own. My heart hurts for her loss and I pray for her.

The buffalo wants me to talk to the spirit of my brother.

I ask if he is OK.

He says that he is fine. He is telling me that he was not strong enough to continue on this path, that this particular path required a female energy. He passed his knowledge to my yet unformed body and stayed with me to make sure I was all right. He says that a great deal more will become clearer to me at a later time. For now I must be born. Bam!

I am back with cold clamps wrapped around my head, being pulled from my mother. I already did not like this place and do not want to stay.

The buffalo is cleaning me up and telling me that this is all for today. I am told to take care of myself and that they would always be there for me.

G-Annie, ask if there is anything else that needs to happen here today.

A-The buffalo says that there is nothing further for today.
G- Thank the Buffalo and your brother for their guidance today. When you feel comfortable enough slowly come back to this room and open your eyes.

A- I had no idea that feelings could be passed onto an unborn child. It makes perfect sense. My heart aches for my mother’s pain. She never recovered from his death. She tried over and over again to have another boy. After many miscarriages and five girls she succeeded in having another boy. I am very tired now and want to go home. Thank you for your help.

G- You are quite welcome Annie. Please remember that sometimes tired can be used as a diversion when certain emotions are triggered. Your energy drastically shifted when thinking about your brother's birth and your father leaving. Feel your feelings and let them be expressed in a safe and constructive manner. Put sound to your feelings as they are released.

Also remember to release any and all feelings that come up and to nurture yourself afterwards. Take care of yourself. See you soon.

It became clear to Annie at this time that her sense of non-acceptance or feelings of not being right began in the womb and at her birth, a birth where there was disappointment about her gender. There was so much
sorrow and despair surrounding her birth that she was bound to have self worth issues. She was emotionally deprived in the initial moments of her birth as her mother's disappointment flooded her senses with doubt and fear. Her mother regained herself and knew she loved her daughter. Her mother was caring and loving from then on, time permitting. The distance between her and her mother began growing around her first birthday when a hateful step father showed up.

Annie began to understand that her mother transferred part of her despair to her. She is finally able to begin the separation process.

Letting go of emotions that do not belong to you is key in the healing process.
Annie
Chapter five – Sorry Mom
Phone consultation
G-Hi Annie, how have you been?
Hi, I feel happier than I have felt in a very long time. Through meditation, I have been able to contact my mother and talk to her about this time.
She has told me that her heart was broken when her son Brian died but was joyous when she saw my smiling face. She was committed to taking better care of me. She realizes that she may have been a bit over protective and I may have been rebellious about that. She was sorry for anything she ever did to hurt me. She always loved me and still does. She wanted me to experience everything without fear. She wanted me to be free and happy, not like her youth comprised of all sorts of abuse. And she did the very best that she could in raising all of us.
I told her that I loved her touch, that I could always feel such love in it for me. I thanked her for keeping us all even when it seemed impossible. She is with Brian and he has told her that it was his choice to leave and that he was sorry for her pain. He loved her and always would. Mom was happier than I had ever seen her. She was young and beautiful again like I remembered her when I was little.
Mom wants me to remember the good times and let the bad times go. She does not want me to be consumed by the bad feelings like she was. She looks so peaceful. We told each other how much we love each other and she left.
Annie
Chapter six – healing
G- What do you want to cover today, Annie?
A-I want to deal with my health. What do I do?
G-We can do a complete healing, in your imagination, using a healing screen, balancing the energy centers (Chakras). Is this something you might like to do?
A-Yes, that sounds great.
G-Allow yourself to relax. Feel every part of your body relaxing and becoming invisible. In front of you is a large movie screen. Do you see it?
A-Yes I can see it.
G-Begin to see an image of yourself projected onto the screen. Can you do that?
A - Yes.
G-Focus your attention just above your head on the screen and begin to see a small wheel turning rapidly. Can you see that?
A - I can see a wheel turning but it seems to be moving slowly.
G-On the bottom of the screen is a bucket with orange liquid and a sponge in it. There is also a vacuum cleaner. Do you see these tools?
A -Yes I can see them but what do I do now?
G- Take the sponge and clean up the wheel and use the vacuum cleaner to clear away any obstacles. Take your time and when the wheel is moving freely let me know.
(This takes some time.)
A- I am finished. I polished the wheel and it is shiny and moving freely.
G- Move your attention to the space between your eyes and again see a wheel moving rapidly. If it is not, go ahead and clean it up. Let me know when you are finished.
A- I am having difficulty with this wheel. It does not want to move at all.
G- Allow loving energy to flow into this space from your heart. Can you do that?
A -Wow that really worked. The wheel is speeding around.
G- Focus your attention on your throat and do the same thing for this wheel.
A - This wheel has very jagged edges on it making it difficult to clean.
G- Ask the jagged edges what needs to happen here?
A - They are moving around on the wheel. They are forming words for me to read. "Speak your truth always. Regain your voice."
I do not know how to do that. They want me to massage my throat and heal the inside with green liquid. They are
showing me a bottle of green liquid, which I am to drink. I drink it and my throat is starting to glow. There is static coming from inside and I am to go inside to take a closer look. I am inside of my throat. There are barriers everywhere. I feel overwhelmed.
G- Tell the edges.
A - They are holding keys for me to unlock each barrier. One at a time I remove the barriers and words come flowing out. All of the barriers have been removed and many words are swirling together and flowing out of my mouth. Words like “Stupid, ugly, you are not good enough.” These are very abusive words that cut like knives and I find that I am repeating them without realizing it.
G – Allow these feelings to be released.
A - I am to remember to write down any negative/abusive words that come into my mind or out of my mouth and rewrite them to reflect a positive focus, like an affirmation. Also to soothe my throat and always speak my truth. My throat has been hurting and it feels much better now.
G-Ask the edges if there is anything further that needs to happen here?
A - They are gone and the wheel is moving freely and emitting light.
G- Focus your attention on your heart and see a wheel there. Allow it to move freely.
A - The wheel is hanging by a thread, about to break and fall.

G - Ask if there is a guide who could help you here.

A - A raccoon has come but she is limping.

I ask her if there is anything that I can do to help.

She wants me to look at her paw.

It is very swolen and bloody. I wash off the blood and pull out a splinter. Liquid begins to pour out of the wound and flood the entire area. I am afraid that we will drown.

G - Tell the raccoon you are afraid.

A - The raccoon is telling me that whenever I become flooded with feelings I run away. She wants me to stay put and not to worry.

I am to swim with her in the liquid. We are swimming and see a boat. We are in the boat covered with blankets. We are both feeling warmer.

The raccoon says that I must let myself feel things and not run away.

I can see my heart still hanging by a thread and want to help.

The raccoon says that the only way to help my heart is to feel everything and let the pain go.

I see patches of images in the water. One patch is of John hurting me. I can feel my stomach tighten up.
The raccoon is telling me to let go and feel the fear and anger.
(Annie is screaming and yelling at him to stop. She is crying and holding herself.)
A-I can see the water getting clearer and heart has a second string holding it up. Another patch reveals that part of me that fell and was killed. I can see my body all broken and bleeding on the pavement. The angel is holding my broken body. I ask the angel what I can do. She wants me to hold my body and give it love. I can see my heart reaching over to touch me, my eyes are opening and the wounds are healing. I am up and alive.
(Annie is sobbing with joy at life being returned to her.)
A-My body is moving towards heart and merging with it as the angel looks on. Heart looks stronger now and not in danger of falling. There is another image of me being held outside of the window. The angel is holding my body and asking for love to be given to it. She is telling me that this little girl is frozen in terror. Heart emits warmth, which encompasses the child, and she begins to thaw out. She is moving towards heart for safety. Heart says that there is another piece waiting to come home before the child can merge with it. Here comes Pegasus with another part of me. She is happy and loves riding him. She and Pegasus are
merging with heart, and then the final piece can melt into heart. Heart is strong now and able to function properly.
The raccoon is OK and also merges with heart. The wheel is spinning happily.
I am asking the heart how this particular merging could take place more then once.
The heart is telling me that there are two perspectives in this journey, the first is from the child and the second is from the heart.
G-Focus your attention on your solar plexus, which is just below your rib cage. See a wheel there and assist it if necessary.
A-The wheel has a few spokes missing. I see a box of spokes and try to repair it.
A hummingbird has come and tells me that each spoke is made up of happy feelings. I should try to remember happy times, which will repair the wheel. The hummingbird is painting a picture for me to look at. I am at my first year birthday party.
I look so happy. This is a happy time. Can this fix the spokes?
"No," says the hummingbird.
I must feel the happiness.
I move into the scene and begin to feel a flood of happiness. My body is tingling with excitement. Mom is
showing me my pink dress and I love the feel of it. It is made of crushed velvet and satin ribbons. I am standing on a chair looking at a chocolate cake with my name on it and one big candle. All of this for me?

Mom is hugging me and telling me how much she loves her little girl with the smiling face. I can feel her love and sink into its warmth and safety. I feel dizzy with joy. I am putting my hands into the cake and looking at mom for approval. Mom is delighted that I am having such a good time. She is encouraging me to do whatever I want. This is my day and I should be happy. She is hugging me with my pink dress all covered in chocolate cake. I feel free and unafraid.

The hummingbird is showing me lying on the bed, naked, with mom tickling me. I can feel her fingers gently caressing my legs and fingers. Light is shining from her eyes with love for me. I float into the light from her eyes and feel warm and safe. My body feels lighter and is floating.

I can see the hummingbird reattaching the spokes of happiness. The wheel is spinning faster and faster. So many colors are streaming from it.

G-Focus your attention on your belly and again see a wheel spinning.
A - The wheel is crooked. The angel is with me trying to bend it back into place. I offer love from my heart and a string appears on the other side and is pulling the wheel into place. I am cleaning and polishing it. The wheel is moving freely.

G-Focus on the base of your spine and tell me what the wheel is doing.

A-There is no wheel.

G-Ask if there is a guide.

A-Pegasus has come and wants me to go for a ride on his back. I always love to ride with Pegasus. Off we go into the clouds. Pegasus wants me to meet someone.

Pegasus says, "Please meet your brother, Brian, who died before you were born."

My brother wants to know how I feel about him.

"I don’t feel anything; you died before I was born."

He wants me to come closer and remember him telling me to be careful and to hide, behind the blue chair, when John came after me.

"I always wanted a big brother to take care of me. I did miss you even though I never met you in real life."

He wants me to feel what I am saying.

I feel lost and lonely. I feel that my mother really wanted another boy to replace the one she lost.

I feel like I am not good enough as a girl.
He is telling me that he is part of me and has always been there to warn me of danger.

I feel like I am sinking in sorrow.

My mother has come and is telling me that she loves me now and has always loved me. Yes, her feelings were confused when I was born because she never grieved over his death. She says I need to grieve over his death as well. I am afraid of those feelings.

G-Tell Pegasus how you feel.

A-Pegasus is taking me into grief and setting me down. He says that he will be with me always.

(Annie is sobbing. Her body is twitching and shivering. She is crying and saying how sad she felt about his dying. She missed him and wished he were here. She is starting to howl like a wounded animal, louder and louder.)

A-A wolf has come and he is wounded. His paw is dangling from his body. I want to help him. He is crawling towards me and wants me to fully feel the pain he is feeling.

My body is hurting. I don’t like this feeling.

He is telling me that my heart has been wounded and that he will help me get through to the other side of the pain. I am holding his paw and it starts to re-knit itself. His paw is healed and I feel better. I am rubbing his soft fur and he is
nuzzling my face. He loves me and says he will see me later.

Pegasus is waiting for me.

My brother is holding out his arms for me to move into. I rush into his loving arms and feel such joy and release. I say goodbye to him and Pegasus and I return to the base of my spine. A red wheel is there, spinning wildly. I send love to it from my heart. It is functioning properly now.

G- Allow all of the wheels to spin together, bringing balance into your body.

A-The wheels are moving up and down my spinal cord mixing the energy with each other. I feel a sense of balance and harmony. Pegasus is merging with the wheels and I am also merging. I feel a whirlwind of loving energy surround me and moving through my body. All seems to be in balance here.

G- Annie, ask if there is anything else that needs to happen here today.

A–I am to breathe deeply and release any residue of discomfort from my body. This feels great, like bubbles tickling my nose and the delight that that image brings. I am also to remember to give thanks for what I have and have accomplished. Thank my creator for my blessings. And most of all remember to smile. That is all for now.
G-Annie, thank your guides for coming and helping you to bring your body into a state of balance. When you feel that the time is right slowly return to this reality and open your eyes.

A - I feel so clean. My body feels like it has been bathed and oiled. Even my throat feels good. This is incredible work. It never ceases to amaze me. Thanks so much for showing me a way to get to my own powers of healing. Take care and thanks again.

G- Let me know how you are doing. Be well, Annie.

Annie was the earliest in the trilogy and had fragments buried deeper than the others. Annie is the core energy, holding the key to joy and harmony.

She was able to keep her thread of being cared for, however deeply wounded and buried, alive for the two other fragments from her future. Her mother gave her a very nurtured, somewhat over protective first year of life, which sustained her throughout. The other primary fragments could not have survived had it not been for her courage and willingness to retreat from harm and protect herself.
Adult life

Having survived all of that and after many years of living in a self-constructed tomb I have found a process that is all natural and extremely powerful. I learned breathing techniques, to put sound to my feelings, use my imagination more, trust my instincts, and raise my consciousness about emotional attachments, triggers and reflections, and to take better care of myself and bring more joy into my life and into the lives of those around me. I am vibrating my feelings and doing internal journeys to promote healing. I feel more confident in my life. I have begun to share my experiences with others and the power of vibrating feelings and using my imagery. Funny things trigger your imagination and it is certainly nice to finally be triggered with memories of being loved and cared for. This is the true sign of recovery, when you are able to find joy, buried beneath a devastatingly painful experience. I am happier than ever before and moving towards becoming a healthier person. I still have moments of feeling fragmented but know that much of the feelings are residual of my injuries and in time will heal. Raging hatred has not darkened my door in some time now where I used to reside in a self-induced dungeon of fear. I live in a wonderful house, have a loving, supportive relationship and could not imagine doing anything other than what I am doing in life. I
have been able to share my feelings more and more. What a freeing experience that is. My writing has become more fluid, which makes me very happy. I still have bouts with feelings of being disconnected but I trust the process and my creator to get me through. I have been able to establish a more honest relationship with my family and friends. I feel more confident, in who I am and that I have value. No more bad dreams. I feel great. I meditate, journey, vibrate and give thanks every morning. I feel much calmer and more focused than ever before. Things people say don't trigger me the way they used to. I have found my loving voice. I no longer have to wait until I become angry to have courage enough to say what I feel. It all seems to come more naturally and without so much confusion. I am happy. There are still times when I feel lost and give thanks for how far I have been able to come. I work out daily and have come to realize that my physical condition is an indicator of my emotional state. Putting sound to my feelings has helped me to calm down and smell the roses. I am healthier than ever before.
Polarities of Love and hate
During my morning meditation an angel appeared and asked that I rest my body and mind and journey to the polarities of Love and Hate which must be resolved before a reunion can take place. My eyes are closed and I am breathing deeply and releasing with sound.
I can see a door opening and find myself in a junkyard.
The angel is asking that I allow myself to wander around a bit until something catches my attention. "Take a careful look at what you have discovered and ask for the animal or guide of hate to come into your imagination." I welcome the guide of hate, who is a shadow of a cat, and ask what needs to happen here. I am instructed to allow my senses to be fully present and any feelings that come up to be released. I am to tell my guide how I am feeling and ask whatever questions I choose.
A small shadow of an orange cat showed up with a broken tail, which brought me back to the basement apartment where I lived when I was very young. I had just discovered, after my sister’s real father Jack showed up out of the blue to claim her, that the man I adored was not my real father. Neither my sister nor I had any memory of Jack but my throat began to close up and I felt very angry. He left after a fight with my mother and I became curious about my last
name especially since my sister was two years younger than I was.

Mom was the superintendent of a small apartment building and collected rent from the tenants.

The rent box was stored on a shelf built close to the ceiling and the box was also used for important papers. I found a way to get into the box and look for my birth certificate. My last name was the same as my mom’s. I confronted my father and mother, demanding to know why my name was not the same as his. They did not respond with what I had expected, which was that there was a mistake. They both started to tell me how special I was. Dad was telling me that he had chosen me and that made me special.

My ears closed and I did not hear another word. I felt so lost and angry. Rage began to well up from my stomach and I did not remember anything after that.

The cat showed me how I held it down and twisted its tail. The cat told me that he sacrificed himself so I would not do any further damage to myself by cutting, biting and hurting myself.

He knows how guilty I have felt, all of my life, over this incident. He wants me to go back into my body and feel the rage and anger and let it all go. He is showing me self-induced cuts on my arms and legs. Hurting myself was a
way to get my mother's attention. I felt deeply hurt and abandoned all over again about hurting this cat.

I vaguely remember this incident and never saw the cat again after I hurt him. I have carried this guilt all of my life. The cat told me that as I was hurting him it was really myself I wanted to hurt and that I was not conscious at the time. Rage and anger had taken over and feelings of being abandoned again consumed me. He wants me to forgive myself and call for the guide of love.

The guide of love is the same cat but fully healthy and his tail is not bent. He told me that the healthier I become the healthier he will become, as he was a reflection of how I was feeling about myself.

He showed me a number of cats, in my life long after he was gone. He showed me how loving they were and to learn to listen to their wisdom. He showed me a white cat I found, or rather she found me in Connecticut. This white cat came into my imagery and told me to focus on things that have felt good. This does not mean to disregard what feels bad. It simply means to be grateful for what makes me happy and release what does not.

It seemed obvious that the shadow of the cat and the healthy cat were the same and could merge easily. They did merge and became the white cat I have at home now. She told me to recognize my gifts and accept my power.
She directed my attention to an image of me as the abuser of this cat. I am around seven and a half years old and very sad. The cat is rubbing the little girl’s leg and telling her to forgive herself and move on. She is crying and I feel bad for her.

Cat says to feel bad for myself.

I feel the rage and hurt and am able to let them go.

The little girl wanted to be held and I held her tiny body.

She said that she did not mean to hurt the pretty cat. The cat told her he forgave her and that I needed to forgive her as well. We all forgave each other and the scene began to fade when the little girl began to panic and hold onto me. She was afraid that I would leave her. I opened my heart and tucked her in for safety. And here we are.

I am always bowled over by the process and thankful for the opportunities to grow and heal.

During another meditation I relived an experience that occurred just after I had overdosed on drugs and began the long haul back to the living. I confronted being confined, like a tortured caged animal. I no longer did drugs and met a former friend who still did. I was in the bathroom washing my face trying to figure out how I could duck her when in she strolled, high as a kite, blocking the door. I wanted to pass her but she saw me and barred the
way. I warned her not to do that. I told her that I did not deal with confinement very well and to let me out.

My skin began to crawl and I could feel the rage firing up in my body. She was making fun of how frozen I looked and that she would let me out when she felt like it, and switched off the light. I was hyperventilating by that point and could no longer breathe unless I was outside of that room. I did not remember feeling much after that except the hate. I felt my hands beating her almost through the door and out into the street.

She kept coming at me and I finally snapped, picked her up and put her face down in a garbage pail. The rage and hate I experienced, that day, was not about her or what she did. It was about buried emotions erupting in pure rage from being abused in the past.

I have felt guilty about having lost control at that time.

A beaver came and took me back to talk to me at that time. I could see the rage in my eyes and fear of what I had just done.

The beaver is telling me that I was protecting my inner child and that I had warned her several times. The beaver said that I was acting out the violence that was used on me. The beaver asks that I talk to my violent self. I can see myself in a mirror only I am 16 again and very angry. I
asked the image of my angry self if there was anything I could do for her?
She is telling me that she has lived in this dark place for too long and she wants me to rescue her.
I want to know if she can forgive herself for this action.
She looked at me with tears rolling down her face and wants me to forgive her.
I told her that I did forgive her and fully understood that this was the only way she could have protected herself at the time. I told her that I have found a way to deal with all of those hurtful feelings and be happier.
She is crying and wants me to take her home with me.
She loved me enough to hold that dark space waiting for my return to flow light into it.
She and the beaver merged and became a tiny hummingbird, which was moved into my heart for safekeeping. I thanked my guides and was happy to have them with me.
I have always been terrified of my rage, afraid of hurting others or myself.
Now that I have tools to help me deal with frustration and stress I feel more secure in my power to heal.

I have always felt guilt about being jealous of my sister and her taking my mom's time away from me. Sometimes I
hated her. One time I put a diaper in her face. When she cried I felt bad. I loved her and hated her at the same time. It was a very confusing time especially, when her father tried to hurt me every chance he got. I was only a baby at the time.

My guide during this meditation was Timmy; my mother's friend’s dog from next door. Timmy told me that I should forgive myself, as I was just a baby. He told me that it was normal for siblings to experience feelings of displacement when a new baby arrives. He told me to see my sister in her crib and tell her I was sorry.

I looked at her beautiful little face and told her how sorry I was.

She put her arms around my neck and hugged me. She told me that she forgave me, understood and had no scars from the incident. The only scars are on my body. She wants me to forgive myself and experience freedom. I told the baby, which was me, that I forgave her. She is hugging my sister and they both are playing together.

This was such a freeing experience. I had forgotten how jealous and left out I felt. I will continue to put sound to feelings that come up. This process has been so very instrumental in bringing my emotions to life again. I am eternally grateful.
The walk of reunion
This morning I knew something big was going to happen during my meditation. There is a dragon at the opening of a cave hailing me inside. I am afraid.
The dragon says not to worry, I am well protected.
We are on the side of a mountain, with the cave being directly across from us across a canyon. We could go all around the mountain to the other side or find a way across.
There appeared a thin path connecting the two sides of the mountain. The shortest distance is along the path but it is appearing and disappearing so I do not feel safe.
A roadrunner is running back and forth across the path heckling me about being afraid. He is assuring me that the path will be there when I need it.
OK, I am willing to try it.
I start to walk across cautiously and as I reach the middle of the road it disappears.
I am in a panic as the dragon flies overhead telling me that this is my imagination and as such I can create whatever I choose.
The road reappears and I cross over safely.
I am at the mouth of the cave and hear roadrunner laughing and laughing. He shows me how much easier it would have been to walk around but for some reason I think that
everything worth having must be hard to get. Not true, he says.
The cave is in front of me now and I am directed inside.
There is an alligator inside and I am afraid that he will bite me.
He is assuring me that he will not bite me and I begin to move past him. Just as I am moving past him he snaps at me and I jump.
He says, "Just kidding."
The cave is very dark with bits of illumination up ahead.
There is a statue of some kind. As I move closer to it I can see it breathing. The figure was translucent. I could see through it.
I asked what needed to happen here.
A wolf has come to tell me to take a closer look.
I can see that the statue is made of skin with no insides, a shell.
I want to know what I am supposed to do.
The wolf is telling me to touch the skin and help it to feel again.
I do not want to touch the skin.
The wolf is telling me that there are other things deeper in the cave that need my attention and that I would be ready to touch this statue on my way out.
Moving further into the cave there is a painting of a small child looking down at her death. I ask the wolf what needed to happen. The wolf is telling me to place my hands on the painting. As I do that the painting becomes alive. The little girl is dangling high up and is terrified. What can I do? "You can hold me," were her words. Holding her is like melting into the past. She wants me to feel all that she is feeling and let it all go. She is standing there at the base of the picture holding a sign with her name on it. It is very out of focus. The wolf is telling me to move a little further into the cave for one more fragment to be revealed. He is saying that all will become clear as I leave the cave. There does not seem to be any light and I do not like this. The wolf says that darkness sometimes represents safety. I can’t see anything and bump into a stone statue. I run my hands over it lovingly and it begins to crumble. I feel terrible about damaging the statue and want the wolf to help put it back together. The wolf is licking my face telling me to be patient. The stone has fallen away and there, in its place, is a girl with love and light in her eyes.
The former statue is telling me that she represented the granite of my defenses.
She is walking next to me and we are moving back through the cave.
We meet the child from the painting and the statue of light is encompassing her in light as she disappears into it.
We all begin moving towards the cave opening and the translucent statue is standing there.
I am the coat of your feelings, she says and it is time for you to put me back on.
The wolf is telling me to allow my feelings to be fully expressed here.
The statue of light is merging into the skin and now there is a person.
The wolf wants me to allow the three merged images to become a part of me again.
I agree.
It was the most wonderful feeling. Joy, happiness and innocence have returned to help me heal.
There are three signs on the floor with names on them. I cannot read them. They are swirling around each other and are forming a single nameplate with the following inscription.
We are fragments of you: Annie - Maggie – Pat. A-M-P.
We are the amperage or energy of your experiences and are
one again. Please remember it is not about how things look; it is about how things feel. It is not about how long you have; it is about what you do with the time. It is not about what has happened; it is about how you deal with it. Focus on bringing more light and caring back into your space. Focus on the joy in all things and embrace the opportunities as presented to experience something different.

Remember to always be thankful to your physical body for all that it does for you.
Rage and hate breed terror and fear.

I believe that rage and hate reflect deep emotional injuries. Injuries caused by an environment of oppression where it was not safe to express feelings in any way, usually as a victim of child abuse. Injuries provide a place where painful feelings and memories can hide until it is safe for them to be expressed. Emotional injuries can also hold negative beliefs or judgments about ourselves, and the world in which we live. Emotionally injured children can become emotionally unbalanced adults and have a far reaching and long term negative impact on society. An abused child has a wounded inner child as their abuser. Child molesters and abusers are terrorists spreading fear and most likely have been victims of abuse themselves. (This thought does not excuse anyone from being held accountable for his or her actions, ever!) I have found that forgiveness is one of the most valuable tools I have in healing myself from guilt and self-judgment. Forgiving others is a very simple way to let go of emotional attachments of anger, fear and distrust from your self and from another. Forgiveness allows me to let go of potentially harmful emotional attachments and move on in my life while not condoning what another has done to me.
The process

The therapeutic process of healing that I have described and demonstrated in the preceding pages offers a chance to change life, as we know it, by breaking the chains of abuse. A chance to reduce rage and hatred and preserve life for future generations. Take the challenge today and begin to participate and heal.

The world cannot continue to flourish in a dark and non-caring environment. You can heal yourself by enhancing your natural instincts and by becoming more aware of your own power. You can also contribute to universal healing in a ripple effect. The process truly begins and ends with you. Release the hate and promote harmony. Join the healing revolution and become more aware of your God-given power!!
I hope you enjoy my

**Daily recipe for happiness**

1 lb. deep breathing

1 cup of stress reduction

2 tsp. of relaxation

2 oz. of dreams

A pinch of LOVE

And garnish with FUN
My search for emotional balance formally began in 1971 with the Jose Silva mind control course in New York City, which helped me to recognize my natural powers of healing through imagery and focus. In 1984 I took an experiential course called Life spring which helped me to confront my rage. A course with John Bradshaw introduced me to my wounded inner child. In 1994 I met Sandy who showed me what true friendship and support was. In 1995 I met Steven Gallegos, Ph.D., founder of the Personal Totem Pole Process, who showed me how to heal through internal journeys with animal and spiritual guides. In the late 90’s Daryl and Lisa shared with me a way to physically release my anger by putting sound to my feelings.

I am a certified Clinical Hypnotherapist through the International institute of Parapsychology, and an Imagery Guide certified in the Personal Totem Pole Process through the International Institute for Visualization Research. I was a guest on a radio talk show, Voice America, dealing with internal animal guides and the role they play in our lives. I have co-authored The Pocket Guide to Meditation FUNdamentals with John Kelly.

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