# Feeling Bad?
# Bad feelings are GOOD!
# Feeling bad is GOOD!

## Accepting your bad feelings.
## Doing your 'Feeling-Healing'.

### Introducing Childhood Repression.

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*Divine Love Spirituality*
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# An interview with myself

So this is your first book about Feeling-Healing?

Yes, it all began when I left the aquarium. Marion helped me see how I wasn't expressing feelings that I should have been feeling – and, that I wasn't even feeling them! She helped me to see that something was very wrong in me, that I wasn't being natural. So it all started from there.

You'd not spoken about feelings and feeling expression before then?

No, it was all about the spiritual stuff, you know, the Divine Love and what the spirits said. Nothing about feelings and expressing oneself. I had no idea about any of that.

Had you been interested in psychology?

Only on a very basic level. I was more interested in the Tarot and Astrology to help me understand how I tick. I knew I wasn't happy and felt scared most of the time, and knew that psychology could possibly help me, but I just hoped longing for and receiving the Divine Love and approaching things on a spiritual level would take care of all that. I suppose in a way I thought and hoped I'd circumvent the personal bad stuff, it all being magically healed through lots of prayer and meditation. So far as knuckling down and slogging year after year through: why I say everything the way I do, why I behave as I do, why I think all I that I do, and why I feel all I do, all to help me see how I couldn't express myself truly, I had no idea.

And why do you want to write about it all?

Ha, that's something I've been seeking the truth of since I began writing about it all. To give me something to do because mostly through my healing I've felt bored to tears; because I want to tell everyone how they should be – that I know best (oh god, that is how mum and Gran are!); because I think everyone should be like me; I think it might help other people as it's helped me; because I feel the urge to write and can't stop – because I'm fucked; and because I like doing it.

So do you think if you heal yourself you might stop writing?

Quite possibly. Writing keeps you away from expressing your feelings to another person. It's private, and so in way, a secretive thing to do. It's not opening your mouth in life and interacting. It's an escape, so more feeling denial. However I find it comforting, and it's the last thing I thought I'd every want to do. I was lousy at English at school, hardly read a book, and would never have thought I'd want to write, let alone have anything to write, and yet now it's all I want to do!

Do you enjoy doing it?

Yes. Sometimes I get bored with the tediousness of not being able to type fast or well enough to express all I feel. But overall I find it very soothing, a peaceful interlude from ripping myself apart with all my bad feeling expression and trying to find the truth of it all.

And about your healing, did you have any idea how long it would take you when you began?

I thought I did, surely it would only be a few years once I understood the basics of what it was

about. Surely I didn't have that much wrong with me compared to some people who are really fucked. And now sixteen years on, having given up all that nonsense, I think it will take the rest of eternity. It will never end!

And finally, how do you feel now about yourself and all the healing you've done so far?

Amazed. The whole process is incredible, it's beyond words. To think you can go through so much during your childhood, five minutes in a child's life and so much can happen for it to absorb; and then as an adult who can hardly remember anything about his early years, I can go back and uncover the whole truth of it. It's bloody incredible and amazing! And even though I feel so much better about myself, and so good that I am no longer as self-deluded as I was, still, I feel... well, I won't say, I don't want to put anyone off before they've even read my book!

Also, please understand I wrote this book ten years into my feeling-healing. I'm not sixteen years into it and still understanding and appreciating the extent of my feeling denial and all what's involved in healing it.

It was weird! 8.30pm and my boss and owner of the retail aquarium I worked at had phoned urgently wanting me to come back to the shop. I'd left it two hours ago at the end of a normal days work. He wouldn't tell me over the phone what was wrong; he'd tell me when I got there.

As I drove into the aquarium car park the owner was standing outside speaking to police. I walked up to him as the police left and he explained to me that his home had been broken into and some important financial documents that he'd kept in a safe had been stolen. He seemed odd, shaky and nervous, and the more he told me the less of what he said made sense. He was something of a demigod at the best of times needing his little power world, and was always worried the staff were ripping him off. We'd all just gone through a hellish few months where his paranoia had hit an all time high resulting in his daily accusal of us thieving from him. Thieving wasn't part of my job ethic, and the ways he accused me of robbing him opened my eyes to seemingly endless possibilities of how to do it! I'd never thought like that and constantly being accused of being a thief was getting to me. Why didn't I just leave – why was I still there? I liked the job and the owner's little fits of paranoia I believed was a part of what went with the job, it was what bosses were like and something not to be taken seriously; something to be ignored until he got over it and everything came back to normal. But it was upsetting all the same, and all the staff were feeling the pressure.

He took me into his office past all the sleeping fish in their darkened tanks. He continued to elaborate on his story about what had happened as I waited to see how it affected me and why he'd called me (an no other staff members) back to the shop. And then the final blow came. He was dismissing me – sacking me – because the robbery meant that his wife would have to come into the shop and take over my job – he could no longer afford to pay me. He told me to come back the next day and pick up my outstanding pay, and that was it, nothing else, not even thanks for all the good work I'd done over the past four years.

When I returned home Marion asked me what happened? I told her he'd sacked me. She asked me why and I told her his story. I told her what I understood it to be, and the more she asked questions about it the more apparent it became that things didn't add up. She said I should confront him on these things, and sort out what was what, and what really was going on. But I didn't want to. What was the point, it sounded like the whole story was an elaborated plan designed to enable him to dismiss me without my suing him for unfair work dismissal, which one of the other ex-employees was doing. He'd told me he had friends in the police force so it would have been easy to call them on some pretext just to add weight to his show. I didn't believe what he said about the robbery because over the years I'd come to disbelieve everything he said. He was a habitual liar, lying to the customers whilst looking in their eyes greedily assessing how much money he could extract from them. But then again, for once he might have been genuine about the robbery – but he would never tell me the truth one way or the other and I'd never know. I had to simply accept the truth I was faced with, he no longer wanted to employ me and that was that.

Then Marion asked me how I felt about what had happened? And I didn't know. Nothing like that had ever happened to me before. I loved working at the aquarium when I first began. I loved learning how to look after the fish properly, and the owner did know how to do that. It was a childhood dream come true, but things had deteriorated with our relationship and I hadn't faced it.

How did I feel? How *did* I feel? I didn't know. Have you ever been asked that question and not know the answer? I always thought I did know how I felt about things, but then again, I don't think anyone had ever *seriously* asked me that question. Some of the customers who'd I'd become

friendly with would ask me how I was, and how things were going, and I'd ask them, but it was never a serious: I'm really wanting to know, let's stop what we're doing and talk about it. It was just a superficial pleasantry to acknowledge that our relationship was friendlier than the usual impersonal customer/staff relationship.

It felt strange not knowing what to say to Marion. I was feeling very shaken up, shocked, suddenly my life was in upheaval, change being forced on me. I was now unemployed and had to do something about that. I wasn't going back to the aquarium as usual. It was over – finished, and now what was I going to do? My mind was reeling. But I was also somewhat relieved it was over. I wouldn't have to suffer his accusations of being a thief and working in an environment with a nutter who always seemed heading for a nervous breakdown anymore. But how did I feel?

It's easy to write these words looking back with hindsight, now knowing more about my feelings and myself. But back then I had to admit that I didn't know how I was feeling – I really didn't. I was stunned, my mind was whirling, but as to my feelings…

Marion kept pushing me as to how was I feeling. 'Don't you feel angry? Don't you feel upset? Don't you feel badly treated and that you deserve a proper explanation, and to be treated like a mature adult? How do you feel? Do you feel scared because of not knowing what you're going to do now? Do you feel shocked? I know if it was me, I'd feel very bad; very bad that he didn't respect me enough, that he had to lie to me, and that it had happened. You must feel bad – how do you feel?'

But I didn't know. I could agree with everything she said when she said it; I could feel that I did feel those things, but for myself by myself I couldn't work out my feelings. I couldn't separate the confused mess swirling around inside me. I couldn't stop my mind formulating a new plan about what I was now going to do and stay focused on how I felt. I didn't want to know how I felt. I simply wanted to push the shock and confusion aside replacing it with new plans for my future. I simply wanted to *deal with it*, the problem, by using my mind; and *get over it*, and *get on with it*. I didn't want to dwell on feeling bad. I had been sacked, one part of my life had abruptly ended and now I had to quickly figure out what to do. I had to regain control. I had a problem and I had to resolve it. I'd start by registering for unemployment benefits while I worked out if I did want to try and get work in another aquarium none of which were as good or big as the one I'd just been retrenched from.

So my feelings were of little consequence. I new my inner confusion and stress would settle down once my mind had worked out what I was going to do next. It wasn't the end of the world. I had enough money for a few months to think about things; it was just one of life's difficulties I had to deal with. It happens to people everyday, and you just have to work it out – work your way through it, so that is what I did. And the sooner I could sort things out with my mind the better, because all my bad feelings, those strange things going on inside me that I didn't understand, that whirling mess of confusion, would go. I wanted stability and security; I didn't want the upheaval of bad feelings.

My getting fired from the aquarium turned out to be a major turning point in my life. With Marion's questioning it became obvious to us both that I was very shutoff from my feelings. We'd been living together for a while and were both on something of a spiritual quest wanting to find the truth of ourselves and what it – life – was all about, and so my sudden exposure of being in denial of my feelings had a great impact on me. How could I be the whole person, the real and true me that I was wanting to be, when a huge part of me refused to know about feelings? About *my* feelings – how I feel!

My life had handed me the perfect opportunity for me to experience many feelings, and particularly bad feelings, but all I could manage to do was act like a stunned mullet blubbering about nothing whilst trying to assert my mind to take control and make everything better. I denied myself the opportunity to get to know myself a little better through my feelings. I wanted to bury the experience, write it off as a bad one and something I didn't want to think about. I

denied my anger and feelings of being hurt and rejected. I picked up my pay the next day, the owner signed the reference he'd asked me to write about myself, and it was over.

I live in denial of my bad feelings. I do all I can to block them out, to stop them from making me feel bad. I feel bad, yet I pretend to the world and myself, I don't. I actively, and at times, forcibly, deny most of my feelings. I selectively allow only a few feelings to come up in me, and only good ones. I have a huge problem. No wonder my life doesn't work the way I want it to. How can it when I won't allow myself to be the full me, free to express all I feel. I'm only a part person – I'm living in denial of large parts of myself, and yet I am not alone in my feeling denial.

We all do it. You do it, I do it, and we do it everyday. We do it personally and impersonally. Things come up during the day that make us feel bad and we deny our bad feelings. We do all we can to get rid of them, to make them go away. We do it individually and collectively as a society. The whole of humanity does it. We all deny our bad feelings to a lesser or greater extent. And we wonder what's wrong with ourselves, and what's wrong with the world. We wonder why we get sick, and why we can't live peacefully together, and yet the answer is simple: How can we when we live denying ourselves our bad feelings? How can we live happily and lovingly when we don't even accept all that we are – all that we feel? We so desperately long to be happy and to feel loved, doing all sorts of things in the mistaken belief that the doing of the things will make us happy, when inside ourselves we are doing something to ourself that's making us unhappy. We deny feelings. And denying feelings doesn't make you feel happy – even though for the most part, we pretend it does. How can we possibly feel happy, good and full of life when we're denying a large part of ourselves? Our bad feeling self.

If you are seeking the elusive: true happiness and true love, you will never find it until you first stop denying yourself; until you first stop being unloving to yourself making yourself unhappy. Living in denial of your feelings can only make you feel bad, not good, and until you stop denying your feelings; until you stop and start to live true to how you really do feel; and until you start to accept yourself for being the way you are, you'll only have to pretend you're feeling good. If you are denying your bad feelings, denying you feel bad and yet saying to yourself and others that you feel good, you are only pretending to feel good. And much of what we believe or think is a good feeling is not. It's something we've created for ourselves to make us wrongly believe we are feeling good, all so we don't feel how we're actually feeling – bad. We go to great lengths to cover up our bad feelings glossing over the top of them with 'good' feelings, but it's all false; it's all unreal; all make believe, and all a delusion and a lie. We are living deluding ourselves that we don't feel bad, and yet we do feel bad. And how bad you really do will feel you will only discover when you decide that you no longer want to live in denial of any part of yourself.

Living denying any part of yourself is not how you're designed to live. It's self-destructive, it's working against yourself, stopping the natural you from flowing forth stepping out into the wonder of life and allowing life to take you where it will. It's stopping you from feeling truly good. It's stopping yourself from being a whole person.

Living in denial of yourself is a chronic problem, and one that I, you – we all have. And it's something few people want to do anything about. Throughout all humanity's history, blindly people have been labouring on trapped within their feeling self-denial – denial of feeling bad. And so you are too. And nothing personally for you is going to change for the better until you make friends with yourself. Until you stop and come back to yourself and start to acknowledge and accept and fully honour that you do feel bad, and that your bad feelings are good. And that you have them because they are trying to tell you something. And by listening to them you will come to understand the truth of yourself – what's really going on within you; who you really are, and what you're really all about.

If you wonder why your life doesn't work, or why you get sick, or why bad things happen to you, or why your relationships fail, or why you can't be happy and full of love, the answer is simple: it's all because you are living denying a part of yourself; living denying your bad feelings.

# Part I
# The Problem – denying our bad feelings.

## 1). Denial.

One of the definitions of denial in the dictionary on my computer is: an inability or a refusal to admit that something exists. And that's me. I refuse to admit that my feelings exist. I'm a bloke and blokes aren't meant to have feelings, or at least not too many. You can have feelings about your favourite sporting team losing but not feelings about feeling. And blokes aren't meant to be interested in feelings – that's girls stuff. Marion can be interested in feelings so long as I can work out what we're doing with our lives. I have an inability to admit that my feelings exist largely because I don't feel them. I'm not aware of them. I feel strange goings on inside me, occasionally in my stomach, but nothing more than strange goings on. Occasionally at the end of relationships I have felt very bad, but it was just one big cloud of badness and I wanted it to go away. I couldn't define or articulate the cloud. I couldn't break it down and delineate each separate bad feeling as it came up in me. I didn't want to know about those feelings. I wanted it, like a cold, to go away as quickly as possible. If a pill had been available to get rid of those 'bad' feelings I would have taken it like a pill to get rid of my cold.

My feeling bad I've gradually come to understand is something that I didn't register as an important part of my life. And if you are more feeling aware and able to say how you feel, like most people can to a certain extent, then you might be wondering what I am going on about, however you too will be denying bad feelings. Feeling bad was something I didn't want to happen, and I'd do all sorts of things to avoid it, to quickly stop it, particularly if something like being suddenly terminated from my job should occur.

I am in denial. Yes, I have to admit it. I am living in denial of my feelings and mostly my bad feelings. I don't want to know about them, so much so, that I can be feeling bad but if someone asks me how am I feeling I'd override what I truly feel replying 'okay' or 'good'. I am lying to myself. This is how I was, and sometimes still are. Back when I was sacked I wasn't aware I was denying so many of my bad feelings. Gradually I'm becoming more aware. I am in major feeling denial.

Under Marion's guidance I've spent the last ten years trying to get more in touch with my feelings, good and bad. It's become my major life's commitment. It's what we both want to do, because we now understand that by doing so we can come out of our denial, and we don't want to live denying any aspects of ourselves.

Marion and I are nobodies. We don't have psychology degrees and we haven't helped lots of other people to *get in touch with their feelings* giving us the credibility to speak about these things. And probably this book should be written by Marion as she is much closer to her feelings and understanding of how they are within her than I am, but she doesn't want to write, and I do.

For me the discovery that I'm denying my feelings has been a bigger shock than getting sacked from the aquarium. I am actively stopping myself from feeling my feelings – from feeling a large and most valuable part of myself, a part that allows me to experience and participate in life. And it has taken years of hard work on myself to bring my feelings out, to allow myself to start to feel.

When I now look back at myself, comparing how I can now, feel, recognise, describe and express my feelings as they come up, as to how I didn't have any idea about them, I can see how much of life I've missed out on. It was as if only a part person was alive and functioning in my body. I was nothing more than a robot living my life on automatic, shutting out all intrusive

feelings, and trying to keep everything inside and around me peaceful. I never got angry. I never felt angry. Anger simply didn't exist. I was praised for being stable and calm and for never getting angry or being hot-headed. I didn't want any ripples on the lake of my inner calm. I didn't want to be bothered by anyone and I didn't want to bother anyone. 'Let's all just get along together happily and life will be okay– all right?'

Can you imagine living a life in which you never got angry? If you can then you're probably like how I was, shutoff to your anger. Because the truth is I was angry, VERY ANGRY, I just didn't allow myself to feel it. I'd done a terrific job on myself, denying myself the bad feelings I had. Keeping them all suppressed and NEVER allowing them to come up and raise their ugly heads. I was Mr. Major Denial. I was covering up my bad feelings so well that no one ever said to me: James, you know what you're problem is, your living in denial of your anger. Anger was just not a part of me; it wasn't a part of my equation. It wasn't even just underneath the surface which other people could see, it was buried too deep inside me, and I did all I could without knowing that I did, to keep it that way.

As Marion has helped me to get in touch with my feelings I've become astounded as to how much of me – my feelings – I was denying. And it's because of this – what I've learnt from her about myself, that I want to write this book. I can't keep quite about it. Being able to connect with my feelings has helped me to feel so much better about myself. And it's such a simple thing, yet the more I look around and the more I read, I haven't as yet seen anything or anyone who's concentrating solely on getting in touch with their feelings.

Quite possibly there are people doing it, as it's one of those pat New Age type phrases: You're in denial of your feelings, so get in touch with them; however, as easy as it is to say it, what really is it all about and why do it, and this is what I want to shed some light on. I want to make a couple of points loud and clear, that firstly feelings are very important, more so than we know because we're denying so many of them; and secondly that Bad Feelings Are GOOD! They are a natural part of us and should be accepted as being so.

I know it sounds absurd that we have to be told that bad feelings are good; that they are okay and a much needed part of life, but from all I can see and all I've experienced, as much as this sounds so obvious, we are still denying ourselves our bad feelings. And the denial of our bad feelings is the key to *all* our problems.

Denial is a word that seems to be used in a bad way. If someone says to you: 'You're in denial' their making a judgement of you. They say it when you're behaving not as they think you should. And doesn't it make you feel bad being judged this way? It's an easy word to say, to throw at someone, to use as a power tool. You, the one saying the other is in denial, are of course the superior being not in denial because of your ability to see that the other person is. But in denial of what?

Often when someone is accused of being in denial it means they aren't telling the truth or refusing to see it, or they won't admit that they are wrong when others can so obviously see they are. We could say to anyone that they are in denial of something and it would be true because we are all are in denial of certain aspects of ourselves, but what really does making such character judgements do for anyone. If you are feeling angry but aren't expressing it, and someone says you're denying your anger, what are you supposed to do about it? Suddenly change how you are, open up and be angry all over the place? Are you meant to turn into a raging maniac and be angry probably ripping the head off the person who's saying your denying your anger because it's them you're angry at? It's all too easy to say we should *express our feelings*, or, *follow our feelings*, or *be true to our feelings*, or simply, *accept our feelings*, when all we're actually wanting to do is deny them, switch them off, and allow our mind to stay in control of us.

And we can go to feeling workshops and be put through exercises designed to bring up our repressed anger, and it might come up, and we might yell and scream and throw tantrums and get

a lot of stuff out of us and feel much better, but still what does it really do for you? What are you trying to achieve? What do you hope to achieve: that one day all your rage and hidden anger will come out of you? And if so, how long will it take? And are you prepared to go to workshops or therapists for the rest of your life? We don't know to what extent we're denying our feelings, let alone how much we've repressed over all the years. And doing such therapy is often very brutal; it's traumatic in itself. So isn't there some other easier more natural way to *get in touch with your feelings*?

I believe there is. It's much easier (in some ways at least) to do than therapy or a workshop, and even though it is of itself a therapy, more perhaps a passive one than an aggressive one, it is something you can apply to yourself and at your own pace and in your home and as you go about your day. And from my experiences we need to be able to do this, because from what I've discovered about uncovering my denied feelings, there is an awful lot of them to uncover, and a lot happens as they come out, and time is needed to be able to deal with all the changes that occur. All being done in the relative control and security of our home.

For most of us we can openly accept and admit we are living with some amount of denial. And this is usually self-denial. We're denying some aspect or aspects of ourselves. We might not know exactly what these are, but we've done enough work on ourselves to know we are. We've read enough self-help books to understand that we do need help; help to heal and fix or to shed light on our problems. And our problems are what make us feel bad.

We don't feel good about ourselves; we don't love ourselves, and we don't like this way of being – we don't like how we are. We all want to do something to change this. We'd all love to be able to love ourselves. To feel so much love for ourselves that we never feel bad, and never felt unloved. And so we read and do all sorts of things trying to sort ourselves out and fix our wrongs. And some of the things help. A therapy or a book can do wonders, and for a time we feel better and as if we're making good progress, but then other things happen in our life and more bad feelings surface and often the very same things we thought we'd fixed start to plague us again. And anyone who's looking to 'improve' or 'heal' themselves knows it's a lot of hard work and there is always more to understand and fix. It's endless and we wonder about the unconscious depths that exist within us. And we read and read hoping that one day we'll read those magic words that will unlock it all.

The one truth I've come to understand is that our feelings are the key. I know I'm not the first original spark to say this, but it's true – they are! And if you are denying them, any aspect of them, denying ONE feeling, then you'll be denying yourself the key.

If you believe in God or the Creator or some benevolent Spirit that made you, then you also probably believe that that Being knew what they were doing and made you perfect, but somehow or somewhere along the way a spanner got thrown in the works. Somehow you've acquired a few defects or deficiencies and these give you hell and you wish you could fix them and get back to your perfect state. And let me ask you a question: truthfully, do you believe, do you *feel,* that you're meant to be perfect? Do you feel that you're currently living in an imperfect state and you don't know why, but you want to sort it out, heal it, and stop denying yourself? That you want to get back to that perfect you that is underneath it all?

That's how I felt; how I've felt much of my life, only I didn't appreciate the feeling until I started to become aware of my feelings. I feel things within me that are wrong. Mostly I can't put them into words, it's just a knowing. I know there are ways I'd like to be in life that I don't seem to be able to be. I look at other people and they can do and say things that I wish I could, but I can't. And as I've got older I've become aware that I'm not the superior being that I thought I was during my early twenties when I thought I knew everything and understood how everything worked. The older I get the more I realise I don't know or understand myself (or much else for that matter). But I do know my feelings are important, and I guess, so do you, because if you didn't I doubt you'd be reading this book.

This book is about creating a greater awareness about feelings, and about helping you to understand that you are denying them, and that if you want to make real headway in your personal growth, you'll need to stop denying them and instead embrace them – welcome them into your life. Many of us are not only denying ourselves our bad feelings but also our good feelings. We have problems allowing ourselves to feel good. But as our denial of bad feelings is the real cause of our self-denial, it's on them I'll be focusing most of the time. I'm going to include a few practical exercises for those people who like to do such things, but of course you should do them only if you *feel* you want to do them. And if you are in denial of these feelings and don't know whether you want to do them or not, then keep reading and perhaps by the end of the book you might at least understand the principles of how to sort yourself out: how to *go with your feelings* and how to *be true to them*.

## 2). Feelings – your bad feelings.

Are you in denial of your bad feelings? Do you do things to stop yourself from feeling bad? When you feel bad, do you stop what you're doing and give your full attention to your bad feeling? Do you allow yourself to feel as bad as your feelings want you to feel? When you feel bad can you speak freely about how bad you're feeling? And do you have someone in your life who wants to listen to you speaking about your bad feelings? And when you feel bad, what do you do? How do you deal with them? How do you cope with them? And what do you think about them? Do you like them or hate them?

I hate my bad feelings. And why I do is simple: because they make me feel bad! If they made me feel good I'd love them. But I also hate many of my good feelings. It's been hard for me to understand that I not only deny myself bad feelings, which I can understand as I don't want to feel bad, but I also deny myself good feelings. And why I do I've come to realise is because I'm scared that by feeling good I'll bring more bad feelings down upon me. There's no point being happy because sooner or later I know I'll feel bad again. Feeling happy only gets my hopes up, and it's doubly bad when my hopes are dashed and something happens to make me feel bad. So I deny myself both bad and good feelings all because I don't want to feel bad. But who does want to feel bad? Do you?

I doubt anyone would want to feel bad unless they were on some masochistic trip, and yet our bad feelings are a part of us, a part of our daily reality. All day long we feel lots of good and bad feelings. Our bad feelings *are* us and are vital for our survival. They tell us when things are wrong so we can stop what we're doing that's hurting us or threatening us, or try and stop the thing that's making us feel bad. We're programmed by nature to not like feeling bad. If we didn't feel bad when we felt bad we wouldn't know we were endangering ourselves, we wouldn't be able to survive. So we not only need our bad feelings, we need them to be bad, and need to be very grateful for them. As much as we might hate them, we need them. And if it's natural that we need them then surely there must be some way of living with them that doesn't make us feel as bad, that doesn't make us feel so bad about them that we have to shut them off and do all we can to block them out of our life. It therefore makes sense that if we were to honour and love our bad feelings, then although we'd still feel bad when they came, perhaps we wouldn't feel *as* bad. Perhaps our bad feelings make us feel so bad because we're denying them, and it's the denying ourselves of them that hurts us and makes us feel even worse. So in trying to heal our bad feeling denial it's not that we're trying to rid ourselves of feeling bad altogether we're just trying to heal our denial of them.

The other day for the first time in my ten years of trying to accept my bad feelings and dealing with my denial of them, something I read made me feel sad. I allowed myself to feel sad, and amazingly, I also felt good about feeling sad. I couldn't believe it, I was sad and I didn't fight my sad feeling, I simply allowed it to be. I felt sad because of what I'd read and that was okay. I allowed myself to feel sad, to sink down a little into it, I didn't try to change it, and I didn't care how long it lasted for. And then I became aware of a more subtle good feeling within me, sort of underlying the bad feelings and I felt good about feeling sad. Really, I felt good about allowing myself to feel sad, as this was a big step for me. Up until this time I fought feeling bad. I didn't allow myself to feel bad. I fought very hard against myself, stopping my bad feelings from making me feel bad. And as hard as I fought against my own bad feelings, so I didn't want them in anyone else. So I didn't allow (and definitely didn't encourage) the other person in my relationships to express their bad feelings, creating all sorts of barriers between us. So I was limiting all my relationships. I wanted to have good and loving relationships, yet I was fighting against having them. And once I understood this, I didn't want to live this way anymore. It was

absurd: I was fighting against myself; I was fighting hard to stop myself doing what was natural. I was at war within myself – no wonder I felt miserable and depressed so often! But worst of all I didn't know. It was a secret battle going on within me and it had been going on for a long time. I'd got used to it. It was me. I didn't know it was wrong, that I was hurting myself. And when I woke up to seeing this truth about myself I wanted to stop. I wanted to stop fighting myself – I wanted to stop denying my bad feelings. But to stop I had to first find out why I was doing it. What really was going on inside me? What started the battle, and why do I keep going especially when it makes me feel bad? I wanted to know the whole truth – the deeper truth – I wanted to get to the bottom of myself. And the more I thought about it, the more incredible it was what I was doing to myself.

The fight *was* my denial. I was battling against the natural me that wanted me to feel bad, that wanted to allow my bad feelings to be. I couldn't believe it. I was fighting myself – how ludicrous! And yet the war was raging, and sadly my untrue denial self was winning. It was clearly in the dominant position and had been for a long time, but it hadn't won, and my true feeling-self hadn't given up. But I couldn't live like this, it would be only a matter of time before something serious happened and my true self would be lost altogether.

So much of my daily energy was going into maintaining my inner war. And what a pointless way to live. I hated it about myself and it's been one of my driving forces for me to understand about my feeling denial: the suppression and then repression of my bad feelings. I want the war to end. How can I seriously expect to live peacefully and lovingly when I've got World War III going on inside me. And yet the exterior face I was presenting to the world was one of calm and 'I've got my shit together' – god what a tragic joke!

What is your relationship with your bad feelings? Do you hate them? Have you ever thought about it? Why do you hate feeling bad, apart from the obvious that they make you feel bad? Why do you hate them? Why do all you can to deny them, to dismiss them, to pretend that you're okay when you're not? And what do you think all this feeling denial is doing for you? Do you think you can live happily refusing to accept huge amounts of yourself? And if you continue your feeling denial what do you think might happen? Do you think you can live a full and healthy life denying parts of yourself, or does it make sense that sometime you're going to get sick, the sickness or illness being a manifestation of your feeling denial?

What if I said to you that all your illnesses, aches and pains are caused by your denial of your feelings? And even further: that everything that's wrong in you, and wrong in your life, is caused by your denial and repression of feelings. EVERYTHING! Would this make you start to think more seriously about your denial of feelings?

## 3). Examples of bad feeling denial.

Jenny was running along the street and her mother was calling out after her, 'Jen stop running. Don't run, look where you're going, slow down, you'll fall…' Jenny fell and started to cry.

'I told you not to run, now look what you've done, are you all right? Let me see… You're okay, you haven't hurt yourself…' Jenny is still crying as her mother helps her up.

'Come on up you get, now stop crying, you're a big girl, you're okay, you haven't hurt yourself… now stop all these tears… come on, we'll go and buy an ice-cream, will that make you feel better?' Jenny stopped crying nodding affirmatively.

'Come on, hold my hand…' Jenny takes the offered hand, her little red and puffy face quickly regaining its rightful composure. Her eyes are drying and she smiles her usual happy smile as the brightness returns to her eyes. Excitedly she asks her mother, 'Can I get a yellow and green one?'.

Denial of feelings!

Her mother is affectively teaching Jenny to deny her bad feelings – her pain. Jenny hasn't been able to dwell on them. She has to quickly get over her pain; it's all put aside by the expectation of getting an ice-cream. She's being taught that if she doesn't cry, and is like a big girl, then she'll get rewarded. Big girls are wanted, crying little girls are not. She's made to feel bad about being a little girl, so she wants to quickly grow up pleasing her mother. Jenny is forming negative beliefs and behavioural patterns that will negatively influence her for the rest of her life. And consequently when she feels bad, to help herself feel better, she'll need to reward herself with a treat, something that makes her feel good, something like an ice-cream. And potentially as she gets older, buying something: clothes, make-up, a little present, a CD; or even having a cigarette, a drink, seeing a movie, seeing a friend, having sex, becomes things she needs to do to satisfy these patterns. Things she needs to do making herself feel good when she feels bad. Or do to, even before she feels bad, all done to keep those dreaded bad feelings away that she knows are coming. And yet, have they ever gone away?

There's a lot that goes on in such an everyday experience between mother and child, and these are only my attempts to see what is happening based on my own experience, my repressed childhood memories, and feelings I've uncovered through the ongoing acceptance of my feelings.

When I was young I was taught how to deny my bad feelings in lots of ways because nobody in my family wanted them. My parents didn't want them within themselves, let alone within their children. My parents didn't want to feel bad, and my feeling bad made them feel bad. So what were they to do? Stop me from feeling bad. So what have I learnt from them – how to stop myself feeling bad!

I learnt that whenever I felt bad one of the things I could do was do something else to make them go away, to take my mind off them. I learnt how to dismiss them, push them aside and pretend they were no longer there. I learnt how to cover them up by giving myself a treat. I'd dip into the biscuit container or grab a bowl of cereal; I'd make myself a piece of toast – or ten pieces. I'd by a can of Coke or an ice-cream, get take-aways, go out for dinner, all giving myself a treat. And I needed my food treats regularly, all because I was denying my bad feelings without knowing it.

I had done such a good job at denying myself, I was no longer aware I felt bad. But I did feel bad, all day long things were happening to me making me feel bad, only I was unconscious of them. And worse, because of my negative patterns, all the things that happened to me to make me feel bad when I was a child were still happening to me, still making me feel bad. So I needed regular treats to counteract feeling bad, almost everything I was doing as an adult was done to make myself feel better. I was living in the negative trying to lessen, stop, or prevent myself from feeling bad. I wasn't just living life positively as my feelings arose, allowing good and bad feelings

to come and go. I was living from the back foot always trying to compensate, always feeling bad and trying not to. I was living trapped in self-denying patterns formed during my early childhood, patterns of bad feeling denial, all of which were controlling my adult life. I was living doing everything as an effect from an earlier cause. My childhood past was conditioning and determining my future. I believed I was creating my own reality, out there, self-determining in my adult life, making life how I wanted it, when really all I was doing was everything I'd been taught from childhood to stop myself from feeling bad. The irony being: I already did feel bad. I thought I was preventing myself from feeling bad so I believed I didn't feel bad, but I never felt good, not really happy. I was seriously deluded. But so long as I had my treats I was okay – at least I could pretend to myself that I was. All of our bad feeling denial patterns – responses to causes – we've developed through our early childhood, through our formative years, and now as adults we unconsciously live them.

Where was the loving sympathy from Jenny's mother when she fell over? Was her mother like mine, always in a hurry and didn't have the time to bother with a child who fell over when it shouldn't have been running anyway? Or did Jenny's mother feel embarrassed by her child's fall and subsequent crying, wanting her to quickly stop crying because she didn't want to draw attention to herself? And was this attention the unconscious memory of drawing her mothers negative and unloving attention to herself when she was little; and because she still felt deep within her that she is a little girl afraid of her mother. And by not controlling her own daughter and preventing her from running and consequently falling over, was she about to bring down the wrath of her own mother upon her? Why couldn't Jenny's mother simply stop and be with Jen comforting her, allowing her to cry, allowing her to express all the bad feelings, all the hurt, and for as long as she wanted, until she'd finished? Why couldn't she be sympathetic to her, feeling bad for her because she fell over and loving her unconditionally by allowing Jenny to deal with her own problem, instead of diverting her attention onto an ice cream to get rid of the *bad thing* as quickly as possible? And had her mother been caring and sympathetic, would Jenny have been able to fully experience the pain and hurt and all the bad feelings, learning from her experience and deciding that in future she shouldn't run as fast, and should watch where she is going, and whatever else it was she could learn, rather than her mother telling her all she should learn and how to be? Why did her mother have to step in and take over? Why does she feel she needs to always be in control? And what effect is all of this going to have on Jenny's ability to learn about things from her bad feelings as she grows up; when as soon as she feels a bad feeling, all she'll want to do is dismiss it doing as her mother has taught her by pretending it didn't happen, convincing herself that she's not feeling that way replacing the bad feeling with a *feeling-good* ice-cream? And Jenny will never know anything different. She doesn't understand that her mother is interfering in her growth and development, that she is being taught how to deny her own bad feelings. And she won't understand that her mother is teaching her by default that her bad feelings are unwanted and bad, and they should be got rid of as soon as they appear. Imagine if Jenny had been able to cry, and cry for as long as she wanted, expressing all her pain, and her mother allowed her to, just stayed with her, didn't try to make her change herself, allowing her to slowly work her way through her feelings of hurt and shock at falling over. Imagine if she was allowed to feel bad. Imagine if she was encouraged to feel bad. I doubt she would then want to deny her bad feelings when she grew older, and I doubt she'd be afraid of them as an adult – afraid of feeling bad. She would know she could cry if she wanted to, that it's okay for little or big girls to cry. And what's so bad about crying anyway? Why aren't we allowed to cry? It's ridiculous that we're stopped from crying. Crying is a wonderful way to express our bad feelings, and once they've been expressed we no longer feel bad. We've all seen this, and many of us have experienced it, at least those people who can cry. I can't cry, boys aren't supposed to. 'Stop crying, you're not a baby anymore. Stop crying, you're a big boy now and only sissies cry. Stop crying, men don't cry, your father and grandfather don't cry. Don't you want to be like them?' But why

not cry if you feel like crying? What is so bad about doing it? Why is it such a big sin? God gave us crying as a means to release our bad feelings and emotions when they are too overwhelming. But what do we do? We close down, shutoff the crying tap and learn how to deny our pain. We lock it all away inside us; we lock away all our bad feelings, without understanding that all of this feeling repression makes us feel worse. So by tying to not feel bad, by suppressing and denying our bad feelings, we are making ourselves feel even more bad feelings – it's a vicious cycle. So then we have to do other things to stop these bad feelings, and on it goes. Something makes us feel bad, we deny those feelings causing us to feel even worse – more bad feelings – then we deny these bad feelings making us feel worse still, and so we deny these bad feelings compounding our denial. Compounding the layers within us, until like me, I could pretend that I was calm; felt good, was even happy, never feeling bad at all. Seriously, I believed I rarely felt bad. I was so removed from my feelings, from my true feeling self. I was all but dead to my feelings, going around with a smile on my face saying: I feel good, isn't life great!

'Mum what happened?'

'Nothing.'

'What do you mean, you're pale and you've grazed your knee.'

'I had a bit of a fall, nothing to worry about, here, put the jug on will you and we'll have a cuppa, that's all I need. A bit of a rest and a cuppa and I'll be right... and can you get me a couple of those biscuits?'

'You should go and see the doctor!'

'Oh don't be absurd Marie. I'm all right. It happens to you at my age, you're not the same as you used to be, that's all. Now come here, sit down, and tell me about your weekend and stop all that fussing. I'll be all right.'

'But your shaking, I'm worried you might have seriously hurt yourself.'

'No I haven't. I'll be right in a minute…'

Denial!

We do it all the time. We can't show our weaknesses. We can't be frail when we are. We can't show we need another person; we can't be dependant. And yet if we could, not only would we allow ourselves to be kind and sympathetic, we would also allow others to do the same for us. Our relationships would be that much fuller.

How inadequate does the daughter feel? Her mother won't let her look after her, her mother must retain control. She's said to be 'fiercely independent', but is this such a good thing? Is it a good thing to the exclusion of all caring feelings? It is right for us to be hard and tough on ourselves and to not let the little things get us down? Is it right to soldier on no matter what? And so long as we've got our cuppa: 'she'll be right mate!'

Why can't we fall over and come into the room being the shaking wreck we feel? Why can't we allow our bad feelings to be? Why can't we take all the time we want feeling bad about falling over, speaking about what happened to us and how it's making us feel? Why are we so afraid of these bad feelings? What do we believe they will do to us? Do we think that if we submit to them they'll consume us, drowning us in their deluge of pain, and we'll never regain control? And why do we need to be in control so much anyway? Is it right to be this way; does it make us feel good?

Imagine if Marie's mother allowed herself to feel her bad feelings instead of rejecting them. Imagine if she allowed herself to feel shocked and could then speak about such feelings to her daughter. Imagine if she could openly speak about how stupid, powerless and pathetic she might feel having tripped over the step. If only she could express all her frustration at losing control – her anger at getting older. And if only she could speak about why she does want the control; why she feels stupid for falling over. It's not stupid to fall over, so why does she feel this way? What has happened in her early childhood to make her believe she is stupid because she tripped? And

imagine if in speaking about all these hidden feelings, hidden only because she doesn't want to accept and face them, she is able to find the truth of why she tripped over. What if her having such a shocking experience like this isn't just an *accident* and something inevitable with old age. Is life a random assortment of experiences, or is there deeper meaning in everything that happens to us? And how much better would these two women's relationship be if they could openly discuss and express all they fear – all their repressed feelings, all they are hiding from themselves. How much closer would they feel, how much more fulfilled, how much more would they know each other and care for each other. And isn't this what a relationship should be about?

'Are you okay Joan, you sound awful?'

'It's just a cold, I've taken some pills, they should do the trick.'

'Why don't you go home and have a lie down, take it easy?'

'Ha! Are you kidding? And who's going to do all the work! No, I'll be all right, you know how it is: you can't let a small thing like this get you down. If I went to bed every time I got a cough–'

'Yeah I know, but wouldn't it be nice if we could rest and take time off when we wanted to.'

'If only…'

Denial of feelings?

We feel sick. We catch a cold. Our body is telling us that things aren't right, but what do we do, ignore it, totally over ride it, take pills and carry on. We fail to do the one thing our cold is making us feel like doing: stop everything, rest, and give our full focus to ourselves. Why can't we be kind to ourselves? Why can't we give ourselves the sympathetic attention our bodies show us we need? Why can't we stop?

And we can't, because our lives are too weighed down with responsibilities to everyone else other than ourselves. We can't let a little thing like a cold or a headache or a few aches or pains stop us. If we did, what would other people think? That we're weak and pathetic allowing minor inconveniences to dictate who is the boss in our lives. But why not? What's wrong with stopping – isn't it how life should be, a life in which we are honouring ourselves and doing what's right for us. Is it our life or someone else's? Why do we have to make ourselves sick by doing things for everyone else, doing things we believe we need to do?

I used to get two colds a year. I could count on them. Colds I got, and colds I just learnt to live with. I'd feel bad, and could use them to take a 'sicky', but mostly I carried on. I didn't want to be seen to be weak. Sorry Mr. aquarium boss, but I won't be coming into work for at least two weeks while I lie in bed watching TV and videos allowing my cold to get better. I couldn't have done it; I wouldn't have had a job anymore. Perhaps I should have done it and lost my job sooner, instead of needing a cold to show me I wasn't looking after myself, even though I still took no notice of it.

Our body is always trying to tell us through feelings when we're mistreating it – mistreating ourselves. At school I regularly abused my body playing and preparing it for sport. I didn't want to play the sport, I had to, but also my ego didn't want to be left off the first teams lists, so I made myself do it. I stressed and strained my body when I didn't want to. Had sport been voluntary I doubt I would have played it, or at least I would have played it on my terms. And who knows, I might have enjoyed working my body instead of always resisting and resenting being made to do something I didn't want to do. So I came down hard on my body denying all my feelings. I sold myself the lie that as I couldn't do anything about it, as I couldn't stand up in front of the whole school and say I'm not playing, I pretended to myself and others that I enjoyed it. I was good at it, so why not? And it doesn't matter that now at forty-five my knees ache and my back is stuffed and I can hardly walk. I don't know whether I can attribute such complaints to the playing of sport that I didn't want to play, but I do know through my feelings that these pains are telling me that I'm in pain because of denying of my feelings back then. What would my

relationship to sport have been had I been allowed to discover it naturally for myself rather than have it forced on me. And I wonder how my knees would now feel had I willingly, with all my heart, wanted to play football. I know of other people who played a lot of sport when they where younger and loved it, they don't now have sore knees and they still love playing sport – I don't play any sport and I haven't since school. But the good news is, and I can't go on too long speaking only about bad things, some people might not like that, that since I've started to try and stop denying my bad feelings, allowing them to have their say, I haven't had a cold. I haven't had one for ten years! And I'm also wondering – hoping – that if I keep expressing all the pain that comes up from my knees, and perhaps when I've uncovered all the truth of myself that pain is trying to show me, then I'll no longer have any need to have sore knees either.

'You can't say that! That's not a loving thing to say. We won't allow it here. If you're not going to be nice and say nice things about other people then you can't be a member. We'll wipe all your posts off this forum. We have a set of rules, and if you don't abide by them, then you can't post.'

'But all I said was that I didn't agree with what Mark said, that I thought he was making it up and was being untrue and false.'

'You can't say it that way. It was how you said it, that is a nasty thing to say to someone. And even if it is untrue, he is allowed to say what he wants to say.'

'If he can say whatever he wants to say, why can't I say what I want to say; and if I disagree, say so. What's wrong with being critical?'

'You can't make people feel bad. This forum is about love and being loving.'

'But saying I disagree doesn't have to be unloving. If someone says to me that they don't agree with me then that's fine, even if I feel hurt. They have the right to say whatever they want to say. And I have the right to feel hurt or not. He can say things that are wrong which are hurtful in other ways, so why can't I say what I feel only a little more directly?'

'You can't, it's not the rules.'

'So I can't say what I truly feel or think about something. I have to put it nicely – so how can I be critical? And what if I disagree?'

'You can be critical and disagree but only say it nicely and not in an angry way, not in a way that can upset and hurt someone.'

'Always be nice! God, you sound like my grandmother: 'You always have to be nice James, no one will like you if you're not. You can't upset people James, you can't make them angry or else it will reflect badly on you. You have to always keep your name clear of the gutter James, we don't get involved in all those slanging matches, leave that sort of crude behaviour to those who don't know how to behave. If you're not nice James you won't get on in the world, you'll only make things difficult for yourself. Now you're a good boy James, and you do what your Gran says.'

'Yes, Gran.'

'Now be nice to those people you play with, always smile. No one likes a face that isn't smiling. And no one likes someone who is always angry. And let me tell you, it's no fun not being liked, no one wants to include you in their game!'

Denial of bad feelings: always be nice, happy and loving.

I joined a spiritual forum, but the whole thing is bizarre. Everyone criticises each other all the time but always 'nicely'. They can't just say I disagree with what you said without saying first something like: That was great John, I really loved that part about… but don't you think… and couldn't you have said that another way… and I like the way you said that, but… and I'm sorry for disagreeing, and don't get me wrong, and I hope I don't make you feel bad, I don't want you to feel bad, I mean, I'm not trying to make you feel bad, but I do *have* to say that what you wrote I don't agree with, but I understand that you *are* entitled to say what you think and you say it so well, and believe me it's really none of my business to say you can't, and I don't want you to take

my criticism the wrong way because I'm only saying it in a well-meaning loving and constructive way, but still I have to say…', and the message ends with: 'Your loving friend…'

Why can't we be honest? If we feel angry, why can't we be free to express our anger? If we want to, why not write criticising and showing our anger? Often it's a help when someone does get angry and is critical, helping us learn things about ourselves. Everyone who reads the messages can read between the lines of *niceness* feeling the anger and hatred. Why not just bring it all out in the open instead of pretending that we're all friends, when we're not? And besides, friends can get angry with each other, what's wrong with that? What is a friend if you can't be honest and be angry if you feel angry? If the friendship won't last because of an outburst of anger then what sort of friendship is it? Is a true friend someone who is only always *nice*?

But when you've been trained not to be openly angry and to be *nice*, it's very hard to express your anger. It's taken me years with Marion's coaching to allow myself to be angry at her, and I'm still not that good at it. She can be angry with me and it's not the end of the world – this too I've had to learn. I always believed that in ones intimate relationships you were always only loving and never angry with each other. If you were angry it meant you didn't love each other. Dad and mum yelled at each a lot and then divorced when I was ten and it was a big shock. So relationships for me were all-loving, with never a mean or nasty word said or else disaster would happen. But what sort of a relationship is that – how limited was I in my previous relationships by not allowing myself or the other person to get angry. No wonder my relationships prior to Marion never got anywhere. And yet how many people compromise their true feelings denying them so as not to upset their spouse and put *unnecessary* strain on the relationship? It's all so unreal. Life isn't like that. Life is full of good and bad feelings. Anger can be good, I now enjoy being angry with Marion, expressing it all rather than keeping the lid on it trying to maintain some ridiculous – always be nice and that is being loving – fantasy.

I recently read a book about a stressing time in a couple's life and how they dealt with it all was to completely deny all their bad feelings. The outside events where making them feel bad and they needed each other to be their safe haven, so they agreed to not upset each other while they dealt with the crisis in their lives. They steadfastly refused to speak to each other about how bad they were feeling. They both nearly had nervous breakdowns because of their feeling repression but they managed to get through it and resolve the outside problems reinforcing to each other that their approach was successful bringing them closer in their time of need. But they didn't share any of their bad feelings with each other. They buried all of those feelings, thousands upon thousands of them. And where did they all go? Did they all just disappear? Or are they still somewhere within them waiting to one day come out manifesting into an ever bigger crisis?

'It's God's Will, we'll not speak of it any more. What God wants is what we've got to accept. It's not for us to question the Lord Almighty. He knows what He's doing, we don't. If we are to serve Him it's not for us to question, we must only obey. What's God's way is God's way, and it's best for us if we don't know about it. We'll put this unfortunate event behind us and get on with our lives rejoicing in the goodness of our Lord and Saviour. We will serve Him with all our hears and accept what God wants of us. So we'll have no more said about it!'

Denial of feelings!

Be obedient to God and don't question. Be obedient to your parents and don't question. If you do you'll only make things harder for yourself. Accept their verdict, don't argue back, their way is always right. God knows what's best, so do your parents – at least that's what they tell us.

Don't question God. Don't want to know why things happen to you? Don't want to know why things happen to make you feel bad and make you suffer; just accept it's your lot and be done with it. It's all for you own good. There is after all, nothing you can do about it anyway.

'What's wrong with Michael?'

'I don't know, he does seem down in the dumps lately.'

'Sandy, what's wrong with your brother?'

'His girlfriend doesn't want to go out with him anymore.'

'Why not?'

'Because she wants to study, she wants to pass her exams, and she doesn't feel like she wants to make a commitment to him.'

'Did he tell you this?'

'No, she did.'

Michael walks into the kitchen, helps himself to a bowl of cereal, says nothing, and no one speaks to him. He returns to his room.

'He'll get over it.'

'Yeah, he's young and he needs to grow up some more.'

'Plenty more fish in the sea…'

Denial of feelings!

All so often you hear this sort of thing happening. No one actually asks the person who seems shutoff and depressed: what's wrong? No one actually wants to know from the person themselves. They don't want to pry, or concern themselves with other peoples business; or perhaps they don't want to make the person feel worse if they start to talk about their problem; or maybe they don't want to get involved with anyone who's feeling bad because they'll feel bad. Maybe they feel rejected by Michael because he's withdrawn himself from usual acceptable life. They just leave the person to deal with it, to 'get over it', to silently come to terms with it, and to work at denying and dismissing their bad feelings so they can come back and resume 'normal' life.

Why don't they ask Michael directly himself? Why don't they sympathise with him? Why don't they want to know? Michael is suffering, he is lost, he's not himself, he needs help – rescuing – someone to call out to him, to be with him, to show him he's not alone. They are his *loving* family so where is this love? Is that what love is, leaving the person alone in their pain to work it out themselves?

And all too often they might ask him but all the reply they get from him is: 'nothing, nothing's wrong'. He shuts them out as he doesn't want to speak about his bad feelings. He's withdrawn into himself for self-protection dealing with the pain and hurt of rejection from his girlfriend. They don't want to know, he doesn't want to know – nobody wants to know; nobody has ever wanted to know. Nobody wants to know about the bad feelings. Michael feels bad enough as it is, to speak about his bad feelings could make him feel worse: shame, because he isn't wanted by his girlfriend, that he's not good enough. Perhaps he suspects she's met someone else, perhaps he's just very upset about her saying no to him and not wanting it to continue. Michael doesn't know all he is feeling and why he's feeling it, and he never will if he refuses to speak about it. He needs a friend, someone he feels safe with, someone he can trust, someone he can open himself up to and not feel stupid when he feels like crying about his feelings of rejection. But this someone doesn't exist in his family or else he would be doing it. He has learnt that no one wants to know, no one wants to listen, and so neither does he – he doesn't want to know himself, and so doesn't allow himself to speak about his feelings. He rejects himself, rejecting all he feels because he was rejected – by his parents, and now by his girlfriend. It's terribly sad when no one in your family is your friend.

The members of the family don't communicate when one is feeling bad. They all know what roles to play. They wait, time will pass, and the old 'happy Michael' will return. And everyone will know what happened, but know one will know what feelings have been felt. Michael will live with all those bad feelings suppressed, still *alive* in him, bottled up somewhere, hidden away so they won't cause further pain. When you deny, suppress and keep repressed bad feelings, do you really

believe they are gone?

We all do it, in some way, we all do what Michael is doing – not speaking up about how bad we truly feel.

The school told Helen she couldn't go and compete in the interstate championships and her parents agreed with the school. 'It's more important that she stays at school and doesn't miss the work.' Helen had been training for years with one of her goals being to compete in these championships. As she receives the news, she feels shocked, upset and furious that others are controlling her life. But it's not the first time something has badly shocked her, so she goes into her *deal with her bad feelings mode*. She enters her bedroom sanctuary, puts on her headphones and turns the music up as loud it will go. She'll block out her anger using music and her mind, rationalising to herself that it was after all a long shot anyway and perhaps the school is right, that it is more important to get a proper education rather than chasing sporting medals. She'll bury her bad feelings, seek consolation in other thoughts and ideas, make other plans…

Major denial of bad feelings!

Joan has another cold and a headache. 'God I feel rotten.'

'Take the day off, go home to bed.'

'I wish.'

'Why don't you?'

'Are you serious? Who's going to do the shopping and cook the meals and pick the kids up from school? I'll be right, I've taken the pills, they usually do the trick'.

Denial of bad feelings!

Just take the pills and you'll be right. The pills will help you deny your bad feelings; they'll help you to feel better. Life doesn't allow us to feel bad; we can't just give up and go to bed. We make our lives full of things we're responsible for and we can't be seen to be weak. We can't be a failure. We can't be pathetic and unable to cope. But we can swallow poisons to stop ourselves feeling bad. How easily we brush ourselves aside, telling ourselves: we'll be right, what's a little cold – nothing but an annoyance. And so long as we can have power over it, why not? So aren't we telling ourselves *we* are nothing but an annoyance – and why would we do something so unloving to ourselves? Could it possibly be how we were treated when we were young – nothing but an annoyance?

But why do we get the cold in the first place? What is the cold trying to tell or show us? What is it making us feel, and why? And why don't we *listen* to it – to what our bad feelings are trying to tell us? If we did and found the cause of our cold, surely we could then stop doing what's making us get sick. Why don't we want to know what our aches and pains and physical illnesses and disabilities are telling us; what they are making us feel? Why don't we want the pain, the inconvenience, the problem? Why don't we want to feel bad? Why do we only want to feel good and so do all we can do to make the bad feelings go away? Take a few pills and get rid of the annoying thing. Stop it. End the bad feelings. Reject them, get rid of them, do whatever you can to make them go. Anyway, isn't that what bad feelings are for – to get rid of them? And why do we need them anyway, they're such a pain in the arse! – see, even more bad feelings to reject! And all the while we are rejecting our self.

Denial, Denial, Denial, DENIAL OF OUR BAD FEELINGS – WE'RE ALL EXPERTS AT IT. We do it without thinking twice, it's standard behaviour, it's what we all do, what we've all been trained to do – what we've all learnt to do right from the very beginning. Get rid of them anyway

you can and as fast as you can. Get rid of them, they're not important. But they are a part of you – exactly! Get rid of it, I don't want that part of myself if that is how it makes me feel. But it's still you, and isn't all of you valuable? Only if makes me feel good!

## 4). What are you denying when you deny your bad feelings?

Your bad feelings of course. Yes, but what else? What else is there? Well, what are your feelings? What do you mean, what are my feelings, they are my feelings, what else can they be? And that is true and exactly my point: your bad feelings are YOU. You are your bad feelings and they are you, so to deny them is to deny yourself.

When I understood this simple fact, I suddenly had a picture in my mind as to what was so bad about denying my bad feelings. As I hated them and didn't want to feel bad, up until then, getting rid of them seemed a logical thing to do. If I could sweep them side, ignore them, take a pill to banish them, why not, as once they were gone I felt better, even good. And what a relief not to feel bad!

But then I had to accept that in denying my bad feelings I was denying myself. Like cutting off a part of me – a hand or a leg. It might sound like a bit of an extreme comparison but think about it. You have masses of feelings good and bad. They are a huge part of your life; they are huge part of you. And so if you refuse to accept that they are you, and they want to be heard, as you surely want to be heard, then you may as well walk around in your life as only a part person and with strong tape over your mouth not speaking at all.

Your feelings are a major part of you and by denying your bad feelings you are shutting yourself off from this part of yourself, and why do that? Is that what life is meant to be about? Are we meant to go about stopping ourselves from feeling, or at least from feeling bad? We can feel good, we all want to feel good; so we'll keep any and all good feelings and dump the rest. Wouldn't life be rather dull, depressing, boring and unfulfilling if we didn't feel?

Do you want to deny a part of yourself, any part? The word denial is spoken about all over the place: 'you're in denial. You're refusing to face something', but that's someone else's judgement of us and hardly compares to the seriousness of dismissing and refusing to acknowledge a great part of ourself. We have bad feelings, and surely we have them for very good reasons, so why reject them? Why not allow them to be?

Many people are *looking* for something. They are seeking knowledge, are on some sort of a spiritual quest; they want answers, they don't feel happy, their relationships aren't working, they're business isn't happening as they want it to – they are sick and full of pain. Many people want to know what it is that will make them happy, because underneath everything, which they won't openly admit to themselves, they don't feel happy. Something is missing: what is my true life's purpose?

And yet how do you expect to answer these questions and find true happiness if you are denying a huge part of yourself? It's like trying to live a totally fulfilling life, which requires two arms and two legs, but you only have one of each. It's not going to happen. You can do all sorts of things to try and make yourself feel better, busying your mind and learning new things, but still there's a part of you that's always going to be missing. It's like you've lost something and are looking everywhere to find it. And yet it's right under your nose – and guess what it is? It's your bad feelings!

It has become second nature for us to deny our bad feelings; most of us are experts at it. We do it without thinking, without feeling, we are so heavily programmed to dismiss and reject our bad feelings we're onto them even before they have a chance to make us feel bad. We've enlisted the help of our mind, and with it we make it deny our feeling bad.

As I've started to allow my bad feelings to *exist* I've been shocked at how many of them there are inside me and how often I feel them. It's as though I've got a big storehouse buried away deep inside me somewhere full of them. And as soon as I let one lot out, the next lot are ready to come. They are endless, and over these past ten years I've felt bad a lot, very bad. But what I've

come to understand is that actually I've felt this bad all the time, only I'd done such a good job on denying myself my bad feelings that I'd convinced myself that I didn't feel too bad at all. I would even say I felt good when I didn't; I believed my own lie.

You are denying yourself, denying a part of you. And you are very important to you. It's not right that you keep a part of yourself hidden from yourself. It's not fair on you. It's not caring. It's not loving. How can you love yourself if you are denying a large part of yourself? You can't. You can go to all the positive thinking, self-loving workshops you can, and you can *make* yourself feel better – mind over matter – even make yourself be whatever you want to be, but still it's all at the expense of your bad feelings, you're still hiding this part of you from yourself refusing to accept it. You're making your mind lie to you. You are deluding yourself, entering into a fantasy with yourself pretending that you don't feel bad and only feel good. And for a time it might work. But one day you'll tire of the effort you have to make, maintaining the false front requires a lot of energy, and one day you might not want to smile that artificial smile; one day you might want to stop, but it will be very hard to do so. And what are you going to be left with if you succeed in giving it up? Your bad feelings! So you'll be back to square one: not wanting to feel bad.

To understand what you are denying you need go no further than to look at the denial of your own bad feelings. And I firmly believe that by accepting your bad feelings you can fix everything that is wrong within you and within your life. It does make sense after all: if you are currently imperfect functioning on only two of your four cylinders, over working them to the maximum, to accept your bad feelings will fire up the two other cylinders your hell bent on denying. Then you will be functioning perfectly on all four. You are denying yourself so much of yourself that you don't know the true you: what you are really like as a person; and you won't know until you allow yourself to feel and accept your bad feelings. So until you allow yourself to feel bad, you won't know who you really are. However, allowing yourself to feel bad, is a big ask.

I guess we all hate to feel bad. As I said, I hate it. So now I find myself in a quandary: I don't want to feel bad and I'll do everything not to, but I also don't want to keep denying my bad feelings. I don't want to keep being mean, uncaring and unloving to myself. I want to be kind and respectful to myself – I want to love myself. So what do I do? It's all very well to just *accept my bad feelings*, BUT I DON'T WANT TO FEEL BAD!

I really don't want to feel bad. I can't tell you how much I DON'T WANT TO FEEL BAD. It's the last thing in the world I want to feel. I only want a life of good feelings. I'll do anything to make myself feel good. I'll watch TV, go to the movies, I'll surf the Internet, play computer games, put on music, eat takeaways, go out at night, busy myself with work, drink cans of soft drink, coffee, tea, alcohol; I'll smoke, take drugs legal and illegal; I'll get a nice girlfriend, I'll have lots of sex; I'll have a family, I'll buy a new car, get that job promotion; my own house; I'll take up gardening, pottery, join the fishing club… I'll get lots of friends, I'll go out always with them. I won't stay at home feeling miserable, depressed and wondering what my life really is all about. I won't get sick, I'll go to the gym, run around the block, cycle all over town, the bugs won't dare enter my body, and if they do my fitness and great diet will see to it my body kills them. I just don't want to feel bad!

Feeling bad is torture. Admit it, isn't it torture for you? It is for me. I've hated feeling bad for a long as I can remember. My earliest clear memory was me at three being hit in the face by half a brick. It made me feel bad. It hurt. The memory of it still hurts. And it wasn't just a physical hurt. I don't remember other bad feelings from back them, but I only have to look at young children to know that I had them, probably at times I was swamped by them. So what happened to all those bad feelings I felt when I was young? Where did they all go, as I know I wasn't allowed to freely express them? I was told to stop crying many times, so what happened to all those bad feelings I couldn't express?

You know, it's actually right if you don't feel good and things don't work, or your body doesn't

function properly. To be denying such a large part of yourself means that something should go wrong, something should be dysfunctional. We should expect and allow ourselves to feel powerless or a failure or pathetic or however bad we feel instead of trying to pretend that we don't. If you feel hopeless that's okay, you're meant to be hopeless if that's how you feel, and it's okay. So what if you admit you feel bad? What's going to happen to you? You are already feeling it, and are only trying to not admit it, preventing yourself from being what you already are. And so what if you are hopeless or pathetic or powerless like you feel, is the world going to end? Are you gong to be punished? Are you going to have to change? By admitting failure doesn't mean you're going to fail and nothing will ever be right, all it means is you're accepting how you feel. IF YOU FEEL IT, YOU'RE ALREADY IT! IT'S ALREADY HAPPENED. So what are you afraid of? You must be afraid of something to keep denying your bad feelings.

If we can accept that we are denying a large part of our feelings then it's right that we have habits, addictions and neurosis, that we are dysfunctional in many ways reflecting our self-denial and inability to express our whole self. And in fact, it's amazing that we can keep going as well as we do without completely breaking down or suffering more problems.

Those people that do break only do so because they can't go any further keeping the lid on their bad feelings. How much anger, misery, guilt, sorrow, grief and pain can you keep suppressed before something has to give? Our denial drives us to either explode or implode, and when it does, it can become extreme. It's either suicide, mental or emotional breakdown, rage down the street trying to shoot people, or become consumed with cancer.

And it's right that the older we get the more our body ceases to function properly, and not just from old age. It's right that we become wracked with aches and pains, our joints cease up, we get uncontrollable shakes, our bones rot and we become diseased, because we've been stopping ourselves from expressing a vital part of ourselves, and we're clogged up with unexpressed bad feelings. As our youthful energy wanes it becomes harder to keep the lid on our bad feeling suppression, but our patterns are fixed, we can't change, we can only suffer the consequences of a life of feeling-denial. And we can blame it on our diet or the way we lived our lives, on smoking or drinking too much, but really why do we do these things – things that are bad for us? These things are only dealing with the superficial effects, deeper causes are making us treat ourselves this way, and one of those causes is our denial of our bad feelings. If we keep a dynamic part of ourselves caged and even locked away and out of sight, then we need to do things to compensate for this denial, things to help us pretend that we are okay and living our lives properly when we're not. So we *should* suffer the consequences. We should seize up or fall apart. The engine firing on only two cylinders should eventually suffer the consequences of such stain; it should break down, give up and grind to a halt.

It we allow ourselves to express our anger and other bad feelings then we are effectively oiling the system and who knows what we'd be like as we got older. Humanity has, from what I can gather, been denying it's bad feelings for a very long time, generation after generation, so we don't know what living fully expressing ourselves would be like. We have no idea what our body and mental and emotional systems would be like if we were functioning perfectly.

When you allow yourself to feel and express your anger, often it's quite invigorating, it fires you up, it can even make you feel good. And why do we get angry anyway? When something is threatening us, imposing its will over us, making us do something we don't want to do, we should get angry. We don't want to be made to feel powerless, to have our life-force taken away, we want to feel strong and powerful, so it's right that we have a way to fire up and say no and to stop ourselves from being overpowered. We should speak up and fight back using our feelings as our guide and energy. We don't necessarily have to hit or kill or smash with our anger, we only have to voice it – express it with words, let it have its say, and this can only happen if we fully accept our feelings of anger. It is when we don't fully accept them, bottling them up until we explode, that we have to over step the mark hurting other people. If we could all express our feelings there

would be no need for fighting or war, as we only fight each other because we can't say what we feel. We weren't allowed to say what we felt as children and so we can't as adults, yet all the time we feel bad things, and by suppressing these feelings, we're building up the inner time bomb waiting until we feel bad enough, so when something or someone pushes our button, we explode.

I hated being angry. I wasn't allowed to be angry when I was growing up. I developed a nice calm peaceful patient never-have-my-feathers-ruffled approach to life. My family taught me that this approach was very acceptable to them, and one that other people like, and that no one will like me if I'm an angry person. So I project a calm exterior, and I've done such a good job of denial on myself, that I truly believed I am this way – a calm, peaceful, nice, friendly person. When I started to accept my bad feelings, I was astounded to find that I wasn't so calm as I believed I was, I was angry. I WAS VERY ANGRY. And I know I have said this before, but I want to say it again. Because one thing I've learnt through my bad feeling acceptance over years is that things have to be repeated a lot of times for me to finally get it. And I still can't express it properly, but over the years I have accepted that I have mountain loads of anger stuffed away inside me waiting to come out. Anger, anger and more anger! I was a VERY ANGRY person, me the quite peaceful one. Whenever I felt angry, I rammed down hard on it, burying it away inside myself. Only twice in my adult life did it sneak up and burst out: once when I hit my brother over the head with the end of the hose; and the other time when I was fed up with a work colleague and actually stood up and said: NO, I DON'T WANT TO BE TREATED THIS WAY – STOP IT! When I yelled at my colleague I was so surprised at myself. I was twenty-eight years old and I'd never spoken to anyone like that. I didn't even know I had it in me. I'd never felt so angry because I never got angry.

Now when I get angry with Marion, or something bad happens to me, I rant and rave expressing all the anger all over the place, and after a time often I find I begin to feel good. I feel that I enjoy being angry, that it's actually fun, it has even made me laugh. Sometimes I start of very serious about whatever I'm angry about, but the more I go on yelling about it, the less serious it becomes until I wonder what it was all about that I was angry at in the first place. When I get angry I feel I'm fighting to express myself in life; I want to be a participant; I want to have my say. I enjoy the strong emotions as they are something new to me. Other people have no trouble being angry, but I was always afraid of it. Scared that I would hurt someone or hurt myself. Anger was bad, nasty, even evil, and should be kept under control at all times, but not any more. It's still hard for me to get angry; I have to remind myself to work at it when I feel the stirrings. But when I do, it's so much better than *not* being angry, feeling it rising up inside me and then using all my will to stuff it back down. To fight against myself, to stop myself doing something my whole being is saying I should do, is mad. That is denial!

We wonder why people suddenly crack-up and do strange things? We all know that it's because they can't take it anymore, and that usually they have been holding too much in for too long and it all gets too much for them, and yet we still don't fully acknowledge that we are all suppressing bad feelings. And that we have been doing so since early childhood, and it's a gradual build up of ongoing feeling suppression and repression that finally gets all too much.

We study psychology working out great theories about why we have neurosis and behavioural problems and what we should do about them, but from what I understand it's all much simpler, the causes beginning with our suppression then ongoing repression of bad feelings. And it takes so much energy to stop feeling bad, with so many extra bad feelings arising simply because we believe we're not meant to feel bad, and yet we do.

Why are you depressed? Why don't things work out for you, as you want them to? Why do you feel bad about yourself? Why don't you like yourself – all of yourself? Why do you sabotage your relationships – even your relationship with yourself? Why do you suffer headaches, colds, all sorts of aches and pains? Why do you get sick? Why do you have any problems? Why do you feel weak

in spirit? Why do you have Chronic Fatigue Syndrome? Perhaps it might have something to do with your denial of your bad feelings? And then if you want to go even deeper still, perhaps it has more to do with why you deny them?

Imagine if when you went to the doctor with an earache or a sore throat, he or she asked you: what bad feelings are you denying to give you this problem? Time and time again when Marion and I have had a problem, physical, emotional or mental, and we've allowed ourselves to feel bad, to feel all the bad feelings, the problem has gone away. For my twice-yearly cold, I'd get antibiotics from the doctor to help me get over it. And as I said, as I've been accepting and allowing myself to feel my bad feelings I haven't had another cold. And I find this remarkable. I hated those colds, they dragged on, coughing and feeling miserable for a month or more, but now I don't get them. It's amazing! And better still, I don't have to rely on someone else to help me; I've helped myself. I feel so much better about not swallowing pills, knowing my own body can look after me, as I look after myself expressing all I feel. Occasionally I feel early cold symptoms, but I allow myself to feel them and all the bad feelings that are in my life at the time, and the symptoms are gone by morning. It hasn't however been all that easy, there is more to it than just accepting your bad feelings and all the problems miraculously go away, but it does begin by wanting to allow yourself to feel bad, by accepting you are denying your bad feelings. By accepting you are denying a part of yourself and you don't want to live this way.

One of the important things about feeling bad which Marion has helped me to understand is: *that I already feel bad*. You see, I believed that I mostly didn't feel bad. Then as I started to accept my bad feelings I began to understand that I felt bad a lot of the time, if not all the time. Then with her help I started to understand and accept that I have always felt bad, only I've refused myself the knowledge of it. It's been hard for me to accept I was ignorant and unconscious of what I felt. There were two layers of me: the deeper layer – full of feeling bad; and the superficial layer pretending I felt good. Incredibly I've denied myself how I've always felt, right from early in my childhood. So by waking up to accept that I do have bad feelings, and I do feel bad a lot of the time, all I'm doing is actually accepting the truth of how I've always been. Our self-denial is an insidious thing. It causes us great harm. Incredulously, as I said, I believed I didn't feel bad. Some people are very aware that they feel bad, but will still be denying other bad feelings. Most of us in one way or another want to believe we're mostly okay. And yet we're not okay.

I was living in a dream, a fantasy, that my life was one way when the cold hard reality was it was the opposite. I wasn't happy, my life wasn't working; nothing was good. Not until the age of twenty-eight could I admit this to myself. I couldn't admit that I was failing, going down the plug-hole, feeling more depressed and miserable as I got older. I struggled to keep going, to keep my head above water doing all I could to pretend that I was still on track and doing what I wanted to do, but finally, as the pressure got too great, I had to give up and admit that my life wasn't working, and that I wasn't okay.

My great claim to fame was that I worked for a short time with Rene Rivkin (who was something of a public personality in Australia) in his London stockbroking office. I was in my late twenties still trying to make my successful stockbroking and trading life happen. I'd been in London for a few years, working at numerous jobs in the financial industry trying to find my niche, trying to work out a way to make my fortune.

I had only recently joined Rivkin James Capel (Rene was in partnership with James Capel, a big established English broking house) hoping some Aussie atmosphere might cheer me up and shed some light on which way to go next.

After I'd settled in and been there a few months Rene came to London. He wanted to speak individually with all the staff of his small office to see how things were, and in my case: to meet the new person. I knew very little about him other then being told to expect someone who continuously smoked a large cigar and played with worry beads. In the interview room I found he

was very personal and personable, and he asked me if I was enjoying living in London. I levelled with him and spoke about how things hadn't been working out, how I wasn't feeling too good particularly having just spent the past six months working on the 'floor' of the futures trading exchange, which was like working in a big boring children's playground, nothing like my idea of what actually trading futures would be like; but now having come back to an office situation with serious stock trading business in mind, things had definitely picked up for me. I said this meaning: things had been a little difficult, nothing I can't resolve; and now that I'm here in your office, which I like, I'll be okay. I'm feeling much better. He then said something like: 'You know it's okay to go back home, you don't have to stay here.' And when I didn't reply he continued, 'I've been depressed, I've had four nervous breakdowns, and you are depressed. You shouldn't keep doing it to yourself, you should go back home and find something you like doing back there.'

To Rene my condition was obvious: I was depressed and miserable. But I brushed aside what he said thinking: what's he talking about, depressed? I'm not depressed. Depressed was not a word in my life. I would never be depressed – that was for people like my mother who had breakdowns and had to recover lying in bed. I wasn't like her. Women got depressed when it was all too much, that was fair enough; women are more emotional, they have such feelings. But not me; I'm a man. Men – I – don't get depressed – what a ridiculous notion; men aren't weak. I wasn't DEPRESSED – that was a *BAD* word. I assured him and myself that now I'd found this job with his company, and liked it, things would be all right and only get better. I didn't want to leave London because I was depressed, to do that would have been admitting defeat. I wanted to prove I could make my way in the world and do whatever I wanted to do. I wanted to make a go of things in London and never go back home to Australia.

Looking back on this experience with Rene, I can see that he was the first person who ever spoke to me about how I was feeling, empathising with me with what he saw to be obvious – that I was deluding, denying and lying to myself, making myself suffer by pretending things were all right when they weren't. He was right, but I couldn't accept what he was saying and admit to myself I was depressed. I was depressed, but I believed that was something that wasn't ever going to happen to me. It wasn't a part of my make-up. I fought to deny what he said. My mind reeled at the thought: Depressed. Depressed people like my mother had emotional breakdowns because they were messed up over their emotional lives, I wasn't. I had everything under control. I'd only had a bad spell and was now getting over it. And besides, everyone had rough times, they were just a part of life. and all you had to do was put your head down and work your way through your problems dealing with (dismissing) the issues as they came up. I'd had to admit and accept the futures trading floor wasn't for me, so I'd left – well, had sort of been asked to leave having inadvertently caught the boss cheating on trades – and I'd found this new job with Rene, and being on more familiar ground trading Aussie stocks, which I'd done back in Melbourne, I was going to be okay. And I thought I'd pulled it off. I'd just got a huge buying order from a German bank, which was to launch my new career. I controlled the stock market price of Western Mining Corporation, buying its shares for the Germans in Australia, for three weeks. I was the King! I was the mysterious *buyer from London,* which *lesser* traders would envy. I was on my way. It was so easy – make a phone call, introduce myself: Hello, my name is James. I've just started working for Rivkin James Capel and I'd like to do business with you. If there's anything I can help you with regarding buying or selling Australian stocks please call me. And two days later: 'Ah, Zames? Zis is Bundersbank Dresden. Ve 'ave order to buy shares we like to give you. Vill you please buy 1,000,000 Western Mining Corporation at best, ya? Ve glad you called. Ve 'ave more orders to give you soon, ya?' Thank You, Klaus! 'Ve speak to you again soon – ya!' Yes! Great – FANTASTIC! It couldn't be easier, and more orders soon! Shit, Rene will be wetting himself, he'll be buying me a car… a house… he'll be so pleased. Fuck depression, who's depressed! With orders like that – that size, he'll be manipulating the market for days, weeks. Wow – a dream come true… oh, this is the life… good 'ol London.

But it was only early October, and later that month it happened. The 1987 stock market crash hit, and hit very hard… and what happened to me and my orders, and my great all-good-feeling life? Well, good-bye Klaus, it was nice knowing you, brief as it was – more bad feelings to repress. However, the stock market crash did me a favour, as here I am now writing about feeling denial. It got me out of the impersonal feeling-less world of trading money, and into the realm of trying to accept my bad feelings. And which would I prefer... feeling bad of course! (Rene by the way, ended up killing himself.)

It's taken me since my late twenties at that interview with Rene until now in my mid-forties to accept the truth that Rene told me that day – that I am depressed. And not only that, but to understand and fully appreciate that I've actually been depressed everyday of my life so far as I can remember. I've only always been depressed; I've never been anything else. I was depressed as a child, right through school and into my working life – I'm still depressed! And all the way along I've denied myself my feelings of depression. They have been too overwhelming, too constant, and I didn't want a depressed life. I wanted to feel good and happy, to be successful, and I was told, and so believed, that I could be what I wanted to be. So I buried my feelings of depression keeping them as far away as possible. And although I did feel miserable a lot when I was young, I never spoke to anyone about it, I just assumed we all feel a bit down at times. How was I to know I was depressed when no one had even spoken about it, or if they had, I had removed myself so far from myself, as when my mother had her problems, that I thought she just had a strange disease or problem, but something I would never get. I had counselled her about how to have relationships when things weren't going well – I was the one who knew all about relationships at the great age of twenty-one. So there was no way I was ever going to be depressed. Being depressed simply didn't exist. Sure I'd heard of other people, even men being depressed, but I'd never known one – so they didn't really exist. Isn't it amazing what we block out? But now there is no getting away from it, because as I've slowly realised, it's the truth of my life. And to continually refuse its acceptance is not going to get me anywhere or make it go away. I've tried my whole life to deny my bad feelings and that hasn't worked out well, so now I'm trying the opposite tack – to accept them.

We already feel bad although mostly we try and deny these feelings, even to the extent of not knowing how bad we might feel; and then in the denying of our bad feelings we're making things even worse for ourselves, compounding our denial. No wonder we get sick. No wonder strange things happen to us, none of which really make sense. No wonder we're wracked with aches and pains and all sorts of complaints. And no wonder, when for one reason or another, we do give up trying to dismiss our bad feelings allowing ourselves to feel bad, we feel REALLY bad. And if we can't come clean and admit we are denying our bad feelings, no wonder we can't make sense of the world, or live without denying nature, something that doesn't deny its feelings and lives true to itself. And no wonder nothing really seems to get better. Life might seem like we're making progress for a time, or on the surface all is good, but then more problems arise – endless problems coming to plague us. And, is it all because we're living denying a significant part of ourselves – our bad feelings? I reckon it is.

## Exercise:

I'm including exercises in this book, not because I want the book to be something of a workbook, but to help you become more aware of yourself and your bad feeling denial. So here's the first one: Are you denying feelings? And how do you deny your bad feelings.

Try to write or speak to a friend about how you deny some of your bad feelings. Try to monitor yourself through the day. If you feel bad at any time, stop, and acknowledge it, and see if you can detect your behaviour – are you denying your bad feeling, or about to, and if so, how? Try to

listen to what you say, and observe how you behave, when you start to feel bad.

And, or, if you can't monitor yourself catching yourself denying your bad feelings, ask a friend to tell you when they see or hear that you are. It is hard to be objective about ourselves, and our patterns are so 'normalised', that often it can take another person to point out what we're doing and when we're doing it.

And if you have children, ask them to help you see what feelings you're denying. Also see if you can see them or your partner doing or saying things to pretend they aren't feeling bad, or doing and saying things to make their bad feelings go away. See if you can apply the feeling-denial you see or hear in others, to yourself.

The whole point of this book is to help you – assuming you want to be helped – become more aware of your bad feeling denial – that's the first step in becoming more self-aware. So for now, what are you feeling? Later I'll talk about going deeper with them, as to where do they come from and why, and how to heal yourself of the underlying causes generating many of them. But for now, try the exercise to help you see how you are denying your bad feelings, denying this part of you!

## 5). Why are you denying bad feelings?

Having accepted that you are: do you know why? And do you want to know?

I wanted to know why, as I no longer wanted to do so. However, it is very easy to want to know why in your mind, but to actually WANT to know why, can be entirely a different matter altogether.

When I accepted, with Marion's help, that I was denying my bad feelings, I wanted to know why. She had done some therapy and had been to a couple of workshops to help her to bring up her repressed childhood feelings. This was all new to me. Repressed childhood feelings? What were they? Repressed anger? Did I have repressed anger within me? And if so, where was it? And why was it repressed? And could I still have things from my early childhood I was repressing that were interfering with me, causing me to deny my bad feelings as an adult? Wasn't my childhood long gone?

When you think about it, most of what we are as adults is formed through our childhood. I couldn't remember much of my early childhood, and like a lot of people, was glad those days were over, as now I could choose where my life was going. I believed I was free when I finished school, free to head off in any direction I chose. Sure, I accepted that some of mum and dad's traits had rubbed off on me, but I certainly wasn't like them, I was me, and I was going to have my own life.

I know that a lot of people do understand that we have repressed a lot of our early childhood and are suffering in our adult lives as a result, and I also know that many people think that is untrue and we're not repressing anything. Our genes and environment do certainly have an influence on us, and we seem basically free to change ourselves and be however we want to be, but can we, and is it that easy?

As I started to accept my feelings good and bad (I also realised I was stopping myself feeling good feelings as well as bad ones), I began to understand just how important all that went on during my forgotten early developmental years was. Beliefs and behaviour patterns were formed then and they have stayed with me ever since, mostly of which, I am unconscious of. I slowly came to realise that I *learnt* how to deny my bad feelings. It was what our family did; it was how mum and dad taught me to be, being reinforced by teachers at school and society. Nothing I ever came across said that I should try and accept and express and allow myself to have bad feelings, everything said I should do all I can to get rid of them.

The further I go in my bad-feeling investigation the more convinced I have become that those people who say we don't repress things from our childhood are wrong, we do. And not only do we, but we keep repressed a huge amount of bad feelings. And I can see it everywhere and in everyone. Everywhere that there are young children I can see their parents teaching them to repress their bad feelings. Right from very early on we are taught in all sorts of ways to stop feeling how we are feeling, to change the way we feel, with many parents *always* interfering with their child's feelings. And it makes sense, because if we are that way, having been made so by our parents, then that is how we are in life and how we will parent our own children. So often a child starts to cry, and particularly if it's in a public situation, the parents do all they can to stop it. But the child is crying for a reason: because it feels bad. And so if its parents stop it from crying them they are teaching it to dismiss its own feelings; they are teaching it that its bad feelings are unwanted – IT IS UNWANTED. We follow our leaders, we do as our teachers tell us. Whether we like it or not we have to conform and obey the powerful ones, and if that means we have to deny our bad feelings, then that's what we learn, and we learn it's the right thing to do. And once we learn that, and our parents praise us and love us for doing so, then we lock in these beliefs and self denying behaviour so hard that we believe it is normal life: the right way to live, and to then

try and change is very difficult. We will even fight not to change. Why change something that you wholeheartedly believe is right, even if it is wrong and if it makes you sick? You fight the change, resting at all costs because if you are to change you are going to have to reprogram your mind and it's beliefs and all the associated behaviours you've grow up with, all what you now believe determines your survival as an adult in the world. And it also means you're going to have to fight and say no to your parents, that being your greatest obstacle, even though you're no longer the young child. So no one looks at their denial of their bad feelings, because it's too difficult to – too difficult to face the changes they'd have to make if they wanted to stop their feeling denial. It is too difficult to contemplate having to somehow go back and change all that was done to us when we were a young child. It would be like trying to make a crooked tree grow straight. It grew crooked during it's early development and now as a mature true it knows noting else, it believes how it is, is good, true and right, but it isn't, it's crooked, and this might not trouble a tree too much, but our bad feeling denial sure troubles us.

We've been made to hate our bad feelings, that's why we dismiss and reject them. We've been made to hate a part of ourselves – that's why we hate our selves. If we truly and unconditionally loved ourselves, we'd never dream of denying any part of ourselves, not one feeling. And if you love yourself and believe you are okay, but can see or someone can tell you that you do deny your bad feelings, then your love of yourself and your belief that you're okay is wrong. There is a part of you, you hate. And if you're not aware of it, it's because you're not aware you're denying your bad feelings. If you weren't denying your feelings you wouldn't hate yourself. I didn't hate myself; I believed I loved myself. My ego was healthy; but was I wrong!

Marion hated herself and was very self-critical. I thought I wasn't in too bad a state compared to her; sure a few things about me I would like to have changed: maybe lose a bit of weight, get rid of my sore back, throw out a few bad habits like stuffing in junk food; but mostly I was cool. Then Marion started to point out the hundreds of ways I was denying my bad feelings, and explained the fact that if I was denying them, then my love of myself was not really true. I had to admit: it was only a belief, and we can believe anything.

To start to think about the fact that I didn't love myself as much as I thought I did, didn't make me feel good – yet more bad feelings to try and shut out with my mind; more strange denial behaviour. I didn't want to hate myself. I didn't want to hate anything or anyone. Like my anger, hate was something that I had no relationship with; it wasn't a part of my vocabulary. I was never angry, never hated, wasn't depressed; I was good at denying my bad feelings. It has been very hard to change my beliefs. I wasn't okay, I was angry, I was depressed, and I also hated myself. And to take the full step and personalise it: I am not okay, I am angry, depressed, miserable, and I hate myself! Things weren't looking good. Did I really want to know the truth? Someone said truth hurts, but that's not half of it. To have to admit that I wasn't as perfect as I believed I was, was a great blow to my ego. Truth not only hurts like hell, but is also very humiliating when you live in self-denial.

One day as I was thinking about bad feelings and my denial of them, I started to wonder about why we have bad feelings anyway. This is the gist of what I thought: I'll start at the beginning. We have bad feelings. We have the ability to feel all sorts of bad things, God created us that way. If we weren't meant to feel them then surely we wouldn't have them. So they are a very necessary part of us, part of our survival, alerting us to many things that are not good for us. As I thought more about this I then started to think that if we are meant to have bad feelings, then perhaps bad feelings aren't as bad as I believe they are. Perhaps they are even good. Perhaps bad feelings are GOOD! Perhaps we've been designed to feel bad when it's right to, and if we allow ourselves to do so, then the bad feeling will serve its purpose and do what it needs to do for us, and when done, will end and we'll feel good about having it. Maybe we could, in a way, even feel good while we're feeling bad. We might not like feeling bad while we're feeling it, like we don't like a bad smell, but once it's passed we feel good again. Even a bad smell or feeling can be quite

exhilarating, especially if it doesn't hurt us, if we're not trapped in it, and if it does go.

This train of thinking then helped me to wonder how much of my bad feelings, the feeling bad part, has been amplified or maybe even exaggerated. Maybe I've be made to believe that bad feelings are worse than they are, so when I feel bad, I feel very bad, or believe I do. And certainly as a young child I was trapped in them, unable to freely express them so they'd go – hurting myself, causing myself a lot of anguish. And as I've progressed in my bad feeling *healing* I've proved this to be so for myself. My childhood made bad feelings into being terrible things, things far worse than they were. They have become scary hideous monsters that are going to rise up and snatch me away and do terrible things to me. They are going to torture me and traumatise me beyond belief, and I dread them. I fear that when they come there will be no escape from them, they'll carry me off into hell and I'll never feel good ever again. My bad feelings are not a part of me to love and enjoy and be thankful for having enriched my life's experiences, they are a separate yucky part of me, something that I don't want to have anything to do with. GO AWAY YOU BAD FEELINGS AND LEAVE ME ALONE! I hate you!

Slowly as I've got more acquainted with my bad feelings, I've been able to deal with them better. Feelings that made me feel very bad when I first started accepting them don't now, and I'm able to go into deeper bad feelings, into places within myself I would have shuddered to even contemplate before I began my bad feeling acceptance. Now when I feel depressed, miserable or uncared about, as much as the feelings do hurt and make me feel bad, I can accept them. I can allow them to be there. I don't try and push them away. I can allow myself to feel depressed for an hour, a day, even days if need be. I can allow the bad feelings to be, to just BE, and they can be for as long as they want to be, something I would never have thought I was capable of doing. And overall, I feel a million times better within myself. I feel I am feeling. I'm even, truly liking myself; and dare I say, I'm even, loving myself! I'm learning to enjoy feeling. I have feelings: good and bad, and I'm understanding why I have them, what they are teaching and showing me, and I enjoy this. My life is beginning to make sense. I'm beginning to understand why the things that happen to me do happen, and what I'm to learn from them all through my feelings.

My feelings have slowly become more important to me, very important, so much so, that I try and feel them and be aware of them all the time, with my mind and its thoughts taking a back seat. And I've decided I want to live my life through my feelings, with my feelings leading me, rather than trying to plan out every detail with my mind. I did try to live life with and through my mind based on my beliefs, but now I'm trying to live true to my feelings; and amazingly, my mind having resisted to begin with, is now coming around. I'm far less stressed, more easily able to act spontaneously in the moment, and so many things that my mind thought were important to me and my life, have gone, as I realised they were only parts of what I thought I needed to help me deny my bad feelings.

And best of all I've realised, bad feelings aren't scary – even really bad ones. They no longer scare me. When you know what the scary thing is often it's no longer as scary, or even not scary at all. When they come, I can allow them to come. I'm sure a great part of their pain is in our refusal to acknowledge and accept them, and so by going the other way, now as they come, they are accepted, and thankfully don't stay around as long as they used to.

When I feel bad I still feel bad, and in the middle of by bad feelings I still hate them, but that is how we're meant to feel them, and at least I can now accept them, as I can accept the pain and anger and hated of them. And as I said, they DO pass, they eventually go, and the further I've gone in my *feeling-healing* the quicker they have passed, and I feel better for having had them. And when I'm not in the thick of them I feel very good about them, like in some ways they are my friends, and they even enhance my good feelings. And on a really good day, I can even say: I love my bad feelings… I love myself!

**Exercise:**

What do you do to make yourself feel good?

Write a list of all the things you do, things you say, and things you might think, that make you feel good and stop you from feeling bad. When you feel bad, what do you do to make yourself feel better?

I'll start my list: Think a good thought – try to look on the bright side – have something to eat, chocolates are good. Treat myself – buying something new, go out for dinner, watch a movie…

## 6). Health denial.

I was reading a book the other day about the problem of obesity in children, how it's a major worry being on the increase because of fast foods. Of course if we don't eat correctly and naturally we're going to suffer, it stands to reason, but we still do it. We still eat what is bad for us and we love eating the junk food. And even though our bodies grow big with fat we refuse to look at the deeper issues of why we need to eat such rubbish food, and instead consider having, or do have, an operation to make our stomach smaller so we won't eat as much. It's incredible: we accept we've got the problem but feel utterly powerless to do anything about it, so we have to do something extreme. We go on eating and doing what makes us feel *good*, only in smaller amounts. We can't stop eating the junk food because we're addicted to using it to stop us feeling bad. We're NOT addicted to the food; WE'RE ADDICTED TO OUR BAD FEELING DENIAL. And this seems to be how we approach a lot of things. If we don't like it because it makes us feel bad: chop it off, or get it remodelled, or replace it. Get rid of those wrinkles and boost up those boobs, go to the gym to maintain that perfect figure, don't eat so much meat and limit the booze so you don't drop dead behind your desk at the office before you've reached your prime. Do it, SO YOU WON'T FEEL BAD!

All around us we're told that denying our bad feelings is the way to go. It's good, there's always a solution, and even though some of them are rather expensive, still it's potentially an option. Do everything except face your bad feelings. Put your make up on, your suit and tie, go out into the world with your everything-is-all-right-face and pretend that it is. And when things start to go wrong it doesn't matter because the doctor will fix it. There's pills and technology and lots of self-help books. There's millions of ways to help you avoid dealing with the real problem: the bad feelings you are denying, and why you are denying them.

We get sick because it's the way our bodies communicate with us showing, we who won't listen to our bad feelings, that something's not right. We can blame it on the bugs and viruses, cellular mutation; we can blame it on genetics and a family predisposition to the problem, but what we don't want to know is: why *really* are we sick. Really, why are we feeling bad? What is the sickness or disease *really* trying to tell us? What is it trying to make us feel?

Modern medicine as we know it is denial medicine. Blame the problem on something else. Don't take responsibility for really what your body is trying to tell you. Get someone else's opinion, put your own body's responsibility in the hands of a stranger and let them take over and make you better. We are completely powerless in the ability to deal with our own physical problems. We've been heavily trained that we don't know anything and the authoritative doctor does and we usually go along with their advice. It's that time of year again to get your flu shot. So we get it. But why do we need a flu shot? Why do we need so much preventative medicine? Why do we have to live in such fear of being struck down any moment by something awful? Is it how God has designed us to be, to always be worrying about what's around the corner, what we might catch? And what about all that extra stuff we put into us, and all those pills we take, unnatural food, chemicals in our water, pollution in the air, really it's amazing we're not all on deaths doorstep.

I haven't been to the doctor in ten years, when prior to my healing, at least once a year was the norm. I'm not saying that there's no need for doctors, and perhaps I've just had a good run, but I do know that the many aches and pains that have come through my healing I've been able to accept through expressing my bad feelings, and even though at times some of them have got quite extreme, enough to where I would have become concerned and gone to the doctor, the more I continue to accept them and allow them to be, the less of a concern they have become, and in the end they have all gone.

I'm very interested in certain spiritual things, and one of the things I came across was a woman who could 'see' with her inner sight into people's auras. This might not be what you accept or believe, but I have had enough experiences to know that there is lot more to me than what I can see. Anyway, this woman, Barbara Ann Brennan and her book *Hands of Light*, has very nice colour pictures depicting the makeup of our aura and the relationship between the various *subtle* feeling and thinking systems with our spiritual and physical body. She also shows in detail our chakras and I was amazed to see how intricate and complex they were and how there were lots of smaller ones along with the more generally recognised major ones. And she spoke about what happened when there were blocks in our energy systems and when some of the cones in our chakras were dysfunctional and what major traumas looked like within our feeling systems, and it is all amazing. And then when I add to this the fact that we spend so much time denying our bad feelings, it makes perfect sense that our whole being is not functioning as perfectly as it could be. And so no wonder we get sick when we can't even supply to our spiritual system, let alone our physical one, all the natural energy it requires because of all the blocks and unexpressed feelings we've got trapped inside us. If we can accept a more holistic approach to ourselves and see that there is more to us than just flesh and blood, then the denial of our bad feelings, the denial of any part of our personality, is going to have severe ramifications. With our physical body getting sick only to show us these problems.

If we accept our greater being is not doing so well, that we're denying a great part of ourselves, then we can see that our soul via our auric system tries every now and then to alert us to the fact that we're not doing so well through our physical body. It first of all tries to tell us through our bad feelings, but as we refuse to listen to these then it has only the physical as the last remaining option. So our soul, the real and true us which we're not consciously aware of, makes us sick, alerting us to our denial and dysfunction. It is trying to tell us that some other, inner or higher (depending on how you want to look at it) part of our self is not functioning properly, so it generates pain in the physical. Our physical *calls* to it the bugs and viruses it needs, or it mutates the cells as required, all to show us how wrong we are and what bad things we are doing to ourselves by denying our feelings. So we 'catch' a disease, or suddenly get sick seemingly for not apparent reason. And if we smoke heavily then of course our body is going to use that to help show us were we are going wrong. Because why are we smoking? – to deny our bad feelings. And instead of suddenly declaring that smoking is bad for our health and we should all stop, we should also declare that disease resulting from smoking is coming from denial of bad feelings, and our bad feelings are trying to alert us to what's wrong in us to make us smoke in the first place. Our whole system is self-maintaining; it's self-healing and self-rejuvenating if we allow it to be. God's no dummy and has designed it to perfection, but if we persist in denying the most vital part of us that is designed to tell us when something is not right – our bad feelings, then what hope have we got? We should all be sick, because we ARE already sick with feeling-denial, and no matter how advanced medicine becomes it will never do any more than it is already. As modern technology driven medicine advances, so will nature evolve, as will our system, giving us yet more emotional, mental and physical aliments and problems because we're only using medicine to deny ourselves our feelings even more. Our *great* and so called 'advanced' society is only serving to give us more ways to deny our feelings and to irresponsibly give away our natural power. Our modern advances are serving our purposes – we want more ways to deny how bad we are innately feeling. We want anything, even ironically, more suffering and pain in the misguided belief that we can run away from feeling bad. Modern technology will only service our denial – because that's what we want it to do.

And if we choose to stop denying our bad feelings then we can take our lives back into our own hands, being no longer dependent on someone else. We can rely on our feelings to tell us when something is not right, and by using them we can look to change whatever we are doing that's causing the problem. If we didn't want to deny our bad feelings by using smoking, when we smoked, because it's unnatural and bad for us, we'd feel bad and our bad feelings would tell us the

truth of smoking: that it's not for us, it's a bad thing to do and will only harm us. But if we override these bad feeling warning signs and smoke, then we're on a one-way path to…

Before my bad feeling acceptance began, I used to have at least one can of Coca-Cola a day. Somehow my day just wasn't right without it. I never thought much about it. I loved it. And I always had to have a can whenever I had takeaways; and I had to have takeaways regularly, I loved them too. They were all a part of my normal life, some of the things that gave me pleasure; and back then to contemplate living without them, to think about giving them up for better health, was not good. That idea made me feel bad, and I'd have to rush off to McDonalds, or buy fish-and-chips or a pizza and have my Coke to make myself feel good again. I loved the taste of the drink and the food. I wasn't too fond of vegetables and all the supposedly good-for-you-foods, and cooking for myself wasn't an option.

But then as I started to accept my bad feelings, gradually lots of things changed within my life – I changed. I got to the point where I couldn't stand the taste of Coke. And stuffing myself with takeaways made me feel sick – it made me how I am meant to feel when feeding myself poison. And I started to feel like growing our own veggies, which I did, and wow! How incredible fresh home-grown organic vegetables taste! I had never eater corn raw, and my god it is beautiful, so sweet. Marion and I marvel at the taste, oohing and ahhing our way through eating most of the veggies raw – RAW! What had I been missing out on all these years!

And it was my feelings that stopped me using artificial fertilisers and insecticides. Intellectually, having read about organic verses artificial fertilisers and insecticides I understood why I shouldn't use them, but it was easy to add a bit of fertiliser *enriched with blood and bone* and spray to keep the *bloody pests* from eating everything before we did, still it didn't make me feel good. It was my bad feelings that helped me stop being unnatural, making me actually change the beliefs in my mind. When I allowed myself to feel bad, I allowed myself to feel what it felt like to know that if I sprayed poison on the vegetables then I'd be eating that poison. Also it was my feelings that wouldn't allow me to kill bugs indiscriminately – and what about the birds eating the poisoned bugs, and the poison in the soil and in the water table and… I may as well have just taken a swig out of the insecticide bottle and see what that felt like.

By honouring my bad feelings and allowing myself to come back to some sort of normality, I have changed a great deal in what I believe, how I live, and what I want to do. It's been an incredible process, and even though as I said, I read all about chemicals and pesticides and how bad they were for me, still it was through and with my feelings that I changed. My feelings made me feel bad about them, I simply couldn't pour them on the earth. I couldn't kill all the bugs, snails and caterpillars, I liked them all too much, and having only a small garden for the two of us I found I could easily control the 'pests' by hand. And so what if our beetroot and carrots were misshapen or had grub holes in them, and so what if the snails ate their share. I'd relocate the snails on wet moist nights when they raided, it wasn't too hard to do. And although the thought of eating snail pooh also made me feel bad, by accepting these bad feelings allowed me to accept that snail pooh is natural and can be washed off – it's not going to kill me. And I don't need all my veggies to look like they've come from the supermarket. Why does everything have to be so perfect anyway?

We eat all the broccoli and cauliflower leaves, we eat all the nice radish, young carrot and kohlrabi leaves. They all go into the soup. And just by picking what we need as we need it, like lettuce, arugula and broccoli, it has been amazing to see how much more you get from each plant. Instead of waiting for the lettuce to heart and chop it up and no more lettuce, we pick seemingly endless leaves all the way until it flowers. And having picked the main broccoli head the little side heads go on and on. Vegetables are so incredibly giving, wonder plants, and so little space is needed to grow a huge variety of them, many I'd never seen in a supermarket. We waste so much how we live. And I wouldn't have know about it had I not allowed my feelings to guide and show me.

But we have to waste and not appreciate nature, even the humble vegetable, because we don't appreciate ourselves. We have to eat junk food, something that is bad for us, even though we know it is bad, because it's the only thing that can make us feel good – so we believe. Eating fresh vegetables never made me feel good – I hated them. I hated being forced to eat them as a child. 'You're not leaving the table until you've eaten ALL your vegetables!' What a great way to start a relationship with them. Ruined so early on. We can't live perfectly good and true when we're denying such a large and important part of ourselves.

I used to also smoke dope. I tried other drugs but I didn't like the effect they had on me, marijuana suited me. It numbed me, gave me the munchies – more Coke and takeaways, and made other people and I that I smoked it with, laugh. It gave me some power. I was doing something illegal. It gave me experiences, which ordinarily in life I would never have had. I helped me meet people that shared a love of the same thing, people whom I would never have associated with. I smoked it to escape my bad feelings – I new I did, that was why I smoked it. It made me feel better, good. I never smoked too much of it because that then made me feel bad, just enough to put a rosy glow on life, enough to allow me to cope with all I didn't like. Enough to allow me to escape further into my mind.

My dope smoking stopped because of spiritual experiences I had, I hadn't started to accept my bad feelings at that time. But soon after I did start to work on my bad feeling acceptance, I was offered a smoke and I took it. I hadn't smoked for some years and was curious as to how it would affect me, and over the following weeks I had a few smokes, but I had changed. I could now feel what the smoking really make me feel and it wasn't the nice familiar safe rosy glow. I felt bad. I felt sick. I felt too clouded in my head. And I felt separated from myself. My bad feelings were too overwhelming and I knew that to get back to being able to smoke dope and loving it how I used to, I would have to seriously deny my bad feelings. I'd have to use my will to override what my feelings were telling me. I felt that if I really wanted to I could apply myself and do it, but I'd moved on too far. I didn't want to go back to those days and that much bad feeling denial.

The whole experience showed me just how much I had changed. I still have very fond memories of smoking dope but no longer a yearning or need for it. Back when I did smoke I never thought I'd give it up. It was like my can of Coke a day, it was simply a part of my life support system, but no longer. Now I no longer need such things to make me feel *good*.

Marion used to get very bad headaches. She was scared of the pain. When I first met her she always seemed to have one. I had them occasionally and didn't know how she tolerated them continually hurting her. And she didn't tolerate them: she killed the pain with Panadine. Two tablets three or four times a day. She couldn't stop having them. And no amount of my telling her that that amount was surely bad for her would make her stop. Of course she knew it wasn't right and she didn't need me to tell her they were bad for her, but what could she do, it was either them or that pain, and they were a godsend.

As we worked our way through our bad feeling acceptance she decided to tackle giving up the Panadine. So she started to allow herself to feel the pain. And she would speak about and express all the pain she felt. She would tell me how bad the pain in her head was, describe it, and then tell me how it was making her feel. She would express what she felt by speaking about all the pain until she could bear it no longer and take a pill. Then next time, she'd not take the pills and talk about her pain again, steadily working her way through it. And each time she'd see more truth about the pain: why she had it and why she needed the pills to deaden it. And gradually her head pain lessened. She got to a point of not having any pills for a day and then a week and then for a month. It wasn't all smooth sailing as she'd be on them and then off them, but after about eight months, finally one day that was it, no more Panadine! And even though she gets headaches still she hasn't needed another tablet to deny her feelings. And best of all, as the years have past with her bad feeling acceptance her headaches have lessened to becoming very infrequent, coming

only when she'd break through some deeper bad feeling resistance within her. Now months will go by without one, and if she does have one she knows it's a good thing, helping her to release more buried repressed bad feelings.

In speaking about Marion's giving up her need for headache tablets, I mentioned that along with her acceptance of her bad feelings she also expressed, spoke, about all she was feeling – how bad her head pain was making her feel. And it's the expressing of our bad feelings, all the pain of them, that is the other part of what I want convey in this book. Firstly, that we need to ACCEPT our bad feelings, and in doing so, we can SPEAK about them with the expressing of them helping to move the energy of them out of us. And speaking about them as you feel them helps you accept them more. I'll write more about this later, but for now I want to say that there is more to just accepting our bad feelings and they magically go away. Sometimes they do, but mostly they don't. There is no point in simply accepting and allowing yourself to feel bad if then all you're going to feel is bad and with your bad feelings never going away. So it's the act of expressing them that helps you actually move them out of you, so you no longer feel bad. But more about that later.

A girl I new decided that she wanted to be a vegetarian. She read up on it and agreed with all that was said. She felt bad knowing animals had suffered if she ate meat. She was fastidious and very strict with her diet. Many people praised her for her strength and self-discipline, yet it was obvious that she had to go to a great, and what I thought was forced, effort to do it.

She would use her mind to will herself on, to *keep up the good work*. She approached everything with that tenacity of mind and will, a very strong combination that allowed her to get what she wanted when she wanted it, allowing her to achieve all she desired, allowing her to maintain strict control over herself – over her body. She wanted to be healthy, and so eating what she believed was right was the first step. Then came the gym, almost once a day. Then came the meditation, her twice daily hourly program during which no one could disturb her, all forced, all regimented, as if her life depended on it – which it did.

Then she got married, and had a child. She worked, kept up the regime, and probably still is – I no longer see her. But in my mind she stands out as someone who uses their mind to do what they think is best. It's not a feeling thing; she's working and planning out every moment with her mind. However she might argue it is, as she feels so good doing all these self-controlling things with her mind.

To my mind she is running away from her bad feelings. They are threatening to rush in and over power her and she is doing all she can to keep them at bay. She told me as she was studying to be a meditation teacher that when a lot of bad stuff started to rise up because of her meditations, emotional pain and stuff she didn't want to deal with, she consulted her teacher as to what to do about it, and her teacher said to simply keep going and eventually it will go, you'll *transcend* it. And she did, and it all went. It stopped troubling her, she didn't deal with it, and as she said, she merely swept it under the carpet, a good place to hide the unwanted dust and dirt of your feelings.

And when I last saw her I had been living trying to accept my bad feelings for a number of years, and I could see how desperately she was doing all these things to hold hers off and stop the stuff she'd swept under the carpet from ever coming back out. What would happen if she stopped her meditation program, and stopped her work, her gym, her diet; what would she then do? The deluge of bad feelings would be too overwhelming. What new things would she have to do to replace these bad feeling avoidance regimes with?

I wasn't so self-disciplined as her. I was too lazy, I went for the dope and the easy way out instead. I thought my mind wasn't so controlling as hers, but now I know otherwise. My mind was just as, and if not more, controlling than hers, only in other ways. I went to the movies, ate junk food, smoked dope, ran away overseas, and tried to find the love my life to get away from all

the stuff I'd already hid under my carpet.

But then again, in other ways, something was working in my favour because I met Marion and she saved me. Although I'm not completely saved yet, I do believe that I'm on the road to recovery, and I've experienced enough bad feeling acceptance to write this book, and to at least share my thoughts and feelings about bad feelings with others.

It's been all Marion's doing. She decided from all she'd experienced that it was her bad feeling denial that was the real problem in her life and she's worked hard on herself trying to overcome it steadily bringing to light all her repressed bad feelings. And thankfully she's persevered with me. I'm so grateful for her patience, for putting up with me, as I've continually tried to have control over her by trying to make her stop feeling bad and carry on denying her bad feelings.

Marion has helped me to let go, to give up the control of my mind. She's opened my eyes to the truth that it's okay to let go, give in, give up, fail, and to fall – to fall into my bad feelings. She's helped me to allow myself to become overwhelmed by them, to feel their pain. And she's helped me to speak about them, to get used to living with bad feelings openly. She's allowed me to criticise and speak badly of myself, to be angry, to hate, to feel guilt, to feel misery, to feel totally unwanted and unloved. She's unconditionally accepted me, and in her acceptance of me, I have allowed myself to accept myself, to accept those parts of me and the associated pain that I didn't want to know about.

**Exercise:**

What do you do health-wise to deny your bad feelings? Start the list…

## 7). Mind Denial.

'Mind over matter.' 'You can create your own reality.' 'Have a positive mental attitude.' 'Just do it.' 'Don't give up, you can do it.' 'Never say die.' 'Think successful and you ARE a success.' 'Empower yourself.' 'Take charge.' 'YOU CAN DO IT! You're the Greatest!'

You know the sayings, you know the logos, everywhere you look it's the same old thing. Power, you can gain more power, you can be successful, and you do it all with your mind. Apply your mind, go out there and conquer. No one else is going to do it for you, so get off your bum, and kill or be killed.

Yeah, yeah, yeah, isn't it enough to make you puke? Or do you believe in it all? And what is it? All stuff to help you keep your mind in control of your feelings, and particularly your bad feelings.

Our minds are very powerful, there is no doubt about that, but it's an unnatural power we give them. Having been made to dishonour our bad feelings and ourselves when we were young, and having accepted that this is the right way to live, we've had to call upon our mind to do more that it ordinarily would need to do, all to ensure that our bad feelings don't get through. We have artificially and unintentionally put our mind in the controlling position in our life when it hasn't been designed to act this way. IT'S OUR FEELINGS THAT ARE TO LEAD AND GUIDE US THROUGH LIFE, NOT OUR MIND. It we are mind led and dominated, then we're stuffed. It's only a matter of time before our system starts to pack it in. And once you get over the indomitable feeling of youth and start to move into middle age, a vulnerability starts to creep in, which can scare you even more than you already are, making you more determined to apply your mind to keep everything under control.

But no matter whether we're young or old we're still being controlled by our mental patterns – our beliefs, and the behaviours that have resulted from them, all of which were put into place during our early childhood. And a big part of this control is keeping our bad feelings away. How much energy available to you do you spend in keeping your bad feelings under control? And what wasted energy this is, which could all go into other things – FEELING!

By denying our feelings we make ourselves powerless, and so to compensate for this powerlessness we call upon our mind. When we were young we were overpowered by more powerful minds and wills, those of our parents and carers, all of which made us feel powerless causing us to deny our bad feelings. From when we were young and continuing on into adulthood, we've learnt from those 'above' us what's needed by our minds to make up this deficit. And so we are subjected to, and determined to become, such things like having to be successful. We are told we have to be successful to make it in the world. We are told we have to do all sorts of things that will make us a success, such as having a positive mental attitude, and that if you want it you can get it with a strong application of mind. But it's all crap.

Why do we have to be told how to become a success? Native people don't go around telling each other how be successful – they just are themselves, and being themselves is enough, it's not about being a success or not – but it is about denying your feelings or not.

By relying on our minds to make up our power deficit we're creating an unreal reality for ourselves, much of which our society is now composed of. And we learn that if we don't 'play the game' then we will fail, the game of being artificial people, being false, superficial, pretentious, and living with minds based on fear. And as a part of this game we go around pretending we are nice and okay, that we love life, all the while denying our bad feelings. And we have to keep denying our bad feelings or else the facade will start to crumble. Truth will show up the crap and we'll have to admit that it is nothing more than a game, one we've contrived, and one that can only continue to make us sick, feel unhappy and wonder what our true purpose and

meaning really is.

But we're all trapped within this vicious circle, there is no way out other than to stop denying our bad feelings, and who wants to do that, as that will expose us to the truth of our falseness, and then we might have to admit that we are not as successful as we believed we were, and in fact we are nothing more than a failure. We are failing in life because we are denying a part of ourselves, so what is there to celebrate? We are failures – all of us. And one day we'll have to wake up and accept it.

If you believe that humanity isn't as great as we're told it is, and that we are somewhat off-track and perhaps heading in the wrong direction, then you only have to think about our denial of our bad feelings and the repression of these feelings from our childhoods to understand that we are way off-track and DEFINITELY heading in the wrong direction, and for all the good technology is, it's really only helping us keep our bad feelings suppressed. It's giving us more things to do with our minds so we can mind over matter, and mind over what really matters – our bad feelings. The more gadgets we invent to 'make our lives easier' the more we're fooling ourselves that our lives are becoming easier. Sure we might not all be toiling in the fields struggling to grow food for our survival, but we're toiling in the office always needing more money to fuel our bad feeling suppression. We need more entertainment to take our minds off those lurking bad feelings, we need anything that will give us false happiness and make us feel like we've got power – false power. We need anything that our minds can use against our feelings – against ourselves. We don't live loving ourselves, we live hurting ourselves, with our own minds having been turned against ourselves – against what we truly feel. Our minds are existing in a negative state of self-denial, not positively, working to support all we feel.

It took me a while to work this out because I didn't want to accept it about myself, but having done so, being a failure is not so bad, it's just the truth. And what am I failing at? – our unreal and false existence. I was afraid that I would get punished, God or someone, would punish me for living untrue to myself, but then I realised that my fear of God's punishment was only the fear of my parents punishment I'd transferred onto Him, and that God wasn't going to punish me because I was already punishing myself. I had taken over the role of my parents: I was doing to myself what they did to me. I was punishing myself by stopping myself from feeling all of my feelings. I was hurting and doing harm to myself. I was in the wrong, but I was keeping myself that way, all because I believed it was the right way to live life, the right way that my parents had taught me. It was what I'd been taught, and as society agrees with the basic principles of self-denial, I knew no better. But now as I'm slowly waking up to my self-denial, I find it – what I'm doing to hurt myself – absurd. Why am I making myself feel even worse by continually denying my feelings, denying them over and over again? The whole thing is ridiculous, but very hard to change. And it becomes even more absurd.

If I am denying myself by denying my bad feelings, then I am denying myself living in a true and perfect natural way, the way I've been created to live. And so if I'm living against myself with a negative mind then I'm also going against the Laws of my own Creation: against God's Laws – against God, or whomever created me. And if I'm living that way, then I am evil. Me, I am evil. I am an Evil One!

So how mad is it when Christians accuse non-Christians of being evil, when the Christians are denying their feelings just as much as anyone else. We are all evil because we're all denying our feelings – all living in denial against ourselves, nature, and against our Creator. The whole world is evil, only some people, so it would seem, are perhaps more evil than others.

So how do you feel being called evil? Tough truth to accept? Welcome to the evil club. This is, so far as I'm concerned, the truth we're all trying so hard to avoid, that we're wrong and evil, and if we all could accept that we're all in the same leaky boat and stop accusing one another, trying to blame each other for the problems, and stop seeking power over each other with our minds, then we can join together and work on the real issue at hand – accepting our evil, negative, self-denying minds, and seeking to heal them through the ongoing acceptance of our bad feelings.

No one has the right to claim they are better than another until they've accepted all their bad feeling denial. Jesus was perfect, we all accept that, he accepted all his feelings, he wasn't living in denial, he wasn't evil, and yet we've constructed huge religions supposedly based on what he said, then believing that we are living as he lived and doing all that's good and right because we're on his side and won't accept we're wrong and evil, and yet we deny our feelings living untrue to ourselves. Jesus didn't live untrue – he was the Living Truth. We aren't as perfect as he was, so how can we even begin to understand what he was/is all about. We can't. We're a long way from his sort of perfection, and to get there we have to accept ourselves, all of ourselves; and to do that we'll have to accept the truth of our feelings; and to do that we'll have to give up our controlling negative minds. And to do that… well we can, but it's a long hard road.

One of the results of our feeling denial has been the suppression of women – suppression of the feminine. Women being closer to their feelings in many respects compared to men have had to work very hard at keeping the lid on themselves to be accepted by unfeeling men. Feminism prides itself on the gains its made gaining equal power with men, but what does that really mean? That women can now do all that the men do: have a career, be independent, mix it with the top power brokers, and even more: still have babies, cook and clean – or at least pay someone else to do those mundane things. But now these power women with all their new found confidence and self-importance are entering into a new phase with their minds taking even firmer control over their feelings. How much more of their feelings do they have to deny to allow themselves to enter into the unfeeling mans domain and be competitive with such men?

In the light of women being equal with men so far as the status quo of our negative minds goes, why not, I support them, however, what I want to point out is, is it such a good thing? I'm not suggesting that women stay where they are and remain in their subservient and suppressed positions, but I am suggesting that perhaps *true* women's liberation might exist in another area, one in which involves the full liberation of women's feelings, and so the full acceptance of their negative or bad feelings. We will all be fully liberated when we stop denying parts of ourselves.

Men can't heal their feeling denial without the help of women. This fact I've taken the liberty of stating based on my own subjective experiences, and I have no problem making such a sweeping statement as regards to most men because I believe it's true. I couldn't have started to understand about my feeling denial and childhood repression without Marion's help, there was no way, I was simply too shutoff from myself. I was hopelessly lost. I believed in my minds fantasies that I was okay, but I was wrong. And without her understanding and closeness to her feelings, I would never have been able to get closer to mine, to break down the barriers in my mind that were preventing me from truly feeling.

I read in a book that women are the true spiritual leaders and I agree wholeheartedly with this. Spirituality is driven by feelings. You can't be truly spiritual with only your mind, although many spiritual and religious systems seem to think you can. But you can't, your mind is only going to lead you further into denying your bad feelings – that's what it's been programmed to do. It's with our feelings that our heart can lead the way, and if we're not in touch with all our feelings then forget it. And women being closer to their feelings are one step closer to their hearts than most men. But still women have just as many, and if not more, blocks and barriers on their bad feelings because they have been trained and taught that to be so feelings based won't get them anywhere with men, and no one wants to live alone.

Marion was able to grasp and deal with her feeling acceptance herself, she really didn't need me. All I did was not put all the usual male shit on her about not being so emotional instead of encouraging her to express ALL her feelings. However once she'd helped me to see the error of my ways, I did, which was, so I thought, very gracious of me, allow and even encourage her to a slight degree to accept her feelings without judging her... well, most of the time… well, a little of the time… God I was a right pain in the arse for her, and so often she had to fight me, telling me to shut up and just let her speak about how bad she felt. And when I did shut up allowing her to

speak about how bad she felt, it wasn't that I was so kind, caring and sympathetic, it was only a result of my pathecticness at being a *real* man that enabled her to go against her submissive training and stand up for herself and try and live true to her feelings. Anyway, being together seemed to work for us, and as she accepted her bad feelings she was able to help me to accept mine. She is leading the way; she is DEFINITELY leading the way! And I am so grateful to her for her help.

## Exercise:

Here are some questions to answer:

How does it feel to consider yourself evil? And what does it feel like to consider that your life is wrong – that everything you do and say is all done within a negative mind condition of feeling self-denial? And how do you feel understanding that all what you thought being a success might be, that being perfect might be, might not be what you thought, and might actually be the exact opposite? And do these questions make you feel bad? And if so, what are you going to do with those bad feelings? Are you going to accept them or deny them? Or is it simply all too much to comprehend, and you think I must be mad going on about all this bad feeling stuff; and who is this James person anyway saying we're all evil, surely he's a nut-case and in denial!

And what if I'm right and we are all evil and the world is wrong. What does it really matter? Is anyone going to do anything about it? How do you feel about tackling the problem of your bad feeling denial? You can be honest; nothing bad is going to happen you.

I appreciate these questions might be somewhat daunting, and it might be too much to have them thrust upon you, but still I believe being confronted suddenly can help you to get more of an idea as to how you deny your bad feelings, and the fact that you do. Our minds are very good at rationalising everything away; I too didn't want to accept that I was evil. Bad people are evil and I'm not bad. But I'm not saying you are bad, I'm only trying to point out a fundamental flaw in our life philosophy and help you to perhaps look at yourself in another light.

## 8). Relationships.

As we're all interested in relationships, and feelings play a big part in them whether we admit it or not, now that we understand we are denying a large part of our feelings, we can apply this to our relationships. In all our relationships we are relating to another person who like ourselves is denying a large part of their feelings, so no wonder relationships can be hard work at times. And really it's incredible that we have the *successful* relationships we do, considering how much feeling denial we're all living in. But again we've learnt from our parents and within our families how to live *happily* and even *lovingly* with each other, even though we live in a negative mind feeling-denial state. And some of us enjoy life long relationships like this.

But if you've ever wondered why your relationships don't seem to work or why you might have difficulties in them, whatever else you might think is to blame, really it's simply a lack of feeling acceptance and self-expression and communication of all feelings, that's at fault.

Lots of people need a counsellor at times to manage difficult relationships, and a good counsellor or therapist will do, among other things, help each person to express more of what they have not been speaking up about, basically helping more of the bad feelings each person has been denying to come out. And what a relief it is to be able to voice and have accepted by the other person some of your bad feelings – it can make all the difference.

We all know what it's like to be fuming away privately to ourselves about something, stewing on it even for days or months – it's very stressful – and then for one reason or another to be able to speak about *what's on our mind* and to *get if off our chest.* What a huge relief it is, being able to freely open up and speak about your bad feelings. The pressure quickly goes and sometimes, as all that anger and hurt goes, another emotion producing a good feeling comes all because you allowed – accepted – your own bad feelings and were able to speak about them. And another person *allowed* you to speak, wanted you to speak about yourself, and your bad feelings were accepted by them – you were accepted by them. You no longer had to feel rejected and alone and that no one cares about you. You feel loved as you are sympathetically listened to, just as you're loving yourself by speaking about how you feel and not denying or disrespecting your feelings. You feel loved, self-love, as you sympathetically listen to yourself.

It's crucial that we are allowed to express our bad feelings, and in the speaking up about them we *are* accepting them, and this too is vital to our well-being and peace of mind. During our early childhoods we were stopped from expressing our bad feelings, causing us to retreat into ourselves and develop false outer personas as fronts for protection. By expressing all our bad feelings now as adults we can drop the false front allowing our true self to come out. The act of speaking them out brings us back out into life unafraid to live how we feel.

How stressful is it to have to hold feelings in and not be allowed to vent them? It's terrible and you can feel them chewing you up inside. And if you have to completely bury them until you no longer feel them, where are they going? They don't just evaporate into thin air; they go down inside you, locked away in our aura and soul, and can only cause further grief. And in some way they will still be unconsciously affecting you. And they will be forever seeking a way to come back to the surface to be expressed. And when adding them to all the other bad feelings you've repressed all your life, you can't really be surprised when suddenly you are diagnosed with cancer or another illness brought about because you didn't allow yourself to speak up. Suppressing your bad feelings is not loving yourself. If you don't love yourself through your feelings – and not egotistically with your mind – then you can get sick, with your illness being the physical manifestation of your self-unlovingness, your self-hate. Why else really would you get cancer? It is really just bad luck or a genetic glitch? Is life that tenuous, or is there a reason and it's just that along with our bad feeling denial we choose to deny that reason.

I've come to understand through my feelings that there are three types of relationships we have: with ourselves, with other people (including nature), and with God. Not much of a revelation I'm sure, but each of these relationships I'm living, I'm relating to, with my mind controlling what I feel, and with myself denying most of my bad feelings, so really I don't stand much hope of having a decent relationship, and I haven't, that is, not until Marion. I didn't have relationships in which I spoke about my feelings.

I had relationships with friends and girlfriends, and I even started one with God, but what sorts of relationships were these? At best they were only partial relationships, as I couldn't express all my feelings, and when I came to understand this I could also understand why I wasn't very satisfied with them. And with Marion's help, and how our relationship has evolved having both committed ourselves to allowing our bad feelings to be voiced, I look back at my past relationships mostly with sorrow. I missed out on so much with these people, with myself, and with God. I used them, and even myself, for my own power needs. I wasn't honest with what I felt. I wasn't honest with them. Most of my feelings were contrived. I wasn't a real person. I was only a mind full of fantasy and delusion trying to reach out and control another mind believing it was a friend or I was in love with it.

Seeing these things about myself has made me angry and sad. No wonder all the relationships with my girlfriends fizzled out. No wonder I never felt right within myself. No wonder I always felt like I was only half there, the other half off in my mind dreaming about my future. No wonder I was afraid to open up and speak what I truly felt. No wonder I didn't even now what I truly felt. And how could I? I was too busy keeping the lid on myself without even knowing it. I was too busy having a negative, unloving, self-abusing, self-denying relationship with myself. I was unable to really connect with another person, as I couldn't connect with myself!

As you know, it all begins with yourself. If your relationship with yourself is screwed up then it's not going to be much good with anyone or anything else, is it? And many of us have tried all sorts of things to *sort ourselves out*, to try and *get a grip* on ourselves, work out what's really going on, but all too no avail. And now I know and I assure you, you never will be completely satisfied, happy and loving of yourself until you allow yourself to accept all your feelings, and that's, ALL your feelings about yourself – good and bad; and ALL your feelings about other people – good and bad; and ALL your feelings about every other aspect of your life – good and bad; and ALL your feelings about God – good and bad. And even if you don't believe in God, something created you, something's driving you, and whatever you believe it is, your relationship with it will be in denial until you accept your bad feelings. And it could possible you only don't believe in God because you are denying yourself the feelings preventing the relationship.

Many of us are looking for our soul-mates. *Soul-mate* is the magic word. If we can find them then we are guaranteed eternal happiness. We'll just meet each other, look into each others eyes, and click, get that long awaited knowing that we are meant to be together. Isn't that what we all want? But what sort of soul-mate relationship will it be if you both come together denying many of your feelings? Or is the whole magic and mystery of soul-mates that you live together without ever having any bad feelings coming up between you both… somehow, I think that's getting a bit into the fantasy realms, a nice idea, but…

Don't get me wrong, I totally believe in soul-mates. However, I suspect that if you did meet your chosen soul-partner it would be to help each other heal your feeling denial. Surely you would want to communicate together truly so you could enjoy the perfect union. So I'd imagine if you both came together with negative minds, it wouldn't necessarily be *love at first sight*, it would instead be perhaps a knowing agreement to help each other do the hard work of ending your feeling denial.

The reality of having a particularly intimate relationship, is that it's all intensely feelings based. And if it's not, then it's not particularly intimate. So many people live together but don't relate very intimately. Sure they might have *great sex* and spend lots of time in each others company, but they don't relate intimately together because intimacy comes only from sharing feelings with each

other, and that includes bad feelings. You may believe you are very close and intimate, deeply in love, never feeling bad when with each other – the perfect union; however, how true is the union when so many bad feelings will be denied by the very *perfect* union itself! Have you been in a relationship and felt bad things, and been too scared to share then with your partner for fear of the consequences? Can you honestly say in your current intimate relationship that you can speak about anything and everything you feel, and you keep NO secrets from each other and NEVER lie to each other? And if you can't, why not? What are you afraid of? Would it be more bad feelings by any chance?

Many of us are happy with our relationships if we're an okay match. We've learnt that finding Mr. or Mrs. Perfect is all but an impossibility, so good enough is near enough. And what's wrong with that? – nothing. We can live however we want to live. But what I want to point out is that if you do want a truer and deeper relationship with someone, then it's going to have to start with wanting one with yourself. And how you achieve it is by coming to terms with your feeling denial.

I am a man, and being a man, I was once a boy. Isn't it amazing what you can find out about yourself! And being a boy, I was told that boy's don't cry. And right then and there I'm stuffed. Right then and there I was told that I couldn't express my pain and hurt by crying. If I cried I was made to stop. Yet to stop crying I had to somehow get rid of the bad feelings that were making me cry. So what did I do? How did I make them go away? I don't know for sure, I can't remember, but I made them go away, and I told myself I wasn't feeling bad, and I stopped crying. And when I stopped crying I was told I was a good boy, and I wanted to be a good boy. I wanted the praise and positive attention from my parents and this reinforced my belief that boys shouldn't cry – that I shouldn't cry. And that belief became stronger as I was told in the playground that only sissy boys cry, mummy's boys, and for some reason that wasn't a good thing so I didn't want to be one of them, so I definitely didn't cry. When I ran and fell over grazing my knee, I didn't cry. I gritted my teeth and hopped about waiting for the stinging pain to subside, as it always did, and I didn't cry. I prided myself that I could take such injuries and didn't cry. My sister, if she fell over, without even grazing her knee, cried. She cried, I didn't cry, but she was only a girl, and it was said that girls can cry. Girls were allowed to cry; boys weren't. So I believed boys can't and shouldn't and DON'T cry, but with girls it's okay if they do.

Marion will ask me how am I feeling because I haven't spoken about any feelings for some time, and I'll say 'I've got a bit of headache', to which she'll then reply asking, how long have I had it for and why didn't I tell me when it started. And will I reply that I don't know why I didn't tell her. And she reminds me that I'm meant to speak up and tell her immediately when I feel bad, any bad feeling – even physical ones. And I say, oh yeah, I know, but… and I ask myself: Why didn't I speak up about it? I've had it most of the day and it hurts. But speaking up about feeling bad, feeling a pain, is NOT what I do. I don't say I've got a headache, because I don't cry. I don't want to be seen to be weak or a sissy. I don't speak up about aches and pains that *aren't that bad*. I just ignore them, until they go away. I know my headaches usually go away by the following morning, so I'll just wait until then. I won't say anything, what's the point, no one cared anyway when I was young, and they just said: 'Take a pill.' But I don't want to take pills, so I'll do what I've always done. I'll grit my teeth, grin and bear it, and in time it will go. What a great relationship I had with my headaches! I didn't treat them like a friend, allowing them to have their say. I was trying to piss them off like someone I didn't like who just kept hanging around. And if I couldn't have a decent loving relationship with this part of myself – my aching head, what hope did I expect to have with Marion.

My father never spoke about his bad feelings. Neither did my grandfathers or grandmothers. My father grew up very dominated by his mother. She fiercely make him deny his bad feelings, he certainly wasn't allowed to cry. My father was my example, and everyone in the family agreed that this was the right way to live. My father died of bone marrow and prostate cancer… is that what is going to happen to me? My father had these cancers apparently for some years without telling

anyone or complaining. My father didn't believe it was worth while speaking up, didn't want to be a burden, no one would care anyway – his parents didn't care. During the war when his father was away, his mother took him to live in the country at Woodend and she made the doctor pull out all his teeth. My father had false teeth. I never asked him why she did it. We didn't talk about *those* things. It never occurred to me to speak with my father about any feelings, feelings weren't a part of our relationship. Now I wished I could have spoken with him about his feelings. Now I wish I could have got to know my dad. I don't feel like I've had a proper dad, even though he was there and he took us away on good holidays. My relationship with him sucked. It never really happened, like two ships passing in the night. He was so removed from himself because of his harsh childhood and rejection of his feelings, the rejection of himself, that we couldn't share any intimacy, and going to the football and doing things together just weren't enough. We never crossed that line; that invisible line that makes a relationship what it is. I don't think he ever knew it was his denial of feelings that was at fault. He knew he had difficulties with relationships but… well, we just missed out – it didn't happen. My own father, whom I spent all those years with remained a stranger to me. I don't know him and he didn't know me. With his leading example of feeling denial, what hope did I have?

My mother had no problems speaking about her bad feelings, but as much as she spoke more openly about them, she also denied them. They were spoken about it seemed, more for something to say than for any other real reason. She spoke about some of her bad feelings, but no one really listened to her complaints, and I don't think she actually wanted a response; it was simply *all too much* and what could anyone have done anyway. But as to the bad feelings she did speak about there were a lot more she denied. She could speak about some of her bad feelings, but I couldn't. She was a woman and she could cry, but I couldn't. She had many burdens in life, many of which *a man had no idea about*, she got the 'curse' for starters, and that was more than enough inequality for her. It always seemed that she had valid reasons to speak about some of her bad feelings, but I didn't. I was a man, and men had it easy.

My grandmother told me not to listen to or take seriously all the things my mother said, so I tried not too. But the damage was already done, well before I understood what my grandmother was telling me. But I was a man, and I was told by her that men are always the head of the family, so I grew up feeling superior to my mother. I thought I loved her and she loved me, but as I've unwound my erroneous beliefs – those that have kept my feeling denial in place – letting them go and replacing them with how I really feel, nothing has turned out as I believed.

She was the dominant and superior force in my early life, much more so than my father. He paled in comparison to her sharpness. And I was scared of her. I was scared of my own mother. She was the power, not I – Granny was way off track. Being scared of my own mother – my mother whom I love, whom repeatedly tells me she loves me – surprised and shocked me when my repressed feelings revealed the truth, but it's true, and I had to accept it, and having done so it has explained so much.

Now I understand that my relationship with my parents and grandmother was nothing like I believed it was – Nothing. I had got it all wrong. They had told me what my relationship with them was, they didn't allow me to find it out for myself. They told me their fantasies: that they loved me, and that I loved them just as much. That my mother loved me, the very mother I'm so scared of – it doesn't make sense anymore.

Because of how my mother treated me I learnt that saying no to her was not what one did. I can't say no. I thought I could. If someone had asked me if I can say no, I'd have replied: Of course I can so no, who can't! But through my bad feeling acceptance I've had to accept that saying no for me is one of the hardest things for me to do, especially when it's to the authority. I was made to be obedient, and obedient people don't say no. They say yes – always yes – and at best I'd try and wheedle my way out of it, or hope they'd forget and go onto another topic. But I could never come straight out with no, and have my no accepted. I learnt that by keeping my mouth shut and going along with what they said, I could usually get a little power and turn things

subtly to the way I wanted them to be. I learnt how to say *no* by saying yes. My boss at the aquarium (before he sacked me) said that I was manipulative. I thought I was very fair, honest, straightforward and open and would never do such a thing, I didn't know what he was talking about – me, manipulative? But of course I was. I had to be manipulative because that was how my mother was – what else could I be. So here I was, having to face yet another ugly truth about myself and my relationship – what hope did Marion have trying to have a successful relationship with someone who was manipulative, someone who wanted all the power, just as my mother had it.

Gradually through my forming years I retreated into my mind. I put up barriers for protection and fronts to keep everyone happy. We all lived in a happy loving family, and I believed this even though my parents divorced when I was ten. Still we all loved each other and that delusion and fantasy I lived with until I was thirty-five when my bad feelings started to show me otherwise – the truth. And at first I didn't like what I saw. This business of allowing my bad feelings to exist wasn't making me feel good at all. Not more bad feelings! But what could I do? Go back to the old way and resume my place in my so-called *loving* family, in which I had to reject myself and my feelings severely like my father, so as to carry on the *happy-family* fantasy; or keep going and see what truth my bad feelings brought to light. I couldn't go back. There was no going back. All I could do was see where it would end.

At some point early on in my *Feeling-Healing*, I realised I had to say good-bye to my family. If I was to deal with my problem of self-denial I'd have to do it without them, because with them I was too fixed in my negative patterns and would never be free. I would only be free if they too wanted to follow me and start to accept their bad feelings, and having tested the water with them over this matter, it was obvious I was on my own. They wanted to stay and keep pretending, so I had to move on.

I wanted to be able to *find myself*, find my true self. I didn't really understand what this meant to begin with, and many people said they too wanted to find their true selves, but no one seemed to know how to go about it. But soon, once again all thanks to Marion, it became clear that it meant I had to accept and allow all my bad feelings to be. If I was repressing, rejecting and denying any part of myself, then I had to bring that part of me up and out. Somehow I had to stop living in my negative mind controlled patterns and alter my behaviour. And with Marion's help that is what I've been doing now for these past ten years. And over these years I've discovered what a vast amount of falseness existed in me. I was very shutoff, disconnected and removed from my feelings. Incredibly so. I had no idea, and every day I did more bad feeling healing, I'd realise more about how isolated I was. I was having a very bad relationship with myself. If I'd met myself we wouldn't have got on. We wouldn't have been able to hang together for more than five minutes. But I didn't want it like this. I wanted to get to know myself, to know who I really was, which I came to understand, actually meant: what I felt. Because it's through our feelings we get to know ourselves. It's all very simply really, but hard to do, so hard when all your programming like a Pavlov dog is negative, giving all power to your mind pitching it at war against your own feelings.

And in a way it is war. I'm constantly fighting within myself against myself. I'm constantly using all my will to uphold the negative patterns gained from my early childhood, maintaining a false self to block out my true self, and I'm not even aware that I'm doing it. But I can't stop doing it. I have to do it because I believe it's part of my security, it's part of my survival in the world, and to give it up means I'm faced with nothing, oblivion, eternally lost, dammed to hell and nothing more. So I fight myself at every step not to see the truth, not to be real, not to be my true self. And with all of this going on, no wonder my personal relationships never went anywhere.

So how did I happen to meet Marion? To find someone who could help me so much. And how do we manage to have the relationship we do? Well, she slipped in under my net. I didn't intend to have a relationship with her nor she with me. She came to a meditation evening I was

holding. She liked what I liked, albeit mostly on the spiritual level, and we both wanted to move out of our respective flats and live by the bay. We started that way: as two friends sharing an apartment together and it went from there. She wanted to know me. She *really* wanted to know me. She'd ask me about things I said: Why'd you say that; what does that mean; what do you feel about that, and I'd have to stop and think... yeah, what does that mean, and why did I say that, and it was hard to do. No one had ever seriously asked me. Other girlfriends had asked, but they had been happy with my pat answers, not so Marion. She wasn't happy because my answers didn't make sense to her, they sounded false, contrived; and what was worse, they didn't make her feel good. Never before had things I'd said to my girlfriends made them feel bad – or did they, and I was too closed off to notice. Or was it that they just never spoke up? Were they too, afraid of their bad feelings, as I was of mine? Perhaps they didn't want to make me feel bad; or did they fear that by speaking up I would leave them or things would get messy and end. All these things I discovered were true about myself. I was scared of speaking up and saying: What you just said made me feel bad. I didn't want to cause any ripples. My relationships with my girlfriends were meant to be good and fun and happy times, not painful ones. That only came when we broke up, and I hated those bad breaking-up feelings, they were so much harder to dismiss.

When Marion said she felt bad because of what I'd said or done, we'd start to try and work out why. If she was right, then what was it I was doing and saying that was making her feel bad, especially when I thought I was doing and saying nice things and she was meant to feel good. And we'd work it all out by accepting our bad feelings and speaking about them to each other.

Marion was right of course. When we finally did work it out, I had to adjust my whole way of seeing things, but when I did, then I too found I had feelings to match hers. I felt as she felt, so I knew she was right. I could put myself in her position with me saying and doing the things that made her feel bad, and I could feel those same bad feelings. I was awakening to feeling what feelings were all about. And anyway, what did I know. I came from a family who lied about their feelings to one another, and put on a big show about how good it was all being together, and lived totally untrue to themselves, living relationships consisting of nothing more than mere fantasy. I was all screwed up about feelings, and as Marion helped me to sort myself out, and as my feelings were liberated and I got to know myself better, I could see what she meant. I could see why she felt the way she did when I did and said what I did. My behaviour which I thought was loving was unloving. I could suddenly feel this, and this too came as a big shock. I ONLY loved my girlfriends, if I didn't, why would I be with them. And yet my feelings where showing me, yet once again, that my so-called *love* was a fraud. I did what I did calling it love because that was what we did in my family, but it wasn't love. Did I feel deeply loved by my mother and father? I believed I did, but my feelings were showing me I didn't. My feelings were showing me that I didn't feel loved by them, and the same unloving behaviour they did to me, I was doing to Marion. And of course they *had* done it to me, for how else could I have known how to do it to Marion.

I was a liar and a fraud all because I was denying my feelings – what else can you be if you are living in denial of your true self? It was another stark hard-hitting self-realisation, another truth about the relationship I was having with myself. But I couldn't deny it. I couldn't run away. I had to own up and admit it and say, yes, as much I hate it and hate myself, it's true. IT'S ALL FUCKING TRUE! Aaarrrrggghhhhhh! It was terrible. It was true, every way I went I was shown the truth, there was no way out, I was surrounded. All I could do was accept it: not only was I evil, but I was also unloving. And really, how can you be loving when you're evil, the two don't go together, their opposites. God what a life! How much worse could it get? It sure wasn't how I was told life was or was meant to be. And when I'd question myself about it I'd go around and around in circles in my mind trying to rationalise it away somehow, but always coming back to my feelings, feeling it was true. And my feelings when I was true to them didn't lie. Our feelings don't lie when we truly honour them and our mind is out of the way. That's what's so wonderful about them.

So now I understood about my relationships. Of course my relationships were stuffed, they had to be, and it was right that none of them had worked out how I wanted them to, because I was not right. I wasn't being true, so how could I expect to live a true relationship. How could I find my true life's partner, by soul-mate, if I was so self-deluded? I couldn't, no way, I was barking up the wrong tree. I was fucked, and not the great self-contained successful person I believed I was. I was a wretch, depressed, miserable, not in control at all. I was scared to death of my own mother (and later through yet more feelings, discovered I was also scared to death of my father). I was scared of everyone and everything. Not a good look I can assure you. Not someone whose parents would want to give their daughter away to. Not someone any woman would want. Boy, I was lucky Marion tolerated me!

Marion was under no delusion about her relationship with her parents. They'd given her a very hard time and as a result she'd had a couple of breakdowns, been in few clinics, and tried to knock herself off a few times. She couldn't commit suicide successfully because her parents had interfered so badly with her and everything in her life making her totally subservient to them, she didn't even have the strength of mind or will to follow through in taking her own life. She was too much of a failure for that, and a failure, in her eyes and beliefs, at everything. So at least two failures, her and I, could be together – at least we wouldn't expect anything from each other!

But in my eyes, the failure that she feels she is, is not true, because she knows about feelings, and she has doggedly allowed herself to accept her bad ones. When I think of all she's been through since we've been together I can only marvel at her self-determination, her courage. She is *nothing* personified. She has nothing; she has a total nothing life, as her parents didn't allow to have or be anything. And she has masses of repressed bad feelings, all of which she tired very hard to deny resulting in her breaking down. She was also a failure at completely denying her bad feelings. As much as she tried, she couldn't, and one thing or another made her start noticing them, and made her take them seriously.

And she might be a failure, but she knows about relationships. I don't know how, but she just does. By not being allowed to have even any good feelings, even false good ones in her family relationships, she certainly knows what a bad relationship is, what feels bad, and so by honouring her bad feelings she is able to feel what is right. And has slowly advanced in becoming truer: true to herself, true to her life, and true to God. And she helped me uncover the truth of my false, mind-contrived, fantasy based family relationships.

Together we have shut ourselves off from mainstream life as much as we can, partly by desire, and partly by our feelings leading us that way. And life has responded by shutting us out so we have been free to concentrate on nothing else other than accepting our bad feelings and trying to undercover the truth of them.

We both want to live true to our feelings – all of them. And it has been accepting our bad feelings, all that we are rejecting within ourselves, that's been the hardest part to deal with. And as far as our relationship together goes, we've agreed to not understand, assume or expect anything from it. As we've both realised we don't know what true love is, and our feelings of love are so distorted by our negative minds that we've agree to say we don't love each other. We are friends. Marion at times might even argue against that; and we are helping each other to accept and honour our feelings, and we both recognise the truth that until we've finished our feeling-healing, then we won't be able to know what love, true love, is.

The one thing we do both know is, if we were to separate, it would be very difficult to be with another person who is living untrue and false. It would be too hard to try and fit in with them because we'd have to compromise our feelings too much going back on where we have come from, and this neither of us wants to do. So we're sort of stuck with each other.

People I've spoken to about feeling-acceptance and our relationship have said we are lucky to have found each other being able to start out on this adventure together, but when you do start to get into the truth of yourself through your feelings, you begin to understand that luck has

nothing to do it because it's all how it's meant to be.

The more I find myself, and it really is uncovering these aspects of me that have been hidden, the happier I feel deep within me. And even though I do have long days of feeling angry, depressed and miserable, as my repressed feelings surface, over all I feel so much better, so much more real and so much truer. It's hard to explain these good feelings for they are just like solid platforms within my being, and they make me feel inwardly good. I have never felt anything within except hollowness, no depth, nothing of any worth or meaning. But now I do. Now I feel a substance and essence, and I like what I feel. It's me, that's the best I can describe it, and even better, I like me. I even love me. LOVE ME, something I've never truly felt before. I love myself with feelings that are coming from the truth, not the contrived artificial love from my deluded mind that was based on no truth and only belief.

And it's because of my growing liking of myself, and the GOOD feelings I now feel about me, my life, and even God, that I am writing this book. I can't begin to tell you how much better I like myself and enjoy my life having embraced and found the truth of my repressed bad feelings. Not all of them yet mind you, but a lot of them. I have found the long lost me, or at least I'm starting to. I feel real and true, and best of all I now know how I feel – and I love my feelings – even the bad ones. Just imagine that: I LOVE MY BAD FEELINGS! Not in a million years would have thought I'd be able to say that!

It's been a long hard slog, but I've learnt many things, and because I do feel so much better, all I want to do is keep going. My outer life is still nothing, everything having been stripped away, but my inner life is growing stronger and firmer, more real and true by the day.

I am starting to have a good relationship with myself. I'm enjoying myself. And I so much like the feeling of it. I'm finally getting to know myself. To know how I feel, and how I feel about things – how I feel about me.

I was taught it was wrong to talk back to my elders and superiors. It was okay if *they* should yell and rage at the top of their voices at me, I just had to take it, but I wasn't allowed to yell back at them. My mother could rage like a mad woman, but I was told: Don't talk back to your mother. I was a little person less than half their size, and yet I was the one who wasn't allowed to rant and rave. They – the grown ups – had all the power; I had none.

I was then told that I had to forgive my mother, that she was in some way worse off than I was because she had greater responsibility and problems than I did. I pitied her and was made to feel sorry for her. I felt like I was meant to be her father, to look after her – I must have been all of about four or five years old. And after their divorce when I was about ten, I was told I was the man of the house and I had more responsibly to carry looking after the women. And not knowing anything else, I took all of this very seriously.

Adults say stupid things to children and place children in unbearable situations all because of their own faults, worries and insecurities. A child is meant to come into the world and be made to feel secure. It's meant to be treated like a child, and not an adult, and certainly not an adult that is more wise and capable than its own parents, so much so, that it feels it has to look after them.

With all this pressure there wasn't room to express many bad feelings, and not being able to say no or ever raise my voice against the injustices being done to me, I had to tow the line and *accept my lot*, as my grandmother would say. If I raised my voice against my father when he was punishing me I got smacked even harder. And my parents said they loved me. Their kind of love was very one-sided. I had to obey them; they weren't going to let me be free. I had to do what they said; they didn't do what I said. How was I supposed to find out what it was like to have my own power when they didn't allow me to have any, and this they said was them loving me, teaching me the ways of the world.

People who punish and hit their children are so far away from their own feelings because if they were connected to them, and not so disconnected, they would not be able to treat a child, someone who is greatly inferior than they are, with such cruelty, they would instead be on the

child's side and not fighting against it as if it were the one with all the power.

Such parents, underneath their superficial exteriors of false power, feel how they were made to feel as children – inferior and powerless. They treat their children how they were treated. My parents treated me how they were treated, passing on their denial of feelings to me. To be so cruel only comes when you are denying your own bad feelings, and so we see this with everyone who inflicts any kind of bad treatment on another person.

It took Marion and I a long time of accepting our bad feelings before we could openly yell and argue with each other. She can now tell me to fuck off, as I can tell her to. And we can yell and scream at each other, this being a far cry from what I thought a loving relationship was all about. I never liked to argue, let alone tell my girlfriend to fuck off. I never felt such anger in the first place to get that upset about anything, or to defend myself if I felt I was being interfered with. And as we yell at each other, we do so knowing that most of what is driving our fury, is not only being triggered by the moment, but being driven by years of buried repressed anger, rage and hatred. The things we fight over are trivial with the amount of anger driving the rage far outweighing what we're angry about, but we allow ourselves to yell and scream at each other if this is where our bad feelings take us, and after we've vented our rage, and longed to know the hidden truth of what it was all about, we talk about it, discussing what was really going on. We talk and talk and talk, and then talk some more. There is a lot to talk about when you feel bad and sincerely want to know the reasons why.

And it feels so good being able to really have my say, to shout and protest and criticise and yell at her, and even for her to stand up to me and yell and fight me back. And while we are doing it we understand that we're not actually doing it at each other, but at our parents, it's our long awaited chance to do what we've yearned to do from all those years ago, to really give it back to them, to tell our parents where to go and what we real feel about them, and how they are making us feel. All our pent up repressed anger can now finally come out – and what a relief it is.

Marion was made to believe that if she did one thing wrong they'd be hell to pay. She never spoke back to her parents, let alone, get angry and yell at them. Both of us grew up believing we were to be something like Jesus: never yelling and screaming, always patient, taking his medicine as it's served out to him without complaint, as it was stuffed in our faces and forced down our throats. Jesus would never get angry, he would never yell (except for that one little whops with the money lenders), and so we mustn't. But what crap. Jesus did get angry and he raised his voice, and had he been married and had someone entered his house and tried to rape his wife, would he have turned the other cheek and looked on allowing he and his wife to be disrespected and totally humiliated? Somehow I don't think so. (Not that it would have happened anyway, as he didn't have the repressed childhood denial that we have in us, in him. He was too perfect for that, he only had to suffer being nailed to a cross. But I'm sure you get what I mean.)

So many of our pictures about what is right and wrong are all mixed up in our minds. So many things are used against us as young children all with the intention of controlling us, and not enlightening us to life's truths. And so with all of these prejudiced ideas and beliefs about what is acceptable behaviour and what is not, how can we expect ourselves to have a relationship of any substance, let alone of any truth.

Many people from what I can see, when they meet someone and can settle with each other agreeing to disagree, not crossing over certain lines, and learning the rules of the play, are then happy to keep going and have a family together. But what sort of message are these people passing onto their children? And yet they seriously believe they are doing all the loving things for their children that a parent can do, and to be accused of being unloving would not be tolerated. And yet they blame and curse their children for being children, and expect them to be something they are not. They force their rules and values upon them mistakenly believing these are the only rules and truths of life, but who are they to know. They believe they are the gods over their children, over powering their children's will by making their children subservient to them, making

them feel powerless – rejecting them. And this is all said to be loving, as the children are made to follow along and agree, *feel* and believe, that it is love.

The further I go in my bad feeling acceptance the more it seems we don't have any idea about what a true relationship would be like. Our relationships aren't true, for they can't be so long as we continue to live denying ourselves. And yet generation after generation, the same negative mind condition is passed from parents to children, all the time with parents never being at fault, with only the child in the wrong. The parent is *always* right; the child is *always* wrong – and it MUST be taught the right way to be – its parents way.

So we can conclude: that God is a moron making children as they are, forcing the parent to inflict its power and will over its own child to rectify the mistakes God made. That the child is a dodo: it can't be left alone for one moment to work things out for itself. It has to be told: when to eat, when to shit, when to speak, what to say, how to say it, always being on its *best behaviour*. It has to conform, fit into the family, learn the rules, all so it can fit into the same denial adult world its parents live in. It is forced to go against itself, to suffer great trauma, shutting off its feelings and denying itself, and then it's told that one day when it grows up it will find a wonderful partner, live happily together, and have children of its own, so it can be the all-powerful one. When it grows up, then it is its turn.

So as children we learn to wait and bide our time, to develop our fantasies and erroneous beliefs. We are told to look to the future for that holds all the promise; being a child is horrible, but when you're free as an adult and your life is your own, then all the good things will happen. Then you too can know the wonder and joys of being a father or a mother just like we do. Then you can love your child and make your child love you; then you make your child be just how you want it to be. Then you can have a wonderful relationship with your child teaching it how to deny it's bad feelings just as your parents taught you. Then you can fuck up your own child, just how you were fucked up by your parents. And being the child, you'll be able to say, you love your parents as they love you. And you'll be able to live a happy all-loving wonderful life, wondering why you don't feel too good, why bad things happen to you – why you need to do all you do to keep away your bad feelings.

And we wonder why so many tyrants rule the world? All wanting that power they were promised by their tyrannical parents.

How many times do you hear or read: *the man won't speak about his feelings,* and, *she never bloody shuts up about her feelings*? Why is it that men generally are known for not wanting to speak about any feelings whereas women value them as the basis of any relationship?

During some of Marion's and my early arguments over love, when she would accuse me of not loving her, I'd reply by saying, 'but I'm here aren't I; of course I bloody well love you or else I would leave.' See… what loving words I'd say when I was angry! And she would respond, 'that's exactly what I'm speaking about, how can that be an expression of your love when all it does is make me feel bad? I don't feel like you care about me, love me, want me; want to get to know – me! And I had to admit it was true.

Generally it seems that men are more impersonal in their outlook of the world whereas women are more personal. Or maybe it's just that men have been forced to be more impersonal because they have been forced harder to shut off certain feelings. So often the man is more inclined to laugh at the misfortune of others not relating personally to the tragedy or problem, whereas the woman more easily places herself in the position of the one who is suffering being sympathetic to the bad feelings. Men are more inclined to go off to the pub to be with other men, drink and tell stories, and if feelings are involved, at least it's on their terms. They'd rather this than to stay at home discussing deeper feelings with their partner.

As Marion and I have accepted our bad feelings, we gave away our TV and all the entertainment systems. We decided that we didn't want anything to interfere with our feelings. We wanted to only feel what we felt, all feelings that came up naturally between us in a life with as

little outside influences disrupting or disturbing our bad feelings as possible. We wanted all our bad feelings, current and repressed, to surface, and we wanted to accept them and see what they were all about. In short, we wanted to be together 24 hours a day and see if we could tolerate each other's company. And after I was sacked from my aquarium job (Marion had given up her job just before we met) we had the opportunity, courtesy of the Australian government, to see what it would be like spending every moment together. And it has been difficult at times, but it's been something neither of us would want to trade for anything else. A very unique experience, and we didn't need to go away and live on a deserted tropical island to achieve it (unfortunately). And as far as our healing went, it was vital that we just stayed at home and did nothing – nothing but speak about all we felt. All Marion's and my problems started in our homes, in our families with our parents, and so it's in our home we have been sorting them out. Everyone's relationship problems start in the home, and so it's in the home they can be sorted out.

Marion has helped me to slowly come out of my mind. To come back from the pub and want to be with her. (Not that I ever was much of a pub-goer. Dad did enough of that for both of us.) She has helped me to stop running away, to stop needing to work all day long to fill in my time and avoid feeling bad at home. She has helped me to see that *feeling* fills in the time. She has helped me to understand that a man can have feelings – does have feelings! – and these feelings are worthy, and are in fact, more valuable than anything else in his life, and can be exciting and fun. Life is dynamic with feelings, never boring. My life as a child was boring a lot of the time. As a child I wasn't encouraged to share or express my feelings. Feelings don't allow you to become bored, and with them you don't need to be addicted to things or have habits, as you can just feel. And there is always something to speak about with your feelings, you don't just sit around looking at each wondering what to say all day long. You can speak about how bad you feel sitting around all day long with nothing to say. You can spend all the time together just speaking about what you feel, that is once you've liberated your feelings and cleared all the blocks.

As a man I never thought it would be possible to just sit (and stand) around all day long and speak about ones feelings. Women might be able to do this, but not men; and not the men in my life, we have to DO things. We do things with other men; we don't just sit around and do nothing but speak. Even at the pub drinking is doing something. I always wondered what my sister and her friends were speaking about for hours shut away in her room not doing anything but speaking – what was so important; and how come there was so much more going on in her life than in mine? My brother and I had to get on our bikes and ride, we had to do things and talk about what we were doing, we didn't talk about our feelings.

But gradually as I've given up doing things and have got more used to speaking about my feelings; gradually as I started to have feelings to talk about, I've begun to see that a whole other life, world, universe, exists in the sharing of feelings. And to think that I could have possibly lived a life of eighty years in which I would have denied most of my feelings – what a waste of a life! It wouldn't have really been a life at all. It would have been one dimensional, very narrow, just as my life prior to Marion was.

When I think back to my memories before Marion they consist of memories of doing things. *We had a great time on that holiday, didn't we, going snorkelling on the reef...* And when I try to then think about my relationship at that time with my brother, there is only a vague image of a person there. I didn't really know him; we just did things together. We never spoke about how we felt. I'm sure so many of my memories are so elusive and have faded so much because they weren't enriched by feelings.

Currently Marion and I are doing very little in our lives having been stripped back so we can concentrate on only feeling our feelings, and yet when I think back to memories of being with Marion I have lots of very fond memories about discussing our feelings. Lots and lots of times discussing and expressing our feelings. We have developed a depth and intimacy that comes from expressing our feelings together, getting to know each others bad feelings as well as our good ones. This to my mind is really getting to know another person; and when all is said and done:

what really is life about? Feelings. And how can you know yourself and other people – through feelings.

From my experiences, not that they are much, I would say that to make a relationship successful both parties have to agree to talk to one another about EVERYTHING. I guess you probably already know this, but I found that even though I thought I talked about everything in my relationships before Marion, there were a lot of areas that I didn't venture into. Some I didn't even know existed, and others I was too scared having lots of blocks and inhibitions. But with Marion's help I have *come out* and have been surprised as to just how much there is to speak about in a relationship.

One of the most useful and helpful things Marion did for me was speak about speaking. She helped me by talking about talking, helping me understand why it was important and pointing out the areas I was not communicating in. And then having spoken about it, and encouraged me to talk about what I thought and felt about things, we agreed to try and openly speak about everything.

For her this was easy as she could effortlessly speak about any topic that came up all centred around her feelings or mine. For me, as I was moving into unknown territory, I had to make mental reminder notes to talk about certain things. I had to really want with all my will, to try and make the effort, otherwise I tended to internalise everything letting so much pass. Not only did I have to work hard at speaking up when I felt something, but also I had to learn how to monitor my thoughts and to stop just letting them sail through my mind mostly with me only partly aware of them. I had to apply myself to focus on them and then talk about them. When I would try to speak about them, you'd have thought I was retarded, it was so hard to express myself, to put two words together trying to convey what it was that was so easy to think about. Thinking about things and speaking about them with the intent to be understood are two very different forms of expression. I had to learn all over again in some areas how to articulate my thoughts and feelings, as if I was learning how to speak for the first time.

My most difficult (as no doubt you already know by now) area was to speak about my own feelings especially my bad ones. I would begin by detecting I felt strange, sort of *out of sorts*. Often Marion would feel and know this about me before I did, and would draw my attention to it helping me to focus on myself. I found it so difficult to focus on myself – on my feelings. It was all but impossible to do. You have no idea how stupid I feel, and how stupid I felt at the time, saying that I didn't even know what I felt – but I didn't. Most of the time I was just a blank: 'I don't know how I feel, I'm trying, but I just don't know!' You'd think it should be the easiest thing in the world to do, after all it is me and my feeling and not some stranger, and yet my mind was always off thinking about other topics, ideas, plans, anything but what I was feeling.

So I'd detect I felt strange, I had no idea what the feeling was. I would try and tell Marion, trying to answer her encouraging questions.

'Can you describe what strange feels like?'

'Argh… no, I just feel sort of odd… I don't know, ooh, umm, out of sorts… you know–'

'No, I don't know. Do you feel strange in the head, in the body… what sort of strange?'

'In the chest, sort of stuffed up inside… yeah, I feel like it's hard to breathe, and I'm tense… yes I guess like I'm a bit stressed, and my feet and lower legs are tense, I want to push with my knees… oh the more I talk about it the worse I feel...'

'How are you feeling now?'

'Now I feel even more stuffed up, hot, I feel a pressure inside me… like something wants to come out of me, break out of me, a strong pressure and… yeah something wants to break free, to sort of burst out…'

'Can you speak what you'd say if this feeling could break free, or what it wants to say trying to break free?'

'Are you serious?'

'Yes. Go on, try.'

'Okay…. aahh…no, it's no good. I don't know what the feeling is trying to say, god I've never thought about it that way… I don't know what it is, what it wants to say. It's too hard… I don't know…'

*(I'm starting to get angry with myself feeling more frustrated not being able to identify and express what I am feeling. Anger, I'm now a little more familiar with. Through my healing struggling to identify what I'm feeling I've developed something of a motto: When in doubt – go for anger!)*

Marion: 'Well, I think it's anger, that's what you're feeling, and it's deeply repressed and it's trying to push its way up, and it's only that you don't recognise it because you're not familiar with your anger and what it feels like, is why you can't speak about it.'

'Anger. Anger… yes anger… yes, I think you're right… I can feel it more now… I do feel angry. I do feel very angry that I can't speak about my anger. Now I FEEL ANGRY! What sort of fucking life can I have if I can't even identify or know when I'm feeling angry, how fucked is that? Now it's coming and now I can feel it. Yes, you're right yet again, bloody anger, shit I would never have guessed. It was just a strange dense feeling but now I'm angry all right, I can feel it boiling up inside me. And I'm angry at mum and dad and Gran for treating me in such a way so as to stop me from feeling this. Anger, I can't even feel my own anger. I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHEN I'M FUCKING ANGRY – HOW RETARDED AND FUCKED IS THAT!

'Good. Keep going. Now your feelings are speaking. Let them have their say.'

Those days are now thankfully years ago when we were first starting out. Now I'm used to feeling what my repressed anger feels like when more of it starts to come up. I am alerted quickly when I feel my *strange* warning signs, and I immediately allow myself to feel angry, and sure enough, up it comes. But it has been so infuriatingly frustrating because every time I'd move into what seemed like another hidden pocket of deeply repressed feelings, I wouldn't be able to detect what the bad feeling was, and I'd have to start out all over again not having a clue and with Marion asking for the millionth time, 'You don't seen right, are you feeling okay, is there anything bothering you?' And I'd have to pull myself back to myself, stop what I was doing, focus on myself trying to feel what feelings they were – now what am I feeling... I would have to make a huge effort to admit that I wasn't feeling right AGAIN, and that I had yet more bad feelings to try and identify. God I hated this, it was so tedious, and all of me screamed out not to keep going on with it. It was all too difficult. Why was it so hard, was I really doing such a good feeling-blocking job on myself? Apparently I was. And after all, I was the bloke who prided himself on never getting angry, so to now reverse this and allow myself to be angry, was like trying to reverse time itself.

And it was only because of Marion's patience and persistence that I've got to where I have in my feeling identification and acceptance. Every time she detected I felt bad she would gently encourage me to focus back on myself. I don't know how she did it. I would have been pulling my hair out with exasperation, yelling at her – had I been her; had I been the one to help such a pathetic case. I just couldn't learn how to do it myself. My blocks inhibited me from being able to self-monitor my bad feelings; it was like part of me was simply missing. It has been turned off so hard from no use whatsoever it had all but ceased to exist. But it was still there and gradually I'm bringing this dead part of me back to some sort of life. I'll probably always be somewhat retarded in being able to express my feelings and all of myself, but anything is better than how I was.

In a sense Marion and I agreed to put our marriage on hold. We got married before we started our feeling-healing in earnest. We agreed to accept that we didn't have a clue about our feelings, and that we were both so fucked up that we'd just see what happened and where it would take us. We agreed to put our *romantic* relationship on hold and tackle our life together more as a working partnership – working to help each other heal. It's as if we are an experiment and we're helping each other find out about the other as we find out about ourselves. We let go of all affection. We

found that it was only getting in the way and so much of it was mind controlled, learned and expected false behaviour, it was what we believed you were supposed to do in a *loving* relationship. We wanted to know if our love for each other was real or was it only a contrivance of our negative denial minds.

So we decided to give up sex too. NO SEX! That will DEFINITELY be the ruination of our relationship: how will we be able to go on!

We stopped having sex as Marion had always done it with guys because it was the expected thing, and she needed to do it, so she believed, to be accepted by them. So she wanted to stop it and see if she genuinely wanted to do it, she wanted to see what she really felt about it. That was okay for me because I was, so I had to admit and accept, addicted to masturbation, so I played with myself wondering whether she'd resolve her sexual problems and then we'd get stuck into it again. But that was never to happen, or at least not up until now, and I can't see it happening in future, there's now no need for sex in our relationship. It has been very nice to move beyond sex and not be hooked up in it and needing it so badly. I didn't think life without sex would be possible, and yet I didn't think life without smoking dope or drinking my daily can of Coke, would be possible either.

Masturbation was for me an anger suppressor – a physical anger release and outlet rather than speaking my anger out; it was also a source of power (all in my mind) when I felt powerless; and it was something that soothed me, taking my pain and frustration away. It has had millions of issues attached to it and could itself be the subject of a whole book. The main thing it brought up for me was that I was addicted to it. I never really felt I was addicted to anything, meaning: if I had to, I could give up everything, but that wasn't quite the case. And as pressure was applied to give it up, I wanted and needed it even more. It has helped me appreciate how difficult it is to break an addiction, something that keys into ones deep need for love and survival – coping with feeling soooooo bad. But I have broken the addiction and I'm working on the residual after effects, but masturbation no longer has its hold over me as it did. And I can't tell you how good I feel about that!

In the end Marion and I agreed to not even kiss. We held hands when we walked together, but that too faded, and we've agreed to not do anything unless we really feel to with our feelings. And every now and then a new feeling, what I feel to be a real and true feeling of love, a true inspiration, comes up inside us and we act on it giving love and receiving it.

Now when we kiss we know we are completely moved to do so by our feelings and not because of learnt behavioural patterns. To even give up kissing when we say good-bye if we are to be separated for a couple of hours has been difficult. All of my affection was robotically done, learnt from members of my family, and done without feeling. When mum left for work or I left for school it required *a kiss good-bye*. The same when we greeted each other. But it had merely become habitual, so with Marion I was still just kissing mum good-bye. Anything done by rote is feeling-less, this I'm sure you know, but how much of what you do, do you do by rote?

When mum picked me up from school or when we met around the dinner table, it was always the obligatory: *How was school?* And what can you say to that question when it's asked repeatedly every day of your school life and is the last thing you want to think about having left the place you hate?

'*Alright.*'

'Anything happen?'

'No.'

And onto the next rote question… hey this is real communicating, glad to be home… I suppose I could have asked her to stop asking me that question, but that never occurred to me. The patterns were established and I played my unfeeling semiconscious robotic part. I just slotted into my character and the play went on. I never questioned anything about my family, about my relationships and our interactions. That was why it was so hard to begin questioning myself as my healing started. I had to learn a whole new way of behaving and relating to Marion and myself.

Too much of what I did was learnt behaviour. I didn't know why I did it, having learnt it so long ago and I wasn't even aware that I was doing it, let alone the effect it was having on Marion. I didn't have to express genuine affection or anything heartfelt because, if I was honest, I didn't how what my heart felt like.

A while before I met Marion, I lived with a mother and her young daughter for a couple of years, pretending to be the *father*. When she ended our relationship I was in agony; I didn't want to give up her daughter. I loved her; I couldn't believe how much I loved her. I loved her more than her mother; I think I was having a relationship with the three year old more than with the adult. But now I know I was crying when it ended, not because of my losing my relationship with the three year old, but because the three year old little girl was me. She was the dear sweet little person whom I could love and cherish, and she loved and adored me, but she was actually the young me. I was transferring my deep hidden needs for love and affection onto her. I was treating her as my sister was treated by my father, as he loved and adored her, and how I too wanted to be treated. So I loved and adored this little girl pretending being my father loving me. I could be my father with my sister with this little girl. But I was transferring myself onto her. This I now know because of my feelings. I can feel how it's not actually the personality, the person of this three year old that I was *in love* with, it was *me* being a three year old cute little girl so I could love myself by being my *father*, and give something of what I was deprived of to myself. I was three and I was thirty-three, I was thirty-three trying to love me at three years old. I needed to love myself with such intensity trying to make myself feel loved, trying to make up some of my early love deficit. But it didn't work, and when she went out of my life I felt so bereft, so despairing, but now I know that was how I felt when I was that age not being loved as I needed to be, and probably how that little girl felt when suddenly her *father* had gone to be replaced by another new *father* her mother had recently met.

I felt so awful for what I had subjected her to, because now I know that my love for her wasn't true. I wasn't capable of truly loving another person, I only had to look at what I had discovered in my relationship with Marion, there was no way I was capable of loving a child. Had I had children of my own I now know that my love for them would have been false. It would not have been true on the deepest level because I needed that love first. Sure I probably would have superficially loved them; believed I loved them more than anything in the world just as I did the little girl, but that was all a fantasy, a lie – false. I would have only been using them to try and salvage love for myself, and they in their young souls would have felt and known this, and it would have caused them problems like it has for me, when they grew up. It hurt to see this, to feel how false my relationship with this little girl and her mother, and with everyone else had been, but now I understand why. I understand my needs and how deeply scarred and wounded I feel in my heart that I never received the love I really needed. My parents used me, as I used that little girl, for themselves, but they don't know that, however if they ever seek to accept their bad feelings one day they will.

When I left the little girl I felt as if a part of myself was being ripped out, as if I was leaving a part of me, which I was: I was abandoning the three year old me. I could no longer love myself through her. But since I've started to accept and express my bad feelings, I realised that I no longer need to transfer or project myself onto other people (or my cat), vicariously loving myself through them. Now I can allow myself to feel unloved. I can accept that I didn't get the love I wanted. The love isn't going to come, and a little person or my cat whom I'm pretending is me so I can love myself, isn't want I need. Now I can accept that I am unloved, and can accept all the bad feelings that go along with that. I can feel totally miserable, distraught, despairing, abandoned, lonely, depressed, needy, unwanted and uncared about; totally and utterly unloved; and I can just allow the horrible feelings to be. And as I do this I feel that this is actually loving myself properly all through my acceptance of myself – of how I really feel and felt all those years ago when I was little.

Now I have come back to myself. I'm no longer looking outside me for someone to love me, no longer needing to project or transfer onto that someone. I feel better within myself, the little me *is* feeling loved – and by me, the big me, the big more who's replacing my parents. So now I can be open to and want someone outside of me to love me; to love me for being just me. I don't want them to pretend to love me when all they are doing is using me by projecting their lost unloved self onto me, I want to truly be loved. I want them to love me, and with that love to love a me that is self-loved, and not for that love to just disappear down into my black-hole of love denial. And gradually along with this as I've accepted my need, my desperate need for my mother and father to come and love me how I wanted and needed to be loved; to make up for all those times they didn't love me, has lessened. I've been able to give up wanting and needing them. Finally I was able to allow myself to just feel unloved knowing they weren't ever coming to me, it was never going to happen no matter how much I wished and yearned for it. My relationship with my parents is finally over; I don't want anything from them. I am able to console my unloved self by allowing myself to feel as bad as I can, this is how I now love myself. I am loving myself by allowing myself to be true to my bad feelings. I'm no longer pushing them away and just wanting mum and dad to start afresh with me, but to do it properly this time. They didn't know they weren't loving me; they don't feel loved themselves, but now I know the truth and I can live it. I no longer need to use other people by trying to love myself through them. I've tried to do that all my life. Mum and dad were no good so I naturally looked elsewhere, but other people aren't my mother and father. I used the little girl; I used my girlfriends; I used my pet fish; I used my cat; I used my masturbation, I used the dope – the cans of Coke. I used anything I could, but now I don't have too, I can just accept what is, as bad as it feels, I can just accept it. I CAN NOW ACCEPT I WASN'T LOVED BECAUSE I DIDN'T FEEL LOVED. But there were still more complicating things deeper in me to understand.

I realised that I wanted to meet my fairy-tale princess. I wanted to meet a beautiful girl who I could put on the mantle piece and adore. Also I wanted to meet my fantasy *loving and good* mother, a magical mother who knew what I needed and wanted, who knew how to love and adore me making me the centre of her life. In London I believed I found my fantasy mother, but I couldn't have her, she was already married, and I assumed she didn't want to leave her husband to face an uncertain future with me. I never actually asked her. And back in Melbourne I believed I'd met my fairy-tale princess, but she too was involved in a relationship ending up marrying the man. And as I accepted my bad feelings I came to understand my true relationship with these women, which I had no idea about at the time. My fantasy mother was to mother me, and I was to be her fantasy father, and father her. We wanted to be together like two little children, with no responsibilities, no worries, no demands of adult life, but it couldn't be – we were no longer children. And with my fairy-tale princess I understood that I only wanted to look at her, like a beautiful girl in a book. Her long blonde hair and long thin legs. I wanted to watch her dance and walk and move and look beautiful, being always pretty. But I didn't know how to speak to her, I couldn't relate to her as a real person, someone with her own thoughts and feelings. I couldn't be with something that was only an imaginary thing in my mind. And when she let her hair go back to its original colour suddenly my fantasy picture didn't match, and I didn't know what to do. I wanted both these women, not for themselves, but for some perverted fantasy of mine, all in the hope of being loved. But I couldn't be loved by a fantasy and that truth thankfully was borne out by my not being able to have a relationship with them.

How screwed up was I? And how much easier has it been with Marion. Marion didn't fit any of my fantasies. She wasn't the *usual* type of woman I wanted to be involved in. She was from *outside* my mind. She wasn't a living fantasy or dream-woman of mine. She was someone entirely different, like a new *type* of person, someone I didn't understand but could get to know. And that's what I've been doing. She is a feelings woman; she only wants to be in her feelings. She wasn't allowed to escape into the fantasy facets of her mind; her parents controlled her too

harshly. She had to always be present in her reality and not wandering off in her head. She couldn't develop dream mothers and fathers and knights in shinning armour coming to her rescue. At best we could be friends. That was no-mans land for both of us. I'd never just had girl friends; I'd only always had a girlfriend. Marion never really just had friends.

It's been very therapeutic for Marion and my relationship to agree to try and be as brutally honest as possible with our feelings for each other all the time. It's been especially trying when we've felt that, not only do we not love each other, but we hate each other. We both had so much buried hatred, and for this to come up, to yell and scream and curse and abuse each other, to allow ourselves to be all guns blazing has gone against everything I believed a loving relationship to be, but it has helped us to get to know each other. It's helped us get right into our buried putrid depths of feeling-denial and we've needed each other to puke it up all over.

To be able to throw your worst bad feelings, all your yuk-hatred at another person, and for them to take it and still be there, still be your friend and to want to hear more, is an incredible experience. It is, if you ask me, what real love is all about. All the lovey-dovey gushy stuff can come later, if it needs to come at all. But in the meantime, all the vile, evil, dark, foul, hatred needs to come up and be vented. It's all poison, and it's all buried away inside and it's rotting us at the core. To suddenly feel it surface and to let fly, not only surprised me that I had it in me to do it, but it was exhilarating. It was so good to throw it out, to be cruel and say all those terribly hurtful things that really I've always wanted to say but have been too scared to. And to be at my worst and for Marion to still be there, for someone to accept the evil, despicable me was, well... She didn't run away, she even encouraged me to keep going to let her have it all. And incredibly, we're still together and still hurling the abuse at each other when its there to be hurled.

And when she let rip on me, she gave me a permanent part in my hair! Her yuk was so violent and rotten, but I knew it wasn't really directed at me, it was directed at those who had emotionally, mentally and spiritually violated her saying such vile things to her when she was young. When she had no come back, no place to hide, no place to escape. She had to take it all; all the horrible yuk from her unloving parents, just accept it, never having her chance to get it out and fight back. I wanted her to spew it up all over me, as much as I was terrified of her doing so. Our hurtful yelling matches were terrible, but they've been so worthwhile, and we've both felt so much better after they've happened.

When I read about people wanting to live what I can see to be their fantasy relationships, it reminds me of my parents. They met living their fantasies and dreams believing that together they would fulfil their deep unfulfilled love longing. They had a very *social* marriage, pictures in the newspaper; they were a *good match*: he was handsome; she was pretty, but the dream didn't fit the reality. And the children were supposed to complete the *living-happily-ever-after picture*. We kids, ruined their fantasy. Coming to understand through my bad feeling expression that I ruined my mothers life, and having seen and felt the huge unconscious burden of guilt I'd been carrying for doing so, certainly snapped me out of my remaining love fantasies I had concerning her supposed love for me. Changing nappies and having to deal with crying and screaming kids wasn't apart of her dream. But what could they do? They carried on, *we did our best*, and that was that. But their best didn't help me; it didn't help me to feel loved. I didn't grow up brimming with confidence and wanting to get into the world that I believed was totally there for me. I was introverted, scared, and chewed my fingernails. It wasn't a good start to life. I tried to live up to their expectations but failed. And in the end I had to reject it all, them, the family – their pathetic fantasy. I tried to carry on living out my fantasies but failed in them too. My relationships didn't work just as theirs didn't: how could mine work with their bad role model? Now I understand my fantasy life was never going to happen. I could only have a real life if I met someone outside my fantasy, someone who didn't fit in, an outsider. And I guess this is where Marion and I come together. We wanted to live a different life to anything we knew. And we still do. And we want to see what our relationships will be like as we both become more accepting and expressive of our

feelings – as we both become more real and true.

## Exercises:

**1).** How do you feel about your relationship with yourself? Are you happy with all of it? If there are parts of it you're not so happy about write them down, and having written them, tell someone, a friend – your partner, about them. The idea of the exercise is to *hear* yourself tell someone else what it is truthfully you don't like about yourself. Bring these things up and out, admit and accept that you DO feel this way. It's all a part of becoming self-realised, that is, realising about yourself, who and what you really are, what you feel and why. It's okay to say these things. For now you don't have to worry about trying to fix them, just accept them.

**2).** How do you feel about your relationship with your partner? Write about what you don't feel good about. And then speak to a friend, someone who wants to listen, and NOT someone who will just tell you what they think you should do. Tell someone who will listen but not judge, someone who will sympathise with you, but not be the all-knowing authority. (And this can be your partner if you have that sort of relationship.) This is not an exercise to help you change or resolve these problems, it's only to help you become more aware of them, and to hear yourself speak up about them.

**3).** Having done the above exercises with a friend, assuming it wasn't your partner; if you feel brave enough try and speak about these problems with your partner. But first tell your partner that you want to speak about some things you're not happy with within yourself regarding you and your relationship. Tell your partner you only want to speak about them for yourself – you're not asking your partner to change or try to find a solution to them. You want your partner to listen and accept you. You're not putting it on them, you're ONLY saying that they are things that don't feel good to you and you are the one with the problem. You just want to air them and see how you then feel about hearing yourself saying these things. Try to stay on your side of the fence and don't get into accusing mode, saying I don't like the way you do this or say that or treat me and you have to change. This is what your parents have done to you both, and you will only push the wrong buttons in your partner. Keep on your side by asking if you can speak about something that's making *you* feel bad. Try not to blame your partner for making you feel bad. They don't have to try and resolve your problems or change themselves, but can of course, discuss them. And you can encourage your partner to say what they feel about themselves if they are open to it.

You might like the idea of having a more open feeling acceptance relationship, but if your partner isn't so enthusiastic you can't make them. But you can still express yourself, all you feel, without putting anything on them. And if they are loving of you then they should be willing to listen. If they don't want to listen then I guess you have to seriously consider why you are with them, and what do you want out of a relationship?

And remember that the relationship with your self comes first. Your first priority should be to want to accept and admit and express *your* bad feelings all because *you* feel them, and then want to know why *you* do feel that way. THEN comes your relationship with another person. If you are only trying to *fix* your relationship with another person without wanting to fix the relationship with yourself, nothing will change, you can't make or force another person to change. You can ONLY work on yourself. They have to change because they want to, because they too want to get to know all about themselves, what their feelings are telling them and where their bad feelings come from.

The most amazing thing about bad feeling acceptance that I've found is that all you have to do is accept them, you don't have to work on actively trying to change yourself once you see that you are denying some aspect of yourself. The change will come naturally following on from your acceptance of yourself – THIS IS THE CHANGE – THE FACT THAT YOU ARE ACCEPTING YOUR FEELINGS INSTEAD OF DENYING THEM. And the act of hearing yourself saying them is the first step of seeing the truth. That's the inner change, that's your relationship changing with yourself, and from this inner change outer change will follow. You'll see that you won't have to actively do anything to change what you don't like or feel about yourself, just keep on accepting and speaking about all you feel.

## 9). The purpose of feeling bad.

I've already briefly spoken about the purpose of feeling bad, now I want to go over some of it again. Why do we have bad feelings?

When you feel bad it can be confusing as to where your bad feeling is really coming from. Is it merely a product of what is happening in your current reality or is it coming from a deeper part of you, based on the past.

Bad feelings in the present are there to help with your survival, but bad feelings coming from stuff you've repressed during your childhood are there because you weren't allowed to freely express yourself back them. They too were to do with your survival and should have been taken notice of and accepted, but they weren't, and so now you're still carrying within you these survival issues from your early childhood, all of which are influencing your present.

Have you ever caught yourself getting really angry about something that was only a minor thing, but you couldn't seem to stop yourself even though you know you're blowing everything right out of all proportion. And when you gave into it, you were like a manic wanting to suddenly smash and kill – even your own children.

If you've felt like this, it's because the present has triggered some of your deeper repressed anger, and children are very good at doing this, because you're projecting yourself onto and through them. I won't go into all the psychology of this now, and I don't know that I even understand it all, but the present moment when your children are making you angry isn't just you dealing with them in the present, for within it contains many issues for you about you back in your early childhood and what was going on between you and your parents. Each experience in your adult life is spring-loaded with deeper repressed bad feelings. And so long as you battle to keep the lid on it all, you might be able to present a pleasant, nice, even loving face to the world and your children, but if you can't and allow the triggers to set you off, then you're being driven by depths within you and by stuff you have no conscious idea about – and it's scary. It's scary for you when you freak out losing control, lashing out, and even more scary for those on the receiving end when suddenly you are angry way out of all proportion.

So often you hear someone say that they won't parent their children how they were parented. They might change certain outward things, but the things you can't change are the deep ingrained patterns developed during your early relationship with your parents – how they treated you; and this you unconsciously parent and pass onto your children. You can't stop it unless you do some feeling-acceptance healing, nothing else will stop it because it's all a part of you, it's *in your aura*, it's even in your soul, it's YOU. And you, all of you that you are aware of and all of you that you are not aware of, is relating to and influencing your children ALL the time, and it's been going on right from their conception. It's influencing everything in your life. Nothing you do is straightforward. It's all being driven by what you're repressing and why you're repressing it. And because of this our survival is more than we give it credit for when we are young. We need more than a good roof over our head and food on the table, we need love, and that means parents that love themselves one hundred percent and not parents who themselves are full of unloving self-denial. Food and shelter are only physical elements; we need also our will, mind, emotional, and spiritual parts to feel loved, making us feel secure in all the emerging aspects of our self.

Sometimes when my buttons have been pushed I feel my anger escalating, and as I start to accept it and speak about it, it only gets worse. Next thing I know I'm ranting and raving about all sorts of things, all unrelated, and many that are things I've been disgruntled about for a long time but have kept tucked away, denied and not expressed. But when the rage comes on, out they all come. I feel like I'm under attack and I have to fend off an overwhelming enemy. It's all very extreme

and sometimes I find it's like a part of my mind has sort of detached and is looking on as a bystander, even laughing at the ridiculousness of my ranting, and laughing at the patheticness of all I'm saying. It's me as an adult throwing a tantrum as a child with no one listening, as no one was interested when I was young, which only made, and still makes me, all the more furious.

But now I allow myself, to just go for it, and let it all come gushing out. I can even tell Marion during my rage that I'm way beyond being angry at her, it's not about her, she only triggered it, but it's about whatever is rushing forth out of my mouth. Like a big dam that's suddenly burst all the rubbish along with masses of anger comes pouring out, and afterwards I can see how it had been building up during the previous days preparing for the eruption. Objectively the whole purging process and releasing of these repressed feelings is incredible, but subjectively it's just full-on rage. And I need to rage and rage until I'm spent. I'm not a very good rager mind you, not compared to some people I've met, and not compared to Marion, but I'm practising.

And when I'm into it, what's even more infuriating these days is that Marion knowing that it's all shit from my past, and even though I'm accusing her of all sorts of things I hate, and telling her she is the bad one making me angry and that she should change, she just ignores me as she knows it's not really anything to do with her. She listens but doesn't buy into it so I have no one to battle against, and this infuriates me more for I may as well be raging at a brick wall. But that's also all part of it. My raging when I was young was ineffective. I was just dragged along while I threw my tantrum with mum or simply smacked harder by dad. They didn't listen or want to know why I was so upset, and often I went way beyond being rational. I was screaming for my life, my whole survival was at stake, it was that severe – but they didn't understand. You hear the pitch change in a screaming baby and young child's voice when they get into their I-have-to-scream-for-my-survival voice, it sends the hairs standing on end all over you. And all you want to do is race over and smash the person (usually its parent) doing the terrible thing to it, desperately wanting to get it out of the way, pick it up, hold it, and love it back to feeling okay. But of course you can't do that to another persons child and now when I hear that scream at survival pitch all I can do is attend to my own feelings of how it makes me feel, and that reminds me of all the worst bad feelings I have uncovered within me through my feeling-healing that I had been repressing. All those feelings when I too screamed feeling so unloved, feeling that at any moment my light was going to be extinguished forever.

So if you are wanting to accept your bad feelings be aware that there will always be more to them, always deeper ones. What you are experiencing on the surface is only the tip of the iceberg. When you have worked your way through releasing all that is repressed within you, then what you will feel in the moment will be true to that moment, and the intensity of what you feel will be right, you won't go overboard on a bad feeling rampage driven by years of feeling-repression. And you can act on your feelings accordingly. But until such time, and that will be a long time in coming, simply bear in mind that your bad feelings are spring-loaded. And it's not that you should try to do anything about this, don't try to temper them and control them with your mind, as this will only further aggravate you, adding more layers of resentment at not being allowed to rage and be angry. All you can do is become aware of them and accept them. Acceptance is all you need do. When the trigger is pulled, rage on aware you are raging.

We have bad feelings to help us survive. If something threatens our survival on any level, not just the physical – we feel bad. We are MEANT to express these bad feelings, alerting our carers when we are young and helpless, and ourselves when we are big. We cry and yell and scream saying: SOMETHING IS WRONG; TAKE NOTICE; PLEASE HELP ME. And we get angry because we need the energy of our anger to fight back, to do what we can to stop the threat, to protect ourselves and survive. And as adults we should have grown up understanding what makes us angry: why we feel threatened, how feeling powerless makes us feel, and be able responsibly to deal with the threat. And usually speaking about our anger is enough before we might have to take more drastic measures to protect ourselves.

It's right for a baby to cry and scream, and for a child to throw a tantrum, because how else can they say they need help; how else can they say their love needs are not being met; their very survival is threatened; no one is caring about them; no one is paying attention to their needs; no one is allowing them to express themselves as they need to.

To simply come down hard on your child stopping it expressing its feelings is criminal. You are telling it, it can't use what it's got – its expression of feelings – to help it survive. You are telling it, it can't do anything for itself, it is ineffectual to make its life how it wants it. It can't even get you to love it properly. You are making it wholly dependant on you. It will not feel good about itself, confident it can survive based on its own feelings. It will always feel scared, threatened and insecure. Having to put on a brave face pretending to bolster its confidence with bravado, or simply living always worried, nervous and anxious that at any moment its life will be snuffed out. It will forevermore be living untrue – a false precarious survival existence.

We all need love to feel alive, and to feel secure. If we are denied love we feel our life is threatened - threatened with total annihilation. It's that serious. For a vulnerable child, newly emerging into life, it doesn't take much rejection for it to feel unloved, with its life suddenly in peril. And as to how terrible that would make it feel, you will find out for yourself through your feeling-healing, going back to when you felt it.

**Exercise:**

If you had a choice, which would you choose?

A life with no bad feelings at all.
A life with bad feelings.

Wouldn't it be lovely to have a life free of all bad feelings? Imagine a life in which you are perfectly happy all day long. You are perfectly at peace, wanting nothing, full of love, happy and secure.

If you could ask God to wave His magic wand and take all your bad feelings away, would you ask?

If you understood and accepted that there is a hell of a lot of repressed bad feelings in you all left over from your early childhood, and they are negatively influencing your life, and you are living denying them and yourself and it's making you sick, and God said He would just take them all away from you, would you take Him up on His offer?

Surely you'd be mad if you weren't standing first in line…

But what if there is a greater purpose to your bad feelings and that involves allowing them to be as they are and allowing them to start to come up. Even wanting them to come up all so you can see why they are there – so you can find the truth of them. Are you curious as to why you have all these repressed bad feelings? Do you want to know what went on between you and your parents so far as what your repressed feelings will tell you?

And what if there is a greater reason for coming to this world, being subjected to a negative state, and to grow up with a self-denying mind? Would you want to know this reason? Would you like to know what it is really all about: why you do feel so bad, why bad things do happen to you, why are you so fucked in the areas you feel you are?

So if God came along now and offered to take all your bad feelings away, but said, do you realise you'll be missing out on a very unique opportunity, one that will positively affect the rest of your life in Creation; but if you still want to just be happy and have no bad feelings, I will take them all away. Would you still want to accept His offer?

What's that? You'd still be first in line… oh well, I guess I can't blame you. I'd probably be there ahead of ahead of you, especially if I were feeling like shit, again.

## 10). Religion – The Great Cover Up.

When I think of religion, I think of something that exists mainly to help us find God and to provide some guidance as to what good morals and principles we can live, all supposedly imparted to us by God, His Son, or a higher angelic messenger sent by God.

Religions give us something to believe in if we believe we need something to believe in, but do they really give us the way to God, and are they really such a great help to us? And how can these religions really help us if they not only help us maintain our feeling denial, but are a great part of why we deny our feelings? How much of a help are they to us when they help us perpetuate something that is definitely not good for us? If they are telling us what is God's Way, then why are they showing us how to deny our bad feelings and keep our childhood repression suppressed, is this what God wants?

From what I've come to understand religions are a great part of our problem. They don't help us find God, they in fact stand in the way. How can we truly find God if we can't even relate to ourselves and one another truly, if a great part of our day is spent trying to deny large parts of ourselves? And if they can't help us find God, then what is this God they all speak about and believe in? What is this God that people try to get to know and try to live His Will, when they are only functioning on half their number of feeling-cylinders?

Most religions and spiritual systems hold the family unit as the most dear, loving and true social group we can belong to: the family is sacred, sacrosanct. And yet our families are all composed of adults that are busy denying their bad feelings traumatising their children into denying themselves, so what are they upholding – dysfunction, self-denial, all that is wrong – evil? And if our families are full of feeling-denial, people who are controlling their feelings with their negative minds and who are living against themselves, against their own soul, against the Laws of God, and they are *not* evil, then what is really going on? Is it ironically possible that the Church and other religions are only upholding evil, the very thing they say they are protecting everyone from?

It's bizarre that we look to religions that are wrong, that are promoters of our self-denial, and are completely self-deluded putting on a false caring outer face of compassion and understanding. And yet maybe it's not so bizarre when this is what we in our families do. And as religions are composed of the same people who compose families, then it makes sense. We only manifest in the world what we know, and until we heal our negative state, it's what we've known in our families. No wonder religions hold families as being the upholders and storekeepers of all that is good. Have you ever thought that maybe we've got it all around the wrong way?

It's bizarre to consider that these great institutions, the very ones that we obey giving our power to are teaching us to worship evil: to keep doing what we've always done – deny ourselves. And when you think about it, what is a religion or the Church but another family, a family of families, one big dysfunctional feeling-denying family just like the families composing it. The whole thing is one giant scam. It is a case of the denial leading the denial. It's wrongness and evilness leading the wrong and evil, and has nothing to do with living true to God's universal Laws or our selves.

And yet for me to speak about it like this I would be called the evil one, to dare to go against the Church or other religions, to dare to stand up and accuse it of covering up its denial by pretending that everything is okay when it is not. Any sane thinking and feeling adult person can look at the beliefs of any religion and see they are not true and loving and doing what they say they are doing. Anyone can see that they are helping to maintain the status quo and to keep us stitched up in our bad feeling denial. If they weren't, then they'd be telling us about our self-denial and bad feelings problem and helping us, but it's not in their interests to do so. They need

the world's people to stay as they are. They can't afford to have people think for themselves and to start to heal their feeling repression and denial. They need to have people under their control, believing all the rubbish they teach. They need people to believe in them so the whole rotten evil thing can keep going, so they can have their power with nothing ever changing.

How long has humanity been living in denial? A very long time. And out of this denial has been born all the religions and spiritual systems we're familiar with. None of them are any better or worse than any other because they are all wrong, all teaching things that keep everything as it is. They can't teach anything else because they are a product of negative minds. They are merely an extension of family: family full of feeling-denying dysfunctional members, so they can't be perfect and true.

If the religions of the world were to start to help people to see the truth of their bad feeling denial it would be the end of them. As people started to wake up and accept their bad feelings they would change, and a part of that change would be to leave their religion, because they'd no longer want to support a system that only dealt with supporting evil, denial, and repression of bad feelings.

Yet whilst religions are able to influence children they merely become another *negative parent*, and those children learn how to obey and accept what their elders say, learning how to deny their bad feelings, and the whole cycle repeats.

If you are interested in conspiracy's then look no further than the Great Cover Up Of Bad Feelings. You're contributing to it now. You're in it up to your eye balls and it's completely controlling you. We're all a part of it, all having been inducted into this great scam against our will when we were too young to know and unable to protest.

If you say you want to live God's Will what does this mean, and how do you do it? Is it simply a matter of adhering to the rules and doctrines of your religion, and by doing so you *are* doing His Will? And if this was the case, then how come there are so many differing beliefs all purporting to help one live God's Will. Doesn't it matter what one believes in? And is it a matter of: if you believe you are living God's Will, then you are – is it that simple? It sounds rather absurd to me. To think that we have to pick a religion off the shelf and hope it's the one that knows the right way to God is ridiculous. It doesn't make sense. And then to think that if you adhere to one religion that says you are doing God's Will, then you are, even though you're still actively denying your feelings and not living true to yourself, true to your own will. Doesn't that make it sound like God is kind of dumb? If there is one God then surely they'd be One True Way to live His Will, God's Way, and a way that doesn't include feeling denial. Can you live the will of a true and perfect God, a God of love, by denying your own feelings? – I don't think so. Can you not be loving of yourself, live imperfectly, then claim you are living with love and perfection, the Will of Love and Perfection? Somehow I don't think so.

We claim to be living God's will while we do all sorts of horrible things to ourselves and each other, all in God's name and supposedly with His blessing, but it's all crap. I don't think I've ever heard of Jesus taking up arms and slaughtering the enemy because the Heavenly Father said to, because it was God's Will. The truth is we don't have a clue what were doing and it certainly isn't living God's Will.

And perhaps there is no mystery to living God's Will. Perhaps we are all naturally living it. Perhaps God's Will for us currently is to live in our negative states, to experience living being unloving to ourselves and each other by denying our feelings, then to one day wake up to what we are doing and set about healing it; and when we've achieved this, then we are living God's Will with a positive mind, being loving of ourselves and others. Perhaps it's as easy and straightforward as: if we're living true to our will, so not deny one part of ourselves, then so too are we naturally living true to God's will, no longer denying any part of our relationship with God. But if this is so, then why does God want us to start out living a bum deal?

One of the things that perplexed me for a long time concerned those people in the various religions who said they were doing God's Will, was all those amazing things that happened to them. Miracles seemed to happen on a daily basis, healing miracles, amazing things to do with money, people were down to their last cent then out of the blue the exact amount of money they needed arrived. Always the exact money came to them when they had given up everything except their *faith*. Were they living God's will? And if so, how could I emulate them, and did I have to join their religion? It seemed that every religion had a relatively small number of such people within it having such incredible experiences.

Then I thought about this in regards to their bad feeling denial. Were these people who were miraculously healed now living perfect lives? Had they accepted and fully embraced their bad feelings and healed all their childhood repression? Nowhere could I see or read this, and I new from my own experience, that had they healed their feeling denial they would be speaking about it wanting to help others to experience what they had. So then I had to deduce that they were still living in their bad feeling denial and they had somehow struck upon a way of accessing these miracles, just like some of the Eastern gurus are able to manifest things out of thin air and do all sorts of remarkable tricks and feats of endurance. What I did find out is beyond the scope of this book, but what it confirmed to me was that if one wanted to live this way, with all the tricks and miracles, one could, all whist living still within ones feeling denial. Just because your physical body was miraculously healed didn't mean you were any better off concerning your childhood repression. It wasn't living God's Will, and in fact it was just another way to cover up bad feelings. On the surface, no doubt it is a great relief to be healed in this way, however, the underlying causes of the problem are not healed only some of the effects. It was all just another way of avoiding ones bad feelings. It certainly looks impressive (and must be an incredible experience), but even those people who might be miraculously healed of their illness or problem have not healed their bad feeling denial. Their outward manifestation of their feeling denial might have been healed, but it will show up again. Somewhere in the future these people will get sick again because all their childhood repression is still within them. So the miracle, whilst it can in the short term relieve pain and suffering, is really nothing more than a big denial band-aide, helping them cover up and keep suppressed the truth of what's really causing their problem in the first place.

I've come to understand that if we want to maintain our bad feeling denial by using whatever means available to us, God will help us do so. God gives us what we want, and at the moment in our negative states, as, believe it or not, we want (albeit unconsciously) to be in them, He helps us to stay put. But if you want to heal your negative mind state by accepting your bad feelings, He will help you do that too.

Living God's Will, if it is your desire, begins with accepting all of yourself. So you will have to heal all your childhood repression and bad feeling denial. When you've done this, you will be living true to yourself – your soul – that which God created, so naturally by honouring all your feelings, with your healed and new *positive* mind, you *will* be doing and living God's Will. You won't be able to do anything else because you will no longer be denying yourself or God. We live the Will of God through our feelings, NOT with our minds. So we have to get our relationship with our feelings in order before we can get our relationship with God heading in the right direction.

I once went to a meditation group. We sat in a circle and were told to look at a picture on the wall and do nothing else: this was *stilling the mind*. I went to another group and we were told to focus on our breathing, follow our in-breath and then our out-breath, this would shut up our mind helping us to find *inner peace*. I went to another group and was told to focus on the Buddha and to contemplate certain things, and by contemplating them, *knowledge* would come. I went to another group and was given a mantra to say, to repeat it over and over with my mind and it would eventually lead me to *enlightenment* – enlightenment of what I don't know. I went to another group and we went through exercises that were supposed to contact alien beings – I don't know why we

were meant to contact them, I guess they had *something* to tell us. I went to another group and I was told to follow the visualisation and it would lead me into getting in touch with a past life. I saw certain things, but what was the point of getting in touch with a past life, how would that help me in my life? How would that help me feel my feeling-denial and childhood repression? And I went to another meditation group and I was told to sit cross-legged placing the heel of one foot under my bum and breath a certain way and my kundalini energy would rise, that is if I practised long and hard; and if it rose, then I would know all the glories of the most glorious. And I went to another group and was told to imagine I was a tree and then the leaves and then to feel my roots in the soil, and to feel the warmth and lovingness of the ground of Mother Earth, and to feel Her love coming up within me. I liked the feeling, but then what, I didn't know. And I went to another meditation group and was told to focus on the symbol and make its sound, and that would do it. But I never found out what it would do. And I went to another group…

After all these groups I came to same conclusion: that they were all simply means to help me escape my bad feelings using my mind. If I could escape into the nothing of my mind, into no-thought, into inner peace and the bliss that would result; if I were able to eventually become at-one with all-there-is, with the universal mind; if I was able to sit and be in white light, then I would be happy. I would have found peace; I would be living in true harmony with all, with life, with God and with myself. This all sounded good at the time, but what about my bad feelings. What was to happen to them?

I was told that they would be taken care of by a word: transcendence. You would transcend them. Some people said bad stuff would come up and you could work through that, there were all sorts of natural therapists and counsellors who could help you see what it was all about, even stuff from your childhood I had been refusing to see, but no one was speaking about accepting your bad feelings, and that being the key to everything.

One day I put on the head phones, lay back, and listened to the sound of the waves gently breaking. They weren't sounds of real waves, only ones to hide other frequencies that were going to apparently help my spirit or astral body separate from my physical so I could go astral tripping around in spirit. There were six tapes in the series and I was supposed to slowly work my though them conditioning and training my mind. I got to number four and felt like my head was going to explode, a very similar feeling to when I smoked my last joint of dope. I inhaled the smoke and just new that if I kept going that would be it, in some way I'd fry my brain doing serious damage. I gave up the dope, and I gave up the tapes. I figured I'd just have to wait until I died before I found out what spirit life was like.

Why did I want to try and escape my life and go visiting the spirit worlds anyway? Was it by any chance because I wanted to get away from my bad feelings? I didn't feel bad at the time; I merely thought it was something I wanted to experience. I'd read about people's stories of astral travel and I thought if I went into spirit I might be able to meet someone who was wise and all-knowing and could answer the million questions I had, which were perpetually zooming around in my head. But none of these questions were about my bad feelings. At the time I didn't know I was denying my bad feelings. I knew I was *living in denial* and that I had certain things wrong which I wanted to fix, but feelings just never came into it. And I never quite understood what living in denial actually meant.

I went to other meditation groups who said the whole secret was hours and hours of practice, just sitting quietly, stilling your mind and seeking knowledge. I wasn't patient enough to spend long hours doing that, and my bum and back always hurt too much. I could never quite transcend all my physical feelings. But in speaking to those who could, I now understand how they can do it to escape their bad feelings. They enter a self-made vacuum within their minds in the mistaken believe that they are free, free from all material desires, free from the dullness of everyday life; they believe they have made it, that they have escaped; that they are the *enlightened ones*. And what have such *ascended masters, gurus and holy men* actually succeeded in doing – the Ultimate Bad Feeling

Escape. And we admire, worship, follow, and aspire to be as they are, under the misguided belief that their way is the true way.

But what are they trying to escape from? What is wrong with the day-to-dayness of ordinary life. Really they are escaping their bad feelings and all that is repressed within them, only they don't understand that, and their mind is accommodating them, letting them falsely believe they are making good spiritual progress. Good progress in furthering their self- and feeling-denial. Which somehow I don't think is true spiritual progress. So now they can sit for a whole day in the *light* and not feel anything except *bliss*. Is this living expressing all your feelings? Is this really what life in spirit will be like? We all just sit around all day long in bliss pretending we are all-knowing and all-wise, when all we are doing is refusing to go into our repressed feelings and sort out the truth of our early childhoods?

It doesn't matter whether you go to church every day to pray away your bad feelings or sit on your bum in the light, it's all the same thing, from West to East, it's all still just methods of running away from what you experienced during your early childhood but don't want to face.

And we worship these people: the guru, popes and spiritual teachers – masters; we strive to become Ascended Masters. We try to emulate them. We try to copy them; we all want to be *divine*. We all want to be true and perfect and radiate unconditional love all over the place, and that is all very well, but do we want to do it at the expense of our bad feelings?

So if our religious and spiritual leaders are wrong and leading us further into the control of our minds helping us to deny our feelings even more, what are we to do? And there is only one thing you can do, and that is go the other way. To stop denying yourself and start to admit that you are denying yourself; start accepting how bad you feel.

And what about all those self-help books, there's millions of them, and new ones appearing all the time. Is there anything of any value in them? And there is, just as there is value in everything, even in the religions and spiritual systems of our negative minds. There is value in all our negative denial lives, however, it depends on what you want as to what you will find of value.

If you want to keep denying your feelings and empowering your mind, most of the self-help books will be terrific and can help you a lot. If you want to stop this and go the other way... I don't know to honest. I'm sure some of the books might help you to accept your bad feelings and to look at life from an alternative way, but I can't say for sure. I've given up reading them.

I know people like psychotherapist Alice Miller are a terrific help, and if you haven't read any of her books and you are interested in understanding more about your repressed childhood, then she is a must! And there are other people who are following on from her, writing other books, but still it's the simplicity of accepting your bad feelings, that I want to convey in this book; it all coming back to you and your relationship with your own feelings, how you treat yourself that really matters. And from my experiences, getting help from professionals and others is okay, we all need help at times, and you might need a lot of help to break through some of your anti bad feeling barriers, but still, I firmly believe if you want to, you can do it all yourself. It is after all between you and yourself. It is you who has the problem. You are the one denying your bad feelings, and you can stop this if you want. You did it all too yourself when you were young, and so you can undo it yourself now you're older. You will need help from at least another person, as I have Marion's. We all need someone to express our feelings to and to be accepted for doing so, however, what I mean by saying you can do it all yourself is, that in the end, it is ALL UP TO YOU. YOU HAVE TO ACCEPT AND LOVE YOURSELF. No one else can do it for you.

**Exercise:**

How does it feel to have your relationship with your religion or spiritual system shot to pieces? Can you accept that it is only helping you to live more against yourself? And what do you really

want from it? Do you want it to give you power – power over your bad feelings, power over yourself? And do you want to support something that is helping you deny yourself your feelings?

With these questions, I only want you to think about them, write what you feel, and discuss them, if you feel to. I'm asking them more to help create an awareness from and with which you can feel more about how you do feel about things in your life. And things, which no doubt, you are doing in the belief that they are helping you, when possibly they aren't helping you as much as you would like.

It is very hard to have your life confronted and turned upside down, to perhaps realise that you've been going the wrong way. It takes a lot of humility to give up and to be honest with yourself, with what you truly feel.

One thing I have come to understand, as I've allowed my bad feelings to exist and have their say, is that it doesn't matter if you are wrong. Life is a series of experiences, and many of them need to be wrong so we can find out the truth of them by what we feel about them. If we feel good naturally we'll keep going, if bad, we can stop. We can always just stop and say: no, I've had enough. We can give up, reverse direction, and we don't have to get punished for it.

It took me ages to accept that I was wrong, and I felt very bad about it for a long time. But now I've accepted it, and as you'll find by accepting your negative state, you will become sympathetic and forgiving of yourself. It wasn't as if you asked for it and chose to be wrong. We've all been plunged into the negative against our wills, and we've all been led to wrongly believe that the world and our lives as we lead them are right. We're all in the same boat. But we don't have to be. And the choice is always ours.

## 11). The Great Tragedy.

We are all denying our bad feelings. We are all denying some aspect of ourselves, and whilst we are, we can't live true. Whilst we are imperfect all we can do is *pretend* to know how to live life, how to parent our children, how to have relationships, how to do anything. If we want to keep lying to ourselves then we can keep it all going and nothing will change, but if we don't want to keep going hurting ourselves, then we can do something about that.

And it is okay to live as you are. Sure it might be an *evil* life, living against God's Laws and your own soul, but you didn't know. We've all been inducted into the negative by default, no one has chosen with an adult will to enter into it, because it was all done to us whilst we were children.

So we can all be forgiven. God will forgive you, as God knows there is nothing to forgive as He has made it this way and put us in it; your parents however, might not. And best of all, you can forgive yourself. And that forgiveness comes about as you stop denying and start accepting your bad feelings. You are loving yourself, giving yourself understanding; you are being accepting of yourself – you are accepting the truth of your self-denying state. And by doing this you are being self-forgiving.

We are all a part of the *Great Tragedy*. We've all been traumatised to a certain extent, made to deny parts of ourselves, and not been allowed to express all we've felt. We live in a society that doesn't allow, nor want us to, freely express ourselves. We live in society that is just as our family was, one that tells us the rules, and we have to conform and obey. We can't be fully self-determining and self-governing because we're not in a perfect and right mind condition to do so. So we have to extend our family to society, then society, our culture, religion, spirituality, or lack of them, becomes our extended family, and we can carry on participating as the obedient child.

We have been taught to be obey our parents, our family, the world and God; and if we don't we will suffer the consequences. We fear we will be punished, as we feared being punished when we were young. And all the time we wonder: why don't we feel so good, what's wrong, why do we get sick and suffer such dreadful diseases. Why do we feed poisonous food to ourselves. We do we need such poison? Why, why, why…why do we feel so unfulfilled, so unhappy, and what's the meaning of life – what is it really all about. Yet we'll never know whilst we persist in denying our bad feelings. How can we know when we're not fully functioning, when we are only part people, living life expressing only part of our personality.

Humanity is a sad lot, and it's such a tragedy. Imagine going to a planet and discovering they live a wrong, evil, soul-destroying, feeling-denying, way of life; a life that can only kill them having kept them unhappy and riddled with disease; and pathetically they believe it to be a good and true life, a life living God's Will?

**Exercise:**

Summary: So what do you feel about all you've read so far? A load of baloney…? Or, can you relate to it? Does it frighten you? Does it make you feel vulnerable? Does it threaten you? And how do you feel about these feelings. Is it all too much? I understand if it is. I got used to it slowly over the years; here I'm hitting you with it all at once. I dare say it's a lot to swallow.

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

Feeling bad is good. Feeling bad is good.
Feeling bad is good. Feeling bad is good.

**Feeling bad is GOOD!**
It's not bad to feel bad – it's good.
FEELING BAD IS GOOD. FEELING BAD IS GOOD. FEELING BAD IS GOOD.
FEELING BAD IS GOOD!
Very good!!!

And feeling *really* bad is also good.
And feeling *worse* is even better.
It's all very good!

It's okay to feel bad.
Bad feelings are okay.
It's good to feel bad.
**Bad feelings are GOOD!**

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

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

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

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

of you – of everyday life.

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

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

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

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

We all hate feeling bad. With bad feelings you are meant to feel bad – that's the whole point of them. But is feeling bad in itself a bad thing? God has created us with good and bad feelings. Why accept one part of God's creation but not another part? Bad feelings are very useful. We need them. We need them to tell us that we are feeling bad – THAT SOMETHING IS NOT RIGHT. How else can we survive if we don't have bad feelings? How else can we know if something is right or wrong if we don't use our feelings?

You've been taught to deny your bad feelings. You've been taught not to acknowledge your bad feelings. Who wants bad feelings? NOBODY! When you're feeling bad, when you *are* bad feelings, who wants you? NOBODY. You are not allowed to feel bad, because nobody likes or wants a person who's feeling bad, because they are afraid that they too will then feel bad. Bad feelings are like a contagious disease – stay way from them at all costs.

Some people fear bad feelings like the plague. If you express a bad feeling around them then they fear their life is over, it's down-hill all the way, now they're going to feel bad also. Now they're going to be punished for feeling bad.

Many people don't want their day ruined by bad feelings. If they feel bad or another person feels bad then somehow they are going to have their day ruined. It's inexcusable to ruin your own day or someone else's by feeling bad.

You say: 'I hate my bad feelings'. But your bad feelings are you, so you hate yourself? 'Yes, this is true, but I'm not allowed to hate myself because that makes me feel bad. And I'm not allowed to feel bad. I'm not allowed to feel bad because… because…' Because why? 'Because no one likes someone who feels bad. I want to be liked. I have to be happy and friendly – always – so I'm liked, so I don't feel bad. I have to smile. I have pretend to be happy and friendly. I have to say moronic things to strangers like: "Have a nice day" when I don't care about them or their day. I have to live a charade – that I never feel bad. I have to keep feeling bad a secret from them. I have to keep feeling bad secret from myself.'

I hate feeling bad. I hate myself. I hate my bad feelings…

It's not a crime to hate yourself. You're not going to get punished if you feel bad. You won't end up in hell. You did get punished when you were a young child and it was hell, but not now.

It's good to accept you do hate yourself.

Look in the mirror, and if you feel hatred for yourself, then know that this is okay. You've been made to hate yourself, it is not your fault. It is right, and there are valid reasons for it – you just don't know them yet.

Don't try and push your self-hatred away. Keep it with you. It is a part of you. It needs to be wanted. It needs to be accepted – accepted by you. You need to want yourself, even the parts you hate. You need to feel wanted – all of you. You need to feel accepted – all of you. You need to feel loved – all of you. And you feel loved, by accepting all of you that you don't love about yourself. You need to love yourself, knowing you are accepting and wanting yourself.

If you feel bad about yourself in any way, and find yourself accusing yourself of being so pathetic or stupid and wishing you could do something to make the bad feelings go away, don't. Instead be kind to yourself, allow yourself to feel bad.

Feeling bad is okay.
**Feeling bad is GOOD!**

# Part II
# Why do we deny our bad feelings? How did it all come about?

The first part of this book I wrote to help you become aware that you are denying your bad feelings. And that you can wake up to and accept this about yourself. And that it's okay to be this way. This next part is to help shed some light on how this has all come about.

We are, as I have explained, denying many of our bad feelings on two levels: those resulting from our life now; and those triggering deeply repressed bad feelings from our early childhoods.

In part II, I want to mainly focus on our childhood repression. For some people this whole notion might be new, for others, they will no doubt, if already aware of it, be working on themselves, or be considering to. I hope to create a picture of it derived from my own experiences. And as this picture grows in your mind, please keep in mind that it's only my understanding. I might not be right about every aspect of it, and I definitely don't know it all.

The pictures I have gleamed from what little information there is about our childhood repression, I have found unsatisfactorily, such information not going into enough detail.

I see that this whole area of ourselves is like a new continent to discover, the only truly hidden secret left for us to master. It has been, to my understanding broached – discovered, but these initial investigations into what it's all about and how it has all come about, are only like the first pioneers tracks across a new world.

The psychology I'll speak about is like my veggies – home grown. Neither Marion nor I have specifically studied it; we've only picked up bits and pieces along the way. What's been relevant to what we have experienced and how we have worked things out to be, we've kept, the rest we've discarded. I have no idea what a professional psychologist or psychotherapist would think about what I've written and I don't care. I would only be interested in what they would say once they too have embraced all the bad feelings they are denying, and healed their childhood repression, by uncovering the truth of it.

Mostly all of Alice Miller's work that Marion and I have read we agree with (however we don't agree that you have to always have a therapist to help you work through your childhood repression – because we haven't had to have one, and we are, so we believe, successfully doing it – even more than Alice speaks about); it fits with our experiences and has helped me a lot in working out the picture I want to present. She is definitely a most wonderful pioneer and leader in this new *Great Discovery*. Marion and I are very grateful to her for all the help she have given us through her books, and her faith and trust in, and acceptance of, her own feelings.

From my understanding, Alice points out in her books that basically psychotherapy is divided into two camps: those that think like her, and see the answer to all our problems coming from our early childhood, or those like Freud, who put our problems down to other causes, and do all they can to continue denying our bad feeling original causes. So far as I'm concerned, EVERYTHING that you are now has originated in your early forming years and is unconsciously determining your EVERY experience as an adult. And if you truly want to fix or heal anything and everything that is wrong with you, you will need to trace it back into its origins, which will have been formed during your early beginnings. You can work on all the surface and intermediate levels giving yourself some relief, but still you won't be dealing with the root causes. You can cut out a cancer, but that's not the same as healing the underlying deeply-buried-within-you early childhood trauma that's causing it.

Our early childhood is the key to everything. Everything that is not right in your life, in

everyone's life, in the world, will one day be attributable to our early childhoods. I know that's a big statement, but having delved so far into uncovering the truth of my childhood repression, and being astounded at what I've discovered about myself of which I had absolutely no idea, I feel I can make it. It's the new frontier; we don't need to journey into space to find the future of humanity, or to uncover the secrets of the genome, that is only more of the same – more running away, more bad feeling denial. We need to instead, face ourselves, the truth of ourselves and journey into the dark abyss of our early childhood.

## 13). Childhood patterns.

This is something of how I reckon it all comes about. I will be only briefly covering it in this book. I don't want to get too much into the heavy stuff, but you can be rest assured, as from what I've found out concerning the uncovering of all my bad feelings: there's always more.

It begins like this.

We are conceived as perfect personalities, expressions of our soul, soon to emerge into Creation. We are not inherently dysfunctional, or genetically, or environmentally interfered with just before the moment of conception. We are a perfect soul, a true creation of God, wanting to start our incarnation; wanting to start expressing our personality – ourselves. And on the physical level, we begin with the fusion of our parent's sex cells.

In potential we are perfect, and this I feel is very important to understand because it means that from that first moment when we begin our life on Earth, anything that goes wrong within us is caused by the action of our parents. It is caused by something outside of us, something that is NOT us, something negatively impacting on and influencing us. So we start out right, true, good and of perfect love, only to be slammed hard by wrong, untruth, bad and imperfection. We begin by being perfect and are made to become imperfect. We are forced, against our wills and desires, to take on and become all the yuk. So because under all our evil badness, is true love, goodness and perfection, we can in potential, heal all that is wrong with us and return to our pure and perfect state of being – that potential of perfection we had before we first began. So you can heal all that is wrong within you ending up with the perfect and original you. There is hope; all is not lost!

All that is imperfect within you has come about because of the negative influences on you once you started your incarnation. And for those believers in reincarnation, I'm sorry, but there isn't any. It's only a false belief, yet another ploy to help us run away into our fantasies denying more of our bad feelings. And if you don't believe me now, see how you feel about it when you've healed a lot of your childhood repression and find the truth of your origin and your true life's purpose. For when you do, then you will know the truth: that reincarnation is only a belief, nothing more; that it isn't a truth. I guarantee the doing of your feeling-healing will give you more than enough to concern yourself within the present, and it will come as a blessed relief that you *don't* have then work through all your yuk from past lives as well. Everything that you feel and that happens to you in life is attributable to your first moment and earliest years, and all you've done since then. You will work your way back to your beginning at conception, and will feel there isn't anything before that which is contributing to your feeling bad. There is no *working off karma* from previous lives. It's all karma from this life. We only have one incarnation in flesh. This is your beginning, and for reasons you can find out through your feelings, God and your soul have started you out by plunging you into a negative rebellious mind state.

If you feel you'd like as a goal in life to become perfect – true, true to yourself (and no longer true to your parents), you can. And it begins with your acceptance of your bad feelings so you are no longer denying them. And this will lead you into the acceptance of your childhood repression.

I firmly believe we have all suffered to some extent during our early childhood, deprivations of love, and the result of this denial has brought about all our problems and all we are not happy about in our lives, and with ourselves.

And although I'm not there myself, and won't completely know for sure until I am, I am certain we can heal all of our childhood repression. As to what we would be like having once healed it, I don't know, but I feel we'd certainly be a lot happier and loving than we are now. I'm looking forward to it!

For those people who feel they are very happy and don't need to heal anything as life is perfect for them as they are, I'm happy for you, and I guess you wouldn't be reading this book; and if

you did would probably decide it was a load of shit.

For those people who are aware of the notion that we are suffering because of what happened during our early childhood, but don't believe in it, I don't know what to say. All I can assume is they haven't started to get in touch with any of their repressed childhood feelings, and are probably experts at denying their bad feelings.

Is there anyone who is genuinely very happy with no repressed childhood feelings? No, I don't think so. I firmly believe we're all suffering from the negative whether we choose to acknowledge it or not. Repressed childhood feelings are very real. But you can live your whole life never knowing you are full of them. It's up to you. As you have been led to read this book, I guess it's time you are to know about their possible existence within you, or if you already do, then hopefully I might be able to give you other things to think and feel about. And if not, as you already know all that I am writing about, would you please tell me, because you might be able to help me understand some of things I'm still not so sure about.

So, right at your moment of beginning, your first moment of life – at your conception, you were perfect, and as soon as you began to incarnate you received the full *essence* of your parents – far more than just their sex cells. You received from them, ALL of their negative self-denying condition. And your negative denial life began. As soon as the union of your parents essences – spirit, emotional, mental, state of mind, beliefs, behavioural, psychic, will and physical – has occurred, you *are* your parents child, and you are open to and will be influenced by them: by their genes, will, mind, emotions; psychically, spiritually and physically, both consciously and unconsciously. And just how affected you are by them, and whether it has been positive or negative, you will realise as you work your way through healing your childhood repression.

From this first moment at conception to around six years old, I see ourselves as something like sponges: we are constantly soaking up the environment seen and unseen. The environment – the world – consisting of largely your parents and other influential carers. And we are using it to form; our growth is not just a mechanical physical thing consisting of ongoing cell division, it's MUCH more. If our environment, all the influences on us and around us were perfectly loving, then so too would we form in this and grow to feel perfectly loved and to be perfectly loving. If our influences are less than perfect, imperfect in any way, then potentially this we can become – *absorb* – growing up to be imperfect, not feeling as loved as we wanted and needed to be, and not being able to love perfectly.

The most crucial influences on us during our forming years come in the form of other personalities, namely our parents or other influential carers – such as, our grandparents and other relatives, adopted parents and relatives, other adults, friends and so on, including our pets and other creatures. But our parents are our primary influences. They are the ones who affect us the most; they are the ones from whom we absorb, and if they are negative minded, it is their negative minds we use to fashion ours. We form using them as our templates. Our soul selects all we need from them so as to complete the negative life we have had planned by God to live, all so we can experience what it's like to experience not being loved – what it feels like – then to heal ourselves back into loving perfection. It's a unique opportunity we've been given here, to begin life on Earth in the negative, so I believe, but when you're in the thick of your bad feelings, it's not one you might have been so eager to choose. Why would you want to subject yourself to such horror, torture, cruelty and so many bad feelings? And that question is not for me to answer, but hopefully what you will answer yourself if you choose to preserver healing all your repression.

It's during these first six or so years when our mind and will are forming that we are most vulnerable. If someone should infringe their will on ours thereby interfering with our natural will development, then not only do we suffer greatly being unable to prevent it, but this then becomes the pattern for our will affecting the rest of our life until we heal it.

All of our damage is done on a will level, but it's the mind developing it's beliefs and patterns of behaviour that then keeps this will damage in place. If our will is influenced by a loving positive minded and willed individual, then that is how our will, will become. If our will in influenced by a negative minded and willed person, then our will, will follow suit. This might sound simple to understand in theory but in reality it's very complex. In every action that we take from conception to when our mind and will is fully formed, our will is being exercised, and if at any one time, during any one experience, our will is thwarted or turned against ourselves, then potentially this can stop our positive will formation causing our will to form negatively, and by negatively I mean, against ourselves. So with the countless numbers of experiences we have during these early years there is potentially a lot of damage to our will that can be done. And from what I understand about it, which is not very much, there seems to be levels or groupings to our will damage. What I mean is, that for a given period of time we might be dominated by another will interfering with our will expressing itself, dominating us during each of our experiences, and this time could he hours, days, months, years, and the trauma we then suffer might be broken up in, or consist of, what happened during these time periods. So when you come to do your healing through the acceptance of your repressed bad feelings, you become aware of working though your problems on a moment to moment level, a daily level; weekly, monthly, yearly, and the whole six years, and then the rest of your early life right up until you become an adult. It's not all that clear mind you, but I have had glimpses of this. It's all too intricate for us to know exactly all the healing details we go through, there are masses of them, but every now and again after a major breakthrough, I can see in retrospect how all the moments, days, weeks, months have led up to it. We are unwinding all the wrongness we experienced during our forming years, allowing all the bad feelings we felt about the interference to surface. And once they've surfaced, and we've accepted and expressed them out of us, they are gone. Our natural positive will and mind reasserts itself – and we are healed!

The will level is mostly too deep within us for us to gain any real feeling about what's going on at that level, however at times there is no mistaking it, and we become very aware of how our will was interfered with. Mostly it's with our mind, its beliefs and associated learnt behaviour that is our focus during our healing, accessing these things through our feelings. Our feelings tell us what's really going on, they show up the wrongness when you want to see it, and having shown it up, we are then free to choose (with our will) how we want to be, either continuing on as before or not doing so. And when through your feelings you see something about yourself that is wrong, and know you're able to stop it by simply choosing not to do it, and then you feel it's no longer part of you, it sure is a wonderful feeling.

We don't have to do anything about healing the wrong and changing ourselves other than deciding how we want to be when we see the wrong way we're being. The healing, the actual mechanical changing of our minds patterns (beliefs and behaviours), are all done for us by our soul and God. A lot of it seems to happen during our sleep. It's a great thrill when you suddenly see the whole picture of what the problem is; and by seeing, accepting and understanding it, know it's healed.

Right from conception – in our first moment – we have a tiny will and a tiny mind and tiny feelings system; and a tiny spirit body and tiny everything else on unseen levels linking us together. And we have a soul – not so tiny, driving the whole thing, driving us into Creation. Our physical is the last and least important part of us to form, nevertheless, whilst we are of flesh, it is vital as the vehicle our consciousness is focused through to experience life.

So right from our very first moment we *can* feel. The feelings might not be like the feelings you can feel now as your whole feeling system is not yet fully developed and matured, however we can feel, and through your feeling-healing you'll at some point get back in touch with even these feelings, and you'll know how you felt at conception. It might not be a clear feeling, more of a perception, yet undoubtedly you will know whether you felt completely loved or not. And

over the years you do your feeling-healing, you will get to thoroughly know yourself because you will re-experience just how you felt at all different times during your formative years. The whole healing experience is quite incredible, because it allows us to go back though our feelings to know what we experienced and why during our early years of which most of us have no, or only a few fleeting, memories of. Our formative years might appear to be lost when we grow out of them, but I assure you they are not and the memories are retrievable, not all as clear pictures like how you can remember what just happened, or what you did yesterday, but as feelings and feeling based impressions and perceptions, and these are more than enough for what you need: to help you feel all the wrongness done to you, to understand how you've taken on all the imperfection, and to choose not to continue with it.

Our formative years are the most important, our whole life-experiencing-system is built during them, it becomes the platform from which we add to. From six to sexual maturity we make it ours; all that was done to us through our forming years. From sexual maturity we are an adult able to add and subtract beliefs and behaviours – able to do our healing. From twenty-one everything is largely fixed in place, and unless we want to do our feeling-healing, little changes, we live merely outworking our childhood patterns as life unfolds. As adults most of us add and subtract beliefs superficially, and unless we undergo some form of penetrating therapy we don't really affect, or become aware of, the deeper parts of us, our deepest patterns. And as we start to do our healing, by accepting and finding the truth of our bad feelings, we have to mostly work our way systematically back from the outer levels (those last to form) into the inner or deepest levels. It has taken Marion and I years working out all the stuff that's been on top of what really went on during our formative years, and then lots more years to deal directly with those early years. Everything that now makes us feel bad we can instantly apply to our early forming years. It used to take me weeks, and sometimes even months, of following my bad feelings around going this way and that before they would drop down and connect with something to do with my forming years, where it all originated from. Now however, as soon as a bad feeling comes and I start to accept it, I can see the two realities: the *now* that is making me feel bad in my present life, and that which happened back when I was very young that made me feel bad. And the same bad feelings, the feelings connecting the present with the past... or is it, the past with the present. Mind you, it's not always as clear as this might sound, and we both have had to work very hard to get to the bottom of it, uncovering what really went on, what we really feel and how it's causing us our problems, but it comes.

You only have to think about yourself growing during your early years to feel how important everything that happened to you was, and then you can feel how much this has become your inner structure, rock solid, upon which everything has followed. Within the huge adult tree is the little seedling. If that seedling grows bent then so too will the adult tree be bent, and we are the same. And if you can imagine how hard it would be to straighten that mature bent tree, then you can get some idea of how hard it's going to be straightening yourself out. But unlike the tree, we have a soul and every part of us that exists in Creation is 'fluid', and so it can be done. We can grow up imperfect – bent and twisted, then straighten ourselves out to become perfect. It's truly quite amazing.

Our wills give us our power. And we need power to express our personality in Creation. We need power to do what we want to do so we can have experiences and interactions with other wills; and we need experience so we can evolve our soul – grow in truth.

Because our soul is absolutely perfect, always has been, will always be, our will by rights, and the rest of us manifesting in Creation, should also be perfect. However due to the negative influence on us by other negative wills, some parts of us in Creation have become imperfect.

Will responds to love. If two wills interact perfectly then both persons of those wills will feel good, happy and loved. They will enjoy the interaction. But not so if one or both are imperfect,

for then the interaction will be incomplete and love won't be experienced nor will the people feel good and happy – instead they will feel bad feelings. And the bad feelings come about to tell us that something is not right giving us the opportunity to do something about rectifying it.

So if a well meaning parent who is full of their own imperfections parents its child, then that child is not going to enjoy the experience as much as it could have – no matter how well meaning, loving and caring the parent might believe it is. It will feel on some level and in some way unloved, with bad feelings being generated. And this happens, as I said, irrespective of whether the parents might believe or feel they love their child, it's simply a technical almost mechanical action. And because we all have been parented by imperfect parents, then at times during our forming years we have been negatively influenced feeling unloved and bad as a result. Even in the most *loving* of families this happens. We are all imperfect and unloving because of things that happened to humanity on a spiritual level many years ago. These negative things have become ingrained in us. It all gets passed from one generation to the next. And if you are a parent, no doubt you will feel bad about the wrong you've inflicted on your child or children. And these bad feelings will only get worse as you uncover all the wrong that was inflicted on you by your parents. All bad feelings, which all need to be accepted.

I'm not wanting to judge, blame or accuse parents (that comes later), I'm only wanting to point out the theory, we pass on our negative state to our children as a matter of fact, and up until now have been all but completely ignorant of it.

Many parents are rightly concerned about how much they might be negatively influencing their children, but they won't be able to know how much they have until they understand and embrace their whole negative mind and repressed childhood. Until they understand what was done to them.

Imagine yourself at conception: wanting to begin your life, ready to activate your will, ready to form yourself, ready to take on all that your parents are going to give you, but instead of this being love, imagine that they don't actually want you. How do you feel?

Imagine that your parents are only having children – you – because of a fantasy they have developed through their childhood of wanting a happy family, and now as adults they are setting out to bring that fantasy into being. They believe with their minds they want a child and will love it, but the deeper reality within them is not so. In fact the deeper reality is they don't want to have children. They are not yet ready to give all of themselves to mother or fatherhood because they are not yet whole. Their parents haven't given them all the love they needed. They want to have their life all for themselves so they can find the love their parents deprived them of. They weren't allowed to have life the way they wanted it when they were growing up, so now as adults they want to do what they were denied as children, and having children isn't a part of the equation. They don't want to look after a brother or sister like they were made to; they don't want to have a little thing dependant on them; they want to be free, and now is their chance, finally as an adult they can be the child they always wanted to be – or so they believe. And all of this is going on deeper within them, however they are not aware of it, so as *adults,* the we-must-have-children-and-a-happy-family fantasy is acted out.

They have their first child and ooh and aah and *isn't he great,* and, *aren't we the luckiest parents in the world,* and*, lets take her home and give her all our love.* Months turn into years and secretly, or even not so secretly, they wish they didn't have children. Where has their freedom gone? They are now living their life only to provide for their child, it's no different from how it was when they were young, always someone else demanding and telling them what to do and when to do it. But they can't let the fantasy go and they are told the hard times will pass, it's much better when you can start to speak to them and they can start doing things for themselves; you can even put them to work to do things for you! So they bide their time, saying we love our children and they love us and aren't we a happy family, waiting for the pay off.

And imagine also that part of this fantasy is to have a *little pet.* A child whom you can dress and

fuss about and show-off to everyone, you can pop her in her basket and put ribbons in her hair and isn't she better than a plastic dolly. And as she grows up she becomes your best friend, you can confide in her, tell her all your secrets, through her you can live out all those things you wanted to do when you were a child but weren't allowed to.

Imagine having a child and you just want to love it to death. You smother it with your love, always telling it how much you love it, always happy to do everything for it, never complaining, never making it do what it doesn't want to. Nothing is too much, you have your gift from God and you are doing everything possible you can for it. You tell it all about life and you tell it how it must not go near the road, so you always keep it close, very close, indeed even leashing it to the pram so it can't run off. And you make it be very obedient to you, so obedient that it can't think for itself, you take over its life because you know what's best, you know what's right for it. You smother it with kindness, love and all the affection you can give, so much so, you never leave it alone.

Imagine…

There are a million scenarios, some more extreme, some less, all of which consist of the same thing: the parent is not loving its child how its child wants and needs to be loved. And the parent is therefore interfering with the child's will development; it is controlling it by either too much hands on or too little. And the child can't do anything about it. It has to accept it all. It can try to protest, but when it's in the womb who's going to hear; when it's just born it can cry, and when its older it can say: No, that makes me feel bad, but will it be listened to?

As children we come into an environment that is not conducive to our will forming in the right way, and it's not only our parents who might interfere with us but any adult carer who is influential in our life. Everyone in our life can have an input, and if everyone is negative to varying degrees, then potentially we have a lot of negative mind we can draw upon to develop ours with. And through your feeling-healing you will work out who were all the major players in your life and how they affected you. Some will have a major negative effect and some lesser, and some it will be more positive counteracting the negative.

Our wills are an incredible thing. Ideally, like the tree, if we received only love and no negative influence we'd grow straight and tall. But like a tree that is growing along the coast and subject to relentless strong winds, it will grow bent, misshapen and deformed. We are like that tree, only in many cases our misshapen bodies and deformity's don't usually show on the surface, or at least is minimally expressed, and we are very good at trying to stand up straight and keep our shoulders back and not let it show, particularly when we've been made to be that way.

If our will is negatively interfered with then we feel powerless. You know what it feels like if someone tries to push you over. You don't like it. You don't want to be pushed over. You might even try to resist and fight it, but if you can't, then you feel scared of falling over and hurting yourself. Also if they come along and bullied you, it's even worse because you're out-rightly being rejected, told you're not liked and not wanted, you're not loved, and this hurts more than falling over.

So imagine what it might feel like to a young child or a baby that wants to go one way but its parent says no, forcing its stronger will over it, making it do something it doesn't want to do. What if you find out that you were forced to sit on the potty to do your business when *they* wanted you to, and not when it suited you? What if you uncovered through your bad feeling acceptance that your parents didn't allow you to cry when you wanted to, and stopped you by threatening to make you feel worse by smacking you, or banishing you to your room until you stopped and *learnt how to behave*. And what if you wanted to crawl over there, but they said no and forcibly picked you up hurting your arms and dumped you in your playpen where you didn't want to be? And what about if you were hungry and crying out for food, but they said: no, you have to learn to eat at regular times, three times a day, like everyone else in the family? And what if you wanted to be with them, you didn't want to be left alone at night to sleep on your own, you

wanted to be held and comforted to feel their warmth, you didn't want to be scared, but they said no? And what about if you wanted to be born the normal way, forcing with your will down the birth canal firing up your own will taking control of entering life into your own hands, but instead they said no, and before you'd even got going, you were cut out of your mother and carried off into another room – abandoned – rejected? How do you think you might feel?

These situations might not readily apply to you, as you might not personally be able to relate to them, but don't worry, you won't be missing out, you'll uncover plenty from your own early life to open your eyes making you re-evaluate all you thought life was – all you thought you were.

When our will is compromised or thwarted in any way when we are forming we feel two main things: unloved and powerless, and neither of these feelings give us good feelings. When you feel them they are awful. How many times during your forming years did your parents assert their wills over you? How many times did your parents punish and criticise you? How many times did they make you feel unloved and powerless? How many times did your parents make you feel rejected? How many times did your parents make you feel bad? ALL AWFUL FEELINGS!

If we are subjected to having our will overpowered what happens to us, and what can we do to get our power back? Naturally we try to fight to stop what's making us feel powerless and we try to get our power back. We want our power back or else we feel like our survival is being threatened and this too feels really bad. If we can't fight back then we have to use other ways to try and re-gain our power and so we look to our mind. We make our mind take over making it give us artificial power in the form of our thoughts, beliefs, and even feelings. But it's never good enough. For the rest of our life we then keep on using our mind to try and re-gain our power, all because for the rest of life we'll keep feeling powerless. If negative pressure is applied continually or severely enough to constitute a trauma, our will can't function, and our mind is called into action as a default will replacement. But trying to gain power with your mind is only an illusion, it's not real power, and we're forever worried and stressed and nervous and scared that at any moment our tenuous mind-power is going to be taken from us and we'll be dumped back into those horrible powerless feelings. So we do all the things we can to bolster our mind, we try to materially be successful so we can keep that threat away, keep those awfully bad feelings from showing up. Our whole adult life consists of using our mind to give us pseudo power. And at any moment the whole lot – the house of cards – can come crashing down.

Another important part to understand about our will is that if our will is interfered with and our mind is forced to fill in the gap, that part of our will is still present, it hasn't simply failed to form or vanished, so what it does is support the mind. It then, in a way, turns itself around from freely willing you along through life, to willing your mind to take over, filling the gap; and then with all your strength of will this negative mind pattern based on illusionary power will be maintained. Your negative mind patterns get locked in place and forcibly held in place by your dysfunctional will. Your will is literally turned against yourself – against itself. So instead of wilfully supporting your true mind, it supports your corrupted mind – your negative mind that your parents are forcing you to create based on their negative minds. So with your mind, empowered by your rebellious will, you are denying yourself true happiness, love and good feelings. When you come to undo this pattern you come up against yourself, you own will fighting you off, saying: no, I want to keep the pattern as it is. I want to keep the mind in control, keeping it in its delusion that it's helping you; that it's doing the best for you, just as your deluded parents said they were doing their best for you. And this is a right pain in the arse. It's bad enough to feel that your mind is in control, but it's worse to feel how forcibly your own will is keeping it there. And your will is very strong, so it can present a huge barrier to your feeling-healing.

Because our wills have been subjected to negative influences then forced to maintain that negative influence within us – AGAINST OURSELVES, we get the feeling that we are fighting against ourselves, that we are our own worst enemy. We do all sorts of things that we can't stop

doing, such as: eating too much, working too much, smoking too much, drinking too much, wanking too much, all because our will is making us as a part of maintaining our negative mind state, which we adopted from our parents and been forced to live. And which we wrongly believe is making us feel good, and which we're using to deny all our bad feelings. Your parents stopped you doing what you wanted to do; they interfered with your will. You protested: cried hard. They said no, stop crying and gave you some *nice* food to *take your mind off it*. They coerced you and trained you to cause your mind to develop various negative beliefs and behaviour patterns. You took the food; they were happy with you as you stopped crying; you wanted praise and believed you felt good with them now being happy and *loving* you. Now as an adult, when something, without you being aware that it is doing so, makes you feel powerless, when your will is being compromised and you can't do what you want to do (with this often happening unconsciously), instead of feeling this consciously, this feeling of powerlessness, for some *unknown* reason you instead feel suddenly hungry. You go and buy takeaways giving yourself a treat – to make yourself feel better, which you're also unconscious of. You don't actually need the takeaways, you're not really hungry, but you feel good eating them, they make you happy and you feel loved. Do you see the pattern?

Your will is supporting your mind to work against you – negatively. If you could be aware of the real underlying feelings that are going on within you, those you're denying, you'd feel for some reason, bad. You'd accept this bad feeling instead of rushing off to buy takeaways to cover it up. It would then show you, as you'd feel it, accept it and express – speak about it, that you were actually feeling powerless. You might then be able to see what's made or making you feel powerless. And you might be able to feel how your will is being compromised and interfered with. And you should then be able to feel/see how with your will, you are maintaining this negative behaviour pattern – having to by food to make you feel good, giving yourself a treat in the deluded and misguided belief that it's giving you your power back – the power your parents denied you. You are now doing what you want to do – having the food – you are now back in control of your life – or so you believe, but really you're not. You are still only doing what your parents taught you to do by giving yourself the food to stop you expressing and feeling your bad feelings. Nothing of you is original – nothing you do is true. It's all false; you're all false – all a result of the negative intrusion from your parents.

When our parents overpower us and we have to do as they say, we accept their way over our own way; we have given ourselves away and agreed to join them. So our mind takes on the negative belief and behaviour patterns and our will rigidly maintains them. Of course, some parents are less dominating and less overbearing and less controlling than others, but even the most *free* parents still interfere with their child's will development to a large degree. During our first six or so years we are forced to accept their way, their will, with very little say about it. During the next six or so years to sexual maturity we set about taking it all on, making it all our own. By time of puberty, it's all locked into place. We have unwittingly – by default – agreed to the negative. We have become fully negative minded still feeling powerless, but using our mind to cover up, suppress and further repress such bad feelings, making us feel *powerful*. Our wills are fully in control, fully empowered in the negative, so we feel that our negative way of life is right. It rarely occurs to us it's wrong, even if we feel bad a lot of the time. And to heal it is very hard because we have to unwind the fight, our inner battle, us fighting against our own will, our will fighting against us. And further, to end the fight against our parents, our will having taken their side, as we fight ourselves, so too are we fighting them. And that is why the doing of your feeling-healing is very difficult. It takes a lot to break down the control of our negative mind and our will, to free ourselves. To effectively stop living against and untrue to ourselves by living our parents will, and instead live true to ourselves, living freely our own will.

How we do manage to heal ourselves is through acceptance of our negative state. We can't fight

it, this is what positive thinking and mind controlling things do, but they are only contributing more to what is already in place, strengthening your will and mind against yourself. No, what we have to do is submit, give in, do nothing, give up, all by simply admitting that we feel how we do and by accepting and allowing those feelings to exist. All with the aim of wanting to know the truth of what's really going on.

We give into the bad feelings and stop denying them. We accept them. We allow ourselves to feel powerless and unloved. It hurts like hell and we're swamped by many bad repressed feelings surfacing, but we just continue to give in and accept them. By *turning the other cheek* we defuse the fight. Your will and mind no longer have anything to fight because you're saying: I give up, you win, I lose – I'm powerless and unloved. I'm the bad one, and you, mum and dad, are the good ones, you are the winners. I don't want to play this game anymore. And as this happens you realise that the whole thing has been done to you – it wasn't your idea of a fun game to play in the first place. And you literally do give it up. And all your parents yuk – all their wrong beliefs and false behaviours, leave you. Your mind gives up its negative patterns; your will no longer needs to fight you to maintain them. And best of all you feel good about yourself. It was all shit your parents put on you. In reality it had nothing to do with you. It was all only about them. They used and took advantage of you. And now as you see the truth of what really happened: what it's all really about, it no longer needs to affect you. You suddenly are free of it. You have returned to that more perfect true and loving you. You have healed some of your negative mind and will state. You have loved yourself by accepting all you felt you were – all the bad you; all your bad feelings; all the powerless and unloved feelings; all the hurt and pain of feeling them, and you've found the truth. You know you are all right. You are not that horrible, useless, failure, powerless, unloved person after all. Your parents were mistaken. You are YOU, God's pure and true child, and you love and feel good about yourself.

When our will and mind form under negative influence, based around negative patterns from our parents, all we too can do is live those patterns. We can't do anything we haven't experienced. Why our lives don't work as we want them to when we are adults is because we're trying to live on one level when underneath we're governed by a deeper unconscious level – we are living at cross purposes within ourselves. We are living patterns formed because our parents and carers made us live against our will. We didn't have a say in the matter, but because our will formed into taking it all on in the belief that it's all right, then we surge out into life believing we know what we are doing when we don't have a clue. All we are doing is everything to hurt ourselves by going against ourselves and everyone else we are relating to. We are mad, and when you're in the thick of your yuk, fucked up and confused state like I am now, just having had a good argument with Marion, you feel fucking mad. Like your brain is being scrambled and nothing makes sense. You feel retarded, screwed up, and all that you thought was right isn't right – it is all WRONG! And all that was probably wrong is more than likely, right. It's dementing. To have your whole mind and will conniving at every moment to go against you, not doing what your soul would like you to do, it's horrible, it's the worst most frustrating feeling. And all it makes you want to do is scream and rage and pull your hair out. How mixed up and fucked up can one person be?

Why some people feel better than others and seem to be able to get on and have power in their lives, is because they were given the freedom to have *power* during their forming years. Their parents weren't so controlling and so they aren't so controlling of themselves. They're not continually shooting themselves in their own foot. Their will is more freely functioning, and most of what those of us who were heavily controlled worry about and can't begin to do, they wouldn't think twice about. That is stuff they did when they were four and five, it's all second nature to them, but for us who were overly controlled, it's scary, its impossible, it just too hard to even begin to contemplate doing because there are so many negative possibilities all which deflate the idea and make you feel like giving up before you've even begun.

Marion's parents were super controlling. The further she goes in her healing the more shocked I am at how controlled she was. Every part of her was controlled. She was always under explicit instructions and if she deviated from what they said she was harshly punished. They gave her no personal freedom; she was treated worse than a slave because they never left her alone – even a slave has time to himself, to dream, be angry, and fantasise in his own mind. Both her parents constantly criticised her, and continually made her do what they wanted. She had no free time, she couldn't even develop a mind full of fantasies about gaining her own power and a life she could enjoy. My parents at least gave me some space, but it wasn't much. I had my tropical fish I could escape to, Marion wasn't even allowed to go to friends houses or play alone in her own bedroom. Compared to other people and what they are effortlessly able to achieve without putting in any effort whatsoever, the doors just flying open for them when they want to do something, my life is like slogging through sticky mud with doors opening after only great effort, then only to suddenly slam closed again in my face. Marion can't even begin knocking on the door.

If the doors closed on you as a young child they will never open as an adult. What your adult life is, is totally a product of how you were treated during your forming years. All that happens to you as an adult and how it happens, you can through your healing, find the exact controlling and determining patterns from your early childhood. The negative patterns are fixed in place, and to un-fix them means you have to go back to when they were formed, there isn't another way, and God isn't going to magically wave His wand healing you by reversing your mind and will, because that defies the Laws of Will. Your will formed in the negative and you've taken responsibility for it, even if it was unknowingly, but it's happened, it's a fact; and so it's up to you to heal it, no one else.

You've been subjected to dominating wills and have learnt how best to play the game they do. And so you will continue to do so for all eternity until you heal it. And as I've said, from what I'm discovering, it's only healable through the accepting of your feelings, all your feelings, and mostly your bad ones, because living untrue, constantly fighting against yourself, only makes you feel bad.

I want to say one thing about trauma. Many people who are looking back into their early childhood are looking for a major traumatic event, which when found, accounts for much of why they feel bad, and by releasing most of the hidden pain, emotion and bad feelings of it, feel empowered and infinitely better, sometimes changing their whole life and how they see and relate to things.

Something such as sexual abuse, or the sudden death of a parent, a severe illness, or some other harsh sudden very bad painful shocking traumatic experience might have happened. And undeniably such a terrible experience or experiences does traumatise you, and have a huge effect on you, and will have to be accepted through bad feelings to fully heal it.

But what I want to point out is that there are degrees of trauma, and a shocking outstanding experience, one you might have even made yourself forget because it's so horrendous is one thing, but so too are more subtle and insidious ones, ones that might seem less horrific than such intense abuse, but are also very traumatic. For example: your father may have smacked you or even given you a *terrible look* and it's traumatised you, it has made you feel very very bad, especially when repeated countless times through your forming years. But being smacked or just looked at in a hurtful and unloving way doesn't seem very bad compared to being sexually abused, but don't compare it. You might not have been sexually abused and couldn't think of anything worse, but for you your trauma of being unlovingly looked at or smacked, is equally as bad. An obvious bad experience like being sexually abused is shocking and I don't want to detract from it in away, all I want to point out is that ongoing rejection, criticism, judgement, coercion, all of which you might have experienced in a comparatively passive way from your parents, is also very traumatic. It is also emotionally and spiritually wounding, causing great pain and much suffering. Neither Marion

or I suffered sexual abuse so rightly I can't comment on the horrors which those people who have suffered it must feel, however, because I didn't think I got such a bum deal, it took me a long time to give myself credit for my suffering and to take my pain seriously. I believed my suffering and pain wasn't much compared to someone who suffered a recognised terrible trauma or tragedy. But the years of my healing have shown me, in my way, that all the same, I am completely traumatised by how my parents treated me, all being done with smiles on their faces telling me they loved me, and aren't I happy living in a loving family in which no such terrible thing happened to me. Their smiles and nice, kind loving words covering up their nasty and cruel, rejection, criticism and dismissal of me, and not making me feel wanted, cared about, and loved by them. Your childhood is as bad as it makes you feel, and your healing will reveal how bad that is. For each of us we were heavily traumatised every time our wills are interfered with, no matter how it's done. DON'T DOWN PLAY YOUR PAIN BECAUSE YOU DIDN'T HAVE IT AS BAD AS ANOTHER PERSON. It WAS as bad for YOU as it was for that other person. If your feelings say it was bad – IT WAS BAD! Allow yourself to feel your feelings – FULLY. You can't know how it was or is for anyone else other than yourself. Allow yourself to feel as bad as they are making you feel. What they are making you feel is real. It is your hurt and pain – your trauma. In time you'll be able to put things in context and compare, but don't lessen your bad feelings because your *lot* wasn't as bad as someone else's. You are you, NOT them. I repeat: You can't know what it's like being another person, you can only know yourself. Your feelings are yours, and a look of hatred can feel just as traumatic and is as abusive.

And remember that your whole negative state is traumatic – it's one huge trauma you are suffering and it makes you feel very bad! You are suffering from compounded trauma. Just being alive in a self-denying, feeling-denying, evil, negative state, is traumatising. We're all traumatised victims.

## 14). Childhood Repression.

We live as adults suffering from the effects of masses of bad feelings we suffered during childhood but have learnt and been made to suppress, and with our will and mind we keep them repressed, the main indication of this being our unwillingness to allow ourselves to feel bad.

I understand some people believe all that has happened during childhood happened back then and now it's over and forgotten with no further bearing on ones adult life. And being an adult one is free to change oneself however one likes.

And I understand that other people who look back into their early childhood through hypnosis find all sorts of traumas and false memories, producing the *false memory syndrome*. I don't know if hypnosis is helpful or not, but it may simply be another way of trying to manipulate the mind if not used correctly. And it may be because of this misuse that people can believe they were abducted by aliens, rapped by their fathers, or whatever the trauma they *want* to believe. Or perhaps it is not the method used that is at fault, it being very good at uncovering the deeper realities of our self-denial, but how we are going about and interpreting it. Knowing how fucked up my mind is with its deeper hidden levels, I can believe the mind can contrive anything if it needs to, all so it can maintain power and keep helping its person deny their bad feelings. If you need an excuse and *discovering* you were sexually abused or abducted by aliens is it, then so be it. That is up to each individual to choose for themselves.

What I do know is when you regress through feeling acceptance and come upon forgotten memories it's not a fabrication of your mind, it's not a false thing, its very real and you FEEL it to be real. All you feel adds up within you and you just know it to be true. And it doesn't take long before you get the feeling of what your feeling-healing is like, and anything that does pop up that might be mind generated and false you can feel is wrong and not composed of the same depth of feeling where it true.

The other thing about doing your healing through the acceptance of your feelings is it's not forced, you can't make it happen. It will happen as it happens all in keeping with your life. It's not a matter of subjecting yourself to some 'method' or for the doctor or counsellor to make it happen for you. It happens when it happens, and there are always bad feelings floating around (if you care to look for and accept them) to help facilitate your descent into your childhood repression.

As I said earlier in the book, those people who believe it's all nonsense and childhood repression is a mind fabrication, will change their minds if and when they start to accept and honour their bad feelings. There is no doubt in my mind. My mind simply couldn't have contrived all I have experienced. However, I understand you can only believe what I say on faith, but I have faith that when you start to move into your unexpressed bad feelings, you will experience more than enough childhood repressed bad feelings for yourself to know it is all real and true.

It's not just a matter of *you got the short stick and suffered* – bad luck. It's not just a: *it's too bad it's just a genetic thing and it could have happened to anyone*. Nothing happens to us like that. As I've said, it is all too well planned and orchestrated by our souls and God. It is something to marvel at, how certain and very specific bad feelings surface each day for you to accept, express and find the truth of, all steadily revealing the picture of your suffering. What has happened to you has meant to happen to you, but it's for you to find out why. The paradox is that everything is predestined, and yet we also have complete free will. We have the complete freedom of will to deny our bad feelings, and yet all we deny, and when we want to stop denying, is a part of our life plan. And the only way to successfully negotiate this riddle, is to keep accepting and being true to your feelings.

From what I can gather, two of the ways we can set about trying to live a better life are: the first one; trying to live a good, moral and true adult life. To try and live within the Laws of Nature; be true to ourselves, and God. And there are many religions and spiritual systems who believe they can help us with this. You can strive to respect your will and another persons or creatures, and not cross over and negatively influence or control their wills. This being all very well in theory and in belief to achieve, but in practise being something impossible to do whilst you're of your negative mind and will state. All you can succeed in doing is perfecting your negative mind condition under the misguided belief that you are doing good works, being helpful, loving, caring and true.

And the second includes the first, as well as trying to rectify your repressed childhood stuff. This is much harder, but in doing so will help you to understand how your will was interfered with, how you accepted that to be right, and how you then carry on interfering with other peoples and creatures wills. In healing this by seeing the truth of what you're doing, you will also naturally know how to live true as an adult.

This second and deeper and all embracing way is only now being revealed to us on Earth. People like Alice Miller are helping to forge the new way. I believe that if there is truly a spiritual upliftment currently going on as many say there is – *a new light* shinning forth from humanity's soul, then I believe it is this: that which is now endeavouring to enlighten us to our childhood repression and all the terrible suffering we've suffered and suffer because of it.

Your childhood repression is very real. There are loads of bad feelings you are hiding from yourself. If you have tried other healing options with unsatisfactory results, and you DO want to know the truth of your pain, then I would suggest you to consider it seriously.

## 15). Parents.

The tough part about being a parent and all what I'm taking about, is that if you are one, then you are the cause of your child taking on a negative mind condition, just as your parents caused you to do. This can be hard to accept and I sympathise with you. No one wants to be told they are bad. No one wants to feel worse than they already do. No one wants to be heavily accused and blamed for doing the wrong thing, especially when they believe they are doing all within their power to be as loving and caring as they can. Most of us have been made to fear harsh punishment if we are wrong. And yet there is no way of avoiding it. The parent *has* done it all to the child, and from the child's perspective, to heal itself, it will have to acknowledge and so accuse and blame its parents for how badly they treated it.

All blame will therefore go to the parent, but this can be a bit hard to deal with if you're new to all of this. And you would be right in feeling it's all very anti-parent, because it is. And if you want to burn my book, go right ahead – I understand, but I'm not going to let up. Mostly the parent considers itself not – NEVER – to be wrong, it's the child that is – ALWAYS – wrong, but this is a gross delusion. It is easy to play god when you are in the power position, much harder to maintain humility and understand that it's not right to seek power over one who is inferior. Too many parents seem to believe that because *it's their child then they can do whatever they want with it*. But that's not right, as it doesn't give any rights to the child. That attitude doesn't respect the child – the child, the person, being merely – a thing. And it seems to me that most parents believe they parent well; their parents did okay with them, and yet they seem to fail to appreciate they are taking on the hardest job of all and one that comes with the greatest responsibility (at least that's how it seemed to me with my parents). The emergence of a new soul-personality coming into Creation, beginning its incarnation, is no small thing. But all this becomes irrelevant, if ever it was relevant, when parent and child are locked in a yelling and screaming match in the supermarket vying for power.

I am writing from the child's side; I am a child, I am not a parent. I haven't had children and won't. Not because of finding out about all of this, but because my negative pattern didn't include having children, they simply weren't a part of my fantasy package. My parents put me off having children by how they treated me, and the things they said about having *us kids*.

So because I haven't had the experience of being a parent it is easy for me to be on the side of the child and to blame parents – my parents – which I need to do to help myself with my healing.

Parents are to blame. My parents are to be blamed for what they did to me. During my healing as I've seen how they didn't love me as I wanted to be loved; how they controlled me; how they subjected me to their shit; how I've had to become of their negative minds; and as my feelings of anger and hatred and blame have surfaced, I have fully honoured them. I have accused and hated and wanted to smash them, and give them all their yuk back. I have wanted to subject them to the same pain they have caused me. I didn't ask for it, they had me, and they should take responsibility for it – they should have loved me. For a long time I wanted them to wake up to what I was feeling and to do something, apologise, or love me, to make it all better, do something to make me feel good, but of course as they weren't wanting to look into their childhood trauma they couldn't help me.

During my bad feeling-healing I have written two letters to my mother explaining something of what I've felt, however she rejected what I said, saying I was sadly under Marion's evil influence who was turning me away from and against her. My father had already died. I have from time to time wanted to go and *have it out with my mother*, but each time I've felt this way I've expressed and accepted these feelings speaking them to Marion, and that has all been what I've needed to do. The truth has come, my anger and hatred has gone, and I've no longer felt I needed to have it out with her. And in fact I've felt sorry for her, as she didn't know she was

subjecting me to all her shit, and she is as bad as I am, suffering, having been subjected to all her parents shit. My feelings as yet haven't driven me to actually drive over and visit my mother, and tell her what I feel about her, and I don't think they every will. And besides, what good would it do? It might get some anger off my chest, and even if she admitted she was wrong how she saw things and treated me, still it won't replace the love I wanted from her and never got. That will never happen. Now I can only get it from myself, as I heal myself and feel greater love for myself. And as my will and mind returns to normal and a positive state, my love deficit resulting from my parents bad parenting of me, is being filled in by myself.

All that is needed throughout my healing has been for me to accept my bad feelings, to speak about them – vent them if they've required it – and to want to see the truth of them, nothing more. I haven't needed to go and punch and smash and yell and abuse and directly blame and accuse my parents, trying to do back to them what they did to me. I don't need to do this to anyone who's treated me badly, even my boss at the aquarium. The beauty is it's all within me, and so I only need myself to deal with it and heal it. I don't even need to punch any walls at home, because the better I get at expressing my anger when it needs to come out, the better I get at using my mouth instead of my fists.

When I first started to uncover the truth about how I felt about my parents, and how they made me feel – unloved, I was surprised. I couldn't believe what my own feelings were telling me because it was the exact opposite of what my mind believed. As I progressed deeper with Marion's help, I began to see that all the things they and my family did which were said to be loving things, weren't loving at all, and in fact made me feel bad. This was even more astounding, that my own parents actually made me feel bad, their own son who they told they loved and did everything for because of that love. I went through years of bringing up my anger and hatred. I yelled at and blamed mum, dad and Gran from my living room couch, ranting and raving, arms waving about, cursing and swearing at them driven by my surfacing buried feelings. I had so much anger and hatred in me for them that I thought it would never end. But it has. There does appear to be a finite amount of it, ending once you've healed all the hurt and changed the negative unloving self-denying, self-hate patterns.

The latest phase of my healing has been more of an acceptance, more of an understanding that it's all about me, it's my life, less about them; and that they were in my life for various reasons giving me the negative state I was to experience. And now as I'm seeing the truth of what it's taught me, they're fading away. I still have no desire to see them, no desire to see any of my family. I just feel good about having my life totally for me. With Marion and our little skinny grey cat Mushky (that's her latest name), aka Potsy, and whomever else I choose to include in it. We are so far apart, my family and I. I am so different from them now that I wouldn't have anything to speak to them about; and I'm no longer into just crapping on superficially needing to be pleasant at the expense of my feelings.

As to what the future holds with my family I don't know. If and when they do their healing they might change – they will change – and who knows but God what might happen then. Perhaps then we might be able to resume something of a relationship because at least we won't be so different anymore as we'll be living the same truth, able to empathise with all the suffering and pain we've been through. And who knows, perhaps one day we might even be able to love one another truly through our feelings. And perhaps by then it will no longer matter anyway, with us all moving so far apart, living with a new family – our soul-group.

During my healing my feelings have helped me to understand my family to an enormous degree. Not only have I worked myself out, but also I've worked them out too, and all amazingly through my feelings – I am after all, of them. To work myself out, I've also had to work them out. To understand their negative states, how they have suffered, and how they had it done to them, helped me understand all they did to me. And this has helped me to feel more sympathetic to them as my hatred, anger and blame has come out. If they were to suddenly appear in my life asking me to help them with their bad feeling acceptance I would. And I would understand a little

of what they might have to go through. I would definitely be able to empathise with them.

As to how your relationship will go with your parents that of course is something I can't tell you. You'll have to find out as you go along. And I don't know if everyone will have to leave their family to do all of their healing like Marion and I have done, so don't base too much on what might happen to you from our experiences. There just aren't enough people as yet doing their feeling-healing that I know of to draw any generalisations from.

For the majority of people, their family and its all encompassing love, and their love of and from their parents and their children, is the biggest most important thing in their lives. Without their family they'd have nothing.

For these people to read what I have been saying I'd imagine would be difficult unless they just kept it all at arms length as an intellectual exercise. Whether or not, all what people call love is false and something contrived by ones negative mind, I don't know. I suspect so, but it will take people getting into their deep repressed depths to find out. I thought I loved and knew what it felt like to be loved, but now I'd have to say I was wrong. As to whether people from very *loving* families one day discover that the love they say they feel is not all it's made out to be, will be up to them as they start to do their bad-feeling healing. But I can understand that the threat of anything being wrong with ones family or the love one feels for and from their family might stop a lot of people from wanting to look into their bad feelings, and could help them keep going in their negative way for a long time.

As for the people who are more genuine and sincere in their love for their children, who really do want them and do give them a lot of what they need, if they want to do their feeling-healing, I would think that if their love is genuine then it will remain. Only that which is false and untrue will be exposed and cease to exist. What is true and good and love, will always remain. If it comes under threat and ends up vanishing, then it will have done so, only because it wasn't true or real. My relationship with my family came under threat and ceased to exist, as I started to pay attention to what my feelings were trying to tell me. It turned out to all be false and untrue.

We've all had a lot of stuff imposed on us and it's made us imperfect. By accepting our bad feelings we are off-loading this extra baggage, and when it's all gone, then we'll be left with the true and perfect us. We don't have to do anything to try and turn the imperfect into perfect. The perfect always remains perfect, the imperfect is like a dirty crust that will one day be washed off.

If you are considering being a parent but now have second thoughts because of all that you've read, that is of course your decision, but just because you are of the negative doesn't mean you can't have children even if you parent them into the negative. Always you must honour and go with your own feelings, good and bad. In one moment you might not want to have children, the next you might, all you can do is go up and down the rollercoaster of your feelings, accepting, expressing and wanting to see the truth of them. If you are worried about should you or shouldn't you do anything, then don't do it, wait and keep accepting and speaking about how you feel. If your soul and God want you to do something, even if it might seem wrong, you will feel and know when to do it. You will just do it. We all worry about what is right or wrong. Worried we will get punished if we do or say the wrong thing. But only through your feelings can you live true to yourself. So if you live wrongly but want to live righteously and the truth, keep going, accepting and expressing your feelings, and one day you'll know and FEEL what is right for you.

For many of us, because of our parenting we want to get life right, and to not only be right, but NEVER do a wrong or bad thing. However, it's okay to do bad things, we have to find out for ourselves that it's bad, and we have to find out through our feelings. And when you do find out that it was bad or wrong, then you know for future whether or not you want to do that thing again, and if you do, you'll know what you'll be getting yourself into.

If you are a parent and you are to feel pain for the suffering you have caused your children, then when it's time for you to feel it, like all your bad feelings, you will feel it. And you'll be able to

accept it and voice it and find the truth of why you feel such pain. But the pain won't last, that's the amazing thing about it all. So long as you keep expressing and accepting and wanting to know why you're feeling it, it will eventually pass when you do understand what it's all been about. You might go around and around over the same painful feelings and experience, but each time it will be from a different perspective, and when you finally see the whole picture, all the pain will be gone. No matter what our worst sin is, or our greatest act of evil we do, we can heal the pain of it. One day it will go. One day you will be able to forgive yourself, and this is very important to understand. You won't have to suffer for the rest of eternity, and hell only exists while you refuse to accept your bad feelings, refusing to see the underlying truth of why you are feeling them.

If you want to judge and blame and condemn and hate, do so. Do whatever your feelings are telling you to do. You don't have to do it to another persons face, but you can at least accept that you feel this way and this bad. And if you are the most evilly devil person, it's okay, God is not going to string you up and burn you in Hades. Allow yourself to feel sorry for what you are doing to yourself, how you are hurting yourself. All you have to do is own up, admit, and be honest with your bad feelings – be honest about yourself, it's all between you and yourself in the end, all because you have taken it all on with your own will.

If your parents cursed you to hell and damnation, then you will believe you are cursed and a worthless nothing, and if you feel this way, it is okay. It is okay to feel as bad as you do. Give yourself some grace, give your some space – accept, don't shy away. Be open and honest with yourself. Admit it to yourself, bring it up and out and allow yourself to feel.

Allowing yourself the freedom of feeling is the first step in healing all your pain and inner ugliness, all your feelings of not feeling loved and good enough. The second step, and perhaps in many ways even more important, is to want to know the TRUTH of why you feel that way. Wanting to know the truth of yourself and how to find it, is the subject of Part III.

**Exercise:**

This exercise is for parents who are aware of their bad feeling denial and would like to help their children, if their children want to, or might one day want to, do their bad feeling-healing. It's something I would've liked my parents to have done for me. Some people naturally share this information within the family and the children grow up knowing their family folklore. I new very little about my parents, they didn't speak about such things, and being the child, I never really thought to ask them about it.

It's a long term exercise: to keep a diary or to write an account of your life for when your children are mature, so they can use it as a reference diary for their feeling-healing. And the idea is to be as honest as you can. And if you feel things that you'd rather your partner didn't know, then this secret information would be very valuable to your child through its healing.

The diary or account is to be based around your relationship with yourself, your spouse or partner, and your child.

These are some of the things I would have liked to have known about my parents. All of these things have come up through my healing, and not knowing them has at times caused me much difficulty – although in time not knowing them hasn't prevented me from progressing in my truth growth.

**For example:**

How did you feel about yourself before you met your partner? What did you feel about your

partner on first meeting, and what were the circumstances of that meeting? What work were you doing, where were you living, any pets in your life, any other important relationships?

Did you discuss having children, and if so, what did you speak about? How did you feel when you knew your child was conceived, during the pregnancy, at the birth, during the first few days, first month, year and so on?

Where there any rough patches between yourself and your partner during these times?

Where there any major life changes, i.e., house, career, death? Any major life philosophy changes. Any affairs, or unhappiness with your partner and your life?

Did you favour one child more than the other? Did you place expectations on it?

How was the reaction to all concerned with the arrival of your first, next, next, next… child?

How was the birth of your child, for you and your partner – all you felt though each step, leading up to it, during, and after? How was your child born? Where was it born? Was it induced, was it born naturally? Did you put it to your breast immediately it was born – was it breast fed, or was it taken away from you. And if so, when did you first get it back and for how long? Was there any bonding feelings – truthfully? Was your partner present at the birth, and if not, why not? The more about your child's birth, and the circumstances surrounding it, and all everyone felt – even grandparents and relatives, the better.

How were your children physically? Any illness – what was it, when, how long did it last for? When did they first crawl, walk, speaking properly; reading, writing? Any bed wetting? Any accidents – scary times?

The idea of the diary or account is to give a feeling for what was going on within you. The more honest you can be the better for your child if it wants to do its feeling-healing. It will help to have a journal that will stir up and perhaps explain lots of things that it might feel, as it uncovers and releases its repressed feelings, things it's never understand about.

And of course, the best is to share all such information with your children as they are growing up, so they'll be able to remember it all should they ever want to work through their healing.

And of course you don't need this sort of help, as one can do it all through ones feelings, the memories, as I've said, although often very vague, do surface. But when you read peoples autobiographies and biographies and they devote a lot of detail to how they felt during their childhood: what happened to them and things that went on about them, you get a good insight into how these things directly affected their whole adult life.

I would like to read a biography of my life with a lot of specific detail about what happened to me when I was young. It would help me see how things unfolded in my adult life – how the negative influences manifested.

Through my feelings many questions have been brought up. What was it like between mum and dad when they first met – what were their dreams and aspirations in life? How did their relationship evolve as they grew older? What led to their divorce when I was ten? How and why did mum's going to work occur? What about the girls who lived-in and looked after us, what were they like to us?

I would also like to have known more about my grandparents. How did they meet each other,

what was their relationship like? I only remember snippets told to me, but what really went on? And dad had all his teeth pulled out when he was young – why? I never really asked. It was too painful to contemplate it happening, but through my healing I've wanted to know – how could his mother do such a thing, what was she all about, why did it happen? What was her life like, her parents and childhood.

Millions of details within the family I would like to have known. And had I known them, would they have made my healing easier? This truthfully I don't know, but it's been very hard trying to just rely solely on my feelings and perceptions to work out what happened to me, how I was treated, and what really went on when I young. Incredibly for such important years, I know zip – I don't have a clue; and as I grew up, I was never interested in the history and goings on within the family. I was too shutoff and entrenched in my own dreams and fantasy's about what I was going to do when I got older.

But now I'm very interested, however my grandparents and father are dead, and I don't want to see or speak to mum, not that I could trust anything she told me anyway – she's still too caught up in her fantasies.

So for mere interest, to have had a better picture and understanding about where I have come from, and the dominant forces I was subjected to, would have been a great help.

It's amazing to read someone's autobiographical account of how their mother made them feel bad a lot during their childhood, and yet in the next breath they'll say how their mother was the sweetest angel, so loving, caring and kind; and then in the next breath, they go back to telling about how badly she treated them and made them feel. And then that person grows up having endless difficulties feeling very insecure in life. We just fail to see the connection. Bad feelings. Being made to feel bad by our parents, is NOT being loved, it's not loving, the parent is NOT loving, no matter what it might appear like on the surface. We just don't want to give up the fantasy; we don't want to ruin our false image of our parents; we don't want to have them fall off their pedestals; we don't want to admit they weren't perfect. And we don't want to have to accept that we too are of them – just as imperfect, false, unloving and untrue.

# Part III
# What we can do about the problem of denying our bad feelings?

Can we really do anything about our denial of our bad feelings, and why bother doing anything anyway? Can we actually heal our childhood repression and change our will orientation? Can we heal all that's wrong within us? Can we really…?

## 16). Two ways to live life.

### A). Self-empowerment of your negative mind condition.

This involves the continuation of what you were given as a child. You keep doing to yourself, what was done to you. Your adult life is nothing more than the ongoing outworking of your self-denial. You might try to help yourself by using your mind to gain more power, and in the short term this might appear successful, but still all you are doing is covering up your childhood repression and refusing to accept your bad feelings. This way of living is the disease of our world. We're all infected with it, and dying from it, and we don't even know that it's deadly to us. All day long we hear those magic words: *empower yourself*, as if by doing it everything will be all right. And these words are just the same as listening to all the rubbish our parents spoke to make us obey them. It's nonsense and does nothing to deal with the real issues of why you might be feeling depressed, angry, or powerless.

Feelings of powerlessness are to be taken very seriously, not simply dismissed by saying: *You too can empower yourself in ten easy steps by: Mastering Your Mind.* It's making a mockery of our bad feelings, and it's not right. As a whole I feel we don't have any real understanding about the severity of our problem. A minority of society seems to be in a bad state, with deep depression, possible suicide, heavy drug and alcohol abuse, perpetual poverty, but so long as we're not one of them, everything is basically all right. So long as the masses are starving to death in another country and we're not, we're okay. But we're not okay, and while we keep up the fantasy and pretence that we are relying on self-empowerment to save us, we're going to continue to suffer.

And the more we get wired up; the more we use computers and technology to help us escape our bad feelings, the more we eat fast foods and seek instant gratification, and the more affluent we become, all helps us to deny our feelings and become increasingly impersonal. When you are poor it's not so easy to run away from your bad feelings; when you are rich the incentive to escape is easier to fulfil and be seduced by.

And the more children are plugged into relying on video games, play stations, the Internet, entertainment systems and everything that is not a person or of nature; the more they live impersonal phantom relationships, the harder it's going to be for them as adults.

We are slowly manifesting our negative mind condition. In the end, if we took it to its final conclusion, life would be as bad and as miserable for everyone as humanity's collective childhood is. We believe we can stem the tide and science will save us, but it won't. It can't because we're using it to go the wrong way, we are using it with negative minds; using it to go against ourselves. On the surface it might look like we're winning, but are we? And all the way to the end, the *dead* end, we'll still be saying that self-empowerment of our negative mind and will condition is the way out and our salvation.

## B). Uncover the real and true you.

This way of living is opposite to self-empowerment; or more precisely, it's the correct way to empower yourself: by the healing of your negative powerless mind and will state. It involves stopping your falseness, ending the fantasy, lies and delusion, and admitting to your weakness – accepting your bad feelings. It's okay to be a failure. To fail at false self-empowerment should be awarded with a gold medal. And you don't have to commit suicide to end it all, you can do it by working on accepting your bad feelings wanting to see the truth of them. We only have to get rid of the untrue, for when we do, the true will remain.

If you feel unhappy with life type A and no longer want to play the game, or at least, to slow the wheels, and you want to have a go at living life type B, then there are the two parts to it that you will need to do:

**B1).** Acknowledge, admit, accept and allow your bad feelings to be. Allow them to have their say. Allow them to be what they are. Express them, emote them – speak about them. If they want have their say, get them up and out of you.

**B2).** Want to know the TRUTH of why you have them – the truth of why you feel bad.

If you want to live these two aspects, then you can – I firmly believe you can. However, I won't be able to completely say: *I know it's true*, until I've totally finished my feeling-healing. You can heal all of yourself. Heal yourself back to a positive mind and will, and all that is true and perfect. Back to living true to your feelings; back to living at-one with your soul.

## 17). Truth.

I can't stress HOW IMPORTANT WANTING TO UNCOVER THE TRUTH OF YOUR BAD FEELINGS IS.

**THE TRUTH IS THE KEY TO YOUR HEALING.** It's actually the seeing of the truth that will heal you. And how you get to see the truth is through acceptance of how you feel.

You can express your feelings all day long, but if you don't sincerely and seriously want to uncover the truth that is behind and driving them – why you feel what you do, then you never will. Uncovering the truth requires a great effort, constant and ceaseless longing for it. And you can long for the truth all you want, even very determinedly, but if you are not accepting and speaking about your bad feelings, very little truth , if any at all, will come to you. It is a package: **willing and wanting to accept, express and long for the truth of your bad feelings**, that will enable you to heal the deep underlying childhood traumas making you feel bad. This is the most important part of the whole book!

Many people say they want the truth, and they want to live true, but they insist on trying to get it whilst still denying many of their feelings. So they are deluding themselves.

Many people believe that by increasing their knowledge and understanding of things, by acquiring new information, they are growing in truth, but they too are mistaken, they are only at best advancing their negative minds.

Lots of people speak about getting in touch with their heart, understanding that their heart is the way and the key to real happiness and to higher truth. But whilst this is true, they don't understand that there is NO way you can get in touch with your heart whilst you continue to deny ANY part of yourself and especially YOUR FEELINGS. All the getting in touch with your heart stuff that doesn't involve helping you to accept your bad feelings, is mind stuff. It's all the same thing: giving your mind more power, and only helping you avoid, so continue to deny, your bad feelings.

Truth can only come from experience. You can learn truths or about something that is true, but until you've experienced it yourself, it's still only food for your mind. You can *believe* something to be true, but you can't KNOW it to be true until you've experienced it for yourself – until you FEEL it is true. So if you persistently deny feelings, you will never become what is true, as you will never feel it to be true.

At best you can only believe all of what I've been telling you to be true, but you'll never know for sure until you experience the healing of your childhood repression through the acceptance of your bad feelings, and by wanting to know the truth of it for yourself.

I can present my arguments and suggestions and you might like them and use them to motivate you, but until you find your own reason and desire, wanting to know the truth of yourself for yourself, nothing will happen.

You can say: you want to know the truth, and live true, and grow in truth, until the cows come home, but until you start living wanting it WITH ALL YOUR HEART by truly activating your will, it's still all mind stuff.

By accepting your bad feelings, by allowing yourself to really feel them, by being honest with yourself and admitting that they are you, is taking the first step to experiencing the truth of them. How you then take the next step: actually finding or uncovering the truth, is done simply by wanting to know it, longing for it, REALLY wanting it more than anything else.

We can't make the truth come to us. We can't use our minds to make the truth appear. The truth comes in response to a spiritual yearning – a wanting, a desire, a longing to know it. And when your longing is sincere then certain inner processes within your system, processes you won't be aware of, will help reveal the truth to you.

Truth when it comes to us doesn't come in a random haphazard way. It comes one truth at a time, and it comes in a perfect and true order. You can't jump ahead of yourself in truth. We have to start at the very beginning, what could be called the *lowest* truth, and work our way up. Our lives are actually an ascension of truth, however, we won't become aware of this until we actively take conscious control of longing for and wanting to grow in truth.

If we don't want to take conscious control and responsibility of our growth of truth, then because of our negative mind states, we'll just float around not growing in truth from our experiences. They won't go entirely to waste, but they'll simply repeat, going around in endless circles on the lower levels. And all the while we'll feel unfulfilled, purposeless, endlessly wondering: what is my life really about, what does it all mean, what is my true purpose?

Because our minds are in control and they are composed of beliefs, we often mistake our beliefs for being the truth. Our parents raise us mostly on beliefs, not on truth they've *won* from life. We grow up not knowing the difference, and wrongly believing that our beliefs are real and true. We try to live and manifest our beliefs, and for a time this might seem to work, but its only a delusion. Believing you're a success at your career and making lots of money in your business is all mind stuff, it doesn't have anything to do with reflecting your level of truth. And by and large, the more truth you have the less of a success in our negative mind driven society you will be, but this isn't a golden rule. Not all the poor and unsuccessful are secretly rich in truth. One can still have money living a high level of truth, but what one did with that money and ones reasons for having it would be very different from a person with lots of money and no truth.

None of the existing spiritual or religious systems can help you grow very far in truth. They can't because they are products of people's negative anti-truth minds. Living against yourself, and the Laws of God, as in those lived by a positive mind and will, is living a life of anti or no truth.

If you want a spiritual or religious system to support your growth of truth, then you'll have to look around for one that begins by telling you to accept and honour all your feelings, and particularly your bad ones. And where would you find such a spirituality? And would you believe me that I said I knew of just the one…but that's another book… or two. All the current religious and spiritual systems of the world will only serve to help you deny yourself the truth; you'll never find it within them, and they'll stop you finding it within yourself, just as they'll help you to keep on denying your feelings. No feelings, no truth and no love.

We live in a world of untruth. Only a very little truth has been revealed to us, and at best some people mange to find out a little from their own life experiences. But it's very low; we're only stepping onto the bottom rung of the truth ladder.

Truth I see is divided up into three categories: Life truth; Spirit truth; and Soul truth, all of which we can relate to very personally. Truth is personal; untruth is impersonal. Often we can only relate impersonally with our minds to *higher* or *deeper* truths when they are made know to us, and it is not until we have developed enough to personally experience them through our feelings, that we can KNOW they are true for ourselves.

Truth we need as our inner platform with which to live life from. If we don't have any truth within us then life won't make any sense. The more truth the more sense. We need to have truth to feel secure, peaceful, comforted and happy, from which we can then love. We can't love if we don't have truth in our heart. We can falsely pretend we are loving, but it's all mind stuff. And the more truth you are living the greater the love you can give and receive – experience.

Truth comes before love. No truth no love. If you want to grow in love and become all-loving, then you need the truth to back you. When you speak with truth, love is felt and conveyed.

The beauty of truth, is its truth. What I mean is, it's unchanging, its unmistakable, it just IS. Creation is built on truth, and there are masses of truths for us to live. But we can only go one step at a time, building our heart and soul of truth. When you are on your road of truth you can feel yourself taking unseen steps of truth. It can be a *going up* or *going in* feeling, but it's real because you feel it is. You are going somewhere – you are on your true journey, the one that is *written* in your soul, the one God has created for you. If you don't feel this in life and feel purposeless and meaningless, then that's because you are not growing in truth. Life will never make sense if you continue to deny yourself truth. It will always be confusing and things will always happen to you for reasons beyond your ken.

Because truth is truth: stable constant, and always the same, we can come to totally rely on it. It goes beyond faith, or faith becomes rock solid because you KNOW. TRUTH IS KNOWING YOU KNOW IT'S TRUE. As your heart or the inner you starts to fill up with truth, you can become more sure and confident in yourself and your life as to what is true – what is true for you, and what is true outside of you. Also the untruth becomes more obvious and easier to see so you can avoid it. And so as you grow in truth, so too does your faith grow more in yourself and life. You feel the things that are against you as a product of how you were parented, and as you heal these obstacles through accepting and expressing your bad feelings associated with them, things even start to work for you, but in the way of truth and not in the way of your mind. You allow things to just happen without having to control them with your mind, and this becomes the way you can live trusting in yourself, your feelings, your intuition, your perceptions and understandings of things, and trusting in life. The battle in life slowly subsides, you stop fighting against yourself and everything becomes increasingly harmonious. Things happen, and these can be things that make you feel bad, but you'll find you're no longer afraid of them. And as you experience them and feel the feelings of them, the truth of what's happening and why will come to you; the experience will make sense and you'll learn things from it and grow in its truth, and the bad experience won't stay bad, it can even become very enjoyable even though intense with the bad feelings it produces.

We've been made to fear life, to be scared of our bad feelings. SCARED OF OUR SELF – AND HOW FUCKED IS THAT! Because of this we dread bad things happening to us, we want a nice carefree happy life with no problems. But the fact is we need challenging experiences so we can explore other parts of our personality. We need our boundaries to be tested and pushed wider, but this doesn't have to a traumatic experience like we've been led to believe. Without the fear of it, it can be exhilarating and even fun. Life is meant to be enjoyed, even the so-called bad parts. And you start to get a sense of this when you've healed all your expectations of fear in bad experiences, and when you can allow what happens to happen without being an anxious, nervous wreck before hand – always worrying that something bad is going to happen in any moment. As you live with truth you start to feel connected to life, to everything, to everyone, and most importantly – to yourself. And this gives you a greater feeling of being able to cope and deal with it. Living disconnected from yourself and in a perpetual state of anxiety and nervousness about the next bad thing happening, is only what it was like living with your parents. They scared you, de-powered you, and made you disconnect. They stopped you growing in truth. Naturally as a child, had you been free to move into and explore life at your own pace and in your way, you would have laid a firm foundation of truth during your formative years, a base that would be rock hard and impenetrable, but instead you have formed about a base that is shattered, mixed up, confused, and with no truth, so it's no wonder you feel like a shattered wreck. There is no other way you can feel!

During your feeling-healing you slowly acquire all that truth you should have naturally acquired as a young child. And gradually your base of truth will form and one day it will be as strong as it should have been. You'll feel whole and like all your holes have been plugged. You will feel in many ways as if you've started over, like you've been born anew, that you've been conceived and formed how your soul wanted you to; and with this inner platform and a mind and will formed

around truth, you will feel completely self-assured and have no fear.

Truth is wonderful stuff, and once you get a taste for it you want more. Once you feel what it's doing for you, it makes you determined to push on through the very hard parts of your feeling-healing. And it gives you the faith, strength and courage, together with the ability to energise and focus your will to what you need to do when you need to it. When masses of overwhelming bad feelings are raging up inside you and you feel completely demented and at your wits end, it will be the truth within you that sees you through. And because our growth of truth is a sequential process you'll always have just the right amount of truth from the healing you've already done to see you through the next part needing to be done. And this is encouraging to know because as you'll find, your healing will take you deeper and deeper into your bad feelings step by step, and each time the deeper you go and the more truth to see, the harder and stronger will be your bad feelings, so more strength, determination and faith based on your truth, will you need to keep going.

When I first wanted to grow in truth, I mistakenly believed that my acquisition of information, knowledge and understanding things was my growing in truth. I started spiritually searching for answers to the many questions about life and why my life wasn't happening how I wanted it to. I was guided this way and that, and all the way along I insatiably devoured all the information I could, mistakenly believing I was growing in truth.

I had never heard of past lives, and upon reading about them it opened my mind to a whole new way of thinking – I thought I was growing in truth. I met my spirit guides and started to speak with them and they told me all sorts of things, and again I thought I was growing in truth. This continued for a number of years. I read as many books as I could on spiritual and religious things and I thought they were helping me grow in truth, but they weren't. Nothing was, I realised, until I started to accept and look for the truth of my bad feelings. And when I started to do that, everything changed. I started to have a new experience. A direct revelation of understanding and knowing would just well up within me in answer to my acknowledging my bad feelings and fully accepting them. It was something I hadn't experienced before, and I knew that it resulted specifically from the bad feelings I was accepting because it helped me to understand on multiple levels, and not just with my mind, what my feelings were really trying to tell me. For the first time I realised what it meant to be self-revealing – I had directly experienced it. For the first time I was revealing truth to myself. I was underway, my true spiritual journey of truth had begun, taking over from my mind. And in regards to all such things like reincarnation and past lives that I believed to be true, I just knew within me the truth of them. And the truth was that they were untrue.

## 18.) Self-Revealing.

Once I understood about being able to reveal truth to myself, many things fell into place. That was how it – life – was supposed to be. We *were* supposed to reveal truth to ourselves. We could read and listen to others speak about their experiences of truth and understanding, but still we *did* have to experience it all for ourselves.

I thought about all those years at school sitting there day in day out listening to the teacher with my mind. Nothing at school allowed me to express my feelings. I had no practical hands on experience of anything. It was all but a useless exercise, a waste of time, simply a place for my parents to put me to keep me out their hair while they were free to do what they wanted to do.

So much of what I learnt at school I have forgotten. And much of what I learnt in all the books I read about spiritual things I have forgotten. So much of it was rubbish and even wrong. It was just the same as being with my parents listening to their great rules and philosophy of life. It too was rubbish and mostly wrong, and it certainly didn't do anything good for me.

When I thought about what life might have been for me had I been allowed to and encouraged to be self-revealing, all based on and resulting from my feelings, I became very angry. What a fucking waste of time my life has been! So much I have been through has done nothing for me, it's simply gone out the window. Once I started to grow in truth, I then new this was what my interest in life was: I wanted to understand how one grows in truth and what the right way to live is. And it took me until forty years of wasted effort had passed by before I found that out about myself. I suppose *better late than never,* but that doesn't change my feelings. I was outraged at the ridiculous way we treat our children, how I was treated, being subjected to the moron teachers who were just parroting all this crap, so much of which was wrong and is now outdated, all of which did nothing for me except helping me to see how wrong we live our lives in the negative state.

Everything that I have discovered through myself, all the truth I have revealed to myself, I still know. It can never be outdated; truth is timeless – existential. It hasn't just gone out the window like useless bits of paper. It is within me, within my soul, within my consciousness. It isn't readily on hand floating around in my mind, but when I need to express something based on that truth it is amazingly there, and along with it I can remember the experiences and feelings that brought it into my consciousness. I connect wholly with it. It has become a part of the fabric of my being. My truth is me: it's an expression of me. It's what I am, how I express myself in life. It is how I live my live, and each day as I discover more, I feel myself sort of expanding with more of me. I feel fuller in a way, and more knowing of what and who I am, and of the things I'm focused on. It makes me feel good. Not one day during all my school years did I feel good? I hated every moment of school. I love every moment of revealing truth to myself. At school I felt scared and alone, as truth comes up within me I feel loved, not alone, and whole.

Most days I *see* a few small things about life, myself and God; and then I have a major revelation experience when suddenly I *SEE* a whole lot. I say *see* truth, because it's sort of like that. Pictures of understanding suddenly come up from deep within me. It's such a thrill when they do, and I just know what they are telling me, both on an outer and inner deeper level, and I know they are true. That is the great thing about truth, it leaves you with the feeling of knowing it is true, and so much so, that there is simply no dispute, and you KNOW IT IS. You just know that what you are seeing is right and true and it is. It has nothing to do with you mind. It's a spiritual experience, or experience of the spirit. It does seem to come from deeper inside you down in your heart and not up in your mind. And it comes all of its own accord. You can't tell when the revelation of understanding and knowing is going to come – it just comes. And when it does, there is no mistaking it. The beauty of the whole process is you don't have to do anything except long for the truth and keep honouring your feelings; you don't have go through years of

study, you simply grow in understanding as you experience life. It's fantastic to know why you are having the experiences you have. Life then makes sense, you feel connected to your soul; you can literally feel God's plan unfolding for you, and all of this gives you good feelings. Everything happens for your benefit. The feelings you feel are what is already in you, what you felt during your early childhood; so what happens, good or bad, happens to shed light on the truth of you. It's all for you. It's all happening to show you what's going on inside you, so you learn becoming more aware of yourself.

Once the knowing, the picture of understanding has surfaced in your consciousness, then your mind can set to work on it. Sometimes I find I need to think about it and work things through. Other times it's just like my mind processes what it needs to and then nothing further happens. And usually the knowing is so complete that once I see it I don't need to do anything further with it. The whole package is complete. It's like a whole bubble of understanding, awareness and knowing has suddenly bubbled its way up from my depths and explodes into my consciousness. And one revelation leads on to and from another. At any given time I have numerous aspects of myself that I'm focused on and each time new revelation surfaces it leads on from the where the last one left of. It's almost like a whole world or universe unto itself going on inside me where my real world and life is, with my life on the outside being almost secondary, only something that stimulates and provides experiences to generate feelings and truth.

The main thing I want to point out, however, is how different the whole truth revelation experience is to anything to do with your mind. No doubt you have experienced the sensation when you suddenly grasp new mental or intellectual understanding, and you feel your mind suddenly expand and you feel *I get it, wow now I understand and isn't that amazing*; well, when the truth comes up in you it's similar to that but far deeper, far more sublime and profound. When your mind expands you can feel it being limited to your mind and its beliefs, when your consciousness expands due to truth revelation the whole of you feels affected. The whole of you feels more expansive and then you can apply it to your mind and feel your mind expand along with it. You feel like you've literally taken a step forward in your life.

From what I can understand, we are supposed to live from our feelings, which generate truth first, and then we can use our minds to further understand the truth, working it out so it fits with everything. Our minds are supposed to be used entirely to help us relate to what's going on around us, but all based on the truth we are living. And when they do that they don't interfere or control what feelings come up in us, we are free to allow experiences to effect us as they are meant to, generating the feelings needed for our soul to cognize the truth of understanding and knowing for us to then live. Our minds are designed to serve our hearts of truth not the other way around. Our hearts are meant to lead life from feelings with our minds augmenting and supporting them. But in our negative minds dominating and controlling state, this can't happen. At best you can expand your mind and believe that is spiritual growth, but it's not. Spiritual growth is growth with truth, not with belief. If you want to truly spiritually grow then you have start revealing truth, your truth to yourself, and you can only do that by honouring your feelings.

The spiritual and religious systems that say they are helping you to become more spiritual, at best can only provide you with some useful information and beliefs for your mind. Of course within all of this a smattering of truth can be gained, but in comparison to what you can experience when you become fully self-revealing, it's all but inconsequential. Over the thousands of years covering all the zillions of life experiences people have lived, we still have only a small handful of truth we can collectively live and understand. It's really pathetic that it's all we've got to show for all these years with so many people. It shows how retarded we are, all bound up and heavily limited by our negative minds.

If we didn't have such a severe limitation on us we would have far ascended where we are now. There is still a huge part of the population that doesn't even believe or KNOW there *is* life after death in spirit. When you grow in truth you know, because you feel, sense and perceive it. Time starts to be experienced through multiple dimensions as you perceive through truth.

An example of our lack of truth and simple understanding of how we are, can be seen by how many people say your soul is that part of you that moves into spirit when you die; it's your soul that leaves the physical and then lives in spirit, but this is untrue. Your soul doesn't go anywhere. Where it exists it has nowhere to go, for there is no need for it to go anywhere. You simply awaken fully conscious in your spirit form after you die. Your memories and awareness and consciousness moves, your soul stays where it will always stay: in its realm of existentialism, it never comes into the realm of experiential Creation. And as you grow in truth you can feel this, you can perceive it, you know it. You can feel your soul and you can feel your spirit body, just as you can feel your physical body. You know these parts of you are real and true because you are them; they are you, and the truth awakens in you to give you this knowing. And it is this sort of thing we should all know and discover within ourselves during our childhood, so by the time we attain adulthood we know who we are, what we are about, and what our purpose is. We should be able to feel and know that we are a spirit in flesh, and upon our death we will wake up in our spirit body, the very body we are living simultaneously in now whilst of flesh, only a body we mostly can't sense or perceive until we grow in truth. And we should not only be able to *feel* our spirit body now, but also our soul and its relationship to both our spirit and physical bodies. We should be very aware of the truth: that we are much more than just our physical body. And if we could be so aware, we'd also be aware of how much our unloving childhood affected us on these more subtle levels, which in turn would give us some sense of our denial and all that our childhood repression involves. However, I guess if we were living the truth of such things, we wouldn't have needed to suppress our bad feelings in the first place.

Living from only your mind is such a narrow form of existence, and it's so limited. Living with your heart and feelings, and truth, is eternally expansive. You can only expand your mind to a certain degree whilst denying your heart and feelings. It can only go so far and then no further. It can take you into your deluded state believing you are in touch with the Creator and at-one with All There Is, united with the Universal Mind, Source, Spirit, with God, or whatever you want to call It, but it's only nonsense and heavy delusion. *Bliss* and *enlightenment* as terms used by those in the East, represent mind expansion in one direction, and it's in the wrong direction, all because it doesn't take into account your ongoing feelings. It is not truth-revealing, it is only negative mind expanding. Truth revealing will keep you earthed, you don't enter into the twilight zone as if you're in a kind of constant meditative state, that's all a contrivance of your mind – it's a put-on show. Truth keeps you focused on the here and now, what's happening in your day, in your life, all the little things, it simply expands you on the inside. It keeps you fully focused on your feelings, and so constantly feeling-aware. And you don't have to put on a show; you only have to live it. And remarkably, as you grow in truth, so too does your mind expand, but in the correct way.

When you experience truth being revealed to you from within yourself; when you experience being self-revealing of truth, all resulting from honouring and being true to your feelings, then you will know the difference between growing in truth and the natural expansion of your mind. And when you start to experience this regularly, then you begin to wonder what you did find interesting about life before. It will change your whole outlook on yourself and most other things. It's a whole new and different way to live. Your true way of life.

## 19). Life truth; Spirit truth; Soul truth.

Life truth is that truth we come to know which directly relates to life. As you grow up you get to know the truth of what a tree is. For you it is that tall thing over there with those green dangling things and those flapping noisemakers in them. With your mind you learn it's called a tree, but with your heart the truth of what a tree is always evolving, its always growing depending on what experiences you have with it. If you have planted it in your garden and watch it grow over the years, seeing all the birds and insects coming to it's flowers, enjoying it's shade, getting pissed of when its roots block up the sewerage pipes, you'll have had a different experience to the tree chopper and logger who sees it in terms of money to be made, something to chop down and to somehow get to the mill. (I don't actually know if this is how a logger or tree feller relates to a tree, I've never been one, but I hope you get what I'm trying to say.) Everyone has difference experiences, different relationships, thereby growing in different truths, and then we can all get together and share our truth of trees. I might not want to be a tree-feller and logger, but I might want to chop a tree down that has become a threat to the house, and I might want to plant another one, so I can utilise the experience and knowledge – the truth – of a person who has experienced chopping trees down and planting new ones.

Life truth is what our life yields to us if we want it to. Spirit truth comes when we want to know about things to do with the spirit. To do with our spirit, our spirit body, life in spirit, other levels of reality, and so on. And whilst we are of flesh, we can also reveal spirit truth to ourselves, we're not just limited to physical truth. And when you do, you can then start to feel yourself growing on the different levels or planes or dimensions, simultaneously. And when you're in spirit after you die, you can grow in spirit truth together with life truth of spirit.

Soul truth we can also become aware of. Your soul perceptions can awaken under certain conditions (by longing for and partaking directly of God's Divine Love – the subject of yet other books of mine), and then you can begin to know the greater and greatest part of you. Your levels of reality deepen even further as you become aware of your soul, it's unfolding *Light-Print-Of-Destiny*, it's *light*, and how it is manifesting you in Creation; how your experiences are affecting it, and how it – you – are growing and evolving in truth.

With life truth you can understand the truth of your interaction with other people in your life. With spirit truth – with other spirits; and with soul truth – with God.

Truth I'm sure can be looked at in many ways. I find these categories interesting, as they help my mind understand the pictures truth is always presenting to it. I enjoy the mental pictures that from in my mind as a consequence of truth. Marion gets the pictures, understanding and knowing of truth, but has no real interest retaining them with her mind. She doesn't build mental concepts as I do, she prefers to remain free to just feel and express her feelings as they come, seeing the truth that results, and living it by living true to her feelings.

## 20). Growing in truth – where is it going to take you?

When I first started out on my spiritual quest I had no idea where I wanted to go nor what I wanted to achieve. Many things I read in books appealed. I would like to have been able to live in bliss being looked after without a care in the world; I would like to have been able to walk around the hillsides healing the sick and poor. But mostly I wanted to heal myself. I didn't realise how sick and poor I felt back then, as I was still out of touch with my childhood repressed feelings. But I thought I wanted to somehow *rise up* out of my life, somehow get beyond the petty day-to-day worries, and become involved in *far greater* things. I didn't know what these far greater things were, but I now know I really wanted to escape my pain, my physical life, and go and live in paradise in spirit, a life I believed that would be free of bad feelings; a life full of light, the bright white all-loving, all-encompassing light, and be with all those loving spirits that seem to be at the end of the tunnel of light holding out their welcoming hands. I wanted to be ensconced in that sort of all-embracing love – loved out. But it was all fantasy based on wanting to escape my boring tedious reality of bad feeling denial.

When I started to learn about spiritual things, and especially when I started to speak to my spirit friends, then I really thought some new opportunity would open up. I could at least access higher understanding about life. They could tell me what life was really meant to be all about, they were spirits, and weren't all spirits wise compared to us dodo's on Earth; and then perhaps I could tell others. I could see myself as the great world teacher spouting forth all the new revelations and information that they had passed onto me.

However, once I started to understand about my bad feeling denial everything started to change and take on new meaning. I began to realise that nothing was going to happen before I healed myself of my feeling denial and repressed childhood stuff. Before I healed myself of my fantasies. And then I started to understand that in fact this healing of it was all very important. It wasn't just a matter of applying myself for a few years, get it over and done with, and then get on with my great new life; no, the actual dynamics and moment to moment experience of healing it was what my life was all about NOW – it *was* my new life. I had been conceived and born into a negative self-denying state. I had lived it for thirty-five years not having any idea about what I was doing. Thinking I was in control but not being so. Now I had the way to heal my pain and problems, all of which I were only just starting to understand I had. So this was what my life was really all about: an investigation and an experience of living without love, a full experience of denial – no love and no truth. And I think that it's what all of our lives are about. We are to understand the truth of our denial whilst on Earth or in spirit. Before we can then move onto understanding what living with true and pure love and a positive mind and will feels like.

The big picture of growing in truth that I understand from my spirit friends and a couple of books, is to embrace our ascension of truth, and to ascend up or in through all the various spirit worlds and spheres to Paradise, the home of God and the very centre of Creation. We are meant to begin that ascension here in flesh, and had we had positive minds we'd possibly be well on our way, only we've been side-tracked and deluded into believing life is about making money and being a *success* – or just surviving one day at a time, whilst pretending that we love life as we do, all to deny our bad feelings.

If all that I've been speaking about still interests you and you're considering giving your feeling-healing a go, I want you to understand that it is not going to be a gentle stroll in the park. It's bloody hard work, and at each bad feeling step you are going to be confronted with a lot of truth about bad feelings. It will paint a negative picture about your life but will explain why you are suffering, why you are in pain, and why bad things happen to you. Truth itself doesn't hurt, quite the opposite, however the repressed bad feelings that will surface for you to see the truth of,

will.

To know the truth can in itself be scary, it can produce many bad feelings. And because we don't have a natural loving relationship with truth, our unconscious reaction to it is that it's going to do bad things to us, like our parents did, it's going to deprive us of what we've got. But it's not. It's going to show you what is true in your life and what is false. What parts of you are true and what are false. It's not nice seeing all the false parts, it is very painful and humiliating to see them, but eventually they do give way and leave you, leaving the truth and good feelings.

I guess from my experiences the most difficult part has been facing the truth of what I believed love was. As I said, what I believed love to be turned out to be something else and not love. It wasn't really that hard for me to give up my family relationships because I was so estranged from my feelings about them, and from about myself, that they really didn't count for much. They sort of never really felt right anyway. Nothing really felt right. But for other people I have met, they firmly believe their relationships with their parents and family do consist of love, and maybe they do, but for them to have to confront the truth and to come to terms with the fact that that love might not be real love, could, I image, be very difficult, and I expect will put a lot of people off looking for the truth of their bad feelings.

Marion's and my feeling-healing has been, so far, ten years of very hard slog. (Now thirteen years and still very hard slog, as I re-read this before making it available on the Internet. And now nearly seventeen years as I re-read it again, and we're still slogging away, still uncovering every day more truth and understanding about how it was for us all those years ago, and all being done as we continue to express and seek the truth of our bad feelings.) I couldn't begin to tell you how many bad feelings have surfaced within us throughout these years. Every day we've been flooded with them, sometimes stretching us to the maximum, but somehow we've manage to hang in there and keep going. I don't know what would happen if it all got too overwhelming, but that's another amazing part about the healing: it pushes you to your limits, but doesn't totally crunch you. And it won't because we want to see the truth, so the whole exercise is one of helping us to see the whole truth of ourselves, that is, all we've experience this far in life beginning with conception. The doing of our healing is not about destroying ourselves becoming winners or losers, it's about our soul wanting us to see the whole truth, and our uniting and agreeing with our soul, that we, in our waking conscious state, want to see it also. And everything Marion and I have done in life during these past healing-years has been to help us find this truth. So many things have helped bad feelings to come up, and at the same time many other things have helped us see we are being helped and guided along each step of the way.

One of the things we did early in our relationship was get a cat. We were living in an apartment and liked the idea of an indoor cat. Naively we believed these cats were so finely bred they'd only want to stay indoors, and be happy to live that way, so we bought one… and then another to give it company. The other was sick and it was a very difficult situation Marion and I found ourselves in, being broken down through our feelings having to deal with a beautiful sick kitten. We had to give him away to people who could help him; it was traumatic reducing me to tears. I'd shut off all of those feelings the experience connected me with, this gorgeous chocolate Oriental helping me to unblock them.

As for the little grey cat Potsy whom we kept, she has provided us with endless bad feelings. Also many good ones, but she has pushed all our buttons and forced us to break so many of our patterns. She even forced us to let her outside which presented other problems, as she wasn't able to fend for herself amongst other cats, she also being sick when we got her, but without our knowing about it. We did well with our choice of kittens from well recommended breeders: two sick little ones! But then again, Marion and I wanted to do our healing; we wanted our barriers of resistance to our repression smashed, so of course we got two sick kittens to help us feel bad. Nature is perfect in Her help and service to us.

Pots (she has many variations of her name, and many other names) has taught us so much about ourselves – an incredible amount; we feel like we've got something of a perpetual three year old who can't speak and always wants us to do things with and for her, living with us. Personally, from the experiences with her, I will never have another pet. I don't want the responsibility, at least not at the moment, and to have to deal with all the pain, misery, anger and despair that has come up out of my soul over these years whilst having to deal with her, has certainly pushed me well beyond breaking point many times. But I've needed to break down the iron grip my mind and its negative patterns has had over me. And her intensity and incessant demand for my attention, together with her Oriental–Siamese 'crying' voice that just tears at my heart... I have been broken. God provided us with this stunningly beautiful feline creature, who is an absolute joy and such a fucking pest, all so we could have constant pressure applied to us to help bring up good and bad feelings, and get used to expressing them.

I can't say that these past ten years have been enjoyable, and yet looking back I'm extremely thankful for them. I could still be wondering what life is all about, marching off trying to manifest yet another fantasy, always worrying that death by the cancer that killed both my grandfather and father awaits me. But now I don't care about the cancer, if it is to come, then it will be providing me with yet more bad feelings to accept, express and find the truth of. And best of all, I know what my life is about.

The whole way I view life has altered so much at times I do find it hard to think about fitting into life 'out there'. At home in my bad feelings I can feel bad, powerless, pathetic and miserable, but thinking about being like that in the world is difficult. Thankfully, so far, I haven't had to go back out into it much. Remarkably I've been able to stay free from such things mostly able to stay at home and work consistently on myself with Marion. And I've needed to be at home with her in the closeness with its intensity for her to help me. Had I had to go to work all day I wouldn't have been able to give all my time and focus to my bad feeling-healing. But this is my life; it's what I'm meant to be doing right now, not being out there doing a regular job. And as far as I'm concerned, doing my feeling-healing is my priority, and as long as the government allows me to get on with it, even if by default, I will.

When I look back there have been some really hard parts, years of what now only remind me of darkness. I feel like I've been through a dark tunnel and I have found or am finding, the light. This isn't to be one of those books: *you must do this thing, it's wonderful, and it's so easy, and you'll feel great, just follow these ten simple steps…* In fact I'd rather go the other way and say: *don't bother, it will be sheer agony, the hardest thing you'll ever do.* But it will also be the most rewarding. I can assure you that. What could be better, even if it is hard to do, than to give yourself back to yourself – to find your true self.

When I stop to look objectively at peoples lives seeing them all as manifestations of their negative mind, of wrongness; and when I see people suffering, and children screaming, fighting against their parents, then I do hope others will want to tackle their bad feeling-healing because I know it's the only avenue untried. It's a new option for the way out of our pain.

Today when Marion and I visited the library they were having a young children's group – one of those: lets-all-sit-together-mums-and-children-and-sing-along-and-listen-to-the-story. One little girl who was about two and a half to three years old started to cry. Her mother told her to stop, but she wouldn't. Her mother then picked her up very quickly and started to leave the group saying to her little girl, 'If you don't stop crying we'll leave.' The little girl didn't stop and the mother headed for the exit. It's a long way from the children's group area to the exit and the further the mother walked the more hysterical the child got holding out her arm wanting to go back to the group, but her mother just kept saying, 'if you stop crying we'll go back, if you stop crying we'll go back, if you stop crying we'll go back, if you stop crying we'll go back, if you stop crying we'll go back…' I don't know how many times she said it to her child and all the while she

was wiping her hand over the little girls face and mouth trying to get her to shut up. And this we accept as normal, the rigours of being a parent. And the little girl and mother will say they love each other. And this *episode*, as my mother and grandmother used to call them, will be forgotten when things settle down again. And the little girl will learn – a part from the fact that her mothers a moron who can't say anything other than those same words – not to cry. Her mother unconsciously sees herself in her little girl, crying when she was little with her mother telling her to stop crying. The little girls mother was probably repeating the mantra over and over just as her mother did, and so back for how many generations?

The mother is as traumatised as much as the little girl. The mother is feeling unloved and rejected, she is not getting what she wants just as her daughter isn't, which started her crying. They are both the same, locked into this horrible situation with no one to help them. The parent – the adult – believing she is the controller and the one to deal with the situation does what she believes is right, but it's only unconscious learned behaviour from her childhood taking over. If she were to hear herself objectively and see what she was doing to her own daughter trying to get to stop crying, she'd be mortified. If she could see, through all the bad feelings she and her daughter are feeling, she would stop. She'd wake up realising she couldn't go on like that. But she can't because she's disconnected, shutoff and denying all her feelings. She's blind to both their suffering. She is in very bad way, and I feel sorry for that mother because she is still herself three years old being carried off for crying, by her unloving, unfeeling and uncaring mother. And I feel sorry for my mother as my anger, hatred and blame is healed, as I know she is in a very bad way still feeling unloved, rejected and unwanted by her mother. And I feel sorry for my grandmother as she too is in a very bad way, feeling unloved, rejected and unwanted by her mother.

And when that little girl grows up she too will be carrying off her little girl or boy saying, 'if you stop crying we'll go back', and on and on and on and on and on it goes, no one ever understanding what's really going on – what the truth is. And yet this mother outwardly looked like all the mothers in the group. And had her show of being competent not been put to the test by her daughter, no one would suspect in what a bad state she is feeling deep down inside herself.

To be the child having all that is going on within its parents impacting upon it, being subjected to all sorts of irrational behaviour, to be just suddenly carried off because you start to cry and being told to stop because you are disturbing other people, that they matter more to your mother than you do, is too much. What is a little person like that supposed to make of life? Will it grow up enjoying life? It is going to have to do a lot of hard work pretending life is fun and good, no doubt just as does her mother. Will it see that everything in life is for it and it can freely express all its feelings? No it won't. It's already way to late; it was too late at conception, now it's just bringing into reality for that child the whole package it received from it's parents back then. And it will struggle on learning it must deny its bad feelings, and it will burying them away, and grow up keeping them suppressed, and maybe one day when it's an adult and wondering why it doesn't feel so good it might come across something that helps it to see that it's living denying a big part of itself.

When you become more understanding of all the damage we are doing to our children in such seemingly mundane every day experiences such as that in the library; when you connect through your own bad feelings, then you can start to *see* the truth of what's really going on in such situations. The child is showing us loud and clear. The child is very upset, it's in pain, not perhaps physical pain, but emotional and spiritual. It's suffering greatly, and all her mother wants to do is shut her up and NOT attend to her pain and suffering, not try and find out what's the matter, what's going on within her daughter – what the truth is. And all the while causing her daughter even more pain and distress. And if she wanted to know, she'd be able to find out by uncovering the truth all through her own feelings, she wouldn't have to remain ignorant and trapped in this mad situation desperately trying to rid herself of her crying child.

So where is the love? Where is the gentle loving, kind and caring considerate mother? Where is the nice loving mother, the one that isn't the torturer? It's the mother causing the child to become

upset. The child is being restrained against its own will. The mother believes she has to discipline and make her daughter obey societies rules and the rules she was made to live by, but the child wants to be a free soul-personality emerging into life under her own steam doing what she wants, and being able to express herself as she wants to. But she can't. Her mother is incapable of allowing her to. Her own mother won't let her! She can't go running around the group while everyone is meant to sit there quietly singing and reading the book. She can't get up and go and visit and play with that other children because all the children have to *be good* and that means they are not to disrupt the group. She can't be a freely expressive 2-3 year old. She has to be trained to be an obedient well behaved *young lady*, and not someone who is an embarrassment for her mother. The mother is applying her pressure, society is applying another pressure, it's all negative and controlling, and we've all been made to accept it. We're all forced against our wills to accept it, and it ruins us. That mother is a ruined child and now she's ruining her own child. That mother is like me, a fucked adult that is full of masses of unexpressed repressed feelings. She believes she is capable, she can have children, I didn't get that far, but we're still both fucked. So what hope has the next generation got? – about as much hope as we got. And is that mother really and truly happy with her life? Is she enjoying the thrill and wonder of growing freely in truth every day, in every moment thoroughly enjoying being with her daughter? No, I don't think so, because were she, she'd be treating her child differently, all because she'd be treating herself differently. And all because she was treated differently when she was growing up. They probably wouldn't be at the library in the first place.

The whole experience between the mother and child lasted only a few minutes, as soon as they were out the exit and the group was out of sight, the little girls attention was focused elsewhere and she stopped crying. It had nothing to do with what her mother had been saying to her as far as I could see. And as to how much damage that unfeeling and insensitive experience caused for the little girl, I don't know, but whatever it did, it has been added to other such treatment, and that is added to other negative treatment. How many of these seemingly small incidences happen each day at home and out in public. It all compounds and builds up with the negative mind and will patterns being formed for that little girl right there and then in that moment. Those precious few minutes when her soul – when she – wanted to be loved and cared about by her mother, have become the very opposite for her. She doesn't feel loved or wanted, she feels rejected, unloved and unwanted by her own mother. Her survival is being threatened as she feels unloved and she is protesting. Her will is not being allowed to be as she wants it to be, her will is being turned against her. It's all very serious, and it will become the pattern for the rest of her adult life.

All of this is what you face in doing your feeling-healing. The bringing back to life all such bad feelings. You might not remember exactly all the experiences and situations that made you feel bad, it's unlikely this little girl will remember that it was at the Beaumaris library children's group on Monday morning the eleventh of September 2006 that she felt this way, but she will still feel the bad feelings and be able to see the whole truth of them when she comes to do her bad feeling-healing.

Every day that I progress in my healing I come to understand and accept a little more that it is all very real and very serious. I grew up in a family that tried to make it all not serious, to joke and laugh off the bad feelings. It is a real process I'm going through. I was treated badly by my parents and I feel as bad as I do because of it. It's very difficult and strange when you don't have any clear memories of how you were with your parents when you were small. My first memories of actually being with and communicating to my parents don't start until I'm about seven. Before then I can vaguely remember a couple of things that happened to me and few things I did, but really very little. There is just a big gap from conception until I sort of *came awake* when I was about seven. So what really did go on during all those forgotten years, and how did I really feel? And as I've said, it's taking me all these years of so many bad feeling memory experiences to well and truly accept that all I've been telling you is real and true based on what I've experienced.

When I speak about what is happening to this mother and her child at the library, of course I don't know if what I am saying is true – how can I? However, I am taking the liberty of putting myself in the little girls place, and her mother is my mother, because through my healing I have seen that I was treated in a very similar way and for all the reasons I attributed to this mother. When the little girl was crying, it was me – I felt like I was crying, with her mother being just how my mother treated me.

**So a question for you:** Do you want to do your bad feeling-healing? You don't have to make your final decision… yet.

## 21). How do you parent properly – lovingly; and live the truth?

I can't tell you how you do. I can tell you what I understand as the theory, but no one will be able to write the definitive: *How to parent lovingly* book, not at least until they themselves have fully healed all their childhood repression; healed all of their negative mind and will, and then parent. And even then they will only be able to share their own experiences – there never will be such a definitive book. That's not how it's meant to be.

However, the theory is much easier to understand. All that happens, and all that can happen, is you live your truth – you can't do anything else. Whilst you're of none or very little truth, you are living that level of truth. As you grow in truth, you will live and express and be that truth. All your relationships: how you relate to yourself, other people, nature and God will reflect the truth level you are currently on. And so how you parent your children will be a manifestation of that level of truth.

So to be the perfect parent you'll have to first perfect yourself: heal everything within you that is wrong. And by the time you've managed to that, you will have grown far in truth and be able to parent your child and conduct all your relationships (for that is all parenting is – a relationship with your child) according to that level of truth. And your child will become of this level of truth; it too will grow up perfect. And it will be good day when humanity sees its first child parented perfectly with no denial and only with love.

Oh, and by the way, if you're worried that by the time you finish your healing you'll be to old to be a parent; if you feel you have to be perfect and heal yourself beforehand, not to worry, as my spirit friends tell me it's possible to adopt spirit children, so you can still have the chance and joy of being a parent developing a relationship with a newly emerging soul after you die.

You can of course have children whilst doing your bad feeling-healing and growing in truth. As you grow and heal you'll limit what negativity you pass onto your child and will help it to learn how to accept, express and uncover the truth of all it's feelings – that being the best thing you could do for it. You will also find that as you heal your own negative patterns by finding the truth of them, your child, if still young enough, may change its patterns as reflected in its behaviour to match yours. And no time is too late. Children are wonderful at adapting, it's what we do: we absorb our parents, and so if they are changing and growing in truth then so can we. Once we are sexually mature we're on our own. But a young adult can still look to its parents for guidance, and if its parents change and grow in truth they can still have a huge and profound effect on their children.

There are many realities to live that we are ignorant about. Really we have no understanding about what life on Earth should and could be. We can't go by our current and past examples and experiences, all what's now and what's gone before has been wrong, all bound up and only an expression of the negative. Even looking back to the lost world of Atlantis and fantasising about how *advanced* their culture was isn't much use because they too were all living in the negative.

We sure do have an unknown future to look forward to. On the one hand there does appear to be much doom and gloom as the negative continues its impersonal march forward, but potentially as people start to accept their bad feelings and begin to realise that bad feelings are good, and that it's the truth that really matters, and want to find it, perhaps they will see there is also... some light at the end of the tunnel.

# Part IV
# How to heal the causes of your bad feelings.

The aim of doing our feeling-healing is to become true and perfect, and to feel happy, loved and be loving.

But to get there, what we have to achieve in the doing of our healing, requires full acceptance of our negative mind and will state. We have to *become* our negative state, even though we already are it, but by being fully conscious and aware and so accepting of it through our feelings. We become it by allowing it to be; by allowing all our feelings about it to be; by allowing ourselves to be it. We stop trying not to be it. When you submit to the healing process, when you start to accept your bad feelings longing for the truth of them, your life will put you back into being the state you truly are, the state inflicted upon you by your parents, and the state you've been trying to avoid ever since.

It's difficult to convey, but in your adult life now, as you do your feeling-healing, gradually you allow yourself to accept all the bad, wrong, imperfectness that you are. In a way you will be allowing yourself to be as you were as a child, but now as an adult. It's not a nice experience, and requires a lot of submitting, letting go, and allowing yourself to be broken down, but it's all for a good reason: to help you to know, by feeling exactly how your parents made you feel, exactly how your negative state is – exactly how you really are when you've stripped away all that you're doing to cover it up and pretend you're not so bad. At times for example, you literally feel like you're three years old, as if you've sort of regressed, feeling everything you were subjected to back then, and all so you can feel and see the whole truth. It's demoralising, incapacitating and humiliating being *three* again, but necessary so you really get the feel of what it was like for you back then.

As you feel or re-connect with yourself back then, re-connecting with the feelings now as an adult, you are able to understand the feelings, so work out what happened to you and why. Your mind wasn't capable of working this out back then – how you felt and why, but now as you re-experience your past through feelings, you know that what you are feeling now is the same feeling you felt back then, so you understand. And along the way, so too will you uncover the negative beliefs and behaviours you were subjected to back then, the ones that have been controlling you ever since.

And the more you surrender allowing yourself to become your negative state expressed as bad feelings, strangely, the better you will feel. Overall you'll feel better about yourself knowing you're doing the right thing. With every bit of truth you reveal to yourself about how fucked you are, the better you will feel about yourself. It's a bit of contradiction or paradox because the worse you feel the better you feel. I feel so much better about myself and my life than I did ten years ago, so much so, I couldn't begin to tell you all the good things, all the things I now like about myself, and all the good feelings this gives me; and yet I feel so much worse, because I am daily submitting to the deeper feelings that are surfacing in me. I'm not trying to dismiss them, I'm using them to help me to understand and see more about how I really am in my negative state. So when I feel these bad feelings, god I feel awful, but still overall I feel so much better knowing I'm getting rid of more of my repressed bad feelings.

Marion's and my life has become the adult form of our childhood. Now our life is daily becoming truer to how our lives were for us back when we were young. It's not that we have our parents in our lives doing the bad things to us, but we have all the feelings coming up that resulted from the bad things, all of which we've suppressed and have kept repressed. So as they come up our life reflects how we felt back then. Marion has pressures (and also lots of good feelings) from a family of magpies she feeds that are symbolically her family and parents and her situation at home, with them helping her to feel bad and bring up her repressed feelings. And as

she expresses her bad feelings to do with the magpies, these lead her to seeing the truth of what her parents did to her, how they treated her, their negative relationship. I have the government and it's helpers pressuring me, it being symbolic of my parents. The things I feel – all the bad feelings – as I go to my unemployment benefit appointments are exactly all the bad feelings I felt with my parents. So neither Marion nor I need go back and re-live actually being with our parents again as little children, it of course being impossible anyway, but our soul and God provide situations: her magpies, my government conditions, to symbolically represent our parents, making us feel now in our adult lives exactly as we felt back then in our child lives. And each little part of the whole slowly gets revealed to us. With every experience of feeling bad Marion has with the birds, she sees and feels more truly how it was for her at home when she was young. And you really do get to feel it. It's incredible how you re-experience being the child again all so you can see and feel all you saw and felt; all so you can find out what really went on; what happened to you; what your parents did to you; how bad they made you feel and why; and how you dealt with those bad feelings – how you suppressed them and how you've kept repressing them ever since.

Through our adult life we can uncover the truth of our child life – it's amazing – the fact that we can do this. It's absolutely extraordinary that we can go back and be as a child again to learn about what happened to us to make us the adult we are. And all through feelings. We don't just live our childhood without remembering much about them, or forget them, and then move on to our *real* life as an adult. Our forming years are very, very, very – extremely – important. We are the adult we are, because of them, and even if we were the perfect adult, we'd still have to find out what happened to us during our childhood to make us as perfect as we are as adults. We need to see the WHOLE truth of ourselves, which includes the truth of our early childhood – it's vitally important. And God has designed our soul so we can. And if it wasn't such a horrendous experience because we're doing it from the negative – having to reawaken and relive all our buried bad feelings experiencing the full pain of not feeling loved and not being loving, it would be a marvellous adventure. It would be wonderful to understand how our parents loved us; how they lovingly treated us; how we absorbed them becoming like them. And how wonderful God is for providing us with such a loving beginning – with parents who loved us; and how great it is feeling so loved, but alas, that's not for us. Yet still the whole healing business is incredible, and perhaps even more so doing it all form the negative. Perhaps something, when it's well and truly over, and something of a distant memory, we might savour?

It absolutely remarkable how things will come and happen in your life to put pressure on you to help you express how you feel so you can see the truth of what went on when you were young.

We have to become our negative state, we are already it but denying it, so really we have to stop denying it and allow ourselves to fully feel and be it – the full acceptance of it. It's the opposite of fighting it off. And when we become it, accepting and understanding the truth of it, then it can go, then we are healed of it. But first I stress, we have to become it all, and in a sense, relive it. And once we are completely it, completely able to feel it and know all that went on, the truth is seen and then it will go, and our new positive life will begin. Well... that's the theory anyway.

**THE HEALING OF YOUR BAD FEELINGS THROUGH THEIR ACCEPTANCE AND FINDING THE TRUTH OF THEM, IS THE ACCEPTANCE OF YOUR NEGATIVE, REBELLIOUS, EVIL, IMPERFECT MIND AND WILL CONDITION.**

**To do our feeling-healing we need to become:**

Aware of – Acknowledge – and Admit, our bad feelings.
So we can:

Accept – them and allow ourselves to Be them.
And then if we feel to, take:
Action – Express, speak and emote them.
Talk about them.

All being done whilst longing to, really wanting to, see the TRUTH of our feelings.

**So it sounds simple.**
**So I repeat:**
**we accept our bad feelings by expressing – speaking about them to someone willing to listen to us and take us seriously. And as we speak we long for the truth of them – why we are feeling them – to be made known to us. And when we uncover and see the truth we are FREE! – healed of the causes that have made us feel bad.**

**Accept, Express – see the Truth, and you're Free!**

## 22). Awareness. Becoming aware of how you feel.

(*Before I begin, remember this is all based on what I have experienced, helped my Marion's understanding, and by observing her experiences.*)

How we begin the healing process is first by becoming aware of our feelings, by acknowledging that we do feel bad – that we do have bad feelings. By owning up and admitting to ourselves that: Yes we do feel bad. And that we are trying to not feel bad, we are doing things to deny and stop ourselves from feeling these bad feelings. We have to fully honour and respect all our feelings.

IT'S OKAY TO FEEL BAD. IT'S EVEN GOOD TO FEEL BAD. IT'S RIGHT THAT YOU SHOULD FEEL BAD, AND, AS BAD AS YOU DO.

Even if it's something that you think or believe you shouldn't feel bad about, but you do, then that is right. IT'S RIGHT FOR YOU! You don't know the deeper underlying reasons why you feel bad. You might be aware of the current surface reasons and that's okay, but still you just need to accept you DO feel bad, and that is that! Simply become aware, acknowledge, honour and admit it to yourself (and if you can, also to a friend who wants to know) that you feel the way you do. AND IF YOU CATCH YOURSELF SAYING: BUT I SHOULDN'T FEEL THIS WAY, IT'S WRONG, STOP! Allow yourself this self-criticism, it's okay, it's part of your negative pattern, but don't let it stop you feeling bad. You don't have to do anything about changing it, simply become aware at this stage that it's something you do and say. ALL THAT YOU ARE IS OKAY, IT'S NOT BAD – YOU'RE NOT BAD; IT'S GOOD – YOU'RE GOOD. Even your negative state is okay and good. You can't do anything about it – so just accept it. ACCEPT YOU AS YOU ARE. By allowing yourself to feel as bad as you are; to admit and acknowledge these feeling will help you become more self-aware.

A great part of our problems is we've been forced and trained NOT to focus on ourselves, to NOT be self-aware; and self-aware only means, aware of what we're feeling in any given moment. We should always know how we're feeling. We should always be aware of what we are feeling – of our feelings. At any moment you should be able to say to yourself or another person exactly how you're feeling. It should be just a part of your conscious state, the same as what you are thinking. Most of us a much more aware of what's going on in our minds, but what about what's going on in your feelings.

All that you are shutting off and blocking out about your feelings – about yourself – you need to WANT to become aware of. YOU MUST REALLY WANT TO BECOME AWARE OF ALL OF YOURSELF. Why I emphasis this is so you put your entire will behind it. It's not just making up your mind deciding it is something you want. It's a deep longing of desire to have, to articulate and connect with, a powerful longing that will drive you to action to start acknowledging, accepting and wanting to become aware of all you are feeling all the time. You have to really want to, decide that it's a must for you in your life. It's something you NEED to do for YOURSELF. If you don't commit yourself strongly to wanting to become self-aware, feeling-aware, and aware of all your feelings, then it won't happen. And once you've decided it's what you want, you KEEP WANTING IT right the way though your healing – forever. By the time you've finished your healing it will be simply how you are, a part of you you'll naturally do unconsciously, just as if you started doing it during your childhood and were not stopped from doing it, it becoming a part of just what you do and how you are.

By owning up, admitting and thoroughly acknowledging you feel bad or have a bad feeling, is you standing up and coming out. It's saying: I'M IMPORTANT AND I WANT TO ACKNOWLEDGE AND ADMIT TO HOW I AM. You want to tell the whole world – your parents, as they were your whole world; and tell someone who cares about you and wants to

listen; you want to tell yourself caring for yourself by listening to yourself. You want to hear the words of your feelings coming out your mouth. And even if you have to admit that you are the foulest, evilest, vilest, rottenest, goddamsonofabitchest, hateful, despicable, the biggest show-off, the worst liar, the most false superficial person, no one is going to even like or want or love me, person, that's OK. It's okay to admit to exactly how you feel. It's very important to! Even if you do feel this yuk way about yourself, or are scared that you might, remember, it is not the true you – IT IS NOT YOU. YOU ARE TRUE AND PURE AND GOOD; AND PERFECT AND BEAUTIFUL; AND NICE AND WONDERFUL AND AMAZING; AND THE MOST MAGNIFICENT PERSON, AND EVERYONE DOES WANT TO KNOW YOU. It is only that you've got all this crap covering this truth up about you. You've had piles of rubbish, and stinking dark foul slime and yuk, and dirt and shit dumped on you by your parents. They had no right to do it, but they couldn't help it. IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT!

However, you still have to admit to feeling this bad way about yourself if it is what you feel. You can't brush it aside. It's like clothing you've been made to ware, and even though it stinks, is ugly, and it makes you feel putrid and demented, you still have to own up to wearing it, acknowledge it, and admit it. YES, I AM ONE FOUL, EVIL, STINK OF A PERSON, BECAUSE THAT IS HOW I FEEL ABOUT MYSELF. IF I AM HONEST WITH MYSELF, THEN I HAVE TO ADMIT I FEEL THESE BAD THINGS ABOUT MYSELF. And it doesn't matter what the world or anyone else thinks, they can go and get STUFFED! This is between You and YOU. You have a huge problem about accepting yourself, and this is what you're going to try and fix. But first you have to admit to the problem.

If you are pushed into a pile of shit and you stink, you can't simply walk around pretending it didn't happen and you don't stink. People are going to act strangely around you and you're going to wonder why you can't get your relationships happening properly. So, you first have to acknowledge that you stink, that you are covered in shit. And it's OK; IT DOESN'T MEAN YOU ARE SHIT. The shit and stink are not you! The shit stinks but you don't. But the shits on you, put there by your parents, and now kept there by you. You're pretending that you don't stink, and that you're not the shit, and it really didn't happen to you. And this pretence has to stop, and it can only stop by admitting and acknowledging the truth of what's really going on, what you really are now. And now you're full of shit, full of pretending that you're not feeling as bad as you do. And you have to wake up to this. See yourself denying your bad feelings, see that you are full of shit. YOU HAVE TO WANT TO SEE THAT YOU ARE. Because if you don't want to see the truth, you never will.

It's not that difficult to admit that you feel bad. As you'll discover you'll be feeling bad a hell of a lot of the time and this too is OK. You're not a bad person for feeling bad and spoiling the lets-pretend-everything's-alright-game. If other people get upset too bad, you're more important than them – THIS IS ALL ABOUT YOU, HELPING YOU, NOT THEM. It's selfish, and YES IT IS, AND IT'S MEANT TO BE. It's good to be selfish by attending to your own feelings, that's why you've got feelings.

So remember, it's right that you feel bad. You've got all reason to feel bad, as you will find out. ACKNOWLEDGE, ADMIT AND BECOME AWARE OF YOUR BAD FEELINGS. Truly honour yourself.

## 23). Acceptance. Allow yourself to BE your bad feelings.

By acknowledging and admitting you feel bad you are of course honouring and accepting your bad feelings. By doing all the above you are at the same time accepting this part of yourself that you are denying. BY ACCEPTING YOUR BAD FEELINGS YOU ARE ACCEPTING YOURSELF. BY ACCEPTING YOURSELF YOU ARE LOVING YOURSELF. ACCEPT YOUR BAD FEELINGS. IT'S OKAY TO FEEL BAD.

ALLOW yourself to accept that you feel bad. ALLOW yourself to feel how bad you do feel. Don't try to prevent yourself from feeling bad no matter how bad you feel. This is the difficult part particularly as you'll have lots of barriers preventing you from feeling bad. By allowing yourself to feel bad you're stepping out to go against everything you've been told, against all your programming. You're taking the inner struggle up to yourself and it's going to be tough, because your minds patterns will try and prevent you from accepting you feel bad all the time. It's like you're going into training for some long term sporting event; you're going to keep reminding yourself that you are blocking your bad feelings. It's okay to have the barriers, they are a part of you too, even though you might not want them, but admit you have them, accept them, and then keep looking to accept your bad feelings.

Allowing yourself to feel bad is a huge thing. It's taking the step of BEING them. Just letting them be. They are you and they deserve and have the right to exist, just as you do. It is vital that you allow them to be, to exist, to make you feel bad. It's very important to allow yourself to feel bad. As much as you might hate feeling bad, you have to allow yourself to. It's all a part of accepting them.

Always keep accepting your bad feelings. No matter what happens keep accepting them! When everything seems like it's the end and you have nothing more, your life may as well be over, accept these bad feelings. ACCEPT, ACCEPT, ACCEPT – ALWAYS ACCEPT. And you accept them until they are gone, until they're simply no longer there to accept, until they've been fully accepted!

When you feel any pain, any bad feelings, accept them. Tell yourself that you feel the pain or bad feeling. It's a real thing – fully accept it. Don't complacently accept your bad feelings, or if bad things happen to you, don't say things like: it's God's will so it must be right for what I need in my life so I'll keep going trying to make of best of it. This is a denial of them, this is not accepting them, this is a cop out; by accepting them you ACCEPT them. You allow yourself to FEEL them and TO FEEL THEM AS FULLY AS YOU CAN! SO YOU'RE GOING TO FEEL VERY BAD. You try not to do anything to lessen them, to stop them, or to reject and dismiss them. Just allow them to be, as they want to be. This is you allowing yourself to be the little feeling-child – the child of MANY feelings – you wanted to be but weren't allowed to be. You are now as an adult, the good and loving parent to yourself, and by accepting this part of unwanted you: your bad feelings, you can accept yourself as the child that you still are; the child that is still feeling bad and wanting to have its feelings, all of them, good and bad, accepted, wanted, and welcomed by its parents. You can be the good loving parent to yourself – you the little feeling-bad-person – that you always wanted.

By accepting your bad feelings you are starting to stand up to the negative patterns within you, the patterns of non-acceptance; you're starting to reverse the tide. And this is going to cause you to feel worse feelings as things start to protest within you, but this is what is meant to happen and you know what to do: accept these new bad feelings. At times you'll feel like you're being swamped by bad feelings, but keep accepting them. Keep accepting them if they are there. Don't try to fight against them – ACCEPT THEM. Remember: *Your bad feelings are you and they are therefore GOOD!* They are a part of you that wants to help you understand something about yourself, THEY ARE ON YOUR SIDE EVEN THOUGH THEY'RE MAKING YOU FEEL

SO BAD. You don't have to like or even love feeling bad, but you can accept the truth that you do feel bad, and as bad as your feelings want to make you feel. YOU ARE WILLINGLY SUBMITTING TO THEM BY ACCEPTING THEM. This is you giving in, giving up the struggle – failing.

It's very important to allow your bad feelings to be, to exist; letting yourself feel all the pain, misery, angry, frustration or whatever it is. And if have no one you can speak to about how you're feeling, you can still at least just allow yourself to feel them. The more you can allow yourself to feel and accept them, whilst longing for the truth of them, the more you are loving yourself; loving that part of you that has always been denied love. And if you do have someone willing to listen to all how bad you feel – tell them. Tell them all you feel so they can understand. And as you are telling them, so you are telling yourself – so you can understand.

I know that it's very hard to keep allowing yourself to feel bad, but do the best you can. You'll get better at it as you start to understand about your bad feelings. In a way you're starting to have a relationship with them, with this previously denied part of you, and like any new relationship, you'll have to get to know this aspect of yourself – and it takes time. And the more you do and don't resist, the more you'll allow yourself to accept them.

Accept them and long for the truth of them. Really want to know the truth of them. And if you want to include God in your life, or you already do, and want to include Him in your feeling-healing, then long with all your heart and soul asking Him to help you see the truth of why your feeling bad, the truth that He (or They, if you also accept God as your Heavenly Mother, or as a She) wants you to see.

When you do see the truth, then the feelings will abate and eventually go. Don't worry if you don't immediately see the truth when you long, it can take time, even days or weeks of feeling bad before you start to understand why, just keep longing and wanting to know the truth of them while you're accepting them. The two parts are equally as important: the acceptance and the longing for the truth.

One of the things we have to experience is the pain of the bad feeling. There are reasons for this, but I don't understand them all, and that which I do are beyond the scope of this book. Our bad feelings make us feel bad for a certain amount of time, whether it is a moment to minutes, hours, days, or weeks. And all we can to is accept and speak about them and long for the truth of them.

Sometimes I find myself feeling bad for a number of hours but not really focusing fully on them. I am vaguely aware I feel bad, such as feeling miserable, but just don't openly accept and allow myself to feel miserable. And then time might pass and suddenly I find I feel I want to fully accept them, focus on them, and bring them out, so I can speak about them; or it might be anger at still having this bother of a bad feeling of misery hanging around, so I want to do something about it, which begins by expressing it – telling Marion how I feel. Or it might be Marion prompting me saying you don't seem right... It took about six years before I could mostly myself, and without so much of her help, start expressing how I felt as soon as I felt bad. And boy, do I enjoy the times when I'm onto accepting and expressing my bad feeling immediately.

The whole process, the more I submit and give over to it, is definitely guided by some other force within me: my soul. And I can feel times when my mind is stopped from taking action, I'm sort of held back for some reason, or I'm prevented from becoming fully cognisant and aware of my bad feeling with it just floating around the periphery of me somewhere like an aeroplane awaiting it's landing instructions. And then when it's time, I'm moved to focus on it and begin to work on accepting it. All of these experiences link up with things that are happening in my life showing me I'm on the right path, and things are happening to bring up my repressed feelings, but all in the time my soul and God knows is best and right for me. I'm not contriving it, or hustling it along; my controlling mind is out of it, my acceptance is occurring naturally – and this is good to know.

Acceptance as I've stressed throughout this book is our beginning to unconditionally love ourselves. Had our parents unconditionally loved us like God does, then we would have been free to give and receive love, and we would have naturally expressed our feelings – good and bad, grown in truth, and felt loved. Because we were parented conditionally, our parents controlling so many aspects of our formation, we have learnt not to accept ourselves. To be able to deny ones self is simply not being able to accept oneself.

The more you can give into accepting your negative state the more love you are giving back to yourself, so the more you are unconditionally accepting yourself, and it's all done through truth. The more truth, the more love. So as you gradually accept all of your negative self, the truth will come to you about it, and then with it, you will be loving yourself back to being true. Slowly you will begin to recognise you, who the real and true you is; you'll feel like you're becoming whole, and these are wonderful feelings.

Because of our barriers and blocks, if you're anything like me, you'll constantly need someone else to remind you to accept your bad feelings. If you're more like Marion, you'll be able to do it easily for yourself (however, she too took many years to learn how to do it, being helped by various therapies and therapists), and I guess it's like anything, you do what you feel you can do.

## 24). Taking action – expressing your bad feelings.

Expressing your bad feeling is the next logical step in the accepting process. By expressing, and usually expressing is speaking about them, you hear yourself talking all about them – about how you feel. Doing it all in your mind compared to actually speaking out loud are two very different experiences, as I'm sure you know.

Speaking about your bad feelings is fully connecting with them, fully admitting, acknowledging and accepting them. It's enough to consider them important, enough to want to tell someone else about them. Speaking up about them is bringing yourself out, wanting to share yourself with another person, wanting to engage in life through your feelings. A large part of our feeling denial has been caused by our parents not considering us – our feelings – important. So when you speak about how you are feeling, naturally you want someone to take notice, you want someone to listen, and you want to tell them: to *really* tell them just how bad you are feeling. You wanted to tell your parents – wanted them to listen; you wanted them to want you by listening to how bad you were feeling. But by stopping you speak or express – cry, yell, scream – how bad you were feeling, they were effectively telling you they don't want you, don't want to know you, aren't interested in you. So you retreated inside suppressing your bad feelings. Now it is time to come back out.

And all you have to do is speak about them. You don't need the other person to tell you what you should do about them or how to solve your problem so as to stop making you feel bad, you ONLY need to hear yourself speaking about them. And hearing what actually comes out of your mouth is an incredible experience. Sometimes you'll say things that you had no idea about. And when you start hearing yourself say things that are even new to you, then you know you're really getting somewhere – into the thick of your feelings. It's fascinating listening to yourself start speaking about a bad feeling and hearing yourself suddenly speaking about all sorts of different things, being led all around by other feelings that follow on.

The speaking about them will help the truth of them come up. It will help you understand things with your mind and enable your soul to reveal to you the truth you need to see. And sometimes a lot of speaking is required before the truth is revealed.

And it's important to speak about even your smallest bad feelings if you feel you want to. Every time I've spoken about my bad feelings I've got something out of them. Nearly every other time it leads me into a whole area of myself I had no previous idea about. An area I'd shut off and hidden away. It opens my eyes to so much of what happened during my early childhood and how it has affected my whole life.

It is a fantastic thing we can do for ourselves. You feel bad and then you start speaking about your bad feelings wanting to know their truth: why you feel bad, and then it's like you're on a mystery tour into yourself. You'll say this and that, stop, say more, pause, then more is suddenly there to come out, and then more and more and more, then you stop again, wait, think and talk about what you've said, maybe long to see the truth of all you're feeling, then suddenly you feel like saying more, all the time focusing on trying to express, trying to articulate and emote and explain and describe what your bad feeling is making you feel, and what you feel about feeling it. Incredibly you may feel you are guided to speak about a topic then jump to another, then a memory surfaces and this leads you into more feelings, more topics, but you find it's all related and leading you somewhere – to the truth. Sometimes a picture builds slowly, or suddenly you quickly see where it's leading and what it's getting at. Then Bingo! The truth magically and mysteriously comes up in you and instantly you know why and what your bad feelings have been about. Expressing your feelings reminds me often of the Snakes and Ladders game, where you go up there and along, then suddenly you slip back and start working your way along again, then zip, your back up and higher, and…

From what I've read about people's observations of auras when they see trouble spots and traumas in the emotional system (or subtle body) it's like a raging cyclone, like a satellite picture of spiralling clouds, but clouds of emotion and feelings. And when you're feeling that swirling confusion of bad feelings racing around all through you and you start to speak about them, gradually you can feel all that rage and conflict and confusion coming out of you even to the point where suddenly, it's all gone and you no longer feel bad, instead feeling good about yourself. Other times it's a good moment, but the bad starts over again and you realise it's been only a section of the trauma you've dealt with. As required, our soul releases our repressed traumas back into our emotional system for us to deal with, so over and over new storms are brewing and blowing through – years of them.

Most times as you speak about your bad feelings you'll get somewhere with the understanding of what it's all about, but there are other times where you talk and talk and seen to get nowhere and still keep feeling bad. All you can do is give up. And sometimes giving up and expressing your confusion or irritation or anger and frustration at not getting anywhere is what you need to do – more bad feelings to accept and express. And you realise it's all been about pushing you to your limit to give up and give in. This is often when you let go of some of your minds control. However there are other times where you just have to keep going, have a break, and if you still feel bad, keep going.

If you find you've been slogging on speaking about your bad feeling and not seeming to get anywhere, take a break, and long for the truth and really want and EXPECT it to come. Sometimes this can help. Other times you'll just have to do what you do. You'll soon get the idea with a few experiences behind you, you'll get to know how it works for you. I'm sure all Marion and I have experienced is not all there is, and as we are all different perhaps they'll be as many different ways for people to express themselves as there are people. I've learnt some helpful things from other people doing it, they've helped me feel better about myself, discussing with them differences and similarities.

The professional therapy group Marion went to before she met me was a husband and wife team who work-shopped you over a weekend making you do all sorts of exercises trying to stimulate repressed feelings to come up in you. And from what she said, it worked, it helped her have a number of breakthroughs and to understand about how important it was to express your bad feelings once they make their appearance.

But having to go to an organised expensive weekend group to keep stimulating your repressed feelings to surface is not within the reach of a lot of people, and it's still and artificial situation. If you need encouragement to get in touch with your bad feelings, to help you become more aware, and to possibly get a taste of what you might be repressing, I'd suggest going to such groups, therapists or counsellors if you can. However, the beauty with what I'm speaking about is you can do it all in your own home, it's free, and it's done in your own life, fully in keeping with everything that is going on in your life. You only have to alter your priorities committing time to becoming more aware and accepting of your bad feelings, and then giving yourself as much time as you can to stop and speak about your bad feelings. You also need someone who is willing to listen to you.

As I've said, Marion and I have completely committed ourselves to the process and our lives have changed helping us do this. We have the luxury of being at home in each others company almost all the time, so we can always speak about how we're feeling, we can easily make the time to give ourselves over to expressing ourselves. And in the early years we'd nearly speak for the whole day, day in day out and often a lot of the night about our bad feelings. There was heaps buried away inside us. Now it's not so bad, we have more time feeling settled and with fewer feelings stirring us up. Marion's had a million more bad feelings and shit to speak about than I have – the control by her parents being so extreme. However she'd say that I was the one who was always speaking about bad feelings, and I'd say she was always the one speaking about them. And because this is my book, then I can be the winner and say she spoke more than I!

Under Marion's guidance I've learnt what expressing myself means. I had no idea, I was so retarded at speaking about my feelings and myself. I could tell stories and recount past experiences, and I could easily speak about things like the news of the world or the weather – impersonal things putting on the show, but to speak about my own feelings, what I am feeling right now… well… I'd never done it.

As far as what we do to express ourselves (and I'm sure there are lots of other things that can be done) it mostly involves speaking about how we feel to each other. And we are do this trying to allow the emotion of the feelings to come up, to speak – express – the feelings with their true emotion and not just as a mental exercise. So if we feel angry, we try and speak about feeling angry using the anger we feel. If we feel miserable, then with the misery we feel. We try to allow the feeling to express itself, it wants to tell us something, so we try to communicate it across to each other. Often I would say I feel angry but it was merely an announcement of my mind. I would then start speaking about it unemotionally because I believed that was what I was meant to do – speak about my bad feeling. Marion would stop me and say something like: you say you are feeling angry yet you DON'T SOUND VERY ANGRY! EXPRESS YOUR ANGER, LET IT SPEAK!

Occasionally we might feel like crying but don't actually cry only saying we feel like we want to. The speaking about our crying is in some ways the crying it out. I might feel like I want to break down and sob and sob, but I've never actually done it, close, but not just big uncontrollable sobs. I don't think I've actually needed to do it because I've talked it out, whereas other people who don't have someone readily accessible to them, might find they do more actual crying it out rather than talking. It's about feeling the feelings and finding the truth of them rather than indulging in copious amounts of emotional releasing. But don't misunderstand me, if you need to release copious amounts of feeling, and your feelings lead you that way, cry your heart out. We have both been pushed to cry numerous times, and when this happens we know we're really hitting the eye of the storm and connecting with the really deep traumatic stuff.

As a part of our speaking about our feelings, we describe them, describe the pain; we might speak about anger, how angry we are, is it dull or sharp anger (or pain), and what does the anger make us want to do – what does it make us *feel* like we want to do. We work within the bad feelings. Marion gets involved with mine asking me questions and helping me to speak more about my feelings, but I can't do the same for her. And the further I go I realise that I only like doing what I'm doing in this book: speaking about the concepts of how I feel, I don't know how to do the hands on helping another person to work through their bad feelings – that's Marion's area of speciality. And unfortunately at times she has desperately wanted me to help her, to ask her questions to encourage her to express more, but I've been a sad and frustrating failure in this area – not much of friend. However because I've been no good at helping her go deeper, still the good side of my failure of it has been that she's had to work extra hard doing it all herself, bringing it up herself, which, as it's turned out, has been of great benefit to her because she was so suppressed within herself believing she had no right to say what she felt and no right to demand anyone listen to her.

I also find writing helps me to understand more things about my feelings, it has helped me express them, although if I were to write out all the bad feelings I felt I'd be permanently glued to the machine and wouldn't ever have time to speak about them. And as much of a help as writing is, it's still no substitute for actually speaking the feelings out of you, emoting their energy as you flow with them, or are driven by them.

Sometimes it's necessary to get quite animated emoting your feelings. Most of our raging arguments find us up and pacing; or at least I am as she holds her ground. I'm slowly getting better at looking her in the eye, but I was so scared of being confrontational that this has taken a long time for me to feel confident about. Very occasionally and early on, Marion would hit her head against the wall expressing how demented she felt, and I've hit the table or wall once or

twice, but we're not very demonstrative in our anger expression, it being so repressed, we're lucky if we break out in a sweat speaking about it. Mostly it's misery, despair and depression from our anger suppression that we are dealing with. When I feel my suppressed anger rising it comes up in my legs or as a yuk knot in my stomach, and sometimes like a lump in my throat, and only speaking about it actually brings it right up and out. Speaking about it helps me to get a handle on it, so I can get stuck into expressing it and seeing what it's all about.

It's been a great struggle for me to be able to express my feelings, how many times have I said that? For the first six years I needed Marion's help with every bad feeling experience I had. I needed her to help me to identify the bad feeling. She'd question me about how I was feeling and help me to see what it was. I'd just feel yuk or bad and that was about as defined as my feelings got. I had no idea about them at all. Looking back now I can hardly believe I was so cut off from them, so utterly disconnected – I wouldn't even feel angry even though I was seething with rage!

For me trying to articulate my bad feelings having identified them was like trying to learn a foreign language. And to make matters worse, by observing how effortlessly and perfectly Marion can articulate her feelings, and how much she knows about them, I was sure it was an art form, something of which I'd only ever at best, be very poor at. It was, and still is at times, very dispiriting to feel just so incompetent after all these years, still forgetting to speak up when I feel bad, still not being aware of all my bad feelings as they come up.

Speaking about our feelings should be something we all naturally do, doing it as we speak about anything. In Marion's family her parents made a big point of speaking concisely and articulating oneself always staying focused on the point, so she can easily apply this to her feeling expression. My communication compared to hers sounds like I come from a family from around the day when man was like a monkey, just mumbles and grunts, with my feeling expression consisting of nothing more than inarticulate moans and groans. So much for my private grammar school education!

It wasn't good for my ego to have to realise that I didn't speak well, not just annunciating or using the correct words to get my meaning across, but expressing my feelings. I'm not saying that you have to be well educated, and speak like you've got a plumb in your mouth, but I am saying that you have to able to communicate across your feelings. It's easy to be the professor and speak in facts, but to readily speak how you personally feel is difficult especially in a society in which so many people don't want to hear the bad feeling stuff. And of course it all comes back to how free you were in your family, and how well you all communicated. So with practice I'm slowly getting the locked up energy of my repression and denial moving. It's like taking the lid of the boiling kettle and letting the steam out, that's provided I can break down my suppression barriers enough to bring my feelings to the boil.

One of the problems with my feeling expression I've tried hard to over come, all by expressing how it makes me feel and seeing the truth of it, has been not taking bad feelings, mine or Marion's, seriously.

As a part of my family training I learn that only partial attention was required of me at any time, so I could switch off into my own head, and so long as I just said: 'Yeah', or chuckled, I was thought to be participating in what was going on. So when Marion would start to express her bad feelings, I'd laugh or chuckle. She'd get angry that I wasn't taking her seriously enough, and that I would divert her from her bad feeling, and we'd have to go off on a tangent talking about what I was doing – why I was chuckling making light of her when she was feeling bad, trying to sort me out, trying to get me in touch with what really was going on inside me to make me chuckle or laugh when it wasn't appropriate. And she'd get more angry because by the time we'd sorted me out, she'd have lost the moment and flow of expressing her bad feelings. It wasn't fair what I was doing, it was all an unconscious ploy of mine (so I've discovered) to try and stop her expressing her bad feelings because I was taught they were bad – you weren't allowed to express them.

Instead you laughed, chuckled, made light of, and joked them away – no one ever took them seriously. We never took ourselves seriously; how can you when you laugh when you feel bad?

And like all such heavily ingrained behavioural patterns, the more you go and uncover them it's such a shock, a mighty blow to the ego, to have to admit that one isn't as perfect and nice and loving as one thought. And to have to admit to such a stupid or bad thing you do over and over, or to what a shit you are over and over, is rather humiliating – yet more breaking down and letting go of ones self-aggrandising and opinionated false beliefs.

As you express your way through your bad feelings you'll come to see all your wrong behaviour, what it is you're actually doing and mostly not aware of, and how it's affecting the other person – whether it is good or bad. And you'll see all the associated beliefs and where they came from. You'll see how everything in life has impacted on you and how you've put it all together. And as you progress, the bad bits you'll discard; the good bits will remain and strengthen. It's a whole process to see everything about yourself, the negative as well as positive – if you're lucky enough to have any.

## 25). Needing a friend.

We all need a friend. We all need someone who is close to us, someone who genuinely wants to know and accept us for all that we are. It is a great feeling to feel and know you are completely accepted – particularly all the bad bits, by another person. That you are not alone. But it's not that easy to find such a person. If you have one in your life and they too are open to trying to accept and find the truth of their bad feelings, then you can work together helping each other. If only one of you is interested in trying to express your bad feelings to find the truth of them, but your friend or partner is a willingly listener, then they might not be much help prompting you, but at least they can listen, and listening is all they need to do. They can share their feelings with you as you go, they can empathise and sympathise, BUT THEY MUST NOT TRY AND STOP YOU EXPRESSING YOUR BAD FEELINGS, they must not try and help you resolve the problem that's causing you to feel bad (and this of course also applies to your partner if you are both doing your feeling-healing). Your friend must allow and even encourage you to keep expressing, keep speaking, all you feel, NO MATTER WHAT YOU SAY, no matter how bad it's making you and possibly them feel; they must allow you to go to the end of your bad feelings, and then keep going some more if you have to. This is very important. You need to be completely unconditionally listened to – ACCEPTED – by the other person. This is the idea anyway, but at times it's bloody hard to do. If you as the listener are having all your buttons pushed, flooding you with bad feelings which you don't want, you'll no doubt be trying to fight off and shut up your friend – mostly by yelling at them and telling them how they should be and what they should be doing, trying to control them, which is not really being a true friend. And it is exactly what they don't want or need to happen, as this is exactly how their parents treated them – conditionally. You are no longer accepting them, so they can no longer accept themselves. And so it's back to just being denied and denying yourself.

If you don't have anyone in your life who is on your side and truly wants to be your friend, don't despair, you can do a lot of work on yourself by yourself; and if you sincerely want to know the truth of yourself and you can't get any further by doing it yourself, someone will somehow come into your life to help you. If you are genuinely looking to find and know and understand the whole truth of yourself, then you will be provided with all the help you need. And who will provide it? God and your soul, even if you don't believe in either. They are already giving you what you need in your life, even the bad feelings, so you can start to accept your feelings and find the truth of them, and if you need another person to help you, they will come. And if they are not coming and you feel so bereft and unloved and alone without anyone you can truly relate to, then these are yet more bad feelings you can express to yourself.

Expressing to yourself involves speaking to the wall and is tough to do, at least I find it hard. Other people might not. You can converse with yourself in your mind, but if you can speak out loud it's much better, it ejects the energy of the feelings out of you. It helps bring up and out the repressed, buried, forgotten and unwanted you. And if you have a relationship with God or your spirit guides or angels or an imaginary friend or your pet, then you can speak (and out loud if possible) to them. Tell them everything you feel, all about how bad you feel.

Also, it's not always convenient to speak to your friend, and as bad feelings tend to come up anytime, then you will find that you'll get plenty of opportunity to speak in your mind to yourself, God, or someone out there; and again if you can, speak out loud. It doesn't matter if people see you speaking to yourself in your car, yelling about how angry you feel, they'll only think you're on the phone or mad, and so what, you are mad, mad with your bad feelings and how they are making you feel!

Ideally we'd all like our spouse or partner to be our true friend, but unfortunately this isn't always the case. You might like the idea of bringing up all the yuk of your bad feelings looking

for the truth of them, but your partner might not. And so once again you have yet another opportunity to feel bad – why are you with someone who doesn't want to know all of you? And as you feel bad about this, then it's yet another chance to express and accept more bad feelings.

We all need to be able to tell someone who really cares about us how we feel. You will need someone you can tell, someone who really wants to listen, wants to know you – all that you are. And this means all your feelings. It's vital that someone respects what you feel. You may live with a partner but are they that someone? Can they listen without judgement; without offering advice; without trying to solve your problem; listen openly to what you have to say, and ALL you have to say?

I used to think I was a good listener. My mother and grandmother went on and on endlessly repeating themselves, and I listened. I was expertly adept at giving the required, 'yeah' and nod of my head at all the required places, so much so, that I'd become unconscious of how I did it. They spoke and I nodded and said 'umm'; they spoke and I said 'yeah'; they spoke and I nodded continuing to think about my own things not paying the slightest bit of attention to them. I was listening like a well-trained robot, but I wasn't LISTENING. My heart wasn't in it. And they didn't want it to be. They never actually made sure I was *really* listening. They only wanted to speak, to tell me whatever it was, they didn't want me to actively converse or interact with them. They just wanted to put on the show, be the centre of attention and have a captive audience – me. These were the roles we'd learnt to play and they were fixed for all time. With Marion however it was very different.

I'd give my usual 'yeah' and she would stop and ask, 'why did you say "yeah" there? Did you really mean it? You said it too fast, you hadn't even listened to all I'd said because I hadn't said it, so how could you have known a "yeah" was appropriate, are you psychic or something? And besides, had you allowed me to finish, and had you *truly* listened, you would have said something else, not just a "yeah", you would have been affected by what I was saying and would have commented on it – and she was right. I was so tuned out. I said I wanted to listen to her expressing her bad feelings, I wanted to be nice and caring, but really all I was doing was switching onto automatic pilot and getting on with my own self-absorbed life – the never ending fantasy I was living in my head.

It was hard for me to admit I was a fraud listener. I thought I sincerely did want to listen to all she said, but when she started to go on and on about the same bad feelings, it was all too much and I'd tuned out. It was too much like being at home, and my patterns demanded my autopilot click into action. And it's taken me years to own up to not actually wanting to listen. To accept and admit that I wasn't listening, no matter what I wanted to believe. And it was even harder to come out and say 'I don't want to listen to you', as truthfully I didn't, I didn't want to listen to anyone. I'd been so overpowered by mum and Gran, for so long they made me listen, made me pay attention, that I didn't want to listen or speak to anyone ever again.

So here I was in a relationship with this woman saying and pretending and believing that I wanted to listen to her, when I didn't. And she wanting a friend, someone who seriously wanted to listen to her – her parents NEVER listened to her, and I was supposed to be that person. And I was supposed to be her loving partner. And I said I loved her, when I couldn't even listen to her. I couldn't sit with her as she brought up all her pain and anguish. I couldn't subject myself to her horror because it was all too bad. I couldn't bear it as it made me feel too bad, much worse than my own bad feelings were making me feel. But we ploughed on. I pretended, and she got angry with me for doing do. But intentionally that was all a part of the plan. Apparently as it's turned out, she was meant to get angry with me, and I was meant to be a useless listener and not the loving friend I said I was. I was meant to be a fraud and a lie because I was meant to be as her parents were. And so she would get very angry with me, accusing me (who was really them) for not loving her, and she was right (they didn't), and gradually she was able to bring up her anger as to how she felt so unwanted and not listened to by her parents. And as that was happening, I was

healing my non-listening ability seeing more truth about how I hated to listen to them – my parents; how I hated to be used this way by them, and how severely I'd switched off. How severely they'd fucked up this part of me. And it helped me realise that I did actually want to become a listener, a real and true willing and wanting to listen person – and a friend. But it's taken years to get to this point and it's all only now coming to fruition.

If your friend or partner doesn't listen then you won't feel accepted or wanted, and will feel rejected and unloved. You won't be able to express yourself freely, or bring all your yuk out into the open and be accepted for being how you truly are. If you're not allowed to express yourself, being given top priority with everything stopping for you to do so, then you won't feel whole. You won't feel like anyone is really there for you, or wants to get to know you. You will only feel how your parents made you feel.

We all needed our parents to want to get to know us, to enjoy us coming into being, but instead we (at least most of us, there must be some people who were loved and allowed to express themselves and all they felt to and with their parents) got told countless times, 'don't be like that, don't say that, don't do that', and to be told this only tells us one thing: that this person is NOT our friend. They don't want to know us as we are, as God created us, the true and real us. So we feel rejected and unloved. We needed our parents to be our friend but they failed us, and so we need a real friend now to replace them and allow us to express all our repressed bad feelings, allowing us to be the horrible negative evil person we are, knowing that with every bit of yuk we own up to and speak about and express out of ourselves, the less we are. We need a friend to help draw us out – to WANT us to show and expose all the bad we are. We want a friend to be our helping and sympathetic witness (our 'helping witness' as Alice Miller calls them), to listen to all the horror we've been subjected to.

We need someone to help us to find the truth. We need them to interact with us, to tell us their feelings, and to speak up and express them when we speak ours, and if disagreement occurs, then to allow each to still speak and disagree, even if it results in a fight. The worse thing, and the one thing we don't want to happen, is to be made to not speak about all we feel. This is murdering the soul. Marion and have I have many yelling matches, hurling all sorts of foul hatred at each other and threatening to leave each other, but it's all a part of our cracking open and moving into those concealed parts of us that are seething with anger and hatred, which we're doing all we can to keep the lid on. We are both extremely angry at not having been allowed to fully express ourselves as children – VERY ANGRY, and full of hate for those who stopped us. They were denying us life – you can't get angrier than feeling that, and it's all been buried inside us. At times a decent yelling and screaming match has been the required catalyst to break us open and strip back our defences and to let some of our nastiness out.

It's hard to do, to fight, and be so unloving to each other, but if it's in you, it has to come out and you both have to listen to it. It's been just as much as a shock for me to hear the nasty words of anger and hatred coming out of my mouth seemingly from nowhere, as it has been for Marion to have to listen to them. And I hate it when she accuses me of being so mean and nasty, unloving and uncaring. I really hate it, because it's what my mother accused me of to manipulate me into doing what she wanted, so it really pushes my buttons. And is compounded by what my grandmother had convinced me of, that I wasn't mean and nasty, and that my mother had no right to say such things. So I believe Marion has no right to say such things to me. How dare she accuse me of not loving her, when I do love, I do, I do, I do! I'd fight that I did love her, and then she'd go on to point out my unloving actions and words I'd said, all from her feelings of feeling unloved that I was making her feel, and I have to back down and confess and own up to the fact that she was right, I didn't love her, the truth *was* in my actions and words. And I'd have to fish around inside myself trying to find the reasons why I believed I did love her so much, and why it hurt so much to be accused of not being loving. And besides, how could I love her if I had not been loved? I only new no love.

We should be able to be called any names and be accused of anything without getting our

feathers ruffled in the slightest if we know our truth. But when you don't know yourself and you are full of conflicting things told to you by the main influences in your early life, you really don't know if you love or hate, you don't know what you feel. You have no truth as your inner foundation to fall back on, to feel from, so it's all mind stuff. And with your mind you are desperately using beliefs to cling onto and to justify your words and actions to prove that you are loving and caring – but it's all false, all bluff – all bullshit. And when you're called on it, you have nothing to stand firm on and it all caves in on you.

In being a true friend to each other we should be able to accept all that's thrown at us and not run away. Marion and I had always run away from emotional situations when they got too difficult. She would simply pack up, not fight, and leave. I would say it's over and block out the other person, locking down hard and move on – there was always another girlfriend. But we realised that if we wanted to know the truth, and the whole truth of our negative states, then we should stay, stay at least until it got too unbearable and we had no other option but to run to save ourselves. Stay and speak about all we feel. And we've stayed. It's got very heated and hard at times, desperately hard, but we've somehow managed to stay together even when our feelings were making us want to reject and hate and destroy the other person. And after we've been through the hard stuff we've spoken over and over about it, grilling over every little piece, dissecting all we went through trying to understand it and seeing the truth of it. And having done it, found out all the answers to our negative unloving behaviour, and to all we felt. Then we've enjoyed a more peaceful time together waiting for the next round to begin.

It's a fantastic experience to be able to speak about all the blackest evil that lurks within you, which ordinarily you'd never dream of saying (I am constantly astounded that it *is* within me) – you wouldn't even want to admit it's in you, not even allow yourself to think the bad thoughts – and to be fully accepted by the other person – they still liking you at the end of it.

It's so good to have someone there for you and with you as you get into your very deep stuff, as you come to terms with how futile your life is, how depressed you are, how alone and unloved you feel, how unwanted and uncared about you've always felt; and how all of this makes you feel so miserable – miserable to the point of despair. Once the surface layers of falseness are long gone and you start owning up to the real bad feelings and the negative you, you feel deep down underneath – the you that you were during your early childhood, then the value of having a friend comes to the fore, because then you have someone who still likes you as you own up to the vileness and all the evil sinfulness that you are. We have to ultimately accept our whole negative condition, that means, accepting how bad your parents did make you feel, and you won't know what this is until you get down into the thick of it. You might have some idea, but I can assure you, it will be nothing like what you'll discover when you are in your deepest denial depths. And so to have someone there for you, listening and not hating you for all you say you are, and someone that doesn't judge, criticise, abuse, condemn, patronise, ridicule and humiliate you, is truly wonderful. So I am lucky to have found Marion as my friend.

We need that person, whoever it is, even if it's God, but we need that person to be there for us and to allow us to feel as bad as we want to be, to feel we are the worst most putrid person in the world, the person we were made to believe we were by our parents. And when they do listen, allowing you to come out and say all the terrible things about how you feel about yourself, about others, about your parents, about God, and even about them – your friend, it's such a relief. It's so good to be allowed to be the negative you that you're so sacred about being, the you, you already are but are only hiding from yourself. The you that you are shit scared of.

When you bear your soul during your healing you'll be bearing all the yuk you believe and feel about yourself, all the bad stuff you haven't wanted to see. All that you've worked so hard to keep away, buried, so far out sight, making strange out-of-the-blue bad things have to happen to you to even start to connect you with this hidden part of yourself to stimulate your imprisoned bad feelings. If you want to go for it, go the whole way in your healing, then you'll be wanting to

uncover the whole truth of your negative self – your denial-self. It's like turning yourself inside out and seeing all the rotten ugly truth of yourself, seeing all the wrong rotten ugly stuff that was put on you during your early childhood. But even though it's not the real and true you, we have to go into it and bring it all up and out accepting it all, and to do this you'll need to tell someone. You can't do it all alone, you can't tell all your horrible secrets about yourself to the wall. You need it to come out and be exposed for the whole world to hear. The world of you and your friend, as it was your world with you and your parents that it all went into you.

It all needs to he aired, and in doing so you are setting yourself free. It's a wonderful feeling to admit to parts you've been secreting away from the world and yourself, to suddenly come out and tell all. To own up, admit and confess, is always a great relief of pressure. To get the heavy burden off your chest, something you've unknowingly (or even knowingly) been carrying around since early childhood or later in your life, is so enlivening. As you come out and tell all your most hated and embarrassing secrets to your friend they are no longer are a secret, no longer something you are hiding and keeping suppressed within you.

I had masses of secret sexual fantasies and other sexual desires that I'd never told anyone. God no way, I wouldn't have dared tell my girlfriends. I would have died of shame and acute embarrassment believing it would be the end of our relationships, but with Marion, with her endless patience, complete acceptance and the fact that nothing phases her on the feeling level, and her being so non-judgemental, out they came. I had to confess to them; I had to bring them up. Even I was surprised at what sexual depravities I was holding onto within my mind. I admitted my hopes and fears, my dreams and wishes, my perversions, my weakness; the honest truth I felt about my sexuality and masculinity, and all I wanted from sex. I brought it all out and I'm still bringing it out as it comes up. It was strange and difficult to be driving along the road and having got a thrill out of seeing a women getting out of her car and her skirt blowing up exposing her knickers, and confess to Marion what I'd just seen and the thrill it gave me.

To even admit I found another woman sexually stimulating, god that was the big one, the big no, no: you never ever did that with your girlfriend. She'd get too upset and all hell would break lose, not to mention the torrent of bad feelings! But Marion was terrific. She was as interested as I was about it all – even more interested most of the time. She never took offence; that I was looking at other women, she only wanted to know why: why did I get a thrill. Slowly I gained confidence being able to speak about my sexual perversions with her – and boy was there a lot.

'I have something I've got to speak about.'

'What is it?'

'Well… back at the department store… you know… ah, well, my being tall… and when the girl bent over to show you that ring… well... I saw her breasts… she wasn't wearing a bra. And well… it made me feel…'

I believed I wasn't supposed to look at another woman let alone say as we're driving along, 'See that woman, the one with the red hair, hasn't she got good long legs and a sexy body…'

Marion didn't mind, she has always been curious about why I do and say everything particularly if it doesn't ring true. We'd speak about it and I'd try and express all my feelings looking for the truth. And so often I ended up relating it all back to early images of mum or one of my grandmothers.

Through my healing, as I said earlier in the book, I had to wake up, realise and accept, I was addicted to sex, and masturbation when sex wasn't available. I had to do it for what I've uncovered to be about a zillion reasons but all boiling down to needing comfort and power. In my fantasies I could pretend I was wanted, fully accepted for the sexual person I was, and I could dictate and dominate my relationships making them how I wanted them to go. It was my only source of power and control – all done in my mind, all my own fantasy. I had to use sex to give me power because I found out through my healing I feel utterly powerless all the time – Thank you mum and dad!

Having Marion as my friend has certainly brought the whole concept of what is a friend into a new light. All who I thought were my friends, particularly my brother, I had to give up and let go of because they weren't allowing me to be truly how I wanted to be. They didn't want to know about bad feelings and feeling bad, and so along with my family I gave them up. Marion has shown me how important my bad feelings are. I have been constantly astonished as to what I have found out about and from them, and what I've found out about myself through them. They have taken me into parts of myself I never new existed, let alone felt bad about. I'd never heard or read about anyone feeling such things, and she's help me bring them out, and I've needed a lot of stern encouragement at times and she's listened. She's never judged me, has always been unconditional, ever tolerant, and kind; and I have healed. Gradually my childhood wounds have closed up; gradually we've become better and truer friends for each other. It's been a slow agonising process but a real one. And I'm deep in her debt for all she's done for me and I can't thank her enough.

Women are, as I said earlier, the true spiritual leaders, and this I know in my case, because without Marion's help I wouldn't have known where to begin. I can entertain all the concepts in my mind but the actual hands on doing of it, and knowing intuitively how to express my feelings and what it's all for and where it's all heading to, I had no idea. I've always only ever wanted one girlfriend, a mother substitute, the mother and friend who loved me for me being me and allowed me to be how I wanted to be. And now I've come to realise that it's more than a wife, it's more than a partner, and more than a mother substitute I really wanted – it was a friend.

If you are the friend, as you listen to the person expressing their feelings, you'll naturally want to know more about what they are saying, so ask your questions, but bear in mind, it's still only really to encourage them to speak more, it's not for you to take over from them. Ask questions but not too many, don't take over making yourself the centre of attention, and try to avoid getting into discussions about the feelings or whatever comes up, because the whole emphasis is to keep helping the person that is feeling bad to keep talking – expressing their bad feeling energy out of them. Later you can discuss other things.

Most of the time it is like a therapy session, with the listener really only asking questions as prompts to help draw out more from the person expressing their bad feelings. Anything can get in the way and remove the focus from the expresser, side-tracking them, and leading them back to deny their feelings.

Being asked a few helpful questions from a person who really wants to know, someone who really is interested in you, gives you good feeling and makes you want to speak and tell more. It's amazing how much one question can send you off further along your track or suddenly helps you to change direction, or helps a picture of truth to suddenly cognize.

One of the things Marion does with me is focus on a part I have said and then asks: What do you mean, or, what will happen, and – WHY. But overall, if the person expressing themselves is flowing along don't interrupt too much, go with them, and don't take over.

One other thing to beware of as you set out to accept and heal your bad feelings by finding the truth of them, is trying to fix or solve the problem causing the bad feeling, so the bad feeling goes away.

Because we are so used to, and programmed to, deny our bad feelings, many of us deal with any bad feeling by trying to fix or solve the problem.

If Marion says: I hate how the dad magpie comes and expects me to feed him, it makes me feel… I want to respond by saying: Well don't feed him, or don't feed so much. I want to make her stop feeling bad, and hate is not a word I like – it's a *bad* word. So if I tell her what she should do she won't have the problem with the dad magpie arriving on the shed roof looking in the kitchen window and expecting to be fed every five minutes, and she won't feel bad, and I won't get upset or angry with her for feeling bad, and I will feel good for having solved another

problem, and for telling her what to do and how to be; and if she were to do what I said, then I'd feel even more special because I was the champion knowing what to do, the arch-controller.

However, my interfering by trying to take her problem out of her hands and take her bad feelings away, is not of any benefit to her. She actually doesn't care about the problem with the dad magpie, it's NOT about whether she fixes or resolves it, IT'S ABOUT HER ACCEPTING AND EXPRESSING HER BAD FEELINGS AND FINDING OUT WHAT IS CAUSING THEM: WHY IN THIS SITUATION WITH DAD MAGPIE, IS SHE FEELING BAD?

So if I'm the know-it-all-smart-arse and tell her how to fix her problem, I'm taking the whole bad feeling experience away from her. I'm placing conditions on her life; I'm telling her how she should be, and it is NOT my place to do so. I'm being a parent taking over the child just how we both were treated. And she by rights gets angry with me, telling me to butt out and leave her to feeling bad. And if I have a problem with her feeling bad and saying she hates something, then I have some bad feelings that I should go into, accept and express, and want to know the truth of. It's her bad feeling; I should leave her to it. If I take it away from her, how will she ever heal the underlying cause. If I want to help and be her friend, then instead of trying to solve her problem by telling her what to do, I can sympathise with her for feeling bad encouraging her to speak about why she hates it when he comes. I can prompt her with questions to speak about the different parts she's feeling: Why does she feel he expects her to feed him? How does hating them make her feel? But only asking the question because I truly want to know these things for myself, and NOT because I've learnt or believe it is what I am supposed to do to help her bring it all out.

This point, not trying to solve the problem, is very important, because so many of us instantly step in and try to take over. It's how we were parented and so it's what we do, and all the time we are interfering, imposing our will on another person by trying to get them to do what we want, and that is a big no no.

If Marion were to specifically ask me what I felt or thought about her problem, and for help or suggestions as to how she might go about solving it, then I'm free to say what I reckon, but not until them.

This wanting to jump in and fix it is a huge problem of mine. Mum would always ask: 'Where's your brother? What's he up to? What's he doing?' So I made it my business to solve her problems by knowing what he was doing or by making something up based on what I reckoned he'd be doing or where he was. She shouldn't have put this responsibility on me in the first place, she is the parent and should know what her children are up to and where they are, and her doing this to me, making me the controller, made me feel like I'm superior to her and that she is dumb and she needs me, and I feel special that she does want me – I feel wanted, and so I always want to try and be the good boy stepping in and trying to resolve the problem. It's become a heavily ingrained behaviour and I just unconsciously do it, without thinking I'm suggesting some solution to every bad feeling Marion has.

And the added incentive for me to do this was, if I could prevent my mother from getting angry we were all winners. If she said she hated something I got scared of what might follow – one of her outbursts. So I had to placate her, and often that task was one I needed to do for all our sanity, even hers.

Because of how I was treated when young, I now want to have the answers to all the problems causing all the bad feelings, hoping they will go away. (Ha!, and isn't it ironic, as I've just realised re-reading this book, that I've now come up with the ultimate answer. The way to solve everyone's (mum's, dad's and Gran's) problems, by telling them how to get rid of their bad feelings, by accepting them, instead of rejecting them.) But they don't, I only manage to deny them further by trying to keep the peace. Peace at all cost; no bad feelings.

I also applied this same: want to fix the problems, to myself, to my own bad feelings. Because I wanted so desperately for the bad feeling to go away, I would try and seek answers to why I felt

bad prematurely with my mind, believing that once I'd thought of a rational answer this would explain and fix the problem so I didn't have to feel bad anymore. But the trouble was, I could feel my mind wanting to make up an answer just as it was made up for me during my childhood. I was given explanations about the things that made me feel bad, and that was that, I was then supposed to not feel bad. I see parents doing and saying this to their children all the time. The child falls over and the parents says: you're okay, no need to cry, it wasn't bad, see, no blood, you're not badly hurt; it's telling the child what it needs to know, what they think it needs to know and how it should behave – and so how it should feel. They don't allow the child to freely express how bad it feels, and if it feels like crying for the rest of the day in public about its falling over and hurt knee, then it should be allowed to. So many parents feel so much pressure in public not to look like a *bad* parent so their children must keep up the same appearances, not letting the side down, or show up how bad the parents are for allowing their child to run and fall over and hurt its knee. Parents need to be able to *fix*, and *make it all better* and *take the pain the away*, but there are ways of doing it correctly and ways of doing by interfering with your child's freedom and right to express itself. A parent can still be a loving, kind and supportive parent by being with its hurt child and still allowing it to feel the bad feelings. But a parent can't be like this if he or she wasn't treated that way as a child. At least not until it becomes more aware of how it is and what it is doing to its child.

Along with this, the ONE BIG THING YOU MUST TRY NOT TO DO IS: CONTRIVE TRUTH. And by that I mean, make up with your mind *truth* to fit why you feel bad. You might believe that your parents and your childhood is the cause of all your problems, and in seeking help from your mind to uncover the truth prematurely, not just allowing it to come naturally as a result of your bad feeling expression, might lead it to make up reasons why you believe you feel bad, convincing yourself that this is the truth. That your father treated you this way, or your mother did this to you, when it might not have happened.

When the truth comes to you naturally about why you feel bad, then you know it to be true. It simply comes up in you and that is that. You don't actually have to make any effort to see it, it's an up-welling into your consciousness, and you just see and know it.

I used to try and *find* the truth with my mind, hunting around in it, scanning back over my childhood memories, trying to find a good logical and rational explanation for why I was feeling bad. And often I could do it, using my minds picture and explanation, to yet again solve my problem stopping myself feeling bad. 'Oh yes, I see, I feel bad now because mum did that to me when I was young...' No, you don't use your mind, instead you allow your soul to show you the truth when you are ready to see it. Don't worry about the why of it, just keep expressing the feeling. 'I've got a headache, it hurts, it hurts, it hurts, ow, my head hurts...', and NOT coming over the top of it by saying, 'I've got a headache because...', that is the mind coming in. Say, *I've got a headache*, as if you are reaching inside your head, connecting with the pain and pulling it out of you, out of your mouth as you speak the words: 'it hurts, it hurts, it hurts, it's making me feel sick, I hate it, I feel so bad...'. It is the truth of you NOW – that you have a headache, and NOTHING else matters. It is giving all your attention, time and love to yourself by fully acknowledging and accepting your pain.

## Example of my interfering with Marion.

When Marion felt bad, because I hated seeing her feeling bad (a part of my denial of not wanting to see my mother feel bad), I would try to stop her. I'd try and work out things she could do that would stop her feeling bad. If she felt bad about her hair, it never being how she wanted it to be, never being the right way, I'd suggest she get it cut at a hairdresser: go and see someone who could fix it. And she'd yell at me to shut up, saying, 'It's not about my hair, don't you get it yet, my hair represents some deeper problem within me that's not right, but to get to it I have to start with how I feel now about my hair. It's not about whether I get my hair cut or not cut, or whether

it should be this style or that style, it's about ME FEELING BAD ABOUT MY HAIR. IF I WANT TO GET IT CUT THAT'S A SEPARATE THING AND NOTHING TO DO WITH THESE FEELINGS. THESE FEELINGS ARE ONES I'VE KEPT REPRESSED AND I WANT TO BE FREE TO BRING THEM OUT. IT'S ONLY ABOUT SAYING WHAT I FEEL, SO STOP INTERRUPTING. IT'S NOT ABOUT ANYTHING ELSE. IT'S NOTHING ELSE. AND I WANT TO BE ABLE TO FEEL BAD ABOUT MY HAIR IF I WANT TO, FOREVER, IF NEED BE; AS LONG AS THE BAD FEELING IS THERE; AS LONG AS I FEEL BAD ABOUT MY HAIR, I FEEL BAD ABOUT MY HAIR, SO WOULD YOU LET ME! Don't try and tell me what I should do all the time so I don't have to feel bad about my hair. It's very important I feel bad about my hair. My mother never respected me or my hair and I have lots of things, mixed up bad feelings about it. So leave me to express and accept my bad feelings about my hair.'

You can see she had a lot to put up with me, always interfering and trying to side-track her from her bad feelings. And worst of all I do it in ways – sneaky ways – neither of us had any idea about until we worked back through our bad feelings tracing what was really going on and finally seeing that it was me again – I was the culprit, trying to make her dismiss her bad feelings, yet again.

When Marion complains about the newly gut grass on the damp lawn sticking to her shoes, I want to try and help her to not have the problem, especially as I cut the grass. I want to sweep it up, or not cut it at all, to make sure nothing upsets her. And when she is angry at the grass, mistakenly I think she's angry with me, then I want to do it even more. And yet why can't she be angry with the grass, and simply be angry with it? And why can't she be angry with me, for that matter? Why can't she be free to complain about it as much as we wants, as much as her bad feelings make her? She has all rights and it's not my right to deprive her of her bad feelings. She wants her bad feelings so she can see the truth of them. It's not really the grass that is the problem, but it's the fact that she was never allowed to complain or be angry and say she didn't like things when she was young. So now she can, provided I don't stop her, and the grass is helping her to express her repressed bad feelings. Both of us have experienced many times complaining or been angry about something like the grass, then seeing how it connects to our early childhood as we speak about our bad feelings about it; and then suddenly we don't feel annoyed or angry and don't feel like complaining about the grass anymore – the grass having served its purpose. We wonder why the grass upset us making us angry. She hates the damp cut grass now in this moment, but when it has helped her to see what she needs to see about her childhood, when it's helped her complain and moan and be angry, she doesn't even notice it, and if she does, it doesn't make her angry or upset. As we accept all the parts of ourselves, we can accept most, if not everything, that was in our life previously making us feel bad, with it no longer affecting us negatively.

All our negative patterns are well entrenched within us, and as you proceed with your feeling-healing becoming more aware of all the aspects of yourself and how they go together, you'll be able to identify those patterns that aren't helping you to feel good.

It you have a person in your life who wants to be your listening friend but does as I do, try's to resolve your problems, you will have to be firm with them. Speak about how they make you feel, and tell them it's not how you want them to help you. If they do try and stop you, because often what you say might trigger something in them that needs to be healed, so before they even know it they are trying to fix your problem, tell them to stop so you can keep going. If they want to complain or speak about their bad feelings, they can after you.

Often Marion would start expressing her bad feelings and I'd try to stop them by fixing the problem or thinking up a solution and she'd tell me to shut up or to stop, but that would make me angry, so then I'd take over wanting to express my bad feelings. One way or another I'd shut her up, stopping her express herself. I would manipulate it around so that I was the important

one in the spot light getting the attention.

So as you can see, it's very complex and we've all got so much wrongness in us, so all you can do is keep on accepting and expressing, trying to find the truth. There is no point in trying to resolve all the problems, they are endless and you'll never get there. And the resolving of problems is NOT the healing of them. Just because you can make the bad feelings go away, doesn't mean you have healed the problem, the deeper cause that's creating them, you've only succeeded in banishing it, putting it off until another day when you might try to express all you feel about it and uncover truth. And be aware, that even saying you want the truth and are longing for it, can be used to block out the bad feelings if you don't express and accept them first. I observe a lot of people doing this, being very adamant and even fervent in their wanting of the truth (I used to be like this), but still not trying to find it by accepting and speaking about their bad feelings – not using their feelings as the way into themselves to discover the truth. Remember: ALWAYS JUST EXPRESS THE PROBLEM, WANT AND WHOLEHEARTEDLY LONG FOR THE TRUTH, BUT ALLOW IT TO COME TO YOU IN ITS OWN TIME.

Use the problems to help you express your bad feelings when they make you feel bad. Don't worry about trying to fix them – I know I'm repeating myself, BUT IT'S VERY IMPORTANT. If a problem does need fixing or a solution found, you will know, it will make you act. But that is, AFTER, you've said as much as you can about how it's making you feel. And if you are moved to fix the problem, you will find yourself just doing it, then of course you keep expressing your bad feelings while you fix it seeing how that makes you feel. There are no hard and fast rules. These are only difficulties Marion and I have had and how we've dealt with them.

## 26). How do you accept and express your bad feelings? Some examples.

The best I can do to answer this question is to give you some examples of how Marion and I go about our feeling-healing. These are examples of what we do, and might not necessarily apply to how you'll do it, but I hope they give you something of an idea of what we've done and been through.

Writing about the experiences isn't the same as speaking about them and so much is lost. So much occurs in the said and unsaid interaction between us both that helps us – all the dynamics of a relationship. And it all needs to occur because we are setting out to rectify our past relationships, so there is a lot to resolve between the two of us, and to understand what went on back during our childhoods and all in the negative.

Within these examples I've tried to speak about bad feeling situations and how we've dealt with them. And I've included a couple of bad feeling experiences where I've just spoken about my bad feelings to Marion. At the end of the chapter I've included another exercise similar to one done earlier in the book, which if you want to begin trying to express your bad feelings, might help you.

**Example a).** This is an example of how my I related to my bad feelings before and after I started my bad feeling-healing – how I've changed.

All the bad feelings I used to feel before I started accepting them: This was me in London.

I'd struggle awake at 7am. I was in a haze of trying to clear my mind of the bad hashish I'd smoked the night before. I was never into drinking. Smoking drugs was so much more fulfilling. Anyway, I'd struggle into what was something of a shower, a stupid hand-held bath attachment – the apartments in London I stayed in had nothing like a good old Aussie wake-me-up-shower. Onto the Tube and into work by 8am. No breakfast; never felt like it; work; lunch, might or might not be bored, depended on what the work was and how the financial markets were going. End of work; back onto the Tube, drag myself home; tired, desperate for my first afternoon smoke with my brother, and relief that another yuk day was over.

That was it. That was my day, exciting wasn't it! On a really bad day I might feel unhappy, and wonder about my life and what I really wanted to do with it. When I saw my girlfriend everything was good, I was happy, she helped me forget about my dull nothing life and unhappiness. After a few smokes, and then a few more, work was a forgotten memory. How in touch with my true self, my true reality, was I? I wasn't. I thought I was. But I had no idea. I was completely ignorant, switched off, detached from, and totally unaware of what I was really feeling. One day ran into another, into another, into another… I was dead to how I felt – numb to my feelings – shut off from myself. If you'd come up to me back then and said, hey, what about trying to live true to yourself, trying to express all you feel, and in particular your bad feelings, I would have listened, because I was polite and NICE, and even shared a smoke with you, but when you'd gone you would have faded off into the smoky greyness like my day at work.

This was my day yesterday. Again just a normal day, but a day in my trying-to-accept-my-bad-feelings life.

I'm asleep, or at least I thought I was. Somewhere in my hearing periphery I gradually become aware that Potsy (remember: our little grey and very thin cat) having not done it for a few weeks,

is sitting on her blue scratch-post in the bedroom looking out the window and making her *I'm going to throw up* noises. I wake up some more accompanied by BAD FEELINGS. Oh no, dread! And feelings of feeling sorry for her. And anger that I'll have to get up and clean it up. It's cold, and I'm snug and warm. I don't want to wake up; I don't want to get up! More bad feelings… I have to get up. I don't want to get up. What's the point of getting up? Why not just leave cat-puke splattered all over the windowsill until later on? – or why bother about it at all! I feel miserable, uninspired, another day of doing what… nothing, nothing but concentrating on expressing how bad I feel. Shit I'm fed up with feeling bad; it's all I feel. A good feeling tries to sneak in, hey, maybe I can start writing my Bad feelings are GOOD! book? But then I caution myself because I know how easy it is for me to use these good thoughts and feelings to push aside my bad feelings.

No, I feel bad. I had a yuk dream, it's making me feel bad. In it I remember I felt angry and really disgruntled, I couldn't make someone see my point of view, and I couldn't get my way. So many bad feelings already, and Potsy hasn't even let fly yet, but she does now, and pukes over the window, or at least so I imagine in my minds eye. I get up, as she follows it up with her second mandatory lesser-puke. Luckily she missed the window and it's a neat smelly little package of chewed up dry biscuits on the window sill. A slightly better feeling.

I get up, and Marion is also expressing how bad she feels. She seems to feel a million times worse than I, and this makes me feel more bad feelings. I feel angry with her, as she is saying things about me, about our relationship that makes her feel bad. I hate it when she says these things, but I also know that I have to allow these feelings of hatred to surface in me so I can accept and see the truth of them. All the time, so many fucking bad feelings!

I turn the oven on, so Potsy can sit on top of the stove where we keep a cat-bed for her so she can lie under the warm oven vent – we never cook using the stove because it's too much of a hassle to dismantle her bed. We use a toasted sandwich maker and occasionally the oven to roast a chook. I do what needs to be done in the morning, trying to concentrate on feeling bad if my bad feelings persist. They tend to fade off as I get into the swing of my morning rituals and my mind starts to fill up with thoughts and ideas about this book. This makes me feel better – more bad feeling avoidance tactics by my mind. I'm a 'wake-up', literally, to it now, so only briefly entertain the ideas preferring and wanting to allow myself to stay attuned to my bad feelings.

Marion comes in and we speak about how bad we're feeling. She says all her stuff, it's particularly bad this morning, and it makes me more angry. And as I express my anger at her making me feel worse, I start to see why her saying how bad she feels makes me feel bad. I see and I see and I keep seeing the more we speak about it. This part of feeling bad I love. I love feeling bad whilst I'm seeing the truth of why, because then I feel good within the bad, and the bad doesn't feel as bad. I know this too is avoidance of bad feelings to some degree, but hey, I'm not super – feeling-acceptance – man. Marion can stay in her bad feelings endlessly. I don't know how she does it. But as she says, she's never felt really good, so she's more familiar with them and doesn't have all my resistance to them. She doesn't have my fantasy pretend life that things are good, stopping my true bad feelings from coming up. She said she did have resistance to them but that was before we met and her being in and out of the clinics and doing the feeling workshops and having professional help and trying to kill herself, has all helped her accept feeling bad more willingly. And she is committed to allowing her bad feelings to surface, no matter how bad it makes her feel, no matter what it takes, because she wants to see the whole truth of why she suppresses them and what she's repressing. And as she's tried everything else and nothing helped her in the end, this is all she's got – herself with her bad feelings. And besides, they don't make her feel any worse than she already has. I think she's a hero, she's my hero, and if it hadn't been for her determination, I wouldn't have made the progress I've made – I've said that before haven't I?

Do you want me to keep going?

Do you see, the day runs its course and things happen. Some of these things make me feel good others bad – mostly bad. The doing of our feeling-healing is a gruelling endurance trial. So

often we feel so bad – so much misery. It's not a fun thing to do with your mind, and it's nothing you can achieve in ten easy steps. It's bloody hard relentless work. There are just too many bad feelings. Our early childhoods were just too shocking, just too unloving.

Usually now, so far into my bad feeling acceptance, there is a bit of a pattern. The morning is full of yuk bad feelings after they've got stirred up in the night. Then sometime after lunch more stuff comes up, and then later around dinner time, more stuff. The day time cycle matches the bad times at home with mum when I was young. Some days the pressure is relentless all day. Rarely I have reprieves during which I tend to feel okay, even good and happy. There are cycles within these daily patterns and over days, weeks, I might feel continuously bad slogging along through the dross; then have a decent break-through, see a whole revelation of truth and understanding about my negative state; have a moments pause enabling me to see how far I've come, and then it's into the next cycle. During the early years, it was not only days, weeks, months, but years of repeatedly feeling bad with little or no respite. It was harrowing and very hard going. It was only because of my ignorance about what I was getting myself into that I kept going. Marion wasn't under any such delusion. I kept thinking that surely one day my bad feelings would end, and then when I had a reprieve I'd hope that day had come, only to be plunged into another deeper circuit of feeling bad. In the end I had to give up expecting them to finish and take Marion's view that they will finish when they finish, when I no longer feel bad any more. As if that could ever happen! But you never know, and as I said, I feel a million times better than I used to back before my healing started, and there is no doubt that these days the pressure is easing. I can feel bad quicker, get onto it sooner recognising it within myself, identify the bad feelings, start to speak and express them, long for the truth of it, and see it all within a relative short space of time, minuets to hours, whereas during those early years it would take days of slogging away on the same bad feeling over and over trying to accept and express it, begging God to help me see the truth of it before finally it would come.

### b). Bad feelings, and the plumber.

Our tap is dripping again and it makes me feel bad: scared, angry, irritated, annoyed that it's something else I have to now get fixed especially having had it fixed recently.

I speak to Marion about it. My anger I don't have to take out on the plumber, it has nothing to do with him, even though through my expressing I discover I was suspicious that he might have been ripping me off. Had this been proved to be so in some way, then I still would have expressed all I felt looking for the truth, and if after all of that I wanted to confront him on it, feeling moved to do so by my feelings, I would have. But I wouldn't act until the last resort, and until then, I'd keep expressing all I could.

'Oh no the bloody tap is leaking again, we'll have to call the plumber. I don't want to call him, he'll come and make a mess, we'll have to wait for him, he'll be late; he's never on time. I'm angry that it's leaking, why is it leaking again? We only had it fixed a little while ago. I don't want it to leak! Why does it have to happen? Why do bad things have to keep happening? I hate bad things happening to me!'

'Why do you hate them happening?'

'Oh I don't know… why do I hate them happening? Why do you always ask me these questions I can't answer?'

'To help you to connect with your feelings.'

'Okay, why do I hate bad things happening to me? Well, I just do… I hate them because they make me feel bad; they make me have bad feelings and I don't like feeling bad. They make me feel scared and I hate feeling scared. I really hate feeling scared.'

'What do you hate feeling about it?'

'How it makes me feel, of course… I hate feeling like something is happening to me that makes me feel out of control. Why can't my life run smoothly, why does the fucking tap have to start dripping again? Why couldn't the man have done a good job on it before so it wouldn't drip again? I hate the not knowing feeling, like I don't know what's happening… did the man do only a half-hearted job knowing it would drip again soon and he'd get called back so he gets twice the money?'

'Why do you always think something sneaky is going on?'

'I don't know –

'Have you longed to see the truth?'

'Yes I have… It somehow reminds me of dad… I don't know how, but for some reason, he has come into my mind. I know that's how I see him, in a way – sneaky. You know those things I've told you about him before and my suspicions. And dad was always trying to work the scam. He was always complaining that people were trying to rip him off, and I guess that's what I believe to, and it makes me scared. I feel vulnerable, naive, I don't know about fucking taps, and I have to rely on a stranger whom I don't know. I just ring some bloke up and trust he'll do a good job, but how do I know if he's doing it? I'm always suspicious that he'll rip me off; yes it does remind me of dad…

'… now I feel angry. Angry that dad was always so suspicions and always telling me that he thought so and so was ripping him off, so now I don't trust anyone either. The plumber might be the best in world, and the most honest, and these taps are just shit, but how do I know. I can't trust him and I can't trust anyone, and it makes me feel like I have to learn how to be a plumber so I can fix the taps all so I'm always in control so no bastard rips me off. But I don't want to live this way, always suspicious, I'd rather trust people first then look to see if things are dodgy, give them the benefit of doubt to begin with, instead of accusing them before they've even get here.'

This sort of experience, of which Marion has helped me through what must be hundreds now, where something simple like a dripping tap has led me through my feelings into all sort of areas of understanding about myself and my relationship with my parents, and all the negative patterns they've given me, I never had before my feeling-healing began. I never knew it could be had – it didn't know it existed to be had. It's been a whole new way of relating to life for me and one I enjoy, as hard as it is, because it helps me to understand myself.

Prior to my healing I would have just buried my anger. I wouldn't have even known I felt angry. I would have just got on with calling the plumber and quizzing him when he got here to find out why the tap has started dripping again so soon after he'd fixed it. I wouldn't have even suspected him of doing anything dodgy. I had convinced myself over my suspicions that I trusted everyone and that most people were honest. Having such suspicion coming from my father was something new for me to consider. I didn't like it about myself, that's for sure, but my feelings have been proved right many times now. I have great suspicions about all sorts of things, a whole secret underworld of fear going on within me, always dreading being ripped off. It's simply incredible what truth I've uncovered about myself through my feelings.

**c). Do I have to go to the Doctor?** (I'm including Marion's coaching, as this was such a big part of my feeling-healing awakening – requiring her help.)

I found a strange pea size lump in my breast. I've not heard if men need to worry about such things as women do, but suddenly I'm engulfed by fear. Prior to my feeling-healing I would have dashed off to the doctor hoping he would tell me it was nothing to worry about. But now I want to honour my fear and so I go to Marion:

'I've found a lump in my chest and I feel so worried that it might be something bad.'

'What sort of bad?'

(It's hard to say it because I dread the word and all it's implications, and I can feel myself wanting to avoid it and pretend the lump is not there busying myself with something else hoping it will just go away.) 'You know... like cancer, like what women get. Can men get it too?'

'I don't know, but how does it make you feel?'

'Scared, really scared… oh I feel so bad. I feel so scared, terrified, what if it is, what if the doctor says its cancer or something serious –'

'What are you scared about if it is? Why does this make you feel so scared?'

'Because… you know… I'd have to have treatment, horrible treatment, chemotherapy like Sean had, and feel so sick, and my hair will drop out…'

'And what else?'

'And… and I'll die, I'm really scared that I might die.'

'And why does dying make you so scared?'

'Well, why do you reckon? I don't want to die!'

'Why not? You've got to die sometime, we all do, and all you do is go into spirit and keep living –'

'Yeah but dying hurts. I'm scared of all the pain. It's actually the pain more than the actual dying, pain like Reg suffered when he got sick with cancer and eventually died, all that terrible pain.'

'Why are you scared of the pain?'

'Because it's pain, and I don't want it, I don't like it, I hate feeling pain.'

'Why; how does pain make you feel?'

'BAD!'

'Yes, but how does it *really* make you feel? Does it make you feel: nervous, terrified, powerless, what?

'Yes to all of those things, but probably powerless the most. Yes, it does make me feel powerless.'

'Why?'

'Because I can't do anything about it. I can't make it go away, it has power over me, it is just there and often it gets worse and I feel so useless – under its control. God I hate that feeling, yes, I can feel it, it's why I hate the pain, because it takes me over and nothing I can do makes it stop. I just have to bear it, it's something being done to me, I can't make it go away, I can't say stop and I can't say NO!

'That is what I hate about it, that I can't say no to it, it just imposes itself on me, I have no choice, no option as to whether I want it or not, and I haven't asked it to do so, it just comes and tells me what to do. I just have to cop it and feel bad and feel all the pain. I have to do its will and not my own… (I'm longing to see the whole truth of it, and I start wondering how this relates to my early life and my life in general. Suddenly a picture comes into my mind.)

'I can see why I hate the pain because it's exactly how I felt my parents treated me. I didn't have a say in so many things they made me do, I just had to do them. I didn't have any power, I didn't want to do them, they imposed themselves on me and made me do them, shit I hated that. It now makes me so angry. What right did they have to do that, and why did they treat me that way anyway? I'm their child and they treat me like I'm some sort of enemy. The pain is just like them. I have no come back, I can't say: no I don't want you, go away. It's just going to happen and I have to submit, give myself over and take it. And I had to do that so many times with mum and dad. And I feel like that with so many things in my life. I can't stand up and fight and say go away. I can't stand up to my pain and say go away I don't want you, I hate you, you make me feel bad. And in some ways I believe I'm meant to actually like the pain because it's telling me something's wrong. It's like I'm meant to be grateful to mum and dad for their treatment of me because they are doing 'good' things for me. But they aren't, at least I can see that now; and no, I'm not just going to be grateful to them, they can go and get stuffed! Bugger that, why should I just be grateful for all they do to me, and for me when it doesn't make me feel good? And they don't

even ask me half the time what I think or feel about it, they make me do it or assume I will do it. Where am I in it all? I'm like a pet dog they just order around; they don't consider my feelings, they don't show any concern for me, they don't take me into account…

Now I feel REALLY ANGRY. HOW DARE THEY TREAT ME LIKE THAT! It's so unfair. I'm the little person. I don't know what's right or wrong or what's best for me, and yet they just make me do things all based on their crap that's in them. It's so unjust, so unfair, I feel like screaming at them…NOOOOO! STOP MAKING ME DO THINGS I DON'T WANT TO DO. GO AWAY AND LEAVE ME ALONE. I DON'T WANT TO DO IT, AND I DON'T WANT YOU TO MAKE ME DO IT! STOP IT. PISS OFF AND LEAVE ME ALONE!'

Having said all of that, I feel like there is nothing further to say, the energy runs out, the bad feelings are gone for the time being, however each time I think over it all, I feel angry again. And when I do, I speak it out to Marion, expressing it, and it adds further insight into why I'm angry. I'm angry connecting to what I've already said. It's a lot for me to digest about my relationship with them.

As far as what I should do about the lump in my chest, I decide to wait and see. I don't feel so scared now, so I don't need to rush off to the doctor. And over the following days if I feel scared by it again I will express those feelings uncovering more truth of what's really going on in me. After a week the lump just disappeared, as suddenly as it came, and I didn't have to see the doctor after all. And look how much truth about myself it helped me to see. Thank you mysterious lump for coming and making me feel bad. Thank you my soul – thank you God. Thank you for helping me bring more of my shit up and out.

### d). Road worker: acknowledging my anger.

As I said, when I first started to acknowledge my anger I needed Marion's help to point out that I was angry. I wasn't aware, but my behaviour betrayed me. So when the road worker people were making a horrible grinding noise, and I wouldn't say anything about how I hated that noise but started acting strange, she said: 'that's anger, you're angry.' And having accepted I had no idea about any of my feelings I'd have to hunt around in me and see if I felt angry. But I didn't. I wasn't angry about the noise. But hang on a minute, what's that strange heaviness within me? I do feel sort of a dark… ah, grungy… ah, wait… out of sorts… now it's getting clearer… disgruntled… yeah... upset… okay, so this is anger… yeah okay, now I do feel angry. Yes, I can feel it now; I do feel angry. Yes I do. Yes I do feel angry about that man doing that thing. I FEEL ANGRY WITH HIM! I FUCKING DO!

And I did. I'd had no idea. I didn't know I felt angry with the man for making those horrible noises. I'd deal with it by saying to myself: well, he's a workman, he's fixing the road right outside our house, and it does need fixing, so why would I be angry with him? I'd try to fix the problem, making it go away by rationalising my anger away with my mind. And I say to myself I couldn't be angry with him as he hadn't done anything to hurt me. What right do I have for being angry with him for making that noise when he's only doing his job? I should be angry with the council or whoever sent him along, angry at the world how it is for needing roads that continually fall apart. And anyway, it was my bad luck, I was home today when he came. And on and on I'd go saying everything other than simply allowing myself to be how I was feeling – angry. It's all quite simple really, I felt angry about the noise disturbing me, so why not just allow myself to be what I feel? But it was so hard to. I just couldn't allow and accept that I was ANGRY! I had a real problem.

A great part of my problem was I needed to know why I was angry, if I was justified. I couldn't just be angry because that was how I felt. I believed I wasn't justified at being angry with

this road worker. I believed I had no good reason to be angry with him. And the other hard part I believed associated with anger, was when someone made you angry, you had to go and do something about it – stop them. But I didn't want to go out and tell the man, the big tattooed man, to stop making the noise and stop doing his job. What right did I have? But the truth is, I am angry. And as Marion helped me see, it's about simply accepting how I feel. If I feel angry, I feel angry. It doesn't matter to begin with why I am angry or if it is justified. I had to accept me – that I FELT ANGRY. I am angry. That was what she helped me to express, to say: 'I am angry, I feel angry, ANGRY! Angry, angry, angry, I AM ANGRY', to say it out loud, to tell her, tell my friend, when I felt that way. That was the beginning.

I was angry with the man doing the road and no one else – me – matters. I am angry with you man. I hate you man. I am angry, I am angry, I acknowledge I am angry, I accept that I am angry. I am angry and this is what it feels like. I feel it bubbling away deep inside me, threatening to rage up. I am angry and I want to hit and yell and smash and do whatever I can to stop what is making me angry. And I don't know why I'm angry at the noise the man is making, and at the man for making the noise - I JUST AM ANGRY. AND THAT IS ALL THAT MATTERS.

'I am so angry with you road man for making that horrible noise. Shit I hate that noise. You have no right making me feel bad with that noise. Why have you come along to my house to do that, are you doing it on purpose to annoy me? Are you trying to stir me up to make my angry with you? Why did you pick today of all days, if you'd come tomorrow or yesterday I wouldn't have been here. So you are doing it on purpose. To stir me up and I hate that. I don't want to be stirred up. Piss off! Go away you bastard – fuck off! Go do it outside someone else's place. I hate you man, I really hate you. I wish I could put you under that horrible noisy grinder and grind you to bits… that's how you're making me feel, like I'm being ground into little bits, shit I hate that. You have no right to make me feel this way; you have no right to interfere with me. I want to report you. I want to blow you up, to stop you making that terrible noise. You're disturbing the peace; you're even upsetting the birds. I want to hear their noises not your horrible sound. I hate you, go away. I wish you were dead. You're a bastard for coming here and making that noise… I'm angry, I'm angry, I very angry, angry, angry, angry, angry, ANGRY! I hate you, I hate you, I hate you…'

It's great to just be able to sit on the couch in your living room and vent all your anger saying wherever it makes you say. I don't have to do anything about the noise. I can't do anything about it anyway. I can't go out there and tell him to go away. I mean I can do that, as I can do anything, but what good is it going to do him or me, and it's me that has the problem, I just have to keep going expressing my anger and longing to see the truth of it. To find out why it's making me angry. To find out why it's *REALLY* making me angry – what is it triggering and connecting within my childhood repression? What deeply buried feelings is it reaching out to and stirring up? That is what I want to know – the truth – the whole truth of what's going on in me, not just the superficial truth that his noise is disturbing my peaceful day at home.

The man and his noise are pushing my buttons, it is keying into my repressed stuff and it's helping me to bring more stuff up – if anything, I should be pleased with the man and go and shake his hand and encourage him to keep making the noise. More noise! The more noise the better so I can feel as angry as I can!

And I have the right to be angry. It is okay for me to be angry, and it even feels GOOD – very Good, being angry. And the best thing is, after I kept expressing all my anger and seeing what it helped me to see, the next day the man was back again making more noise, but it didn't bother me – not one bit! I naturally blocked it out, it was still a disturbance, but I didn't feel angry at all. It wasn't triggering anything within me that needed to come up. I had liberated it all and healed it by seeing the truth I needed to see, and by expressing all that I did the day before. However, that's not to say that if the man came back the next day I would not be angry again, I might, and then

I'd have more stuff to express. All I can do is go with my feelings.

## e). YUK feelings.

A lot of the bad feelings Marion and I have, come initially as a *yuk* feeling, something that's not easy to describe or identify. Many of these bad feelings come up simply through the day and not as a result of any obvious experience we're aware of. We slowly realise that we're not feeling good. And it can take a whole day for them to surface enough for us to start focusing on them and expressing them. Marion is always faster at getting onto hers than I am, but ever so slowly I'm getting better – I truly am! I tend to resist them not wanting to be bothered by yet again more yuk feelings. I have to concentrate on trying to bring them up, identify them, and see what they're all about. These feelings I see as the bulk of my misery and childhood yuk, the masses of feelings I felt when young that continually made me feel bad, but which I've come to accept as simply a normal part of the background feeling-noise within me. I'm so dead to them, so accepting that they are just there, that I don't feel them – or at least I'm not aware I'm feeling them. But all of these dull yuk feelings when expressed, and the truth longed for, lead somewhere. The more I work on accepting them and expressing them, the more I see what they really are, what they are attached to and where they are coming from.

Usually Marion and I begin to acknowledge them by simply stating that we don't feel good, we feel yucky or: I feel YUK! And then we try to describe the yuk. We're trying to tell the other person about our yuk bad feelings because we want their sympathy, that which our parents didn't give us. And describing and speaking out how all the yuk is making us feel, hearing you say it yourself, makes you feel sympathetic to yourself – loving yourself.

Having said 'I feel bad,' and having got her attention, I go on: 'I feel that dull boredom bad feeling again. I feel yucky, yuk, yuk. yuk…' I feel out of sorts, or sick, or miserable, or depressed, or just bad – whatever it is I feel, when I can go further with it. But if nothing further comes then I try to stay focused on my bad feeling, this being what Marion does and has helped me to do, simply saying: 'I feel bad, I feel bad, I feel bad, yuk, I feel yuk, bad, bad, bad, yuk, yuk, yuk... I feel really yuk...', acknowledging, connecting, accepting, sharing, and really feeling, that I do. I REALLY DO FEEL BAD AND YUK, as I'm speaking about it. Marion's a million times better at doing this than I am. She will go on and on, periodically through the day, simply saying she feels bad or yuk, until something further surfaces. And it always does. It may take time, but eventually something will surface and suddenly she can feel more about what the feeling is. Sometimes she'll even let it go altogether, but when it returns, it has more things attached to it. And when this happens, usually it's more definable.

My yuk has now turned into anger. Yes, yet again – more ruddy anger! 'I now feel angry, yes it's anger… I feel angry about feeling this yuk bad feeling yet again.' And then it's about keeping on going, expressing the anger as I feel it, allowing my anger to have it's say – allowing ME to have my say.

'I feel angry, a dull deep anger… What am I angry about? I don't know… I feel angry, I feel like I want to push out, speak up and make noise. I want to push and shove, yeah that's it, give someone a good push and tell them to piss off and leave me alone. I want to smash them. I feel it stronger now: I want to smash them and everything. I want to go for it and yell and scream and smash them to bits. I want to hit things, to be effective, to make them stop, to make them listen… THEY'RE NOT LISTENING TO ME AND I HATE THAT! I want them to listen, why won't they listen – LISTEN TO ME!'

And I keep going seeing where the anger or whatever bad feeling it is, is leading me. And I long for the truth. Somewhere during my expression I always pause – pause and long had for the

truth: I want to see the truth – what is the truth of why I'm feeling angry? I ask myself and God. I want to know how this anger relates to my childhood. What truth is there in it for me to see? What's the truth of why I feel so angry? And this always leads me into my relationship with my parents. This didn't always happen, but it does now that I've worked on myself for all these years.

Suddenly a picture of mum or dad or someone in my family will come up, and I will feel that I'm speaking directly to them, that I'm angry with them and want to smash them. It's not always a clear picture, more like a perception or an awareness of who it is, but as I focus on directing the anger I'm expressing at them, I know it's hitting home. You know, you just do, I don't know how, but you know. It's incredible, you just know that it's that person, the one or those, those who caused you to be angry back in your childhood, and you direct your anger personally at them. It's such a good feeling to sit on the couch and let mum or dad or Gran, have it. To finally say all the yuk, anger, hatred; all the bad things my anger is wanting me to say – what I've always wanted, dreamed, of saying but wasn't consciously aware that I did. Now I know, now I *feel* I do, so I emote it all out: speak my angry words at them; at them in the picture that has surfaced in my mind – usually a forgotten memory or perception or awareness of one. And boy it feels good!

'MUM, LISTEN TO ME – LEAVE ME ALONE! I WISH... I WISH YOU WOULD LEAVE ME ALONE. I HATE YOU INTERFERING WITH ME, ALWAYS TELLING ME WHAT TO DO AND WHAT NOT TO DO. GOD I HATE THAT. IT MAKES ME SO ANGRY; YOU MAKE ME SO ANGRY. I'M SO ANGRY WITH YOU! I HATE YOU! I WANT TO SMASH YOU TO PIECES. I WANT YOU TO STOP DOING WHAT YOU'RE DOING TO ME. ARGH! I WANT TO RAGE AND RAGE AT YOU. I WANT TO SHOW YOU THAT YOU CAN'T TREAT ME LIKE THAT. IT DOESN'T MAKE ME FEEL GOOD AND YOU ALWAYS TREAT ME THAT WAY. NO MORE. I DIDN'T WANT IT; I DON'T WANT IT; I DON'T WANT YOU TO DO IT ANYMORE – **DO YOU HEAR ME!** NO MORE, NEVER AGAIN, STOP IT. STOP IT NOW!'

In this case it was clear it was more interference by my mother that was surfacing, and my anger at her over it. However, as I said, it's taken me years to get to this level of acknowledging that this comprised a great deal of my relationship with her when I was young. At first I had to acknowledge my feelings of her not loving me were true. This took a long time. It was very hard to accept – my feelings were contradicting my beliefs, and I didn't want it to be true. And if it was, then what? My whole life would be turned upside down, then nothing was true – it was all shit. I would have a major crisis, but my feelings *were* true.

Having started to see this life crushing truth, I was able to look more closely at, and acknowledge and accept, that these feelings comprised most of our relationship together. She wasn't loving me when she was interfering with me and making me feel bad, so much so, that I got angry with her. You only get angry when you feel your will, your life, your soul, your you, is somehow being threatened or comprised or denied it's freedom of expression, and you want to push back against the threat and make it go away.

I could never fight with mum. I could never get angry with her. It wasn't worth it; she'd explode blitzing me in an angry counter-attack. If I tried I always lost, her wrath always overpowered me. And to think that I loved her so much having suppressed all this anger. It just shows – well it has certainly shown me – just how much we can do with our minds. I completely deceived myself, lying to myself everyday that she loved me, when she didn't. But what else could I do? I wasn't allowed to express my anger as a child, having to suppress and then kept it repressed, with it festering away all these years. Only once can I remember yelling at her, and that was when I was thirty years old! She well and truly had the upper hand. I could only do what she said, and complaining or protesting was not a part of her acceptable equation.

For me to move into these hidden parts of myself in which I can actually feel my anger enough to come out and want to tell her, and show her how angry she is making me, is not only

new, but exciting. As hard as it is, I realise and feel that it's life – my life – and I'm coming up finally into it. I can stand up for what I feel, and if I don't like something she says or does to me, I can say. Finally I'm able to speak up and confront her. And the more I accept I am terrified of my own mother, the less power she has over me.

Since I started my feeling-healing, I don't see my mother anymore, having severed all communications with my family, however, in these mock feeling scenarios that come into my mind as I'm expressing my bad feelings about her, I'm back with her when I was young, and I can express what I couldn't express back then to her, now. I tell her what I think and feel about her, something I couldn't do back then when my mind and feelings weren't formed.

And just because my mind and feelings weren't formed back then doesn't meant I didn't feel and experience all these things. I did, even though I couldn't have articulated them, or expressed them. And even though I was unconscious of them, still my soul knew what was going on. Some part of me knew, and it's with this part that now as an adult that I can work my way back through all I experienced when I was young and see the truth of what really did go on – what I really did experience. And speak up about it no longer having to keep it all repressed.

To acknowledge your bad feelings, wanting them to help lead you into seeing the truth of them, can only begin when you decide it's something you do want to do. As I've said before, thinking it's something you might like to do is one thing, but actively wanting to do it, and then, DOING IT, is something entirely different all together.

If you want to acknowledge your bad feelings, they are there waiting for you. Masses of them. And they will always be there until you do.

## f). Barriers.

To want to keep accepting your bad feelings will help you confront, deal with – breakthrough – your barriers when they present themselves. When you find you can't go any further expressing how bad you're feeling, then concentrate on this: how not being able to go any further makes you feel. Why can't you push on, what's stopping you? And it's not so much as to answer these questions, but to acknowledge and fully accept the feelings associated with them – the fact and feeling that you can't go on.

'I can't push on, I feel like something's blocking me, what is it? Argh, it drives me mad that I can't see what it is. I hate feeling like this. I want to get to the other side. I feel blind. I feel useless, powerless, like I don't have any power in my own life. I want to see what's blocking me – what's stopping my feelings from coming up, but something is stopping me. It's now making me angry. I WANT TO BREAK THROUGH! I hate been prevented from moving forward. I hate these feelings of being thwarted. I want to get what I want, to have it my way. I want to push ahead; I hate feeling stagnant. I feel so annoyed, confused. Why I can't move? WHY CAN'T I MOVE? Who's stopping me? What's blocking me? I want to know the truth, I want to see…'

I try and describe how I feel feeling blocked.

'I feel stuck. I feel like I'm stuck in mud. It's got a grip on me. I can't lift my legs, I can't move. It's sort of holding me, holding me in place, refraining me from moving, restricting me. I feel like I'm tied up. I can't move my legs. I want to unzip my body, step out and free myself – bypass it. I feel all bound up. I feel hot, yeah, hot and really bothered. Argh, now I want to scream. I feel trapped, behind bars, imprisoned in a space I can't escape from. Yeah, I want to escape, but I feel so confined, trapped. I can't breathe, it's all closing in on me, I feel scared, so scared, what's going to happen to me, I can't breathe, I might die, I want to run away, I want to escape, help…'

As the truth started to surface, I could see how this related potentially to an early experience in life. Pictures of being caught up in my nappies, all dressed up, hot and bothered, and confined to my cot and not feeling free, came up. They rose up into my mind, vague impressions, but they

came. I'd never thought about anything like this before and yet now I feel like I am a baby all bound up, trapped and with no escape. And I am angry and scared at feeling so powerless. I have no control over my life, none whatsoever, I have to wait and hope someone frees me. And crying only makes me feel worse. I can't bear it, I have to give in, submit and finally exhaust myself trying to go to sleep. It becomes a huge barrier to me. Too much of my life was like this. I felt all too powerless and so scared, so trapped, caged, imprisoned; I couldn't get myself out of the situation and its bad feelings. I was stuck and had to simply surrender to it accepting I'm a useless failure and powerless to change my life's situations. I couldn't get myself out of that dam cot or out of my constricting nappies.

Next thoughts of comparing myself to my younger brother come up, I see more how badly I was treated. Mum for some reason takes more notice of him, and if he starts to feel the same way, trapped and closed in, he's allowed to cry and scream and throw things to get her attention, for her to do something about his lot. His pale skin shows that he is hot and frustrated, so she lets him out of the cot and takes some clothes of him and he can move around. He doesn't feel as powerless as I do. He can get what he wants in life more than I can. He has some power over her. He can make her do things he wants. I can't. She doesn't respond to me as she did to him. It is so unfair – more bad feelings. I'm still trapped and ineffective as to how to go about helping myself. I couldn't help myself back them, and I still can't.

## g). It's okay to hate.

How do you express your bad feelings?

You simply speak about them. You let the energy of them express themselves, say what they want you to say – what they are *making* you say.

If you think about being angry, you feel energy stirred up within you, and more than likely wanting to come out – that is unless your good at suppressing it. And if you speak about it, it's hard to do so in an even and level voice. And why shouldn't you raise your voice when you're expressing your anger? Yet in our family it was mum and my sister who could raise their voice, not the men. I don't remember my grandfather's or father ever really getting angry and yelling at us, not at least like mum. Once my grandfather got angry with my brother and I because we wouldn't stop giggling like girls when he was dishing out the dinner one night at Mt Macedon when we'd stay with him and go fishing on weekends. You know what it's like when you just can't stop laughing not even knowing what you're laughing at. He would growl at us to stop it, but nothing else, and that was the closet he ever got to being angry. This one time in all those weekends at Macedon that he slightly raised his voice. Incredibly the only time I remember him being angry. He died, as did my father, of prostate and bone cancer. Their anger was so repressed that it chewed up their bones. They repressed it so deeply it turned in on them and destroyed them from the inside, and what else could it have done? We can't keep stuff like intense anger and rage bottled up in us never being able to release it. We have emotions to express them, to have dynamic lives, and why life is so boring (for some of us) is because we don't express them. Instead we have to pretend that we have very interesting lives doing all our business deals and keeping very busy, but when you look more closely at it, our lives are nothing. Take the need to make money away and most people wouldn't know what to do with themselves. Many spirits can't adapt to spirit life because suddenly they don't have to earn money, suddenly they have all free time on their hands, and it takes them a long time to readjust to this new way of life. What would you do if you didn't have to work? Sit at home and watch videos all day?

To express your bad feelings you first need to allow yourself to speak about them, to emote or express how they are making you feel. So if you feel like moaning or criticising or complaining or being angry or miserable or saying you're depressed, you do it. And you say it as much as you can

and as often as you can to someone who wants to listen to you. And it's very important to keep on saying what your feelings want you to say.

If you were to moan and complain about something all day long how would you feel about it? And more importantly, how would the other members in your family or other people or the one person close to you feel about it? Could you easily do it, or would you worry that they wouldn't want to hear you going on and on saying how bad you feel about the same thing? And would they let you go on and on even if you could? Would they try and stop you? Would they criticise you telling you to shut up or try and do something to stop wherever it is that's bothering you?

New people recently bought the house next door. They immediately cut down every tree and pulled out the smaller plants on the property. Marion and I felt very angry about this. There are so few trees around us, and one of the trees in particular the wattle birds loved to feed and frolic in. But now it's gone. We felt so awful about the brutality of it: out with the chain-saw and demolish every living thing on site. We couldn't see how some of the trees were in the way, and surely a good pruning would have tided them up. We couldn't understand the logic behind such actions and our anger was easy to express. We talked about all we felt over two days and a night. We'd wake up angry and speak about how we felt. We talked until there was nothing more to say. Our angry feelings led us all over the place within ourselves seeing lots of things about our early childhoods. Mostly we felt like we were the trees and we were being chopped down. It helped us to feel cut to pieces emotionally by our parents, how they had no respect for us, and no regard for some of the things we liked. It sounds simplistic writing it here but for hours we felt so crushed, destroyed and devastated, like we were nothing, of no account, not worthy in our parent's eyes of being consulted as to what was about to happen. We felt completely intruded upon, taken over, powerless. They didn't respect us, we were worthless to them, just some mangy old trees, ugly; the sooner they got rid of us, the better.

Of course Marion and I didn't feel exactly the same things. She went through much worse stuff than I did, but as bad as it was to now have all the trees along the fence that made us feel secluded chopped down, so the whole road can look into our living room, we were grateful for the experience. And it didn't stop there. As everything is about relationships, now we didn't like our new neighbours. We hated them. We didn't look at them or smile at them. We kept our heads down allowing our feelings to guide us.

It was so good being able to freely honour my bad feelings, my feelings of hatred. I had never done such a thing before. It was still difficult to get past my programming to always be nice, and my fear that if I wasn't nice they'd do something bad to me, or something bad would happen – but I managed. I could now look at them and hate them and know why. I hated them for what they had done. Really hated them. I wanted to blow their house up, get rid of them, put everything back to how it was. And I could hate them without feeling scared that I was being mean or doing a bad thing, and that somehow they were going to come and punish me – someone, they, would come into our place and chop all our trees down as well.

I've always been so terrified of doing anything that isn't in line with what I believe is acceptable behaviour. I was always so scared of being punished by mum and dad. I have been very conservative, and before my feeling-healing, I would have kept on smiling at the neighbours and playing the *aren't-we-all-nice-and-friendly* game even though I FUCKING HATED THEM.

I spoke to the neighbour over the back fence telling him what I thought and felt about what the now hated and despised new neighbours had done, as most of the big trees they'd chopped down completely exposed his property. And they even took the liberty of chopping down some of his trees that were over hanging their fence, not just trimming them back to the fence line but chopping them right down. And this neighbour agreed that it was bad but then rationalised his bad feelings away by saying, 'oh well, what can you do, the trees branches were hanging over into their place, and it is their place after all.' But that's not the point. Of course you can't do

anything, and of course it's their property, BUT WE CAN STILL FEEL WHAT WE FEEL AND BE TRUE TO THOSE FEELINGS. And we can hate our neighbour for chopping down his trees for as long as we feel to hate for him.

YOU CAN HATE. IT'S OKAY TO HATE – that's what I have learnt. And it doesn't actually hurt anyone, and I won't get punished for not always smiling and being nice.

You don't have to love your neighbour no matter what. What a revelation it was for me. I can hate my neighbour – radical! I can hate and I don't have to do anything about it – just HATE. God, it's that simple. We should be able to feel what we feel, and if we feel very pissed off and angry, why shouldn't be able to feel that? Marion and I didn't rush around to the neighbours yelling at them for cutting down the trees, our feelings didn't move us that way. And there is no need for that as we can do all our feeling-healing on our side of the fence.

And really it's not even about the neighbours – the people themselves, nor even the trees – it's mum and dad who the neighbours represent and our parents parenting of us that we hate. And it is for us to find the truth of our hatred – what are the actions of our new neighbours doing to show us more truth about our relationship with mum and dad?

Over the following days our anger eased off but other feelings would come and go all helping us to see more things about ourselves. By allowing ourselves to feel we were getting to know ourselves. We get to know ourselves through our feelings and so we knew ourselves that much more. And as we saw the truth of our bad feelings and how they connected to bad things we'd experienced during our early childhoods, in the end we no longer felt all the anger and hatred of our neighbours, we even accepted the trees going.

And then suddenly a few days later I felt I wanted to go over and ask them why they cut the trees down. Marion and I both wanted to know. We were no longer angry just curious, as to what sort of people they were, how did they view the world, maybe they hated trees. I asked the neighbour and he said they were old trees and he wanted to plant new ones and that he wasn't a tree hater. We'd hoped they were going to replant and it still waits to be seen, however we both felt better about that. At least not all was lost. Now we've resumed communications with our neighbours, we don't hate them, we've got that hidden yuk off our chests and we were grateful for the experience so as to drive us deeper into ourselves bringing up more of our hidden bad feelings. (In the end, they only put in three non-natives along the front fence, two of which died from neglect from the tenants that shortly moved in. So we still hate them.)

It's been yet another long hard road for me to allow myself to hate. To really hate. To hate so much that I could kill. This was definitely not something that was accepted and thought well of in my family. Any sign of outward aggression or *nasty* spoken words or being mean were not tolerated. They weren't frowned upon, we simply couldn't have them or else be got punished.

Marion was very good at hating. Her parent's openly hated her so she openly hated herself, and as she allowed herself to do so through her healing, she hated them. She was very hard on herself – ruthless, she'd have pulled her hair out, cut her face off at times if she could. She only didn't because she felt so pathetic and so useless. She didn't have one good thing she thought about herself. She was complete self-hatred. So as she started to express all these self-hating feelings, feeling more confident with our relationship to do so, she started to push my buttons because one wasn't allowed to openly hate. I'd try and stop her by telling her she was mad, that she wasn't ugly, her hair was great – it is – so what was she talking about. I wanted to throttle her, knocking sense into her. Why did she go on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on and endlessly on about how bad she looked? Particularly when to my mind she had no reason for it.

I was afraid she'd drive me mad. I wasn't allowed to carry on like she was when I was young (and neither was she when she was young, but now she was getting good at it), but my mother was. She complained about her looks and what she felt about herself all the time and went on and on and on about how bad her life was, but I wasn't allowed to – so I still believed I couldn't.

So here I was back with my mother and it was terrible. It sure helped get my badly repressed anger up. I would even yell at her to stop going on about it, that she was fine, good, great, the most beautiful person in the world, just shut up. Stop complaining about your fat stomach when you're not even fat – she doesn't have a fat stomach, and yet how she'd go on you'd think she was about five hundred kilo's.

But as she was never allowed to complain about anything growing up and was always so heavily and cruelly just having to take it all, now was her time to fight back and say it all. I have had to learn how to allow her to say freely all she feels to say, and if I get angry to allow myself to get angry but not to take it out on her. To be angry and express my angry BUT NOT use it to try and shut her up. So she could moan and complain all day long about how ugly she is and how much she hates and loathes herself, and I can be angry with her for it, and we can both allow each other to be as we are. Both expressing all we feel whilst we long for and want to see the truth. It's okay to hate yourself – bring it all up!

### h). Anger.

Today I'm anger, pure total anger, and nothing else – that is how I feel. I am nothing but anger. I feel angry about this, but mostly I feel anger. I feel like my whole body is anger, if you could look at me all you'd see is anger. I feel like my arteries are pulsating with it and my cells are made of it, and my etheric is full of it and my spirit body is it – ANGER. I am living breathing anger. If I relax into myself and feel myself I feel only anger. It's quite a remarkable feeling. Anger is what I am: it is my whole life. I do everything with and through anger. I do everything because I am angry: angry at how I was treated when I was young; angry at how my life has been; angry at how I am now. I am pure rage inside. If I want to express my anger I quickly feel like I'm going to rage all over the place. My whole life I have tried to hide this truth, these feelings from myself. I never knew. I've felt so angry right from the beginning and nothing else. I've made this anger my normal feelings. When I've felt *calm* and centred I've wrongly believed I wasn't angry, but I now know that all I'm centred in is my anger. But I'm so dead to it. I sit in it like in the eye of the hurricane. It's taken me all these years of accepting and expressing and getting to know my anger, to know that I am perpetually angry. I am nothing more and nothing less than anger. Anger, anger and more anger. And all I can do is accept it. I can't get rid of it. I can't rage it out of me. I can't do anything about it except submit and accept. I don't know how else to be. It's all I've ever been. I've lived my life with anger. I've always been angry only I haven't been aware of it. It flows through my veins, it drives my actions, it conditions my relationships. Not one part of me isn't angry. It's a total feeling. I've never felt it so clearly. I am anger…

### i). Shame: a feeling-memory surfaces…

The shame; the fucking humiliation, god it's shit – there is nothing like it to feel so bad: so reduced to shit in front of other people; to shit in your pants in public and then your mother makes a drama out of it, drawing all attention to you; you the fucking useless pathetic one who can't control himself and shits in the street and everyone can see it and smell it and laugh. And all I want to do is run away, and she goes on and on about it. She's angry with me for embarrassing and humiliating and shaming her for having such a fucked son who'd do something like that to her. I want to shrink, melt, disappear – die; I want the good-fairy to come and make it all better, make me like other kids who don't do such messes, but I can't help myself, I get no warning: suddenly I feel bad, really bad – pains – and it's done, running down my legs and out onto the street for all to see. AAARRRGGGGHHHH, the shit life horror of it all! Why do I have to suffer such things, why me, what's wrong with me, why am I so scared that I want to shit in my

pants, what have they done to me? And there is no escape, I can't disappear, it's me, I have to leave myself, vanish into my mind, hide: it's not me, it's someone else, it's that boy, that other bad boy, it's him over there, blame him, yell at him, look and laugh and ridicule him, it's not me, I'm over here, I'm the good boy, always in control, it's not me… It's over, we're in the car, now I can hide, we're going back home to clean me up, the worst has past, I've escaped. I will try harder next time not to do it; I want a bath, a nice warm comforting bath, that will make me better, because Gran says so…

**j). An insight.** An example of some of the truth and understanding that has come up within me in answer to my longing and my bad feeling expressing:

This morning, through my feelings, I saw myself as a little person wanting to control mum and dad; wanting to make them happy so I can be happy. And I understood my happiness is dependant on them being happy. I can't be happy separately from them if they're not happy. And how does this make me feel?

Fucking pissed off with them for putting me in this situation. Initially I had to accept the truth that this was how I was acting, it came as something of shock. I was discussing with Marion some bad feelings resulting from my dreams and this led me to seeing this truth. This was new for me. I hadn't seen my happiness being dependant on them, I always thought that I was separate from them and I could make myself be happy or not happy depending on what I was doing in my life. Wrong! My happiness was totally dependant on them. If they were happy, then they would not be mean to me; if they weren't, then they'd make me feel rejected and wouldn't pay as much attention to me as I needed, making me feel bad. So I learnt it was in my best interest to try and do things to make them happy – be their good little son. And so that is what I do: try to make everyone happy so I'll be happy. I can't be happy until the whole world is happy. As soon as anyone is not happy I can't be happy, and I have to push my happy feelings aside and be unhappy with them, then set about trying to make them happy again. I did this with Marion, always trying to subtly manipulate her trying to make her happy. If she felt bad I tried to make her take her mind off her bad feelings, trying to make her feel good so I too can feel good. All my feelings are determined by the other person – what a fucked state to be in! I'm bonded to them, my whole life is conditioned by them; nothing of me is original. And how does that make me feel? Like screaming. I'm feeling so trapped in this pattern. And for God sakes it's the parents that are meant to make the child happy not the other way around. I'm working my arse off, trying to manipulate two adults into behaving how I want them to behave all so I can be happy and gain the love and attention I need, and yet I can hardly walk! No wonder I wanted so much power and control over others when I grew up. No wonder I still do… And I was totally unaware of this…

**k). Another insight.**

I realised that my parents probably didn't hate me as such: me as a person, but they hated the circumstances they found themselves in when I came along. The reality of having to look after and deal with me didn't match up with their fantasy about having children. I know they didn't like what it was like back then because of what my repressed bad feelings have led me to see and feel. I guess a lot of parents find themselves in situations with their young children they don't like, and it's not that they don't like their children, but they hate the situation. But it's a pity they take their hatred and frustration out on their children. And what they don't understand is that this hatred is transferred to their child by default. The child doesn't understand when it's young that its parents unloving behaviour toward it is not often personally directed at it, but is a result of the bad situation, something the parents don't like. So it believes its parents don't like it. I did. And now I

don't know what to believe. Did they like me personally as James, or didn't they; and if they did, then why did they allow the bad situations to negatively influence their relationship with me? I feel like I'm the one to blame for the bad situation, and if I wasn't around then they wouldn't be in it, it wouldn't be happening. So if I remove myself they can be happy. But how do I remove myself? I didn't ask them to bring me into life, they did that, and now they're making me feel responsible for their lives. But how can I be responsible? It's all so confusing. Was life as a little kid meant to be so hard to understand? Why did they take out their frustrations on me? I didn't ask for it. Why couldn't they have dealt with the situation themselves as mature adults instead of dumping their shit on me?

## Summary exercise:

As you may have realised, I'm directing this book to someone who might be like myself - even though Marion says no one is as feeling-dead and disconnected from their feelings and themselves as I am. So, with that cheery thought, if you are very feeling-aware and feeling-expressive, a lot of what I say might be completely obvious to you. So I apologise if some of the feeling stuff is a bit too simplistic.

**i). Keeping of a bad feeling diary:** an exercise to help summarise and practice all I've said; to help you become aware of your bad feelings and to then start to express them.

I would suggest keeping a diary of all the bad feelings you feel during one or a few days until you get the hang of seeing them come up within you, and more importantly, feeling them. I know it's tedious and hard boring work, but you might find it an eye-opener. You do have to be honest with yourself, so see if you can jot down all the times you feel bad. You don't have to say what you're feeling bad about, but see if you can monitor yourself, your feelings. If you don't come up with too much, it's okay, you'll get better with practice. And as you find yourself feeling bad about yourself, remember it's okay. YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT.

**ii).** Now pick a bad feeling experience, and assuming you have a friend who is willing to listen to you, organise with your friend so you can speak about your bad feelings. Ask your friend if he or she will just listen and not say anything. (Of course it's best if you can start expressing your bad feeling immediately you feel them, but we can't always do this as it's simply not appropriate, so we might have to hold onto them or put them aside until later. But to begin with, I'm assuming you have to do it in a more formal organised way and not in the moment.)

**iii).** When you are ready to begin, put yourself back into the situation, like role playing, trying to recall all you felt, and then begin to describe the situation: what happened, what was said and how it made you feel.

Then keep on speaking about your bad feelings. Try to describe them. Try to allow them to come up within you so you can reconnect with the full emotion and feeling of them, and allow them to express themselves.

**iv).** Then pause when you've said all that you can, and long for the truth, really want to know the truth of what it's all about and why you are feeling what you are. Ask yourself, long to yourself, your soul if you like, to show you the truth; WANT it to come to you as you speak about your feelings. (If you want to include God, ask God to help show you the truth of your bad feelings through your feelings.)

**v).** Then take a moment and start expressing your feelings again, however this time trying to feel

how feeling these bad things makes you feel, see if you can take it to a deeper personal level.

**For example:**

Let's imagine someone says something to you that makes you feel hurt. I'll use and example of what happened to me to illustrate the points. You don't know why it does, it just does. Suddenly you just feel hurt and like crumpling up with all life drained out of you.

*So begin by describing the situation, the interaction – the experience. Then repeat what was said, and then speak about how hurt it made you feel. Describe your feeling hurt. Try and say all the bad feelings it made you feel, even if they don't seem relevant or seem to be going off the track, just go with it.*

'I felt hurt… shocked, actually at first… yes, shocked. I felt sort of stunned to begin with. The words stayed with me going around in my mind, and after I got back into the car, I started to feel hurt. Hurt. Really hurt, like a knife was stabbed into me, deep into the middle of me. And I felt like I was sinking, sort of deflating… And then I felt angry. How dare she say that to me! How dare she treat me that way? Who does she think she is? What right does she have to say that to me? Argh, I feel so hurt, so bad. Crushed, wounded, lifeless, like all the stuffing's been taken out of me. God I feel bad!

*Pause, and long for the Truth. You long from and with your heart – with your feelings, not just saying a mental prayer in your mind. You yearn, desire – and long to know: to uncover and see the truth. Please God help me see the truth of these feelings You want me to see. I'm saying this prayer with my mind as I'm longing and yearning to God to help me see the truth.*

*Continue expressing how feeling hurt makes you feel, trying to go deeper into the feelings.*

'Feeling hurt makes me feel bad, really bad… I feel unwanted… like she doesn't like me… yeah, not liked. It makes me feel not liked and I don't like not feeling liked… *(Allow yourself to go with the feelings, sink into the bad feeling of not feeling liked and keep speaking about how you feel.)* I feel upset; feeling not liked makes me want to cry… I feel miserable; it's not fair. What did I do to deserve that? Why doesn't she like me? What's wrong with me? I feel like I'm falling… I'm small, vulnerable, scared… I feel afraid… hated. She hates me… I don't like feeling hated. I feel rejected, rebuffed, unwanted – hated. Feeling bad makes me feel scared. What if no one likes me and everyone hates me? I don't want to be hated! I hate being hated…'

If you feel you want to, but do so WITHOUT EXPECTATION – WITHOUT EXPECTING TO SEE ANYTHING, ask yourself how does this relate to my early childhood and my relationship with my parents. Is this how one of my parents made me feel? If you want to go down this track be careful not to try and make up solutions, not to say: yes, it was my mother, she said things like this woman did. Remember it's not about trying to appoint blame, or find the answer so the bad feeling will go away. It's about allowing yourself to feel ALL of these bad feelings, all of what you've just spoken about. It's all about understanding yourself: what you are truly feeling in the situation. If it becomes clear that this woman saying this bad thing to you symbolically is your mother, if a childhood memory, perception – or just a knowing, comes, keep speaking about your feelings in these memories and situations in which your mother said things that hurt you. Keep speaking out your hurt. Occasionally return to your original hurt feeling reconnecting with the experience and see if more bad feelings come up needing to be expressed.

You want to find the truth of your early relationships by accepting your feelings. You accept your feelings by speaking about them. All that you are saying *is* the truth, and if more needs to come up, it will all of its own accord.

When you feel you've had enough or there isn't any more to say, ask your friend if they want to know anything further. Do they have any questions about anything you've said? Give them time to say what they want to, they might want to sympathise with you and share experiences of their own. But if they say anything that triggers you off, and you need to remind them that the *session* is for you, do so, so you can keep speaking. When you have finished, if need be, they can have their turn.

Of course, after you get used to just speaking about your experiences with your friend, you can

both have more of say as you feel to say it, your communication can be more natural and free flowing and not as ordered to begin with, as in this example. As always it is for you, and for you to get the feel of doing it, working out what you want out of it and how you want to do it.

**Here's another example:** something impersonal happens to you, such as a driver cuts you off and you feel angry. Your friend happens to be with you in the car.

'God some people are useless drivers, they shouldn't be allowed to drive... *(Now focus on your bad feelings.)* God I feel angry, that really makes me angry, I hate being cut off like that, I feel so mad, I want to smash that person, go over pull them up and say you fucking bad driver you shouldn't be on the road, you're a menace, a threat, you'll cause an accident the way you drive… I am so angry, SOOOOOO FFFUCCKKING ANGRY! I feel like just ramming their car, they didn't even look, just cut me off, I am furious, I want to ring their necks, I want to kill them, I want to… I don't know what, I just want to… *(Really go for it. Really allow your anger to come up. Let your feelings speak out and express your anger, even if what you say is extreme or unbelievable. Allow your feelings to take you where they will. Allow it to come all over you even if you have to stop driving. It you can take time out to accept all you are feeling – then do it. You and your feeling is what is important even if you are going to be late to where you're going.)*

*(When your anger has eased off.) Pause and long for the truth. Really want to see with all your being why you are really angry – the truth of your anger. (Speak your longing out loud if you can. If you want to include God, ask and long to God for His (Her or Their) help to show you what you need to see. Long to God to help show you the TRUTH.)*

*Now try and see how feeling these angry feelings makes you feel? And why did you get angry do you think. What feelings are involved in that, what is underneath the anger, what is driving it on?*

'Why did I get angry? I don't know… no I do know, because I got a shock when that driver cut me off, yes, I got scared. He scared me, and I don't like being scared, that is why I got angry.' *(Try to speak more about being scared, how it makes you feel.)*

'Being scared makes me feel really bad; oh I hate feeling scared. *(Why do you hate it?)* It makes me feel alone. It's just me, all alone and I have to look after myself. And people like this driver make me feel threatened. I feel scared that I can't control things, so bad things are going to happen to me, like I might have an accident and I dread that happening. I feel so nervous, it's bad enough driving as it is, but to have someone suddenly do an irresponsible thing; it's too sudden, out of the blue, and I don't like that, that freaks me out… It makes me feel scared.

Feeling scared makes me feel so bad. I feel all cold and shaky, panicky… yes, like I'm in a panic or going to panic or there is panic all around me and that scares the hell out me.'

*(Now try and remember if this panicky, freaking you out and being scared feeling reminds you of times previously in your adult life, have you felt it before; and what about during your childhood – anything ring a bell? When else have you felt this way?)*

So the idea is to first concentrate on your immediate bad feelings and try to accept and express them; long for the truth as often as you can, and then try to go deeper, see how the bad feelings you've just expressed make you feel.

If you don't have a friend and have only yourself then you can speak in your mind or out loud how you feel. If you can't do that you can write about how you feel and if you can't do that, then just allow yourself to accept as fully as you can your bad feelings. I personally haven't done it this way, I need to get the energy out, however other people have told me they get somewhere by just accepting and longing for the truth when they don't have a friend to listen to them. They just accept all they feel allowing themselves to be their friend.

# Part V
# Addiction, Pets, Sympathy, Expectations, Taking your parents on, and Saying No!

These are some other specific topics that are important to most of us, and how we can relate to them in light of our feeling-healing.

## 27). Addiction.

Isn't it a bugger to deal with, and so hard to break!

I want to write more about Marion's Panadine addiction and some other of my addictions I mentioned earlier in the book, so to refresh your memory: Marion was addicted to taking Panadine, three lots of two tablets a day, every day, to keep her continuous headache away. And then she started to speak about and accept all she felt about doing this. Why did she have to take the pills? She spoke about her fears of stopping taking them, of the intolerable pain, of how her headaches made her feel. She spoke about how powerless to stop she felt, how they had the control because she didn't want her head pain. She spoke about every facet of her relationship with them and it took weeks. Somewhere along the way she decided that she wanted to give them up. That was a big decision to make. So many of the things we're addicted to we want to do, we enjoy doing or having them, and although we might know or believe they are bad for us, we can't stop because the truth is, we don't want to.

Once she'd decided she wanted to give them up her bad feelings changed. She was confronted with more bad feelings, more intense fear. Her mind and its controlling patterns were starting to feel threatened. Your mind, that part of you that has control, and even though its control is over another part of you, doesn't want to give up its power. What happens if it has no power? – it fears it will cease to exist. So your inner war rages on.

But gradually by expressing her bad feelings her barriers and resistance and her need for power diminished. And then one day she could stop taking the pills. She stopped, and instead drank more cups of tea (that more mild addiction could wait for another day), but at least she didn't feel all those bad feelings that were driving and maintaining her Panadine addiction anymore.

Six months later the headaches returned with a vengeance. She started on the pills again; more bad feelings to accept and express. Three months later she was able to give them up again, and this time for good. Now she can accept and express her way through her headaches or simply allow them to be while she speaks about how bad they are making her feel. And lately she's hardly had any. Compared to daily headaches, she now can go for weeks without having one. And as soon as one comes she speaks about it. She tells me she's got it, describes it – where in her head it is, and the type of pain, and then tells me how it's making her feel and what she feels about it.

Her headaches are a result of her repressed anger, misery and frustration at not being able to speak about these feelings, and all her feelings, when she was young. But as she's now allowing these feelings to come out the headaches are going. They are no longer needed to help her feel bad; they being no longer needed to help her connect with her repressed bad feelings because she doesn't have these repressed feelings within her any more.

Really, all the things we do regularly to ward off our bad feelings we're addicted to. And it's hard to give them up. You might be able to *mind over matter* and give up smoking or drinking, but you've

still not healing the cause of what caused you to smoke or drink in the first place. So that cause, tucked away in your repression, will stay buried and you will do other things to take the place of smoking or drinking, if you do manage to give these things up using only your mind and will power.

Are we meant to smoke or drink alcohol? Are we meant to live taking drugs, natural or artificial, prescribed or unprescribed? And if you believe it's not right, but have felt powerless to do anything about it, then at least considering the expressing of your feelings of powerlessness might be another alternative. I'll let you be the judge of that because you are to decide how you want to live your life. Big of me, isn't it!

Marion and I want to live the way our soul and God wants us to live. And we don't know how that is. It could be by drinking two bottles of wine a day, or it could be drinking one glass a week or whenever we feel the need; or it could be drinking no alcohol at all. We don't know, we don't know what's best for us, we don't know what our soul and God knows, so all we can do is keep striving to express our bad feelings, and keeping longing to know the truth: what is best for us, what is the true way for us to live. And in time the truth does come. And the truth for us having suddenly taken up drinking two bottles of wine a day for six months, expressing all the feelings we felt, then just as suddenly giving them up and not wanting to drink anything, is: we've given up all alcohol; we just don't feel we want it anymore. And that is our truth for now, for this moment, and will it be for all other moments... we'll wait and see. (12 or so years later and we still don't want any alcohol. So it's still our truth.)

We've given up many things. Sometimes we've started having or doing them again, then after expressing more feelings and uncovering more truth, giving them up again. Gradually we feel how to live true – our feelings tell us how.

We went through a stage of drinking a bottle or two of wine every night with dinner. Neither of us drank anything before that. I had binged during my early twenties but found smoking dope much more to my liking. We found we loved wine: certain red wines, something I'd never previously been keen on. I developed a real liking for them and the fuzzy headed state by the end of one bottle. And then a quick trip back to the bottle shop for a second – and why not – helped numb my bad feelings.

But then after about six months of this habit we suddenly decided to give it up. We didn't want to hide our bad feelings with the wine any longer. We stopped drinking and haven't since. And we continue to express our bad feelings.

My dope smoking completely stopped soon after I met Marion. I occasionally had a smoke if it was on offer, but soon after I started to understand about the significance of my bad feelings I could feel why I wanted to smoke. How I'd been using the dope to cover up and to run away from my fears; of feeling scared, so scared; days and days of being always sacred, and I hated feeling scared. But now I could speak about being scared – all I was afraid of. I could stop running and face the truth of my fear. So I could stop smoking.

Giving up sex and masturbation has been another difficult thing for me. Sex was okay, but masturbation was terribly hard taking years of working through so many negative patterns. Why I wanted to masturbate (and I'm not entirely over it yet) was connected to so many different things deep within me to do with power and control, and my ever present feeling of feeling so powerless. But one day it broke. One day I knew that I had power over it instead of it having power over me. I always felt bad needing to do it to make me feel better. But the more I expressed my bad feelings every time I wanted to do it, whether I ended up doing it or not, gradually I understood the intricacies of why I needed to do it and could have a say in it. And finally I stopped doing it. I gave it up, then started again, on and off for varying lengths of time, as yet more repressed feelings came up driving it, but nothing like it had been, and slowly it's

fading out.

The breaking of my masturbation addiction was the thing that showed me anything and everything is possible by expressing your bad feelings. Everything can be healed. It and my nervous nail-biting are the last of the obvious ingrained behavioural addictions to go. The toughest and hardest I've had to work on. They are a result of my deep feelings of rejection, powerlessness, feeling unwanted, inadequate, unloved and scared to death. The complete *negative truth* of my relationship with my parents.

I remember after years of working on expressing and accepting my bad feelings to do with masturbation it suddenly occurred to me it *was* an addiction. I had to accept that I was addicted to it. I'd always thought it was something I did more out of enjoyment than anything else, it was easy and it felt good, and I believed I could give it up any time if I really wanted to. It was something I did when I felt like it, and I never felt too bad about doing it other than during the times when I became obsessive about it, during my hardest down times. But when I came to actually give it up, I found I couldn't, and in fact, having decided to give it up, I wanted to do more than ever! I had to accept I had a problem, I was addicted – I was an addict.

But this acceptance was a turning point. It helped me to allow myself to accept that I didn't have the power over myself I thought I did. It helped me to get in touch with how powerless I actually did feel, and this of course was why I masturbated. Masturbation gave me feelings of power. In my sexual fantasises I was the king, I was the champion, and what I said went. I had all power over women, sex was at my beck and call, and no one ever said no. I was loved and praised and accepted for being me. If I wanted sex in my mind I got it. It was easy and there was no having to deal with another person and what they said and felt. All a direct result of feeling the exact opposite about myself and my life during my childhood. For so long I had no power, mum and dad had it all, and then suddenly when I was somewhere around thirteen or fourteen I discovered I could do this thing with my dick and I felt all powerful – I felt good for once! Why would I ever want to give that up?

Addictions of all kinds no matter whatever they are or how severe, I believe, can be given up by accepting and expressing all your bad feelings. The bad ones will be so deeply ingrained in you that I wouldn't expect immediate positive results, nor expect to give it up until I'd seen most or all of the horror to do with my early childhood and unlocked all those terrible bad feelings. But once you see them, the addiction will no longer have its power over you. Your parents have made you become the addict, and that applies to being addicted to anything, and it is not until you see how and why you have taken all they did to you on doing it to yourself, that you will truly free yourself from your habit. You have after all become addicted to your negative self-denial state. You are living one huge addiction, and it will require a lot of self-love to heal it.

A reformed AA alcoholic told me that he had to keep asserting to himself that he is still an alcoholic, that although he'd managed to stop drinking, he still had to accept he was an alcoholic forever, and in a way it's true. And he will be an alcoholic forever until he digs down deep into himself and liberates and sees the truth of all his repressed childhood feelings, until he sees AND FEELS the rotten unloving time he had with his unloving parents that made him become the addict he is. He will be able to say he is no longer addicted to alcohol, no longer and alcoholic, when he finds this truth within him, accepting and expressing all the pain he feels, because he will know he will be free.

And he did have a bad childhood, I could see that; I could see it written all over his face and in how he treated himself and conducted his life. The truth was in him waiting for him to uncover.

The psychiatric institutions and prisons are full of people who have nothing more wrong than not being allowed to express their childhood repression. If we all could, we'd have no psychosis, and we'd have no need to be addicted to anything. It's our repressed anger and all the other terrible feelings locked away inside us that makes us commit crimes. Just as it is, when we can't contain the pain and misery any longer, and it breaks our mind. If we learnt how to accept and

express our bad feelings, then at least some so the inner pressure might be released, enough at least to allow other avenues of action to occur rather than these extreme ones. And it's only that the majority of us have been so well conditioned to be good, and to fit in with societies rules and ways, that we're all not in institutions or prisons.

Our childhood repression is our most severe addiction. We're addicted to it, it's us, and we're it, without being aware of it. We're all in a bad way, and our state is shown up by our relationship with each other and our environment. Death and destruction to the environment because of the death and destruction of what's going on within us. We are killing ourselves from within, and so all we can do is kill ourselves and everything else from without. We grow unhealthy food to feed our unhealthy inner person. We can't love and look after ourselves properly because we weren't people loved and looked after properly when we were young. If we were truly loved and looked after, then we'd never dream of damaging the outside because we'd look at it lovingly and not as something we want to get rid of, just as we'd look at ourselves – we'd feel it – and not want to get rid of ourselves like our parents did. When we look at the forest and want to get rid of it, seeing it in terms of only dollars, we're really looking at ourselves. We want to get rid of ourselves because we hate ourselves, because our parents hated us. And we all standby allowing the destruction to happen, being passive participants in our own demise, because other people in our lives when we were young stood by allowing our parents to destroy us. And to try and fix the outside by planting more trees is only doing band-aide jobs covering up the outside and pretending that everything is better when it's doing nothing for our inside.

We are all addicted to living negative lives. Our minds are fully entrenched in the negative, and there's nothing we can do about it unless we want to accept how we feel about it.

We've been conceived, weaned and fed on denial, and so it has become us. Right through to the core of our bones we're riddled with denial and that's why so many peoples bones disintegrate and fall apart. We have to replace hips and do all sorts of invasive surgery to prolong our lives, all because we can't face the truth of our repressed childhoods. We are living longer because of sciences' involvement, but are we living a better standard of life? Science is only helping to draw out the pain and suffering. We have longer years in old age so more things can break down and not work. Did God seriously intend us to be so crippled and hopeless? I don't think so. Who knows how we'd be if we were able to live lives free of our bad start and our negative mind and will condition. Who knows how long we'd naturally live without so much within us that is constantly draining away our vitality.

I truly believe that we can heal any addiction within us, even our whole negative state. I'm not there yet but I feel with every passing day that an end is within sight. I won't know of course until I get there; and its still something of a gamble, but as I said, overall I'm feeling so much better within myself, and truly I have nothing else. I have made terrific gains in my self-love.

## 28). Healing addiction.

It's a tough one and I can't begin to explain all that I've been through with mine, but I do want to write about some of what I consider to be important aspects to it. So this will be more of a summary of all I've spoken about.

Firstly in my healing I had to accept I was addicted to things. Being ADDICTED to something has bad connotations. And who wants to be addicted to anything. How often will the smoker say he's not addicted, he can give up anytime, but never does.

We all know we get addicted to things because of things that are wrong within us, but what you might not realise is that you are *addicted* to your whole negative mind state. You simply can't give it up and heal yourself and live happily ever after, without any bad feelings affecting you from your early childhood repressed yuk – not unless you heal your repression.

So that's the first addiction to accept – you're stuffed, trapped within and bound to your negative or self-denial state.

Next we're addicted to our erroneous beliefs and the denial behaviour associated with them. All of this too we're mostly unconscious of.

And some of that behaviour brings to light some of the addictions you may be more familiar with such as: smoking, drinking, sex, masturbation, drugs (legal or illegal), work, spending money, fitness, making yourself look good; neglecting your pet, your children, your spouse or yourself; entertainment, money, coffee, tea, other foods; things you say, how you think or what you think about and when you think about them, fantasies; certain behaviours: pretending you feel good, happy and loved, how you treat people and yourself; a movie on Fridays; the football and the pub on Saturdays; going to church on Sundays, and anything else. Whatever you're doing that's helping you avoid feeling bad, you are addicted to!

### So how do you heal such addictions?

It's too much to say in a few words as it comprises all you'll go through in your healing; however, I'll try to summarise all I have said in this book, and add a few helpful things I've learnt – mostly taught to me by Marion.

You can heal any and all addictions, including your whole negative state, by accepting all your bad feelings, expressing them – speaking about them, and longing for the truth of them, and seeing – realising it. It's that simple to write, but it takes years of hard work because the things you're strongly addicted to will be tied up with your very core issues of feeling rejected, powerless, unloved, unwanted and uncared about by your parents.

When you start off trying to tackle an addiction, your first need to accept it fully – admit out loud to yourself that you have it, or do it, and that it's a problem (it makes you feel bad in some way); and most importantly: THAT IT HAS COMPLETE POWER AND CONTROL OVER YOU. IT HAS YOU AT IT'S MERCY. AND YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT – YOU DEFINITELY CAN'T GIVE IT UP, OR STOP IT. AND ALL YOU CAN DO IS KEEP ON DOING IT, AND THAT IS OKAY. And as you'll see for yourself through your healing, that's exactly how you feel being with your parents. You're addicted to your negative and unloving relationship with them. If you have a serious (and even not so serious) addiction, and you believe you love your parents, then I'm afraid you're going to have look at little deeper and start to fact a few truths about such love.

It's okay to have your addiction. It's okay to be addicted. You are totally allowed to feel very sorry for yourself because you feel totally overpowered and pathetic about the whole thing. It's okay to feel pathetic and powerless.

ACCEPTANCE OF ALL YOU FEEL, THINK AND ARE, IS THE KEY TO DOING

YOUR HEALING; THAT, AND WANTING TO SEE THE TRUTH OF ALL YOU FEEL, THINK AND ARE.

Then you can focus on your specific problem.

This begins by your speaking about it. Speaking about it to a friend, to someone who wants to know you and is sympathetic and understanding, and not someone who just wants to try and solve your problem so you don't have to feel bad any more. It's a must to speak about it, as it's through the speaking that you bring up all the related underlying hidden feelings allowing you to see the truth of what's really going on. You are bringing your repressed self out by speaking up about how bad you feel. And you need to hear yourself say how bad you feel so you can feel more feelings and sympathise with yourself. You are speaking about it all for YOURSELF, not for the other person. You are the poor unloved child finally able to speak up and have its say, to be allowed to, and welcomed by your friend (the world, and really how your parents should have been) – someone who does care and want to know you.

And really want to heal yourself of your addiction or problem, want to see the WHOLE TRUTH of it.

Don't force or try to force yourself to give up your addiction, this will only bury the underlying causes of it deeper. Allow yourself to have it, and do it expressing all you feel about it each time you do it. Keep wanting to know why you do it, as you are working to heal it, as this will help keep pressure on you making you feel bad each time you do it, giving you more bad feelings to express. How do you feel before you do it? How do you feel when the urge comes? How does it make you feel as you do it? How do you feel as you're doing it? How does it make you feel after you've done or had it? Try and bring up and be true to all the feelings and emotions – see where they take you, always longing for the truth of them. And if you don't already do it or take it with your friend being present, see if you can do it or take it in their presence whilst you speak to them about all you are feeling. If it is a secret addiction you will have to bring it ALL out in the open – every aspect about it that you hate – being able to speak about it and find the truth.

And that's it. That's all you do no matter how often you do it. Every time you feel the urge or if it comes into your mind, express all you feel about it. If you don't want to keep doing it, as you don't like it, then when you do, always speak about all it's making you feel. Speak about all you feel at the beginning, in the middle, and at the end. Long for the truth; really want to see what's going on in you, why you do or have it. And keep doing or having it if you feel you have to – always keep following your feelings. Don't make it any harder than it already is by trying to give it up. When you've seen all the truth of your repressed feelings to do with it, it will leave you of its own accord. It is amazing, but you don't actively have to stop it or make it go away – it just will. Sometimes you might feel you have to try and give it up, and you might succeed, and then later you might want to start doing it again, but all the time, keep speaking about all the associated feelings and seeking the truth of them. You will just get to a point where you don't want to do it anymore – it's that easy. Your duty to yourself is only to accept and express and long for the truth of it. The healing and the giving up of itself will naturally occur when it's time, when you've seen all the related truth, and only God knows what you need to see – what He wants you to realise about yourself.

If you have a willing friend, ask them to help you to speak about it more. They can ask you questions about any aspect of it, and if you are both doing your feeling-healing together all the better. It will be very intense at times but just keep expressing all you feel. Admit all you feel to them about it. Come out fully to them. If you have secret addictions you'll have to come out and tell someone who cares about you. You have to know someone wants you and likes you and even loves and accepts you just as you are. You and all your yuk. No matter how bad or repulsive you are. And if you don't know how to begin telling them about it, but if you know you do want to at least give it a try and see what their reaction is, start by saying something like: I want to tell you

about a really yuk, bad part of myself, and I don't know how to go about it. And I know you will hate me for being this way, for having to do this thing, but it's something I want to say about myself that I've never told anyone; and as I trust you, I want to tell you about it. Are you okay about that? It's going to be really bad and you'll hate me afterwards. Speak to them about all your worries, doubts and fears – all your bad feelings – before you begin.

It is the rejection: being hated and not loved that we fear. But really it is only ourselves we hate and don't love following on from how our parents made us feel. So we have to own up and get it all out, speaking about how bad we feel and unlocking all the terribly painful feelings we are using our addiction to keep suppressed.

Speaking about the addiction is going to liberate more yuk and many more bad feelings. This too you will need to accept. You can take it in stages, do a bit and give up until it comes around again, but understand that if it's deeply attached to your deepest childhood pain, it's going to take years to work your way through it all.

You might at certain points in your dealing with it, express some stuff about it and see and realise things, even feeling like you've healed it. You might be so pleased of your achievement at having been able to give up doing it or stop having it, only to find that months or years later it all gets too much and you slip back into doing or having it again. AND THAT'S OKAY. THAT'S ALL A PART OF THE HEALING PROCESS. You are meant to feel you've given it up, and enjoy, and express all the good feelings. You will have given up some aspect of it, but that's only one part of it. Slipping back into doing or having it only means you have more, a new lot of yuk bad feelings to uncover and understand about it, and so as hard and frustrating as it is, you start all over again: accepting your bad feelings before, during and after; speaking about them and all they are making you feel; and longing for the truth of it all.

And you might give it up, stop it, and start it again many times before you finally heal it all, but with each time you will see change and overall a reduction. Some things you're addicted to you might give up quickly and never need them again; for other addictions it might be a gradual process becoming less defined then finally reaching an end; and for other addictions they might simply fade off out of you with your focusing on them intermittently, and one day suddenly realising they've gone and you don't do or say or behave or need whatever it was you did.

So to summarise: Accept, express – speak, about all you think and feel, good and bad about; and long for the truth. Always want to know the truth of why you are doing it, or why you want to do or have it, and why you need to do it or have it. No truth; no healing.

## 29). Pets.

I want to include a short part about pets. Pets come into our lives in service to our needs. And they are very good at fulfilling them. If you start to do your feeling-healing then your pets will take on yet another role. If you don't have little children constantly in your life to push your buttons and help stir up your bad feelings for you to accept, then the next best thing can be a pet. Many things will happen to them, and they will do many things to you, to help you feel bad. And as much as you might love them, these bad things will keep happening for you. ALL FOR YOU! And it might seem unfair on your pet that it seemingly suffers for you, helping you get in touch with yet more bad feelings, but if it is what needs to happen to push you deeper into yourself, then they will be *used* to do it. And it sure makes you feel bad, feeling so sorry for them, seeing them suffer for you. Our little cat has had many things happen to her, thankfully none of them too bad, but bad enough for us to have to worry and feel bad allowing us to focus on more bad feelings. And all the time it has seemed like she had to suffer the bad thing for us. However within herself, as within in all creatures, they being different and of perfect self-love then we are in our negative state, and so they don't feel bad and suffer as we do, so Miss Peepoo didn't suffer as we did. Creatures do of course feel bad when mistreated, but they don't suffer from the lack and denial of self-love that we do, when as young children we're mistreated and forced to go against ourselves.

If you start out on this adventure: uncovering the truth of yourself through your bad feelings, and your life seems to fall apart putting continual pressure on you, this is what is meant to happen. The end result, that of you feeling eternally happy, comes, so I believe, at the END of your healing. Along the way it's hard slog and LOTS of feeling very bad.

Our cat, (now currently called) Miss Potsy-Peepoo, is marvellous at helping Marion and I to break down our rigid behavioural structures. She never develops routines so we can count on what she's wanting or going to do next. As soon as she starts a pattern and we become familiar with it she'll do the opposite. Sometimes we'd swear that something else was giving her the thoughts to act, some unseen presence was saying: 'Now get up and do this, as James and Marion need to have this bad-feeling experience now', and so up she'll get and do something completely different to anything she's ever done before.

She has helped us more than anything to bring up our bad feelings. We do love and adore her, but boy it's been tough with her. If we want to go out by a certain time, then sure enough she'll disappear – MORE BAD FEELINGS! If we don't care when we leave, sure enough she'll come inside by herself curl up and go to sleep just before we're ready to go, giving us no trouble at all. She's helped us to let go of so many things. She's made us face our motives in nearly everything we do, and if they haven't been true, she's helped us to give them up.

Mostly as much as we love her and do love having her, we'd still rather not have her. She's such a disturbing influence and we'd definitely never have another pet, but no sooner have we had these thoughts and feelings having been pressured yet again, we turn around loving the fact that she's so stimulating causing us so many bad feelings though her actions. And when she is not causing us to feel bad, she is a treat. She is wonderful and so gorgeous, so loving and giving, and we feel so privileged to have such an intense and highly personal relationship with her. She has also helped us to accept and express our good feelings as well as our bad. And she's helped us greatly to further understand and feel more for nature and all living things.

She has helped us both see how much control we've wanted. How many things we do to maintain something of a grasp on life, making it do and go where we want it to go. How much power we are trying to gain, all because we feel so powerless. And when she doesn't want to be controlled, and as Marion and I really don't want to control her, she quickly helps us to see our controlling motives when we thought we didn't have any. And gradually we've given up wanting

this false power and control. And by accepting her and allowing her to be however she wants to be, we've been able to readjust ourselves to accommodate and include her ways in our life. Most people if they were to visit us and see our relationship with her would probably say that she was the boss in our lives with complete control over us and wonder how could we live this way; with the cat being so free to do as it pleases by making us do what it wants for her all the time. And yet we don't want a pet for the same reasons most people do: *because a cat or a dog helps make their life complete*, using it to help them deny their bad feelings. We want a pet to help us with our healing, to help us to feel bad so we can find the truth of these bad feelings. Mind you, that wasn't our intention when we got her, we wanted her to please us helping us with our feeling-denial, but thankfully, she had other things in mind.

We did want a cat that was more like another person in the house, and we sure got one. She has definitely revealed to us that there are levels to our involvement with nature that we know very little about. And as we have grown in truth and changed, so too has she. She has literally kept pace with us, adjusting herself to the new us, being able to provide for us the experiences we've needed each step along the way. We owe a great deal to our little grey cat. Potsy-pee-pot with all our love, we thank you. We are sorry we have given you what is probably a shit life; and we thank you with all our heart for all you have done for us. (We've since, some years later, put her to sleep. Her jaw deformity resulting from her bad start in life with her calcium deficiency and probably bad breeding, made it too hard for her to eat.)

## 30). Sympathy.

In setting out to do your healing you are setting out to right all the wrong within you. All the wrong in you that determines how you relate, communicate and have relationships. We all want to have, or at least dream about having, the perfect relationship. And to achieve this within yourself and with a partner whilst you're doing your healing, is to give one hundred acceptance to the other person thereby always being sympathetic to what they are feeling, allowing them to feel it while not trying to take their feelings away from them. But this is very hard to do – at least it has been for me.

Anything you do that makes the other person feel like they can't express ALL they feel, and especially all their bad feelings, is a rejection of them. It's not loving and supportive, and it's not being sympathetic, it is being exactly how that person was treated by their parents when their parents were doing things to make them feel bad.

Sympathy comes, when you being the listener, want to listen without judgement and without wanting to enforce your will and control over the other person. If you want to control how the other person feels in any way, then you are causing exactly what they are trying to express out of themselves: all their pain and misery from being controlled and not allowed to freely express their bad feelings.

If Marion says for the millionth time: 'I'm sick and tied of feeling so bad. I hate feeling so miserable and that I am such a nothing. And that everyone else has a life and I don't. That I don't have anything I can do, and I am such a waste of space', then it's for me to sympathise with her because she is wanting to tell me how bad she feels. She wants to tell me these bad feelings because she wants to see what they are herself; she wants them to come up so she can see the truth of them, what's really driving them within her to feel this way. And she wants someone to accept her, to accept unconditionally, caring with feeling about how bad see feels about herself.

And if I say anything other than something sympathetic, for example, if I say: 'I wish you didn't have to feel like this any longer, I wish something good would happen for you,' then what I'm really saying is, I wish you'd shut up so I don't have to listen to you anymore. I'm saying I want something to happen so you don't have to feel bad, so I don't have to hear you moaning and complaining any more. Because really it's got nothing to do with me how she feels, it's her life, not mine. My wishing is useless; I'm not being sympathetic to her. I'm trying to control her by wishing things to happen; I'm trying to take over her life. If I could make them happen, then I would all so she wouldn't have to feel bad anymore. But how do I know what her soul wants and what is important in her life? I'm not her controller. I'm not the one who says she can't be miserable and complain all day long if that is how she feels she wants to be. I have to back off and accept her, not wanting her to be any other way than how she is. And so if she is feeling miserable and depressed then I can sympathise with her feeling this way. I say something like: 'Yes you are poor, no wonder you feel this way. Yes you have all right to feel so bad being treated so cruelly as you were by your parents'. I can stay with her, her sympathetic friend, joining her on her side of the fence but not taking over. It's the acceptance, my unconditional acceptance of her, that she wants. It is what she didn't get from her parents and it is something I can give to her. This is me loving her. I can love her just the way she is, with all her negativity, all her bad feelings, and all her miserable rotten existence. I can accept that this is how she feels, she is not making it up, it is not a game, this is her. It is her now in this moment, how she is truly feeling; and so what right do I have in trying to tell her she can't be exactly how she feels she is.

And yet in this scenario I believed that by saying I wish something good would happen for her so she didn't feel bad was me being supportive caring and sympathetic. I thought I was saying good and loving and supportive things by not wanting her to feel bad anymore because I don't like to see her suffer. But that is something that I have to deal with, why I don't like to see her

suffering. She has all rights to suffer in her life if that is what she wants to do, so why do I have a problem with that? So here is another opportunity for me to analysis why I said such a thing – what are my true motives behind it? And it has been an eye-opener to see that I wasn't making her feel how I thought I was: better about herself; and that actually I was making her feel worse by dismissing her bad feeling, by trying to wish it away.

It's so heavily programmed in us to not want to feel bad, that we have all got to work very hard to identify what we are really saying when we do say things. And it's only by Marion feeling how the things I say makes her feel that she can identify that something in what I said was wrong, and we can try to work it out. Well, at least, she can try to work it out; I usually don't have any idea about what she's saying until she has worked it out and can tell me. And even then often it's a stretch to get it. Often we've gone over and over the same thing, me saying and doing the same things that I've thought were caring and motivated by genuine sympathy, only to discover I was wrong because she felt bad when I said or did the thing.

All of what my family did and said that was supposed to be loving and caring has turned out to be the exact opposite. And yet I hear so many people saying what I used to say. When Marion and I have picked all I have said or done apart, and I have been able to connect with my true underlying motives and seen how wrong and unloving they are, then I've healed the problem, I simply don't say or do those things anymore. And we've worked through about a million of these things. I've changed so much, so much so, that I take my new self for granted now. My writing about these things has only started in the last couple of years. For the first five years we sat in the kitchen of our rented apartment watching the clock on the wall, as we worked on expressing our bad feelings, discussing and dissecting our every action trying to see their underlying motives.

So many people want the perfect relationship including of course to have their partner as their soul-mate. From all I've come to understand, there is a lot more to understanding soul-mate relationships than anything I've read on the subject. The one thing I will say is personally I wouldn't worry about whether you are or aren't soul-mates until you've completed your healing, or at least until you are a substantial way through it. By then you would have striped back so much of your falseness and false love, and your outlook on what a relationship is and is not will have changed so much, that you'll be in a much better position to realistically consider whether you and your partner are soul-mates. It is quite possible you are and quite possible you are not. In time, as you grow in truth through the doing of your healing, you will know, the truth like all truth will come to you when it's the right time for you to know, and one way or another, you will know. Up until then, no matter what you might want to believe, I'd advise being brave and putting it on hold. You will change so much as you do your healing, eventually looking at everything about yourself, having partners, and your life, in a new light. You will end up being a completely different person to how you are now.

## 31). Expectations.

Something Marion I have found very helpful; to help us in our healing, and also in life in general, has been to try and not have any expectations.

Many of our experiences were made worse because after we expressed all our bad feelings about what happened to us, we realised we were expecting something positive to happen, and a great part of our feeling bad resulted from not having our expectations fulfilled. We would go into a situation often unconsciously expecting to get what we wanted, or for it to go always a good way – in our favour, but it didn't. Instead it went exactly the opposite way, not working and making us feel very bad – upset, angry, let down and disappointed. In hindsight it was good we got the bad experience as this enabled us to express more bad feelings, however, it was still painful to have so many things go against us.

On Marion's guidance, having become wiser to our positive expectations, before we'd go into a situation that could potentially become bad, we would speak to each other about what we expected, trying to be honest and trying to detect if we wanted only a good experience. And then we'd speak about how bad it was going to be. We'd deliberately say, and made ourselves expect, it was not going to be how we wanted it to be; that we're not going to get or find what we want; it's all going to be wrong, bad, confusing and frustrating experience; the person helping us was going to be horrible by not listening, considering or respecting our feelings, just taking over, and we're going to come out angry and irritated and wishing we never went. And so with these negative – bad – expectations, we'd go and do what ever it was, and amazingly, so often it would turn out so much better than we expected. As we weren't expecting anything, what we got actually worked; we'd removed our false positive hopeful expectations and our unconsciously trying to control and manipulate events to make these come true, even if only on an energetic level; and things would go well for us, surprisingly so. By having negative expectations wanting and expecting the worst to happen – for it all to go wrong, and not for us to get what we wanted, it worked out well, usually much better than expected.

And even though this happened, it still didn't negate our feeling bad, still things could happen and we'd feel bad, but we weren't in the way of these bad feelings or amplifying them with our false expectations. We could honour our bad feelings for what they were as the experience progressed. And when things went so well it gave us an opportunity to feel good feelings for once. We of course enjoyed these good feelings, but then they too presented us with more bad feelings, because when we were children even our feeling really good was interfered with and dampened, and in many ways discouraged. If I felt really good and started to run around with excitement, my parents quickly told me to *slow down, calm down, you'll only hurt yourself – and stop showing off*. They controlled so many of any good and bad feelings.

After some time, having had all our false expectations knocked out of us, having accepted that we have them and why, and that they are serving no good purpose; having healed the causes within us that made us have them, we simply live without them, so we don't have to prepare ourselves before hand reminding ourselves not to expect only good things but to expect bad things. And what a relief it is to no longer falsely expect every experience to be good.

Many mind controlling techniques teach that you have to expect good things, work out your goals, aim high, think positively – don't have negative thoughts or expectations or only bad things will happen to you, and what you expect you will manifest for yourself. But that is, as I've said, so you can override and stop any bad feelings from bothering you. If you want to live with your mind in control denying your bad feelings, such mind control techniques might work very well for you. If you go the other way and expect only bad things and want only bad things to happen, then you'll be getting closer to the truth of how you really feel, how you were treated as a child, and this is the truth we want to see.

Initially Marion and I worried that if we expected the worst we'd make only bad things happen, but this is not true, because we've found that if we expect the worst good things still do happen, and when they do, it's such a wonderful surprise. And we're not walking around with big ego driven proactive minds, we are just trying to humbly live not wanting to control anything, and so not getting in the way of ourselves. We are just trying to be true to our feelings, being true – nothing more.

## 32). Taking your parents on.

If during your feeling-healing you feel you must confront your parents arguing about how unloving they were to you as a child, by all means, do it. We all must always do what we feel to do.

However, I want to say just one thing. If you confront your parents and they are unreceptive, bear in mind you will not be able to change them. They can only change themselves. You can't make them change, and you can't make them go back and love you as they should have. At best they might admit they are sorry and that they didn't treat you well or love you, and if this happens, beware of suddenly feeling good having got their admission, and wanting to forgive them of all their sins against you. This is not true forgiveness. Certainly you can empathise with their hardships and negative state, but you will still have lots of deep repressed hurt and anger that will need to surface, and mostly you'll do this with your friend or partner, and not with your parents.

If your family relationships crumble, let them go. If this makes you feel bad then you've got more bad feelings to accept, express and find the truth of.

The greatest obstacle people will have in doing their feeling-healing is that they will be made to face the truth of their unloving relationships with their parents and family. Whilst for some people this will be relatively easy, as they won't be living under any delusion or with any pretence about their familial relationships, for others it will be very difficult, as I can testify for myself. Most of us have adjusted to our negative states long ago, learning how to play our role in them, accepting that at least in part we are loved by our family. If no one else accepts us, at least we can rely on our family. So to look into these relationships to uncover the truth that they are not loving or not as loving as one perhaps thought, means you are faced with giving up your family and possibly going it alone in the world. It can be very scary not to have your family, even with all its wrongness, to fall back on.

It is much easier to go to someone outside the family, a therapist or counsellor, and speak about your bad feelings and issues, and if you don't have a loving and loyal partner or friend and can't deal directly with your family you might have to seek this help, but still, to achieve full healing you will at some point (and your soul and God will provide you with what you need) need to find a friend in which you can deal with all the daily intricacies of family life, living all the nitty-gritty healing that can only be done with the daily intense interaction of being with another person.

From conception through your forming years it was full-on involvement and interaction with your parents and other carers. And during this time you formed all your negative patterns. So you require to heal all that is wrong within you, this same personal intensity with a partner or friend, so you can squabble and argue and say no and yell and cry and be vulnerable and confess all your deepest evil putridness and just be angry with the million and one little things that come up through the day caused by another person that will make you feel bad. It was all done to you in the home and so it will be mostly in the home that you will do your healing. It is in relationships that your negative state was formed so it will be in relationships that you'll do your healing. And as much as a therapist or counsellor can help you, there will always be limitations because you won't be having and intimate, twenty-four hour a day relationship with them. They won't mean as much to you as your partner or friend does, as your parents did. And if a therapist says you can't do your childhood repression healing without them – without professional help, for no matter what reason, then you know they haven't gone deeply into it themselves, through the acceptance, expression and uncovering the truth of their own bad feeling denial. Of course you can do it without them, neither God or your soul would impose such a limitation. Your healing will be hard enough as it is without this added restriction. Everything that was done to you during your

forming years you can undo and heal during your healing years. However, if a therapist can be your friend, and you feel good with them, then of course use their help. Always do what you feel you want to do – only do it, accepting, expressing, and longing for the truth of your feelings along the way – even with your therapist friend.

It's a huge problem we all face having been stopped from freely expressing ourselves when young: to speak openly all our bad feelings to those in our family. We don't want to cause the ripples; we don't want to have fights; we can't do what we haven't been trained to do. In our family our negative behaviour patterns and beliefs are functioning at their greatest intensity, mostly we're unconscious of our actions living automatically doing what we've always just done. It's very hard to be objective living in your most subjective environment.

It is far easier to leave your family and go to the therapist hoping they will help sort you out so you can fit better into your family and life. It's easier to try and find a way to become all-accepting, all-forgiving, all-caring and all-loving, all so you can be with your family without them making you feel bad. But this is a cope-out, you are dishonouring yourself and are only using your mind once again to run away from the truth of what you are really feeling. If you are serious about healing yourself then you'd be far better off expressing all your bad feelings to those in your family who are making you feel them, and in time, no doubt you will get a point in your relationship with them in which you are unbearable to be with as they can't stand you making them feel bad, and you can't tolerate being with them because they make you feel bad, and so you separate. The separation being an expression of the truth of your relationship with them.

If you want to be true, then bear in mind that evil doesn't tolerate truth. You won't be able to be your true self in an untrue family situation. To remain in your family you'll still have to put on the false smile, deny many feelings, and play your role in the drama, and you'll never do your healing. As long as you choose to compromise yourself – your bad feelings and your expressing of them, then you'll compromise your healing. I know it's tough, but there is no easy way to do your healing and remain friends with your family of denial. The two just don't and won't go together.

If you are setting out to live true to yourself; true to all you feel; true to your soul and to God, then what you are doing is setting out to find a new family, one which allows you to live this way; one that loves you for being just you; one that is unconditional with it's love; one that you love to be a part of being able to be fully expressive. Such a family does exist, and it is waiting for you to join it. However, it might take some time for you to find it. You might even have to wait until you are living in spirit, but it will be there; you will join with your true brothers and sisters of truth, and live happily with God, your Father *and* Mother of Heaven. But only once you've completed your feeling-denial healing.

Much of what I say I repeat. I know this can be bothersome and boring for some people – more bad feelings they can accept – however, there is a reason for my doing it. It's something that happens to you as you do your feeling-healing. Endlessly you go over the same ground; endless repetition; endless repetition of bad feelings, and so I want my writing to reflect this. Because, even though you might feel more of the same bad feelings, and you feel like you've been over the same old ground thousands of times, still you have to keep expressing the bad feelings as always there will be new truth to come from them. So I say again: that your feeling-healing will be hard, very hard. It's about confronting all your most personal family relationships, breaking them apart and seeing what is true and what is untrue. What is of love and what is not. And as we're all in a bad state, all being bound up in our negative states, I doubt many such relationships will withstand the scrutiny of truth, not unless your family members are themselves doing their feeling-healing. So you can expect such family relationships to fail. Like what I said about having expectations, expect the worst. If you do choose to embark on this self-healing adventure expect all your family relationships to be destroyed. And the same applies with your current partner if they don't want to embark with you. If they don't, you will find you can probably be able to go so

far doing it all by yourself, but inevitably you'll reach a limit by which if your partner still refuses to start accepting his or her bad feelings and seeking the truth of them, then separation will be your only way to keep progressing. I know this might be terrifying to face, as might be to consider the breaking down of your family relationships, however if that is what is to happen for you to keeping finding the truth, all you can do is just keep going – keep expressing all your bad feelings and see what happens. It may not happen, but as I said before, I am trying to give you the worst picture so you can decide as to whether or not you do what to start your feeling-healing. You don't know what is going to happen in the future, you can only stay true to the moment; true to what you are feeling NOW.

## 33). Saying No!

One of the many difficult things for Marion and I to do is to say no. As with all my other things I never I thought I had a problem with, I never thought I had a problem with it, as I can say no when really pushed to do something I don't want to do. I can dig in my Taurean heels and not budge, but in the little things before it gets to that extreme stage, I discovered, and had to admit, that I couldn't say no; and not only that, but I was scared to. I was afraid to stand up to my parents and to any one of authority and say no, and in particular: 'No, I don't want to do that.' I was scared stiff that they would come down even harder on me, punishing, yelling and smacking me. So I developed ways to pretend I was saying yes, and agreeing with them, but subtly trying to manipulate or hope that whatever it was wouldn't come about and I'd get out of it and not be made to do it.

Marion's obsessively dominating parents didn't allow her to ever say no. And so she can't. When the magpie stands on our shed roof outside the back door with a look of *feed me* on its face, she has to drop everything and do as it – what her parents and authority wants, and you know how demanding magpies can be!

Marion can't ignore the birds or just say no, because she then worries that they are a poor thing and are missing out on food if she denies them, even though we know they are not dependant on us for food. Her transference of her parents onto the birds is all very complicated and involved, but it has helped us to see just how she can't say no to anyone.

For those people who were allowed to negotiate or even demand and tell their parents what to do, and who were able to say no to their parents, have as a result in their adult lives, far more power than we feel we do. And such people can more easily say no and stand up for themselves and get on in life in the negative world. But for those of us who were made to feel more powerless, more often, and weren't able to negotiate or say no, we can't do anything in life, we are not able to force our way into the world and demand it to be as we want it.

Not being able to say no represents our whole problem. We weren't given the respect when we were young; we weren't treated as equals, being forced to only say yes and do what our parents or the authority wanted.

We are all fucked; only some of us it would appear, are more fucked than others.

## 34). Bad thoughts are GOOD too!

Before I conclude this chapter I want to add that not only are bad feelings good, but so too are bad thoughts. I haven't spoken anything about them up until now, but the same things I've said about accepting bad feelings also goes for accepting bad thoughts.

Bad thoughts are even easier to dismiss than bad feelings. No sooner have you thought it, and if you don't want to think it, then you can easy wipe it aside with a good or better thought. Some people of course want to have bad thoughts. They love having bad thoughts much more than bad feelings, as bad thoughts can be kept to yourself easier than your feelings, they don't have to make you feel bad. You don't get a pain every time you think a bad thought, every time you think *I hate Margaret I wish she'd drop dead or have a terrible accident*, and you don't have to tell anyone about them, no one need hear you.

If you were to speak out loud your bad thoughts, then that's a different matter. Then you are running the risk of making people feel bad and that is the big no, NO. No one wants to have anything to do with bad feelings or anything that will make them feel bad. You might speak your bad thoughts out loud hoping to inflict pain and bad feelings, but this is rare compared to the amount of bad thoughts and feelings you do have, and if you went around saying these things all day long you'd soon be ostracised from society altogether.

But as you are now doing your list for your bad feelings, so too can you do another list for your bad thoughts. Long lists! There are so many things to become aware of within yourself, most of which I would expect, won't make you feel too good about yourself, but this isn't intended to a feel-good book, not at least in the short term. It's not a cover up your bad feelings or thoughts book and you'll be okay, it's an uncover all your yuk book. It's self-help in more of an unusual way. It's not about self-empowerment to get over your bad feelings using your mind to create positive and loving thoughts, it's about accepting the feelings and thoughts you already have. And just as you can want to know why you feel bad, so too can you want to know why you have bad thoughts. You can find the truth of them by admitting having them, speaking about them – saying them – and longing to find the truth of them. And invariably when you start to speak about and accept your bad thoughts, you'll also start to feel bad – and you now know what to do when this happens.

If it's all too much to deal with, your bad thoughts as well as your bad feelings, don't worry too much about it. As you deal with accepting your bad feelings, in time you'll naturally be moved to deal with accepting your bad thoughts. It is your feelings that lead the way. They are the most important, overlooked and denied part of yourself. So as you accept your bad feelings, and manage to see the truth of what's causing them, then along the way you'll be breaking down your mental structures – beliefs – and so naturally many of your bad thoughts will go of their own accord. As you heal yourself of your bad feeling repression, so too will you be simultaneously healing your mind of its bad thoughts. But you have to work with your feelings first allowing your mind to be dealt with as required. If you try to approach healing your mind of its bad thoughts without taking into account your bad feelings, you'll never get there because you'll always still have your bad feelings to deal with. And you can't get rid of bad thoughts without first healing your bad feelings. If you don't deal with your bad feelings, you might believe you have succeeded in healing your bad thoughts, however you will be mistaken, only further deluding yourself by adding this 'positive' belief – adding yet another layer to your negative state.

Because of this, during this book I haven't said much about bad thoughts, instead concentrating on bad feelings. Our feelings are the key to everything about understanding ourselves and life, not our minds. We all live in our minds so much because we don't want to know about our bad feelings. We need to come out of our minds – as you will as you heal yourself of your underlying bad feeling causes – and naturally live expressing ourselves from and

with our feelings, with our minds in support. It's wrong to think or believe that your mind is God. It's not. God is feelings first, then mind. You are feelings first, then mind. We've only been told that The Mind is all-powerful and the All-important One, because we don't want to accept our feelings. If you strive to achieve at-onement with God through the mind, or happiness through the mind, forget it. In the end your mind will always let you down. It has to, it can't take the place of your feelings. Your feelings are to key to living a happy satisfied life. If you focus on your mind and use it to create *happiness,* one day it's going to fail, one day the barrier, the dam wall you've built around your feelings is going to crack and finally burst open, and your mind won't be able to hold back the rush of feelings.

The allurement of life in our negative self-denying unloving world is to use our minds to overpower our bad feelings. It's all very tempting, and on the surface some people seem to achieve great results; people seemingly being able to change their whole attitude and approach to life, even becoming materially and mentally rich with life working for them. But it is all superficial, and for the short term. It might see you through your physical life, and even a good way into your spirit life, but one day it will all catch up with you, and then what? Then you'll be faced with all your bad feelings.

Because most of society accepts that it's okay to do whatever you can to deny yourself your bad feelings, then there is no stopping the endless ways dreamt up for people to do things to help them use their minds to avoid their bad feelings. But if you don't want to live denying your bad feelings, having to do endless things to make them go away, then you'll be setting out to be a minority, and that can be very lonely... yet more bad feelings. You'll be something like a salmon trying to return home to yourself against the current, and like the salmon does, so too can you reach where you began. You can see though the ongoing acceptance of your bad feelings where all your problems are originating from, and in the seeing of them, you'll be healing yourself. The truth does set you free. But it's hard yakka to see the truth particularly if you choose to go at it though the accepting of your bad feelings – and I don't know of any other way of uncovering it for yourself.

## 35). The end result; and where to from here?

As I've said, I do firmly believe that you can finish your feeling-healing, that it *does* finish, and then a whole new life will open up for you. It will however, if you apply yourself to doing your healing with every second of the day, take you years to achieve. It's a huge undertaking, and because of this I don't expect too many people to blast off into it, and it's not the purpose of this book to help you to do so.

I've written this book to enlighten you to some of the aspects about yourself and your life that you might not be aware of. To give you some indication as to where you can go, and how you can go about doing it, if you do want to find out the whole truth of yourself.

And I've wanted to help make you aware of your childhood repression, and the fact that what you call and believe love to be, might not be just as you think it is.

And, as I said earlier, if you do want to start acknowledging and accepting your bad feelings, then it is a spiritual commitment you are making with yourself, and a spiritual life you are setting out to live.

I deliberately haven't spoken much about spiritual things or God in this book because I've wanted to present it solely without including God's help. I've done this because not everyone is ready for or wanting to include God in their lives. Many people believe they can live some level of spirituality without God. And for others the mention of God immediately brings up bad feelings about the Church and religions and so forth. So I have deliberately chosen to introduce Feeling-Healing with a minimum amount of God.

However, if you are open to God and do have a relationship with Him (or Them), or would like one, one on your terms and not one flowing the dictates of the Church or any other existing religious or spiritual system, you can ask Him to help you with your feeling-healing. And He will. And in fact not only will He, but He will also open up other whole dimensions within you for you to see and discover the truth of.

It has in fact been with God's help that Marion and I have found out about and done our feeling-healing. Without the inclusion of God in our lives we would never have got this far. All I'm telling you has come with God's help and blessing.

If you were to complete your feeling-healing entirely without God's help, heal all your childhood repression – and I believe it can now be done – then you will achieve living with a perfect and positive mind – a life of natural love perfection, and you can live a very happy and good life. But it will still be a life with certain limitations should you want to keep growing in truth; should you want to keep living a spiritual life pushing on along your spiritual path. And to overcome these limitations you will at some point have to include God. There's no two ways about it. You can either live happily ever-after in your self or natural love perfection having finished your feeling-healing; or you can take a further step and openly include God and His Love, the Divine Love, in your life. The subject of other books: the doing of your Soul-Healing.

**So to conclude this introduction to childhood repression and feeling-healing:**

## Remember: In doing your Feeling-Healing;

**Feeling bad is GOOD!**

It's not bad to feel bad – it's good.

FEELING BAD IS GOOD. FEELING BAD IS GOOD. FEELING BAD IS GOOD.

FEELING BAD IS GOOD!
Very good!!!

And feeling *really* bad is also good.
And feeling *worse* is even better.
It's all very good!

It's okay to feel bad.
Bad feelings are okay.
It's good to feel bad.
**Bad feelings are GOOD!**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## And one more time!
## **Remember:**

Bad feelings are GOOD!
Feeling bad is GOOD!

Live true to yourself – true to your feelings,
through the acceptance of ALL you are!

If you truly want to love yourself,
then stop denying your bad feelings.
Allow them to express themselves.

accept – express – long for the truth

And good luck!

Or, should that be: *bad* luck!

James.
*Divine Love Spirituality*