

# **Spirits and their childhood repression healing.**

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***Divine Love Spirituality***

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I want to write what spirits say as they express their bad feelings doing their childhood repression healing.

I don't want them to be speaking directly to me, as in expressing their feelings to me, I don't even want them to know, unless it can't be helped, that I am 'listening' in on them. Yet I do also want their consent that they know at some point I might write what they are saying. I don't want to infringe on their privacy.

This is what I want, as I feel I want to try to write some of their healing experiences so I can compare how it is for them with how it's been for me. And I am looking to spirits for help, as I don't know anyone on Earth who is doing their healing.

And I will make such writing publicly available, as it might help you reader with your feeling-expression if you are doing your feeling-healing; or, as in the case of these spirits: if you're doing your soul-healing.

Anyway, I have told the spirits what I want, how I'd like it to be based on what I feel, so now let's see how they see it, and what they can do with me.

Mary Magdalene.

I have it all organised for you James. It will be explained to you how it all works as you go. Following your feeling-suggestions, each spirit will be identified by name, and then it will be as if you are a fly on the wall. However at any time, should you feel to, by all means say what you want to say, ask questions, make comments. All the spirits know you are going to write what you will, having all willingly consented to the exercise. You will be writing real life healing experiences.

As to the actual mechanics of it, all they are saying will be relayed through a third-party, another spirit, so they won't be talking directly to you.

Joaline will be the go-between spirit. She's been organising it all. So I will leave you to her  
- Mary M.

Joaline.

Hello James, yes Mary has asked me to help you with this, and with my soul-mate and soul-group, we've done so. We are yet another Celestial soul-group that is working to help you.

As you know, all the spirits you will be listening in on are living in the mansion worlds, actively working on their healing.

And please, at anytime, don't hesitate to ask me anything.

Why am I to work with another female spirit, not that I mind, mind you?

Because all of this comes under Mary's jurisdiction so to speak. She is 'Mistress of the Healing', and so all that has anything to do with it comes from her. Also it's all a part of her ongoing revelation to you and humanity through you. It's a part of helping to make up what was lost by her not being able to have her say when on Earth and all through these years until now. And as you want her to speak, so this is all a part of what she wants to say.

So it's part of the Feminine Aspect of Truth?

Yes. All a part of your side in 'Earthing' it. So, are you ready to begin?

Yes.

Good. Well the first spirit is Amereas, and she is living in the third mansion world only recently having formally started her healing. She is speaking to one of the spirit 'friends' - Celestials that come to the lower spirits to be such friends, to listen to them, encouraging and supporting them express all they feel. There are many Celestial Friends as they are called, and all of us Celestial spirits have at some time done such work.

So you just write, I'll be relaying it to your mind. And although Mary said it's all in real time, that is real spirit time for us, but not for you. And by this I mean, the spirits aren't actually speaking now in your time in the third mansion world, so in a way you could say this has been 'recorded', however it is all in real time for them.

I don't think I want to try and understand that Joaline.

It doesn't matter James. Here is Amereas. And her Celestial friend is Joan.

# The Third Mansion world.

## Amereas and Joan. Third mansion world.

Amereas: Joan I don't understand it. I don't understand what it means. I don't understand why I feel this way. Why do I feel this way? I have always felt like this. I have always felt that if I try to do something it's not going to turn out right. No matter what it is, I always have a fear that it won't work, that something I will do will cause it to go wrong.

Joan: Is it that something you will do will cause it to go wrong, or is it that it will go wrong just because it's you doing it?

Amereas: I do not know. I have not thought about it this way. But you may be right. Oh Joan, I think as usual you are right, I think that I feel that it will go wrong just because it is me doing it. That I am, what you say, jinxed in some way. That there is something wrong inside me, and no matter where I am and where I go, I will always cause the problem. Yes, that is what I think it is.

Joan: And how does this make you feel Amereas?

Amereas: Very bad. It makes me feel very bad. I feel very bad, very upset about it, and also very angry. Yes, very sad and sorry for myself because I am a jinx and I can't do anything about that. I am no good, no good to anyone, no good to myself - that is me and I am no good. I want to cry. I am a no good person, I always believed I was good, but no, I see that was only a lie, I was only lying to myself for I am no good - never any good. I was never any good, and you know Joan, this is what my mother used to say to me. She said to me, "Amereas you are no good, things always go bad for you, I don't know what you do, but you make things go bad - you are no good."

Yes, I remember that now, when I was younger. I had forgotten such unloving words, but now they come back to me. Now I can remember, I hear her words in my mind. I feel very small, just a little girl, and I remember one day I was taking our new little puppy for a walk. He wasn't very old, but he was very cute, ever so gorgeous, but on our walk I lost him. I don't know what happened, somehow he got away from me, the rope pulled out of my hand and before I could stop him he ran off. I ran home to tell mama, and she told me I was no good. We got him home again, papa went and found him in the neighbours back yard, but when she said such things to me I felt very bad. She hurt me a lot telling me such things, and now I can see that I believed her. This I now understand. I am no good because of such things. I don't know why I let him go, I suppose my mind wasn't on the job, but I was young, probably too young to be on my own with him, and it happened, and what could I do. I let him go, she was right, I was no good. I wish I had not let him go. I wish he had stayed with me and we had a

good walk and came home and mama was happy with me, making me feel good, not bad. I feel very bad now.

Joan: Can you try to describe these bad feelings to me?

Amereas: I can try. I feel very upset, why doesn't she love me always? Was it such a bad thing that I did? Nothing bad happened to Alex, and papa found him. I feel she was always telling me things that made me feel bad -

Joan: Yes, but can you go deeper into these bad feelings, what did you actually feel, how did your mother actually make you feel. You felt upset and bad and what, what else did you feel?

Amereas: It's hard for me to go deeper, I just felt bad, very bad, I don't know what I felt.

Joan: How do you feel now? How does your feeling bad make you feel now? Do you feel heavy or light, low or up within yourself?

Amereas: I feel heavy, very heavy, like I am sinking. I feel when she says such bad things to me I feel I am sinking, sinking down deep, as if deep under water. I feel like I am getting even smaller, fading away, sort of disappearing. I don't think I am drowning, I don't know what that would feel like, but I feel like I am sinking under the weight of her cruel words. Her words are very heavy, they are forcing me down, coming on top of me, making me sink deeper and deeper, and this scares me. Yes now I feel very scared, frightened of what might happen, of where I might sink to, for there seems to not be any bottom, I will sink and sink forever. I feel very scared. I don't want to be sinking, I want her to be helping me, stopping me sinking. I feel very scared Joan, that is what I feel.

Joan: Can you describe your fear - what it feels like?

Amereas: It makes me feel all shaky, all nervous, very anxious, very scared, trembling, like I'm shaking all over. I feel like my teeth are chattering, like when I am very cold. I feel very cold, alone. I feel very alone and cold and all I want to do is cry. I want to cry and cry and hope that papa comes to me, that he comes and makes me feel better. I want him to come and pick me up and give me big hugs, that is what I want, so he will make me feel all warm again. I can remember him doing this, he wasn't angry that I lost Alex, he was never angry at me, he never made me feel like I was sinking.

Yes Joan, I've never thought about it, not whilst on Earth in my later years or whilst I have been here in spirit, but he never did make me feel bad. I loved him. I loved him for that, this I can now feel. But I loved my mother too and yet she said such bad things to me making me feel so bad.

Joan: And how do you feel now?

Amereas: Numb. I feel like I've had enough. I don't want to speak about it anymore. Why

was my mother so horrible to me saying such nasty and mean words to me when I was so young. I didn't lose Alex on purpose, and I was upset that I had lost him. Why wasn't she consoling me for losing him, and making me feel better. Why wasn't she loving me like papa did? Why? I know you can't answer that, no one can -

Joan: You can, and you will through your healing, you have to answer that question, it's very important. But it will come when you are ready. Is there anymore you can say about feeling numb?

Amereas: I feel unable to speak anymore about it. I don't like feeling these things, seeing these things about my mother; and even about my father, that he loved me when she didn't - why was that? What did I do that was so bad that made her not like me? I wasn't that bad a child and surely everything I did didn't go wrong, surely I wasn't that bad. So why did she say I was? This I don't know and it makes me feel very bad. I feel like it's a big mountain and it's standing in my way and I won't know the answer to it until I have climbed it, but still I feel very bad. My mother said I was bad, that I made bad things happen, that bad things happened because of me, my mother, my own loving mother - she said those bad things to me. And I loved her so much. I loved her all my life. I was even there to meet her when she came into spirit and she was so pleased to see me, me her only daughter. And yet she made me feel so bad. This is all very new for me Joan, it is a lot to understand, a lot to take in. I feel very sad about it all. Really I don't know what to feel about it, it doesn't make sense and yet it makes perfect sense.

Joan: Does it make you feel scared?

Amereas: Yes, yes it does, it makes me feel very scared. I feel like if it's true then... then... then my whole world doesn't make sense, my life doesn't make sense, nothing makes sense and this makes me very scared. All my life I believed my mother loved me, we were good friends, and yet now my feelings are showing me that it wasn't so, that I wasn't being honest with myself; and if this is so, then possibly nothing with her was as it seemed to be, and this is too big. Too much for me to consider at this stage and yet I have heard other spirits speak of similar things. You hear them talk about how they loved their parents yet through their healing uncovered the truth that it wasn't true, but you don't think it will happen to you. And now it's happening and I feel very scared, my whole world might get turned upside down like these other spirits have said happened to them. I don't want that. I want to be stable, to have my feet firmly on the ground, not this sinking feeling, sinking down to where? - to nowhere. That is too much, too much for me. Thank you Joan, but I think we have to stop now.

Joan: Yes, Amereas, well done, that was all very good. How about I make you a cup of tea and leave.

Amereas: Yes please, I have a lot to think about. Thank you Joan.

(29/5/10)

Joaline.

So James, how did that go?

It was okay. It was a little difficult at times. I found that I could relate to Amereas and wanted to use my mind to interfere with her, to cut in asking her questions that might have taken her deeper into herself. So I held back, trying to concentrate on what was coming into my mind and not getting involved. And once I'd let go, it was easier.

Joaline: And you understand that's very important for the Celestial friend, for any friend for that matter, not to step over the line and interfere. The friend is only to encourage the person to stay focused on his or her feelings and to keep speaking about them. They are not to take over trying to lead the person in one direction or another just because they can see deeper levels within the person that will need to eventually be brought out. There is always plenty of time. And Amereas is only just starting out, being in the low planes of the third mansion world. She has a long way to go, so she doesn't need to be forced or coerced into moving deeper into herself before she is ready to.

I can see that if the friend was to do this, then they are only having power over the other person using them - and being not much of a friend.

Joaline: That's right. And being Celestials, and having finished our childhood repression healing, so have we stopped needing to have power over another person or spirit.

So the friend is merely a facilitator?

Joaline: Yes, that's so in this case. If Amereas' friend were on the same level as herself and also doing his or her healing, then the relationship would be different and more as a real friend and less as a friend who is also a counsellor. And such a friend being more involved in the person's life, will ask different questions, reacting in different ways. With you and Marion being of the same level and being friends for each other, you often push each others buttons, whereas a Celestial would never get angry, no longer having such buttons to be pushed.

The other thing I am a bit concerned about, is that I'm sure all of these spirits will sound like me, using the same words that I use, when it can't be true.

Joaline: There is nothing that can be done about that James. I transfer what the spirits are saying to your mind, your mind then struggles to formulate the 'energy' into the 'correct' words, and as it only has the words familiar to you - those you readily use - so a lot of what they say will sound as if it is you. However as you can feel writing the communication, it is not you, with lots of differences. And although the reader might not be able to feel the same things you feel, there is nothing that can be done about that either. It's the one great limitation

of this kind of spirit/mortal communication.

It's something like my telling you a story that I was told. I tell it to you in my way conveying the essence of it. Then you tell it to Marion in your way, passing on not the exact way I told it to you or how it was told to me, but only the essence. You'd have to be a very good actor to repeat all I said to you exactly as I did. And this we can't do through this method of communication.

So the reader will simply have to tolerate the sameness of the spirits conveying what they are saying, as what you might say expressing your own feelings.

Okay I understand that. I'll see how it goes.

Joaline: We'll also try to make it as real and true to the spirit as we can from our end. So James, are you ready for another spirit?

No, not yet. I'm not feeling the best today. I'll have a rest then see how I'm feeling. I have enough of my own bad feelings to deal with, let alone having to listen to someone else's.

Joaline: I understand James. Call me with your mind when you're ready.

Okay Joaline, I'm ready.



**Retsy. Third mansion world, fourth plane, with her Celestial friend - Edwina.**

Retsy: But Edwina you don't understand. I want to be with him, yet I don't. So what can I do. I'm sick and tired of this, it's the same old pattern, it goes on and on, over and over, nothing having changed since I was on Earth. I am sick and tired of meeting these men that I fall in love with, but only to feel bad most of the time I am with them. Alan is off with other women spirits, always another woman, and I've only just met him. So why do I want to be with him so much, can you tell me that? Is he my soul-mate, is that it, at least you could tell me who he is then I wouldn't have to worry. Endless bloody worry over fucking men - I'm sick of it, fed up, I've truly had enough, yet I can't give them up. I'm fucking addicted to men. As soon as one goes out of my life in comes another, and all they want me for is sex. Christ it's even easier to have sex over here in spirit than it was on Earth. You don't have to bother about contraception, you can fake orgasm or amplify it with your mind depending on your mood, fuck, you can fuck all day long never getting sore, never getting those god-awful rashes I used to get, only that's not all I want. I don't want to only have sex all the fucking time. I want to have a proper and decent relationship. I want someone, A MAN, to love me, to love me for being me. I don't want to be just their sexy broad, I want to be more than a pretty face and a good-looking body. I want to be liked - loved - for being me, for being myself - is that too much to expect? Shit Edwina, can't you tell me who my soul-mate is. I know you know, I know you will be able to tell me 'when the time is right', but fuck that, can't you tell me his name now so I can forget about all other men.

Edwina: Why do you want to be with men?

Retsy: Oh shit what sort of question is that. You Celestials are impossible. For Christ sake, if I knew the answer to that, I wouldn't have to be doing my bloody healing, would I. I don't know why I want to be with men. I want to be with a man, not lots of them, just one, and I want to be with the right one.

Edwina: Think about it seriously Retsy, why do you want a man?

Retsy: Okay I will, I will try. I have thought about it a million times before, always coming to the same point and going no further. But since you have asked, I will.

I want to be with a man because I want to share my life with someone, I -

Edwina: Why do you want to share your life with someone?

Retsy: Shit I haven't even answered the first question!

Okay, why do I want to share my life with someone? Fuck knows. I just do. I don't want to be alone, who the fuck wants to be alone. I hate being alone.

Edwina: Why do you hate it?

Retsy: Because it makes me feel bad, I feel scared, very scared when I'm alone.

Edwina: Why do you feel scared do you think?

Retsy: Yeah, well, I don't know, I've never asked myself that question before. Why do I feel scared when I'm alone? Oh, god you ask difficult questions... I don't know, I feel scared as if something bad is going to happen to me, so I want someone in my life to look after me.

Edwina: To protect you?

Retsy: Yes. Yes, that's right, to protect me. I do. I want the protection. I want a strong man to protect me, to stop the bad thing from happening to me.

Edwina: What sort of bad thing?

Retsy: I don't know. I just asked myself that question. I don't know. It's a bad thing, that's all I can say about it. Nothing really bad happened to me that I can remember during my early childhood or throughout my life on Earth, so I don't know what sort of bad thing, but it's there and it feels like it's real enough.

Edwina: What would happen to you if it did happen?

Retsy: I'd feel really bad... I'd cry, I'd cry a lot... I feel like it now. I don't know why I'd cry, but I just would.

I think if it happened then something really bad would happen to me, like I'd be injured in some way, incapacitated or something. I think it's to do with my body, but I'm not sure about that. It's hard to say. Fuck these sorts of things are hard to get a grip of, I don't know what would happen to me if the bad thing happened. I'd feel very bad, the most bad I could feel, and that scares the shit out of me, as I don't want to ever feel that bad.

Edwina: Do you think you've ever felt that bad?

Retsy: I don't know. I might have, I can't say. I don't have memories of such a thing happening to me and making me feel so bad. Mostly I have felt good in life. Sure I've had my fair share of problems - with *men*, and I've often felt bad because of *men*, but mostly I've felt okay, you know, my life wasn't difficult, not as hard as it was for a lot of other spirits.

Edwina: So let's go back to your fear. Feel it again and see if you can describe it, how does the actual fear feel, and how does feeling it make you feel?

Retsy: It makes me feel mad. I feel like I'm going to explode with madness. I'm going to run around pulling my hair out screaming with fear. I feel that if a huge bear were to jump out in

front of me I'd go mad, that's how it makes me feel.

Edwina: It doesn't just shock you to inaction?

Retsy: No... well it might, I can't really say until it happens, but how this fear feels makes me want to scream, to panic, to dash here and there, to try to escape, run away, to get away from the bad thing as fast as I can. It makes me feel all shaky, I'm quivering now feeling it. I feel mad in my head, like my mind won't work, like something is trying to take me over and I have to get away from it. I feel very threatened, scared to death, I want to pee in my pants, to piss all over the place, to open the flood gates and shit and piss myself to death - that's about how it makes me feel. And how does feeling these things make me feel?

I feel very bad, ashamed. I feel very bad for not standing up to it, not facing it, not being stronger. Yes, I feel weak and ashamed for being so. I want to hang my head in shame. I am a bad person, a bad spirit, I am not what my mother would have expected me to be. I ran away, I didn't stay and fight, I looked after myself and not after my little sister. I was too concerned about myself, I left her, I did, I did leave her and I feel very bad about that. Oh I feel so bad, I want to cry and cry.

Edwina: Can you tell me what happened?

Retsy: I've never told anyone. I'll try. We, my sister and I, she was about five, I was seven, were playing in the park. I was riding my bike. I had been dinking her but she was sick of that and was standing over by some bushes. Mum was over the other side out of sight, but as we'd been to the park so many times before she knew we were all right and wouldn't leave it. There wasn't anyway to go out other than past her anyway.

I rode over to Claire and stopped putting the bike down. Then we heard a noise in the bushes behind us and both turned around. And there was a man standing with his fly open and his dick out. It was erect and he was smiling at us. And I ran away, Claire stayed there. I don't know if she knew what the man was doing, but I left her, left her to be with the man. I ran away back to mum, crying. Mum asked me what was wrong and I said there was a man. Then she yelled at me for leaving Claire and ran to find her. Claire was all right, the man had gone, Claire was trying to ride my bike, but mum was furious with me. She told me that I should have known better, that I was NEVER to leave Claire, not for any reason. And I knew she was right. But I had left her, and I felt so bad. I felt so guilty, so ashamed that I'd abandoned my little sister to such a bad man. I knew what he was doing was wrong, but I didn't understand back then what it was all about. It was just the fact that I'd run away looking after myself, I was selfish, I was not a good person. I'd left Claire and I still feel very bad about it.

Edwina: What do you think you'd do about it now if you could?

Retsy: (Crying) I'd want to tell Claire how bad I was, that I was sorry, so sorry for abandoning her, to leave her with such a bad man who might have done anything to her. I want to say: "Claire, please forgive me, I'm so sorry. I was scared, I didn't know what to do.

I'm so sorry for running away, I didn't mean to leave you.” (Heavier Crying)

Edwina: Keep going if you can Retsy.

Retsy: “Claire, I want to tell you I'm sorry more than anything else in the world. Truly I am. I didn't mean to just leave you there with that bad man. I wanted to help you, help us both, but what could I do, I didn't know what to do. That man with his big grin on his face and his big white stiff cock pointing up in the air, I didn't know where to look, I didn't know where to go, I just had to run, get away, get away from there as fast as I could. I was so scared, beyond what I could deal with, I had to escape, to run away from that evil monster who was trying to get me. Claire I'm so sorry that I didn't think of you, I only thought of myself. I was very selfish, and I deserve to be punished, to be yelled at, to be told I was very bad. I was very bad for leaving you there, I was, I was, I was...” (More crying, lots of crying.)

Edwina: Retsy, don't you think that you actually did the right thing by running away from the man to your mother so she could deal with him. You were too young to deal with the man yourself. You did what was right, the best you could have done in that situation, and you're mother wasn't very far away.

Retsy: Yes... I guess so... I can see it that way. There wasn't anything else to be done. I didn't even think, I just reacted... and so it was okay wasn't it... I mean, nothing happened to Claire, she doesn't even remember the situation. So maybe you're right Edwina, I can see that perhaps I wasn't that bad.

Edwina: And also Retsy, it wasn't very fair of your mother blaming you was it? It wasn't your fault, you came to her to get help, really she should have praised you.

Retsy: But I don't think I did run to her to get help. I can't remember if that's why I did run. All I can remember is that mum was there and I wanted to be with her, I didn't think about Claire. But I can see what you mean. If I look at it in that light, yes I suppose it was the only thing I could have done, and it certainly didn't make me feel any better about it with mum yelling at me and accusing me of being bad for leaving Claire.

Edwina: Your mother had no right accusing you of such a thing. You were only a child. It was your mother who was at fault if anyone. She wasn't paying close enough attention to you both. She took her panic and fear and guilt out on you, you were the scapegoat so she didn't have to look bad. She was the mother, you were the child, what else could you have done. You were only a little girl and it was bad enough to be exposed to such a thing suddenly out of the blue like that, let alone to also get abused by your mother.

Retsy: I do see what you mean. I've never looked at it that way.

Edwina: How could you, you are still the little girl, still traumatised by the shock of it all, with your mother only compounding your fear not helping you to express it and move through it. It

wasn't very loving, her reaction, was it?

Retsy: No.

Edwina: How are you feeling now?

Retsy: Numb, phased out, spaced out. I can hardly think. It's been a lot to take in. But I'm glad it came up. I haven't thought about that experience for a long time. Claire and I have never talked about it. I must have buried it very deep.

Edwina: Of course, you had to, it's not something you felt proud of.

Retsy: No, but I feel good that I expressed some of my guilt and shame. Thank you Edwina for helping me do that.

Edwina: I think you'd better rest now. Call me if you need to talk further about it. As you said, it is a lot and there's a lot to it and you'll have a lot more to speak about it. But for now, just concentrate on accepting all that you feel. And as I said, if you need me call, I don't mind coming to you at any time. I'm here for you.

Retsy: Okay. I understand. I will. I think I'll go for a walk, at least I've got something else to occupy my time with other than worrying about men. I'll call you when I need to talk more about it all.

(23/6/10)

Good morning Joaline, sorry I haven't been in touch as I haven't felt like tackling writing other spirits bad feelings, having had too many of my own to deal with.

Joaline: Not a problem James, thank you for considering us, but you write when you want to, we'll always fit in with you, you're not putting us out in any way.

Okay. One thing I did want to speak to you about before I write with another spirit, is the therapy offered and given by the Celestials. I haven't had much experience with professional therapy, only what Marion does helping me focus on and express my bad feelings. And I was wondering how it all works over there with spirits doing their healing. I know it's a rather general question, but can you 'read' all the thoughts going around in my mind?

Joaline: I can James and I know what you're asking.

First of all, what might qualify a spirit to help another with it's healing? And that is simply life experience and being of a Celestial level of truth. Of course anyone can be a 'friend' to another person or spirit on any level, however only the Celestials having fully healed all their

negative state and childhood repression, can deal with every situation that might eventuate in helping another spirit.

A lot of help is given by spirits of varying mansion world progress, and there is no rule that's applied to it. For example, someone of the seventh world might help someone of the third world, just as someone of the third world might help someone of the third world. But of course a third world spirit can't help a fifth or seventh world spirit because they are not of such a level of truth to qualify them being in such a higher world. They could be something of a friend to a higher spirit, were that higher spirit to descend and be with them, however this is rather uncommon. Mostly the higher more advanced in truth, help the lower less truth advanced.

As with everything, some people and also spirits have a natural inclination to do one thing or another, and so many spirits feel moved and drawn to help those lower than themselves, and this applies to a lot of Celestial spirits willingly wanting to help those lower than themselves. There is an abundance of Celestials wanting to be, and able to be, friends in the healing sense for those spirits of lesser truth. And many Celestials feel that they can't really move on until they have helped a certain amount, wanting to give something back in gratitude for all the help they received. And by being a 'friend' to someone who is struggling to express their feelings, gives you a very good feeling and brings a lot of satisfaction, as you see your 'patient' uncovering the truth of their bad state for themselves.

Now as far as any specific training being given to the Celestials and their having to obtain a certain qualification, no such thing exists in the Divine Love mansion worlds, or in the Celestial spheres. All that sort of mental training and teaching is dispensed with in favour of direct personal hands on experience, all which helps create feelings to be expressed.

Living with the Divine Love and doing your soul-healing, is choosing to live true to your feelings and to end your mind's control over you. So all such mind controlling techniques are left to the natural love spirits, those spirits who want to learn such things and feel their false sense of power because they have gained the qualification - just as it is with you on Earth.

Being a Celestial, if you feel you would like to be a 'friend' to a lower spirit, then you are counselled by more experienced Celestials in that area, all so you can express all the feelings that you feel making you want to do it. And then you are placed with a specific spirit unless you already have someone in mind.

In the beginning it's sort of like a probation time in which you are overseen by a more experienced spirit, just to see that you are not in any way going to negatively influence the spirit you are trying to help, however mostly this precaution is unnecessary, with all that having been healed through ones healing, and so very quickly you are left to get on with it yourself.

And then it's simply a matter of experience. And like everything, who you are drawn to, who you feel you want to help, and who feels they would want you to help them, turns out to be perfect for both spirits, for as you know, everything is exactly what you always need, even when living in a negative state of mind and will.

Some spirits wanting help from higher spirits, those needing a friend or friends, can ask for it, and then can choose which Celestial spirit they would like. And often Celestials are recommended; or in other cases, the lower spirit is happy to take whomever is available and willing to help them. And usually these spirits are simply grateful that anyone would want to

spend such time with them helping them to express themselves.

As to how the actual healing takes place, mostly it's the same for each of us, and by that I mean, you can easily see when someone is expressing themselves truly, and the help given only encourages them to do so. As to the specific questions or prompts a Celestial might give the spirit they are helping, that comes from within them, and is usually based on what they found helpful when they were doing their healing, together with their natural feeling-responses to the immediate situation.

There is, as you are coming to understand, no formal technique, you can't learn how to do your healing, nor can you learn how to help another heal themselves. It all has to be worked out in the ongoing experience, which is the beauty of the whole process. Our repression was put into place in life, and so in life it has to all be brought out. And were it a set format, then natural life wouldn't be able to occur. And by life I mean, in relationships.

Not every spirit, and it will be the same for people, can have an intimate relationship with their partner like you and Marion are having, able to help each other and not needing any outside help. Some do have it like you have, but most need - especially in the beginning before they meet their soul-mate and live with them - help from outside, this being where the Celestials come into it.

And when you have such help, I myself had it, you have something of a relationship with your Celestial friend, and you can get very close, but it's still not the same as living with your soul-partner and doing it together. And this is all reflective of one's negative state. Of course you can't have it perfectly, being in your negative state, which brings up lots of bad feelings. For myself I felt very hurt that I couldn't do a lot of my healing with an intimate partner, and that I did have to rely on a Celestial. I felt hurt because it was how it was for me at home, so my healing revealed to me. That I was made to be dependent on other people for help, and those people were adults and not by peers. I had friends, however such friendships when I was young were all heavily controlled, and this ruined any natural friendship, and certainly my soul-mate union, when I was doing my healing. My soul-mate was in fact still on Earth when I started my healing.

But this is how it was for me, and I wouldn't want your readers to think it might be the same for them if they can relate to the little I've said about myself, because it might not be so for them. It will be how it will be for you, and that is what you will need to help you uncover the truth of your true self.

Are many men spirits 'friends'?

Joaline: Yes, surprisingly a lot, because many spirits have many issues with their fathers and so need such a male influence to help them. And many spirits without having so many issues with their father's also need such a male influence. And you don't just have to have one friend; you can have one, I had one, a woman who helped me all through my healing, but other spirits have men and women, one of each, or multiples of each, or whatever combination you can think of. There are no rules, no formula, only what you need. However usually as a rule of thumb, over time it comes down to having one or two very close friendships that are the most valuable and helpful. And as the healing can take years, it's quite a commitment by the Celestials to comfort and console and sympathise with another spirit getting to know them

as they reveal all their hurt and pain.

Do the Celestials have inside information about their prospective ‘friend’, before they start and all the way along?

Joaline: It is there if you want it. And some Celestials who are setting out for the first time might use it, but mostly those more experienced want to begin knowing nothing about the spirit they are with, allowing the friendship to develop naturally.

So as to the psychological aspect of it all, is it a benefit for the Celestial to have a broad understanding of it, or a background of working in that area in life?

Joaline: No, not necessarily, and in fact such knowledge can be an impediment. It can get in the way for mostly it has been learned, when on Earth or during one’s life in the natural love mansion worlds, and all such mind stuff can interfere with ones natural feeling expression.

The Celestials who do have it, who are well-trained, and many of them have worked at being therapists or counsellors in all sorts of ways during their Earth lives and in spirit, have healed all the negative patterns associated with it as they did their healing, and opt to be a ‘friend’ so as to work even further on this aspect of themselves.

They often find that as they begin helping their spirit, some of the ‘old ways’ come up as something like shadow-memories, which they are easily able to iron out of themselves, letting them go so they can be simply and freely feeling-expressive. And all such labels and any self-inflating prestige that might have been accompanied with them being a professional therapist, has long since been healed out of the Celestial. Being a psychologist or psychotherapist means nothing in the Divine Love worlds. And if it does mean anything to you, if you have been engaged in such things in spirit or whist of flesh, it usually means your attending Celestial spirit is going to feel very sorry for you knowing how hard it will be for you to erase such negative influences out of you as you do your healing. So many spirits, and this is increasingly becoming more relevant, who are well-trained and experts or specialists in their field of psychology, find it very difficult to accept the freedom of simply trying to express ones feelings to uncover the truth of them. They self-analyse using their mind too much, all of which gets in the way stopping then from being true to their feelings. Such learned techniques and behavioural methods are more of a hindrance than a help. And the ‘best’, if it can be said, perhaps I should say, the most natural Celestial friends, are those who are simply kind, caring and sympathetic spirits having been so on Earth with no mind qualifications, just a lot of life experience.

What you are understanding from your relationship with Marion, well, one of the things anyway James, is that in having a relationship, if you can both freely express all you feel, then naturally the truth comes. So if you do something that makes Marion feel bad, then as she expresses her bad feelings, being able to because she feels free enough in your relationship to do so, then it comes to light that there is a problem, something is not right, and so it is within you, her, or both of you. And by expressing, speaking about all you feel and think to do with the interaction, all whilst longing to see the truth of what’s really going on, slowly what comes to light is that which is imperfect causing the problem. And as you are discovering, such



things all have their root in your early life.

So it's all in the interaction with each person or spirit being free to say what they feel that is important, that is ALL that is important, and nothing else. However the great difficulty we all face is that we are not free to speak what we feel, with so many of us shut off from our true feelings, feeling unable to speak about such things. So all the anger and wrestling and arguing that has to go on, is what is needed to break down the barriers and bring to light the blocks, all so they too can be talked about.

Do the Celestials argue and get angry with their 'friends', as if they were in a more intimate relationship with them?

Joaline: Oh yes, it can be full-on if need be. The Celestial is not just there impartial to what's going on, they are at their best when they are fully engaged with you. However the difference being they are always objective, not having stuff within them that is being triggered by their unconscious repressed childhood feelings, whereas the 'patient' does and is always subjective. So being the patient when you are in the thick of your anger, raging and arguing with your Celestial friend, you are blind to what is really transpiring because it's wholly consuming you, you are it, it is you, and you are just voicing all you feel. Whereas the Celestial who might also be angry and arguing with you knows exactly what's transpiring, with none of it actually triggering any hidden buttons in them. They are in the moment simply responding to their emotions, and once the heat of the moment has passed are back to normal, unlike the patient who is then left with having to come to terms with all that has come up in them, sorting it all out, seeing the truth of it, discussing it all endlessly as you and Marion can testify.

So the Celestial isn't sitting back behind the desk impartial to what is being said, listening, and not getting emotionally involved.

Joaline: Oh God no, it's full-on, in there boots and all. It has to be, and that's the wonderful part about it all. It's what I meant by it being like real life. Although the Celestial is really something of a stand-in for ones soul-mate, they are actively participating in the relationship. And there's none of you being the patient having to go to their office, it's all done in the home or wherever you are, it's life, not an unreal and false life situation. That sort of therapy procedure has it's place, but not in the Divine Love mansion healing worlds. And really it's all there on Earth and in the natural love spirit mansion worlds to help you heal - if you're lucky - some aspects of yourself, of your traumas, but mostly only with the intention to then enable yourself to get on living your negative self-denying state feeling better about it. It's not setting out to heal yourself of your whole negative state, like we are.

But what about spirits who are really bad, feeling really fucked up, at their wits' end and terribly distressed, don't they need therapists or counsellors who are trained in how to deal with such difficult traumatic stuff as it surfaces. It can be very intense and extreme from the little I know and what I've experienced with Marion.

Joaline: It can be, sure, however it can all be worked through, and in spirit as you can't kill

yourself, there is nothing to worry about in regards to that. On Earth as you can kill yourself, what does that matter, as you'd then be able to continue on with your healing over here.

However you will find James, that if people do want to their feeling-healing as you and Marion have been, then although they will be forced down into their extreme pain, they will still be able to get through it, just as you both have. And for you both it just so happened that Marion had already experienced a lot of therapy before she met you, and so was aware of her volatility and deeper pain, being able to work with it when it came up with you. And so it's reasonable to assure that everyone will be prepared in whatever ways they need to be for the doing of their feeling- or soul-healing. I know it might not seem like it, but the Mother and Father - even your own soul, are on your side; and even though it has been horrendous for you having to experience the negative condition, as for when it's time to heal yourself of it, you will have at your disposal all you need within the relationships involved with you to do it. And it will all be feelings driven. And if people are worried about death, then such worries and fears are yet more bad feelings to be expressed and the truth found. And like it has been for you and Marion, you've gradually been led into it. As you've moved into deeper parts of yourselves, so even deeper parts can come up, you being able to deal with them with the experience already gained.

Yes, incredibly, it has been exactly like that for us.

Joaline: And so it is for all of us. We're not just thrown in at the deep end and all your hellish traumatic bad feelings come racing up only to annihilate you, for there would be no purpose to that as you wouldn't be in a state or condition to see any truth, and seeing the truth, the whole truth of your unloving negative state, is what it's all about. The truth comes first, and you will only experience all you need to, so as to liberate it.

So people on Earth will be able to be 'friends' without getting sued for such help by people who freak out.

Joaline: Essentially yes, however there is a lot in that statement. First of all, being a true 'friend', someone outside of your normal relationship, would require someone who has completed their healing and is living a Celestial level of truth; someone who would know what they were doing and wouldn't find themselves in such a situation with such a person. And the person needing the help of a friend would have to understand what they were wanting from that friend, and really it would be just like any friendship that people have all the time, some being more helpful, others not so. And if life on Earth deteriorates to the point where a friend can sue their friend because their friend wasn't how they wanted them to be, or didn't do what they wanted them to do, then well... what can you say.

I guess what you're saying is that to be sued would mean that some sort of financial transaction would be involved, like you employing a Celestial person to be your friend helping you with your healing. But such Celestial friends are not going to be working for money or any other sort of gain. They will ask nothing from their 'patient'. So you won't be seeing such real and true friends hanging their signs out the front of house: open for business. There might be feeling-healers who take the principles of what you say and use them to ear a living,

and if that were to happen then so be it, there's nothing you can do about it, and then all the normal man-made laws would apply. And in time many professionals I can imagine will want to incorporate such feeling-healing 'methods', especially as people ask for them. And I can't see any problem in that. There are going to be countless ways for people to gain help with their feeling-expression James, and not all will involve the Divine Love. But what you will see is, overall how people do it, how they do all you are advocating, will roughly be the same, because that's how it is for us, it's how we're made. All the current psychological methods and techniques that don't deal directly with feelings as you are talking about, are only deviations from it, and mostly they obstruct the natural healing process, being just ways to jiggle things around in one's mind in the surface layers of one's reality, without actually delving into the hidden repressed childhood feelings.

Only recently Marion and I have come to understand that she wasn't actually forced to change herself to effectively become 'another person' by her parents, they just came down hard on her stopping her being her natural and true self. And her healing with therapists, and now in what we are doing together, is taking off those clamps and restraints and letting her out of her cage, so increasingly as she is re-gaining her true self, she is able to say all she wanted to say when she was little. Whereas for myself, I was made to become effectively someone else, to be so shut-off from my natural self so as to not feel any direct connection with my feelings, and being all but totally unable to express them. So for Marion, expressing her feelings and feeling when things are not right in our relationship, comes relatively easily, whereas for me, I don't have a clue most of the time.

Are most people either like she or I?

Joaline: You are on the extremes and coming at your relationship from two opposite ends. Other people will be like you both are, and even with the roles reversed; and then most other people will be a mixture of, and somewhere in between, you both. Generally speaking, you are more like so many men, totally alienated from your feelings - but not all men, as some men are very free with their feeling-expression; and Marion is more like most women who are closer to and more aware of their feelings, only never feeling free to really express them. And there will also be a lot of women who have had to change themselves so much so that they will feel more like you do, that being as if you're another person with very little connection with your true self.

Thank you Joaline, that's about all I wanted to ask you at the moment. I don't feel up to writing with another spirit who's doing their healing, so I'll leave it there.

Joaline: As I said James, you come to me whenever you feel up to it. There is no rush. And I completely understand all you're going through. It's hard work feeling so bad all the time. And quite frankly, I'm amazed that you can write at all. I look forward to when you next feel you can cope with it. Bye now.

I've had a rest and I'm ready to write about another spirits' healing.

Joaline: Very well James, here's Ronald, and he's being helped by Prudence his partner. They are both living in the third mansion world.

### **Ronald and Prudence. Third Mansion world.**

Ron: I don't know Prue, how's it all going to work. I want to do my soul-healing but shit it seems too hard. I don't know that I want to go through it all, feeling all that emotion, all those bad feelings, some of those spirits we've spoken to say their healing took years of endlessly feeling bad, do you want to do that?

Prue: I don't see that I have much choice. I don't see that either of us have if we want to be together. My life is shit, as is yours, we've been here now in spirit for close on fifty years and look at us both, what do we have to show for it. We're both unhappy, we've both done all we've wanted to trying to make ourselves feel good, and nothing's really done that for us. Sure, living in Sex World was a blast, but is that what you really want to do - just fuck all day, surely you want more to life than that.

Ron: Of course I do, and I know we've talked about it a lot, but shit I'm feeling bad already, I'm feeling scared about what might be in store for me. What if really bad stuff comes up in me, shit, as it is I can hardly remember anything to do with my early childhood, but what if it was loaded with bad feelings I'm repressing. And I have to be, otherwise I wouldn't be here, would I.

Prue: All you can do is talk about all you're feeling, like how you are now, that's it from what I can gather. Talk about your fear, tell me all about it and we'll take it one step at a time. If you start by doing that, and you're already doing it, then we can see how we go. And like the other spirits have told us, it just happens if you want it to, and so you go along with it.

Look, we've made it this far, that's been a big enough struggle as it is, but at least we're both longing for the Divine Love, receiving it, and we love that right, so, this is the next step, and we both know it. So all you have to do is keep going telling me how bad you feel now about it, how it scares the shit out of you, even thinking about what might happen to you. And we long for the truth. You long for the truth of your fear and we'll see what happens. And if it's no good and it turns out we hate it, we can bail, we can leave it alone, postpone it, no one is making us do it.

Ron: Yeah I know, that part makes it seem a bit better, but we both know that we don't want to fail at it, we don't want to go back to our shitty old lives doing what we did. And as we don't want to do anything else, we're at the end of the road, the buck stops here, but shit I'm

scared. So I'll do as you say and speak about my fear. Okay, here goes.

I feel scared, I feel so fucking scared you have no idea, shit I do, I do Prue, you have no idea. I've not told you, but I feel like I'm a fucking little kid who's so scared he's about to shit in his diapers. I feel so bad, so fucking bad, so shit-scared, more scared than at any other time in my life. And I can't believe it, shit, talk about starting right in the deep end, why couldn't it have been a little gentler, the introduction, but fuck it... and you know now what I feel, better, suddenly I feel a bit better, so how's that, and what does that fucking mean - you tell me.

Prue: What that fucking means Ron, you great oaf, is that you've already done a bit of your healing, you've already made progress.

Ron: Bullshit.

Prue: No bullshit about it, it's true, you owned up to your fear a little, you said you've never felt so scared, and that you want to shit your diapers, and you told me, you said it to the world, and you've never said such a thing before - right?

Ron: Right.

Prue: Well now you have. So now you feel a little better for it, for you have already uncovered a little truth about yourself. Now you know that you Ron Henry is shitting himself, he is so fucking scared that he's about to shit his pants. And so you can own that, can't you. You can now stand up in front of the whole fucking crowd at the next Lakers game you go to, and you can announce over the loud-speaker that you Ron Henry is shitting himself. And so what, well done, now you can go get your medal for stepping over the starting line and beginning your soul-fucking-healing.

Ron: Yeah, too right I can. You know, I could, and I think I will. Fuck the lot of them. I have nothing to fear, shit that's not as bad as the fucking fear I feel now. And I can say that I am shit-scared, more than in Nam, more than when I was waiting for dad to come home and give me a belting, yeah, I am scared to death of myself. Ha! There you go, another bit of truth - shit this is easy, I AM SCARED TO DEATH OF MYSELF, OF DOING MY OWN FUCKING HEALING - OF MY OWN FUCKING FEELINGS. Can you believe that Prudence, I'm scared to death of my own feelings, of what bad feelings might come up in me. Well shit that, I'm fucking scared about the whole fucking thing. I haven't even got going into my repressed feelings and I'm realising I'm scared of how I might feel. Not very self-loving, is it!

Prue: No it's not, not as you think anyway, but in fact it is self-loving. Didn't you listen at any of those classes we went to. Oh for fucks sake Ron, sometimes I think you're a bit dim in the head. How you are self-loving is by admitting to all your bad feelings, then speaking about them whilst you seek the truth of them. That is self-loving, real self-loving, not all the crap we all thought it was lying around in those orgies, fucking our brains out saying how loving it all was: Oh wow man, this is out of this world, this is heaven, this is self-loving, this is fucking yourself man... it was shit, we were way off beam, heavily deluding ourselves, and

we know this, or at least I thought *we* knew it.

Ron: Yeah babe, you're right, I do know it... well I know it now... it's one thing listening to all that stuff, but it's another actually experiencing it.

Prue: Well wakey, wakey in what world have you been in. I thought I was living in dream land. At least I paid attention, more than you obviously did.

Ron: But you're a woman babe, and that says a lot. Us men, it's harder for us, so many of them say. We're not as close to our feelings, not like you are. You've always been more emotional than me, you've always got anything to do with feelings quicker than I have. Oh shit, I can see this is going to be fucking hard work.

Prue: It sure will, especially if I have drag you along with me like a big baby. Now shut up about all of that stuff and tell me more about your feelings, that's what we want to do, right?

Ron: Right. But I've said it all, that I feel scared. That's enough for one day, can't we go celebrate?

Prue: No! And you haven't said it all, there will be more. So go back and start again, tell me about how scared you feel - you do still feel scared don't you?

Ron: Yes, shit yes I do. I feel scared, okay, really scared. As I said, more scared than I have ever felt before. I am scared of my own fucking feelings, of what feelings might come up in me, and that freaks me out, for why should I be, I'm mean Christ, they are my own feelings - right. So why am I so afraid of them, yeah, seriously: why am I?

Prue: Well don't ask me as if I'm supposed to tell you, they're your feelings, you're supposed to know why you have them, not me. Keep speaking about how you feel, and the truth of why you're feeling them might come to you. You are longing for the truth of them - right?

Ron: I don't know why I'm scared of my own feelings, fuck I wish I knew.

Prue: Maybe something happened to you to make you scared of them, something when you were young. Can you remember anything?

Ron: Na, nothing. I've been searching through my early memories, not that there's many of them, na... nothing. I don't know, I'll just keep saying how scared I am.

Prue: See if you can get right into the feeling, see if you can speak about it with all the fear you are feeling.

Ron: Shit to do that I feel like I'd be curling up in a ball on the floor shitting myself like a little kid.

Prue: Well, what's stopping you. It's only you and me here, so why don't you - go on.

Ron: No, I don't want to do that. I'd feel too stupid.

Prue: Why would you feel stupid, if my feelings made me feel that way, I'd do it - no trouble. And if I did it, would you think I was stupid?

Ron: No, no I wouldn't, it would seem natural for you to do it. You had a shit childhood, we both know that, so I can imagine you as a little girl crying curled up on the floor.

Prue: And don't little boys cry too?

Ron: Sure, but... but... no, but somehow I can't see myself doing it. I don't want to do it. I feel like you'd have to force me to do it, and fuck that makes me feel bad. That makes feel even more scared if I possibly can be, it makes me feel angry... yeah - real angry.

Prue: Why?

Ron: Because I don't want to be made to do that. It's as if you are or someone is making me do that. Oh shit! Now I see it Prue! Now I get it, oh fuck it, that's how it was when dad was strapping me, I'd go down, down on the floor and he'd lay into me. Fuck I'd forgotten about that, fuck, fuck, fuck! Fuck what a fuck, oh fuck I hated that. You have no idea how much I hated him doing that to me.

Prue: Why, why'd you hate it Ron?

Ron: Why, why do you fucking think I hated it. Fuck it hurt, he hurt me, it was awful, goddamn awful, the worst fucking thing I've experienced in my life.

Prue; Yes, but why was it so awful?

Ron: Why? Why was it so awful... I'll fucking tell you why, because he humiliated me, he'd also call me names, like: "You Little Fucking Mongrel", and he'd shout that he'd teach me such a good lesson, one I'd never forget, and I felt like shitting and peeing my pants. Shit it was awful and there was nothing I could do. I'd put my hands over my head and he'd belt away. He hurt me Prue, you have no idea how much he hurt me, my own fucking father hurt me. And I cried and cried and yelled at him to stop belting me, but he wouldn't. And when he was finished he'd just leave me there. And I couldn't move, I was curled up as tight as could be, and I'd cry until there were no more tears. And I'd wait until mum came in and lifted me up onto the bed and put me in it. I always had to go to bed after it. I couldn't do anything else. Shit it was bad, I hated him so much, but what could I do. My own fucking father, Prue, my own fucking father.

**Roger (mansion world 3) and Sue (mansion world 5).**

Roger: Suzi, how do you know we're soul-mates. Look I've hardly known you, I only met you a couple of weeks ago, and now here you are telling me we're soul-mates. Do you honestly expect me to believe you?

Sue: Roger, I don't care what you believe, but it's true Pamela my Celestial friend told me. And I know what she says is true.

Roger: So what am I to do with that information? Fall madly in love with you. I'm with another woman, or so you might not have noticed, and I don't think Virginia would take to kindly to that sort of thing - to you.

Sue: I know you're in a relationship, so am I, but the truth is we're soul-mates, and as hard as it may be for you to accept, I've been told the information and so I'm passing it on to you.

Roger: But Suzi, isn't it supposed to be a romantic thing when you find out who your supposed dearly beloved is. Aren't we meant to be already having a relationship, and then we get told that truth, so we can move closer in our relationship together. I don't know about this, I haven't heard about it happening to anyone else before like this, have you?

Sue: Yes, as a matter of fact I have. And quite a few spirits, so it's nothing new, you just haven't met anyone who it's happened to, that's all.

Roger: No I haven't, you're right about that. But still what am I to do with such information, do you mind please telling me that.

Sue: You can do whatever you like with it, you can stick it up your bum for all I care, only that I wanted to tell you so it would have an effect on you. You know, I'm moving on in my healing as you are, and obviously we're both at a stage where we need to know this truth, and so as we now both do, then we can express all we feel about it - can't we.

Roger: Oh right, so I can go to Virginia and say, hi Ginny, oh you remember Suzi, she told me today her and I are soul-mates, so I want to speak about my feelings to do with it to you. That's not going to happen, I wouldn't do it to her, I love her too much.

Sue: Well then Roger, in that case, I guess you'll just have to speak to me about it, won't you.

Roger: To you!

Sue: Yes, and as I'm not going to tell David about it either, we're in the same boat, aren't we?



Roger: But that would be deceitful, like I'm having an affair, going behind Virginia's back. I wouldn't do such a thing.

Sue: Oh don't give me all that crap Rog, because I know full well you'd go behind her back if you wanted to. You have done do in previous relationships.

Roger: How do you know I have done that?

Sue: Because I've spoken to some of your old girlfriends.

Roger: Oh yeah, like who?

Sue: Like Mary Beth.

Roger: Yes well she was going behind my back, and I only did that to spite her.

Sue: Look Roger, there's no getting away from it. You know as well as I that your relationship with *Ginny* is crap. It's falling apart, I can see that as well as you can. And I'm about to end mine with David as we've come to realise we're not suited, that we're only living out childhood fantasies with each other. So that leaves us free to get on with it, and you know Rog my sweet, when you get to know me, you'll be pleasantly surprised; and I am more advanced than you spiritually being further into my healing, so it will do you good to be the follower for a time, rather the leader. And Roger, you know as well as I do, that meeting your soul-mate doesn't mean bliss and instant love, it means it's time to get serious with your healing so you can both put your heads down and help each other. And I'm looking forward to it. I'll even wait until you reach my level if you like before I push on with my healing. I can come and help you with yours and we can get to know each other. So cut the crap and get real will you, this isn't about charades and playing the let's-be-nice-game, this is for real, my eternal happiness hinges on your being with me, so lift your game will ya!

Roger: Look, you're already telling me what to do.

Sue: So, and how does that make you feel - being told what to do?

Roger: Angry, very angry.

Sue: And what's this 'angry, very angry, crap' come on Rog, it's time you took the next step, it's about FEELINGS remember, so emote them, you feel ANGRY, VERY FUCKING ANGRY FOR GOD'S SAKE, so how about firing up with that anger of yours and being fucking angry at me. I won't bite you, I might even enjoy it, you never know Roger I might find it endearing when I see those little hairs up your nose quivering with rage.

Roger: Don't you be rude about my nose-hairs, I'm very fond of them, thank you very much.

And as for being angry, I will decide when it's time for me to be angry, and how angry I will be.

Sue: Oh well, suit yourself... now give me a kiss before I go.

Roger: Suzi, I will do no such thing!

Sue: You're nothing more than an old prude Rog, do you know that?

Roger: I can see it will be a delight getting to know you Suzi.

Sue: Ha! There you go, see you're falling for me already. Look Rog my darling, I'll have you all fired up and ticking along in no time. Ginny has to go off and be with other spirits for a while, you're only holding her back. She has to learn that she doesn't have to be led around by the nose by men. So you're mine Rog, our beloved Mother and Father have made our soul that way, and no matter how much you might wriggle and try to get out of it, you know there's no escape. And that once the soul starts to draw its two personalities together, then that's it. So you're mine, and although you're such an old fart, I don't mind that, actually I find that kinda cute, just like that bald patch on your head you're also so proud about. Anyway, that's enough for one day from me to you Roger my love, I'll be off now and you can ponder what I've told you. I'll drop by tomorrow, how does that sound?

Roger: Humph, I'll be looking forward to it.

Sue: Lie back during down-time this evening Roger, and think of me. I will soon be in your arms, Ginny having moved on, yet another failed romance. I'll be good for you Rog, you won't know what's hit you. And you'll be good for me, because there's a lot of my old man in you Rog, that I can sense and that will help me push deeper into how he mistreated me when I was little.

Anyway, see you tomorrow, bye my sweet.

Roger: Goodbye Suzi.

Joaline, I feel like I'm writing people - spirits - who are speaking a script in a play. It's coming so easily, so much easier than when I last wrote with spirits.

These are real situations James, we're not contriving them for you. We are however helping to further broaden your mind as to what it's like for us spirits.

Yes, I can feel that happening.

Joaline: And as to how easy it's coming to you, that's because you've progressed further in

yourself, so it's easier for us to relay such mind impressions to you. We are still limited a little to your mind and how it's structured, however we're very happy with how much you are able to receive and pass on to the reader.

I feel like I'm opening up more to just allowing you to do whatever you want, to see where it all goes.

Joaline: Good, as that's what we hoped you'd say. There are of course, as there always is, other reasons why we are structuring it as we are, all of which are to further help you in your self-expression. However, as we can't speak specifically about these things, you'll just have to feel the impact they have on you.

So as Roger and Sue showed, such soul-mate information could be revealed under such circumstances?

Joaline: Yes. All sorts of things happen. It's not how you might imagine it to be. It is real life James. Just because we're spirits, it doesn't mean we're all pure and light minding our p's and q's and speaking the King's English, behaving as one might imagine Mary and Jesus behave. And if you look back over all you have written about us in spirit, all from spirits themselves, you'll see the same theme in all of your work: to try to open up ones perspective about what spirit life might actually be like.

Yes, well it does all seem so normal.

Joaline: And why shouldn't it? Just because we no longer have a physical body and are spirits, doesn't mean our personalities have changed, and if anything, they have been enhanced by our death and new life.

Do you feel like you'd like to write another healing experience?

No, not today, thank you. I've done enough. I can't do as much as I used to be able to do. I don't want to spend so much time writing as I did.

Joaline: I understand. I'll be here whenever you're ready next.

(24/6/10)

### **Polly and Martin - third mansion world.**

Martin: Shit Pol, what did I tell you. It's not going to happen. It won't happen for me - nothing happens for me. All my life on Earth, nothing happened for me. I had the most miserable life you could imagine. Nothing went my way, nothing happened that was good for me. I've told you about it, but seriously, and I know it's hard to believe, but nothing good happened. And then to top it all off, I died of typhoid fever at twenty-five. So I didn't even get a good go at life. I was a sickly child, I was weak, I had a poor heart so the doctor said, and I was always bloody cold. My parents were very poor and we had so little to eat, and during the winters we hardly had a blanket between the lot of us kids - nine in all, but only five lived to reach twenty. So it's going to be same for me now. Nothing has happened for me in spirit. I've spent years in the lower Earth planes imagining a new life and new beginning, but nothing happened, and if it hadn't been for you coming to my rescue, I'd still be there.

You came and saved me, you know that. I was lost, and then you came, and now here I am longing for the Divine Love and trying to do my soul-healing. And so here I am now trying to be as negative as I feel, which is not hard seeing the life I have lived.

I feel I have missed out on a lot. I'm still like a little child and one who wants its mummy. I do, and I'm sorry Pol, but you're going to be her for a long time. I can feel that, and that's what I reckon. I won't be able to help it. You already feel like a mother of sorts to me. I don't remember much about my mother only that I loved her and she loved me. But that love never did any good for me. I don't have many memories of my early years, I don't know what happened to them, they have all gone and I doubt I'll be able to get them back. So I know this healing thing is going to be another of my failures, how can it not be when I am such a failure. And you will get sick of me and get rid of me, because I won't be able to help you with your healing. How can I be a friend to you. I won't be able to. I won't be able to speak about any of my bad feelings, because I won't know how to. I feel bad, that's right enough, I've never felt anything but bad, and coming into spirit hasn't changed me on that score. So Pol, I hope you don't expect too much from me, because if you do, you'll be let down. I'll disappoint you as I will myself, I can't do anything else.

I must be the most negative spirit there is. I can't see any hope for me on the horizon. I'm a lost cause, and I've longed for the Love because you have encouraged me, telling me it will be good for me. But I have felt it come into me, that is something that is very strange, and it is good, and as I said, good things never happen to me, so something's gone wrong already, only it's probably just because of you being with me. That's it, isn't it. I have this one good thing in my life - sorry Pol, two good things - but that's all, and now you want me to start this healing thing with you.

But Pol, don't you see, I'm going to be nothing more than a burden to you, a weight around your neck, and you're going to have to lead me every step of the way, so how do you feel about that, do you think you can do that.

And you know Pol, the worst part of it all is that I can only write this too you in a letter. I can't even say all of these things to your face, because I feel too ashamed, I don't want to see the look in your eyes when you finally wake up and register what a loser I am. I don't want to see you trying to be nice to me. I don't want to see the hurt in your eyes when your loving heart reaches out to me, it knowing that truth of what I speak, and knowing that I can't be with you, that it's not going to work, that I will only drag you down, keep you back, make you suffer in my misery.

And Pol, I don't want to do that to you. You are too kind, too good-natured, too good-hearted a spirit for the likes of me. I'm rotten to the core Pol, a "good for nothing" as my mother used to call me, and I can't change that. It's what I am, and I've never been anything else. I'm fucked Pol, fucking useless, a waste of space, and I'll only be a waste of your time.

So Pol, I'm writing this to you now so you can read it, and then we can stop before we go too far. I don't expect or want you to come and see me. If you don't, I will understand. You MUSN'T waste any more of your time on me - I'm not worth it.

So read this Pol and get on with healing yourself and fixing up your own life. You know what you're doing, and you're more than capable, I can see that, so let me go, dump me. I'll be all right, honest I will. I'll stay here, it's nice here, and I'll keep longing for the Divine Love as that's about all I can do. And who knows Pol, maybe one day I might even change a little to help myself, to not be so down on myself, but I doubt it, I've always been this way, and I can't see I'll ever change.

And I am longing for the truth Pol. I do like what you've told me about it and I understand that it's the way for me to get out of my negative state, but I can only long for it, nothing else as I don't know what else I can do. However I do like longing for it - ha, another good thing. Maybe things aren't so bad after all - eh.

However, I know that's only wishful thinking because things are always bad - always bad for me, nothing good ever happens, and if it does, like you Pol coming into my life, still it doesn't make me feel good. I do feel a little better than I did, don't get me wrong, but still I feel like shit, just as I've always felt.

So Pol, I'll send this to you, funny how we say so many things like we used to on Earth - I'll come and put it under your door, and that will be that.

Goodbye Pol, and thank you for all you have done for me,  
Kindest regards,  
Martin.

Polly: My dear Martin, thank you for such a nice letter. I loved the fact that you were so true to your feelings, that you wrote as you felt, for that is all you are meant to do in doing your healing. And I pray to God that one day you will be able to look me in the face and say such things to me, for I know you are capable, however I don't want to push you, I don't want to make you do anything you don't want to do.

Martin, the one thing I will not do is abandon you to your loneliness, so I will be available to speak to you, and I suggest we meet tomorrow by the lake and talk further about the Divine Love, and possibly have a prayer for it together. And if you don't want to talk about any of your feelings, that's fine by me. And if you don't want - or do want - to talk about any of your bad feelings, that's also fine by me. I want you to do whatever you want to do, I don't want to

place any demands on you, none whatsoever.

Best wishes,  
Polly.

Martin: Pol, thank you for your kind and understanding reply, and if you can bear being with me, which I fail to see why, I would like to meet you tomorrow by the lake, and yes, I would like to also pray for more Divine Love.

And as far as speaking about my feelings, having written to you and having received your caring reply, together with the fact that you have not abandoned me, then I will try to speak about whatever bad feelings I feel, even though I know you will find them too bad, too overwhelming and too boring to listen to. For how much can one say about one's nothing life. However, I will endeavour to speak about just how nothing I feel, because you are prepared, so it would seem, to accept me as I am, and this I find most heartening.

So Pol, I look forward to tomorrow by the lake, and I thank you for not being pushy, and for being considerate of my neurotic condition.

Warmest,  
Martin.

### **Amanda and Christian. Third mansion world.**

Amanda: So Chris, tell me all about it.

Chris: He wouldn't get out of my way, the little shit. I wanted to go into the toilet and have a leak and he wouldn't let me past. He propositioned me, said that if I wanted to use the toilet first I had to suck him off.

Amanda: Why did you want to use the toilet anyway? One of the best things about being in spirit is you don't have to worry about those bodily functions anymore.

Chris: I wanted to use it because suddenly - and don't ask me why as I have no idea - I felt like I wanted to go into a public toilet just as I used to go into them on Earth.

And fuck-knows why I wanted to do that, probably so I could be confronted by this little prick.

Amanda: So, what did you do?

Chris: What I did was tell the little son-of-a-bitch to fuck off, that no way was I going to suck him off. And I pushed him out of the way and went in, and then once in, I didn't feel like I needed to go anymore and so came out. And the little shit was laughing at me, saying I was embarrassed to get my dick out in front of him because I might find that I'd enjoy him looking at it, or that it was so small that I'd be embarrassed to show him.

Amanda: So why did it upset you so much, why didn't you just ignore him and have your piss? And where were you anyway, I don't think I've seen a public toilet since I've been in spirit.

Chris: I was in the first Earth plane. I thought I'd go down there and look in on my kids and see how they were getting along. I haven't given them much of a thought lately and I wanted to see what they were doing. And it was whilst I was with Johnny that I saw the toilet, and the urge took me. I think I was too caught up in being with Johnny, as if I really was there with him. And like how it happened so many times when we were together, I'd need to take a leak.

As to why that little shit in the toilet has affected me so badly, well that's a good question. I have thought about it but I don't know. And like you said, why didn't I brush him aside and fuck him off and just ignore him - I don't know.

All I know is that I'm feeling very angry about it, that he had the audacity to proposition me like that.

Amanda: But why should it bother you? What's really making you angry? Did you feel embarrassed, is that what it's really about, that he might have been right in what he said, that

you did feel embarrassed and that's what you're hiding from yourself, that's what you can't face.

Chris: Embarrassed, why should I feel embarrassed. I've had plenty of visits to such places and gone with lots of other men. Shit, during the war there was no privacy it was just a long ditch in the ground over which you squatted and did your business, it was all out there for all to see.

Amanda: So what part of it is rankling you?

Chris: Yeah, I don't exactly know. Fuck this feeling business is fucking hard to get a handle on. Fuck I don't know. At first I was surprised by his effrontery, he was so open about it, like it was a natural thing to do, like everyone did it. I think I was even a bit shocked.

Amanda: Did anything like that ever happen to you when you were on Earth?

Chris: Well, yes, come to think of it. Shit I haven't thought of that experience for years. It was when I was in my late teens, and I was in a public toilet in a park when I heard a noise behind me and some guy was standing there with his dick out, it was erect and he had a big grin on his face. He didn't say anything and I just ignored him at the time and left. It wasn't my thing, you know. I'm not that way inclined, never was. I know a lot of guys that swung both ways for a while, more just to see what it was like on the other side I think, and some used to joke quite openly about it, but na, it's not for me. I don't care what other people want to do, or other spirits, hey, it's a free life we've got, but that sort of thing has never interested me. It's never been a turn-on. Now if some nice looking woman was standing there, that might be different, but not men.

Amanda: So would you say you're scared of it, scared of homosexuality?

Chris: No. I don't think so. Like I said, it's just never interested me. I've never even seen two guys together sexually, and I don't want to.

Amanda: Why, why don't you want to see them having sex together?

Chris: Because I think it's wrong. It's not right, it's abnormal, disgusting...

Amanda: Is that some sort of old Christian belief, or is that what you really think?

Chris: The Bible speaks heavily against it, it could be from my early life, I can't remember. I never spoke about it to anyone when I was young, not even when older. I gave up the Church when I was forty-five, and I just believed that sort of thing was wrong. But hey, if other people wanted to do it, that was okay with me, all so long as they stayed on their side of the fence.



Amanda: So you do fear it, it does make you scared, because if it didn't, men could fuck and suck each other off all day long around you and it wouldn't bother you. You must feel threatened by it in some way.

Chris: Does it bother you, would you like to see it, men or women?

Amanda: I have seen it with both men and women. When I was living at Sex World it was there all around for all to see if you went to certain places, and I was curious about it. I didn't do it, but I watched it, even though it didn't do anything for me. At least I saw that really it wasn't much, it was just what you wanted, what you liked, and for all I could see there wasn't any harm in it. And if you liked each other or if you just liked casual sex, why not. You're not hurting anything or anyone, if you're both agreeing about it.

But that's not to say that I would want to be propositioned like you were either, but I don't think it would push my buttons like it has yours.

Chris: Maybe I am a little scared of it. When you said threatened that made me feel something, and yes, I think I can admit that. I think I can go that far and say that I do, or did when I was younger, feel threatened by it. If I put myself back with that guy who was standing behind me, and really let myself go, really let myself feel what I felt, I think I wanted to run away as fast as I possibly could. But I can see that I had to maintain my masculine bravado, and not show that he was intimidating me, or turning me on. So I blanked him out, and as he didn't push it further, I forgot about it.

Amanda: Did you tell anyone about it at the time?

Chris: No, you're the first person I've told. Like I said, I blanked it out, I haven't thought about it for years.

Amanda: So you were probably angry because you were scared. You probably did feel intimidated by the guys brashness, by him being so forward, and perhaps you felt threatened that he might push it more.

Chris: Possibly, but what could he have done. Here, it's not as it is on Earth. He couldn't hurt me, he couldn't kill me, he couldn't have done anything to me, and all I had to do was want to be back here and I would have vanished right before his eyes.

Amanda: I know, but you didn't. You acted as if you were in flesh still. As if it were a real thing happening to you back on Earth. So why, that's what we've got to find the reasons of, and you can only do that by speaking about all you felt, all you're still feeling. Are you still feeling angry, maybe you should speak more about that.

Chris: I'm not so angry as I was, now having spoken about it.

Amanda: Try to put yourself back in it and see if you re-connect with your anger, see if you

can let it come up again.

Chris: I'll try. Okay, I'm walking in... and the fucking little shit, there he is, and it's something about his beady little eyes and that smirk on his face. Fuck now I'm angry! And I feel like I want to belt it off him. I want to punch the shit out of him, I want to teach him a lesson and one he will never forget, so he won't go around doing that to anyone else.

I want to smash him, to grind him to a fucking pulp, the little fucking weasel, the fucking shit, I want to grab him and ram his head into the urinal, I want to destroy him, as pieces of shit like that shouldn't exist.

Amanda: Why are you so angry with him, what you do you think he might do to you?

Chris: He might make me do what he wants, yeah, that's it, he might make me suck his dick there and not let me get out of the toilet. This guy was a puny little shit, but that guy back when I was on Earth was a big sucker. So yeah, I guess that's what I'm really afraid of, scared that he will make me such his dick.

Amanda: And how will he do that?

Chris: Shit I don't know... just make me.

Amanda: Try to imagine it, can you imagine what he might do to you.

Chris: Well he might grab me and force my mouth onto his cock and make me such him off. He might pull a gun or knife on me and then I'd have to do it. You know, this reminds me that years ago I had a very disturbing dream in which that sort of thing nearly happened, a guy did pull a gun on me and told me to suck him, but the dream didn't keep going. And I can remember, gee it's now so clear the memory of it, that once I'd woken up I was so angry with the fuck that I pretended to suck him, and right at the last moment bit his cock as hard as I could. And I can still feel that, the rage in me, that's what I want to do, bite the fucking thing right off so he can't make anyone do it anymore.

Fuck me, this is hard work Amanda, to say all of this, I feel like I'm sweating like a pig, my throat feels so constricted, I feel so hot, I feel like I'm going to explode with rage.

Amanda: So go back to the part about feeling like he's going to force you to do it. From what I gather about our healing by speaking with the Celestials, it's the feelings of feeling powerless that we must focus on if they come up, and that most of our feeling bad will at some time end up with us feeling powerless.

Chris: Yeah, well feeling forced to do something like that, to suck another guys dick off, sure puts the wind up me. It scares the hell of me and I'm not afraid to admit it.

Powerless, yeah, I'd say that is how I'd feel if it was forced on me, fucking powerless. It would be goddamn awful to have to do something like that. I've heard those stories about guys in gaol being made to do things like that by the gangs, and that would be hell. I couldn't

think of anything worse.

Humiliated, and embarrassed, I guess I am, or would be if that happened to me, that's for sure. So maybe Amanda I am shit scared of feeling so humiliated and embarrassed, but fuck knows how that might relate to my early childhood.

Amanda: You don't have to know about that. That will come if it's meant to. All you need do is keep focusing on and speaking about your feelings of powerlessness, what it would feel like to be forced to do such a thing. See if you can say more about it.

Chris: It's the helplessness in it that I'd feel. To imagine a guy with a gun to my head and him going to pull the trigger if I don't suck is cock, well I don't think I could feel more helpless.

Amanda: So why wouldn't you suck him off, what would be so bad about that?

Chris: Oh god, I just couldn't imagine anything so bad. I couldn't, I just couldn't, I think I'd rather die than do it. Would you do it?

Amanda: Sure. If I knew that was all I had to do. Why not, it's not going to kill me, and as I don't want my brains blown out, yes I would. I wouldn't enjoy it, but I can think of far worse things happening to me, like being raped and overpowered that way. Thankfully that never happened to me, but I know women that it did happen to. And that gets me angry. To be made to feel so powerless, forced to do something you didn't want to do. To think of another person having complete control over your body, that you are nothing, no one, that you don't matter, don't exist, and that someone else calls the shots in your life. Shit that would have me fuming with rage, it does to even think about it.

Chris: Do you want to talk more about it?

Amanda: No, because this is about you, not me.

Chris: I don't know why I think it would be the worse thing that could happen to me. Even getting wounded during the war wasn't that bad. I wasn't as scared during the war as much as I am with this, and it was very scary during the war.

Amanda: But during the war I guess you felt you still had power, you weren't subjected to say some kind of heinous torture, were you.

Chris: No. That's right, I was always more or less in control, even with half my hand shot off. I could still walk and work later, so it wasn't that bad.

Amanda: So can you say more about your feelings of feeling so powerless... is there something you dread about feeling them... like something that is going to happen to you, some sort of punishment for example that will happen to you if you were to do it, even if you were forced to do it.

Chris: I don't know. Possibly. It might be tied up with my Christian beginning. I know it was a pretty heavy sin homosexuality, and it was the work of the Devil. Maybe in my child's mind somehow I believe that if I were to do it, even if forced to, that I would be punished by God. That it was such a great sin, that God would banish me, that I would be made to go and be with the Devil. Now that would be pretty dam scary.

Amanda: Why?

Chris: Because who wants to be with the Devil, or even associated with it. That's the worst thing that could happen to you if you're Christian - if you side with the Devil and lose your faith.

If that were to happen to me then I'd have had no one, I'd have been ostracised, my parents, the whole neighbourhood, the priest, the Church, the whole world would have kicked me out. Where would I go, I'd have nothing, no one would want me, no one would love me, no one would like me. I'd be out on the streets and all those evil, wicked, sinful people would get me. I'd be theirs, I'd be lost to them. No one would save me, no one would rescue me, no one would look after me, no one would help me. No one. I'd be on my own, and so alone, so scared, so lonely, I can't imagine anything more devastating. To be so alone, to have no one who likes you, not even God.

God would turn His back on me. I would have fallen into hell and damnation, and that would be the end of me. I'd be the most evil one, the most despicable one, the worst person alive. I would. And I wouldn't have come to heaven when I died, I would have gone into hell and there I'd be. I'd still be there now, still stuck there with all those other wretched damned souls. Dammed to an eternity of loneliness, nothing but themselves for company, and the pain, the terrible suffering, I wouldn't be able to bear it, yet what could I do.

Shit Amanda, where is all this stuff coming from. I haven't thought about anything like this for years. I vaguely remember the preacher preaching about hell and pain, fuck it, he must have scared the hell out of me. It's why I gave up the Church, I didn't want to listen to all of that stuff anymore. I didn't want to hear all that stuff about God punishing us if we're bad, if we don't adhere to what the Bible says. The war showed me life was bigger than the Bible. It didn't matter that you were Christian there or not, you still got blown apart. I used to pray to God to save me, to protect me, to not let any bad things happen to me, but not like some of the fellas, they were really into it, saying prayers all day and night long. I don't know they did it, so scared all the time and begging the Lord to save them and not let them get their legs or arms blown off.

It wasn't until some years after the war that I finally came to my senses and decided that if I was going to do one good thing for myself, that was leaving the Church. It didn't do anything for me anymore, and it started to make me feel bad. To hear the preacher going of about praying to the Lord for His Heavenly protection, and all those memories about those guys begging Him for it and then getting exactly what they were praying not to happen - their legs or arms getting torn apart, na, it didn't do anything for me anymore.

So I reckon that's it, that I'm scared of being punished by God for doing such a thing, as it is such a big sin, even if I were forced to it.

Amanda: How do you feel now?

Chris: Worn out. All mixed up inside, my emotions are all over the place. I want to let it settle and see what I make of it all. All right with you if we leave it there, if we give it a rest.

Amanda: That's your call Chris, you're doing it for yourself remember, it's got nothing to do with me.

Chris: Yeah, thanks for all your help. No way would I have been able to do it without your help. It's so good to know that you're here for me. That you want me to bring all this stuff out.

(25/6/10)

Joaline, how have all these spirits of the third mansion world come across longing for the Divine Love?

Joaline: All sorts of ways James. Mostly it's by word of mouth. You meet someone who has a good experience with it, and that makes you interested in it, and so on. There is no formal or official way, no billboards, thank god. And because mostly the Divine Love mansion worlds remain quite separate from the natural love ones, you have to acknowledge some desire, a longing, to be truly with God, from in your heart, before a Divine Love spirit might come to you to inform you of the existence of Divine Love and tell you about longing to God directly for it.

There are of course a lot of spirits always searching for meaning, wanting answers, and some end up discovering the truth of Divine Love. There are also books and the equivalent of DVDs I guess you'd call them, that one can get from various sources. There are public libraries of sorts that have filed within them all sorts of information, and data bases such as like what the Internet is becoming, a huge source of reference material, with some material about the Divine Love contained within them.

However mostly it's word of mouth. There are always many Divine Love spirits wanting to help others, so if someone shows the potential, if they are serious in their longing for truth, then they will be readily attended to.

And just like on Earth, many spirits say they want the truth and believe they are ready for it, even believing they may have found it or some of it, but they don't truly want it, still only wanting to further their negative mind state. And such spirits are easy to see, it's very easy for us to gauge another spirit's mind and intent once we've ascended to the Celestial levels, so naturally we don't bother with such truth-denying spirits as we'd be imposing on them and wasting our own time.

Also in the higher Celestial spheres we have available to us much information about spirits that are living on the lower worlds, and we can access such information if required to see

when a spirit is ready for the truth of Divine Love.

It's that obvious, that technical, all so known in advance.

Joaline: Yes, as it's a major point in one's ascendant life. Other than your conception, birth and death - and arrival in spirit, it's the next biggest point in your life (and not that it happens necessarily in that order mind you, because like you, one can start longing for the Divine Love before one dies). So it's no small thing when someone wants to embrace the Divine Love. And by embrace it, I mean want to become conscious of what it is, taking longing for it consciously into their own hands so they know why they are longing and what it will do for them. Of course many spirits partake of the Divine Love without any conscious awareness or understanding of the truth as to what they are actually doing, they are simply longing for God's love the right way, with the right intentions, and so receive it; and even though this is the technical point of their 'turning' in life, still it might be years of further advancing their negative state with and using the Divine Love to help them, before they actually get serious about the truth. It's wanting to live true, true to yourself, true to your feelings, that is the determining factor, and this is what we are on the look out for.

Wanting to live truth, wanting to live the truth, and wanting to do it with your whole person, with your whole being, with your whole heart and soul, and NOT with only your mind, is what is important. You have to take your longing and desire for the truth and put it into action, actively wanting to live it. So you have to want to do whatever it takes, and live whatever the truth is. And when you want this, and want it more than anything else in your life, then you are focusing yourself in the right direction. And then it's a matter of trying to find out how to uncover and see the truth so you can live it. And when it comes to you and you do see it, then without hesitation you live it. And it's all done with and through your feelings, with nothing to do with your mind.

The biggest mistake people and spirits make is trying to work things out with their minds. They think that by joining *that* religion or that spiritual system will help them find the truth. It's mental decisions all the way. They read a book and it sounds good and true, and so they believe what it's saying, believing they have grown in truth, when they haven't, they have *only* grown in the truth of the actual experience of reading the book or attending the church, and they have learnt and expanded their minds, which they incorrectly believe is their progressing in truth.

People and spirits of the churches believe the truth is written in the Bible, but all that is written is a bunch of words, some of which if their meaning is applied are true, other meanings not true, and how do you know which are true and which aren't. And that comes down to your personal experiences. When you experience something you know for yourself that that experience was real and true, however what happens, especially when you're living untrue to yourself in the negative, is you attract mental interpretations, assumptions, reasoning, understanding and rational, to the experiences, suppressing the truth of the experience you'd feel and live through your feelings, by instead choosing with your mind to believe your own 'made up' truth, that which you are only making yourself believe.

To uncover the truth, first of all you have to decide to find it out for yourself from your own experiences. So someone might read your work about *Divine Love Spirituality*, and they

might like what they read about doing their soul-healing. Okay, so you start to long for the Divine Love and you feel it coming into you, so there is your first experience about the Divine Love. Up until then all you can do is believe that this guy James says I can long for the Divine Love from God, but once you do it and find out for yourself - uncover the truth of such mental understanding for yourself - then you can live it as a part of your life - as a part of your truth. And then you can go on to find out the whole truth of yourself, the truth of your whole life. And you do that by doing your soul-healing. But that means embracing and expressing and seeking the truth of every feeling you have, for it's through your feelings that the truth is revealed. And so you do this to uncover the truth of your negative life, the truth of what your start in Creation is all about; and the truth comes as you heal your childhood repression. And then you become self-revealing, meaning you are able to fuel and instigate and continue your own truth ascension - through the ongoing liberation and expression of all your feelings. So you are to become true to yourself, true to all your feel, as you heal your way out of our truth-denying negative condition. You fix yourself up and know the truth of Divine Love as Mary and Jesus live it, this being what we all come to understand, knowing and living it by the time we are ready to leave their universe - Nebadon, moving out further on our ascension to Paradise. Something that is still awaiting me. I am not as yet fully ascended through Nebadon, and were I, I doubt I'd be speaking with you James.

And if you're not ready to include God as your Mother and Father, Jesus and Mary, or the Divine Love, in your quest for truth, then you can do as you have written: your feeling-healing, which involves applying the same feeling-acceptance principles as your soul-healing only without the direct inclusion of God's Divine Love in your life. And that inclusion can come at any time when you want to include it. And as you have written, your ascent is limited until you do include the Divine Love.

Most people are growing very slowly in truth by revealing it to themselves through their daily experiences, yet being mostly unaware that is what they are doing. However they stop their forward progression in it stalling their growth, usually by saying such things as "life is as it is, you have to just accept and get on with it doing what you like", surrendering to the acceptance that they won't really get anywhere in uncovering the great mysteries because they are too great and too far beyond them. But they aren't.

Nothing so far as truth is concerned is too far beyond you, it's only that you don't understand what truth is and how it is uncovered within yourself, because you are too busying denying the very feelings that will help you uncover it. So you don't have a feeling of ascension, of true spiritual progression with truth, having only at best a distorted feeling that you are making some progress growing in your mind by adding new beliefs, all the while deluding yourself that you're growing in truth.

Truth is hard to put your finger on, and yet it is more real and concrete than concrete. When you reveal truth to yourself, it comes up within you and you know it's the truth. You know it without doubt, there is no dispute, it just is what it is: TRUTH - and it's always: TRUE. And you may not be able to remember what it is later on, or even describe the whole experience that led to it, but still once you have had the experience, that truth is forevermore a part of your being, and so you will be living it. And as you grow in truth you will change your life, on the inside and out, to reflect the truth you are 'acquiring' within you.

And the truth is all highly personal, it's based on what you feel about something - mostly

yourself. It's all about focusing on the inside, with little to do with the outside. It's not about trying to understand the world about you, it's about trying to understand what effect the outside is having on you: why am I feeling what I am based on the experience, the event, the thoughts, even the feelings, I'm just now having. And when you uncover the reasons why, the truth of why you are feeling what you are, then you are revealing more about yourself to yourself, bringing more of yourself out into the world. And so you will see the focus in these spirits soul-healing is to keep seeking and longing for the truth, wanting to understand the reasons why they are feeling what they are feeling. "Why do you feel powerless? How does that make you feel feeling powerless?" This sort of thing. Because when you work deep into yourself bringing out the feelings you feel about feeling powerless, at some point the truth of why you feel that way will come to you. And you will see all the way through you, even right back into your early childhood - even right back to your conception, what happened to you, and why, to make you now feel powerless, as you understand that your feeling powerless now is the same as your feeling powerless back then, and every time since you started your incarnation that you felt powerless. But with each powerless feeling that you use to help you go back into your early life, you will reveal to yourself more truth about yourself, more of how you are, how you were back then - which is still how you are now, and slowly a picture will unfold about who you are, who the real you is. And this will include by the end of healing your whole negative state, seeing all that happened to you that made you feel bad, all that was unloving making you feel powerless. And it will help you see how it affected you causing you to distort and deny your true self, how it made you become someone other than the real and true you, someone your parents wanted you to be, someone who was not how God made you to be. And you will see how you took on all that your parents are, good and bad, and how you've made yourself become as they are, embroiled in and a functioning member of the Rebellion and Default against yourself - your own soul and so your soul-mate; against nature - all that is naturally true and perfect on your world and in your own nature; and against the Creators of it all - your Heavenly Mother and Father. You will uncover the truth of your evil state, knowing why and how it all came about, and how you are living it. And by the time you have completed your soul-healing, you will also know the truth of how you 'heal' evil, how you 'redeem' yourself, how you 'save' yourself: how you became true when you were previously untrue - how you did your healing.

Truth is not about learning the scripture, or being able to religiously recite passages from the Bible, or say your prayers well, or be a good Christian. It's not even about how you morally or immorally live your life. It's about your true intentions and why you are them, be them negative or positive. Whilst you are in your negative state you are truly living untrue, and so you will need to one day understand the whole truth of why. Just as when you've healed your negative state, so too will you want to know the whole truth of why you are positive, what that's all about, that which will take you on your first truth-leg all the way to Paradise.

And the beauty about truth is that it is true, pure, perfect, good and all the positive attributes of love. So as you are growing in truth, you are becoming truer, which means naturally without you having to do anything. You will just become a better person, living morally correct, being good, and not living against yourself, nature and God. And it all happens through and with your feelings, and not by applying your mind.

People who want to be nice and kind and so set about trying to live more moralistically,



living a more 'loving' life, are not usually setting out to do it by growing in truth. They apply their mind, they add and subtract beliefs, they try to do 'good deeds', trying to 'be nice and loving', but all still being done within their negative state, that which is evil and sinful and completely living against all that is true - against all truth. So they are only living a fantasy, expanding it with their minds and increasing their self-delusion by pretending to themselves they are being the good boy or girl they were made to be as little children. And so many of the so-called 'good works' are in fact being motivated by untrue, and so unsound and unloving, deeply buried motives, all of which are going against truth.

So on the outside you might appear to be the most loving, the most charitable, the most kind and caring, the most Christian of people, but underneath it's not true. And so people or spirits get a big shock when they strip away their superficial falseness, the big outward show of self-importance, showing themselves the truth of what they really feel, what they are really like.

Many of the so-called great religious leaders of your world, individuals that head up the religions and faiths and teach the masses showering their power and glory over all whom worship them, are living very little truth; with the average person who might live a simple life, learning about life from their experiences, being unassuming, accepting and tolerant of others, being of a higher life-truth. And then add to that, there is spirit-truth and soul-truth one can grow in.

So one way or another James, when you decide that you want to end the falseness that you're in, knowing you are false because you don't feel good within yourself, you are ready to long for the truth. And when you start longing for the truth, you have truly decided within yourself that you want to live true. And so then you are ready to start to acknowledge, honour and accept all you feel, and in particular all your bad feelings, then you begin by expressing them, you want to speak about them, bringing those parts of yourself out into the world for you and all to see; and uncover and find within yourself the truth of all such feelings. And when you start to actively do this, then you are on your way, actively longing for the truth of all you feel, the truth of yourself, the truth of your soul. Then you have consciously begun your ascension of truth. Then you have begun your feeling-healing. And if you want to include the Divine Love and all it brings with it, then you have begun your soul-healing, then you are able to ascend in truth higher than the mansion worlds, by attaining the Celestial spheres. And this is what we want your readers to understand James. This is living spiritually. And your adherence to your uncovering the truth, to being self-revealing, will be your religion - it will be your life. And slowly you become true, and all the wrongness will melt away as you see it for what it is - the truth of it. But YOU DO HAVE TO SEE IT. It's not going to magically melt away by itself just because you might decide you want to live true, or if you believe that longing for and receiving the Divine Love will take all your sin and error away. There is no magic wand waving and instantly you're healed of your negative truth-denying state of mind and will. It's hard slog all the way, with or without the inclusion of our Mother and Father's Divine Love.

Thank you Joaline. I'm going to have a break now.

### **Micky and Susie. Third mansion world.**

Micky: Susie, don't give me that crap, tell me straight, why did you do it?

Susie: Because I wanted to, why else would I have done it.

Micky: Yes, but why did you want to, there must be a reason.

Susie: And why do I have to give a reason to you? You make me feel like I have to justify myself, my actions, as if you're my parent, my bloody mother or father or something. And you're not, so you can go and get fucked, because it's my life and I can do whatever I want in it. We're not married and all that shit, you have no say in or control over my life. If you don't like what I do, you can leave, that would suit me fine.

Micky: All right then, I will. I'll leave.

Susie: And that will solve all your problems won't it Micky, just leave, leave like you've always done. Just run away from the difficulty, just turn your back on it, on me, on yourself. So leave, don't let me stop you.

Micky: So what should I do then, smarty-pants, you bloody know-it-all. You're always acting superior, just because you understand all this feelings crap; just because you feel it's about bloody time women had their say. Well fuck you and fuck your feminism and fuck feelings, I've had enough of them.

Susie: So if you've had enough of them, then why are you so angry at what I did?

Micky: Don't think you can pull that one over me. I can see what you're doing, trying to turn in all back on me as if it's my fault. Well it's not my fault, you did the fucking thing, not me.

Susie: Yes, but you haven't even told me why you think it was a bad thing that I did.

Micky: It was, every one can see that, every one knows that. It was bad, what you said to that spirit was mean, it was a nasty thing to do. And how you treated them, being so off-hand and so ungracious, that wasn't right, you can't treat spirits like that. They have feelings, they are... well their not flesh and blood, but fuck it, they are still people. And you can't treat people or spirits like that.

Susie: I can treat anyone how I please. And you can't stop me.

Micky: I know I can't stop you.

Susie: And furthermore, it's none of your fucking business. It's my life, you can butt out, it has nothing to do with you.

Micky: But I'm your partner, I'm with you, so it is my business.

Susie: Oh yeah, why, tell me how. Go on, tell me how it is your business. You're so full of shit Micky, it's my life, you have no say in my life, where do you get off thinking that you have. Fuck you, no one, and especially NO FUCKING MAN has any say in my life. All the men had control over me during my Earth life, but no more - GOT IT! No fucking way you and no man has any say in what I do. I can do as I please and all you men can go to buggery so far as I concerned, and the sooner the fucking better. You've had it all your own fucking way for too long. You think because you are with me you own me, well I have news for you - YOU DON'T! - GOT IT! And if you haven't, then you had better get it into your thick skull or else I'm off, I'll go find someone else who wants to be honest about their feelings.

Micky: I am being honest about my feelings, I'm angry aren't I.

Susie: You're angry with me because you think I shouldn't have done and said what I did, but that's not doing your fucking soul-healing, that's only you trying to bully me into line, that being how you believe and think things - me - should be. That is NOT expressing your fucking feelings.

Micky: All right then, what is. You show me. If you say I'm not expressing my feelings by being angry with you, you show me how the fuck I'm supposed to. I feel angry, and I thought it was about expressing your anger, so if it's not, then I don't get it.

Susie: It is about expressing your anger but doing it by staying on your side of the fence. You're not truly owning it, you're trying to dump it off onto me. You're trying to make me take it, to bow down to you and admit that I'm wrong, and your way, how you see things should be, is right. But it's not about who's fucking right or wrong, it's about you feeling angry, right, so you stay on your side of the fence and be angry. Express - SPEAK FOR GOD'S SAKE - about your anger, don't just use it to hit me with. I'm not your punching bag, and I'm not going to take it anymore from you or anyone.

Micky: Well how do I stay on my side, can you PLEASE show me for fuck's sake.

Susie: Yes I will, it will be my fucking pleasure to show you, you fucking moron. It goes like this, YOU GO LIKE THIS: I feel angry about what you did and said to that lady, really angry. I don't know why, but fuck I feel angry about it. I am so angry, angry, angry, angry - I AM FUCKING ANGRY about what you did. Why am I angry, why do I care about what you did, you are not me, you are a separate person to me, so why am I angry about how you treated her. I am so angry, the rage is coming up in me, I want to hit you, I want to beat you, I want to hit and hit you until you say you are sorry. I want you to say you are sorry, I want you to

apologise, I want you to say you were wrong, to admit that what you did and what you said was mean and nasty. I think you were mean to her, she didn't deserve to be treated that way and I think you have no right to treat her that way. I - me - think that, I am owning these bad feelings. I am saying I am angry at what you did and said, but I am NOT TELLING YOU YOU CAN'T DO AND SAY IT, I AM NOT THE DICTATOR AND CONTROLLER OF YOUR LIFE, YOUR LIFE IS YOUR OWN, IT HAS NOTHING DO TO WITH ME, but fuck I am angry with what you did. So why am I angry, I want to know. I want to know the real reasons, what inside of me is making me so angry with you, making me what to hit and beat you, and beat you and beat you until you say you are sorry.

Do you see Micky, you speak about it all staying on your side. You are just saying what you feel, and you're not trying to control me in any way. I can go on being how I like to that woman and you can pull your hair out with rage and anger speaking about all you feel. AND YOU CAN'T STOP ME DOING WHAT I WANT TO DO - NO ONE FUCKING CAN. THEY DON'T HAVE THE FUCKING RIGHT TO - GOT IT!

And then you long for the truth of your anger, long to know why you are feeling so angry, why you feel so pissed off with me, why you feel so bad, why you feel so upset. That's what you do. And you keep speaking for as long as your anger persists, and you rage and rage but not at me, or even at me if you have to, but all so long as you keep on your side, all so long as you only say what you are feeling. You can even speak about how much you want to control me, and what you want me to do, even how you might like to make me do it, but all so long as you don't cross the fucking line and TRY TO MAKE ME! Do you see. You felt angry, right, fair enough, what I did made you feel angry. Okay, then you speak about how angry you feel. You don't just come out fighting me, you don't start accusing me of being wrong and expecting me to back down, to give over to you and do what you want - to make me be how you want me to be. You don't want me to do anything other than listen to you, which I want to do. But if you think you can use your words to bash me, to man-handle me into being how you want me to be, then fuck you, you can go to hell.

So now you have a go, you try to say what you feel about your anger, allow your anger to speak and I'll tell you if you start to cross the line telling me what to do and how to be.

Micky: Alright, it seems so clear when you say it, and it was as if you were saying exactly what I felt. And when you point it all out I can see where I'm wrong, but I'll be fucked if I can see it in the moment.

You are right, as soon as I feel angry, as soon as YOU make me angry, I want to step in and take over, take you over, I want to control you, stop you, make you be how I think you should be, make you stop behaving in an unacceptable way.

Susie: Yes, that's all very well, so we're clear on that point, however you're still not expressing your anger, and it's about allowing your feelings to speak, that's what's important - it's the only part of it that is really important. All the rest we can work out as we go along, so start again, put yourself back in your anger and tell me what it wants to say.

Micky: Okay, I'll try. I feel angry, angry, very angry. I do, I feel very fucking angry about what you did to that lady. You have no right to treat her like that, you would have hurt her

feelings and she doesn't deserve to be treated that way, no one does, she wasn't being mean to you.

Susie: And that's all very well Micky, but you can't speak for her, you don't know what she is thinking and feeling, nor how what I said and what I did might affect her. You're stepping over the line again, losing yourself, being untrue to your feelings, and it's just another angle on trying to make me see I was bad by trying to make me feel guilty for my actions and so apologise, and not really even to her, but to you. You are her Micky, and it's as if I'm treating you badly, you're only projecting onto her, using her to get at me, so stop that and come back to yourself and speak about your anger, you still haven't allowed your anger to have its say. Now try again.

Micky: Fuck me, I'll never get this.

Susie: No, you may never, but at least that's a good start. You've stopped fighting me, you're giving up, you're beginning to admit that you might be wrong in how you see it, in how you are treating me. You say I was mean to her when really you're the one being mean to me, it has nothing to do with her. So try to allow your anger to have its say.

Micky: Alright... I'm angry, I'm angry, I feel very angry, very angry about what you did and said to that lady. Okay, I know that, so...

Susie: So for starters, try answering this: So how does feeling angry make you feel?

Micky: How does feeling angry make me feel? Oh fuck Susie, how the fuck do I know. I just feel angry, very fucking angry, and that makes me feel even angrier. I feel so angry, I feel like I'm about to explode. I feel like I'm a volcano of anger and it's all about to come gushing out and it's going to pour all over everyone and fuck them and fuck me I want to take the lot of them out. I want to kill them, I want to kill you, I want to kill myself. I feel so angry about it - about everything. I've never felt such anger and I want to destroy the whole fucking world. I don't give a shit about the lady really, no I don't, that I can own up to, and really I suppose I don't even give a shit about how you treated her, I just feel so fucking angry. I feel like I'm full of anger, you have no idea how much anger I have in me. I'm full to the brim, to overflowing with it, I want to rage and rage and never stop. I want to go out there and rage all over the place. I want to ruin, crush, destroy - KILL. I WANT TO FUCKING KILL. I DON'T KNOW WHAT I WANT TO KILL, BUT I WANT TO KILL - SOMETHING! I want to go off with my gun and my dog and go kill something, shoot something, I don't care what. I am so angry, I want to rip something apart. I want to rip all its skin off, I want to take my knife to it and cut it up, and I want to smear the blood all over the walls and write, FUCK OFF YOU FUCKING BASTARDS, I HATE YOU ALL! Yeah, that's what I want to do, that would make me feel better. I want to rage and rage, go on the rampage, and I want to trash things, smash everything I can get my hands on. I want to smash the whole fucking world up, rip down buildings, trash cars, smash every window, throw stones - smash things. Yeah, I want to smash things, I don't know why, and I'm longing for the truth of why I want to smash

everything, but I do. I want to know why I'm so fucking angry, what an outburst, I feel like every cell in my body is seething with rage. I've never felt this angry before, fuck me, it's scary in a way, I don't know what I'd be capable of doing, I feel like I might lose my mind and there'd be no knowing what I'd do, no stopping me, I'd just rampage, totally lose it, give over to my anger completely allowing it to consume me and that would be it, I'd never stop, they'd have to shoot me, they'd have to stop me somehow but not before I took a lot of them out with me. And I can feel the more they would try to stop me the more I'd want to fight them - FUCK THEM, WHAT RIGHT DO THEY HAVE TELLING ME HOW TO BE. WHAT RIGHT DO THEY HAVE TELLING ME I CAN'T BE AND DO AS I WANT. Oh shit, now I sound like you. Oh shit, it is me after all, isn't it. I am the same as you. I don't want anyone telling me how to be and what to say. I don't want them controlling me. I don't want anyone stopping me from being how I want to be. WHAT FUCKING RIGHT TO THEY HAVE TO DO IT, TO EVEN TRY TO STOP ME, THAT'S WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW - WHAT FUCKING RIGHT! THEY DON'T. It's my life, MINE, and they can all fuck off, they can go get fucked, they can shut up, they can piss off, I don't want them in my life. I don't want to have anything to do with them. I want to have my life for myself and not for them. They have no right to interfere. Who gave them the fucking right to interfere in life anyway. Did God? Did God say you have all rights to interfere in Micky's life - no He didn't. No fucking way. So they can go to hell, they can fuck off and go to buggery, shit I'm sounding even more like you Susie, and I am furious, I am raging, I want to rage and rage and rage, fuck I want to make them stop, I want to make them stop doing what they are doing to me, how they are treating me. I want to make them stop - NOW! DO YOU FUCKING HEAR ME - STOP! STOP IT, NOW! STOP TREATING ME BADLY. Yeah it's because they are treating me badly, that's why I'm so angry, oh fuck, I don't think I can go on. I think I have to stop and have a rest, I feel like I'm spent, I'm burning up, fuck me, fuck me Susie, is that more like it?

Susie: Good boy Micky, that's right, that's what you've got to do. And see it has nothing to do with me or the lady, it's all inside you, and it all has to come out, just by speaking about it like that.

Micky: It's incredible, I don't know where it all came from. I couldn't stop, it just kept coming. I don't feel so bad now, I'm not very angry anymore. I want to stop and think about it all. I said some serious shit, some of it was a little freaky, that was how it made me feel.

Susie: And when you're ready we'll speak more about all of that.

Micky: Yeah, okay. But I need a break now, let's go for a walk, I need some fresh air.

Susie: Okay. And well done, that was great.

Micky: All thanks to your help. But thanks anyway... but who was I speaking about, that part I didn't get, who was it I was so angry with for interfering with me, I couldn't put a face or a name to it, it just seemed like everyone and sort of no one. I felt strange saying it all, not really knowing who I was saying it all to.

Susie: Your parents, it was all to your parents and about your parents Micky, it always is through your healing. But you aren't ready yet to connect personally with them so it's all still impersonal rage, that's why you want to rage at me, and the world, at everyone else. But when you've progressed more, when you've moved deeper into yourself, then you'll be able to rage directly at your parents. However first things first and that was brilliant, that's what you have to do. That is all in the top of you, that's the first upper layers of anger that need to come out. It's a start, and now you have a good idea about the amount of unexpressed and so repressed rage you have in you.

Micky: You can say that again. I felt like I was going to explode. Shit it is all amazing, I wouldn't have known it was all in me. I don't remember ever feeling that amount of rage. Sure I've got angry at times, but fuck me, never to that extent. And I don't know that I want to.

Susie: No, but look what might be inside us without our even knowing. All those years of pent-up anger, it's all packed in down within us and it's all got to come out. It's what killed us on Earth, it's why you and I died of cancer - because we couldn't express all that rage in us. The cancer raged away at our own fucking organs, eating us up, we raged at ourselves, turned it all against our self, and now we have to turn it the other way, bring it out. And it's why we're together, to help each other bring it out.

Micky: Yeah well you sure helped to push my buttons. It exploded in me and I couldn't stop it.

Susie: I know, and if you had been able to take it all out on me like you initially wanted to do, you'd be carving me up into little pieces and writing fuck off in my blood all over the walls - not a nice thought.

Micky: No, that part scared me. I'm scared to see what I might find out about myself.

Susie: Well you've got yourself too well under control to let yourself be like that, that's why you live a high moralistic life, that's why you were considered and liked as a good man, and were not a serial killer. Your parents wouldn't have allowed you to express all that anger and gain some distorted power with it. You had to behave and not do all those mean and nasty things to other people, and that's why you were angry at me saying what I did to that woman, because I could do it, when you weren't allowed to. You were made to hold yourself in check, all so you didn't make your parents or anyone else feel bad, and all while your parents did all those mean and nasty things to you making you feel very bad. Come on, let's go.

(26/6/10)

Joaline, these spirits aren't really expressing their feelings in real-time, are they? And they are all Celestial spirits, aren't they?

Joaline: Yes James, that's right.

So why didn't you tell me that you'd be doing it this way - I don't mind at all. In fact as of yesterday I felt that I didn't want to be 'listening in' on other spirits doing their healing, I felt it was too intrusive, that their feeling expression is private, so I'm glad they are not spirits actually doing their healing.

Joaline: We didn't tell you because of a number of reasons, all to do with your growth, and all of which you are uncovering the truth of through your healing. Remember James, first and foremost your writing and so all we spirits say to you, is for you, not just the information, but the whole experience it gives you. So there is always more going on for you than you are aware of.

And it doesn't matter that these spirits are not expressing their feelings in real-time because to convey what you are writing they are drawing from their own feeling healing experiences, and none of them are making up any of what they say, it was all real, just as they are telling you, when they were doing it.

But how can they remember their early healing experiences like when they were in the third world, god, I don't think I can remember any of my earlier healing experiences, let alone ones I had last week - or even yesterday for that matter.

Joaline: You remember it all when you are a spirit James, and you will find once you die and come over that you will have access to all your Earth memories, so you'll be able to remember all your healing experiences, just as they can. So I wouldn't worry about trying to now.

No, I'm not, I can hardly keep up with living them as it is. Anyway, it makes more sense as to what I was feeling. The light or energy, the feeling I was getting from the spirits was too strong to be spirits of lower levels, so it makes sense now.

Joaline: Do their healing experiences as they relate them to you disturb you?

No, it's not that, it's that after a time I feel myself filling up with too much extra light. And it can make me feel like I'm being intruded on, as if it's unwelcome in me. I start to feel a little stressed, and all their emotions and feelings adds to it. I don't often feel the same intensity of light when I'm just receiving mental information. So from that point of view, just receiving their emotions, is new for me. And I find that I can only do a little of it at a time, particularly if it is very emotional and intense. However I don't want you to alter how you're doing it, or anything like that. I'll tell you if it gets too much. I'm greatly enjoying it, it's amazing really and it is helping me a lot - there's a lot to each couple, that's for sure, I see a lot in it and how it's all structured.



Joaline: Good, we were hoping you would.

Can't you see or feel or sense - or do whatever it is you do when you tune in on me - the affect it is having on me?

Joaline: Oh yes of course we can, however it's more beneficial for you if you tell us for yourself. So we'd rather go along with you.

Okay. I don't understand all you're saying, and really I don't want to anymore. I used to want to understand all there was wracking my brains trying to come to grips with it all - how you spirits live, how you differ from us on Earth, but now I don't care anymore. I'll find out for myself when I get there.

Joaline: It's far better that you just attend to expressing your own feelings James, there's plenty of time for you to find out about all the rest.

I don't feel very well today, too much bad feeling yuk pressure again, so I won't write any spirits healing experiences. Speaking with you like this is about all I can manage. It's taking me years, but I'm slowly being able to accept how unloved I feel. Was it the same for you Joaline?

Joaline: Yes, it's the same for all of us. Even those of us who might have felt loved and on the surface didn't have it too bad, that being had a more enjoyable time with their parents. But still none of us felt entirely loved and so we all have had to come to terms with and accept, just as you are, how unloved we feel, and how feeling so unloved makes us feel.

Like shit - and even worse.

Joaline: Yes. And all you can do about it is keep speaking about how you feel to Marion.

Yeah I know. It's still a weird experience for me to actually think that you might be real, that you and all the spirits I write with might actually be real spirits - and for that matter, that there are even spirits. It's still weird even after all this time. In fact, when I stop to think about it, the more sure I am of it that you are real, the more weird the whole experience seems. There's just nothing here to relate to it, it being so 'out of this world'. And the more I go in my healing, the easier it seems for me to 'hear' you, and to even remember 'hearing' exact words mum and Gran used to say to me, even when I was very young. But still I wonder sometimes if I'm just making it all up. And I guess it doesn't really matter anyway, all so long as I'm still growing in truth, and as you say, expressing all I feel. What more can I do?

Joaline: It is funny you should say that, because of course being a spirit, we consider is being more real than being in a flesh and blood body, which is so out of touch with what the greater part of Creation is really all about. But I remember when I was on Earth, and had anyone said they spoke with spirits or that spirits even existed, I would have thought them mad, and yet

here I am now as one! It is all fascinating what happens to us.

Yes it is, however it would also help if our healing didn't hurt so much. It's been yet another very trying week, and yet when isn't it trying. And you can't get used to it, you can't just accept it, because it's all about feeling bad.

Joaline: And you are not meant to accept it, what would be the point of that. You are meant to feel bad and not like it, so you long for the truth of why you're feeling bad, all so you can end your suffering.

It would be a big help if I could meet a Celestial spirit and hear face-to-face about their life and healing experiences.

Joaline: Why would it?

I think it would help me see that it is all a real thing. The fact that there is no end in sight, that the bad feelings just go on and on, sometimes makes me wonder if it's just me, that I'm this way and it's not about healing anything at all, that I'm making it all up, and that nothing will ever change. Marion just wishes she could die, not die and still feel bad in spirit, but end it all as in cease to exist all together - she's felt that way all her life. As for me, I don't know what I wish... only that it would end. Which is what I've always wished for, always wanting the future to be better. And perhaps it never will.

I'm going to stop now Joaline.

Joaline: Bye James.

(21/7/10)

Micky and Susie - again. Third mansion world.

Susie: No Mike, I'm not going to let you fuck me anymore. That's over, remember. We're not living in Sex World anymore, we're trying to do our fucking healing. So back off. And I'm not going to give in again, no, not this time. You can go find someone else to fuck if you must do it. But you're not doing it with me anymore.

Micky: Oh go on Sues, just one more time, the last time, I promise, I won't ask you again.

Susie: No. I've said no, and that's that. No is no more, not ever again, I've finished with all of that. You can go and do it if you want, but not with me. I want to get on with my healing, and if that's not what you want, then you can bugger off. I don't care. I've had it with you. And you can smile and not think I'm serious, but fuck you - I am. I'm going to heal myself of my repressed childhood shit with or without you. There are plenty of other men spirits I can

be with, and you're not the great lover boy that you think you are.

Micky: Oh all right. I give in. I won't ask you again. No, you're right. I don't want to keep living that way, I want to do my healing as well. It's just that when the urge comes over me it's so bloody strong and I find it hard to say no to it.

Susie: I know, but that's where you can start to express all your bad feelings. When the urge comes, you can speak about how bad it's making you feel. And if you still have to fuck, you can, but not me. I've finished with that. I want to grow in truth and heal myself of all my shit. I want a new life. I'm fed up with living as I have. I've spent all these years fucking about with you and we've not got anywhere. And I want all of that to change. And you are either with me or you're not, and quite frankly, I don't care. I am the most important person in my life now. And if you don't like that you can shove off. I am going to look after myself, not you. You can look after yourself. And the first way I am looking after myself is not allowing you to fuck me anymore. We are spirits now for God's sake, we're no longer of flesh and blood, and so that side of life is over for me. Shit all I feel like is I've fucked my whole life and done nothing else with it. And I'm tired of living like that. And when Anna the Celestial pointed out to me that I was only hurting and not respecting myself by doing it, that was it for me. Sure I already knew that, but something clicked for me, I don't know what it was, but it did, and I can feel that I want to be how she is. I want to be true and pure and as beautiful as she is. I love her light, her lovely radiance, and she said she had lived a similar life to me, and like me, had one day chosen to give up the pleasures of the flesh, and that day for me, is now. And I feel very good about it. So it doesn't matter what you say Micky, no way, it's over that part of our relationship between us, and as I said, if you still feel the need to fuck, you go right ahead, it doesn't worry me. You can go fuck every woman spirit if you want to, I couldn't care less, and I know it means nothing and it's only something you have to do because of how you were fucked up as a child. And if you don't want to uncover that truth of why you've got such a need, then that's up to you. I can't force you or make you come along with me, but I know what I want, and if you don't want the same things, then this is where we end. And I feel good about saying that too, because finally I know I mean it. We've fought and said such things to each other before, but we've always made up and fucked more, but no longer, I'm taking a stand and I feel I can and so will. And that's that. You can fuck off or try to express your bad feelings, I don't care either way. And as we're probably not soul-mates anyway, we'll be parting ways sometime, so it might as well be now.

Micky: But I don't want to leave you. We might be soul-mates. I want to stay with you, and I do want to do my healing as well. It's just that when the urge comes, fuck it's hard not to do anything about it.

Susie: You're addicted to sex, that's what it is. You're like a drug addict but a sex addict. And that's going to sure be some problem for you to work through. Look what those Celestial ex-addicts told us they had to suffer, so much pain, so much hard work, and it took them all of their healing before they could finally be rid of such a need. So it might be the same for you, and I'm prepared to accept that, but only so long as you speak about all the bad feelings you

feel. And I'm not going to fuck you anymore. You can speak about your bad feelings, and work on your addiction, but your sex need will have to be gratified elsewhere, as my legs are staying closed for ever more.

I want to be a higher spirit, one of light and love, I don't want to stay grovelling around the third mansion world for the rest of eternity. I've had enough with these lower planes and worlds, I want to get on, I want to be like Anna and the others. I want to live in the higher spheres and see what life there is like. And the more I speak about it you, the more I know it's what I want. And not you or anyone is going to put me off. I've made my mind up. Sure I might weaken every now and again in the beginning but that's to be expected, but my inner conviction is strong, I can feel it, and I've never felt this way before.

So Mike, you're either with me or against me, it's your choice.

Micky: I'm with you. I want to move up too. I don't want to be addicted to needing sex for the rest of eternity. I want to grow up, to grow out of it. But shit it's going to be hard. Why do I have to be afflicted with such a need anyway, what did I do wrong. Fuck it, it's not fair.

Susie: No it's not, but we've all got our shit and that's a part of yours. And from what we've heard, no spirit has had it easy. We're all in the shit together. It's hard for all of us. You and I lived a fucked nothing life. We believed it was something, but now we both know it wasn't. Look how far away from the truth we are. And so it's going to be hard, but that's what it's all about. The doing of our healing is just the next phase in our existence, and as hard as it might be, there's nothing we can do about that, other than do it: start to express and speak about all our bad feelings while we long for the truth of them. So that's what I'm going to do. And as I said, you're either with me or you're not. And I'm not going to stand for it if you're not doing your share. So I think you'd better go now and do some hard thinking, and see how you feel about it. Go fuck someone if you have to, and when you feel you're ready to begin, then come back. I'll give you a little more time. And if you don't show, then that's it. I'm going elsewhere and asking for help from someone else.

Micky: Alright. I'll go and I'll do as you say. Give me a couple of days to see what I feel about it. You are right, I do have to sort it out for myself, I do have to make up my own mind and commit to it myself. I do have to decide if it's time for me to begin. I can't go along only because you are and it sounds like the right thing to do. I have to do it because I feel I want to do it. So I'll go and see what happens. And if you don't see me, then I wish you all the best and maybe we'll see each other around sometime.

Susie: Yes, maybe we will. Good, I like the sound of that. I'll give you a couple of days, then I'll be going to ask for help.

Micky: Okay, I'll see you then. Bye Sue.

Susie: Bye Micky.

### **Ian and Geoff. Third mansion world.**

Ian: So Geoff, how do you feel about it all now?

Geoff: Apprehensive to say the least.

Ian: Scared?

Geoff: Yes, very. I understand the theory about it all, but giving up being gay when all I've ever known is being gay, well I don't know about that still. However I'm prepared to go along with you. We both feel ready for it, don't we, we've discussed it enough and we can see that it's not right being gay, that our being gay is all a product of how we were parented, like everything else, and so we know... we're at least both trying to accept that it's wrong, wrong to be gay, but shit, I don't know Ian... it's the part that it will be the end of us, and we've been together now for close on forty years, that in itself is going to be a huge change for us.

Ian: It will. But there isn't anything we can do about that. And we've been counselled that we must take it one step at a time, and as we make progress in expressing our repressed feelings, then we'll change, and along with that change we'll feel better about ourselves. So in the end we should feel better about becoming heterosexual. And we've met enough Celestials and higher mansion world spirits who were once gay and are now happily living with their soul-mates of the opposite sex, and if they can do it, then I don't see why we can't.

Geoff: And it's not that I have anything against women, but to think that my soul-mate is probably out there now, waiting for me to 'see the light' and for me to 'come to my senses', argh, it does all sound so difficult. How am I supposed to be with her?

Ian: Just as you'd be with any woman.

Geoff: But how am I supposed to love her, to have sex with her, to have a personal and intimate relationship with her, like I do with you.

Ian: I don't know, but I do know you won't be having sex with her, not unless you want to. You don't have to have sex just because you're with your soul-mate. And you've seen the soul-mate couples, most of them don't have sex and none of them do by the time they have finished their healing, so I don't think you have anything to worry about on that score.

Geoff: I hope not. I don't think I'd even be able to touch her, I mean be affectionate with her. If that is all going to happen, I am going to have to change one hell of a lot.

Ian: And we will, that is what we're coming to understand. But we have to, we have to go

through with it otherwise we're faced with living the rest of eternity on this world, and do you want to do that?

Geoff: No, not anymore. I've had enough of it, and Gay World bores me now. As I've been telling you, I feel like I've been growing out of it of late, something I thought would never happen. When I first died and discovered that I could live in of all places - Gay World, it was nothing short of my dream come true, and it was for those years. And then to meet you, it couldn't have been better. But we've both changed, and that's the hard part, things have been happening to us and we no longer see it in the same way as we did, and so what other option do we have.

Ian: I know, and it's a blessing we found the Divine Love. Had we not... I don't fancy becoming one of those tired old queens who's been flogging their sausage for hundreds, even thousands of years now. When you look at it like that, and just how tragic they are, we've got off easily, at least we know the way out of it. They don't know there is an alternative, so what sort of future do they have, another thousand years of fucking all the newbies welcoming them to their new spirit lives. There has to be more than that.

Geoff: I know, I agree with all you're saying. I couldn't face it. I couldn't look at old Mal's tired face again, seeing the endless young boys lining up to be fucked by the Grand Dame, no, that's not for me, or you. So we just have to do it. We have to bite the bullet and get on with the business of expressing all our bad feelings, and surely that couldn't be too hard - could it.

Ian: I don't know. At least it might be easier for us than many of those square heterosexual men who are all but dead to their feelings. Luckily we didn't go down that road. And being gay gives one more of a theatrical approach to life, at least it has for us, so speaking about all our bad feelings might not be too bad. I mean we speak about them enough as it, so it won't be much different only we'll be longing for the truth of them, that being something we haven't done.

Geoff: I am looking forward to that I must say. It does sound exciting, being able to reveal the truth to yourself and see what it does for you. And I do fancy the idea of moving up the worlds, and to look at those handsome Celestial men, well it's enough to make you cream your jeans.

Ian: However by the time you are like them, you won't be gay.

Geoff: And thank God for that, it would be simply too much to bear! So when do we start? Do we need to have an official day, make an official announcement, throw a 'Starting Our Soul-Healing' party? Is it like we have to announce to the world that we are 'Coming Out'. God it was hard enough to come out in the first place, and now we're told we have to go back in, and come out the other side. Oh what fun and games life is, is it not.

Ian: We can have a party if you like. But who would we invite? All of our gay friends, telling

them that it's the last time they will see us as being truly gay. And we can't invite hetero's, for what will we talk to them about, God knows, I haven't spoken to a hetero other than trying to seduce him, for years now. And women, what women would we invite, our sisters of flesh - all the lessos. No, I think we'll have to skip that one and just start it when we both feel ready to start. There is I suppose an official starting point, but does it matter when that is. For all we know we might have already started, because here we are living in the third mansion world, no longer in Gay World.

Geoff: Possibly you are right. We probably started with our first prayer for the Divine Love. And I still am so thankful you insisted I come along that night. I didn't think I'd be able to do it. And what a surprise it was, I can't get over it, so much better than all those shit-boring times I had to sit through, those God - awful sermons, when I was at school. And all I did to pass the time was wonder what the man-in-black's cock looked like, in all its stages of manifestation.

Ian: What a sick mind you have Geoffrey. And it still gives me such pleasure hearing you speaking about such things. What wonderful memories it evokes in me from my early life. But I suppose we'll have to give all of that up.

Geoff: So it would see Ian my love. 'My Love', doomed to die the death of truth. Shine the light of truth on the untruth and it shall wither and perish, argh it makes me cock shrink with the horror of it - would you care to see?

Ian: No thank you, not at the moment. It is tempting, but I guess this is where we begin. We don't do what we have done. We don't do such things and instead we see how not doing them makes us feel.

Geoff: It won't nearly be as much fun.

Ian: No it won't, but it's not about fun. Fun is what we've been having, but look where it's got us. You died of AIDS before it was even called AIDS, and I died of loneliness and a broken heart. No, that is all going to be put behind us. We are setting out on a new life, developing a new future for ourselves. And I'm afraid, as sad as it is, we'll be parting ways. So until that happens, it is tempting to make the most of it, which I don't see why we can't anyway, so yes, that sounds like a very good idea, you may as well show me, get it out and we'll let the little fellow have a breath of fresh air.

Geoff: 'Little Fellow' indeed, and now you've done it by paying attention to him - see, now look what you've done!

Ian: You certainly were blessed to have such a big cock Geoffrey.

Geoff: And you are more than welcome to do whatever it is you wish with it. Oh Ian, it's going to be so hard to let all of this go.

Ian: It will, but in little stages. We don't have to be in any rush, do we?

Geoff: No, none whatsoever. Oh Jesus that feels good.

Ian: You'll have to mind what you say now Geoffrey, we're living in his and Mary's worlds of Divine Love, and you just never know who might be at the front door.

Geoff: I don't think we have anything to worry about there my dear, what's going to interest him in a couple of old fags like us. I'm sure he has better things to do in the universe. We're just more of the wreckage from Earth setting out to try to rectify themselves. Two more useless old farts that need to heal themselves, that need to grow in truth and understand how they were turned so much against themselves that they became gay - the poor old sods. We're a right old pair, you know that Ian?

Ian: I do Geoffrey, it almost brings a tear to me eye. We are two sad cases. Look at our lives, what have they amounted to. We've done nothing other than fuck each other and fuck anyone else who wanted us to. Rather pathetic to say the least.

Geoff: I know, but at least we are in this together. We still have each other while we do. I never thought it would come to this. Had you told me six months ago that I'd be here now with you contemplating ending being gay, I would have told you to pull your dick out of your bum and to bend over and let me put mine up it. It's been all very sudden, hasn't it?

Ian: It has, but that's how it goes, at least that much I know. That's how it's always been for me in my life. I go along thinking everything is wonderful, and just when I've thought that, then it all changes. My childhood patterns at work I guess. And I am looking forward to understanding the truth of them. I do want to understand the truth of myself, to find my true self, even if that means the end to us, the end to all I thought and believed life was. But I can no longer deny it, I know I'm not right, I know I'm fucked, and now I know it is all a result of my early life, the good job my parents did on me. And giving up being gay, is giving up a part of being fucked. Instead of looking at other little boys penises and wanting to suck them, I'll be looking at little girls and wanting to do whatever you do with them.

Geoff: Ah, don't go on about it Ian. Give it a rest, please. Don't pollute my remaining good memories.

Ian: Alright, but it's all going to have to come out. And this is a part of it, speaking about it all, all we think and feel, all the good and bad stuff.

Geoff: I know, I know, don't remind me. So what do we do now?

Ian: Go to bed I say.



Geoff: Yes, why not, that definitely sounds like a good place to start our healing from. Or we could start it here now with you bending over the couch.

Ian: Alright.

Joaline, so it is right that all gays will have to stop being gay as they do their healing?

Joaline: Yes James. It's not right, not natural, soul-mates are ALWAYS of the opposite sex. Being gay is, as Ian and Geoff said, simply a result of their early life, just as all our problems are. But being gay is no more a sin or evil than anything else we do in our negative lives, and it's wrong that such people or spirits be frowned upon or ostracised just because the Bible, or anything else or anyone else, says it's wrong.

And what about AIDS, Joaline?

Joaline: As with any disease James, it results from not being loved as you needed to be loved by your parents. It is not something that afflicts you out of the blue. All disease is to only show you that you are living untrue to yourself, all of which we discover through the healing of our childhood repression and negative state. And as you know, AIDS is not so much the result of a specific physical virus, but more a result of a self-denying state of being.

James, would you like to talk to an ex-gay who is now a Celestial?

Yes, it would be good to hear what he says about it.

Joaline: I have a dear friend with my now, you can speak to him about it if you like.

I sense he's your soul-mate, is that right?

Yes, he is, I'll give over to him, he can introduce himself to you.

Hello James, my name is Edwardo, and yes I am Joaline's soul-mate, and yes I was at one time homosexual.

I lived in France and enjoyed being gay for most of my life, and like Ian and Geoff, relished indulging in the society of it when I came to spirit. When I arrived in spirit waking up to discover that God would not punish me for my sins of being with other men, and that in fact a whole sector was provided by God for me to indulge to my heart's content, I felt very good indeed. I had died and come to *heaven*, to be surrounded by so many men loving and adoring me, all who wanted me and wanted to be with me and wanted me to be with them, I was in paradise. And in that state I lived for many years. I did nothing else. There was always so much for us to do. We had serious relationships; we had non-serious ones; we could have as much sex as we wanted without any fear of death from such terrible diseases and afflictions as

now exist on your world. And the 'set' or group as you might call them, was, or so we believed, very sophisticated, very avant-garde, very with it. We'd descend on the Earth plane to watch all the 'Holly' movies as we called them, we loved all the Great Stars, we met them all when they died, we fucked each other - the men, we all had the most marvellous time. But alas, like all good things, it came to an end. Do you want me to tell you about that?

Yes, please go on, say whatever you want to say.

Edwardo: Alright James, I will go a little more, but I don't want to hold up this work you are doing, there are many more spirits that are to write with you.

Briefly, I met a man, nothing strange you should say about that!, and he introduced me to thinking about spiritual matters. I loved and admired him greatly, but he was very troubled for he was beginning to wake up to the truth that it was not right for him to be as he was - to be homosexual, you understand. For me I laughed at him, how could he not be, and why would he want to be anything else! However I listened to him and a lot of what he told me had an effect on me. And in the end I accompanied him to a prayer evening for the Divine Love. I forget how he found out about it, talking about it with another man I should say, and along we went. It was a prayer for Divine Love, and it was a gay prayer at that. All the men were gay, and that suited me. And I enjoyed it, I believed it would make my life in spirit be even more thrilling and ever so special and grand were I to also include God in this manner. At first I didn't know anything, I only went along to be with my friend, but soon I came to understand, and I was then able to relate to some of what my friend was going through as I too started to go through it. It was a very disconcerting time to say the least. To be confronted with the BIG QUESTION, are you really gay or not: are you gay because God wants you to be gay; or, are you gay because of something that happened to you, and something that happened to you during your early life, done to you by your parents, and things you can't remember. It was a very difficult time. However once I started my healing I came to see it was no more difficult for heterosexuals, men and women, it was all very difficult for everyone. And that my being gay was a part of my negative self-denying state, how it had manifested in my life all as a result of my childhood repression. It wasn't a genetic trait, nor was I just born gay, nor was it an act of God anymore than all of our negative state in life is. So I was in a way 'addicted' to being gay just as you are addicted to all your negative tendencies and indulgences. And to give up such 'addictions' is very hard as you are finding out.

Yet I did, and now here I am, one of the many redeemed spirits living in the Celestial spheres with his soul-partner - a woman! - whom he dearly loves so much, something I would have not through possible all those years ago.

And yet it is so. There is no one else in the whole universe, in the whole of Creation that I would want to be with other than Joaline. She is all I could ask for in such a mate. She is absolutely perfect for me, as I am for her. And looking back on my life it is all with amazement, and even now at times, wonderment, that I did go through it all.

So there are many spirits like I am, many gay men and women are now all straight and living with their soul-mates, and would have it no other way.

Edwardo: What was it like changing from one extreme to the other?

Edwardo: At first the whole notion was repulsive, daunting, very scary. However I was advised to take it one feeling at time, making sure I spoke about all I felt, and that gradually as I progressed in my healing, I would change. And I did. It was something akin to healing an addiction, something that had taken possession of my whole being. I had to slowly break down all my gay behavioural affectations and all the negative, unloving, self-destructing beliefs they were based on; change my whole body and being into expressing heterosexuality. It was a huge undertaking involving great pain, masses of fear, and a lot of deep sadness and misery, as the truth became apparent to me about how unloved I felt by my parents, and how their unloving treatment of me influenced me to the degree of becoming homosexual.

It took me many years, and during the early ones I would have to repeatedly run back to my gay friends for their love and acceptance, but slowly I came to see their ways no longer did it for me as they had once done.

And then in the end it wasn't about sex anymore, nor about being homosexual or heterosexual, it was all just about me, little me Edwardo, a young boy who felt desperately unloved and unwanted. The same as we all feel in the end.

And with that James, unless you have other questions you'd like to ask of me, I think I will leave it there. Thank you for allowing me to have my little say. All the best to you in your healing, at least now the worst has passed for you, that I can assure you.

Thank you Edwardo for your time. I'm going to have a break now Joaline - thank you.

(27/7/10)

**An interview. Third mansion world. Jenny is interviewing Don.**

Jenny: Don this is new for me, and for James, so would you mind me asking you some personal questions?

Don: No, go right ahead.

Jenny: You were born spastic on Earth?

Don: Yes, in Australia, early last century.

Jenny: And how long did you live for?

Don: Thirty-five years. I had a brain defect, so I have discovered since coming to the spirit worlds, and it affected my whole being. I had to be looked after continually, and my parents were in a position financially to pay for such help. I was nursed every day of my life. I wasn't violent, although I did have certain fits whereby I was all but uncontrollable. Mostly I was strapped down during these, otherwise I lay on a bed or was propped up with cushions. Sometimes I was strapped to a chair. But none of this I have any real memory of. It's what I've since been told by my mother and father.

Jenny: And how did your parents feel about having you.

Don: They mostly felt sorry for me and did all they could to give me something of a reasonable life. They didn't institutionalise me, because as I said they had the means to keep me at home, however I was mostly relegated to a separate part of the house, I was not one for visitors to see.

I have talked only a little with them about it all. They said they were embarrassed in the beginning to have me, I was their first child. They thought it was something of a black mark against the family, however they had five other children all who were okay, so I was pushed further into the back of their minds. I was something they couldn't relate to, no one could, I was something that had to be constantly hand-fed and cleaned not being able to do anything for myself. I couldn't speak. I made grunting noises, I had little control of my arms and legs, I was rather hideous to look at. I don't think they loved me. I think it was impossible for them to. I don't know if I was loveable.

Jenny: How does that make you feel?

Don: I can understand it from their point of view, however it's making me more angry of late.

The further I progress with the Divine Love and understanding about my negative state of mind and will, and the more I yearn to begin my soul-healing, the more anger about their not loving me I feel. I haven't as yet started to openly express it all, however I am aware that it's building within me. And actually I quite like the feeling. I think that I should be angry, very angry with them, angry that they made me be how I was, for that is what I now know. It wasn't just a problem in the womb, or a genetic one, it was all because they didn't love me that I was spastic. I have talked with a few other spastics, that is spirits who were like me on Earth, but who have all done their healing with the Divine Love and are now living as Celestial spirits. And I long to be one of them. And they all said that it was their parents, the influences of their parents unloving and negative will upon them from conception, that made them become spastic. It has been my life path to manifest my parents lack of love for me by living as a spastic during my flesh life, just as it is for you Jenny to live the life you had that was to show you how your parents didn't love you.

Jenny: I wasn't like you, I had a perfectly functioning body.

Don: I know. I can tell, I can see it in how you are. I can recognise fellow spirits who were disabled in one way or another on Earth. I couldn't tell you how I know them, what I recognise, I guess it's a light, a light of understanding and common acknowledgement, a familiarity, or something like that, but I can tell. And so I can tell you were normal, normal compared to the likes of me anyway.

Jenny: So what happened when you died, you're not spastic now, you're normal, very normal from what I can see?

Don: Yes I am, and that is how it is for all of us who were retarded or deformed in some way on Earth. When we die we become normal, however it's not as easy as that.

I woke up in what I came to understand is a special sector of the first mansion world provided for people like me. I was cared for by volunteer spirits, they acting as surrogate mothers and fathers.

You see being so retarded I was not of a fully developed or formed mind, will or emotional system, and so had in a way to go back and start over. I was still a spirit as big and old as I was, however I was nurtured and once again nursed as if I was a young baby newly born. Again I wasn't aware of this, but I then grew up being fostered out as a baby and young child but being in an adult body. However over time I grew up and into, if I can put it like that, my body. And my awareness and consciousness grew until I was like a normal spirit of my age able to live a normal life. I grew up with the spirits as my 'carer parents', as we called them, living as a baby, toddler, young child, young adolescent, young adult, adult would do. I imagine it was something of a very different experience for my surrogate parents to nurture me like this, but they said they loved me and loved the whole experience.

So you see, we who are not right aren't so much deprived in the end. We can make up what we lost on Earth in spirit, albeit different experiences to what we would have had in flesh had we been normal.

Jenny: And it's the same for everyone who is 'special', as they are called now?

Don: Yes. It has always been. We do not remain handicapped for all eternity, only for our physical life. Spirit isn't filled up with millions of cripples and retarded spirits for whom masses of other spirits have to look after. Everyone becomes able to function as themselves, free to express their personality.

Jenny: And so presumably a lot of what you'll be healing as your negative state, you will have experienced and taken on during this rehabilitation phase in your spirit life?

Don: Yes. My spirit substitute parents were of the mind mansion worlds, they were not perfect as in having done their healing. So they negatively influenced me, not unlike how my real parents would have, had I been born normal to them. This I have been able to see through contact with some of my brothers and sister. I spent some time with them before I came across the Divine Love, they openly welcomed me into their lives as their long-lost brother.

Jenny: And what about your original parents, how receptive were they of you when you had become a normal functioning spirit?

Don: They had moved on in their spirit lives wishing to have nothing further to do with their family, relations, or children. We met, they were happy for me, they understood that such things happened for such handicapped people when they became spirits, but didn't open their hearts and welcome me into the bosom of them. In fact they weren't together anymore, both with new partners. My mother even had three foster children with her new husband they were rearing. And of course they weren't interested in or living with the Divine Love.

Jenny: So Don, do you have any memories or feelings about your life on Earth?

Don: I have what you might call vague sensations. But really I'd have to say no. My memories really start when I was about five years old in spirit, and I feel like if it hadn't been made known to me about the fact that I lived for thirty-five years as a spastic to the family I did, with the parents I had, I'd be none the wiser. I do feel like something happened, but I can't clearly remember what it was. And I don't feel like I've suffering from amnesia being just on the verge of recovering my memories at any moment. And I've observed other spastics via the Earth planes, people who are like me; I was even observing one such child the other day seeing if I felt anything further about my life, but I didn't. No, it's not even as if I were asleep and now I have woken up out of some dream or anything like that. There is a blank and also there is something, but I couldn't say what it is. It's hard to describe for you, and I don't even know for myself, however the Celestials I have spoken with say that more will come back to me as I work through my healing. Not so much as clear picture memories, but through my bad feelings I'll be able to know how mum and dad treated me, what made me be spastic - how it was for them that made me be how I was. I'll be able to use my growing up and forming experiences with my foster parents to extrapolate back to how it was with mum and dad and the rest of my family. I don't know how I will do this mind you, but I'm told it will

naturally unfold, just as all the truth of our childhood repression does, as we do our healing.

Jenny: So you see your spastic condition as a part of your childhood repression?

Don: Yes. My spastic condition *is* my childhood repression. I took it all on, as we all do at conception, from my parents and their unloving states of being. I expressed part of it as a spastic and the rest with my foster parents. So I believe that by the time I have completed the healing of my childhood repression, I will be able to feel my whole spastic condition, I will know what it was all about: why God gave me that life, how my parents did as God asked, and how it was for me, how it has affected me making me be the person I am.

Jenny: Do you feel special in any way?

Don: I wouldn't say special, as in better than you or someone who had a more normal life. But in a way I do feel different from the norm - how could I not! I look at life from a different perspective, but don't ask me to try to describe that for you, I don't think I could. But what I feel is my potential is different perhaps than say what yours is. You are still to do your healing, you're living here with me on the same mansion world, and I can sense that our potentials are different. Of course we all have different potentials, but somehow my 'light' will be slightly different from yours, and all other spirits who grew up relatively normal, when we're of a Celestial level. Do you understand what I mean?

Jenny: I do, because I have talked to some Celestial spirits who were like you on Earth, and there is something 'different' about them. An extra light. I thought it might be something that you gain as a sort of compensation for the shit life you had on Earth, but I don't know.

Don: No, I don't know either. Of course I have thought about that too, but then again I don't know. And what does it matter, as I can't remember my life - how bad it was for me - anyway. I too have asked the Celestials, about this however they are all tight-lipped about it, they all said the same thing: wait and see, you'll find out for yourself. They weren't going to tell me as they didn't want to interfere with my growth of truth and healing, which I thank them for, for respecting me so much.

Jenny: I have also spoken with other Celestials who had terrible lives of intense suffering. Compared to you and them, my life was a dream, and they all said what your Celestials said: that they wouldn't talk about such things as it would detract from the healing by such spirits as yourself were you to understand such things. So I guess we'll find out when we get there: you'll be it, and I'll understand intellectually.

Don: I guess so.

Jenny: Don, have you prepared yourself in any way for your healing? Have you looked into the sorts of bad feelings you might uncover about yourself?

Don: I have, to some degree. I'm still doing it. I don't want to begin my healing just yet. I'm enjoying this phase of investigation, understanding something of what I might be in for so to speak.

I know that like us all, my spastic condition was a result of mum and dad not loving me. However how this equates to my condition I have no idea. I will have to wait and see for that.

And as to how I feel feeling so unloved by them as to make me, my soul, manifest such unlovingness as seen by my spastic condition, I don't as yet know. As I said, I am beginning to feel more angry about it. And my big issue at the moment is why *didn't* they love me. Didn't they want me, was that it, and yet if they didn't to such a degree as making me spastic, then surely I would have died. So there is something else about it I don't understand. My parents wanted me enough to keep me alive, but not enough for me to be born normal. They heavily interfered with me during my formation in the womb (unconsciously I would imagine on their part), but as to how they did, I don't as yet understand. I haven't broached such subjects with the higher spirits about this yet, and I don't think I will, I'm beginning to be more inclined to want to find out for myself. To not know about such things ahead of time. To see what my feelings reveal to me through my healing.

I have been able to deduce that my parents were 'spastic' within themselves, deep within themselves, for them to 'produce' me. And then once having made me, perhaps in a way with me carrying the burden of their inner torment, they were free have other normal children. But I don't really know yet.

Jenny: So that is what you think, that you are in some way carrying some sort of burden for your family? And what's led you think this?

Don: Nothing concrete that I could tell you has produced such thoughts in me, and I don't want to jump to this conclusion completely just yet. There's been a bit here and a bit there and it's just something that's been forming in my mind. I feel like I am an expression of something of theirs, something they didn't want to know about within themselves, as if a hidden secret, and a very bad one at that. Perhaps it is guilt of some sort, something from their early childhood's they have heavily repressed with it manifesting in me. I don't know. I'm only speculating. I did read an account of a higher spirits healing and he said similar things, and it got me to thinking about it along these lines, but it's still early days.

Jenny: Do you think that possibly it's the same for us all? That we all in some way are the manifestation of our parents shit.

Don: I don't see why not, they are our parents after all. I don't think, outwardly at least, my parents would admit to their causing my spasticity, I think they'd hide behind what science says, that it wasn't their faults, only bad luck. But I think inwardly they know they are the cause, that I reflect them, how they are, in some way, yet it's too bad, too horrendous for them to look in the mirror seeing the reflection of themselves as they look at me. They are definitely not ready to accept that level of truth, they are still wanting to further deny themselves in the mind mansion worlds, they are not ready to do their healing.



Jenny: Yes, I see what you mean, it would be a lot to accept. If I were a parent, I don't know that I'd want to accept that I was the cause of my child being so deformed, that my child was a manifestation of me or some aspect of me. It would be hard to know that being a parent, looking at your child knowing it was reflecting you back at yourself.

Don: And yet that is what it is for all parents. That's what I think they don't openly accept their child is. They aren't seeing the child for what it really is, a separate person to them, they are seeing it as themselves, or as you said, some part of themselves - albeit mostly unconsciously. And so when they don't like what they see, and try to change their child, really they are trying to change themselves, they are trying to stop themselves from being bad. And thinking about it that way doesn't make you feel very good, does it. To think that your own mother and father never saw you for who you really were, they were only ever looking at themselves as they looked you. And so when they 'loved' you, it was only themselves they were loving or feeling good about, just as when they didn't love you, it was themselves they hated. It makes me feel lost: where am I in it all, I ask myself. And in my case, that being so extreme, they didn't want to look at me and see themselves even though that is what they were doing every time they looked at me. So it was much easier for them to get rid of me, to hide me away, and to get someone else to look after me. I had one main nurse, my nanny, so she was called taking after the English, and I have spoken with her and she is so happy for me, so happy that I am now as I am. She thinks it's a miracle, and perhaps it is, or perhaps it is just as the Mother and Father want it to be.

Jenny: So did you get the feeling your parents didn't want to have anything to do with you now, because you'd only remind them of how you were on Earth - all they couldn't face?

Don: Yes, exactly, that was my feeling and conclusion. And I don't blame them. I know I was a great burden on them. And I know they felt they were better than most by not institutionalising me. But still they are both much happier having finally got rid of me, and then to come into spirit and find out that they really had got rid of me, that I wasn't going to a burden to them for the rest of eternity... I think it was with the relief of this, they embraced their new lives in spirit.

Jenny: And that's adding to your anger?

Don: Yes, very much so. I can feel it as rage, steadily building up in me, and our speaking now about it all like this is making it come up even more.

Jenny: Would you rather we stopped?

Don: No, I'd rather we keep going. I want it to come up, and it's going to sooner or later, and you're being here now speaking with me about it all is taking me a step closer. No. I understand about having to accept my bad feelings, and I'm trying to do that. I don't as yet have anyone in my life I can speak to about such feelings, but I don't feel I need to have anyone yet. And when I do I will ask for help if no one has come along naturally by then. I

feel I need this time alone, it's been a big change in my life to be here now. I had a lot of life I needed to live in the mind mansion worlds, to catch up you might say, and now to want to give all of that up, to change my orientation in life, to even start to think about living with the Divine Love and doing my healing, is a lot for me, and I've only come to it all recently.

Jenny: You seem to have a good grasp of it all so far. And you know Don, if you like, I'd like to come and be your friend, if you want to speak more about your anger.

Don: Thank you Jenny, and I might take you up on your offer. I have enjoyed our conversation and you seem to want to know me. But we haven't spoken about you.

Jenny: No, and there's plenty of time for that. Today I'm here for you to speak about yourself, and it's been very interesting. What say I come back tomorrow and we can talk more, perhaps we can go for a walk along the river.

Don: Yes, I'd like that.

Jenny: All right then, I'll go now and see you tomorrow. It's been nice meeting you Don.

Don: Nice to meet you too, Jenny.

Jenny: See you then, tomorrow.

Don: Yes, see you, bye. I feel rather strange. I'll go and have a lie down, I need to think about it all. I'll see you tomorrow - anytime.

So Joaline, as Don said, that's what happens for all those people who have such disabilities?

Joaline: Yes James, whether they live a short or full life as in the number of earth years, or die in the womb deformed, they all wake up in a special sector in the first mansion world and then grow up living the experiences they were deprived of because of their disability. So they end up like us all, full of the negative, then to some time do their feeling-healing or soul-healing. They don't as such miss out on anything, even though as you might well imagine they all have huge issues about missing out, on missing out on a 'normal' flesh life.

Which presumably so too do people who die in the womb or during their early life, but not deformed.

Joaline: They do, some with more issues of missing out than others. However having a 'normal' life, even if it's only a very short flesh one, is still nothing to how it feels like having a long earth life, but one in which you are fully or partly disabled. For as Don will discover as

he awakens such hidden feeling-memories, he did live a life in flesh, albeit one that wasn't right, not even by the wrong standards of the negative condition, so he will feel very angry about having missed out. And he will be very angry with his parents and with the Mother and Father.

We all will be angry with God, won't we?

Joaline: Yes, as it is all ultimately caused by the Them. The Mother and Father have made us suffer, They put us in our negative states and kept us going in them. They gave us the parents we needed to be fucked up by - as They wanted us to be. It all comes back to Them, and if you feel angry at Them, or have any other bad feelings to do with God, then of course you have to accept, express and seek the truth of them. Just as you and Marion are doing.

Marion tends to blame the Mother and Father far more than I do. I see it more as They have told me: that They want me to experience such shit for reasons I am coming to see, so as bad as I feel about it, I accept this.

Joaline: Marion's parents treated her more openly with hate than yours did. Yours, as you know, hid their hatred, not even being aware of it, deluding themselves and convincing you they loved you. Marion's didn't work such deception on her. So she can be more straightforward in her feelings of hate for her parents and for the Mother and Father than you can.

Joaline, is there anything further you want to tell me about such people as Don. How it is for them?

Joaline: Do *you* have any further questions about them?

Most of them Don has answered. I'll have to think about it.

Joaline: Okay James. I'm going now. I'll speak with you next time.

Yeah okay. Thank you Joaline, and can you thank all the spirits who've been involved so far.

Joaline: Will do James.

# Fifth Mansion world

(28/7/10)

**Ted and Andrea. Fifth mansion world.**

Andrea: And what do you feel about that, Ted?

Ted: It makes me feel very bad, very angry, I feel angry to the very core of me, and I also feel I don't know what I can do about it. I can't make my anger come up. I can feel it within me, shit I feel angry, but I can't express it. I can't rage around being angry, it's like it's dormant within me, solidified or something like that, yet I can feel it... oh I can feel it alright, loads of it - I'm full of it. But how do I bring it up, how can I express it, I don't know, I don't know what to do.

Andrea: Tell me more about it.

Ted: I can feel how much my parents didn't love me. I believed they did. I believed we all loved each other. We did things together, we went places, we enjoyed each other's company. My parents helped me a lot in my life. They gave me money, helped me establish my business, set me up, generally looked after me, a lot more than most parents did for their children. And yet now all I see is that still they didn't love me. I can feel it. They gave me lots of material things that I was expected to view as an expression of their love. It was more that it was their duty to do those things for me, even for us to all be together as a family doing things together. It was what you were supposed to do, meant to do, it wasn't so much that they loved just being with us - with me.

And that's what I feel so angry about. I'm seeing that it's not how I thought it was. It was the very opposite. And I believed it all. I feel like I've been lied to, they lied to me, they deceived me, and that makes me feel really bad. The very people I believed and felt love me, now all I feel is that they deceived me, making me believe they loved me.

Andrea: Do you feel hurt by what they did?

Ted: I do, very hurt. I feel hurt to the core of me, they didn't want me, didn't want to be with me in a loving way, only because of duty: they were the parents and so they were meant to do what parents did - what they believed parents were meant to do.

Yes, I feel very hurt about it. I feel all crushed, like the life that was in me, the good feelings, the joy, is all evaporating, and really the truth is that I didn't feel any of these things. I did feel them at the time, I can remember feeling them, but now that I'm seeing this truth

about my relationship with them, those joy-memories are fading away. And I'm not so happy about them anymore, they weren't real. The good feelings were real enough, but what they were based on was all a fabrication, a fantasy, and now that I'm seeing it more clearly for what it was, I don't like what I see or how it makes me feel.

I feel very upset about it, because it means that all I thought my life was, wasn't as I thought it was, like it's all being turned on its head, and that scares me. I feel very strange, demented, I have nothing to hold onto, no security, I feel like it's all falling away from me, from under me, and I don't know what to do. I can't do anything about it other than accept it, but it means that really I have nothing, I have nothing good about my life that I can remember, all I thought was good is now becoming bad, like some virus has got in and is ruining it all - all my memories.

Andrea: And how do you feel about that, how does having a virus within you make you feel?

Ted: Very scared, I don't know what life is anymore. It makes me ask myself: if that is so, if nothing is how I thought it was, then who am I, what am I - what am I really. My whole context of knowing myself, all I do, all I have done, now comes into question: was it good, real and right; or, was it wrong, and all a waste of time.

I don't feel like I can hold onto anything about my life, it seems to be slipping away, as if I didn't even live it, like it wasn't me there in those memories, it was someone else - I don't know who, a false me, someone I don't even know. I feel like I'm shifting realities, changing my whole way of how I have seen myself, and it's very scary. What if I come to the realisation that I don't even exist at all, and all of that was nothing more than a dream?

Andrea: And what does it matter if you don't exist, how would you feel about that?

Ted: I don't know. It all seems so unreal. I can only barely perceive such feelings, it's like a fog has descended on me and I can't seem to make anything out anymore. Everything used to be so clear, it was never a problem. Mum and dad were over there in that compartment. My life with them was in that one, and it was all good, just as it has always been. And I never had to think about it. I knew where I stood, where we all stood, but now I'm not so sure. Now I don't know anymore. And that makes me feel like I'm about to freak at any moment.

I feel so bad, so rotten, so bad inside myself, rotten right to the core of my being. I feel like I am a rotten apple core all black and gooey, you know how they go, and that around it I've lived with this false exterior, a nice glossy shiny apple, but strip that outer surface away and I'm horrible, all rotten and rotting and smelly and putrid. And I don't like this me. I want to throw me away. I hate me this way. I want to be the me that is all nice and shiny, a nice red apple, like the one I had to eat every day for lunch at school.

Without fail there was always a nice fresh red apple in my lunch box - always. I never remember it not being there. And I ate it. I never asked for a green or yellow one, or an orange, I just accepted what mum gave me. She said it was good for me, to eat an apple a day would keep me healthy and give me good teeth, you know the usual shit, and I believed her. And I was healthy. Nothing bad ever happened to me. I don't even remember having any colds when all the other kids did. And mum said it was because of my daily apple. And right

through the rest of my life I always ate an apple a day. I did, can you believe that, I ate an apple a day for my whole life just because my mother said they were good for me and I wanted to please her, and she knew. Yet now I can see that she was only doing her duty to keep her children healthy, and she got that about apples from somewhere, and so that's why I got the apple. I didn't get it because she genuinely loved me. No, it wasn't about love for her, I don't think, at least that's what I think now. It was only about duty, doing the right thing by her children. And she prided herself on being a 'good mother', by doing everything right, and we were generally healthy, so it paid off. I don't remember any of us being sick, whereas other kids were, and some were sick a lot. I remember my friend Mark was always sick, he was away from school more than he was at it. And I remember overhearing mum one day talking with one of our neighbours about him saying how badly his mother looked after him, how unclean he was, how he smelt, how pale and unhealthy he looked. I felt sorry for him because he obviously didn't have a mother that loved him and looked after him by giving him an apple each day to take to school.

And now I don't know what to think. Isn't it amazing how your healing brings to light all such things. I haven't thought about anything like this for ages, and not during my life here in spirit. But here I am now and it's all about me and Mark. Shit for all I know he might have been staying at home having a great old-time, with his mother preferring him to be at home with her, he enjoying himself with her. I don't know if he really was sick or not, he probably had a much better time than I did. I feel like looking him up, seeing where he is in spirit and going to visit him, asking him what it was like for him during those school years.

Andrea: So why don't you?

Ted: No, I don't really feel like doing it. I don't want to bother him. I want to express all these bad feelings. Really it's not about him, it's about me seeing more truth about how my mother really was. And this is helping me break down my memory pictures of it all. And it gives me the feeling that I can't trust anything from my past. I can have the memory, but what I actually feel in it... I can no longer go by my memory feeling. I mean, how can I when all I'm seeing about mum and dad is that all I believed it was with them wasn't anything like it. It was false, a show, all put on for the benefit of others. I can see how my mother delighted in telling the other neighbours how good a mother she was. She didn't just go and say it outright to them, but she was always pointing out how healthy we were, how our skin was clear and stuff like that, whereas their children were pimply and unhealthy looking.

Gee, what a bitch. They must have hated her, and yet here is another memory, one in which I believed they all loved her. I thought, we - our family, was the most liked in our neighbourhood, but now I'm not so sure. They probably all hated us, we were probably big snobs, show-offs, you know the type. And I'm sure we were. I had no idea. Our house was bigger than all theirs and always looked freshly painted, it always looked clean, I can remember that, whereas most of the other houses were shabby looking. And mum would be inviting the neighbours in giving them cups of tea out of her nice china cups, and she was always baking scones, cake, biscuits for the 'ladies', as she called them.

Oh I don't know. Maybe I'm being too harsh on her. Maybe she was really well liked, like I thought she was. Maybe the other women loved coming in and gossiping away with her. I

don't know, but now I have this doubt, these feelings are making me question it all, and I'm not so sure I can keep my memories pure and in tact anymore. It's as though the truth is getting in and eroding them away, they are failing, they are not as bright in my mind as they were, and I no longer feel as fond as I did of them.

Andrea: Can you tell me more about that, what do you mean not as fond?

Ted: I feel I don't like them as much as I did. I was fond of my memories of my early life, of mum and dad.

Andrea: Fond? You liked your early memories?

Ted: Yes, didn't you? I liked them a lot actually. Whenever I remembered them and thought about them I felt good about them. They didn't disturb me, they were always there, something good to fall back on during hard times, during times when I didn't feel so good about life. Don't you feel good about your memories?

Andrea: Yes and no. Some of them I do, but not all. Some of them I hate. Some of them I wish I didn't have.

Ted: No, all of my early memories I like - love.

Andrea: But surely you had some bad things happen to you when you were young giving you bad memories.

Ted: Some bad things did happen and I can remember then, but I don't dwell on them. It's like they are in a separate compartment within my mind. I keep them over there in my mind out of the way. I keep all my good memories much more at hand, up front so to speak.

Andrea: So you're actually rejecting your bad memories?

Ted: Hmm... Yes, I guess so. I've not considered it like that, but you're right. I certainly don't dwell on them, that's for sure.

Andrea: And do you think that's a good way to be?

Ted: No, no I don't. I don't want to push them away. I don't want to deny any part of me. It's just always been the same. But now that you've pointed that out, I can feel them moving up in me, moving up to stand alongside my good memories, having equal strength. And at the same time, my good memories are as I said, fading, they are no so good anymore.

Andrea: And how do you feel about that, losing your good memories?

Ted: Bad, angry, upset, sad. I feel sad that they are going, or receding. They are like losing a

good friend. I don't want them to go. I want them to remain as they were - good memories. I want them to stay so they continue to make me feel good. What if they all went, if I end up with no more good feelings from or about my memories, if they all turn into bad ones. I don't know what I'd do. That's a horrible thing to think about. They have always been there, you know, a catalogue of my good life.

Andrea: So you believe you had a good life?

Ted: Yes... don't you?

Andrea: No. I don't, some parts of it were good, but a lot of it wasn't. A lot of it I'd rather forget if I could.

Ted: I've never thought about my life being anything other than good. It was just what it was - good. It was good, my parents were good, they loved me. My family was good. My school was good. My going to university was good. My career was good. My own family was good. My children were good. My being a grandfather was good. Sure there were some hard and difficult times, but overall it was good - all good.

Andrea: And do you still think that?

Ted: No, no I don't! And that's very disturbing. It is! It's all so much. I feel like I'm going to explode. Everything is falling, crashing in on me. All how it was is going, it's not how it was anymore. Nothing is how it was. I can't have any of my memories anymore as I was. My life wasn't as I thought it was, and that is beyond disturbing. I don't know what to think or believe. Nothing is as it was - nothing. So nothing is right about me, and that's right, isn't it, it has to be that way because I am all wrong, I am evil, and being in my negative state, now I can see that I understand and know that truth. Now I feel like all that I am was a fraud. My parents were a fraud, my family, how we lived, my whole bloody life, it was all a fraud, not real, a deception - a lie. Now I know what the Celestials mean. It's one thing understanding it all intellectually, but to see it all through the truth of your feelings.

Andrea: So how are you feeling now Ted?

Ted: The same, very angry. I still feel very gummed up with it, and unable to bring it up and out, but I feel better about seeing all of this. I don't actually feel better within myself, I feel really bad, but I feel good that I'm making some sort of progress. That I can accept now that my life was shit, it wasn't as I have believed it was. That I have been lying to myself all along. I can see it - I feel it. I feel really bad about it, but it's there, I've done too much of my healing now to deny it. I have to face it, and it's not even about having to, I just am. I am accepting it whether I like it or not.

Andrea: So talk more about your feelings about it all, how it's making you feel now?



Ted: I feel angry about it, what more can I feel. Really very angry. I feel so angry that it's been as it was, that it's all been wrong, and so wrong, so wrong. That I got it wrong. Yes, that is a new thought and feeling for me, that I have got it wrong. Now I feel stupid, you probably knew, you could probably see it, I feel the whole world could see it, all but me. I feel small, like I don't want to go out and show my face. Spirits will laugh at me, they will know. I feel like I'm the last one in on the joke and the joke is on me. I am the joke and everyone will be laughing and making fun at me.

It never ends does it. This feeling stuff goes on and on forever. One feeling leads to another, I can hardly remember what we were talking about to begin with -

Andrea: It doesn't matter. It's all apart of it, of what we need to do. Just keep talking about all you feel to me, that's all you have to do. And long for the truth.

Ted: I know, I'm trying.

Andrea: But don't let your mind side-track you, that's what it's trying to do now. It's trying to take your focus off your feelings into the amazingsness of it all, of all the feelings that are coming up in you. It's trying to impersonalise it, take you away from yourself, away from your feelings. So go back, back to your feelings. Keep telling me what you feel, keep speaking about them.

Ted: I don't want to go out, I don't want to show myself in public. Everyone will laugh and I'll feel very bad - humiliated. I hate people laughing at me.

Andrea: Have people laughed at you before?

Ted: No, not that I can remember. Once at school I made a faux pas, I said something, I can't exactly remember what it was now, but the whole class laughed at me. That was embarrassing, but I don't feel it was humiliating. It was fun I remember finding out why they were all laughing and I laughed too.

No, I don't know where this feeling comes from. Probably somewhere in my family, my parents probably laughed at me at some time.

Andrea: Probably, but your drifting away again from your feelings and what they are telling and showing you. Come back to them, don't worry about trying to unearth such early childhood memories using your mind. Feelings, remember, it's all about our feelings.

Ted: It's humiliating, that's what I feel, and I don't want to be humiliated. Shit that's a horrible feeling. But I'm sure now everyone will laugh at me for being so stupid as to think that my life and my family and my parents were something - were good. Everyone will know they weren't good... no, it's not so much that, they already know they weren't good, it's that now I know, and so really I guess I don't want them to say: finally you idiot you can see how bad you all were. You were all horrible people, so conceited, so full of yourselves, so up yourselves. You who all thought you were so good, better than everyone else. But I don't

know if this is true, I don't ever remember actually thinking like this, but it does sort of ring some kind of a bell in me. It probably is true...

Andrea: Why? It might not have been true, it might be to do with something else. You have to wait for your feelings to show you categorically.

Ted: Okay, so I withdraw the probably. You are right, I don't know. I will wait. I'll just stay with these feelings and see what happens. There's nothing else I can do anyway...

## **Alice. Fifth mansion world.**

Alice: I feel so bad, I hate myself. I hate how I am. I am so ugly, everyone else is so beautiful. I'm an ugly old toad. My hair is thin and bland, it's nothing; my lips are small, my eyes narrow and boring; my skin is pale and sickly looking, I'm ugly. I'm ugly and I feel ugly. I feel ugly all over, all through me. All I am is ugly. No one finds me attractive, no one wants me, no one thinks I'm pretty, no one ever gives me compliments about how I look. I'm so ugly, so, so ugly. I have tried to do all I can to make myself look more attractive, but nothing has worked; people said, and now so too have spirits, that I did and do look good, but they were only being nice, what else could they say.

I feel so bad, I can't tell you how bad I feel. I feel like I want to rip my face apart, rip my skin off, rip out my eyes. I want to destroy myself, get rid of my ugliness once and for all - get rid of myself. I want to put myself in a destructor-machine and once and for all rid the world of my putridness. I am vile, I am rotten, horrible, evil, the most ugly spirit that exists. I am the scum of the Earth, rotting garbage full of maggots and putridness, yes, that's me. And no one wants me, how can they, they can't like me, what is there to like. I feel so bad. So ugly. I wish I could destroy myself. Dying didn't do any good, because I can't die. I can't extinguish myself. I can't make myself go away. Go away, that is how my mother made me feel, it's what she said: "Go away you ugly child, leave me in peace, stop disturbing me. Go away and leave me alone." She was so horrible to me, so unloving. She always called me ugly, she never said a good word about me or my looks. I was always "You ugly wretch, go away." I was always having to go away. I'd go away into one of the other rooms, and just cry. I wanted her to love me, to want me, but she never did. She only wanted me if she wanted me to do something for her, and then I never did it well enough.

And it's true, I can't do anything well. I have never been able to. People said I could when I worked, but it didn't matter because I believed I couldn't do it well, as that was what my mother always told me. "Oh you are a hopeless creature, you are so useless, you can't do anything right. I have to tell you how to do everything, and even then you can't get it right." I never got anything right. I am ugly and I can't do anything right, how bad is that. I bet there are not too many spirits that can say that.

And I hate being so ugly. Why do I have to be so ugly? It's not fair, why wasn't I born pretty. My sisters were all pretty, but I wasn't. I was the eldest and nothing I did was ever good enough, and I was the ugliest. My sisters weren't that pretty, none of us were, but they were prettier than I was, and mother said they were sometimes. But she never said I was - never.

I feel so upset about it. All I want to do is cry and cry feeling so sad and sorry for myself. I have felt so alone all my life, even when I was married. I have never felt good, never felt good about myself, I have never felt I was pretty, only ugly. I have always felt I was ugly and no one ever liked me. You don't like me, you hate me, you think I'm ugly, you're only with me because you feel sorry for me. I don't know what you see in me, I'm the most ugly despicable looking spirit in the spirit worlds, God knows why you bother with me, you should just leave

me, put me out in the garbage and get rid of me. Why don't you, I smell, I'm putrid, I'm rotten, and you hate me only you won't admit it. And don't say anything, don't say it's not true, that you do like me and even love me because I know you don't. You're just deluded, because how can you like the ugliest spirit alive. You're just trying to be nice, so you may as well give it up and be true, you know I'm ugly, you can see it. I bet all your girlfriends and your wife were beautiful, not ugly old hags like I me.

I hate myself, I hate myself, I hate myself. I wish I could hit myself on the head with a big hammer, shoot myself, get rid of my putrid self once and for all. I don't want to look in any more mirrors, I don't want to see such ugliness and I don't want to go outside either, I don't want to inflict my putridness on the world, it doesn't want to see the likes of me, something that's so ugly.

Being ugly is being evil, that too my mother told me. "You evil little girl, look what you've done, how could you, what a dirty mind you have, you ugly creature, I wish I had drowned you at birth like 'em kittens." She'd go on and on like that, spewing her vile evilness all over me. She was the one who was ugly, not me; she was putrid, I wish she had drowned me at birth.

Oh what a shit life I've had. Nothing ever good happened to me. It was years and years of vileness, no one liked me, I was too ugly to be liked. I had a shit-rotten time at school, everyone made fun of me. I always had holes in my clothes, my mother didn't care what I looked like and she was always yelling at me and hitting me for coming home with more holes because the other kids hit me and beat me up.

I think I've had one of the most miserable lives you can have. I never felt good, I never felt loved. My father was a useless drunk. All he wanted me to do was sit on his lap, he never did anything else for me. He'd jig me up and down but he never said what a beautiful daughter he had. He never said anything to me about myself. That was all left up to my mother.

I hate her and I hate myself... and I hate him too. I hate them both, I hate my sisters, I hate everyone in my family. I hate them all so much, but I think I hate myself the most. There is nothing of me to like, nothing at all. No one has ever loved me. Men fucked me and said they loved me but I knew they didn't mean it. I only let them have sex with me so I wouldn't be so lonely. And that was the same for my husband. And then we had Annie, and I loved her and she loved me, she was the only person who loved me. She never said I was ugly, but she was my daughter, and she wouldn't would she, little kids don't think their parents are ugly or not ugly unless they are told. And I was told I was ugly so that is now what I believe about myself. And you can tell me otherwise until you are blue in the face but it won't do anything to me, how can it, it won't get past all those hateful nasty things my mother said.

I am so ugly, ugly, ugly, the most ugly person and spirit. I am so repulsive, so hideous, so disgusting, so unbelievably ugly. I make the Elephant Man look like Prince Charming.

Oh I feel so bad, you have no idea how bad I feel. My head hurts, I have such a bad headache, a really sharp pain here and here on the side and above my eyes, and a broad pain right across the front of my head. I feel so repulsive, I don't know why you sit here listening to all this shit, you should leave, go on, go away, leave me, go away and leave me alone, you don't like me, you hate me, "Go away", that's what she said and now I'm saying it.

Oh shit it just keeps getting worse. Now I am her, my own fucking putrid mother - the evil bitch. I have become just like her telling you to go away. So don't go away, stay here with me

and look at my vileness, look at how ugly I am, I can see your face twisting up, mine would if I were you and looking at me.

I feel like I can't be more ugly. I couldn't be more ugly if I had warts all over my face. I should have them all over me, that's the truth of how I feel about myself. I should be one big fat ugly wart, with puss leaking from it, foul yellow-stinking puss. I am puss, one big puss-ball, that's how putrid I feel. I have not one good feeling in me. Only bad ones, millions of bad feelings, and like puss I wish they would all come out of me. I wish I could squeeze them out of me, squeeze all the rotten vileness from my flesh and blood. I am no good. You don't have to like me you know. You don't have to stay. I wouldn't mind if you go. You should go, go and find someone pretty and nice to be with, someone who is nice to you, not someone horrible like me.

I don't deserve to be with anyone. I don't deserve to have you. You're good looking, handsome, you have nothing to worry about, God knows why you'd want to be with someone so horrible.

And really I wish you would leave me. I do and I don't. I do wish you would go and then it would be right, I don't deserve to be with anyone, only to be alone. I don't deserve any niceness, only hatred. I don't know why you seem to like me, to stay with me all these years. You must not be of right mind, sick in the head. So perhaps it's right that you do stay, you are sick in the head as I am, just as my mother said. "Alice, you must be sick in the head, you don't do anything I tell you do, you don't do anything right, you're such a stupid girl, and really, I don't know why I bother with you."

I feel so hated, you hate me, God hates me, everyone hates me, my parents hated me, my sisters, my husband, no one has liked me, everyone hates me. I hate myself so much. I'm tired of hating myself, but I can't stop. It's how I feel. I hate myself, I hate myself, I hate myself, I hate myself more than anything and anyone else in the world. I am so ugly, just so ugly and there is nothing I can do about that. God made me so ugly. The Mother and Father hate me - everyone hates me.

I wish I could die, be annihilated, disappear once and for all. I hate myself, my head hurts, headache, headache, no one likes me, everyone hates me, no one cares about me, no one cares about how bad I feel. You don't, no one does, my parents never cared, the Mother and Father don't, no one does.

I feel so bad, bad, bad, bad, so fucking bad, no one likes me, no one cares about me, everyone hates me, I hate myself, I don't care about myself... argh, it goes on and on. It never ends. Hate, I hate myself, I do. I hate myself, oh fuck I'm sick of saying this. I feel so bad, so bad, I hate myself, fuck it's so boring, but I do. And I do feel so bad, so, so bad.

## **Ellen. Fifth mansion world.**

I was a cot death baby James. I died just short of two years old. My parents were devastated, I was their first child. My parents never got over it, the loss was too great. They had other children, and tried to make up for their loss through them, but that caused other problems as their other children didn't feel genuinely loved by them. I didn't know any of this until much later, until I came into the Divine Love mansion worlds. I wasn't interested in my parents or brother and sister, I was adopted in spirit and grew up with a 'new' mother and father, with other brothers and sisters who were my family. I wasn't even told I had died on Earth when so young until I later found out for myself, such things weren't talked about in my family.

I have been asked to come to you today to tell you something of how it has been for me, and please ask me any questions you want to ask. My life in the spirits worlds was not unlike life on Earth, I don't feel I missed out on anything by not having a flesh life, because as you know, life is really all about relationships, it matters not the medium you have them in. And not having experienced life in flesh - I can't remember the short time I was there - I don't know of anything else, any other way to live than that which I did in spirit.

I don't as yet feel deprived of my first parents love. They being my biological parents as yet they mean nothing to me. They may do as I progress in my healing, however so far it of itself - their not loving me - means nothing. My spirit parents mean all to me, as it's mostly to do with them that I have been focusing on my bad feelings, for they were not unlike the average parent of my day and my society. They were 'first timers', as they are called, which means they didn't have children when on Earth, both themselves having died relatively young and growing up in spirit with foster parents.

What I am interested in regarding myself, that which I know you too will find interesting, and that which I have come to speak to you about today, is why my death occurred when it did when I was so young, and as you know, seemingly without any real detectable cause, the reasons why cot death happens still been largely unknown on Earth.

Why I died was because my parents rejected me. I don't care about the science or specific reasons as to why I stopped physically living, I am only interested in the spiritual truth, and this is where my feelings are leading me.

As I said, that really as yet I haven't felt rejected or unloved by my first parents, however that's not quite true, for I have but only to a small degree so far. What is beginning to happen is that I am starting to extrapolate the bad feelings of feeling rejected, unwanted and unloved by my spirit parents onto my flesh parents. So I can imagine my healing leading me to feel all I feel about my spirit parents feeling the same about my Earth parents. And this is reasonable to expect as it's what other spirits have told me has happened to them.

You see it's quite remarkable how your spirit parents are so similar to your Earth parents in how they treat you, and so if you feel loved or unloved it doesn't really matter how many sets of parents you have, as it's all about the feelings they made you feel.

Anyway, the interesting part about my death was as I said, that my parents rejected me, and what better display of outright rejection can one see than dying. I died because I felt unloved

by them, unwanted. And although this is all intellectual understanding for me currently, I can see that in time feelings, bad feelings, will come to me regarding it all. But in the mean time I will continue for you.

They wanted me to some degree, enough to bring me into the world and the first few years, but then they didn't, even though they weren't aware of it. So far as they are concerned nothing had changed within themselves, no life traumas had occurred, in fact they were loving me more as I was growing up and expressing my little child personality. However as you know, it's not about what's happening or not happening on the surface, it's all about what's going on deep within the individual, and on a will level they reached a point in their lives whereby they didn't want me, and so I complied and died. It was in truth, that they killed me, only they didn't physically put a pillow over my face and smother me.

And if they were to do their healing, it would reveal to them this point in their lives and they would be able to see how it related back to their early life, what happened to them when they were young and possibly even the same age as me when I died, to make them reject me. And from discussions I have had with other spirits concerning such matters, one pair of parents who lost a child to cot death - who rejected it to death, said when they were little: for her, her mother left her alone until the point of near death, and the feeling of loss and abandonment were too great for her to bear, and so before her child reached that same age, it being her, she having transferred herself onto it, she made it go away before she had to suffer that same awful experience again; and for him, his father dropped him on his head when was nearing the age of his child's death, which nearly killed him shocking him so badly that he too didn't want to go unconsciously through such a bad experience again by projecting himself onto his child, so making it go away.

Now for anyone who might be reading this material of your James, I want to make it quite clear that this is only a very specific example I am telling you, by which I mean there are countless reasons why someone might not want someone else to exist. And there are countless reasons why parents reject their unborn, their new-born, their children of any age, most of which remain hidden until one does their healing.

However as you can see, because we are not allowed to grow up being full personalities in our own right; because we are made to lose ourselves, becoming as it were those influential adults in our life, then when we have our own children, it's very easy to see them as yourself, to make them be you, to be your little child self all over again through them. You don't as a parent relate truly to them because you are untrue, unable to truly relate to yourself and express all you feel. So all the things that parents do to their children they are in a way doing to themselves, for such things were in a way done to them. And not literally, but in a feeling sense. We can only do what was done to us, and so we do to our children what was done to us. However it gets very complicated, and because being children we end up being a complex of our parents, grandparents, aunts, uncles and any other influential carer, there is a huge complex of potential that we can manifest. So for example, another father, also who was dropped on his head as a young child and nearly died, might come together with a woman who also suffered some severe near death trauma around the same age when young, but neither of them lose one of their children to cot death, and all because of other determining factors, those determined by either people involved during their early lives.

So you see one can't go by other people's experiences, nor can one make any sort of

generalisation about the healing and what one might possibly uncover as the truth of oneself. It's all a very individual and unique process. And so it's best to keep your head down, stay true to your feelings, and get on with it. By all means if you can (as we can) speak with and discuss things with people or spirits higher and further advanced in truth than you are, however their experiences are unique to them, as are yours unique to you. Speaking about such things might, and no doubt will, trigger things about your healing, about your early life, and why you feel bad, however that is all.

Ellen, you seem to have a good understanding of it all for being in the fifth world.

I do James. I have studied it hard. Some of us spirits are interested in the intellectual side of things, as much as a help or a hindrance that can be to our feeling healing. However I am well versed in it all, and on my better days enjoy putting into practice through my feelings that which I understand with my mind.

And also you might be interested to note, you have been given a rather biased experience with us 'lesser' or lower spirits. There is a very high general level of understanding about the healing and all it entails, that which one embarks upon right from the beginning with the Divine Love. There has been after all two thousand years of spirits doing their healing, so there is a lot of information about it. However very early on when the basics are being explained to us, it's pointed out that such advanced understanding is not absolutely necessary nor a prerequisite to do ones healing, and that for many spirits it's not for them, and it would be better for them to avoid trying to grasp such higher understanding, and to simply get on with expressing their feelings and go with the truth and understanding as it comes to them. Having such information ahead of time, ahead of actually working it out for yourself through your bad feeling healing, does not make it any easier in your healing. You don't progress any faster. It's only if one is so inclined, such as I am, that one goes along this route. And were one to tie oneself up with mind knowledge when one wasn't really about this, when ones nature was more feeling based, then that spirit or person would experience difficulties in their healing, as their mind would be always getting in the way, and so this would be a major part of their healing they would have to focus on. So in the end, as you understand, it's best if one simply stays true to ones feelings, which as you also know, is easier said than done.

And having made such points James, if there is nothing you would ask me about, I will go and leave you to it.

No, I have nothing further to ask. You've given me more insights into the healing. Thank you Ellen.

My pleasure James. All the best.

You too.



(29/7/10)

### **Helen and David. Fifth mansion world.**

Helen: Don't you ever speak to me like that again. How dare you. Who do you think I am - "your woman". Your woman indeed, I am not your woman, I am nobody's woman. I was somebody's woman, but that I got wrong, I thought they did own me, and it was hell, so don't you ever say such things to me again.

David: I'm sorry Helen, I didn't mean -

Helen: Oh shut up and let me speak. You know I've got to say all I want to, you're just getting in the way, we can worry about that later. I have to go on...

I was always treated as if I was someone else's, just a toy or play thing, something you can have fun with. No one treated me with any respect. I was only there for sex, a sex toy, a possession. I was made to feel like I was nothing but a toy, and this is new for me to see all of this. So I want to keep speaking about it.

A toy, it's going around and around in my mind, that I was nothing but a toy.

David: And how did that make you feel?

Helen: Thank you Dave, that's better. How did it make me feel, yes, how did it make me feel? Well it made me feel like I was of no value, dispensable, if they didn't want or like me anymore they could throw me away. I was replaceable, yes, that's how I feel - expendable. So I had to be good, and do as they wanted, I had to do as all the men I was with wanted. I tried to have my own say and way and some gave me more or less, but still it was the same thing: I was theirs and so they could do whatever they pleased with me. And it went further than just sex.

I was to look after them, mother them, be there always for them. I was to make their life better and good for them. I had my duty to perform and if I didn't then they got angry with me, some even hitting me. I had to be a good wife to Tony, even to have the correct amount of children he wanted and the right sexes. It was all his way, he had the say and I obeyed. I was the dutiful wife, always doing whatever it was he wanted. He never did what I wanted. He was never cooking and cleaning at home doing what I wanted. I was never free, in all those years, can you believe it, all those years - my whole life I was never free, never free to do what I wanted to do.

He, they, all used me. They used me up and when they didn't want me anymore they got rid of me. It wasn't me leaving them, Tony left me, and left me with the children. Then I had to do all the children wanted. I worked and cooked and cleaned. I had no help, no one else would help me. And then when I had Richard after him, the same bloody thing, shit you'd think I would have learnt after Tony, but no, it was the same bloody thing. I even had to have

two more children with him. And then he left me too, for a younger woman, and I was left with five of them to look after all by myself. And I did, I bloody well did, but with no help from those shit men.

And then when I finally woke up in spirit, when I finally came to my senses, fuck it, fuck it all, fuck them. No more, that was what I decided and so that's how it's going to be. You can try David, but it won't get you anywhere, and if you want to stay with me, then we're going to have to be equal in it. If you start any of that shit the others did, then I'll hit you and hit you hard.

David: How did you change, what made you wake up?

Helen: It was Bill. He said I was crazy being with those other men. I don't know why I was with him, the ugly old brute, but he was different to them. I expected him to be the same but he wasn't. He said I was great how I was and that I had no right being treated as a dishcloth, and he was right - I didn't! He said he hated women who were like me - hated them, being fussy and dutiful, he liked a woman who spoke her own mind, and so he encouraged me to, bless his heart. He made me stop being subservient to men.

David: What happened to him, how come you're not still with him?

Helen: Because I found religion. He wasn't interested in it. The more independent I became all thanks to him, the more I wanted to go to church. But then that church started to make me feel like how those other men treated me, I had to be dutiful, I had to obey, I had to do as I was told, I had to tow the line like all those other women. I couldn't say what I felt. So the more Bill helped me, the more I could help myself. So I left the church but I wanted to find God, to find God for myself. So I asked around, tried various things, then met John who introduced me to the Divine Love.

David: And he left you.

Helen: He did, he wasn't ready to do his healing, he didn't want to deal with all his feelings and all the pain. And then you came along. And so now all thanks to Bill I am able to still stand up for myself, for what I feel, that being what I now know, and if you can't take it, then you too can move on, because nothing is going to stop me. I want to heal myself David, I can't stand being how I am. I don't want to live with this victim mentality, and yet I have to see more clearly what it's all about. Why was I treated as I was by all those men, by life, that's what I want to find out - the truth of it all.

David: So why where you, it's got to have come from your early childhood, what happened to you then, how did your parents treat you?

Helen: David, do you know what you've just done?

David: No, I just asked you a question. What did I just do?

Helen: That's it. It's so obvious. Of course, it was all due to how my parents treated me, even though of course I knew that, but suddenly and for some reason, it's just clicked. You saying that to me, it suddenly makes sense, even though we've discussed it all so many times.

Now I see it, I mean, *really* see it. I feel like the door has finally been opened inside me and I can step inside, inside into the truth of myself, into this truth of my relationship with my parents.

It's all opening up like a window, I can see it's all to do with my father, and as obvious as that might sound, it feels like a whole new incredible revelation, as if I'm seeing it for the first time.

David: So tell me about it, what do you see?

Helen: He treated me as if I was his toy. I was nothing more than a toy for him. He used me, he'd call me his "favourite little girl", but what I can see now, and now for the first time, is he only did that because I did what he wanted, and that was mostly getting and doing things for him. He'd ask me to get him a beer, and I would. And he hug me and call me sweet names, but it was all ONLY because I did what he asked. He didn't like me for being me, and that's the new big revelation. He only liked me because I obeyed his every wish. And I did because I wanted his praise and I was scared of him. He was big and strong and when he'd drunk too much he often got angry. So the more I was good and did all I could, the more I hoped he'd like me and not get angry.

That's it, that's the big eye-opener for me David. That I was scared of him and did the things to appease his wrath. And the more I did, the more he asked me to do for him.

David: Did he ever do anything sexually to you?

Helen: No, not that I'm aware of. He did with my eldest sister, but with me he'd left for another woman before I was old enough.

But it's so clear, and that's how it was with all my other men, I was still that little scared girl doing all I was asked, so the men - father - wouldn't get angry with me.

Shit what a prick. I feel so angry now. How dare he treat me like that. I was his little girl and he said I was his favourite, but he didn't love me, he didn't really care about it, it was all just words, all so he had a good little slave.

Fuck him. I wish he were here now and I'd really tell him what I thought.

David: Why don't we go and visit him?

Helen: No, fuck him, I never want to give him the time of day. No, I only want to express all I feel with you. I don't want to actually see him, no I can feel that. That is the last thing I want to do.

I am so fucking angry with him. If I were with him I'd want to smash him, kill him.

David: What would you actually say to him?

Helen: Yes, that's a good question... what would I actually say to him?

I'd tell he didn't love me. I'd say: "Father you didn't love me. I know you didn't. I know you only used me. And I feel so angry about that. I hate you for it and I will always hate you, I will never forgive you. You are nothing more than a drunken bastard, you weren't a real father, you were full of shit, and all that you did to Christy is unforgivable and I hope you rot in hell".

David: Is that where he is, in the hell planes?

Helen: Yes. I went to visit him after I came over, but he wasn't interested in me. He was living with some woman spirit. So I left him to it.

David: He didn't meet you in the arrival halls?

Helen: No, it was my mother and grandparents. They'd asked him apparently, but he said that life was over and he didn't give a shit about his children, which now that I've said it, is true. It's true isn't it. Shit I didn't want to face it before, but that's the truth, said by his own lips, said by my own father: "That he doesn't give a shit about his children", that he doesn't give a shit about me.

Oh David, I feel like I want to cry. It's the truth, finally I can start to accept it. I knew it with my mind, but now I can feel it to be true. And I don't want it to be true. I still want to be his favourite little girl. I want him to love me. It's so strong in me. I do, I still want him, my father, to love me. I want him to come and love me, to come and pick me up and rock me on his knee and to play with my hair and tell me I am pretty and his favourite.

David: Lucky he left when he did, or you might have been his favourite sex toy.

Helen: Yes, just as I was for all those other men. He didn't sexually interfere with me, but I allowed all those other men to.

David: He didn't actually do it, but it was probably only a matter of time. So his intent was there, it just hadn't come up yet. So he may as well have sexually interfered with you.

Helen: Oh don't say that. I see what you mean, and it's true. You're right. It doesn't matter that he didn't physically do it, but he was interfering with me all the way along. Oh yuk, that makes me feel very bad, all dirty and yukky inside, like he was somehow inside me, not in my vagina, but in me, up in here, up in my heart, deep in me, and it makes me feel so bad.

Oh David, I feel all polluted, as if his drunken breath is within me and I feel dirty, dirty, very dirty, slovenly, like a prostitute. Like I prostituted myself to him by doing all those things for him, just so he'd be nice to me, just so he wouldn't rage and yell and hit me.

Oh God, I do David, I feel like I was nothing more than a prostitute for all those men. They wanted me, they kept me, I gave them sex. They bought me, they bought their sex, and along with it a housemaid, a cook and cleaner - a housekeeper.

Oh God these are horrible feelings. I have never seen myself in that light. He made me become a prostitute, only I never owned up to the truth and actually work the street like a working girl, but I was just the same. And a working girl at least has her freedom, or something like it, and more than I had. And yet I believed I was free and definitely better than a working girl. I used to look down on them. I would get angry with them always trying to take my men away from me, and yet I was one of them only I could never admit it. I lived in a well-kept tidy house. I had a regular man, and yet I was his sex toy, just as I would have been my father's. Oh I feel sick. I want to throw up. It's too horrible. I'll never recover. What's going to become of me. I have sinned and badly. I was nothing but a whore, only worse than one because I wouldn't admit that I was one. I am more sinful than them. I feel so bad, you have no idea how bad I feel. Shit now I want to kill myself. I wish I could, just end it all...

I feel so miserable, so, so miserable. You have no idea. I feel so bad. I couldn't ever feel worse. I have done such a bad thing, and all along I thought I was better than those other women, when I am worse than them. They should all come and laugh at me, I should go and cook and clean for them. They are much better than me and I believed I had the better life, all because of my stupid Christian beliefs. I was a good Christian, going regularly to church, no way was I a prostitute, that was for bad women, and I was good.

That's what it's all about, isn't it? I was good and they were bad. I judged them. I was better than they were. Shit I feel so guilty, so awful, you have no idea how bad I feel. I feel like I'm splitting open with guilt. I am such a bad person, such an evil witch. I am so bad. You should not come near me David, I am bad. You have no idea how bad I am. I said those women were bad, when it was I who was bad. And so very bad.

David: What do you think might happen to you because you are so bad?

Helen: Go to hell. I should be going to hell. I should be going to hell and be with my father. Shit I'm no better than he is. I should be punished, by God or someone. I don't know, but I should be punished, that's for sure.

David: Why?

Helen: Because I'm bad! I should be punished because I am a rotten evil witch-woman. I am evil. I am a dirty rotten prostitute. I am nothing but trash, shit, a nobody, and all the time I thought I was some body. I thought I was good and better than those other women. But I wasn't. They should all be laughing at me, laughing at me for the rest of eternity. And I used to think so badly of them whenever I saw one of them.

David: Have you ever known one of them?

Helen: No, never, I would never have allowed myself to. Have you?

David: Yes, lots. I used to go to them regularly.

Helen: You did? You never told me that?

David: You never asked and it's not come up before.

Helen: What were they like?

David: They were all very nice people. I loved going to a couple of them, only I couldn't always afford it. Erica was my favourite, a dark girl. She was better to me than any other woman I knew, even my wife.

Helen: Why didn't you leave your wife and be with her?

David: I asked her to marry me many times. But she wanted to be how she was, it gave her independence, and she didn't want the burden of children and a house to look after, and all the rest of it.

Helen: Oh David, see, now what you've said makes me feel even worse. She had a better life than me, and yet I would have hated her, judged her, and yet I was the fool. I was the dirty ugly one, not her, that I can see now.

Oh God, what a waste of a life I've had. I've misjudged those other girls. I feel so bad. I don't like myself at all. It's all so bad, I'm so bad. I hate myself. I'm not a good person, I'm not. I feel so bad, I hate myself so much. How can you bear being with me David?

David: Because I like you, I love you, and we're doing our healing together. You help me when I'm feeling bad and now I'm helping you.

Helen: You love me, what is there to love. You're only saying that to be nice to me. Don't be nice to me David. I have to feel as bad as I do.

But I'm sorry. I shouldn't treat you that way, especially when you're so nice to me.

David: It's all right. I'm not taking it personally, not yet at least. Keep going, say whatever you want to say.

Helen: I think I've said enough. I've had enough. It's too much, too bad, too much to think about. I wish I could not exist, not feel so bad. I hate feeling so bad.

(31/7/10)

### **Marcus. Fifth Mansion world.**

Marcus: I was rich, very wealthy when on Earth - extremely rich. I had a million dollars cash to my name - not that anyone knew, many houses and family retreats. I had it all, more than it all, I had what so many people dream of having. I even had a huge private zoo, along with all my other collections: antiques - including ancient books, art masterpieces, gems, gold - I had it all. So much that once I'd bought the things I hardly looked at them as I was always buying new things. I rarely sold anything. I worked almost twenty-four hours a day. I didn't need much sleep. My wife kept house, I rarely saw my children, but it was what we all wanted - it was what I wanted. I was one of the very early industrialists of the North America. I made my fortune ten times over. And I loved every moment of it. Now I'm living in the fifth Divine Love mansion world. I haven't been here long, I haven't been in spirit very long, not compared to some spirits. I was fortunate, that I can see now, that my wife had friends who introduced her to things of a spiritual nature during her Earth life. And as she pursued such interests, continuing on with them after her death, so she led us both to Mary and Jesus and the Divine Love our Heavenly Mother and Father.

I was a very private man, behind the scenes, I didn't lead a public life. I was only interested in business and collecting things, I dealt with very few people. My father had made a lot of money during his life, our family had the necessary contacts, I continued on building the family fortune. I employed many workers, I paid them a minimal wage, I wanted everything for myself, wanting to give as little away to anyone else as I could. I didn't care personally about those people who worked for me, I used and abused them, I was cruel and heartless, this I can see now. And I am paying for it.

Yes, I am in great pain. It's not a physical pain, it's a pain brought on by seeing the truth: the truth of how evil I am.

James, I have come to you today upon request of others to tell you something of my story and how it's been for me. I hope that I might be of some service to you and your readers.

I am, so I am told, quite rare in the Divine Love mansion worlds, that is, men like me. And I can tell you that I wouldn't be here struggling to do my soul-healing and speaking with you, were it not for my dear wife.

When on Earth I wasn't very close to her, we liked each other, perhaps we thought it was love, but to tell you the truth, I never really thought about it. She was very kind to me, she did all I asked and provided well for my emotional needs, including those of sex, even though we didn't have it much. She organised the children, the schooling; she ran the houses, the servants and maids, she even kept the books of everything other than my specific businesses, I had professionals do that for me.

My wife and I didn't socialise a lot together, although she did socialise a lot, I detested it. And amazingly she stayed faithful to me. I doubted her when on Earth, even though I never questioned her on it - we simply never discussed such things, but since coming to spirit I have

been able to find out that she was faithful. And I was faithful to her, that she never doubted. I was only interested in business: the pursuit of power, never-ending power. I used the government for all I could, I used everyone, only I was able to do it without anger and aggression, an early and very valuable lesson I learnt from my father. I was well liked by those who also sought power and could gain it with my help - we all helped each other.

Currently I have been led to understand that you are interested in the affairs of the very wealthy in masterminding the progress of humanity's development, and to this I would say it's true. Those men and the families we came from all wanted more, always more, and were never satisfied with what we had. It was of course our deep need in us, a desperate desire for love, just as you and everyone has, only our way of trying to fill our dark inner hole was by outwardly amassing fortunes in material possessions. And because of this usually we didn't want anything to do with things of a more true and spiritual nature, we were dead against all of that, as that would have brought us undone and done from our pedestals.

I believed that in some way I was a god. I was brilliant, leagues ahead of the competition. I didn't understand during my Earth life that I had huge support from spirit, from my father and many of his colleagues who still sought to have some say and power in the world. I was very open to their inner suggestions, although I thought all such ideas, insights and inspiration were my own. They were able to visit the boardrooms of my competition in spirit, listen to what was said, and advise me in what direction I should go, all being done through my intuition, not by directly speaking to me from spirit as we are doing. All such 'great men' have such spirit input only mostly they don't understand it, are not aware of it, but are informed about it all upon their death and arrival in spirit if they are open to such things. And because of my wife's influence - she did have some input into my thoughts and beliefs - I was perhaps more open to life after death than most other men in my situation. And I quickly saw - as my father delighted in telling me, that I wasn't as brilliant as I believed I was after all, that I had received a lot of help. And I was invited to carry on the family tradition in spirit from the mind mansion worlds, seeing to it that my eldest son took over, managed and advanced the families power even further on Earth. And for such power-seeking materialists, what else was there to do in spirit. We couldn't have our own businesses anymore, so all our time was given to try to influence Earth. And it's the same today, only the stakes are bigger, there are more players, more variables, more agendas, so it's infinitely more exciting.

After I had 'got back in the seat' so to speak, after my initial orientation in spirit was over, I wanted things to be as they were, for my wife to set up house and for us to go along as we did. I died before my wife, and so by the time she came over I was well entrenched in my new 'business' life, but once she'd fully awakened to the possibilities of her new spirit life, she didn't want to carry on as she had done on Earth. And she demanded that we talk. Which thankfully I agreed to.

I don't know why, I put it down to simply the subtle effects of spirit life on me, but I listened to her, and when she said she didn't want to go on being married anymore it shook me up more than I thought it would. And when she said she was leaving, we were over, I had a very bad reaction, I felt so alone, so lost, upset, miserable, all feelings that were foreign to me. I didn't want her to leave me, and I had to admit to myself that I looked upon her more as a mother than a wife. So it was like my mother saying she was leaving me, and I didn't want that, so I begged her not to. But she was adamant that I come with her, to give up all that I



loved, for if I didn't, then it showed I loved it all more than her - which was true.

I didn't do the full romantic thing and leave everything to run away with her, no, it took time for me to change, time being on my own without her. I enjoyed the company of other women and the men I was 'working' with, but still inner changes were occurring.

I can read in your mind a thought about why didn't the Law of Compensation start to work on me, being so conscious of my spirit life, and to that I can say it simply wasn't my time for that, my soul didn't trigger it, so I was free to get about doing whatever I wanted in spirit. It is like that for most spirits so I believe. Not everyone as soon as they embrace their new spirit life come under its pull having to account in pain for their sins in life. There are a lot of us spirits that need to further expand and explore our negative self and truth-denying states, so we need to be free in the mind mansion worlds to do so, without the pain and restriction the Law of Compensation would impose, or should I say, bring to bear on us.

I still had contact with my wife, and so she told me about her discovering the Divine Love and the truths you are familiar with, and in time, through her persuasion, I could see the value in them. And then one day something inside me opened, I don't know how else to say it, but suddenly I could see that life was more than just accumulating wealth for power, and so I knew I had to follow her and give up all that I was. But it was very hard to do.

I went with her to a formal introduction class to the Divine Love, and surprising found I enjoyed the feeling of the Divine Love coming into me. I could feel it! And I started to understand about the 'Great Challenge' that awaited me, far more and bigger and more challenging than any business I could ever have been involved in: the healing of my childhood repression.

And so here I am struggling to express my repressed bad feelings, all so I can uncover the truth of them, making myself a better person, healing all my imperfections, but it's hard - and so painful.

I am not going to tell the reader to stop living how they are and instantly begin their healing, because there is no good in that. We all must come to that ourselves when we are ready, however I do want to say that there is justice in the Father and Mother's creation, and I who sinned a hell of a lot, are suffering for it now. It's going to take me a long time to do my healing - I know and accept that. Not only am I angry and full of repressed feelings brought about by how my parents treated me when I was young, but so too do I have to suffer the pain of how badly I treated my wife and children. How I used my wife, and how I did to my children what was done to me. How I brought them into the negative and did nothing to help them grow in truth, and all to help them grow in untruth. And even though all parents feel such pain, mine when coupled with all how badly I treated everyone who worked for me, adds up to an enormous amount.

You see James, everyone who worked for me, even though I never knew most of them by name, are like, so far as my soul is concerned, an extension of my family, they are like sons and daughters, and so how I treated them rests heavily on my heart, this being something I am only coming to see for myself now in my healing.

I simply had no idea that relationships are all important, and if, like myself, you chose to employ people without doing the right thing by them, you are going to suffer accordingly, and this goes for all your relationships, no matter how impersonal they might be.

So here I am faced with a mountain of pain that I will have to accept and comes to terms

with. Emotional and spiritual pain. And as I think about these people, it becomes unbearable how much pain I must endure, and so much so at times that I have to stop my healing giving myself time-out to gather myself together again before I can go on. And during these times I am lucky in that I do have some say in my healing, however more frequently of late my soul has been taking over more the further I progress in my healing, and so I am having less of a say with my mind. So the pain comes, it comes in waves, it builds, I feel like I am being ripped apart, I can't begin to describe how unbearable I feel, and all I can see is the faces of those I didn't know who worked for me. Occasionally I would visit my factories and see the workers, and now my heart goes out to them seeing the harsh conditions I subjected them to work in, and I wish I could go back and not be so greedy, instead seeing that they are all my 'children' and I should do all I can to make them have a good life - at least a reasonable standard of living. Which I could easily have done and still had all the money I ever needed. I could have done so much: provide for their families, help school their children, provide medical assistance, housing, everything and anything. I now wish I could have provided a wonderful place for them to work, something they looked forward to coming to, and not something they had to do just to scrape a living.

Today before I was to speak to you, I spent hours in my mind thinking up things I would have liked to have done to benefit them, but even though this helps me to see how wrong I was with them, it doesn't do anything to make them feel any better. The damage I have done, that I inflicted on them, is done, I can't turn the clock back, but I am striving to accept and express the pain of all I caused them. For as you understand, I will have to accept and endure the same amount of pain as I made them suffer. I can't escape it, and I'm glad, as hard as it is, that I have listened to my wife and ended my evil ways, as they would have only caused me more pain.

And as I accept the pain, express it and uncover the truth of it, so it eases, however there is going to be a lot of truth for me to see regarding how I have been, the truth of how wrong and anti truth and love I was.

And James, I envy the likes of you who didn't inflict so much pain on anyone during your pre-healing life, your amount of pain is nothing compared to what I will have to go through. And it's ironic that you might have worked for me were you alive during my day and in my 'world', and yet I would have thought you lesser than me, as I did all my workers, and I the Great One. And yet now I am the lesser one and I dearly hope that all those workers of mine have found the Divine Love and are doing or have done their healing.

And the pain James is excruciating. I know you know what it feels like, but I have so much of it - endless amounts to contend with. You have worked through most of yours in a matter of years, I will still be here in this fifth mansion world enduring mine for many more years to come.

And I will continue to learn what it is that my soul wants me to see. My impersonal way of life was so life-destroying. I have contributed to the destruction of nature directly and indirectly more than most, and so yet more pain awaits me. It goes on and on as my soul brings to light all the terrible things I have done, and yet when on Earth I believed that my life was one of the greatest - what life on Earth was all about. That I was one of the most successful souls, not one of the least. I had more power than the Pope, and yet here I am more powerless than the most humble worker I employed. Jesus said the meek will inherit the

Earth, and he will be right, for in time the likes of men like me will come to see that those they use and abuse are better than they are. The meek as you understand are those people who will do their soul-healing, and indeed now I understand also, those people who will do their feeling-healing. The men like me, those who are not meek, don't deserve the Earth, and we deserve to pay in pain for the extent of our crimes.

I am gradually coming to accept that I am a criminal and deserve to be punished accordingly. I inflicted far more pain collectively on people than a person who might have taken another's life. And yet I was celebrated a great success, applauded, and aspired to be like by so many. I was worshipped, and yet really I should have been locked away in gaol to keep me away from doing more harm, and for me to start to feel the pain of my actions.

Life on Earth is certainly not what we were led to believe it was all about. From time to time I visit my father in the second mansion world to see how he's getting on in his self-denial, and he always invites me to re-join him. As yet I can still tolerate being with him, my anger at all he did to cause me being so bad is not yet advanced enough so as to make me fully reject him, however I know it's coming. And for the mean time it's good for me to make contact with Earth again and with such controlling people, now my great grand son, and see how they think compared to how I now think. I simply observe those on Earth through the viewing screens they have set up in their 'Bunker' as they affectionately call it, but as to how the world is going and what people are up to, I'm no longer interested. I am only - still - concerned with myself, only now I'm trying to turn this self-obsession into something truly beneficial.

That is all I have to say James. And unless you wish to ask me any questions, I will go.

Thank you for giving me this time. All the best to you - Marcus.

Marcus, before you go, I do have one question I would like to ask you, if you wouldn't mind.

Marcus: Yes James, please go right ahead.

What was it in your early childhood that enabled you to make so much money?

Marcus: It was a combination of factors James, some of which I'm only coming to understand now. It was not one specific thing my parents did or said to me, nor one specific experience that caused me to become addicted to the accumulation of monetary wealth. It was the influence of my whole family, my striving to emulate and go one better than my father. He never said I'd be as good as he was, however he always encouraged me to try, praising me when I proved more successful than him. He supported and encouraged me - both my parents did - in everything I did, particularly praising me as I followed in my father's footsteps. My father didn't undermine me de-powering me like so many other controlling fathers do to their sons, he allowed me to feel the joy of having power over others, even often over himself. Overall it was just that my soul was chosen for that particular role, as your is for your role James - nothing more than that.

Thank you Marcus.

Marcus: My pleasure James.

Joaline, is there any area of life on Earth that is not interfered with and influenced by such spirits in the mind mansion worlds?

Joaline: No James, they have a say in it all. Only they are limited by who is open to receive them. Many people who believe they have good intuition or inspiration in regards to all that humanity believes to be important, actually are usually receiving some sort of inner guidance from unseen spirits. Yet who would want such 'intuition' were they to understand that it was to only further them in their self-denying states?

I hadn't thought of it that way. Yes, I remember when I longed for and wished I had such intuition, particularly when trading the stocks, but now I can see what you mean. Had I received it, then I might have made a success out of it, which would in turn have led me further from the truth, further from myself, making it all that much more difficult to come back.

Joaline: You would have felt you had some power and say in the world James. You would, like Marcus, have felt you were of some worth because you could 'beat the system', however as you can now see, what would it have all been for other than nothing but false power, and that which would have led you further into evil.

Yeah, not a good thought. Now I'm thankful I was a very bad trader.

Joaline: And you had a little help from unseen friends there too James. It's just as easy or hard, depending from which side you see it, to make a good or bad trade. Had you set out to trade very badly and lose all your money on purpose, you may have even surprised yourself by winning.

I doubt it - knowing my luck. But I see what you mean. Do you know who was 'helping' me?

Joaline: No James, that's not my department, only that I do know. Certain things have been spoken about regarding you by my soul-group because of what we were to do with you. As to many of the specific details we have not been told, nor do we want to know. Anyway, is it really important to you?

No, not really, only when I die and come over, I want to have word to him or her for not giving me at least one good win. One decent win, surely that wouldn't have taken me too much further into evil. I never even got a decent run on the board.

Joaline: It wasn't to be your life James. Your soul had other things in mind, as you are now aware. And aren't you happy that it did?

I am, very much so - everyday I feel so great and happy, feeling so bad and unloved. It's a 'joy to be sure!'. Still, the lure of beating the markets is a strong pull. If only I'd have held onto a few decent gold shares...

Joaline: Are you happy with the way this book is unfolding for you James?

Absolutely. It's perfect, thank you. Thank you all. I am a bit sick of writing just about bad feeling expression, I've written enough of that about myself, so it helps having it broken up by other things, and things I've been meaning to ask you spirits about for a long time. So it's great combining it all. I couldn't have imagined it any better, even had I had such 'inner inspiration'.

Joaline: We can't tell you everything James. Some things we want to surprise you with.

Yes, well you have, and once again, thank you all.

I'm going to end there for the day Joaline.

Joaline: We'll be here when next you want to write. Bye James.

(2/8/10)

**Pat. Fifth mansion world.**

Pat: I'm feeling very miserable. I've been feeling miserable on and off for years now. I've got a lot of misery in me. My reasons for having it are the same as most people's, in that I wasn't loved by my parents as I wanted them to love me. This I now know, only as my misery is surfacing I'm re-experiencing through my feeling-memories all they did to me that was not loving and all that has caused my misery.

Today I awoke from my short rest feeling very low, down, despairing. I told my partner Mat about it; yes we are, Pat and Mat, or as we prefer: Mat pats Pat, and he does as he consoles me, for I have spent these years of feeling so bad crying to him about it all. He has his own misery to deal with, however today he's not feeling so bad.

I woke up feeling miserable because I had a dream, and yes we spirits do dream, and in fact they are far more real and 'alive' than they were on Earth. In them it's as if you are living them, they are a part of your life, and it can take some time coming out of them to gather your wits and come back to being normal again.

My dream was about a little boy, he was with his parents and playing by the side of a pond. He had a jar in his hand and was scooping up water in it and then tipping it out. His parents were not aware that he was doing it, however as soon as they saw what he was up to they raced down to the edge of the pond yelling at him to come back. A situation that must have occurred in so many people's lives as children, in which the parents, suddenly scared, jump on the child yelling and shouting making it scared. And when all along there was nothing dangerous, for in this dream I knew the pond wasn't even deep, it was very shallow, and I also knew - you know how dreams are, you just know - that he had no intention of going into the water. It's as if every parent thinks children are automatic water lovers, and at any opportunity are going to jump in no matter where it is, and no doubt some children are like this, but this little boy wasn't.

I woke up feeling very sorry for him, and of course, I am him. And the more I spoke about my feelings of feeling sorry for him and how I hated his parents scaring him, they making him afraid of water and so many things in life, the more I could see it was all simply telling me what it was like for me when I was young.

As you know, we need such outside experiences, even though it was a dream, to help us re-feel our past, to re-connect, and so this dream helped yet more misery to come up in me. And now that is how I am feeling: very miserable.

I am miserable, so terribly miserable. I feel like I'm down in a well of it, I can't begin to tell you just how miserable I feel. I can't move, I'm all bound up in it, it has complete control over me, and all I can do is feel it. I've long since given up trying to bring myself out of it, and besides, that's a fruitless exercise now as there is just too much misery in me, I'm swamped with it almost every day.

And I hate feeling so miserable, but it sure is showing me how badly my parents treated me,

and that's what it's all about.

As I expressed more of misery to Mat, I came to see just how angry I am with my parents for scaring me that way. What right did they have for making me so scared of things when I wasn't scared. A little child isn't just scared, it's scared of nothing, nothing until it is made to be scared, and I don't think it's a parents right to make its child scared. And all the parent ends up doing is making the child be scared of it, and that's the worst part of it all.

So I am feeling yet more scared of my parents, they were scary people, only as I grew up I wasn't scared of them, in fact I saw them as lesser than I, I pitied them, I looked after them in their old age. I was the strong one, life didn't scare me, I got on alright, doing everything I wanted to do, and always wondered how my parents being so scared of things did actually make a go of it during their lives.

But slowly my healing is revealing to me that my not being scared has all been one big cover-up. I used other people in my early life who didn't seem as scared as my parents and who didn't scare me as role models, making myself become as they were. I didn't know I did this until my healing, but now I can easily see it and it gets clearer by the day.

I was a very scared little girl, made to be that way by my parents, only I didn't want to be scared, naturally I hated it and so did all I could to cover up such fear, putting on a front of self-confidence and strength, that nothing about life could beat me, and I never let it get to me. I removed myself emotionally from a lot of things so I wouldn't be scared, but still I was, this I now understand about myself.

So you see it was a useless exercise really because all the way along I was still scared, and all these bad feelings I have systematically repressed, I've buried them within myself and now they are coming out. And because I wasn't living true to myself, and because I have been denying my true feelings for such a long time, this has added even more misery to my already miserableness. So I'm full of it, rotten with it, I am one miserable lump. And the more of my bravado and false power; the more of my self-constructed delusion I can remove, so the more misery rises in me. And it all has to come out, this I understand and want. Because until it does there is no way I can be my true self and that is what I want to be. I want to love and be loved - truly, yet that's not going to happen until I've cleared away all my untruth as represented by my repressed feelings. I can't be my true self if I'm refusing to allow myself to feel scared, refusing to allow myself to feel as I feel. That is not the way to the truth. And this is what our healing shows us. Because once you surrender to the feeling-expressing-whilst-seeking-the-truth process, then your bad feelings surface and there is no stopping them.

And it sure is a different way to live life. It's hard at first but in time it gets easier, at least it has for me. As I have progressed in healing my childhood repression I have changed, changed a lot. The things that used to be important to me in life aren't anymore, other things are, and those new things are mostly to do with the psychology of life, how I am and how life is affecting me - making me feel, and all so I can uncover the truth of myself.

As I progress I find I no longer want to be as I was, this being something that just naturally happens, I don't have to do anything to make it happen. And as I stop fighting the process, then it becomes easier for me to accept that this is really what life is for me, not what it was on Earth and during all those self-denying years. This is really what it's all about, relationships, that with myself, with Mat, with nature - Creation, and the Mother and Father, and with everything else in my life.

This morning it's about my relationship with this dream I've had. I want to use it all I can to help me further see the truth of my relationship with my parents. I want to know why I am feeling so miserable, and even though I know so far as the big picture goes, still in this specific situation, using this little boy by the pond, I want to know.

What is this dream showing me about myself, and the only way I can find out is speak about all my feelings, all the different aspects that come up about it, and so that is what I intend to do.

First of all, the first main feeling I feel is sorry for the little boy. Now I know that I am that boy but there is something else in it, something about why it was a boy and not a little girl by the pond, as that would have been easier for me to relate to. And I've said all of this to Mat already.

What I do, as I'm telling Mark about my feelings to do with it being a boy, is sort of 'look within' myself for direction as to where to go speaking about it - what to say. And it went like this:

"It's about the boy Mat, there's something about him that I feel, that I feel bad about. I feel bad that he's suddenly blasted by his mother and father, but something else... what is it... I want to see what it is...

"He's bending down absorbed in what he's doing, he's not aware of his parents, he's totally captivated by his jar and pouring the water out. Over and over he's doing it, and that gives me a good feeling, but I don't think he's me this time. I can vaguely feeling-remember, or at least imagine that I used to be totally captivated by such things as well, but he is not me. It's something to do with looking at him... me looking at him, as if I'm with him... standing with him, only in the dream I was sort of looking from what might be an adult perspective, I was off to the side and behind him.

"But what is it all about, who is it all about, why does looking at him being so engrossed in what he's doing make me feel these feelings. I feel good as I said, but now I also feel bad... what's the bad feeling... fear, I'm scared, yes, I'm scared for him, yes that's it, I'm scared that something bad is going to happen to him. And it's him whom I'm scared for, not me, that is quite clear.

"Am I scared that he's so close to the edge of the pond that he might fall in or something - scared that he will drown? I'll go with it, I'll see if that leads me anywhere."

And at this point I will add that Mat is an extremely good listener. He'll let me go and go without interfering with me. He used not to in the beginning of doing our healing together, but once we sorted out why he did that, why he wanted to stop me and keep making things be alright, he allowed me to go with them.

"Drowning is not a big thing for me. No, it's not really, only I can sense that were I his parents I would be worried, I'd definitely be keeping a close eye on him, if not being there with or very near to him. And probably if the truth be told, I'd be just like my parents and how his parents were to him, I'd be racing down to him and dragging him away from the water telling him he must not go near it, that it's bad, that something bad might happen to him, all just scaring the wits out of him. He's too young to understand such dangers. I would be like that, I was like that with my own children. I tried to be more easy-going than my parents were, but it was hard. Sometimes I caught myself yelling at them about something I was scared about and Rick my husband would tell me to lay off, he was much less worried and



scared about things than I was, which helped me let go and step back, so not damaging them as much as I might have - only damaging them in other ways.

"But no, it's not really about drowning this morning, not this time. So what is it that I'm really feeling about this little boy?"

"It's about him, I'm looking at him, and who is he - who is it Mother and Father; can you please help me to see the truth, what is it about him that You want me to understand, and how does it relate to myself - I want to know. I want to know the truth of this feeling - what is it?"

"It's about him, him being there, all content by himself, just crouching down by the edge of the water, all sort of peaceful, thoroughly enjoying himself... and that's important, I can feel that, it's good that he's enjoying himself, that's the nice part... but why, why is that so important?"

"He's enjoying himself and that reminds me of my brother, he loved sitting in the garden on the grass watching the butterflies, I can remember that because my parents would always say something about it. They loved how he loved to do it. He'd just walk out into the back yard and sit on the grass surrounded by all those little white daisies and watch the little mauve butterflies fluttering about him.

"Oh, and now I can remember about a time when he walked, he was only a toddler, over to the rose bushes, and he was reaching up to a rose, and then suddenly my mother was yelling and I didn't know what was wrong with her... yes, the memories coming back to me, I'd forgotten all about it, it's a bit vague still, but I can remember; and suddenly she picked him up and he started crying. I thought he must have hurt himself, but he was alright, I distinctly remember that, and it turned out that mum didn't want him near the rose bushes by himself because he might hurt himself on the thorns.

"Now I'm really angry with her, not actually for grabbing him like that, just as the boy's parents in my dream did to him, but for having the rose bushes in the garden. I mean how stupid was that, to have us little children and we're not allowed to go near the roses because we might get hurt by them. And I'm angry that she didn't allow us to find out about the thorns for ourselves. Why didn't she or she could have shown us, or sectioned off the bushes until we were old enough or something. What were mum and dad on about, didn't they care about us, was that the extent of their care for us, running out yelling at us, scaring us if we went near something that might hurt us. I hate her. I hate what she did to both of us. I hate that Robby was enjoying himself, he was so intent at looking at the flower, it waving in the breeze, he hadn't even picked it. I can remember she didn't care if we picked or ruined the flowers, it wasn't about her wanting the pretty white roses, it was only about the thorns and our hurting ourselves on them.

"I am so angry Mat, I can't tell you how angry I am. Here are my parents, they have children, and they provide us with a large back yard to play in, and yet we can't go near the roses and probably other things as well, so what is it all about, who is the garden for? Is it for us, the children, their children, for us to enjoy, play and amuse ourselves in; or is it for them, for them to have their beautiful flowers. Mum was always so proud of her roses. She was proud of them, but was she proud of us? I don't know, she never said, and I don't feel she was.

"I've never thought about it: were my parents proud of us? And I'd have to say no, no they weren't. They praised us for getting good grades at school, and winning running races, but

proud of us, no, I don't know.

"So that's it, that's the truth of my dream, of that part of it anyway. Thank you Mother and Father for showing it to me, and thank You for giving me yet more anger to feel bad with. It never ends. But I can see it all so clearly now, the boy in my dream is Robby, and I'm enjoying watching him playing with the water just as I enjoyed watching him in the garden. We were often together in it, and me being four years older than him watched him, it was a part of what I did. I don't know if my parents told me to or if it was something I liked to do, but I remember I did like being with him, seeing what he'd do. And I wasn't worried about the thorns. I must have known about them, but I wasn't worried that he'd touch them. Which is kind of weird because you'd think that if they had told me to stay away from the rose thorns I would be doing the same to Robby, but I didn't. I don't care about rose thorns, now I wonder why that is. Why aren't I worried about thorns and little children, like my mother was, I was scared about nearly everything else it seems.

"I know! I remember, it's just occurred to me, the roses were planted later, when I was older and so their thorns must not have been an issue for me. Yes, I can just vaguely remember they came later. I don't know, I can't remember the time sequence, it's too hazy, they might have just been new and that was why mum was worried about them.

"I feel so angry about that, it shows just how they were more concerned about their garden and its look, the roses, than they were about us. Why get such plants if you've still got a toddler. It doesn't make sense, I don't understand, it seems really stupid - thoughtless.

"But it shows, and now I feel miserable again, that they didn't have us for ourselves, their life was about them, we were just meant to fit in. If they wanted roses, then we had to fit in with them, so poor little Robby was made to be scared of them, all when he wasn't anywhere near the thorns. And little children aren't stupid, he might have pricked his finger but he would have learnt about them and then avoided them at least until he was old enough to deal with them. But to be made to be afraid of something, something that in his life doesn't even exist, it's not fair, it's not right making him suffer like that. He's now scared of roses all his life for reasons he'll never know about until he does his healing. His own mother scared him, made him feel so scared, when his life, his life he was living for himself, was not scaring him.

"And that's what it was like for us, for me, I was made to be scared of so many things when really I shouldn't have had such fear in my life. And I did the same to Lucy and Bobby, I scared them about things they wouldn't have been scared about... I feel so sorry for them, I feel so bad that I did such bad things to them. But I couldn't help it, how was I to be anything else other than what my parents made me. The whole thing is bad, very bad.

"But it's the fact that they preferred the roses more than they preferred us, that's what is really making me feel angry and miserable now. That is what my dream is helping me to see. It hurts Mat, right down deep in here. My parents preferred things over us, they wanted the dam roses more than they wanted me and Robby, they probably wanted all sorts of things more than they wanted us. And all that rubbish they went on about 'You both are the most special things in our lives, what would we do without you.' What they would have done is have the whole back yard filled with roses no doubt. It's all such rubbish and I remember saying the same meaningless things to my children. What is a child meant to say to something like that, how is it meant to feel?

"How does it make me feel, my mother was always saying that. It makes me feel like

throwing up, like throttling her, because I know she doesn't mean it. In her deluded mind and in her beliefs she might mean it, just as I did, but I can see through all of that now - she didn't mean it, and I didn't mean it with my children. I didn't... oh I feel so bad for them. I said such meaningless things to them 'mummy loves you, daddy loves you' it all gushing out of my mouth, but what for, what was I really trying to say, or wanting to say. That mummy and daddy hated you and wanted to have roses instead, I hate roses, and no wonder. Richard wanted roses at one stage, to put in along the front fence of our new house, but no way, I made him plant some other bush, I wasn't going to have roses in my yard, no way, not for a million dollars. And now I know why. The roses symbolise what my mother did to me, what she did to us both. I hate roses as I hate her.

"Ha! Another thing, it is so good when the truth comes. Now I know that I don't actually hate roses themselves, they are pretty the flowers and they smell so nice. It's mum I hate, mum and dad for what they did, how they used the flowers wanting them more than they wanted us. That is right, I hate them, I don't hate the roses - ha! I don't hate roses. I even like roses. I liked the ones in our garden, they were very pretty and on those still warm nights the whole backyard smelt so lovely, it was so nice to sit out there on the grass and smell their lovely fragrance. And all these years I've believed that I hated roses, never wanting them myself. I haven't hated them in other people's gardens... and now I don't hate them. And now I feel good, because I don't want to hate anything that is nature. The roses never hurt me, and I don't want to hate them. I want to like everything that was nice to me, and the roses were, giving me all those lovely smells. They gave me more enjoyment than my mother.

"It goes on and on, doesn't it, it's incredible how you go deeper and deeper into yourself, into your life. Who would have known about such things, the psychology of it all. I hated roses all because I hated my mother, who I said I loved and felt such love from. And now I feel more fond feelings for the roses than I do my mother. They gave and gave to me, always good feelings they gave me, but did my mother - no. She hurt me, she scared me, and look at me, I'm full of all this stuff, all my repressed childhood feelings. All the hurt, pain, misery; all my anger at her and dad. I'm so full of it all, and it wasn't the roses that made me feel bad - it was them.

"Are you okay Mat? Do you want to say anything? No? Okay, I'll keep going if I can. I'm feeling a bit tired now, but at least some of my misery seems to have gone for the time being. I still feel really angry though. Very, very angry at them both. It's going around and around in me: they loved the roses more than they loved me. My parents loved the roses more than they loved me, like it's some sort of mantra. And when I go back to it, when I focus on the feelings it makes me feel - how this bit of truth about myself makes me feel - I feel instantly miserable again.

"I feel very miserable. I can't get over it. I feel so hurt Mat. My own mother and father loved the rose bushes more than they loved me. Why didn't they love me? Was I so hard to love? I might not have smelled all sweet and like a rose, but I wasn't a bad child. I did all they asked of me, but still they preferred the roses more than me. And I know if I went and accused them of it, they would say I was wrong and not to be so stupid and that of course they loved me more than the rose bushes, but I know they'd be lying. I know the truth and it hurts. The truth makes me feel really bad. It's such a pity that our seeing the truth does make us feel bad when really seeing the truth should make us feel really good. It's such a pity it's all

around the wrong way in the negative. And there's no escape, I can't avoid it: my parents loved the white and pink and red roses more than they loved Robby and I. And I remember that as we got older mum and dad planted more roses in the garden, in the end they went all around the fence, you were bordered by them sitting on the grass. And when all the petals fell on the ground they looked so pretty. Mum never cut them, she never brought them into the house, but every day she'd go around smelling them all. And I have vague memories about them being proud of knowing the roses names; and there you go again, they were proud they had certain roses, was it something of status symbol, or did they just like them - I don't know. I've never thought about it before. I never cared about the names, I liked the smells but that was about all.

"They liked flowers better than they liked us. Why weren't we the flowers of their lives. I know my children were for me, but I also know that was a lie too. I'm the same as my parents - how could I be any different, and I believed I loved my children so much, but how do I feel about them now, do I have such love for them? No, no I don't, I hardly ever see them. And I feel no feelings to see them. And they don't want to see me, so what was it all about all, all that 'love'.

"And you know the worst of it Mat, and this is a huge admission of guilt, it's just come up in me, but I have to say it. I would much rather go and see some lovely roses than I would my own children - that's how much I really love them. And to think I was like so many parents, my children were my world, and I was so proud of them, and I would always be telling them I was... oh God, probably only telling them because my parents didn't tell me... so I was my children, I was really telling myself using them... oh Mat it never ends.

"Now I feel even worse because I used my children this way. I didn't love them for themselves, I was actually loving me who was them. I was using them, I was them as little children, they were me as a little girl, and I was being my parents telling me how proud of me I was, all because my parents didn't tell me.

"Anthea's parents were always telling her how pleased they were with her. And they would buy her presents, they even brought her a car for finishing school, and an apartment. She got all sorts of things for being good. I never got anything. I was always envious of her - more bad feelings, but I was. She was my best friend at school, but I hated her. I can remember having these contradictory feelings, I loved her and hated her. It didn't make sense to me be back then, but I can see that it does now.

"I wanted my parents to love me how Andrea's did her. But it was all with presents - did her parents really love her, for herself. I don't know, but I suspect not. It was all material possessions so far as her family was concerned. They had masses of things; we had roses. It's all so bad. That was my life: wishing I was Andrea, wanting to live with her and have her parents, and yet hating her and them for giving her so many things. Talk about mixed up.

"But back to the roses, I still have to talk more about them, about how they loved them more than they loved me. How do I feel now about it, what other feelings are there in me to come up about it...

"Hurt, more pain, more hurt... what am I hurt the most about?

"It hurts me that they didn't love me. That they didn't really care about me. They cared more about the roses than they did me, and that really hurts. It's makes my whole life with them seem pointless, what was the meaning of it all. I thought it was all about love, but it

wasn't. It wasn't about love and having a good time in my family. It was about roses and how good the back yard looks and smells.

"I feel wounded, like my heart has been wounded, hurt, damaged in some way. I feel so bad, so hurt, so, so hurt, hurt right to the core of me. I feel like I want to cry, and I feel so alone. I feel like I'm all alone sitting out in the garden with only the roses as my friends. I am not with my parents, I don't feel them wanting to be with me, and only me. I don't feel them wanting to know me, wanting to get to know me, to find out who I am, what sort of person I am. I was just there, their child, really nothing more than one of the plants in the garden, and so long as I smelled alright, there was nothing to worry about. They looked after my physical needs, but little else.

"I used to think we were a close family, but now I can see that too was just another delusion. We weren't close, just plants standing together in a row in the garden along the fence, the fence protecting us from the wind. We were nothing more to each other than that. I don't want to go and see my parents either. No one in our family sees each other anymore now we've all come into spirit. My mother is living with another man, my father I don't know where he is, no one other than me is doing their healing. Not like your family Mat who are all doing their healing, you're really lucky there, for even though you don't like each other so much either, at least you have your healing in common and can go and discuss things. Your parents are waking up to how much they didn't love you, as are you, and you can all commiserate together. But I can't. I have no one, except you. I am all alone, all alone standing in the garden with the roses. I can't get the picture of the roses out of my head. I only have two pictures: that one with Robby, and when the whole garden was surrounded by them. Out of all the times I must have been in the garden with them, I can only remember those two pictures. And that's really what it's like, the roses don't mean anything to me, the same as my parents don't. When I think of my parents now, I feel blank, my memories go blank, and I have work harder bringing up my good and bad ones about them, it's like the whole lot, my whole past, is fading off.

"I feel so hurt. I am nothing to them - meant nothing to them, I just gave them a bunch of experiences as the roses gave them a bunch of flowers. It's all very sad, too much really, I can't get to the bottom of my miserable feelings. I can feel them down in me, but I can't bring them up, I don't know how to.

"I feel in so much pain, agony, when I think that they didn't love me. I wanted them to love me, to really love me, to love me more than anything else in the world, and especially more than the roses. But they didn't, they wouldn't, always telling me not to do things, not to say things the wrong way, always making me be on my best behaviour - always having to be good and please them. I had to please them, they didn't have to please me. I had to be the good little girl and then they were happy; they didn't have to be the good big parents and then I was happy.

"Did they care if I was happy? That's another thought. I don't know. They said they did, but they didn't, not really. They housed, fed, clothed and schooled me, that was supposed to make me happy enough, but I wasn't happy. I don't think I've ever been truly happy Mat - yet another new feeling and thought for me. But it's true. I believed I was happy, my children and Richard, my life, but I wasn't, that I can see now. It was all false, just a another lie, nothing was real and true. All pointless, meaningless, and so what; who cared if you had a big

house and lived on such and such a street. What was it all for - I didn't feel happy. It was all a fantasy, I only believed I was happy, a belief. I BELIEVED I WAS HAPPY THEREFOR I WAS. That was about it, the whole extent of it. I believed, and nothing more. And I believed that my beliefs were truth, that I did feel happy, and yet I didn't. My mind made it all up - I made it all up for myself, and all because I didn't want to admit that I was unhappy.

"But I can admit it now Mat - I'M UNHAPPY. I'm happy now, in my life now, just as I've always been. I'm still unhappy even being with you Mat, even though I'm more happy than I have ever been. But I am, and I want to be happy. I want to be fully happy, completely happy, only happy, and never feeling bad and miserable and angry and hurt. I don't want to feel these bad feelings anymore Mat, I want to feel happy. Happy, that's what I want to feel - just happy.

"And I don't think I'll go on... I've had enough, it's too much... too many bad feelings. I have to stop now Mat... I have to stop. I want to cry. I just want to be happy. I was never happy, they never made me feel really happy. We had a lot of laughs, and good times, but I never felt really happy, this I now know Mat. And all thanks to that dream.

## **Justine. Fifth mansion world.**

Justine: I am an alcoholic. For a long time, I refused to admit it. I now about Alcoholics Anonymous, we have them too over here in spirit, and I went along to them, but still even though with them I did also admit to being a drunk, it was all, as now I can see, just with my mind. Now I know, it with my heart. Now I know it with and through my feelings, and there is no avoiding it - it's true. I am. I am a drunkard, a drunken rotten bum. And I have been for a very long time.

My drinking began at home, mummy and daddy would go out leaving me alone, and so I'd help myself to the drink. At little at first when I was twelve, I couldn't handle the hard stuff then, by gradually I progressed. By the time I left home to get married I was an alcoholic, but a secret one, however I think my family knew by then that I had a drinking problem, but I mostly disguised it by being a 'legitimate drunk'. I went to a lot of parties, we held a lot, my husband and I, and he liked a drink too. It was alright for me to drink, it was acceptable for women to do so in my society, but all so long as they could 'manage' it, which I'd learnt to be very good at.

I managed my drinking for most of my physical life, only I died from cirrhosis of the liver. My husband died when I was still relatively young, fifty-five, and my children all had good lives of their own, and so I took to drinking more by myself. I was in the position of some means to enable me to drink, as much as I liked, without comment. But still I managed it well, managing to hide it from myself: the truth that I was nothing more than a drunk - and always had been.

Upon my arrival in spirit I still drank, and although as you know as spirits we no longer have physical bodies, still we can drink. We go through the motions of our habits and addictions for they are after all, our habits and addictions. If you believe, being so afflicted, that entry into your new life in heaven will cleanse or wash away or purge you of such self-hating habits or addictions, then you'll be forced to re-consider such beliefs when your time comes.

I drank in spirit just as heavily as I did when on Earth. I frequented many bars and pubs being far more open about needing a drink and my drinking. I was no longer with my husband, he had re-married in spirit, and didn't want a bar - ha! ha! - of me, so I was alone, my family also rejecting me because I didn't want to join them in the Church. They'd all 'found' religion, as they kept telling me, once having come to spirit, but that wasn't for me. They assured me that if I too 'found the Lord', that if only I were to 'believe in Jesus' then he would save me from such a debauched life, but my way of life suited me well. It was all I knew. To break the need of something you have done since you were twelve is very difficult, and I couldn't see that Jesus was going to fix me. Which is kind of ironic, because as it's turned out, it is Jesus and Mary who are providing me with the truth to heal my obsession.

I boozed myself senseless in my early years in spirit. It's quite easy to do, much easier than you can do on Earth. In the physical body there are, as you know, certain limitations to how much you can drink. Money wasn't one of them for me as it was for others, so I was never

reduced to the streets and the cheap stuff, it was first class whisky and bourbon for me, but my brain couldn't handle too much. I was always pissed, but if I went too far I threw up, so by the time of my husband's death I was well acquainted with my daily limit. And I used to get sick and tired of having to go to the wretched toilet. But none of that bothered me in spirit.

How it works is you draw upon your Earth memories, so I'd sit at the bar and start, and the first drink was always the same, absolutely blissful, just as I remembered it from all my first drinks. And then I'd keep going with all my earthly memories providing me with something of a 'real' experience. But it was all contrived by my mind, all made up and based on my memories. Not a real drop of alcohol passed through my lips, nor was contained within the glass as it didn't exist in reality, it was all mind derived. Everything is in the mansion worlds, all made up based on we humans' minds, as it's all for us, so in the mind mansion worlds we can have it all as we want it. And I wanted a bar, and so there was a bar. And I wanted to go in and order a drink, and so there was the bar tender, a spirit who wanted to play the role of a bartender, and there were many, providing me with an imaginary drink. And so I opened my mouth and down it went and all those lovely feelings came rushing back up in me. And I would drink and drink until my eyes hurt, were blurred, and I could all but stagger. But it was all my minds doing based on memories, I wasn't actually drunk, but in those lower worlds, not knowing what I know now, for all intents and purposes, I drank until I was rotten.

And many a night I would stagger home with some other bar-fly, we'd fuck, as sex like drinking was all done through memory, something I didn't do that much of on Earth, being mostly faithful to my husband and family.

I hardly spoke to these men, we'd 'sleep it off', then part company, and back to the bar I would go to start all over again. And we slept it off because that too was what we did during our Earth lives. And I might meet the man at the bar, and still we wouldn't talk, I never talked, not about anything sensible or to do with feelings, it was only just the usual bar talk. And this went on for years, about ten in all.

Can you believe it, that I did the same thing over and over, every day, like a broken record for ten years, and there are some spirits who've been there more years than they can remember. And this shows you the extent of your addiction. When you don't have to worry about family, or work to earn money to live; when you can just freely indulge yourself without anyone saying you can't, then you do, what's stopping you. And it's not as if anything else in life ever made you feel as good, so you keep on going, abusing yourself, with drugs, sex or alcohol, whatever is 'your thing'.

I don't know why I stopped doing it, only to say that my soul said it was time, and so engineered situations to make me come out of the pattern. I met another girl, not unlike myself, also from money, and we decided to try to do something about our miserable conditions. We went to AA and did the program, and believed in the end that we were free of the addiction, but it was only our minds that we used with a lot of help from more powerful spirits, to believe we'd given up our habits. And we then toured the first mansion world without drinking, it was the first time in my life that I got a taste, so you could say, of what normal life was like. Life that wasn't blurry and floating along in a sea of drink and blissful inebriated feelings.

After about a year of this, we both slowly succumbed to the drink again. So much for AA. Unless you kept applying your mind with all your will, with all your strength, you were open



to the same old patterns reasserting themselves because you hadn't done any effective healing, you'd only managed to supplant to some degree that which was within you with new beliefs. If you say to yourself: I am no longer addicted to alcohol, I am no longer a drunk, I am free of my addiction, enough times, you can start to make yourself believe it - just adding more negative or false programming to control yourself. And my friend and I weren't very good at sticking with the 'program'.

However we were lucky in some ways, that's what you could say, but of course there is no luck in it, it's just what the Mother and Father want you to experience, and we met a man who was interested in spiritual things. We weren't, but it was good to listen to him, and he did say some things that made sense.

One day he found us and told us of a new way to live, and that it was the Only True Way, and all the rest, all the other stuff he'd previously told us, was shit, and he was sorry he'd bothered us with it. It hadn't bothered us, and we listened to his latest spiritual interest, this time being the Divine Love.

It was what he said about Mary Magdalene that did it for me. To hear she was Jesus soul-mate and not some whore, and she was the Mistress of the universe, and that we could actually meet her if we wanted to, made me make my mind up to go with him and see what this Divine Love was all about.

And here I am now, and yes, I have met Mary, in fact I speak often with her, and I love her, and she has helped me no end, and I am in the fifth mansion world progressing in healing my soul. And as you would expect, at the seat of my problem is my addiction, all being brought about because of feeling so unloved by my parents.

It's been terribly difficult for me to dig down into my bad feelings and see the truth of them. Not so much dig, but to allow them to come up in me of their own accord showing me what they want me to see, because, like us all, I haven't wanted to see the truth. No one wants to see how much they weren't loved by their parents, how unloved they did feel as a little child, and how much they still feel unloved. But it's all there, all contained within us, all the truth of all our pain, and the truth of my addiction to the bottle.

And therein is how so far I have seen it begin in a physical way. My mother used to put a drop of alcohol on the end of my bottle teat to help me go to sleep, all under the direction of her doctor. So not only was I feeding from an artificial breast, but it was spiked - not a good start. But that part of it was only a minor thing, as many children no doubt have had the same doctored bottle beginning, yet have failed to take to it as I did. And the reason for the difference between such people - spirits - and myself, are many. It's all extremely complex and you can't point your finger at any one thing, like we're so inclined to do, and say, that's the reason, because you'll be doing yourself a disservice.

My addiction is really being addicted to no love, this being what we're all suffering from, and my alcoholic problem is only one small part of the expression of this. I was forced to live a life of no love, no love from my parents, or at best, very little love, and well short of what I needed to feel completely loved by them. And it's the same for us all, only as my healing is showing me, I used the bottle as the means to escape, to literally drown the pain, to block it out, this being what we all know about alcoholics. And yet to really know about it, to go down into yourself and bring up all the repressed feelings that say it's true, is very different from simply understanding it with your mind.

I have a hole in me, it's deep in me, and it goes right to the core of me, as it began right at the moment of my conception. I live in this hole, it's all-consuming, and it's full of awfully bad feelings. It contains massive amounts of misery, anger, frustration, and feelings of feeling unwanted, uncared about, and most of all - unloved.

And feeling unloved is the worst feeling you can feel because it includes all the others, and so to get to the bottom of my feeling unloved will take me all of my healing, so I understand I have still a long way to go and so a lot more to see.

We all have within us a deep soul-pain, a soul-hurt if you like. It's very real but very hard to put your finger on. It is there, and it's very real, but it's comprised of many aspects of your self-denial, all giving rise to your feeling unloved. And so far from what I can gather about it from asking various Celestial spirits who have healed this pain, it's something that you can't uncover about yourself until you have healed all the aspects that comprise it. And even though it will end with the Great Truth: that you weren't loved; still, you have to get there and be living this truth, feeling it right through you and knowing why you feel it, before it will go. And it's the truth of our negative state, because our negative state is a state of being that's been brought about because we weren't loved by our parents. And as your patterns show you also the state of being of your parents, you can see that they too don't feel loved, and so you stood no chance of it ever happening from them. And I can't tell you how angry this will make you feel. I know how angry it already makes me feel, and I'm only half the way through my healing, so far as my working my way up the mansion worlds shows me.

I have had a lot of anger about not being fed by the breast. To me, as I fed my children with my breasts, it symbolises the whole trauma I have suffered at the hands of my parents. My mother didn't love me enough to feed me with herself. She used something that was not her, not of her flesh and blood, and not coming from, being made by - her. She wasn't feeding me her life force, her life, her blood as it were, she didn't love me enough to do that. And I have from speaking with her about it, found out that it was just what was done in her day, it wasn't considered healthy to feed by the breast, many illness and diseases were believed to come from it, but that doesn't matter to me, conventions and beliefs are irrelevant, because I don't feel loved by her or my father, and that was just another of the things that shows me it's true.

And it is true, for I know as I have felt it, and continue to feel it, that right from my first moment at conception she has neglected me in some way, and refused to give me what I needed. I have been starved of spiritual food, of emotional sustenance, of mental input, all amounting to love. She deprived me all the way along, and it wasn't just her, it was my father also. They are both in it together, they are both to blame, and I hate them for it. But what can I do, and this is the most difficult part. I can't just see it and say, oh, now I understand, I was deprived love and that explains it all, and now I can get on with my life feeling all good and happy and loved. That is not going to happen. It can't happen because I have formed on this malnourishment. I am a weakened person - spirit, I am not a full person, not feeling good and happy and loved within myself - I never have, never, right from the very first moment. And so I have lived feeling deprived, deficient in some way, and I sought the bottle to help stop me feeling these terribly bad feelings, as they are too unbearable.

I wanted to obliterate them, and so did, but gradually with my healing and all the help I am receiving from other spirits, I am bringing up my pain, fear and sorrow, and I am able to stand some of these bad feelings. I am able to accept them, and even speak about them, about how

bad I am feeling. And I am able to long for the truth of them, and it comes. And that is all I can do, and do in small bits and pieces. I couldn't do it all at once as the pain and heartache and hurt of all those early years would amount to too much, I'd explode in one tremendous bad feeling, and I don't want to do that.

I'm scared of my bad feelings, scared of feeling so much pain, and this too I'm getting better at admitting and speaking about. So much fear, always more fear, endless fear, and it's all going on within me swirling around. And at times I can sense it, but mostly I'm dead to it, I'm shut off to it because from the age of twelve I took it into my own hands to do something about it - to keep it as far away from myself as I could.

I disassociated myself from my pain. I didn't want to know about it. I didn't want to have anything to do with it - I didn't want to feel bad. I never wanted to feel bad, and as soon as a bad feeling started to creep in, I reached for the bottle. And worst of all, I never really understood this. I wasn't even aware of my bad feelings - of feeling bad. They were all going on unconsciously within me, yet they were there - they still are. And when the time in accordance with my pattern came around, for when I would feel the pain; when my parents would do or say something to me that did hurt me and made me feel bad, then up within me the pain would come all through my life, only I did all I could to stop it hitting the surface - I drank and pretended I was all right. But I wasn't. Far from it. I was very *not* all right. I was in a very bad way, only I would never admit it to myself.

Once, our family doctor who was a good friend of ours, suggested I should go easy on my drinking, but I laughed at him saying I didn't drink much, so he had nothing to worry about. I was a mess, only on the surface I was upholding my part in the play of life, the bullshit life of my living in my well-to-do house leading my lavish bullshit social life. All false, all one big piss-up, all one big party. I had to live a continual party because I couldn't face the rotten reality of my life - the truth, the truth I was hiding from myself.

And in our own little ways we're all the same. You may not drink, you may not have some addiction you are aware of, but we're all addicted to our feeling-denying states, all living denying as many bad feelings as we can, all because to face them, to allow them to be, is too unbearable. But one day you have to face them, you have to allow them to be, you have to see what they are all about and why you are feeling them - but one day. And I doubt you'll probably volunteer to begin your healing, but one day your soul will make you start it whether you feel up to it or not.

When I feel my hole in me, my hole in which love should be, the place that my parents neglected to fill with their love, I am at a loss as to what to do about it. I can't of myself summon up the love to fill it. And no amount of Divine Love will fill it because it's natural love that I've missed on. The Divine Love goes into my soul, into another place in me and does other things, mostly dependent on my natural love, however not having any natural love within me, there's not much the Divine Love can do.

I want love, but I can't get it from those who should have given it to me. That time is long gone. I tried to get the love from my husband, my children, our dogs, and the bottle. But none of these things gave it to me. And that's what they were in the end, I can see a little of that truth, as much as I don't want to admit it, but I used my husband, children and pets trying to make myself feel better. I didn't give them what they needed, how could I when I didn't have it in me to give. I needed it, I wanted them to give it to me, and yet neither did they have it.

We all want something that we don't have - love, and we all try to get it from each other, but it's no use because no one has it to give. So we all put on this show of it, of being loving and feeling loved, and yet it's only a lie. We can't feel loved living in a state of self-denial. Love and self-denial are mutually exclusive. And it's because of no love that we are in this state. So to try to get such love from other people or spirits who are in the same state, is a meaningless thing to try to do.

We are all using and abusing each other, all so desperately needing and demanding love from each other, and yet love we can't get because we don't have to give.

And yet understanding this is no big deal, it's not hard, but to feel it, to feel the truth of it and to live such truth - that is hard. However it's no harder than how it's already been, how it's always been, only we didn't understand that then. But now we can. Now I am, and you will in your time and in your way, and this is my way.

I understand that I don't feel loved, have never felt loved, even though I believed I did and was loved. And I can't go to my parents and demand they love me, and even if they were Celestial spirits filled with such perfect natural love, still they couldn't give it to me, because I'd reject it, I wouldn't know what to do with it, it would have no place in my anti-love life.

So it's all back to myself, I only have myself. I have David my current partner, who looks like he might be rather more permanent than those before him, but I can't expect and demand he loves me, because I know he's like me, and doesn't have any love to give. We are two loveless people living sharing the same house working away on ourselves trying to uncover the truth of our unloving states. And the truth is coming, yes, thankfully it is coming.

And slowly we are seeing that it's only up to ourselves, we have to take responsibility for our negative state, we have to love ourselves back into feeling loved - loved by ourselves in replacement of our parents, by living true to our feelings. By doing our soul-healing. And so we can help each other in a friendship, we speak to each other about how bad we're feeling, and this helps. We need someone to speak to, to express and voice all our bad feelings to, it's not good talking to the walls, and our friend can help us see other things about ourselves, all that helps us make progress.

We all want to feel completely loved. I do. I don't want to feel loved by a bottle. A bottle of amber fire-water can't make me feel really loved. It only deadens the pain by adjusting my mind, my taking my mind off it. But this is running away, this is not facing up to the pain that's within me, it's not taking responsibility for it. Whereas doing my healing is. It's the only thing I can do for myself. And I have to work away trying to accept my feelings as they come up in me.

By the end of my healing I will know all about why I took to the drink and how I used it to nullify my feeling bad. It's still some time away, and I'm in no rush. I have nothing else to do in life other than do my healing, because I understand now, that doing anything else is just the same as drinking. And as I spent those ten years doing nothing else other than drinking, I know that even if I were to do something else, something meaningful, or what other mind spirits were to consider meaningful and important, like my family and 'saving souls', it's still all only being done to avoid feeling bad, and done all with one's mind in the misguided belief that it is making one feel good.

All of our negative lives from the point of feelings, love and truth, are meaningless, however they are all full of meaning if we are to understand what it feels like to live without

love and truth and denying feelings. And so in this regard they are full of value, value being gained from a valueless life. Which is not bad really, and I guess something only someone as clever as the Mother and Father would be able to do. And we being Their children, are doing it for Them.

And that is all I want to say. I have told you something of my little story, and no doubt you are well on your way into uncovering the truth of your own life. I wish you well. I hope you heal yourself of feeling so unloved. And if you do, and we meet in the Celestial heavens, then at least we'll be able to share this little bit of life with each other, this little bit of truth. For we will know what it feels like to live feeling unloved. And then we will know what it feels like to heal feeling so unloved. And then we'll be setting out feeling what it feels like to feel love. That being something I am looking forward to. To finally put the bottle behind me, to no longer need a substitute parent to make me feel nice. To live feeling totally loved and self-loving - that is what I want.

(3/8/10)

**Nelly and John. Fifth mansion world. “Oh the joys of working through your shit.”**

Nelly: You can't do that John, not that way, it's not right.

John: Why not? What are you talking about, I can do it, I've always done it that way.

Nelly: No you can't, it's not right.

John: Why not, of course it's right, what's wrong with it?

Nelly: No, you can't do it, you just can't. Don't do it that way, please don't, I don't like it, it scares me.

John: It's only going to make a little noise, it won't hurt you, you've got nothing to be scared about.

Nelly: But I don't want you to do it. I know what you're saying is true, but still I feel I don't want you to do it, and not that way. Can't you do it some other way?

John: I don't know, I've always done it this way... I could try if you really want me to.

Nelly: I do. I really do. Please John, do it another way for me.

John: Okay. I'll try. It might make even more noise.

Nelly: It's not the noise I'm scared of.

John: Then what is it you're scared of?

Nelly: Oh I don't know. I'm just scared, really scared. I feel so worried, so anxious, like a bad thing is going to happen. I don't know what, but I feel all shaky, worried, so worried, nervous. I feel very nervous.

John: But no bad thing is going to happen - how can it?

Nelly: I don't know, I don't know what can happen, it just feels like it's going to happen, and I'm worried about it. It's going to happen, it's going to happen, I just know it is... I don't know what, but the bad thing.

John: Ah, you're making it up, there isn't possibly anything that could happen. And I'm getting angry, I don't want to do it another way. I like how I do it that way, I've always done it that way, and I don't want to change.

Nelly: No John, don't, don't it do.

John: I am going to do it.

Nelly: No, don't. Don't do it, please. I don't want you to do it. I can't explain why, but I just don't want you to do it. I don't, I'm so worried, so scared that something bad is going to happen. It's not to do with now, it's not what you're doing now that I'm scared about, it's something from my past, when I was young. I don't know what, but it's something you're doing now, or how you're going about it, that is bringing up this fear in me, and I want to find out what it is. So please, don't try and stop me speaking about it, you do it how you want to do it if you want to, but I'm going to keep speaking about how scared I am. I don't want you to stop doing it how you want to do it, you're not to treat me like I'm your mother telling you how to do it, so you do it, and allow me to express all my bad feelings about it.

John: Yeah, okay, sorry, I forgot. I still don't get it. When you start telling me what I can and can't do, it pushes my buttons. First I do want to do what you're asking, you're pleading is hard to resist, but then you make me angry because I feel like I have to give up doing it how I want to do it - my way; and then I feel like you always get your way, you always get what you want, and I have to put myself aside and not get what I want.

Nelly: That's okay, but you're still taking over from me, you're still stopping me express my bad feelings. Now you're expressing yours, but mine were first, and I don't want to have to put myself aside and help you. I want to talk.

John: Yeah well I want to talk to. You're always talking about your bad feelings -

Nelly: I am not, you're always talking about yours. You have far more bad feelings to talk about than I have, and I have to always help you. I have to stop my feelings and listen to yours. I have to take my focus away from myself and give it to you, and that's what my parents always did to me. They always made me pay attention to them, I couldn't stay true to myself, I always had to listen to them and pay attention. And I no longer want to do that. I don't want you to be them and I have to stop and pay attention to you. I want to express my bad feelings, I've always wanted to but they wouldn't let me. And now I'm not going to let you stop me.

John: Fine, go on then, have it all your own way. I can't help how your parents treated you, they were shits, it was very unfair of them, they had no right, but I feel the same way, I want to speak about my anger. I hate having to put myself aside, that's what my parents made me do too.

Nelly: So what are we going to do? We're wanting the same thing, and not wanting the same thing.

John: I don't know. It's too hard. How are we supposed to help each other when we're fighting each other, when we're being our parents to each other.

Nelly: I know, it is not fair. Do we take it in turns? But then who goes first? I think we have to both keep going, just saying what we need to say and see what happens. And if we can't go on anymore, then we can worry about that when it happens.

John: Okay. So you go first.

Nelly: I can't, I can't get back into it. I've lost it and that makes me angry. You made me lose it, you interfered with me.

John: I did not, you lost it for yourself by getting side-tracked. I didn't interfere, I was only expressing my bad feelings. And if I can't express them when I feel like doing it, when can I. It's not fair, it's all for you and not for me.

Nelly: No it's not, it's all for you and not for me. See, there you go again, you're speaking about your feelings making me listen to them and I'm missing out, I'm not speaking about mine. It's not fair that you always -

John: Shit I hate it when you say always. It's always this and always that, when I always, but I don't always, I don't always do anything.

Nelly: You do, you are always doing what you do. How can you do anything else.

John: That's not what I mean. You always say that I'm always certain ways, but I'm not, I know I'm not, I'm different at times. Admittedly I do some things often the same way, or say the same things, but not ALWAYS.

Nelly: I can say what I like, and you always do, and I can say that, and how do you know I'm not right. You don't know what you're always saying -

John: I do so, I can remember. I can always remember what I say.

Nelly: Yeah right, you always remember do you, okay then, tell me what you've just said.

John: I just said I can always remember what I said.

Nelly: No, before then.

John: I can't remember that, that's too far back. God you're impossible, you're so infuriating,



you always turn these arguments into battles. You've always got to be right, always have the last word.

Nelly: You're always saying always. I'm always this, I'm always that, I'm always right, I'm always having to have the last word.

John: Shit I hate it when you go on like that. You sound so childish, and it's so patronising. How would you like it if I said that to you: You always say this, you always sound that.

Nelly: Is that all you do, copy me. You're the one sounding so stupid.

John: No, you sound stupid, see just as I said, you have to the last word. You can't take it, you can't take being criticised. You have always got to end it, have the final say.

Nelly: I do not. You do. You are always going on about how I can't take it, well I think you're the one who can't take it. You're the one who hates being called stupid, stupid.

John: I do hate being called stupid, I really hate it, God it makes me angry when you call me stupid because I'm not stupid, there is no reason for me to be stupid. You only say that to get me going, so fuck you, I'm not going to take the bait, not this time. You can say what you like and it's not going to affect me, go on.

Nelly: Okay stupid. And I am not saying it to make you take the bait. You've already taken it, stupid, and I didn't bait you. You do it all to yourself, you make it all up.

John: God I hate you. I hate how you make it all up. I can never win.

Nelly: See, now you admit it, you do want to win.

John: I never said I didn't, I said you always want to.

Nelly: And I hate you too.

John: Good, so we hate each other. So why are we together. Why don't we split up. We don't like each other, it's a bullshit relationship anyway. We don't do anything to help each other.

Nelly: Okay, if that's how you want it, then let's separate.

John: I didn't say I wanted to split up, I said we may as well as we hate each other.

Nelly: Well, you can if you want to.

John: Okay, so I might, and how will you feel then?

Nelly: I don't know. I can't tell how I'd feel in the future. I can only stay with my feelings now. How can I know what I'm going to feel in the future - what a dumb thing to say.

John: But won't you miss me, be upset that I've gone?

Nelly: I don't know. I might. Sure I might feel bad that you're no longer here, and I might not. It might be great. I might be able to meet someone who I can speak with, someone who does want to listen to me, and someone who loves me and not hate me.

John: You might...

Nelly: How would you feel?

John: Bad. I don't want to split up. I like being with you. And we do get on alright. We listen to each other, we're here for each other -

Nelly: And what's that supposed to mean: "We're here for each other". It's one of those bullshit American sayings: We're here for each other. Yes we are here with each other, but how can you be here for each other.

John: It means if you feel bad, I'm here for you.

Nelly: Ok, nice of you, and I should be so grateful, is that it? You're here for me, oh how big of you John.

John: You do an American accent well, I'll give you that.

Nelly: Oh you'll give me that will you John, how big of you, and I'm soooo glad you're here for me.

John: Oh fuck you Nelly.

Nelly: Oh fuck you too John.

John: Shit you're infuriating, I want to hit you in the face.

Nelly: That's your last resort isn't it, you have to hit. You can't just keep speaking about all your bad feelings when it gets too much, that's your answer to everything. Well I'll tell you, if you hit me that will be it, because I'm not going to tolerate that from you or anyone.

John: I'm not going to hit you, have I hit you yet?

Nelly: No, because had you, I would have walked, that you can count on.

John: Well I'm not going to hit you, so don't get your knickers in a knot.

Nelly: Me get my knickers in a knot, what about yours, you're the one threatening to hit me.

John: I don't wear knickers.

Nelly: And neither do I, so there. Not anymore now I'm a spirit, thank God.

John: And I sympathise with you, we men had it easy in that department.

Nelly: You sure did, you didn't have to worry about periods and dribbles and smears, and where to piss.

John: No, I didn't, I can't argue with you on that score.

Nelly: Good.

John: So now what?

Nelly: I don't know. Where were we?

John: I don't know.

Nelly: You said you remembered everything you said. You're a liar, just a bull-shitter.

John: Bullshit. I can't be expected to remember every word I said.

Nelly: You're the one who said it, not me.

John: Yeah, but you knew what I meant.

Nelly: No I didn't. How am I expected to know what a bull-shitter means.

John: I'm no bull-shitter.

Nelly: You are too.

John: I am not.

Nelly: You are.

John: No I'm not.

Nelly: Yes you are.

John: No I'm not.

Nelly: Yes you are.

John: Oh fuck you are unbearable, so childish.

Nelly: No I'm not, you are.

John: It's always me, you sound like a little kid: you are, no you are, you are, no you are, you never give up do you, you always have to win, just as I said - have the last word.

Nelly: No I don't, you do.

John: See, just what I mean. You can't stop. You can't let me have the last word.

Nelly: I can.

John: Okay then, don't say anything after this.

Nelly: Okay I won't.

John: You just did!

Nelly: No I didn't.

John: Fuck, you are impossible!

Nelly: And isn't that why you love me?

John: No, I told you, I hate you.

Nelly: And I hate you to.

John: Of course you do, you have to have the final word.

Nelly: I do not.

John: Argh, you're driving me mad. I'm going to...

Nelly: Scream, that's what you're going to do John, not hit me.

John: SCREAMMMMMMMMM!!!

Nelly: See, isn't that better, screaming instead of hitting. It's sure better for me. And aren't you so glad how much I am helping you?

John: YYYYYEEEEEEEESSSSSS IIIII AAAAAMMMMMMMMMM!

Nelly: Very good John, we'll get you there. I'll help you get to the bottom of your bad feelings and help you express them.

John: Well thank you very much Nelly, I don't know what I'd do without you.

Nelly: See, you do love me.

John: No I don't, I hate you.

Nelly: Don't you love me, just a bit?

John: Oh well maybe, just a bit.

Nelly: See, so we are meant for each other, we are soul-mates.

John: Yeah, right.

Nelly: See, you do have the final say sometimes.

John: Yeah, right.

(4/8/10)

**Mike. Fifth mansion world.**

I didn't spend enough time with my children, I can see this now. I had to work, but also I can see that is no excuse. I didn't have to work as much as did, that I can also see now. I can see a lot about myself now, how I was. And I don't like any of what I see.

I was selfish, but really I was scared. I would never have admitted it before, especially back then: that I was scared of a lot of things about life.

I worked, I was a lawyer, to get away from my bad feelings - I was scared of feeling bad, and work provided me with an acceptable excuse, and yet how wrong I was to take this option.

Not only did I not spend enough time with my children, but neither did I spend enough time with my wife. Our relationship 'worked' but that was about all it was. It wasn't very loving, I can see that now too, although we both thought it was better than most, because we didn't get divorced.

I have a lot of regrets, and they keep piling up the further I progress in my healing. At the moment it's my children that pains me the most, the truth that I neglected them.

I loved them, more than anything in the world, and yet I chose to give more time to my work than to them, so what does that say about my love.

I not happy about any of it now, and even though my children all got married and had children and good lives of their own, still I'm not proud of my achievement.

When I look back at all my work cases, I am left with a few memories, but mostly they amount to nothing. So what that I saved a few people from the gallows, they might be happy about that, but did it really do anything for me, and now I am coming to understand the truth - that it didn't.

What would have been better, what could have filled me with good memories and feelings, would be had I spent more loving time with my children.

I had two beautiful girls and three boys, and yet my memories with them all and with them individually are confined to only a few. I look back over my Earth life with them and there are just too many blanks, and those blanks are being filled in with regrets.

I regret that I didn't see how important they were to me. I regret that I didn't do more to ensure that as a family we were close and did lots of things together and communicated all we thought and felt. I regret that we didn't get to know each other as members of a primitive tribe would know each other, spending so much time together. I regret that I weren't just with them, there with them and doing nothing else other than just enjoying us all being together. I was hardly home, I was nothing more than a visitor to my own home. My salary provided a good standard of living and yet that too I have come to see as meaning nothing. Poorer people than I with nothing but each other have more memories of each other than I have with my family. And it's all over. I lost a valuable chance of experiencing the most primary of experiences: being close to your own children and spouse. What else is life on Earth about, and yet I squandered it. I chose to read my cases, hours and hours of being in my study; and at

work, hours and hours of not wanting to be interrupted and disturbed by my own children, all of whom I provided false parents - nannies and teachers - for. "Father is not to be disturbed, he will see you at tea." What a waste, what a bad father I was.

I have a growing pain within me. It's deep in me and it's the pain of regret. I can't describe it properly to you, however it is very real and it hurts a lot. It eats away at me, just as my cancer ate away at me taking me from physical life to that of spirit, and so now I am uncovering the truth of such pain: regret.

I look back over my past life lamenting what it might have been. The more I become aware of the truth of relationships, how they are the most important aspect of ones life, and first the relationships with those people the most closest to you, the more I lament what my life might have been. What joy and happiness I might have got from it. And yet I chose to have brief impersonal relationships with a continual stream of people, neglecting to have relationships with those who were the most personal in my life. I had it all around the wrong way.

And even though I am understanding how I was was a product of my impersonal upbringing, still that is no excuse for the damage I have done.

And it is real damage, that too I can see now. I damaged not only my children and wife, but myself. I damaged us all, and I feel very sad about that.

And with each passing day I fall deeper into such sadness, dwelling and lamenting on my regrets, long since trying to stop myself from feeling so bad.

My work enabled me as I said to escape from feeling bad, and yet under my untruth and falseness, there was no escape. Now I am trying not to run. I am trying to stay with my bad feelings as they surface within me. I am trying to allow myself to drown in my misery, to wallow in it, to allow it all to come up consuming me, I no longer want to do anything to stop myself feeling bad.

And this way of life is the opposite to what I lived: to avoid feeling bad at all costs. It is what a lot of people and spirits think is the wrong thing to do - that if you allow yourself to be consumed by your sadness, misery and self-pity, then there will be no end to it, that you will be miserable for the rest of your days. However we spirits of the healing mansion worlds know this is not so, for as bad as we feel, the compensation is truth: we see the truth of all we feel, because we now want to know it. And with the truth you know that all is not lost, that there is meaning and reason to why you are feeling bad, this helping you to keep going when things are very bad, when you feel at your end.

And as to: how long will I regret that which could have been? As long as it takes for me to uncover the truth of all such feelings.

(5/8/10)

### **Kay. Fifth mansion world.**

I feel so sorry, so sorry for what I did to my children. I was a terrible mother. I was. Very bad. So bad. I had no idea. I believed I loved my children, I believed we had a loving family, but now I can see I was wrong. I was very wrong. (Crying)

I keep seeing little David wanting to speak to me, but I wasn't interested in him, in what he had to say. I saw it yesterday by the lake, a mother doing the same thing to her child, and that's what has brought this up in me.

I didn't like how she was treating him. Why wouldn't she speak to him, he was about four and talking away, but I realised that he wasn't talking to anyone, not to her. And yet I could sense how much he wanted to talk to her. He was chatting away to himself, about whatever it was on his mind, and his mother just sat and read, occasionally looking up to see if he was all right, if he wasn't about to fall in the lake, she didn't converse with him.

At the time I was just observing, and didn't think that much about it, but later when I came back it started to play on my mind: Why didn't she speak to him? And then I thought about how I was with my children, and David stuck out; and then I could see I had treated him in the same way as this mother, I could even remember sitting myself reading while he was pottering about. And I thought that so long as he was chatting away, he was okay, he wasn't feeling bad, he wasn't crying, he wasn't asking me to do anything, so I could sit and read - blocking him out.

And then I wondered why I had to read anyway, why did I want to shut him out, why wasn't I there with him in his life, in our life, he being my child. And then the bad feelings started. Then I started to feel very bad, so sad and sorry for him (crying again), he there all alone, he there with his mother, but with his mother who didn't want to know him, who didn't care about him.

And this was my 'great love' for him expressing itself. It wasn't love, I didn't want David to bother me. I was so selfish, only caring about myself, using the time with him to read a book. A book! And what in the world could a book have done for me? What could it have given me that David wouldn't give me. And it's all about me. It's not about David.

Oh I wish I could go back and love him, converse with him, take the time being with him and enjoying us being together, not taking the opportunity - whilst doing my duty of being a 'loving mother' - of taking him to the lake to read a book.

And what was he to do at the lake without my involvement. Walking up and down picking up sticks and little stones and throwing them into the water. And all the time talking to himself, talking to himself because his mother was too selfish to talk with him. And talk with him during this very important time in his life developing his communication.

(Crying again) I can see how I retarded him, stopped him from expressing himself, and how crucial that is, which I know because of my healing. It was the only thing that truly mattered in my life back then, that David was allowed to freely express himself to me, with



my welcoming him into his life. And yet I denied us both the loving experience of it.

I was a horrible mother, a really bad mother. I used to think I was a good mother, but I wasn't. I was all concerned with myself, not my children. It's hard to accept, but it's true, my feelings are showing me - telling me. And I can't deny them. I have to accept them, and I feel so bad.

Oh every time I look back and see him wanting me, wanting me to pay attention to him and my ignoring or diverting him onto something else, I get a terrible pain deep inside me. And I cry. I want to cry and cry and go to him and say I'm sorry, I'm terribly sorry for all the bad things I did to you. I'm so sorry David, please forgive me. I had no idea what I was doing, I wasn't fit to be a mother, I thought I was, but I was wrong, terribly wrong.

But I can't go to him as he won't have anything to do with me. He's higher up than me in the seventh world, and he refused to speak with me saying that he feels too hurt and still has too much pain to deal with himself. He told me that he hates me and never wants to see me again, and I don't blame him. I understand a little more why he feels that way. I don't blame him and I want to say so. I want to go to him and hug him and hold him and make up for the bad things I did to him - I want to love him... but it's all too late. All too late for any of that.

(Still crying) What a rotten, despicable, evil mother I was, corrupting my child, stopping him from being himself, making him become false, like I was, making him talk to no one, when all he wanted to do was speak to me. What were we doing at the lake anyway, what did he think in his little child mind it was all about. 'Go to the lake and watch mummy read her book', was that what his life consisted of.

I hate myself, I was so bad treating him so unlovingly. I had no idea, but that doesn't matter, it doesn't do anything to take these bad feelings away.

Bad, I am bad, I am a horrible spirit, I was a horrible mother, I shouldn't have had children when I couldn't give them all the love they needed. I reneged on the contract, I destroyed their truth and faith in me, their innocence I abused, I turned them against themselves - against me, for now he won't even speak to me.

He never had children of his own, how could he with a mother like me. And so he's so angry with me, and so he should be. It's so awful all that has happened, and I thought I loved him, loved him as much as any mother loved her child. But I didn't (crying again), I didn't. I want to cry forever, cry with the pain of not loving my child - guilty, that is what I am, that is what I plead. Lock me away, torture me, punish me, I have committed the greatest sin there is, done so much damage to one soul, it's unpardonable. I should not be allowed to live. I should perish, I am not worthy of life, I am foul, the most vile creature. I am very bad, and I will never feel better. And why should I, I should always suffer like I made him suffer. And I can see how he suffered, I couldn't see it before, I didn't relate personally to his life, his life was what he made it, it all being up to him, but now I can see that's not true, I can see it in my own life, in my own relationship with my parents.

I made his life be what it was, me and his father, we are the culprits, and we should pay the price of his pain, we should be made to suffer all he suffered by living the deprived life he lived.

And all because I wouldn't communicate with him, but it's more than that. I wouldn't give myself openly and freely to him, I wasn't there for him - with him, I was just a nothing thing, a thing reading a book, not a mother.

Argh, it's too much. Too much pain. But it's right, I should feel this way, worse, this is only the beginning of my accepting how badly I treated him and my other children. I'm only waking up to this truth now and only now are such feelings surfacing and being liberated within me.

How bad is it going to get, how much pain will I suffer... I can't go on, so much crying already, so much heartache, it was all such a waste, such a lonely time for him. His brother and sister weren't old enough to be his friends, and his father was always away working, and I was always too busy for him, what with all the housework, being pregnant most of the time, it was so hard on him, and me with a new baby, having to do it all by myself, it was all so wrong. How we did it all was all so wrong. Not like the natives who lived in communities all helping each other and having simpler lives, not all the meaninglessness we had in ours.

It was all so pointless, that I can see more clearly now. And we thought we were so important, and our children so special, and they *were* special, only we didn't relate to them with truth. We used them for our own selfish ends, we abused them, I was terrible to them.

Oh I feel so ashamed, so, so, bad. I can't believe I didn't see it, that I didn't wake up to myself. I was so blind, so shut-off to my real and true feelings. I was removed from myself, from all my children. I was so consumed with my own self-importance, always thinking about everything other than being with my children.

And I was *with* my children, all the time, but I wasn't *truly* with them, I wasn't giving my whole person to them, I was only part with them, and that part was mostly false. They didn't get to know me as I didn't get to know them, and yet I believed I knew them, but how little I did. It was such a surprise and such a shock when David said he didn't want to see me again. I didn't know what to do, what to say, I was dumbstruck. And all those horrible things he said to me, I'd thought he'd lost his mind, I didn't even take them seriously or personally to begin with. But now, now having to start to uncover the truth for myself, now I can start to understand. And I'm so sorry David for being such an arrogant prick. I was such a bitch, so arrogant, so full of myself, so unloving. He was right, all those things he said, they are true and I'm beginning to see why.

Oh I do wish I could go and see him and tell him how I'm changing, and how much I now think he is right. But I can't go up to the seventh, I have to wait until he comes to me... but will he, will he know that I'm no longer that evil monster called: his mother.

And we mother's think we're so great. We think that without us the whole world would grind to a halt. And yet look how we are, look what we do, we being the ones closer to our children. I carried David inside me, and yet I treated him as I did by the lake all the way through his life. I can remember, I had an easy pregnancy, I hardly even thought of the baby growing inside me. It didn't bother me, so I just got on as normal, hardly sparing a thought for David. I just thought I'd wait and see what comes out of me, a little baby who I can cuddle, love and adore. And I did, but all on my terms, all when it suited me, that I can remember.

Argh what a bitch I was, such an uncaring person. I didn't deserve him - any of them, and they got me, someone who really didn't want them. And it's true. I have to admit it, own up to it, bring it all out. I didn't want my children, I didn't. It was what you did: get married and have children. And you loved them as you looked after and cared for them, that was it, that was all, everything and everyone taking care of themselves.

I sure did miss the point. I missed out on so much. They had so much love to give, and

what did I do with it - rejected it. "Don't do that, don't touch that, don't say that - behave!" On and on I went, hurling endless 'don'ts' at them. No wonder he hates me now. I can't blame him, I deserve it. I need to be rejected. If I were him, I'd reject me.

Oh it's so bad. Everything is so bad - I feel so bad. I can't bear it. I hate it. I don't want to face all these bad feelings, I don't want to see the truth of them. I don't. I don't. I wish I could run away.

"Please forgive me David, my love, my child, my son. I am so sorry how I treated you. And I can't say I didn't mean it, because I did. I meant every bit of it, and I'm so terribly sorry".

Argh, the pain is so great. I wish it would destroy me, that I didn't exist. That is all I deserve. I was such a bad, unloving, uncaring mother - I was!

(6/8/10)

### **Alice - again. Fifth mansion world.**

Alice: I hate myself, I feel so ugly. I look at my face in the mirror and I'm ugly, all I see is ugliness. I am ugly, ugly, ugly, ugly. I don't like my hair, my nose, I have no chin, I'm too thin - ugly. I am ugly, not pretty or beautiful - ugly.

I hate myself, I feel so putrid, so ugly all through me. I can't stand myself, the sight of myself. It's so much better when I don't look in the mirror, and I wish I didn't care about my looks, but I do, and it's so annoying because I think about it until I look and then all I see is ugliness.

I long for the truth of why I am so ugly, why I see myself as ugly. Other people and spirits have said I wasn't that bad looking, not ugly, but I don't see what they see. All I see is putridness - ugliness.

I look in the mirror expecting to see someone beautiful, like how Audrey Hepburn was, and I get such a shock, because I don't see her, I see myself - ugly.

I want to know why I expect to see someone other than myself, someone else, not even myself. I want to know why I don't like myself, why I hate myself so much, and I do.

I hate all of me. I hate how I am, how I look, what I say, how I am with other spirits. I hate all of me, all of how I am. I hate myself so much I wish I would just go away, disappear, then I wouldn't have to inflict my ugliness on anyone.

I am nothing more than a blight on the world, I hate myself more than anything or anyone else. I hate everything about me. I feel so bad, so bad about myself. I have never felt good about myself - always I've hated my face, it's so ugly, no one wants to look at it. I don't know why spirits don't turn away when they see me, and it was same when I was on Earth - why didn't people turn away hating the sight of me?

I don't like myself, I don't like how I am, I don't like how I look, I don't like anything about me. I have longed for the truth of why and all I see is that was how my parents treated me.

They didn't like me, always telling me how bad I was. And my mother was always telling me I look so bad, so ugly "Your hair is a mess, it's so ugly, do something about it", and I would try but she was never pleased with it, she never said it was nice and good to look at, she always said whatever I did to it made it look even worse.

My parents hated how I looked, how I was, everything about me, and they told me so, all the time. Not a day went past when they would tell me in some way how much they detested me. They didn't love or like me, they never said nice things to me, only my granny said nice things to me when I was very little. She didn't say I was ugly, but my parents did.

My mother said I would never have any friends because no one would like me. And if they did then there'd be something wrong with them. My parents were my enemy, I was theirs, but why, why was I, what did I do to make them hate me so much. I'd like to know the truth of that.

I just had to work, always to do things for them. When we went to the relatives all the other

children were allowed to play, but I had to help. I had to make sure everyone had enough to drink and eat. I had to talk to all the oldies, I had to keep them company, I hardly ever played with the other children. And if I stopped doing what my parents told me to do, then they would growl and yell at me and I'd have to keep going. I never had any time to myself, I didn't even have my own room, having to share with my sisters, not even when I was much older. There was never any privacy and never any spare time, not that I was ever allowed to have any.

I feel so bad, bad about everything they said and did to me. I have always felt bad, they never made me feel good. Only when I was away from them. With one friend I was allowed to once stay at her house, and when I was allowed to go horse-riding, I did feel good. But it was such a short time.

I hate myself and I hate my parents. I hate myself because my parents hated me. That is how they always made me feel - that they hated me. I never felt loved by them, not even liked. It was always the same, day in day out, always their hatred of me.

I feel so weighted down by it all. I have never liked life. I've not had a good life. Nothing has gone right for me, it's all always made me feel bad. And how could it be anything for me when nothing during my early childhood made me feel good.

I hate myself. I hate myself more than I even hate my parents. At least today I do. Usually it's around the other way. Usually I hate them more than anything or anyone else. But not today. Today I hate myself more than anything else. I loath myself. I am such a bad spirit, I was such a bad person. I was so bad, because no one liked me. People used to like me, and you say you like me, but I am too bad - no one should like me. No one should like me because my parents said no one would like me.

I feel so deprived, I've never had any real friends. Some people said they did like me, but I couldn't accept their friendship because my mother said no one would like me, and if they did they'd be not right in the head. You have to not be right in the head to like me. I'm not likeable. I wish I could die permanently, not any of this waking up again and still being alive. I wish it would all end, that it all could be over. I don't want to live. I don't want to live not having any friends, having no one, always thinking everyone hates me, always thinking they hate everything I say, and always hating myself. I don't want to hate myself, I want to love myself. I want to see a nice face when I look in the mirror. I wish I didn't even want to look in the mirror - I wish I didn't care. I wish I didn't care about looks, my looks, or anyone else's.

But my mother said we always had to look good, even though she said I only ever looked ugly. But she made me wear the right clothes, our 'going out' clothes, our 'church clothes'. We always had to look so neat and tidy, as if that mattered in the world. She was such a snob. We didn't have money, but within our life she was a snob. We were better than everyone else, but I don't feel better any anyone else. I feel like I'm one of the worst of the worst, the lowest rottenest slime scum, a yuk nothing spirit, the same as I felt when I was a yuk nothing person.

It's true, I am a yuk nothing spirit, a ugly putrid yuk nothing. That is what I am. So I don't know why you're listening to me, what good things do I have to say. Don't listen, go away, leave me, you can't like me, there is nothing to like. I hate myself too much - and I hate you. I hate you listening to all my vile putridness, all this rubbish about myself. My mother made me feel like I was nothing more than rubbish, garbage, something that should be thrown out,

tossed on the tip, there for all the creatures to pick away. At least they might get something from me if they could bear to come near me. But they probably wouldn't, they'd avoid me because of my stink. My horrible smell would put them off, the same horrible smell my mother always said I smelt.

I hate her so much. I hate my mother more than I hate myself. Now I'm back to that. Hating her and hating myself. There is nothing else to say. I hate myself, I hate myself - that is my truth, that is the truth of me: hate. I hate, and I am to be hated. No love, only hate.

# Seventh Mansion world.

## Geoff. Seventh mansion world.

I'm missing myself. That's how I feel. I can only vaguely perceive it, but my healing has led me over all these years to see that about myself now.

And what I mean by it is that I am not a full person, in all my interactions I am not really present. I only exist through another person, by projecting onto them. I become them as it were, and then they lead and I follow. They are the one, the true one, the full one, I am the nothing one, not me, not myself. I have no self to speak - express. I can speak to other spirits if I feel I have something to say and that I think they would be interested in, something about the world for example, however I can't just speak about myself - about my feelings. I can't say how I'm feeling about the little things in life, whether I even feel good or bad, because I don't feel or believe there is anyone there - me - saying such things. It's like I don't really exist. And I don't believe anyone wants to listen to me anyway. My healing has shown me how much my parents and grandparents - how no one in my young life, wanted to listen to me, and wanted to *really* listen, wanted to know me. They wanted me to listen to them, but they didn't want to listen to me.

I was always nothing more than their audience, listen and watching them as they put on their show. Their life was a show, and provided I was captivated by them, or at least pretended to be, I was okay, they were happy with my being with them, even wanting me to be with them. But as soon as I said something that was about me, about how I was feeling, and especially if it was a bad feeling, they didn't want to know about me, they quickly shut me up, diverted my attention away from myself or simply made me stop whilst they got on with their show.

It was all, always all, for them, nothing for me. And so to sort of become someone, I had to sort of become them. I had to use them as they used me. I had to pretend they were me, or I were them, and so I have absorbed them becoming all they are, without having any of my true self present. I have put myself aside and become false, a false replica of them - and all of them rolled into one. And this has confused me, because being a compilation of them, I thought I was different to them, I thought I was real and true, and it's taken all these years to sort out this confusion only to discover that I am not a real and true person in my own right, but only one that exists because of them.

So I am bound to them. I can't give them up because I need them, I need them so I can exist. Without them I am nothing, I have no existence, I am a no one. So I can't leave them, I am not free of them and never will be, which gives me very bad feelings. To never be able to leave my mother and father, to never be a separate person in my own right. And even after all these years of working on myself, all these years of uncovering the truth of my false self, here I am, finally slowly beginning to get something of a feeling for not being a real person and being only them.

When I speak to my partner really I'm not speaking to her at all. Really I'm not actually speaking to anyone. I'm speaking to myself. It's as if I am my mother or father or one of my grandparents speaking to me, the young me, the little me who was their captive audience, and captive not by my own choosing.

I am not reaching out in my communication to her, wanting her to listen to me, wanting her to connect with me. I am not engaging her, making her answer me and listening for what I think should be something like her correct response; and if it's not, then asking why not, and wanting to sort out any miscommunication.

I want to be equal with her, but really I want her, expect her, demand her, need her, to be the boss, the leader, the adult person in my life as it always was. I want her to take over, I might start off saying something, but I want her to quickly step in and take over finishing off what I was going to say, just as they always did. It was always so easy that way, I got used to it, I didn't have to do much, I became lazy, I stopped trying to think things through and articulate all I thought and felt. There wasn't any point to it, what was the use when all I said was quickly taken by them and used so they could move onto the next part of their act.

I feel so disconnected from life, so much on the outer, like I can't get in, and everyone else is always having a good time of it, but I can't fathom what it is they enjoy so much and what it is that makes them feel good.

My partner says it's just their being together with each other, all respecting each other and connecting, sharing their feelings and thoughts and listening to each other, being genuinely interested in each other, and that is what makes life good and interesting and makes one feel happy.

But I don't get it. I don't feel happy, and for years now I've been expressing all the repressed misery and anger within me. But still I don't get it, still I don't feel loved or happy, or even good much. I feel a lot better than I used to mind you, but still not as good as some of the other spirits. And I don't want to feel bad anymore. I don't want to feel alone, so shut out and outside normal life. I want to have a true and proper relationship with my partner, let alone with everyone else.

I want to be able to connect with her, not have her there for company and because I need her to be my mother and grandmother substitute. I don't want to keep living all those negative unloving-of-myself patterns. I want to not feel so alone, I don't want to be speaking to walls. I want to think that all I feel and say is worthwhile and that someone wants to hear it all, someone wants to know me, and wants me to fully express all that I am. I don't want to feel shut away in my separate cupboard. I want to feel out in life, in full. I don't want to be this half or bit person, as if only half of me is functioning, is there. I want to be my whole self, not requiring the other person or spirit to make up the other half. I don't want to be so dependent on another spirit. I don't want to feel alive because they exist, I want to feel alive because I exist. And I want to feel all of myself and be able to express all of myself to another individual.

I want to be the true and whole me - me - nothing or no one else, just me. Is that too much to ask?



## **Ryan and Matilda. Seventh mansion world.**

Ryan: I'm so fed up with doing my healing. I'm sick and tired of feeling bad. God how I hate it. It's driving me crazy, I can't take it anymore, I feel so out of my mind half the time. So many years of continually feeling bad. On and on it goes, always feeling bad, always more to see, every tiny little bit has to be eked out of me.

How may more times do I have to see that mum and dad didn't love me. Shit I know it, okay God, are you listening Mother and Father, I get it, I got it from the first bad feeling and revelation of truth about it, and yet it still keeps coming. How much more is there to see?

Matilda: Obviously a lot more or you'd be in the Celestial spheres.

Ryan: I know, but when is it going to end. Over and over, endlessly repeating, all the same bad feelings, more misery, more anger, more of this endless complaining about how bad I feel and how nothing seems to change. Sure I see more truth, always more truth to see, and sure I've made progress, I'm here in the fourth plane of this Seventh world, but I'm tired of it, I feel like I'm tired to the core of me, every bone in my body is aching, I feel like an old man, like I'm braking down, and yet I'm not old in spirit years, I've only just begun my spirit life a mere eighty years ago, when some of the spirits have been hanging around the mansion worlds for thousands of years, and yet I feel like I can hardly move, I'm seized up with pain. I can hardly walk, my joints ache, I have endless headaches, I feel worse now in my spirit body than I ever did in my physical one, my head is always throbbing and I feel so bad - always feeling so bad.

Oh Mat, I'm sick of it. I can't go on. I thought it would be ending by now, the closer I came to the Celestial spheres the better I'd feel, but it seems like it's going to be right to the very end, my feeling bad right until the very moment of my transition into heaven proper.

And I can't wait. It's all I want. I do want to see all the truth of my negative state, but shit, how much more can there be to see.

Matilda: You still want an end, that's your problem. You're still looking to the future, you want it to end, you want it to stop, but it's not up to you, it's what your soul needs, what you need too only you don't understand that yet. It's what the Mother and Father know you need, so it will go on until you accept it in the moment.

I don't want it to end, I do of course, but not how you want it to. And I know it will end when the time is right, and when it does, then it will be over, and I will be how I am then and living how I will be living. I'm not always looking forward trying to imagine how it will be, not like you. I don't know how it will be, how can I. I can look at the Celestials, but I don't know how they feel, I'm not them. You have to accept it all, as you know, but you can only do that by speaking about it all.

Ryan: I know. So I am, this is what I'm doing isn't it? I'm speaking about how angry I feel

that it's not any closer to ending. I don't want to feel bad anymore. I want to whinge and complain, shit I feel like I'm about four, morking on to my parents about how bored I am, and they are telling me to do something, to find something to do, but what? What is there to do - I don't want to do anything. Nothing interests my anymore. I don't want to go into the mansion worlds for my entertainment, or even back to Earth to look at some beautiful nature before they ruin it all, I don't want to do anything other than be here with you. I don't even want to go and see anyone else. I only want to be here with you speaking about how bad I am feeling, like how I am now. This is it, this is me in my feeling-moment, in my bad feeling-moment complaining about it all yet again.

Matilda: So you still must be scared of something, not accepting yourself as you are. Why can't you accept yourself, and just allow the process take its course. You can't do anything to hurry it up, you can't do anything at all about it, that is what these years have shown us, it is a process and it happens all in due course. So what do you think is stopping you from accepting it? Accepting yourself?

Ryan: Oh I don't know. And I'm sick of having to try to work it out, having to try to express more bad feelings which I'm still not aware fully that I'm even feeling - even after all this time. I'm really fed up with knowing that I still have stuff within me that I'm not even aware of - that really gripes me.

Matilda: Why? You will all the way to end, we all do, so why does it bother you so much?

Ryan: It makes me really angry, it's still a power thing, that I don't have a say in it, that I'm at it's mercy, it all gets done to me and I don't have a say. Yes, that's it, that's it again, my still trying to have some power in my life, in my shit with my parents. I can feel it, I'm still fighting them and I want to hop over the battle - the bloody war I'm sick of - and end it all. I feel like I wish I could blow it all up, myself, my parents, the whole friggn world.

I want it all to end, and I want to end it. That part is new, that I want so much control that I want to be able to say: that is it, no more, it's over, I win, you loose. I want to be able to go to my parents and stop making them fight each other, God I hated it when they fought and they always seemed to be at it. And I want to stop them fighting me. I want to make them end it all, to give up or give in, to not be mean and unloving to me. Just to stop it. It's gone beyond my wanting them to love me, that I know will never happen, so now I want the whole rotten thing to end, to stop, no more - over!

And I want to be the one that has the final say. Oh yes, I admit it, yes I do. I want the final fucking say, shit is this what it's all about today. I can see it, and I admit it, I admit it to you Mat and the whole fucking world: I WANT TO HAVE THE FINAL SAY. And I want it because that is what they always had. They always had the final say over me. I always had to back down and lose. I had to always admit defeat. They won, I lost, that's it, the sum total of my whole stupid life. It's just been one long endless fight. It wasn't enough that I should actually die in combat fighting for my stupid rotten country, but here I am still fighting, fighting for my life against my parents.

I don't want to die, I don't want to be killed by the enemy, I want to kill, to kill my enemy,

my parents. I've seen that before, but still I can feel how desperate I am to have the final say, to get my way, to have my will over them. To come up, once and for all, and kill them. To be able to crunch them like they did me and feel that sense of power. I want to feel that power, to be the one in control, and in control over my controllers. To suddenly somehow summons up the will-power to stand up to them and punch them in the face with my words making them cower and feel scared and back down and give in and give up, just as they made me do.

That's it Mat, that's my truth for the day, that is what I want, I want the final say. Shit every time I say it I can feel how powerless they made me feel and how powerless I felt through my short life, and yet now I can also see how much bravado I had to put on to cover up my fears.

I thought I was the Great One, with my combat suit on, my M16, my grenades, all there ready to blow the Cong to bits. And shit what happens, but in my first encounter with them I get done - dead. I get it in the head and that's it all over for me. And there I am standing over my dead body in the jungle, looking at that neat little hole leaking blood out of it - out of my own fucking head.

What a fucking let down that was, the story of my whole life. Always being constantly let down by life because my parents always let me down. I couldn't get going, kill a few gooks, I couldn't even get used to the rush and sense of power one must get with kills under their belt and time in the killing zone. Not that I want any of that shit now, but that's how it was for me, I was a fucking failure, all the time. I was trained to be fighting man and I lost the fight in the first round, I didn't even get to see a face of the enemy. I was just dead - D.E.A.D! That's me, dead fucking meat, all because that was how my parents treated me. I was fucking dead at my conception, dead by the time I was born, I just dicked around pretending to be someone until I was dead a twenty-two.

I want the final last fucking say. And then I want it to be over. I don't want it to keep going, for me to have to keep trying to have the final say over and over. I want to kill them, for them to drop dead, never to bother me again, never to make me - little "Ryan junior" - feel scared.

I don't want to be any fucking junior, I want to be me, all of me and not some false shit that has lost so much of himself he doesn't even know what the fuck he is feeling.

I want to know what I am feeling all the time and be able to express it all the time. I want to be able to stand up to them, to look them both in the face, eye-to-eye, and tell them what I think of them, of how much I hate them and don't love them and how shit-lousy parents they were. And I want to go on and tell them all I have found out about my fucked relationship with them, all so they know, so they fucking well know all the pain they have caused me. I don't want to stop until it's all out, until I have said to them all these healing years of pain and anger and misery and guilt and shit I have told you Mat. I want to tell it all to them, and for them to take it all, to take it all back, all the shit they have caused me and put on me. And I want them to be speechless, I want to see the stunned looks on their faces and know they can't say anything because they know that all I speak is true - every last fucking word of it.

And I want them to just stay there, saying nothing, doing nothing, and I want them to know it's over, I am no longer their son, and I no longer want to have anything to do with them.

And I want to then walk right out of there, to turn my back on them knowing all the last ties between us have been severed. They have nothing on me, they don't love me and they know it. And they have to deal with their shit, with their guilt, and all the shit put on them by their

own parents.

And I want to walk right out of there, the movie is over, I won, I have said it all, I have told them all I feel, right to the core in me. And they listened to me because I had the power to make them listen, and they did, and they didn't say anything, not even sorry, because I don't need their fucking sorrys. I only need to win, to finally have my fucking say and for them to sit there and not move, not twitch an eyelid or I will blow them away. And I want them to be suffering, sweating it out, waiting until I have finished, knowing I am right and hurting.

I want to hurt them Mat. To hurt them so much. To hurt them as much as they hurt me. I want to give them all my hurt, I don't want it, I want to give it back to them, they can have it, they can have it all.

And I want to see it in their eyes, to see the pain and hurt showing on their faces as it has shown on mine, as you have seen it over all these years Mat.

I want them to see it and to know that I am serious, and that all I am saying is true, is the living truth, because I am alive, and not fucking dead, and I am right and they know it.

I want them to know it, that's what I want the most. To see it on their faces that they know I am right and they are wrong. For them to know that all they did to me was wrong. That all the love they believed we had together was wrong, false, shit, nothing but hate. I want them to see I don't love them, that I despise and deplore them - that I hate them.

I want them to know the truth Mat, as I have come to know it. THE WHOLE FUCKING TRUTH OF THEIR FIRST SON RYAN - RYAN FUCKING JUNIOR! I want them to know it all as I know it, and I want them to feel all the pain I have felt in uncovering it through my bad feelings, all those shit-rotten bad feelings they made me have, they caused in me.

And I want them to know it's over, that they can no longer make me feel bad, not in any way. That finally they don't have any power over me. That's what I want Mat. For them to no longer have any power over me. I want my own power, my own total power. Not all the false shit I used to think was power, but just my own true natural power, that which the Mother and Father have given me.

I want to feel the full truth and light and power of my natural love. And I want to feel free, free of their control over me. I no longer want to feel like I'm their little boy and they can do whatever they want to me.

I want to be my own man, be true to myself, true to my feelings. And I want to be able to say to them, it's done, it's over, you longer own me, I'm no longer your son, it's like you never had me. You had me, you fucked me up, you fucked up my chances of having a half-decent life, but now you don't have a say in my life. Now you don't have influence over me. You used to have all power over me and you abused me with it, but not anymore, now I have my own power, I have taken it all back from you, all that I lost.

So that's it Mat, that's all I want. I feel better now, thank God I've got a bit more out of me.

Matilda: That was great Ryan. It all sounded so right. It's the truest you've been in think, letting your feelings speak. It all came out so well.

Ryan: I felt good. I felt like I was growing in power as I was saying it, and as if I really was there with them saying it to them face-to-face. Not the actual words I might say to them, but the feelings of it all.

I can feel it more clearly now. I am still holding onto false power. I still feel I need to be strong enough to confront them, to have it out with them, and to make them see it my way, to have them agree with me and accept me. I want them to feel powerless, to see them cringing, backing down, feeling scared. That's what I want. I feel like I want to go and see them right now, but I'm not going to. I don't want to interfere in their lives, and besides, it won't do me any good because they aren't ready for all my shit. They don't want to see the truth of it all yet, so they wouldn't even know what I was speaking about. So I know I'm not going to get my way, but for now that's okay, I don't feel like I need to, all I need to do is say it all, say it all to you Mat.

So thank you once again Mat for listening to me. I don't know what I'd do without you. Your helping me, prompting me, it always leads me somewhere, and look at all this shit.

But I'm still feeling angry. Deep anger, really deep down inside me. I'm still feeling furious that they don't want to listen to me, that they won't allow me to tell it all to them. To be able to express myself freely to them, no matter what I say, even if it's telling them I hate them and don't love them and know they don't love me.

But there's nothing I can do about that. I have to keep speaking about it I guess. I feel so angry that they had so much power over me Mat, it was so unfair. I hardly got a look in, they were always so domineering. I joined up thinking that being taught how to fight would help me become a man, become more powerful - be able to stand up to them I guess. I've never thought about it in that light before either. Still more coming out Mat - always more.

Matilda: Keep going Ryan, don't stop now.

Ryan: I signed up to be an American Fighting Man, a combat soldier, to kill goons, all so I could have some power. I felt so important on parade. My parents were there, I felt they were so proud of me... it was all shit.

What a waste of a life. All because they made me feel so powerless. If only I'd known then what I know now. But that's not how it is, is it. It's about living all the shit and then one day uncovering the truth of it. So I'm uncovering it. And I guess I needed it all to happen so I could see what I'm seeing about myself now. One hell of a trip, that's something you can say.

Matilda: It sure is.

Ryan; I do feel a lot better, like I've cleared those bad feelings from me. Now what's next, that's how I feel about it. I don't mind it now all so long as it keeps going. I no longer feel as bad as I used to feel all those years ago. I like the feeling of progressing, I hate it when I'm not doing anything, not moving forward in truth. Which before you say anything, I can see is all because my parents were the same, never sitting still for a moment, always had to be doing something. So long as you were doing something you were okay, you weren't needing them, that's how they wanted it. So long as I was doing something I didn't need their attention, they didn't need to worry about me, work out what I was to do next. So I'm the same. Thank God I didn't have kids, I'd have put all that shit on them, I'd have made them do all those meaningless things, all those same things I hated. All your kids had to do it because they were "American kids". Oh shit what a fucked society we grew up in.

Matilda: You can say that again.

Ryan: Ain't you going to say anything else?

Matilda: No.

Ryan: What a shit eh? It was all so fucked. What a miserable god-dam fucked life. It was shit, all shit, all so wrong. How many things have we seen about our lives that were wrong. The list is endless, day after day, year after year of seeing more wrong things we did. It couldn't have been any worse.

Matilda: No, it couldn't. We were evil, right to the core of us. All the abuse of nature, and of our own natures. All those drugs I took all to make me feel good, to kill my bad feelings - you talk about a waste of a life.

Ryan: I'm so thankful we're here now, in the light, well, more in it than we were.

Matilda: I am too, it's been a remarkable journey so far Ryan, still more to go yet.

Ryan: Yeah, I know, I won't forget. But it's true, isn't it, I do want the final say.

Matilda: You do, I think we all do. We all started off so far behind the eight-ball. None of us, not even our parents had the say over their parents. They had it over us because it was easy, we couldn't fight back, and we were all they could have it over.

Ryan: Some power, being able to control little children - what sort of power is that?

Matilda: Something very bad.

Ryan: Yeah.

Matilda: Evil, that's what we are. An abomination created by the Mother and Father - living evil. And all for what? What is it all for? What are we to see?

Ryan: I guess we'll see it when we're there. We are seeing it, it's all of this, all of this shit about our relationships with our parents and how unloving they were.

Matilda: Yes, it is.

(9/8/10)

Joaline, yesterday at work three disabled children came to catch fish - to be assisted in catching them. And as I was doing my bit being with them, it brought up many of my old questions in regards to having such a life, which we touched on with the spirits telling me of their experiences earlier in the book, but having never asked a spirit about such things, would you mind if I asked you now?

Joaline: Not at all.

It's mainly about 'quality of life' and something that was in *The Urantia Book*, to the effect (I can't exactly remember not having read the book for years so I'm probably making it up) of a mature or advanced humanity being one that deals with such dysfunctional people by euthanising them as soon as a problem is known that shows they will not be able to live a 'normal' life. Normal in our negative life terms, being a very relative term.

I won't go into all my thoughts and confused feelings about it, preferring to hear what you say.

Joaline: I understand what you're asking James. I'm not an expert on such things, however I have had many thoughts on the subject for obvious reasons, so will tell you a little of what I know.

*The Urantia Book* is speaking very generally, and intellectually one can understand what it's saying, and that sounds all very well, however it does bring up other points and issues to be considered.

So far as perfecting the species, it would make sense to eradicate all deformities when they arise - natural selection and all that you know of it. However it's not always as easy as that, and surely must come down to the personal level, what everyone involved feels about it. However to do that properly everyone would first need to be of a perfect mind and will, something you are not. And something you can't possibly understand what would be like as your whole society and culture and approach and attitude to life would be very different. And possibly being of a perfect mind and will, and also understanding about spirit life, one would be more readily able to choose to let the deformed individual go with love and blessings, knowing such a person would be restored to perfection in the spirit worlds there to grow up living a more normal life.

And then before you might even get to this point, one might consider that were humanity perfect and true, then no such deformities may occur because all such things come about owing to the interaction of the incoming soul and its parents.

I don't know, as I have not studied or visited such a world, whether such deformities and disabilities would still occur as a natural expression of nature, even if people were perfect and true, you'd have to ask higher spirits than I James. And I don't know how I would feel and what I would think about it now I am perfect and true and were I to have children that were

born with such problems. I can't put myself in the situation as to what I might do or not do because I haven't lived it, and as you're finding out, there's really no point with nothing being gained, trying to imagine things about yourself, because you can't possibly know how you'd be were they to happen.

It's a very big subject James, this you can appreciate, and one that you will change your relationship with as you evolve in truth. Being so entrenched in the negative, one can't take the line that it would be right or wrong to kill such individuals at the earliest convenient time, for there is no simple answer because how you see and relate to everything is wrong and subjected to much confusion not relating to yourself truly. So by not being true to yourself or to your feelings, you can't possibly relate truly to such individuals knowing what might or might not be best for them.

Personally by looking back at my own negative experiences, I would suggest that the more options available the better, that people should be free to do as they feel, being free to terminate such disabled people's lives should they want it, or should the disabled person want it, were they of sufficient mind to make such a choice. And with such experiences, all who are involved would need to speak endlessly about all they felt seeking the truth of all their feelings, good and bad ones, so in the end when the decision is made, then at least everyone feels they have said all there is to say about it.

Life shouldn't be about imposing laws and restrictions, it should be about maximising life experience, however that's not the way of the negative, which seeks to limit and destroy life experience, thereby closing the doors on the avenues to growing in truth.

And then within the negative, or with all the negative has to offer, as you understand all that experience no matter how horrendous and how much pain and suffering is involved is extremely valuable (and some spirits might even put forward an argument of it being more valuable because of it's current rarity in Creation), so the fact that you don't terminate such individuals lives early doing all you can to keep them going, just as you do with your own self-denying lives, means in some situations more pain might have to be endured in the short-term, yet pain that will ultimately lead to truth. Some disabled people, as Marion was telling you this morning of her experiences working with them, feel very good within themselves, and don't feel they are suffering as you might imagine they would be, all because of the care and loving attention (love being relative to what love is and can be in the negative) they have received since their birth. Such children and adults as she said, had very strong wills and were very self-confident, and no doubt wouldn't like their life terminated, whereas normal or abnormal children and adults who didn't receive such care and loving affection might feel death is a more favourable option, just as you both have wished for at times.

And also, what about it from the carers point of view. A lot of people feel they have gained a lot by working with and caring for disabled people, and so would be denied such experience were there no such people needing such care.

But all of this is hypothetical and does it really serve any purpose? I don't know, that's for you to work out for yourself James. And as always, it all comes down to what God and your soul have in mind for you, and really there is nothing you can do about it. Which in turn brings us back to our own feelings and whether or not we choose to express them. Because if we don't then we're all disabled and dysfunctional not being able to use our feelings to grow in truth. So even what being disabled and dysfunctional means can be seen in a relative sense.



And as there is no time really, not so far as the time the Mother and Father give you to gain all the experiences you need to live so as to grow in truth, then you can live a totally dysfunctional truth-denying life on Earth and for many years in spirit, before you begin to wake up and see the light.

So James, I don't know that I have been of much help to you in this, and there's not much more I can say. Also I don't want to go into it any deeper for I don't want to impose myself on you in this area by possibly limiting, interfering or prejudicing your experiences and so the truth that will come to you. And I'm sure you don't need me to tell you, however I would strongly suggest you keep speaking about it all - all you feel, with Marion.

I will. And thank you for your comments. I can relate to all of what you've said. And slowly I'm coming to understand that as much as I might like to sum everything up and have everything in it's proper place, that's not what life is about, that is only what my grandmother thought it was about and imposed on me. Life being far more dynamic and creative.

Joaline: What you might find of help James, is to consider all the feelings you feel when being with such individuals, for how you were treated caused you to feel very dysfunctional and disabled, though not so much physically. But emotionally and in your ability to express yourself and your feelings, really you need to see yourself being confined to a wheel chair with all but everything having to be done for you.

I do! Marion has had to walk me through all my feeling expression, through virtually every aspect of life. I have felt very crippled and retarded in it all. I was saying to her this morning that I couldn't work with one of the disabled people as their carers were, because I feel I identify too much with them, they are too close to the bone, I keep putting myself in them trying to imagine what they are feeling - and just how bad they *must* be feeling, something which I can't possibly know and might be totally wrong about. Most days I feel so bound up, as if my legs are bound together and I can hardly walk, and then I feel strapped into my pusher or pram or high-chair or whatever it was, so unable to move about freely doing whatever I want to do. My body is wracked with aches and pains and one day working at the Fishing Park requires two days rest to get over it.

Joaline: All of which is helping you to feel through your body, just how emotionally and spiritually crippled you were. Just how much your parents stopped you from freely expressing yourself in these areas. You may as well have been strapped into such things through all your forming and later childhood life James, for that is what your parents did to you on these levels. And as you felt this morning, you couldn't speak, you didn't want to be alive, you couldn't relate to yourself or Marion, and all you could do was carry on using your mind fantasising about something that has no relevance or bearing on your life.

Yeah I know, it was meaningless, about some business idea to do with caring for other people, yet I couldn't stop myself thinking about it. It was an incredible experience, to be so consumed by such things in my mind, so absorbed, even to the point of having imaginary conversations with people as if they were happening in real-time, all whilst staring out the

window with Marion sitting opposite me telling me about her bad feelings.

I'm going to make lunch now Joaline. Thank you and I'll carry on with the other spirits after it.

## **Lucy and Sam. Seventh mansion world.**

Sam: It's all His fucking fault.

Lucy: I agree, He's a real fucker. How fucked can you be, creating such a beautiful world as Earth and then making us - humanity - become evil. What did something so pure and beautiful as nature do to deserve us.

Sam: What did we do to deserve all the pain and suffering we've been through?

Lucy: I'm so angry with the Mother and Father, how dare They create me to have such a shit life. I don't want to feel all these bad feelings, I hate them, I'm sick of feeling them, and yet that's all They seem to want me feeling.

I hate you God, you pricks, you unfeeling, uncaring selfish pricks. How can you make something so pure, so beautiful as nature, and then set us about destroying it. And we mostly don't even know where're doing it, we can't help how we are, They made us be our evil selves. They made our parents fuck us up, They fucked up our parents. They are in control of everything, They want it as it is, and we all have to suffer.

But what really gets me, and I hate Them for it, is it's the innocent that suffer the most. Like nature. Look at all those innocent animals, all those lab rabbits and rats and mice and monkeys that are getting used, chopped up whilst still alive, strapped up with painful solutions being dripped in their eyes making them go slowly blind, and they can't do a thing about it. We are so cruel, imagine yourself being strapped up and experimented on, I can't begin to think what it must be like, the pain, so much pain, and you're so powerless, you can't escape and do what you'd normally want to do; and those people doing it, how shut off from their feelings are they.

Really those people are treating the rabbit how they were treated, only they don't understand that yet - YET!, as they will one day. And then how bad will they feel. Thank God - and it's bizarre that here I am now thanking the Mother and Father - for not making me do something so cruel as that, hurting such little innocent creatures and all with no feeling, all to gain power, to make money or something like that. And yet God fucked me up, They gave me a shit life, only I don't have to suffer even more by having been cruel to nature. I didn't hurt any creatures directly, I only used all the products that were experimented on them by other people to make them safe.

We are an abomination, and who has made us that way? WHO? The Mother and Father have, no one else. We did it to ourselves, we've become that way because of Them, because They wanted us to, and why? Why have They wanted us to pervert our own nature so much, to live completely against all that is good and true, to live completely against ourselves - against our own love. Why? Why have They made us be so bad, and why do They keep making us be so bad? Why, that is what I'd like to ask Them.

I am so angry, seething with rage and I want to hit Them, rip Them apart, tie Them up and

put acid in Their eyes. If only I could get my hands on Them, I'd make Them suffer, make Them pay for all our suffering, for all I've suffered.

Shit, fuck, I feel so bad about it all. I can't get those pictures of those little rabbits we saw yesterday when we went to the Earth plane out of my mind. And it's all so meaningless, that we can see now for ourselves, we were like those people, those scientists who think they are doing such a great thing for the world, for the people, 'advancing medical science', and for what, when all humanity's illnesses and diseases only come about because of how badly we're treated during our forming years. So it's all a waste, were they to do their childhood repression healing and see how uncaring and unloving they are; were they to feel the pain they are inflicting on those innocent creatures, then they'd soon stop being what they are, and then maybe humanity might be able to make some progress in the right direction.

But no matter what way you go, it all comes back to the Mother and Father. They are the fuckers who are fucking up everything. And They've been making us fuck ourselves up for aeons, so many zillions of people, so many fucked up souls, look how many there are of us in the healing worlds - zillions of us, and then there are mega zillions more in the mind worlds still to do their healing. And then billions more on Earth, and millions more to come. When is it ever going to end, Earth the torture planet, one big heaving hell.

And to think all that Christian shit about hell, and: "if you're bad and a naughty little girl you will go to hell", god what shit. And all that shit keeps it all going, and those Christians can't help themselves, they have no idea they are all already living in hell and every day they are members of their faith they are cementing themselves deeper into their pain. No one understands how they are going the wrong way, only God, the fuckers, all because They want us to and They don't want anyone to see the truth. They don't want anyone to love, to feel loved. They want all those people and mind spirits to keep going denying themselves any true good feelings, living on deluding themselves they are feeling good and loved, that they feel wanted and can be happy in the world.

It's all such crap, what rot, what a lie, what bullshit, and we can't do anything about it. We're so powerless. And then we're told we can heal ourselves, and that takes years of more fucking agony and misery. And so thank you very much "our all-loving Father and Mother", You put us in the shit and then You tell us we can get ourselves out of it. But it's not a matter of saying I want out and out you come, you've got to slog your way through years of pain and anguish fighting for every scrap of truth.

The whole thing couldn't be more fucked. It's rotten, we're rotten, it is how we are - how God has made us all to be.

Shit I hate Them. I hate You Mother and Father, I hate You both with all my heart. Every cell and light-fibre in my body hates Them. Every circuit hates Them. I can feel my rage at Them. All I want to do is tell Them how They are the cruel ones, They are the evil ones, They are not all-loving, that's all crap, They are totally unloving, totally rotten, horrible, nasty Parents.

I hate Them. I hate Them and I don't care if They strike me down, They've already struck me down, They got my parents to do that. My fucking two miserable parents who believed they did such a good job loving me. They certainly did do such a good job loving me, totally fucking me up. And those two poor souls are still married, and married to the bloody church, can you believe that, they stayed together reuniting once they were both in spirit, such a lovely

romantic story my parents, with all the church celebrating that Satan didn't corrupt the love they had for each other during their 'Passage of Separation'.

What shit, I can't believe they still go for all that crap. When I visited them last, they seemed like two good little children, doing all they are told, behaving all very nicely. And it was: "the church says this, the church does that, the church wants us to..." and it went on and on - they are so fucking blind. They didn't even see me, not how I am now. I felt like I wanted to blast them with my light, let them have it, bore down on them, make them suffer for all they did to me.

But I couldn't. I listened like a benevolent parent saying "that's very nice, I'm so glad you are both so happy, and still married, isn't it wonderful...". Actually I didn't say all that shit, I didn't say anything. They didn't want me to talk, they only talked. I sat and listened and thought to myself: this is the truth of my relationship with them, this is how it was for me. They didn't give a shit about me, they were only concerned about themselves and their beloved church. Their church meant more to them than their children. All they wanted to do had to be seen to be good in the eyes of the Pastor. The poor sods, wait until they get the fucking call from their soul and it all starts falling apart, all the disillusionment they will suffer. And all because God wants them to. They are not going to be able to reconcile that one: that God wants them to suffer, that their church is shit and false and means nothing to anyone once you start living for and with the truth. Glad I won't be around to hold their little hands, a lot of pain is going to be coming their way once their little fantasy ride with THE CHURCH is over.

But even them I feel sorry for. It's not their fault, they have no idea, they think they are doing what God wants them to do, and they are, well and truly, only not in the way they believe.

What fools we all are, it's all so bloody humiliating, you feel so bloody stupid so often, having been made to feel so stupid as a child and then waking up to all your stupidity. I can't blame my parents, they are stupid ignorant people. All they said I was, all they yelled at me about when I was young, was all they are. They were only saying those things about me because they were talking to themselves, "it takes one to know one" and ain't that the truth! - it was what they were told by their parents.

And yet I want to kill them, blame them for everything they have done to me, all the trauma they have made me suffer, and I want to blame the Mother and Father as well. I'm so stuffed full of bad feelings, so much hidden in me still waiting to come up. I want to blame them all, my parents, my Parents, everyone.

I want to yell at them all, just as I yelled at my children. I did to them what was done to me, nothing more. There wasn't anything more for me to do. So I'm just as bad as my parents are, my children will be wanting to shit all over me, and so they should, and I hope they do soon. And if they want to come and visit me, wanting to tell me I was such a hateful unloving selfish mother, I will agree with them - because I was. I am, I still am. I haven't healed myself. But I can tell you I wouldn't be sitting with them telling them all how great I am and how great my life in the fucking church is, and how great the church is with all its billions of followers, more than it had on Earth. I'd be sitting there listening, sympathising with them, encouraging them to say it all, to go for it, to tell me what a fucking shit-awful evil mother I was, the worst of the worst. I would agree, for it's true, my healing has shown me that.

So I hate my parents, I hate our Parents, and I hate myself. I hate it all. I hate all my life. My healing has taken care of that. All that I thought I loved about it, all I thought I enjoyed, I now hate. My healing has shown me how it was all false, all false love and false enjoyment, all with my trying to get and have some power in it, all trying to gain love to make myself feel better. It was all shit. All wrong, a useless waste of time. Only it wasn't a fucking waste either as look what it's all done for me. All my bloody misery and pain has helped me see the truth of my evilness, and that's something. I do feel so much better for it. And so it's back to those Two Fuckers Who Are One - my Heavenly Mother and Father, and that perhaps it is all good, for how do I know.

I'm only a no-one spirit in the seventh Earth mansion world, I'm not even a Celestial yet, so what the fuck would I know, other than it's all crap - I'm all crap. And so for all I know, perhaps it is all good, and when I'm healed I will think it was all so wonderful all because I am so filled with love and God's Divine Love, and so much light and all that truth. And then I'll agree with Mary and Jesus, and all the rest of them saying to all the fuckers like myself coming up the mansion worlds, "It's all good, really it is. Your feeling like shit, like the scum of the Earth, is all good, it's a wonderful experience, you can believe me, I know, I was like you, a rotten piece of stinky shit, and now I'm a spirit of light and life beaming with radiant joy and happiness all over the place. So just keep going, the feeling-expressing thing does work. And hate God as much as you can, for in the end when you are all healed then you'll love Them. Them you'll be so grateful to Them for giving you such a shit life, and for torturing all those poor little rabbits. Oh you'll feel so good you made them go blind, I mean you won't feel good about that, but you'll feel so good having healed yourself of all your pain and torture, having healed yourself of you being the little rabbit in the hands of your cruel unloving parents. You'll feel only of love. And we'll all be able to be all chummy and all that true Christian love will be able to ooze out all over place, and..." Oh please make me stop Sam before I puke it all up - all that love, so much love.

Sam: Don't stop, keep going. Puke it all.

Lucy: I hate Them, I still hate Them. I wish I could go to Them and "let them have a piece of my mind". That was one of those shit things my mother used to say. Fuck she said some shit useless waste of time things. She only ever said it, never acted on it. Never acted on anything unless it was Pastor Jim telling her to do it for "Our Lord".

Our Lord, how fucked are we, if only those stupid Christians could get it through their thick skulls that it is all Our Fucking Lord's fault that we're in such a shit mess. That they are even Christians and way off beam being so fucked, so very fucked for defiling Jesus in the way they do, is all God's doing. And here is Jesus, busy with so many spirits that do know him personally, he's here with us, speaking to us, helping us, and we can speak to him and Mary, and all those billions of spirits like my parents are so happy in their church only dreaming of seeing him, and mum would wet her pants if he suddenly appeared to her. Talk about Rapture, dad would be out the window in a flash if Our Lord clicked his fingers and called him to his side.

It's all so fucked. Shit I can zip down to the second mansion world in a matter of moments from here, and there they are, my parents. I can even bring them up on the video scanner and

watch and listen to them without leaving my living room. And yet they can't go anywhere, they can't come and see me, they are a million miles away from me even if they wanted to come. I'd have to go to them. And yet we all live in the mansion worlds with their concept of spirit and heaven and Creation being vastly different to mine. I'm striving to heal myself as the beginning leg of my journey to Paradise. They are still wanting our Our Lord to come and take them to the Promised Land, somewhere in spirit they don't know about. And yet all about them in spirit is what they don't know about. I'm only a few worlds in truth higher than them, but we are light-years apart. They don't have any understanding about the Divine Love, they haven't even received any of it even though they spend so much time praying to The Lord.

I am sure glad the Mother and Father had other things in mind for me, and I got out of all that Our Lord shit early on. And yet who am I to judge. It might end up being the best thing for my parents to be in the church as they are. No, IT WILL be the best thing for them. It is the best thing for all of us as we are, even in our fucked states. You can feel it, even as fucked as it all is.

I can feel that my life was and is perfect for me. My fuckedness is perfect, just want I wanted, but shit here I go again, turning it all around. I'm so happy I've had such a shit life, see, it happens all the time, each time I start to feel a bit better. Now I am grateful to the Mother and Father for giving me such a shit life - how fucked is that.

It's all so all over the place - I'm so all over the place. One moment I'm feeling like strangling Them, next I'm so grateful to Them, shit it was just that with my parents, I can remember that. They would make me so angry, piss me off no end, and the arguments, and I didn't want to go to church, it was so dull and boring and the fucking Pastor kept looking at me with that look in his eye and it scared me, but how could I tell them he wanted to get his hands down my pants, and fuck him, no way was I going to let him play with me for the love of Our Lord. He could play with those other girls but not me, and for all I fucking know he was probably fingering and fucking my mother all the way to the altar, and my father thought the light shone out of his arse.

And then when I said I would go to church, oh they were so nice to me, and everything was perfect and all so sweet and we were such a happy loving family, all because I was bloody doing what they wanted. And then as soon as I said no again, they turned on me, called me all sorts of wicked names - oh my parents were ever so 'Christian', especially to their own daughter.

Fuck, fuck, fuck, I hate it all. I still hate them, and Them, now I'm feeling so angry again. Up and down, one moment feeling bad, next feeling good, then bad again, it's a fucking roller-coaster of emotions. Did you like going on the roller-coaster Sam?

Sam: Never went on one until I was dead. Then I went and rode them up front from the Earth plane, not a bad buzz.

Lucy: I loved them, I wasn't scared, I was defiant, it wasn't going to make me scared. And I even wished it would come off the rails and we'd go sailing off through the air, a long airborne snake, and I'd be saying my payers screaming out to My Lord to save me, and He would, and everything would be so good and we'd all be so much in love with God, because He showed us He cared for us, when it was all such shit as He didn't give a shit, making us all suffer

having to get our kicks in our shit-boring church-filled and dominated lives by riding the 'coaster'.

Fuck, fuck, fuck. You have no idea still Sam of how intolerably boring my 'decent' churchgoing life was. It was horrendously boring. I wouldn't wish it on anyone, and I'm so glad I didn't subject my children to it. Thank God I was free of it by the time they came along. Thank you Mother and Father for not making me subject my children to that shit-awful religion.

But then again, what would it have mattered. I subjected them to shit knows how many other bad things, it all being what God wanted. And is one evil thing worse than another - who knows; is the church worse than any other manmade artificial mind structure - I don't think so.

I hated it, yet so many love it, so who am I to can it. It's there serving a good purpose giving all those poor deluded souls what they believe they need. And why do I keep calling them poor. They are no more poor than anyone else. It's only that I see myself above them now, and so they are poor - those poor misguided people and spirits, here am I guided and superior.

It never fucking ends Sam, you just keep seeing more bad things about yourself and about the whole fucking thing.

Sam: Yep, that's the idea. You've got to see it all, it's all got to come out.

Lucy: But fuck me, how much is all. Yeah well I can't do anything about it can I, other than keep speaking about it all.

Sam: No, you can't. Keep on telling me all the shit feelings you're feeling. Surely you must still be angry with the Mother and Father, there must be more you can say to Them.

Lucy: Probably, but I can't be fucked now. I think I've said it all for the time being. I feel so tired, it's hard work trying to bring it all up. I feel exhausted, right to the core of my being, and not because of today, because of my whole existence. I've felt tired right from the beginning, all those early years having to fight my parents trying to stand up for my rights. And then right the way through my life. And I'm still fighting. I feel fucked, too tired to go on, too tired to utter another word. I should shut up, I wish I could shut up, but I can't.

I'm so tired, I feel like lead weights are in my head, or in my mind somewhere, weighing me down... shit I feel exhausted. But I don't feel like resting or lying down. No, I don't know what I feel like. I don't think I feel angry anymore. Hey, would you like to go down to the Earth place tomorrow and ride one of those roller-coasters that does the big loop, I've never done that.

Sam: Yeah sure.

Lucy: Good, that'll no doubt bring up a few more forgotten memories, and more bad feelings.

Sam: And maybe we can drop in and see your folks, do a few prayers with them, you know,



for all that loving family shit.

Lucy: Maybe we can go see your old man in Sex World and see who his latest root is. And see if you mother has been able to drag herself away from those one arm bandits and the roulette wheel in Gambling World.

Sam: Na, no hope there, I don't think she'll ever leave those machines, they are her life-line. Maybe we should leave them all alone.

Lucy: That would be wise. And anyway that's a sick joke, they are poor fuckers just like we were. And one day they'll be here working their way through their healing.

Sam: Yeah, you're right, my still wanting to gain power at someone else's expense.

Lucy: You should talk more about that.

Sam: But like you, I don't feel like it at the moment. I feel tired to, I'm aching all over. I want to have a rest. How about a walk in a forest, someone on Earth where man has not encroached.

Lucy: If there is such a place.

Sam: I'll look it up and see if there is.

Lucy: All right.

(Later)

Lucy: Well this certainly is not what I was expecting Sam.

Sam: We're off the south coast of Tasmania in a kelp forest.

Lucy: I've never seen anything like it. It's incredible. What are these things...

Sam: Kelp. This is one plant, see, these are its leaves, not bad having a thirty foot leaf. And these little things are what keeps it afloat, their filled with gas, air I guess, and they keep the leaf going up, and this down here, this is called its 'holdfast' that keeps it anchored to the rocks, it doesn't have roots in soil like plants on land, and it absorbs all the food it needs through its leaves taking the nutrients directly out of the water. And other than it's a seaweed, that's about the extent of my knowledge about it, oh, other than it's eaten sometimes. I don't know if this particular kelp is...

Lucy: Isn't it wonderful how it all sways and waves in the current. You can just let yourself

go being enveloped by it, it's so beautiful. I'm so please you brought me here Sam, have you been here before?

Sam: No, looked it up on the info screen. I was trying to find something to do with forests that hadn't been too interfered with my man, and pictures of this came up. It's still heavily interfered with, not as many fish and lobster as the picture suggested, unless we're here in the wrong season.

Lucy: There's an old cray pot over there stuck in that crack in the rocks. But look how it catches the light, all the rays of light penetrating the water, it's so magnificent. All such beauty and we're such idiots not to appreciate it. All we want to do it wreck it, make money out of it in some way. I do wish humanity would change.

Sam: It's not up to us though, we can't do anything. Some people have been trying for years, and a little gain is made here and there only to see other areas denuded - you know how it is. Come out deeper, there's something else I want you to see. It - they - should still be around if we're lucky, we're in their home range.

Ah, there, over there, can you see them... let's get closer.

Lucy: Those dark shapes you mean... they're big.

Sam: Yes, that looks like them... yes, you can see the white and black.

Lucy: Killer Whales Sam! I've never seen any in the wild. Wow, look, and a baby one, two baby ones, that one can't be very old.

Sam: No.

Lucy: Oh how gorgeous... I wonder if they can sense us spirits like some of the animals and birds can.

Sam: I don't know, go closer if you want to.

Lucy: No, here's close enough, I don't want to scare them if they can. Aren't they magnificent Sam, so strong, so majestic, so powerful, and those teeth; and look how alert they are, that wonderful eye, you can tell so much by the eyes can't you. Thanks Sam, what a surprise.

Sam: Let's follow them and see what they do and where they go.

Lucy: It's so terrible. Look at such a magnificent creature the Mother and Father have created, and yet here we are, complete abominations which They have also created, and all we do is hunt and destroy such beauty. We kill it for no good reason, all because we can. All so we can have some feeling of power, we the great hunter can have our way over nature, over

the beast, and yet all because we were made to feel so powerless as children. No other reason, powerlessness.

Shit I have hated feeling so powerless. I hate still feeling it when such feelings come up in me. It's so bad to be treated so unlovingly by your parents and told that's love and yet all you feel is unloved and powerless. If only we felt loved and had all our natural power, then we wouldn't want to go around slaughtering such magnificent creatures as these. We could just love them, leave them alone, leave them free to live their lives how they want to live them. And who knows, they might not be so afraid of us, maybe all animals would lose their fear of us if we didn't make them scared of us.

We don't need to kill them. We don't need to eat meat. I can feel this now as a truth, even though I'm a spirit and we don't need to eat anything.

But we don't, humanity doesn't, it only believes it does, all part of the evil. So imagine if no one killed anything, if there wasn't any need to, if no one needed to use nature to gain power or to survive. Imagine if people could live off the pure spirit energy like we do. And I don't see why not, surely that is where the human form is supposed to evolve to - or eating just a few fruits, seeds and nuts. Wouldn't it be so good to see everyone on Earth living with love, being of love, and loving everything. Loving themselves, each other and all creatures. No one doing anything to anyone or anything else to make them feel bad. All children coming into the world feeling perfectly loved and wanted, and not one child feeling rejected, alone, unwanted and unloved. Not like all of us.

Imagine if the whole of humanity was the very opposite to how it is now. If it was all positive minded and willed and so all-loving with everyone living true to themselves and their feelings all growing and progressing in truth.

Wouldn't that be wonderful. And I wonder what our relationship with the creatures would be like. Imagine being able to go up to and be with these whales without them feeling scared of you. That would be fantastic. No fear anywhere on the world. I know you and I Sam will be long gone, well on our way to Paradise and all healed by then, but shit it would have been nice to have lived on such a nature-rich world loving and being loved by all the other animals. And to live in with all the beautiful plants, to see the Earth rich in forests and full of light, not the dull old thing it is now. I wonder if humanity will ever heal itself completely. I know that's the plan and the idea, but it's so hard to imagine. I can't begin to see how it might happen or how people might be then living on Earth.

Sam: Once we're in the Celestials, and if we get to see some other planets, we might get something of an idea.

Lucy: All so long as they are not corrupted by the Rebellion. It is such a nice dream Sam, such a nice thought, to think that one day it might come about. Imagine how much work humanity is going to have to put into re-making the world. I doubt it will ever be how it was, but still, it can be a beautiful world, if only we want to be that way.

Sam: Imagine if the majority of people were to come to understand about healing one's soul, do it, and then live on Earth as Celestials in flesh. Then surely you'd see some big changes.

Lucy: Yes, it is good to hope it will all come to pass, but not during our time Sam. Come on, let's get back home. It's all very well, but it's all so very depressing. I don't want to see anything bad happen to these whales whilst we're watching them. I want to remember them as we've seen them, they seem happy enough.

Sam: Okay, do you want me to lead, or shall we go separately?

Lucy: No, I like you leading. I'll hold your hand, I like doing it that way too.

Sam: Okay... let's go...

(10/8/10)

### **Ralph. Seventh mansion world.**

I fight, and I fight my partner trying to break her, trying to make her back down - trying to win. The arguments happen occasionally when it all gets too much for me. I'm not good at acting on my bad feelings, having been made to be afraid of them when I was young. I put off owning up and admitting to her that I'm feeling bad, saving up the things she is doing that annoy me as ammunition for my eventual outburst.

When I have had enough, I accuse her of being wrong, of doing something that's mean, selfish, unloving, something that hurts me. And she fights back saying she is not what I am accusing her of, not doing those things, that I am wrong and mean for accusing her. However I won't back down.

I can't back down, I have to push on, I have to keep going even when it goes beyond who might have been right and who might have been wrong. I have to keep going trying to get her to admit that she is bad, that she is wrong, that she is sorry for all the hurt she has caused me. And of course this is me fighting my mother. It actually has nothing to do with my partner.

My mother continually overpowered me. She always had her way over me. I tried to protest when I was young but it only brought more grief down upon me. I would cry or get angry trying to assert my will against hers, and she would come down hard, telling me not to behave as I was, not to resist and object to her controlling ways. She wouldn't back down and consider me, she never put herself aside giving me compassion and understanding, and she would never, never once, stop, and admit she might wrong.

All I wanted was for her to say, oh my poor darling, what is it that is wrong, you are upset, that's no good, tell me all about it, and I would - that's what I wanted, what I longed for. I wanted her to be there for me, to be on my side and to make me feel she cared about me. I wanted her to love me, sympathise with me, be kind and caring, considerate; I wanted her to feel how it is for me, how it is difficult being a little child coming into the world of adults. I wanted her to be something she couldn't possibly be, this being shown to me through my soul-healing.

Last night I had an argument with my partner in which I pushed the issue just to see what her reaction would be. She of course said I was wrong, that she wasn't wrong, and I was accusing her of being just like my mother.

I pushed and it was interesting to see how she reacted, turning it all around so that in the end I was the bad one, she was the good one, I was the liar and cheat, I was one who was mad and the cause of all the problems, I was the one who was stupid - I was bad, bad, bad, bad. I was and am: always bad.

And this action of my partner, who might have been right, I don't honestly know, nor do I care, showed me just how it was for me with my mother. When I pushed trying to stand up for myself, she pushed back harder. She caused me the problems but would never admit it or see it, so would never back down; would never consider what I was saying might be true, and if

so, might apologise - she would never say she was sorry.

For my mother to say she was sorry was an admission of defeat. To say she was sorry meant she was wrong; and to admit she was wrong meant she would get punished or she would have to accept her punishment - it was the end of the world for her.

For her to admit she was wrong meant she was so bad she should not exist, so she is fighting with all her strength, all her will, never to be wrong, all so she never has to admit she is bad or wrong, all so she never has to admit she has lost.

My mother views life as one big ongoing fight, and I was just another opponent. However I didn't understand this. How could I being so young and coming into being. So I learnt through her behaviour that life was about fighting, only I was never to win, I was always to accept defeat, to back down, yet always wishing that I had won, and so always trying to win in my mind.

I had to admit that I was wrong, that I was the bad one, that I was the failure, and I had to fail. I couldn't succeed at anything in life for my life wasn't about winning or having things my way, it wasn't about having a life of my own, free for me to do what I please. My life was about being there for my mother to beat, to lord over, to reign the supreme victor. I was to be the defeated, and the defeated who when I gave in and gave up was told by her that I was noble, that I was superior to all others, that I was her beloved son.

And so I took all this praise and used it to make myself feel not so much the victim, but even the winner, to rise above it all, to hold my tongue, to not even get angry - to stop myself from feeling my anger, telling myself I am okay, that nothing is wrong, that I have all the power I want, when really I had none.

And I went into my mind because there was nowhere else I could go. I started to invent and fabricate what I believed life to be, what sort of life I wanted to live I developed all sorts of fantasies about the way of things and how people are, and I believed such things to be real. I then didn't need my mother to tell me how things were. I used my mind to circumvent her, to move around the immovable object that she was. I used my mind to soar over the top, way and above over her; I used my mind to look back down on her as a poor pathetic creature - I felt superior to her. I felt superior to her, yet all only a delusion in my mind. I never truly felt superior.

And yet all along still I wanted to just once beat her, just once: win. This was still going on deep within me, although I had no idea. No idea that is until it resurfaced as a consequence of my healing.

And so periodically through my healing I have come out of my head back into the reality of being with my mother, and fighting her, and my trying to win. However as I'm not with her, I have to project the fight with her onto my partner, and so she becomes my mother and the battle is still raging.

And I want to push her, push and push until she breaks. I want her to break as she broke me. I want to force her to finally give in, to back down, as she made me do all those times. And I only want her to do it once, for me to achieve the last battle, to break her so much she becomes a gibbering slobbering crying wreck, just as she made me be.

And I want to see her down beneath me, weaker than me. I want to see her begging me for forgiveness, saying she is sorry over and over, begging and begging me to like and love her. I want to hold all the power. For once I want to be the all-powerful one. I want to see her

crawling to me, and I want to be able to say: yes or no. And I want to delight in taking my time before passing judgement. I want her to suffer as much as she made me suffer. I want to crush her, utterly defeat and destroy her, to know she is broken and will never be the same all-powerful person - spirit - ever again.

And last night battling against my partner I came to realise a bit more about all of this, for I understood that in some way I had grown past needing to crush her, past needing her to break, even past needing to win. And I further came to see that really I don't even need her to love me anymore, as I love myself and my partner loves me. And this gave me many good feelings.

I felt like I had once again, for it has occurred many times through my healing, reached some point in myself whereby I can be honest about what I wanted from her and see my frustration in not being able to have it and achieve my goal. And I could see that no longer did I want to be like her, no longer was it important for me to have all the power, to be the all powerful one, because I have come to see that love doesn't come with that sort of power, the love she and I so desperately want and believe we can and should have.

So in seeing that I no longer needed to beat her, I felt free, free of the competition, free of the need to do battle, free to simply speak about my feelings. For that is all I need to do. There is nothing else, nothing else is required, and the more power that comes to me, the more I can see that the real and true power any of us can have is simply contained within our natural ability to express ourselves freely.

And so I felt that once again I could ease myself out of my behavioural problems associated and bound up with my mother. She is free to go on being her demented self, for that is surely how she is, it's how she behaves. And I no longer need to be a part of her life, a part of her, I can start to be more true to myself, true to my feelings. I can start to express myself freely and without the fear that she will come down hard on me if I say anything that might upset her and make her feel bad.

And what a relief it is to feel that I have separated a little more from her. That she is no longer as dominate in my life as she was. That I don't feel so overwhelmed and overpowered by her. That she is not the all-important one in my life, and that life, my life, doesn't have to revolve around her.

Slowly I feel I am coming back to myself. After all these years I am extricating myself from her tight grasp and hold over me. I am no longer one of her opponents that she continually needs to defeat as a means to define her existence. I am no longer one of the people - spirits - that needs to make her angry so she can rage and abuse and yell at, all so she can feel she is alive by having this false power. I no longer need to be there just for her to use as she pleases. I can start to please myself in my own life. I can start to be free to do as I please and it doesn't matter whether she approves or not as she is no longer a part of me.

And I can stop wanting her love and wanting her to admit she is wrong and for her to apologise to me saying she is sorry. And were she to do her healing, and were it to be that she was to feel that she was wrong; were she to gain some humility having relinquished her fears of her parents; and were she to come to me asking me for my forgiveness, then I would have nothing to say, nothing to forgive because I no longer feel hardly done by her. I no longer feel badly treated and hurt by her actions because she is no longer doing them to me. She can apologise if that is what she needs to do, but it will do nothing for me, because I am no longer

waiting to begin my life once she says she is sorry.

Now I can get on with my healing, seeing all the other bits to do with this, and no doubt there will be many more aspects to it all to do with my mother, yet today I feel liberated in this small part. I no longer feel I need to carry on the war. It is over, dying within me, just as is my relationship with her.

I have nothing to do with her, with any of my family, I haven't for a long time now. And yet still all my relationships with them have been alive within me, all still going on as if I were still that little child.

And so my relationships with them are dying, they are leaving me as I no longer need them as a part of my make-up and structure and reason for living. I am steadily becoming freer and truer to myself, able to just be me. This being the whole aim of my feeling. To learn about myself through the dysfunction of it all, to learn what it is like to grow up with parents that didn't love me, and then how to deal with such bad feelings brought about by such a lack of love.

Slowly I am coming to realise that my life is all about my relationships with my parents, nothing more, and all because they were all wrong, unloving, and hurt.

And as I give up all my repressed feelings I am allowing myself to come out, to be free to see what it's like to be myself, something that is very foreign to me, yet something I believed I knew.



Joaline: James, we would like you to write about yourself. An experience you've recently had that has helped you to see more truth. How would you feel about that?

Well, okay. In fact I had one this morning, is that what you were referring to?

Joaline: Yes.

I went into Cowes this morning to do a couple of things. Marion stayed at home. I had five minutes to spare before the health food shop opened, and being in the newsagents picking up a Taxpac, thought I'd look at the magazines to see what nature ones were available these days, as I haven't looked at such magazines in years.

A magazine on spear-fishing caught my eye because of a beautiful picture of a huge yellowtail kingfish on the cover, being held up by the man who had killed it, it being almost bigger than him.

It was the sort of fish I used to dream of seeing, dead or alive. And the sort of fish I saw in my fantasies being down underwater swimming with them. I couldn't have speared such a fish during my spear-fishing days were I lucky enough to come across one, because unless I killed it outright it would have dragged me along, even possibly pulling my gun out of my hands - it being so strong.

As my healing has progressed I have moved from wanting to kill such a glorious creature to loving it, and loving it so much that I wouldn't even want to do anything to frighten it. And I have progressed from giving up wanting to spear-fish, to giving up wanting to fish, to giving up wanting to do anything to hurt any creature, even though currently I am still killing trout at the Fishing Park. But I am not catching and killing them, that I could no longer do.

As I looked in the magazine it was all about trophy-hunting, spearing the biggest fish one can, with proud spear-fishermen holding up their victims displaying all to the world.

Looking at all the beautiful fish dead made me feel very bad. All the biggest fish are sought, the ones that are the best breeders, the ones that have managed to survive all those years in the ocean. They are all so pretty and magnificent, just like the elephants and tigers of the big game hunters on land.

And the wet suits have evolved to be highly decorated with camouflage colours, blending in with the sea weeds and rocks so the diver can lie in wait and ambush his prey. And the spear guns are very sophisticated affairs including reels of line so a large strong fish like a big powerful tuna can be speared and to some degree played as if on rod and reel.

And looking at the pleased men with their big happy smiling faces, I tried to put myself in their places, which I could do, this helping me to further see how far I have come.

Then on the way back in the car I was thinking to myself: From the lowest to the highest, and I could see myself as the lowest and now as the highest, or perhaps not so much the highest but certainly getting higher.

I could feel how I wanted to spear fish, how I wanted to kill something at close intimate range, to come up on it without it being scared of me, to work my way closer and closer to it,

until finally I could take my shot. And when I killed my intended fish, what a thrill it gave me, and then coming back to the beach or boat the proud hunter. And with everyone looking on in awe of my wonderful achievement: I had dared to brave the shark-infested waters and survived bringing back my prize.

My ego would inflate million fold being one of the only times I felt really good about myself. It was also one of the times I had really achieved anything, done anything 'special'. And all the wonder I had seen under the water, and my luck in coming across a 'big fish' - big for me - it was all so grand and life was wonderful and amazing and that was surely what it was all about.

And I could feel how I wanted to kill the fish because I could kill them. No one said I couldn't, no one said it was wrong or bad, no one said the fish would suffer, no one said anything against it. And I would look at my spear-fishing magazines dreaming of ever bigger and bigger fish I would one day spear, as I got braver and was able to go out into the ocean.

I used the fish to gain power. I can see because of my healing I only did it because it was something that was different, unheard of in our family, my special thing. Everyone went fishing, but I was smarter than the dumb old fisherman, I got in with the fish and could pick and choose which fish I wanted to take home.

I wanted the power over the fish because I felt so powerless. I wanted to feel that thrill of killing something, taking another's life, subjecting it to my ultimate will. I wanted to kill it and hurt it because that was how I felt, but I didn't know I felt like that back then.

Thankfully I gave up spear-fishing and wanting to kill anything that way. And now thankfully I don't want to fish for myself anymore, however this has all come about because of my healing.

Slowly over the years I have risen off the lowest plane of wanting to kill something for power, and the very something I loved so much - the fish. Slowly I have come to see that why I wanted to do it was all because of my relationship with my parents, that how I wanted to treat that which I loved, was how they treated me, that which they said they loved.

Slowly I have come back to myself, I have come in, turned my focus onto myself and my feelings instead of being focused out there, away from my feelings, shut off from my feelings as shown by my feeling-less act of taking another creatures life.

And the more I have seen that it's all really about how my parents tried to 'kill' me, and how they caused me to virtually kill certain aspects of myself as shown by my not being able to freely express them, the more I have seen that all I have done is transfer this behaviour onto the outside world, making it into something like I was as a child, something that is weaker and not as powerful as I am.

My parents were able to control and do as they pleased with me because I was so small, so powerless, and they were easily able to overcome my futile resistance ignoring my anger and rejecting any of my calling out to them for sympathy, compassion or love.

My parents hurt me, yet I wasn't allowed to express such pain. I had to bury it all, keep it all repressed inside me, all locked away. And I had to find avenues to try to make myself feel better. And so one of them was killing other creatures. I felt good when I killed them, and all I really wanted to do was hurt and destroy them because I never took the fish home and ate them, I always gave them away. I wanted to deprive them of life just as I was deprived of life, because it wasn't fair that I should suffer all the time when others didn't. And as it wasn't

legal or acceptable to take another child's life, so as I grew older I discovered I could take a fish's life as a substitute. And really all along I wanted to take my own parents life.

I wanted to kill mum and dad as I felt they were trying to kill me. But of course I didn't understand this, and I'm still coming to terms with it. However the deeper I go into myself, into my hidden and repressed feelings the more clear this is becoming, and really were I able to allow all of my repressed pent-up anger to vent itself, I'd want to kill them a million times over. I can relate to the person who loses it and stabs his or her victim repeatedly and way beyond what might have killed them. They want to rage and rage, and life moves them to it giving them the opportunity which they take savaging their victim lost to their anger, all that long-ago buried hurt caused by their parents.

And as I was so pathetic because of their severe control of me, all I could manage to do was kill fish. I couldn't take a knife and hack into someone, I couldn't take one and hack into them. And yet that is ideally what I would have liked to have done. And when I see the anger bursting in waves of rage in the little children who come to the Fishing Park, I can see they too want to take it out on the one who is making them feel so bad. But they don't know mostly that it's their own parents, the very people who are meant to love them, and they have nowhere to go with such rage, no one to vent it at. They just scream and yell and cry and are mostly told off and made to come back into line. And I wonder what they will want to kill when they grow up, what they will want to have power over, and I can see them starting now being told it's okay, even good and fun to kill fish - to go fishing.

And perhaps they won't want to go out and put on a camouflage wet-suit and spear a magnificent kingy or jewy, perhaps they will be satisfied and content with killing their own children. And killing them not so much by depriving them of physical life, but by a slow more agonising death of their ability to express their emotions, killing them spiritually, killing all their love of all that is true.

Now I enjoy loving nature for the beauty that it is. Now I understand that my anger is not with the fish, it is with my parents. Now I no longer even need to fantasise about keeping fish, of doing anything with them, not even looking at them, now I can just keep focused more on myself feeling all I feel about my parents and grandparents.

Slowly I have grown and evolved in truth to a much higher state. And I can understand why the man in the magazine still feels he wants to kill such magnificent fish. I can understand because once so did I. And I can understand how one day he too might start to see the error of his ways and come right around never wanting to hurt such a lovely creature. And I can understand how for him to do this, he will, like I have, have to embrace all his repressed childhood feelings, start expressing and accepting them, start speaking about them all, all so he can uncover the truth of his relationship with his mother and father. And I know that what he does end up seeing about himself and his relationship with him and with his own children if he has them, will not be nice. And how can it be, when he delights in killing an innocent creature.

Were I parented with all the love I needed, were I made to feel really good about myself, do I think I would have wanted to take a manmade spear-gun into the water and shoot something dead that was living there minding it's own business. No, I don't think so. For what would be the purpose of my doing so. And I can try to justify such actions by saying, it's because of my survival, I need to eat, I need to eat fish and other creatures to live. And yet also thanks to my

healing Marion and I have become progressively more vegetarian, almost giving up meat and altogether - still only currently eating... yes, a small amount of fish - canned tuna. And this like everything has naturally occurred, we haven't made or forced ourselves to do it, we don't do that, we speak about all the bad feelings we feel, and as a consequence we grow in truth. And the truth is leading us to becoming increasingly more dependant on the plant world for our physical sustenance. And still we don't even like using plants for this, yet so far there's not much we can do about that.

So we keep going, keep slowly growing in truth and seeing what our soul wants us to do. And as we have come to understand, we can only do what we do based on what we feel, there is no other way to live. And as we get rid of our minds control, our feelings have more of a say, and we feel better and better about living a feeling-led life.

And today looking in the magazine I felt sorry for those incredible fish, but I am letting them go. No longer am I feeling so angry about all the bad things we do to nature. I hate them and I hate how we are, but my anger is going as I am expressing it out of me, all the anger I feel to do with my parents.

Nature, I am coming to understand, is none of my business. I am my business. The Mother and Father want nature and mankind's relationships with it as it is, and it's not for me to try to do anything about it. I can only do what I feel to do myself, and for myself, more and more it's pulling back in, concentrating on being true to myself, seeing how I feel about everything, and not being judgemental and not trying to make, or at least believe, everyone should be how I am and see things how I do.

I have changed, but that doesn't mean anyone else should. And I can change all I want, and I intend to, no way ever do I want to stop growing in truth. I have lived a life devoid of such growth and it only made me feel really bad, so horrible, so angry, miserable and unloved. I don't want anymore of an anti-truth life. So I want to keep progressing, keep changing and see where it takes me, for I don't know where that is. Hopefully into a Celestial level of truth, that would be very nice, that is my goal: to end my healing, to live perfectly true, and true to myself, true to my own soul-nature.

So Joaline, that's how it was for me this morning. More good thoughts and feelings about myself and my relationship with nature. I no longer dream of being with such fish, diving into their world and becoming something I am not. I am no longer needing to use them to escape the horrors of my own life, all my terrible bad feelings I have locked away inside myself.

Slowly I am accepting such feelings, being able to bring myself out saying to Marion when I feel bad, speaking up, no longer needing to store up the bad things as ammunition against her for the outburst that was intended to take the fight more into my court.

And gradually I feel better, but it's a slow road, that's for sure. A little better here, then a lot worse there. And I suppose it was the same for you, for all of you who have managed to complete your healing.

Joaline: It was.

I'm going to get lunch now - more veggies! Speak to you soon.

## **Martin and Eliza. Seventh mansion world.**

Martin: I still have the desperate ache within me. After all these years of working on myself, still it's there and still I feel I'm no closer to uncovering what it is.

It's this incessant need, a desire to feel good, to feel loved, but that's all academic. I want to be able to feel and so express it, the whole thing, what it is that is making me always feel bad. I want to go right into the core of it, and for it, the truth, to come out of all such deep - the deepest - repressed feelings.

It's the same nagging bad feeling, I feel bad, just bad, always bad. It's not always up in me, sometimes I feel a little better especially now that I have worked on myself and expressed so much of my yuck out of me, but it's still there, always there.

Eliza: And you can't say more about it?

Martin: No, no more than I already have.

It's the hole in me, that place where I'm the most hurt, it probably contains the most pain, but I don't know for sure about that.

It's deep inside me, in my soul, that's where it feels, like I'm dented or wounded deep inside there, scarred, or something like that. And it's always generating bad feelings. I feel down, deflated, uninspired by life, not happy, miserable, all the bad stuff I've worked through these years.

Eliza: Yes.

Martin: And I'm fed up with being angry about it, about not being able to come to grips with it, to really feel it, to feel it all. Shit I've been through so much to do with mum and dad and yet it's got to be more to do with them. Who else can it be to do with, unless it's directly to do with the Mother and Father.

And I beg and pray to Them to show me the truth of it, to liberate all my repressed feelings within me, and a bit comes every day, but nothing seems to really hit the spot.

I feel like I want it to just happen, the big one, the big healing, I don't really know, but like I receive a big shot of love, perhaps Their Divine Love, and then I'm all right: then fundamentally I'll feel all right, because fundamentally now, I feel all wrong. I don't feel right, and I don't feel like life is for me. Look at my life, nothing happens, we sit in here day after day hardly seeing anyone working away on all our stuff that comes up, but I want it all to come up.

And then I go around and around saying these things, I've been saying them for years, even before my healing, even on Earth when I was into all the drugs. I took all those drugs to try to escape the pain, to hide from myself this truth: that I do feel like I'm flawed, not a right human being.

I took heroin all those years and snorted everything I could get my hands on, I was

desperate, strung out, all because of this same feeling.

I don't want to take the drugs anymore but still I don't feel healed, not completely healed, and maybe it's just that, it's my still feeling there is more shit in me that needs to come out, and all I have to do is keep working on myself, and in time it will come and then we can move into the Celestials.

It's such a bother, the whole thing, so trying, so testing, and I wish it would end. I want it to be over, the pain, the suffering, the not being able to see all that's causing me so much grief. But it doesn't end, it just goes on and on, and even though we are close to finishing now, I feel like in some ways I haven't even begun my healing.

I feel like I want to wake up in the morning a completely re-born new individual, I don't want to be the old me, with the same old shit bugging me. I want to feel alive, vital, happy, and full of light and love and able to freely express all I feel, all so I can live fully the truth that I am.

Eliza: But some of that truth is still that you are imperfect, if you weren't you wouldn't still be living here in the seventh world.

Martin: I know, I think about it every day. I know, I can see it, our lives show us that, but I'm not happy with it, I want more...

Eliza: But you're not meant to be happy with it.

Martin: I know that too, but I don't want to have it within me, it's as if I am supposed to accept it and somehow just get on with it. Like I can heal most of it, but that last part, it doesn't really matter, I have to have that part for ever, I can't be fully healed.

Fuck I don't know what I'm saying.

Eliza: Keep going, it sounds good, you've never said anything like it before.

Martin: It's as if someone has said that I can have so much, but no more. "Martin, you can have this amount, but you can't have any more, the rest you must save for later, and your sister might want some", something like that. I hear mums words in my head. And dad's: "Marty, that's enough now, you don't want to over do it, leave some for later, so you've got something to look forward to"; and then it's back to mum again: "Martin, if you don't do as we tell you then you won't be able to have it all, you can only have so much, and you won't get the rest until you do as we say"; and then back to dad: "Marty, you are to do as your mother says, as she asks, you are not to have it all now, you are to save some for later. So do as you're told or else you won't get anymore in future".

It's all so crippling, such blackmail, so coercive, and most of that I've already seen before. And now I feel angry again with them, always so much anger, and I feel so irritated, I want to pick and bite and chew, I feel like I want to bite my finger nails with the frustration of it all. What could I do, I couldn't argue with them, I had to obey. If I argued at how unfair I thought they were, they'd tell me I couldn't have any of it, whatever it was they were talking about.

Eliza: You can't remember, you can't remember as specific situation?

Martin: No, it's just a blank, but I know the words are right, I feel like I've heard them every day of my life. They are 'alive' in me, but no, I can't see what they were speaking about.

It must be the whole lot. Over and over I go through these same feelings. I feel bad, but I don't know what about or really what I'm feeling. I bring it up and tell you that I feel bad, that same old bad feeling. Then it moves onto something, I see or hear words like these now, and then I feel angry with them, up it comes and I feel frustrated that I can't express it properly to them. Perhaps it's all of that, and I've got tonnes and tonnes and of that in me, massive amounts of anger and frustration to still feel. And that's all blocking me, and so there is nothing I can do other than what I am doing. And that there isn't going to be one big grand finale healing. It's just all these little things I have to work my way through.

Eliza: Why do you think you want the big one to end it all? Why can't it just slowly happen, and one day you realise it's all gone. The slow inner changes all adding up.

Martin: It can, but as to why I want the big one, I don't know. One thing it does bring up in me is that I wanted it all, all whatever it was that they were saying I couldn't have. I wanted it all, like all my Easter eggs, all that chocolate, and I want to stuff it all in, eat the whole lot at once, all so I can feel really good.

And that reminds me again about my drug taking. I wanted the next hit to obliterate me, to make me feel so good, to have it all. I was never any good at saving any. I would set out to pace myself and I'd be the good boy saving a little bit for later. But then fuck it, I'd blow it all in one hit. I wanted the big experience, I didn't want to kill myself, but I wanted something like some sort of cosmic blow out. I don't know really what I wanted, but something to eclipse all the pain, something to remove me from my shit bad-feeling life. I wanted to escape, once and for all, but nothing ever did it for me. And then when I did finally overdose and kill myself that wasn't the great thing either, as I've told you. That was just like how it always was - I'd wake up, only after it I woke up seeing unfamiliar faces and was told I was dead and no longer of the Earth world. Only that didn't stop my desire and craving for the stuff, nothing stopped that until being with you all those years ago when we worked through all that pain together. Then it slowly resided to something I could manage, to this, to these bad feelings now. Because I can feel it's whatever it is in me that I'm lacking now that drove me to need to the drugs, and it's got to be love. It has to be love, as they didn't love me.

Eliza: It might also be truth. Because they denied you love, you weren't able to grow naturally with your feelings understanding the truth of yourself and your life. So it might be the truth, that's what might really be missing. Of course also the love, but you need the truth as your basis, your foundation, so you can feel loved and love. Without the truth we're stuffed, well and truly, that is something we all come to understand through our healing. It's what I'm coming to understand. So perhaps it's the lack of truth, the hole in you is the hole of truthlessness, and slowly you are filling it in as you reveal the truth to yourself through all of this work.

Martin: Yes, possibly you are right. I do want the truth, more than anything; and even I think, more than love. I agree with you, and maybe you're right. And maybe that's what I meant when I said I wanted the big one to heal me and make me whole. What is being whole, it's being my true self, and what is that. And that is being me, simply me, my self that my soul is, me that the Mother and Father created and want me to be. But without the truth I can't be me, as I'm still false, untrue; so yes, perhaps it's what you say. And if it is, well fuck it, I can't do anything about it, I can't go out and get the truth I need. That much I know.

Eliza: No you can't, so all you can do is keep going as we are together, and the truth will slowly come to light. It will slowly fill you up with it's light, and maybe it's that light that you're longing to feel: the Light of Truth, which if you ask me, is love.

Martin: It sounds good. I want it. I want the truth. I can't long for it enough, it's all I do.

Eliza: And it's slowly coming, we're slowly ascending, so we are growing and evolving in truth. We are changing ourselves with the truth, we can feel it and we can see it as we change our surroundings, as we work our way up through the mansion worlds.

Martin: Truth. Yes it does make sense. And it feels like that. I sort of see truth as if it's bricks that are being put into place inside me, and as each one comes into me I am feeling more of my real and true self. And so I can imagine that my hole is the hole still that's there because that part of me is still untrue, I've not as yet filled in with truth.

I did always think it was love that I needed, but you know Lize, you might be right, it might be the truth after all. Or at least truth before love.

Eliza: That's what I feel. As I express all my shit out of me I feel it's being replaced by the truth that I see. It always upset me during my life with my family when I didn't understand what was going on. They never told me what was happening and I felt like I didn't know if I really existed, if I meant anything to them. I felt like I was always left out of everything and as if I was just meant to know. I was meant to know what was happening in my life and yet mum and dad did all sorts of things that I had no idea about. Suddenly they'd be upset or angry and I didn't know why and they never told me. So I have always wanted to know. I've always wanted to know about my life, about the truth of it, what it was all about, what it was all for. And the truth has been showing me lately that it's about understanding about love through a life that is devoid of love. It's about understanding about love through the negative. So I've had to start off my life without love and find out what that is all about and how it makes me feel, and as I do, then I can understand, then I can fill in the gaps for myself, all those experiences that I should have had all the way along, all those bricks you were speaking about.

And really it's the same for you only you were made to believe that you knew what was happening in your life, they told you stuff but it was lies. They told you whatever it was that suited them at the time, so you're all mixed up and confused about it, yet still you believe that you know what life is all about, but your healing is showing you, you don't have a clue, that really you're like me, still floating around lost - like a loose end.



And so as you are stripping away all your crap, you are able to admit that you don't know, and you are able to see that you made a shit-load of it up for yourself which you believed to be true, but it was all untrue, much more delusion and fantasy. But as that's all going, you are feeling you are getting closer to your hole, your hole of untrue, or no-truth, and that is what you feel during these times, that's what I reckon it is anyway.

And the closer you get, the closer you are getting to the bottom of it all: the whole truth of all your pain and suffering; the whole truth of your no-truth life. And that's what our healing is all about, we're meant to understand the whole truth of a no-love life, so we are learning about love through no-love.

Martin: It sounds good to me. I can accept that. I'll think more about it. I can feel myself making an inner adjustment coming into line with what you are saying. Coming around more to the truth, seeing it more clearly, and yet again, that it's all about uncovering the truth, and without it we're stuffed, and we'll feel unloved and meaningless with no inspiration because who wants to live a no-truth, no purpose, life.

Yes, that makes more sense. So as you say, I have to keep going and see what happens as I uncover more truth. I can live with that, and it also makes me feel like I no longer need the big one, the big hit of love to fix me up, that which I always did believe I wanted.

Eliza: We're told that love cures all, and it does, but only if truth is present. If there's no truth then there is nowhere for the love to register or act upon. So it's all but useless. Even if you had a huge hit of love it would possibly make you feel good for a while, just like your drugs, but then it would fade and you'd want another hit. But with the truth, it's not like that. The truth stays, it's real, concrete, it's: THE TRUTH. It never goes, so once it's within you that's it, it stays for ever-more. And so you live it, you become the living-truth that you are. So as we grow in truth we move up higher in the spirit worlds ever closer to Paradise the well-spring of all truth - the Eternal Son. But without the truth we have no depth, no solidity, we've still got that hopeless feeling of floating around adrift at sea, that feeling of feeling lost and without direction, and all the rest of it, that which we've felt most of our lives.

Martin: I like what you're saying. I can definitely relate to that. I can see that I was trying to get that big shot of love from the drugs, from sex, from orgasm, it's all the same thing, from everything I did in my life.

Eliza: And all because your parents probably gave you something like it, a shot of it - something you felt as love - at some point, and you've always wanted more of it. I'm not so sure about that, but surely it must all equate to how you were treated when you were forming.

Martin: Like they might have hugged me one time, and I have wanted more hugging ever since.

Eliza: Something like that only much more. Like that might have made you feel loved for a while in small doses, or suddenly a lot, and then withheld it, something possibly like that. Or maybe even you felt loved before you incarnated, loved by God, your own natural souls love,

and then suddenly it was taken away from you, and any good bit of attention your parents showed you made you remember or want those past feelings, which you've remained unconscious of, but nothing they ever did quite filled the spot. So you tried to get it through drugs and sex, but they too never quite did it.

And nothing is going to do it, that's what our healing has been showing us these years. Slowly we've been giving up our need of longing to be loved by our parents, realising it's never going to come from them. And we can only do that as we've grown in truth, as we've found the truth as a replacement for all we're using to artificially love ourselves with.

And gradually as the love has come based on our truth, so we've felt better and better about ourselves - better about ourselves from the inside, and not needing anything like we did from the outside. We've felt more independent and not needing to be loved by anyone other than by ourselves and each other. We've stopped needing our parents to give us that big hit, or any hit; we've stopped needing them, because we've been able to express our feelings for ourselves uncovering the truth of ourselves through them. And that's what it's about I say, we're not meant to be dependant forever on our parents, and had they loved us truly then we would have grown naturally in truth through our life experiences, weaning ourselves from them, and not needing them in the negative dependent ways they made us need them.

So it's the truth, always coming back to the truth, all because we are truth-loving souls, that's what we as ascending mortal souls are, the truth and the mind and love, but we need the truth to make the mind have something to base itself on, and we need the truth so we can feel loved and so we too can love. No truth, and whole thing - us - doesn't work, and that's what we've been coming to terms with through our negative truth-less life: that it doesn't work. And we know it doesn't work because it didn't make us feel good. We felt shit, and that's all because we weren't allowed to be our true selves, and because of that we weren't allowed to be true and so grow in truth. And had we, everything would have been right and felt good, and we'd be overflowing with love and the happiness and joy of life that truth brings. That being what we will be when we've finally healed it all.

Martin: You are one hell of a girl Lize.

(11/8/10)

### **Ralph and Eb. Seventh Mansion world.**

Ralph: I've realised that I wanted absolute power over women. I wanted to have some sort of power that made them, the ones I fancied, want me. I wanted to be able to turn them on, using my mind somehow, so even if they weren't thinking about sex, and sex with me, I could make them. Suddenly they'd feel randy and they'd know it was because of me, and then they'd want me to have sex with them. And it didn't matter whether they were old or young, married or single, I could use my power to make them want me. Sort of make them lose their mind so they'd do whatever I wanted. Not like they were my slaves without a mind of their own, but they just wanted me and came to me and told me they wanted me.

Eb: You wanted them to give all of themselves to you.

Ralph: Yes, mainly in sex, I wanted them to want me to have sex with them.

Eb: But not all women, not the ugly ones.

Ralph: No, just the ones I wanted.

Eb: So you wanted them really to give you more than just sex. You wanted them to give you everything, all of themselves, all they have.

Ralph: That's right. Yes, it is more than just sex. I do want them to give me everything. Yes, to come to me and look after me, to do whatever I wanted, and to really want to do it. Yes, to look after me, to make me feel good so I didn't have to worry about anything. I wanted them to be there for me, completely for me, and never rejecting or criticising me. Never pushing me away. And I didn't want to have to work on making them come to me. They just wanted to be with me, really I don't want to have to do anything.

Eb: So you want them to come and love you. As if you're a little boy and you can run up to them and they envelop you and love you and give you all you want. And the sex part has only come as you've got older.

Ralph: Yes, that's right. I can feel that. I do want to be young like that, to come running up to them and throw myself at them, and for them to love me coming and wanting me to come, and only wanting me. And I can say and be and do anything I like with them, and they love it all, everything about me, all about me. Like that attractive woman I saw the other day, I want to be able to go up to her and she hugs and kisses me, she loves me... yes, the opposite of how my mother treated me.

And I can feel how I want supreme control, control and all power to make the woman be that way.

Actually now the feeling has changed and I don't want to have to do anything, as I said, I just want it to happen, for her to come to me and love me. Yes, without my having to do anything.

You know, I can't imagine being loved like that by my mother or father. That they just love me, all of me, and never make me feel bad. They never have power over me, they are always there for me, and I am free, totally free to be myself, to grow and develop. That's what ideally I would love to have had. But at best all I feel is that I might get a moment, just a tiny bit of their attention and affection. Not much, and I want more. But I can't imagine getting more, I can't ever imagine feeling so loved. And I had to do so much to get that little bit. But I don't want to have to do anything, I want them to pour their love all over and into me.

Eb: You want to be loved as you should have been without ever having been made to feel bad. Without ever feeling rejected and powerless. And as a child, you should be loved without having to ask for it.

Ralph: Yes. I want all power in this way, all power and control over all women because I feel so powerless, because my mother had all power and control over me, that I can see. I want what she had, that same power and control. She had it over me and I want it. I want to have it. She made me do whatever she wanted and I want to make her do whatever I want. Really, as usual, it's all about her, and not other women. Really I want to be able to control her, not fight her as I was saying yesterday, not having to work really hard trying to make her back down and consider me, really I want to have the power to just make her love me. Going way beyond any need to fight.

Phew, I feel like some sort of door is opening in me, like I can breathe a little easier, and as if I have been trapped way down there somewhere but now I'm up above it all, and freer. Free to have all power. I feel like I want to be the most powerful one, to stand up high and tell the whole world. I want the whole world to know that I am the most powerful, I am the Great One, just as I felt she was. She told me she was the great one, and I believed her, she made me believe her, and now I want everyone else to believe me.

And it feels good being able to freely say it. And to not feel like saying such a thing is going to get me into trouble. To fuck it and say whatever I want to. They were always telling me I couldn't say certain things, but who cares, what harm is it going to do, what harm was it going to do me when I was young. I want to say whatever it is. I am all-powerful, I am God.

Yes, that's what I want, all power. I can see that I hate everyone really, and I only want them to do whatever I want. So I hate my parents and I want them to do what I want, not the other way around as it has been.

But they also told me that it's bad to hate, and very bad to hate other people, so I've forced myself to like them, even love them, other people such as my own parents. But now I can feel I can dump that belief and I can just say I hate everyone, and I want them all to do what I want, and now it's both men and women, not just women.

I want to be the all-controller, to have all the power as my parents had.

Eb: You want them to be your audience, to praise you and worship you.

Ralph: I do. Exactly. I don't want to be the only person alive, I want to be the master controller of them all.

Eb: And all because you feel so powerless. If you were parented with love, you would have felt all-powerful and in control of everything, with life-giving you all you needed always making you feel good. But you feel because you feel so powerless that you have to do it all, you have to make it happen, that you have to make people and the world love you. And yet because you're so powerless, you can't do that, you were a failure in the world.

Ralph: That's right. I was - I am.

Oh I sure can feel how much I want the power. I want to be the one completely in control. I don't want you or anyone to interfere with me, I want to do whatever it is, and I don't want anyone to get in my way or annoy me. Which is of course exactly how it was with mum.

I can see she wanted the same thing, I'd come up to her and she'd tell me to go away, to not bother her, to play with my toys, or I'd say I'm bored, and she'd say I know, go and play and we'll go out later, we'll go and do something when I've finished doing this.

She would never just stop what she was doing and be with me. And she always said she knew all that I was feeling, so what could I do with that. She didn't come and be with me, join up with me, sympathise with me by saying something like: Oh are you, that's no good, what say we...

But I don't even want that. I want her to just be with me all the time, doing all we do together so I never got to the point of feeling bored and then having to tell her. I never wanted to be bored, it's so wrong that a little child should feel bored when it's in the most crucial part of its growth. If it feels bored then something is seriously wrong, and not with it, but with those adults in its life. I was bored so often, that I can remember. You can only play with your toys, the same toys, for so long, and then you want to do other things. And whenever I think about it and feel how bored I felt, I always think of what it might be like growing up as a native, where the children are free to play all the time and with millions of things always to play with. Native children aren't coming up to their mother's saying they are bored.

What a shit life I had.

Eb: You want absolute power over your parents, you want them to hug you and love you, you want everyone to be with you in a loving way. For me, I just want to be able to walk into a room and everyone instantly feels good. My presence makes them feel good. I felt like everyone hated me, they were repulsed by me when I entered the room, just as my parents made me feel. So I want to be the other way around, that's the power I want, some sort of energy or light, my presence, that just makes people feel they like me and want to be with me. Oh there's Eb, Eb you make us feel so good. That's what I want. I don't want them all touching and hugging me, I just magically want to be able to make them feel good, to take all their bad feelings away.

I wanted someone to do that for me. My uncle sort of did it a little bit for me, he did it for everyone, but I want to be a million times more than he was. And then everything would be so

good, everyone would be happy, I'd be happy, I'd feel loved. That's the sort of power I want.

Ralph: I can see that we do need to get to a point where we can identify exactly what sort of power we want. What we'd ideally want in the negative state. The opposite to how we really feel. I feel it's like something of a landmark for me in my healing, for me to freely be able to state what sort of power I want and why I want it. To uncover the whole truth of it, even though it's still wanting power for all the wrong reasons.

Eb: Well you have to don't you. You've got to see that you feel powerless and unloved, what you feel it. And you've got to see why you feel this way. Then you've got to see what you've done about it, how you've lived your life because of it. And you've got to see how your parents were, how they unlovingly influenced you to make you become this way. And you've got to see what you want to do, if you could, what you're always striving to do, were you able to have all the power you wanted.

But it's all wrong, it's all in the negative. None of it is right. And you've got to wake up to that as well.

Ralph: I can feel now that I don't actually want the power and control as I've been saying. That is only a result of feeling so powerless. I just want to be me, with my own natural power, and that is not controlling, trying to make anyone else do or be how I want them to be. It's for me to be myself and them to be there themselves, they how they are having nothing to do with me.

And then I wouldn't be afraid of everyone and everything. Then I'd feel happy and confident, I don't even know what I would want. And I'd feel loved and secure in life, knowing that life is all for me, but all for me in the right way, not in the powerless false way.

And I'd feel the Mother and Father loving me, making me feel extra good with everything being around the right way. That's what I want to feel.

Yes, I feel more open within myself. Like I can just be myself and that's all I need to be. I don't need to do anything else. I don't need to act how I used to, put on a show, do things to make people like me. And I don't feel I need to have all the women throwing themselves at me, I don't want to have anything to do with them. I only want to be here with you, not with them. And I don't need mum and dad to hug me and tell me I'm alright, I don't even feel I need their love. And I don't want to fight mum, I don't want to have to do anything other than just be myself, be how I feel - nothing more.

Eb: Just express your feelings.

Ralph: Yes, that's right.

Eb: And from there, everything else will flow. All naturally. Without you having to make it happen for yourself.

Ralph: Yes. That's what I want, that's how I want it to be. That's how I want to be.

## **Amanda and Alfred. Seventh mansion world.**

Amanda: Why did you say it that way?

Alfred: What way?

Amanda: You said it without feelings. You said: “I don’t like its looks”, and that was all, just a statement. And that of itself is fine if that’s all you want to make, but you are with me in a relationship, and a relationship about wanting to be together, sharing ourselves with each other, giving ourselves to the other person. So wanting to know the other person, wanting to know what they are thinking and feeling about everything - all that’s going on within them.

So, why don’t you like its looks? That’s what I want to know, what you are feeling about it, and you are feeling something, something that made you want to say that.

When you just make a statement, I feel like there’s nothing in it for me. You’re not reaching out to me, you’re not inviting me to come and be with you, and that’s what I want, I want to come and for us to be together - to join up. But I just feel nothing. There is nothing for me to do. You make the statement and that’s it, final, there is nothing further for me to do. So I may as well not be with you. You can find someone who you can make statements to, and they to you, and you can be happy together. But I don’t want that kind of relationship, I want a feeling based one, not one that is just of the mind.

So I want to know what you’re feeling. Something like: “I don’t like its looks because... because it scares me, or it’s ugly and that makes me feel... or I hate how it looks as it reminds me of a person I didn’t like...”, or something. I want more, more than just a statement. Something that helps me see and so understand more of you, of who you are, and so what’s going on inside you. With only a statement I don’t know why you are making it, I could try to guess, but I don’t want to do that, I want you to tell me, I want you to relate to me.

So, can you see or feel why you said it like that?

Alfred: No. So many of these things you have pointed out over all these years, and still I’m not expressing any feelings. It gives me the shits. I don’t know why I’m saying it.

Amanda: You must know why, we know why we say everything we do. You’re just shut off to it, that’s all. You weren’t allowed to express your feelings, you’re parents confined you to making statements. And it’s so frustrating, for both of us, as I know you don’t want to have a feeling-less relationship.

Alfred: I don’t, but I can’t do it as you say. I beg and beg the Mother and Father to help me see why I can’t, but nothing seems to come. I don’t understand it. But what you say is right, that’s a new bit for me: that they confined me to making statements.

Amanda: It’s as if you expect someone else, me, or them, to do all the feeling side of it. You

only need to make your statement and then they take over saying something like: Oh yeah, it's so ugly, what a nasty face, I hate the look of it, everyone would... something like that. And so you've done your part, and you just wait for me to do the rest. But I don't want to be like they are. I don't want to do the rest, I want you to do it. I'm not them, and somehow we've got to get you out of it. It's like you're all bound up in it and you can't do it.

Alfred: I am. And it makes me feel so bad. I feel so angry about it. When you say it, it sounds good, natural, and like I can do it too, but when it comes to it, nothing more comes out of me other than a statement. I'll have to try to keep saying to myself: "add the feelings", but that's no use, I've tried to do that. I've got to see the truth of why I can't do it, I've got to see what they did to me. I've got to FEEL what they did to me.

Amanda: Think more about them taking over and stopping you from expressing your feelings. What more comes to you about it? How do you think they did it? And say more about how it makes you feel.

Alfred: I can sort of see, or imagine, myself coming up to mum and starting to say I don't like it, it's... And then she jumps in, as you said, and finishes it off - I never get to finish off what I wanted to say, all I felt. That makes me feel like there's this wall and I can't get beyond it. I come up to it, give it my bit, and then I have to go away with nothing more to do.

That makes me feel bad. That makes me feel so angry, and that she didn't actually relate to me, she didn't care about me, she didn't take notice of me or want me to express myself. She didn't want any of those things you said you want in our relationship. So they weren't there, so I don't naturally do them.

Amanda: No, you can't do what wasn't a part of your early life to do.

Alfred: That's right, and it makes me feel like a whole block of life I've missed out on, that I am just a mind and nothing more, no feelings. And that makes me feel really bad because I don't want to have a no-feeling relationship. The few feelings I am being more able to express make me feel good, even if they are bad ones. It gives me the sense of having a life, a fuller one, and that is better than what it was.

It was always so empty, and because of what you're saying, that I just made statements. It must have been the same with my wife and girlfriends before her, so no wonder my relationships didn't work, there wasn't any substance to them. No feelings, none from my side. I think they expressed theirs, just like mum did, but that's all too one-sided. They must have felt bored with me.

Amanda: It might have been what they wanted. But then again they might have wanted more. Who knows, but I know what I want. And I don't want you to be like this. I want our relationship to be balanced, equal, I'm not like your mother wanting to put on the show with just a captive audience watching her - with her doing it all. I only want to do my part, and I want you to do yours. I want us to have a true relationship, one in which we're both freely expressing all we feel.



Alfred: I want it too. I do, and it gives me the shits that I can't do it. It's so frustrating, and to know that I'm not even aware of it.

Amanda: I'll just have to keep pulling you up and pointing it out to you each time you do it. I don't want to, but you'd never know if I didn't. I'm sick of it. I want someone in my life who I don't have to help and work on. I want them to be themselves and we are just be together not having to help each other all the time. But there is nothing else we can do. And we'll just have to keep trying to see how you feel each time, and see if anything comes.

Alfred: I feel such a drag on you. I do wish I could do it. I don't want you to feel bad because you have to help me so much, but I can't do it without your help. It's so frustrating, so annoying, it makes me feel so angry, so angry with myself. I feel like I want to rip myself apart, rip into myself and get to that wrong part and rip it out of me. And that makes me feel like I'm my mother and I want to rip into me ripping out that part she hates within me.

So much of the time I feel so confused. I don't know if I'm her or myself, or dad. I don't know if my thoughts are hers or mine, if my feelings are hers or mine. It's so maddening. I want to smash my head against the wall, but then I hear granny saying: "No Alfred, that's not a good thing to do, you'll only hurt yourself more", so I don't want to do that either.

I feel like I'm such a mixed up mess, I'm all of them, nothing of me is original me.

Amanda: It can't be, they didn't allow you to be your true self. They stopped you, so you've taken them on. When you were a baby and very young, you did try to express your true self, but as you got older you took them on, sort of becoming them, you couldn't do anything else, they didn't allow you to keep being how you wanted to be. So you're not yourself, you're them, that's why you're so mixed up.

Alfred: And then I have put myself with them, become them, and that's confused me even more. I am them, so when they speak I think it's me, and when I speak, I expect them to do it. I'm only a part person, but don't ask me which part.

I feel so mixed up, my mind feels all over the place. I think it's safer if I just do make statements. And having said that, I can feel again if I did say I felt bad or was angry, they quickly stopped me, cutting in and taking over: "Now we won't have anymore of that will we. You're a big boy now, and big boys don't behave like that". All of that sort of stuff.

Amanda: Yes, all to stop you from expressing your feelings. All telling you that how you are is wrong, and that you have to change it. You can see how over the years you stopped speaking about how you felt. A young child only says what it feels, it's all feelings as its mind is not sufficiently developed for the other stuff. It's more like nature, true and feeling-expressive, and yet they didn't want you like that, so stepped in and stopped you. And they must have done it a lot to make you such an extreme case. All the other men I've ever been with have been able to speak more about their feelings.

Alfred: And that makes me feel great. Why do I have to be so bad? Why do I need to have

such a shit life. My life seems worse than yours now, when I always thought from all the horrible things you've said your parents did to you, yours was much worse.

Amanda: My parents didn't allow me to speak, but they were straightforward. We weren't allowed to lie, they just didn't want me to say anything. It was as if they hated the sound of my voice. But you've got all caught up in all the lies, all the rubbish most families are full of, and all the rubbish most parents go on with. For me now it's straightforward what I have to do, and that is speak, speak my feelings, but for you, you can't begin to do that.

Alfred: Mum said don't do that one moment, then dad was saying to do it the next, and she said it was okay; then he'd say not too, then they'd argue, it was always such a mess. No one seemed to know what was happening and I was the meat in the sandwich.

I hated their arguments, all I wanted was for all of us to go out together and have fun - to just be together and have fun, to have a nice time. And often it would start off that way, but soon it was a fight, with everyone yelling at everyone else.

I felt so scared, so miserable, and I can feel I've still got all of that going on within me. I don't expect a relationship to work, and that's new for me, I've never felt that. But it's true, I can feel it, I don't expect to have a good relationship, in fact I don't believe it's possible. And those people who do are only making it up.

I expect it all to be horrible, so I even make it horrible between us so often. I say things to make you get angry with me, I do it purposefully, you know how we've talked about that so often, but I can actually see it, and I can remember doing it. I would want some power in it, and so I'd yell and scream as well, but mostly I was too scared, just shitting myself. I only argued a little when I was older.

Amanda: And you do say and do things to annoy me. It is as if you're still living with your parents and family, and I'm not really here.

Alfred: I know, I can't do anything about it. And I hate that too. I hate so many things about myself. And again I feel like I want to just rip myself apart. Argh, it's all so annoying. I hated their fights, but that is all I know, I was scared of them, so I suppose that's why I'm no good at doing it. But still I feel or believe it should be going on around me all the time. I so much want peace and quiet, but really I don't, really I want, or believe I want, angry noise and fighting. Shit I hated their fights, and I've not as yet really focused on that.

Oh there are so many things, so many things wrong within me. All these years of my healing and still I feel like I'm only beginning to get to the crux of the matter. I'm only now beginning to see what it was really like, and remember what it was like. It's so hard, and so much to see. When will it ever end.

Amanda: When you've seen it all.

Joaline, these conversations are really for my benefit aren't they. I mean they are all so much

like it was for me, how my mother was for me and my parents and grandparents.

Joaline: Yes James, it can't really be any other way. We have to take how it's been for you and all you have uncovered about yourself, including how it's been for Marion and all she's uncovered about herself, and then use that to write what we want. So it is heavily weighted on the side of how it was - how it is - for you.

We haven't included what it might be like for instance having a very dominate father and a more loving and sincere mother. All of your life and so all of your work is heavily focused on the feminine, on uncovering the truth of the negative feminine, hence your relationship with your parents being how they were. And hence your ability to reveal all the necessary truth about the missing feminine aspect of truth.

So far as including the more masculine dominated and controlling parents, and children who have suffered under them, there is more of that known and written about on Earth, so we've left that side alone. However there will be of course a great many people having to deal with such a dominant unloving father, grandfather, uncle and so on.

Overall, humanity currently still generally sees the mother in a good light, fathers can be brutes and selfish uncaring bastards, but not mothers. Mother's are still needed to tow the line, for if they were to abandon their post then what would you have other than anarchy, a major break in the way of things. Men would feel instantly more threatened if women said, fuck it, it's too hard, I don't care about the children; or, no, I don't want any. And what would happen to all those men seeking power and control if there were not copious amounts of new children being born.

Your work, through your own personal experiences, is to point out that the Great Loving Mother might not actually be so loving after all. That the Great Mother's Love that is 'naturally' there with every mother, might not actually be as prevalent as once thought. And that mother's might actually be just as evil and just as power-hungry as men, only instead of trying to gain such power in the world, gain it in the world of their family by using their children. Just as your mother and grandmother did with you.

You James grew up in a heavily dominated feminine environment with the men being pathetic representatives of negative minded will-less men. And so it was under this regime that the women didn't allow you to compete with them, which meant you weren't allowed to show or express your feelings. The feelings realm women secretly, and not so secretly, believe is their domain, they feel superior to men in it. They are the masters of their little universes in it, and so they can easily dominate their children being the ones sanctioned by the men for doing so, as most men don't want to be bothered with all the intricacies of the emotional stuff. Yet, they don't only because their mothers and grandmothers haven't allowed them to be, forcing them to shut off their feelings and go out into the world to look for and have and express their power, and usually by making statements and not relating through feelings.

The problem of the negative state as it currently stands is that women, because they feel so powerless, use feelings to gain power, and as most of them can't dominate their men in the worldly sense, turn on their children. So they make their children be how they believe they should be thereby causing them to go against themselves, and often with the blessings and full support of their men, as it was in yours and Marion's cases.

So through your writing, perhaps women (and men) will be able to take a truer look at

themselves. They won't like what they see, however if they are seeking to live true and become truly happy, then they will have to stand up and accept the reality. They will have to allow themselves to feel as powerless as they feel, and then allow themselves to feel all their bad feelings as they see just how controlling and manipulative and damaging they have been to their children. And speaking from my personal experiences, it's not good when you see you're in a no-win situation, and that either way you go, you have to admit you are wrong and bad, all when you believed you were so right. It's not good at all.

All the women spirits seen so well in command of their feeling expression and understanding what it's all about.

Joaline: And they are. Not all of course, and also are a lot of men, but mostly because women have been free to believe they are right in how they parent, so when they come around and find out the truth of how wrong they have been, they are very quick to become right in it. It's because such patterns already exist, as you see with Marion. Her parents made her feel she was always wrong, but now with you she is able to see that in fact how she naturally is, is right. Her parents didn't take her away from herself as yours did you. They didn't impose on her a lot of rubbish and lies and falseness about how to express oneself and one's feelings. They just didn't allow her to do it. So now that she is allowing herself to do it, and as you are too, she is free to come up and say all she feels, and it all happens to be right, because her true self, as it is with all of us, is right. Whereas you feel such a confused mess like Alfred because you were told all sorts of things that had nothing to do with yourself. You were made to be how they were, taking you right away from your true self and filling you with all sorts of wrong beliefs, ways to say things, behaviours. And you are more like most people, only most other people generally feel they had, and so have, more power. Their parents didn't dominate and control them to the extent yours did you. As you are currently seeing for yourself James, you are something of an extreme case in not being able to express your feelings, for being so removed from this aspect of yourself, you don't even know what you are feeling. You are coming from the feeling-devoid side of life, and yet there will be many men who'll be able to relate to this, they too having been made to shut out their feelings.

It's so fucking annoying and frustrating. Without Marion continually pointing out all my problems, I'd have no idea. It's just not within me like it is within her.

Joaline: Because you weren't allowed to be it. We are all naturally feeling-expressive, that is part of being a little child, however your parents did a remarkable job on you, and all with smiles on their faces. Marion's parents hit her hard, so she knew how they felt about her, there was no deny it for her, whereas yours sweet-talked you making it sound like they were on your side, that they did love and care about you, and of course you believed it all for what else could you have done. So in many ways they were worse than Marion's, although when you add it all up, you're about the same in fuckedness - I'll use your word to express it. She had the heavy hand of evil, you had the light touch, but both are equally as damaging. Hers was all out there, nothing hidden, yours was all insidious, all under the counter, or done in secret, without you aware of what was actually going on. So that's why for you it's a continual

waking up, and you being shocked to see the truth of your feelings, and why it's so hard for you to even accept them, to feel they are bad and just how bad they are. Whereas for Marion, she's been under no illusion, she's felt the pain all the way along, she couldn't cover it up and pretend it wasn't happening to her. And she couldn't escape from it, pretending she was alright, not like you could.

Yeah, don't remind me. Thank you once again Joaline. I'm going to have rest. Speak to you later.

(12/8/10)

### **Richard and Helen. Seventh mansion world.**

Richard: Jesus didn't change himself, he stayed true to himself, that I can see now. That was what his death showed us, one of the things anyway. That we are not to live untrue to ourselves, we are meant to stay true to how we feel.

Jesus didn't give in to his accusers. He didn't change himself to go along with them. He stayed true, but we as little children gave in, we had to, we couldn't do anything else, but at least I can see that now.

I was forced to give in, to give my true self away. My parents made me deny myself, disrespect myself, discredit myself, they made me turn away from myself. And I did this by stopping myself from expressing all I felt, because they made me.

Jesus didn't stop himself from feeling all he felt, he didn't use his mind to take over and deny his feelings. He expressed all he felt, not necessarily with words, but that's the picture we have of him, or the one you get from his story of him carrying his cross to Calvary.

It doesn't take much to imagine how he would have looked carrying that heavy cross beam, having been beaten and tortured and accused of all sorts of things. And all the way, all through it, what we are led to understand is he never gave in, he never did anything to appease those people who wanted to take his life. He never left himself to join and side with them, not how we were made to by our parents. I left myself to join with my parents, to be on their side, and look what it got me: a life of pain.

So if we are untrue to ourselves, then pain is what we can expect, and that's what we're all finding out. So for me to heal myself, and it's what I'm doing with you Helen, I have to no longer change myself. I have to undo by seeing the truth of, all how I did change myself, and what I changed myself into, and I have to stop doing it. I have to live being true to myself, true to my feelings.

You hear it time and time again: be true to yourself, but it only really starts to make sense and sink in when you do start to be true to yourself. Up until then, like everything, it's only words, and although it might sound good, what good does it do for you. And so many spirits are trying to live true to themselves in the mind mansion worlds, but they are not doing so by expressing all their bad feelings and uncovering the truth of them.

And you know, the more I think about it, the more I want to stand up to my parents, my accusers, and say fuck you, I am not going to break, you can't make me give in, and I am not going to tolerate your unloving treatment of me any longer. And I'm not.

Slowly I feel I am growing stronger, stronger within myself, and so able to stand up to my parents. I feel like I can face them, and I can say no to them, that they don't have the power over me that they used to. I can face them knowing what they are like, knowing why they are the way they are, and so how they were with me. I understand it all, it's all coming to me, and the closer I progress toward becoming Celestial, the more I can see it all. It's all becoming clear.

And so the more I feel like I'm becoming like Mary and Jesus, as they have said we would, becoming true to myself, the more I am able to live such spiritual and life truths with the truth that I am. I have come around, everything that was right has been shown to me to be wrong and everything that was wrong has been right, and my parents didn't have a clue - no one did. I didn't have one either, and so passed on such lies to my children.

Jesus is the living Son of Truth, Mary the living Daughter of Truth, and as I grow in truth, in my small way I am becoming as they are in truth, and it feels good.

We, you and I Helen, are sons and daughters of truth, a little son and a little daughter when compared to Jesus and Mary, however nonetheless, that is still what we are. And now feeling I know a little about what living with truth feels like, I can look back on my no truth life, and see how false, unreal and untrue I was.

You and I have come a long way. We've been through a lot together during our healing. It has certainly been one hell of an experience. And one that I am pleased to have had. And with our now fast approaching time to move on into the Celestials, I can feel a little sad about giving it all up, that I am feeling even somewhat fond of my negative condition, as if it's something like a poor lost pet that I can hold in my hands and look after.

However, having said that, I feel myself coming back to my senses and I'm so happy that it's all ending. I can't wait for it all to be over!

And now I can feel how important it will be for me to experience the end of it, and so to know that it was all wrong, and that is an 'all right' way to be. However, I only can believe that to be so for the time being, I can't know personally until I have experienced it, and so that is what I am looking forward to doing.

Helen: As am I. And it has been a remarkably journey, something so different to anything I would have thought possible. To think back to the beginning of our healing, how far away from our true selves we were, how deluded and full of ourselves we were. And to have stripped all that delusion away replacing it with the truth, and to think of all we know now about ourselves and our parents, our families and our whole life... it sure has been an incredible trip.

Richard: And for us to know our soul-group, and to unite with them all in the First Sphere, I can't wait. And what I really can't wait for is the shift in our consciousness, you know, how all the Celestial spirits seem so different, as if something within them has happened separating them from those of us still in the mansion worlds. And I can't wait to truly love you Helen my dear soul-mate, true partner and best friend.

Helen: It's what I am longing for too. To know you have once and for all - FINALLY - crossed over, and to be completely the opposite to how you've always been. To be of a positive mind and will, no longer negative. Yes, to live expressing that consciousness of truth, that too is what I want. I can feel it, sense it, perceive it, taste it - that is what I am longing for. And to fully be able to start to love and feel loved by you Richard, without anything within either of us getting in the way.

Richard: To know you are all true, what a good feeling that will be. To finally know that

nothing, not one little thing or part within you is untrue. That you are perfect with nothing imperfect. To know you are no longer evil and only good, true and of love. To be just of love, that is what I want, and to feel it all through me. To never feel these bad feelings, feeling they are buried inside me and that I don't know what to do about them or how to bring them up. To know that I no longer have anything from my childhood that is repressed, that is holding me back, that is making me go against myself. To know all of me is heading in the right direction - to Paradise, and nothing of me is going the wrong way. Just to know that I am fully healed, and how I am is perfect - the real and true me. That will be so good.

Helen: And to know you are right and true just how you are. That everything you do and say, all how you are, all how you express yourself, is perfect. Yes, that will be so good.

And it's not long now. And then to think how our relationship will be, to be in love and loving of each other, and not how it's been with so little to no love all so we can bring up how bad we've felt. That will be a wonderful thing to experience, living together truly, expressing ourselves truly to each other. And to know that we are of the one same soul, it's two halves coming together in our love-perfection, the meeting and union of two perfect minds, two perfect wills, coming together as one. And being all-loving. Knowing we are in love and of the one same love. The same love that is our soul. To be together how our Mother and Father have made us to be... that is something I sure am looking forward to.

Richard: Yes, just to know you are perfect. To know that you are right how you are. And so how you express all you feel is right, and that will make us feel so in love with each other, and without anything to get in the way. None of our bad feelings, nothing of our parents coming between us, nothing we are doing to ourselves that is inhibiting our expression of love. To be able to be together as one, and yet being our two distinct and unique selves, that will be good to experience.

Helen: And then to be that forevermore. That is something I am really looking forward to. To not have to worry about if we're expressing ourselves truly, if we are being real and true with each other, if we're being false at all. To just know that all we are, just how we are in each and every moment, is right, that's what I want.

And then to see what our life is composed of. What we will do, what we will want to do. For all these years all we've wanted to do, and all we've done, has been to progress in our healing. But to not have to work on ourselves to heal our negative state, now that will be a huge change, and as you say, a conscious shift. And so what will we do. What will the Mother and Father and Mary and Jesus ask of us. What will our place in Creation be like, what little role will we play in the great cosmic unfolding of life.

What will you and I be doing together and what will we be doing with our soul-group. It's so exciting to think about it all, and to even know that we do have a future, something we can look forward to, and something that is real, when all along all we've had to dream about is moving on in our healing and maybe one day, healing ourselves.

And so to think that day is now arriving. To think that all the hard work we've done on ourselves is beginning to pay off. It's too much, and then it's nothing at all, it's simply the next step to take, the next expression of ourselves and all we feel.



Richard: And to feel good, really good, that is what I am looking forward to so much. To no longer feel the pain, the misery, the hole in myself. To know that I am no longer a leaking bucket, that I am whole and full of love and all the good feelings that go along with that.

And to start to really get to know myself and to get to know you. To get to know ourselves and each other without all the negative stuff. To get to know ourselves and each other through love, and through truth, that will be something, won't it.

Helen: I can't wait. I can feel it happening, I can feel myself beginning to change. All those old bad feelings and all my mental circuits being turned around all to be replaced by the new. Born anew, that's how I'm feeling, like my new birth phase is starting and it's now only a matter of time. Ah, it feels so good, just to feel good, what a relief that is.

Just to once and for all, feel good. Good, happy and of love. Soon my dear it will be ours to behold, ours to live and enjoy.

Joaline: And with that, James, we will leave it there. There is nothing further for you to write from us. Of course if you want to speak about anything now or any time, you only have to call me with your mind, and if I can help, it will be a pleasure to do so. However I think you will have more than enough to do, and so I will say goodbye to you, and on behalf of us all, thank you for allowing us to come to you in this way. It's been most enjoyable and we've all gained a lot from it.

Thank you Joaline, so have I gained a lot. And no, I don't have anything I want to ask you at the moment. Maybe over the next few days as things come up in me I might want to, as so often happens when I've finished a book.

So, thank you again, and can you give all the other spirits my thanks as well - they were great 'messages'.

Joaline: I will. We'll be 'looking in' on you and Marion to see how it all goes for you. Goodbye now.

(13/8/10)

### **An addition - there's always more.**

Joaline, it is as I suspected, there is one more thing I want to add to this book, something that has come about as a result of all I spoke to Marion about this morning. I had another huge insight brought about by a dream. The insight itself is too big and too hard for me to write about, I wouldn't know how to begin to express it by writing about it, but I do want to say to the reader just how important it is in a healing relationship to question each others behaviour. I know a lot of people would do this as a natural part of their relationship, however it wasn't something that was done in my family. In no way could I question my parents, no one questioned the behaviour of my mother as she would explode, so all of that was out-of-bounds, leaving me feeling separate and isolated from other people, and unable to confront anyone about anything. I have had to just accept it all, making up for myself the reasons why people do what they do, which as Marion has helped me to see, have mostly been wrong.

I wanted to include this here in this book as another part of the healing to do with expressing ones feelings, something one might want to consider doing if it isn't something that comes naturally. I'm going through another phase of feeling like I've had enough writing about feelings and the healing in this way, so wanted to tack this bit onto the end.

Joaline: Yes James by all means, and as you say it is vital and a vital part of ones relationship with another person. And especially with ones intimate relationship in which you should express everything to each other, and so if one part of your partners behaviour doesn't add up, and particularly if it makes you feel bad, then you should question it. However like it is for yourself, the fact that you feel you can't question another's behaviour makes it difficult to do, if not impossible, and so help will be needed to help you see that not only can you do it with another person, but it's vital to do it if you want a full and rich relationship. And of course with people who are not as close to you, perhaps it won't be of such importance, because you are not seeking to express all your feelings and wanting to uncover the truth of them with that person. But that is a matter of how one would feel in each situation.

Marion has relentlessly questioned me all the way along about everything that makes her feel bad that I have said or done, and everything that I do or say that doesn't make sense to her. She does it to help her understand me, the person she is sharing her life with, and it's helped me to stop and examine my behaviour, which I've never had to do. And what it has shown us is just how retarded in feeling-expression and feeling-behaviour I am. She's currently reading a book in which the twelve-year-old girl leaves me for dead in regards to knowing herself, knowing what she feels and being confident enough to freely express it all - everything, to other children her own age and adults, not being afraid in the slightest. I am shitting myself that if I dared to question anyone (mum) I'd get my head ripped off. And of course everyday

people do and have done things to me that I don't understand and want to question but I just believe it's not my place, as Gran used to say "It's not your place James, to question the actions of the other person. You don't know what it might lead to. It's much better to leave well alone - you know how it is, how explosive your mother is, when you question her. It's best that you stay with yourself, you can see for yourself why the other person is how they are. Leave them alone and then you won't get into trouble." I mean for God's sake, with such great words of wisdom I didn't stand a chance of engaging with anyone. I was made to fear everyone, to never confront, to never even ask a simple question: why? Why do you do that that way; why did you say that; what does that mean; how come you did... nothing, none of it. I was taught to stay over there out of the way of life and just get on with my own thing. My own thing being the business of being alone and keeping separate from everyone. Really I have had such a lonely shit-awful boring life, all because they kept me out of it.

Joaline: You weren't to have a say James, you weren't to have any power. This being how your soul, how the Mother and Father have wanted you to experience life so far. What it's like to live a powerless life by not being able to interact with other people. They told you what it was about, and that was supposed to be enough for you. And then they told you you were fine, superior, that you didn't need to concern yourself with all the petty details of 'normal interaction' and self-expression. And so you denied your whole feeling-self, not being able to express such feelings. You had no alternative, there was no one else you could go to. And it is the greatest evil one can inflict upon another: to make them stop expressing themselves freely. That being what the Rebellion and Default on Earth are all about.

Yeah, so I'm coming to understand.

Joaline: As we all do James, that being what our healing is all about.

Thank you for your time Joaline, that is all I wanted to say. I'll leave you now and this will be the end. Thanks again for all your help.

Oh, and by the way, it just dawned on me why you wanted my 'message' in the book - that was very crafty of you.

Joaline: We thought you'd work it out and be interested to know. Bye James.