

Embracing Feelings and Healing by Sharon Rose Poet

Embracing Feelings and Healing

Sharon Rose Poet

Copyright 1999, 2009, 2021 with all rights reserved by Sharon Rose Poet.

Dedication

I dedicate this book to the Heart of humanity

Contents

Dedication...3

Introduction...6

Embracing Feelings...8

What Blocks Feelings?...10

Healing vs.

Pharmaceuticals...12

Counselor...14

The Time for Healing...24

Quitting Addictions and

Healing...26

A Safe Place to Heal...27

Embracing Anger...28

Embracing Fear...33

Facing Covid Fears...37

Embracing Sadness...40

So Love can Find its Place...40

Embraced...45

One Tear...48

This Time...50

Facing Childhood

Difficulties...51

Healing...51

I Remember...53

Return to childhood...55

Horrid War...56

Let me...57

Seed...58

Child I Used to be...60

Corner of Darkness...61

Scars...61

Hold me when I Cry...62

Daddy I Forget...62,63

Mommy and Daddy...64

Closets...65

The Way I Wished it...65

Lonely Nights...66

Pillow...66

Always Love You...67

Treasures I Lost...68

I Sing...69

Just Another Cinderella...71

I Must...72

Adult Children...72

Return...73

Another Way...74

I Told Him the Truth...75

Feelings are Right...76

Oh Daddy...77

Lesson...78

My Other Childhood Memories...78

Sewing...80

Making Quilts...81

Comfort Outside the Family...82

Refrain from Judgment...85

Compassion for Wounded

Families...87

Facing Our Own Parental

Mistakes...90

Hurtful Relationships...92

Together all Alone...92

Shadow Crossed Your Face...93

Seduced...94

Wish I Were a Ladybug...94

The Way I Am...95

Woman of Your Dreams...96

Ready...96

Needs...96

Just for Tonight...97

I Agree...97

I Shall Sing...98

My Adirondack Shack...99

Rhododendron Grow...100

Never Been So Alone...101

On His Way (Northern Lights)...102

Jim...103

Fading Away...104

Finding my Friend...105

Before and After the Alstead

Flood...106

Alstead Flood...107

The Loon...108

'Til Spring...108

Remains...109

Homeless...110

Margaret Street...111

The Waif...111

Too Much...112

Star Gazing Crip...113

Lupus...114

Too Tired...114

Where Are You...114

Familiar...115

Lonely Time...116

Final Mile...116

Dear God...117

Wind Turbines...117

The Sewing B...118

Rewards of Embracing

Sadness...119

Message from an Angel...120

Sharon's Prayer...122

Surrender...123

Pull in my power...124

Mother River...124

Where I am Loved...125

Thank You...126

You...126

To Be Loved...127

Sunrise...127

The Flames...127

Feel Our Walk...128

Sound of the Drum...129

Braving the Currents...129

Growing...130

Holding On...130

Beyond the Surface...131

When I Can...131

My Gift...132

A Support Group...133

SPIRITUAL HEALING...135

Road to Love...135

My Spiritual Search...135

The Search...137

True Spirituality...145

Road to God...146

Finding my Friend...147

Healing Visualizations...148

Connection to the Light...148

The Water

Contamination...150

How to Build a Water

Filter...152

About Me – the Author...161

Other Books by Me...163

Introduction

When we are free of all that blocks our feelings it will be a time for healing.

In this book I share many of the things I wrote during periods of time when I did a lot of looking back, into the past, and facing the painful experiences I needed to heal from. A lot of tears fell into the lines of the many articles and poems I wrote during those times. I hope they touch your Heart and help you to release your own suppressed pain so that you can heal from past difficulties, instead of carrying them with you and letting them have ill effects on your life.

When we have difficulty feeling our natural feelings, we either need to learn to accept and allow them and/or free ourselves of things that numb our minds and block our feelings.

There are many things that have been blocking the Heart of humanity to a massive degree, and in the foreground of these things is brain and feeling numbing pharmaceuticals, which have been being found in public and bottled drinking water in the USA as well as being prescribed to masses of people for illnesses of all kinds.

This book is a resurrection of the "Embracing Feelings" book I wrote in the 1990s. Part of it was published as "Embracing Sadness" around the year 2009. But I feel that I had cut too much out of it and some things had also been altered by those who target me and infiltrate my computers. Hopefully it will remain intact here. I have not only reverted back to my full "Embracing Feelings" book, but have also added more to it.

This book is also in Part Three of my "Wisdom's Beacon for Freedom" book, which is published in Barnes and Noble. That really is the best one to buy, because it has a lot of other information too. But the embracing of feelings is so important that I wanted to make sure it did not remain hidden away in that book, through giving it a title of its

own.

I recently came across an interesting Amish proverb. Although it is not true in a free and healing and growing world, it is true in the conditions that most of humanity is now faced with.

"Death isn't the greatest loss in life. Its what dies inside of us while we still live." ~ Amish Proverb

When masses of people are emotionally and spiritually blocked, or are being hurt or stifled so badly that they are being shoved backwards in the arena of personal growth, an inner death starts happening. Unfortunately many of us are now in this sad state and more and more have been being shoved in this direction.

We should be setting ourselves free from all that blocks our feelings and our natural process of personal and spiritual growth so that we can be healing and growing and evolving into all that we are born to be, which is what life is supposed to be about.

This book is to help our Hearts to live, instead of letting them die – its about embrace them and cleaning them out and growing into deeper levels of Love for ourselves and each other.

*We can't have future
Until we heal the past.
We must look behind us
And face the pain at last.*

P.S. Building an effective water filter is one step we can take to help free ourselves of both brain and feeling numbing pharmaceuticals and other harmful chemicals. And it is so simple that most people can probably do it for free and in just a few hours. I have included instructions on a simple water filter system, that was proven to be effective, at the end of this book.

Embracing Feelings

Embracing our feelings is the natural process of personal growth – growing and evolving into all that we can be.

Facing tough times can trigger deep feelings and it is important that we embrace them and allow our natural healing process. We were born with the capability of feeling sadness, fear, anger and happiness for good reason. None of these feelings are bad or "weak." They are all just about being human and are part of our natural process of living and growing into more whole and healthy and loving human beings.

We all tend to suppress our natural feelings, to some degree, and this is unhealthy. When we suppress our sadness we also suppress our compassion and happiness. And compassion is what most of us need to be receiving and giving more of, in order to be more happy. When we suppress our anger and fear we do not properly deal with or heal the core cause of these feelings. We all tend to want to embrace happiness, but it can only run as deep as we let our other feelings run. The more we let ourselves cry out our sadness, when it surfaces, the happier we become.

*We
feel
joy only
as deeply
as we feel
sadness*

Studies have proven that, in general, women have had more inner strength and more compassion than men. This is not because of gender and is because, it has been more ok for women to embrace feelings of sadness than it has been for men. The old messages that say, "Be strong", and "Men don't cry" has forced most men (and even a

lot of women) to suppress their feelings in ways that are not healthy. Consequently men have tended to not only be weaker emotionally, but also less compassionate and more prone to remain stuck in unhealthy levels of anger.

This tended to work well when men were the brave warriors who hunted and fought for the safety of their families, while women remained at home raising the children...etc. But those roles have been shifting rather drastically. Men have been slowly realizing that its OK to cry and women have been becoming tougher and less apt to embrace their feelings. In the past few decades it appears that, although men are not suppressing as severely, women and children have been being shoved into deeper levels of suppression than ever.

The crying that has been being misperceived as "weakness" and (God forbid) has even been being misperceived as "mental illness" in recent decades, is actually what enables inner strength and health. Its a good and healthy thing.

People who face their emotional pain and cry it out become stronger and healthier and more compassionate. And those who suppress it remain unhealed and weaker and more blocked in their hearts. The truth is that...

*We find strength and Love through tears.
We find weakness and depression
In our avoidance of them.*

What Blocks Our Feelings?

The most important part of embracing our feelings, and healing from tough times, is having the freedom to do it – we must be free of all that interferes with our natural process of personal growth.

Among the things that interfere with our natural process of personal growth are; our own suppression of the feelings that we are not totally comfortable with, overwhelming levels of hardship, our own lack of awareness of the importance of not avoiding feelings, being in unsafe environments, our own denial of feelings that we do not want to have, lack of emotional support from people whom we turn to for help, recreational drugs like marijuana...etc., caffeine, nicotine, brain and feeling numbing pharmaceuticals (like antidepressants and anti-anxiety meds), too much alcohol, poor nutrition that affects mental and emotional health as well as physical health, being influenced by subtle brainwashes, and certain types of radio waves that flood our communities, businesses and homes. Like what is used for internet and cell phones and unfortunately other things that interfere with brain function and our natural process of feeling emotions. So, these are things we must avoid as much as possible if we want to have our full range of natural feelings and grow and evolve into all that we were born to be.

Caffeine not only blocks feelings and senses, but heightens stress. It's actually a heavy-duty drug, which is why we get so addicted to it. I was a heavy coffee drinker for almost a decade. I stopped drinking it and went through withdrawals that included headaches for about a month. Then, after not drinking it for a long time, having one cup definitely showed me how much of an effect it has.

There is a lot of caffeine in many things other than coffee and tea, like in sodas and other beverages. It's not healthy for us. Most of us know this, but most of us still consume it. Why? It keeps us numb on some levels and gives us a nervous type of energy on other levels and this is what we are accustomed to, I guess. But it's not healthy.

Quitting coffee/caffeine had greatly helped me to do some deep healing of my heart in the mid to late 1980s. When I let go of the drug

I started feeling what it had been suppressing. I've had the same thing happen with quitting nicotine/cigarettes.

I'm sure the same is true for all sorts of street drugs and pharmaceuticals. Marijuana severely blocks feelings. I've repeatedly witnessed this effect in people whom I knew who used it. When they were stoned they were like different people – their hearts completely blocked.

There are also a lot of things, that we actively do, in order to suppress our feelings, including excessive levels of working, socializing, exercising, talking, intellectualizing, sleeping, watching TV, texting, web surfing, reading books, doing puzzles...etc. And its up to us to cut back on them if we want to focus on healing, instead of suppressing.

If you get odd head aches or suddenly freeze up mentally and emotionally when you deeply cry, you may be being targeted with radio waves. A LOT of people have been experiencing various types of radio wave targeting. So, don't blame yourself. You may want to read my "Technological Holocaust" book, which has information on the radio wave targeting. Hopefully the targeting will be stopped soon and we will all be free to feel and heal.

In order to open our Hearts and heal we must free ourselves of the things that suppress our feelings. When we let go of what suppresses them they naturally come bubbling up. And when we embrace them and let ourselves cry and release the suppressed pain, we heal and open our hearts to deeper levels. Its OK to cry. It really is. Its a healthy thing to do.

The effects of all the things that numb our minds and block our feelings/hearts, is the root cause of most of the difficulties humanity is now faced with. A world without heart is a world that is filled with greed and hate and vengeance and evil darkness and we have already gone too far in that direction. In order to make things better we must turn around and head in the direction of being free to heal into deeper levels of compassion and peace.

Healing vs Psychiatric Pharmaceuticals

I've never been diagnosed with a "mental illness" or taken psychiatric pharmaceuticals. But I trust what I've witnessed during a few years of work in a mental health facility and while leading my own support groups. And I trust the wise voice inside of me that refused the meds I was offered during a deep grieving process. I refused them because I know that those medications/pharmaceuticals, which have been being prescribed to people who are in a state of grief, numb the brain and feelings and prevent the healing process. The meds keep us stuck in a numb and dark and unhealed place. It is far better to heal even though its not as easy as popping a pill.

**We are far better off facing and embracing our feelings,
instead of suppressing them with pharmaceuticals.**

Those who are offered the pharmaceuticals will often have a little voice, inside their hearts, which is crying, "Don't do it! Please let me feel! Please let me heal." Too often, this wise little voice has been left unheard and was drugged into complete silence. We must stop doing this to ourselves.

*Sadness is not depressing.
Its the suppression of it
That depresses us.*

When we fully listen to our own inner voices, we know what is best for us. We know what we truly need to do and what we do not need. The key is to tune into our own wisdom and then act on it, instead of ignoring it or silencing it. Unfortunately this is difficult to do when we are in a state of grief or a state of overwhelm and there is too much of an unhealthy push, in our world, toward drugging our feelings into suppression, instead of embracing them and healing.

Nothing suppresses us worse than the brain and feeling numbing psychiatric pharmaceuticals that have been being prescribed to masses of people through the past few decades.

This is such a problem that these types of drugs have even been being found in public drinking water and rivers and streams throughout America. (I share more about the pharmaceutical problem later in this book. Please do read it even if you do not take psychiatric pharmaceuticals, because it includes things we all must become aware of.)

Unfortunately, those of us who have sought professional help with healing during emotional times, have often gotten the complete opposite of healing – we have often been labeled as "depressed" or as having some sort of "disorder" and prescribed drugs that block the healing process and keep us trapped in a numb and unhealed state.

In the late 1980s I went to see a counselor for a while. And I was very lucky to have found one that focused on healing, instead of the negative labeling and pharmaceutical induced suppression. But, sadly, this now appears to be rare in the mental health field as well as in the whole general medical profession, which also prescribes the brain and feeling numbing pharmaceuticals.

Now, even if I reached a point of feeling like I needed a bit of professional help for a while, I'd avoid the field of psychiatry for the sake of my own health and wellbeing. I'd seek help from people who would help me to feel and heal.

*We can't live a life that's real
when we're not allowed to feel.*

Counselor

*Choose a counselor who's kind,
Never one with a mechanical mind.
The person with whom we need to share
Must be one who's learned to care,
Instead of infusing numbing pills
Which lead to where Hearts get killed.*

The push to get as many people as possible taking brain and feeling numbing pharmaceuticals is extremely evident in mental health facilities and it spills out into the whole medical profession as well as into the rest of the world.

The wise parts of the field of psychiatry have known the importance of fully embracing feelings, in order to heal from difficult experiences, but since around the 1950s they seem to be forgetting this vitally important detail. I worked in a mental health facility and know that the aim is now mostly to label as many people as possible and prescribe psychiatric pharmaceuticals, instead of helping people to heal. This was being done to masses of children in the facility I worked at. It was like a mechanical production line; almost everyone (if not EVERYONE) who walked through that door to seek help got labeled as "mentally ill" and medicated/drugged.

In aims to drug as many people as possible even natural feelings, like sadness, have been being called "mental illness." **This push to label and drug as many people as possible, even children, extends far beyond the offices of the psychiatrists, and into the whole medical profession, as well as into the rest of the world with various types of messages that try to make us think there is something wrong with us, or something wrong with our children, for having normal natural feelings. This is also part of the dark/evil targeting of humanity, which must be fully known and stopped.**

One blatant example of this is on page 10 in the November, 2015 issue of the "New Hampshire Parenting" magazine.* The very large headlines say, **"I think my child is Mentally ill"** and just under that the words, **"I Feel Sad,"** were written above a drawing of a sad little girl. (I took pictures of this page, which I share below.)

**The truth is that sadness is NOT a sign of "mental illness." It is a natural human feeling and all parents should be made aware of this.
So, please help spread the word.**



The message in these pictures clearly states that a child feeling sad is a sign of "mental illness," which I find very upsetting, because there truly is nothing wrong with a child feeling sad. And the suppression of

feelings in, and the drugging of, children is far more damaging than it is for adults.

Children must be able to freely feel and process their feelings, in order to mature into emotionally healthy adults.

Sadness in a child is NOT a sign of "mental illness" and IS a sign of the child feeling hurt by something. All most sad children need is to have a good cry to let out the pain. (The same goes for adults.) Beyond this they need to be loved and comforted and encouraged to talk about what they feel hurt by.

If the sadness is caused by some sort of severe trauma or abuse, that cannot be quickly cried out, the child may need some help with embracing and releasing the sadness or may need to be provided with safety if they are being hurt. **Labeling sad children as "mentally ill," and feeding them brain and feeling numbing pharmaceuticals, merely prevents the real problem from being resolved and hurts the children even more and these sorts of things must be stopped from continuing.**

Keeping our children safe from all levels of harm, is critically important. And they need to remain safe on emotional levels as well as physical levels – they need to be free to feel and heal and mature into healthy adults. They should be free of brain and feeling numbing pharmaceuticals.

It is what hurts children that should be stopped, not what children naturally feel due to being hurt.

Sadness is a natural human emotion.

ITS OK TO FEEL SAD.

Sadness is a sign of needing to cry and release the pain.

ITS OK TO CRY.

CRYING IS LIKE GIVING THE HEART A SHOWER TO WASH AWAY ACCUMULATED DIRT

Unfortunately sadness is not the only thing that has been being used to label and drug masses of children. Things like "ADHD" and "ADD" are common "mental illness" labels that are used on children, even though these conditions are often caused by things like the high doses of caffeine and sugar that is in sodas...etc. Sometimes it's just a lack of exercise in a naturally energetic child. **A change of diet and/or more exercise is all that most of these children need, aside from a safe and loving home.** But over and over again they have been being labeled as "mentally ill" and prescribed psychiatric pharmaceuticals and it is just too wrong and damaging.

Psychiatric pharmaceuticals numb the child's mind and blocks the child's feelings, inner senses and natural process of emotional and psychological growth. **This is not only unhealthy – it is very harmful. And it does not only hurt these children, it also hurts their families and later hurts their own children, because they are not free to be the functional, caring people that most of them could be without the drugs.**

People, especially children, should not be subjected to ANYTHING that interferes with brain function and the natural process of feeling and healing and growing into healthy and mature human beings.

*Again I look into that ditch,
At wrongs my heart can see.
How do we save them?
How do we set them free?*

*I hope the Parenting Magazine, and the author of its article, will not be offended and will open their hearts to learn more about how to support the psychological health and wellbeing of our children. I hope people do not leap to blame them, because both the author and the magazine may not be aware that, what they have been lead to believe, is not true. Perhaps they just need to learn that sadness is NOT a sign of "mental illness" and is a sign of needing to cry and release the pain. Hopefully they will read this and learn and retract that dark message and help spread the truth – it's OK to feel sad and it is important to let ourselves fully feel it – to cry and release the pain, so that we can heal.

*Let no blind judgment or false label
wipe Love from humanity's table.*

I hope you will understand that I am not against psychiatrists or medical doctors. I've known some wonderful people in these fields. In the 1990s I actually wanted to become a psychologist, because I wanted to help people heal. I didn't continue in that direct, because of things I witnessed in a mental health facility I worked at.

However, I am against the field of psychiatry being used to prevent healing and I am against them hurting masses of healthy people with brain and feeling numbing pharmaceuticals, and I am against them hurting healthy people with false "mental illness" labels/stigmatizations that can render the victims unbelievable and unhealthy and untrustworthy for the rest of their lives. Each of these things have been severely hurting people, although it is not as noticeable as shooting them with a bullet, it can be far more damaging on mental, emotional and spiritual levels. These are horrible crimes against humanity, which must be stopped.

I probably should also let you know that I have never been labeled as "mentally ill" and the only time that I have ever taken a psychiatric pharmaceutical was for a few days when I was fifteen years old. A doctor had prescribed valium for an odd head ache I was suddenly experiencing. I did not like the feeling it gave me and quickly stopped

taking it. this also happened to me a second time; an MD prescribed an antidepressant for obvious physical symptoms and I threw it away, because I knew it was not what I needed. I listened to my instincts instead of the doctor and was much better off because of it. (I have practiced what I preach. :-)

My problem was later found to be the physical illness that all of its symptoms had indicated from the start. It was ridiculous that the first doctor gave me a prescription for antidepressants. But my point is that **general medical doctors have been prescribing the severest brain and feeling numbing pharmaceuticals when there is not even a valid reason for them to, not that there ever really is a valid reason. And I suspect that this has been happening on a very large scale.** The excuse they use is that emotional trauma can cause physical pains...etc., but even if this is true in some cases, it would mean that the pain will go away as the person heals. I have been through a lot in my life and I do not believe that emotional trauma really causes symptoms of physical illness, at least not most of the time.

There truly is a serious problem happening within the field of psychiatry, which spills out into the whole medical field and the rest of our world, and our awareness will help prevent it from continuing to hurt people.

Blocking the Heart of humanity has been a primary goal of the evil/dark forces that covertly target humanity. They know that when our feelings are blocked our Hearts are blocked, and that when our Hearts are blocked we cannot reach real Love and Light and are trapped in their darkness.

Everyone, both inside and outside the whole field of medicine, should become aware of the facts I outline below, for sake of the safety and wellbeing of all of humanity. Please help spread the word so that complete freedom from this can be gained.

According to wise experts, in the field of psychiatry, there is a serious problem with "mental illness" symptoms being fabricated for the purpose of prescribing brain and feeling numbing pharmaceuticals since around the 1950s.

My statements below include quotes from wise psychiatrists who have tried to help humanity, through exposing this problem they've witnessed in their own profession. It appears that some of them have been being targeted and discredited. So, please do not let this sway you if you research this on your own and find odd things on the web or even in their writings. **Please listen to your own instincts above all else. If you can tune into your own instincts you will feel the truths. Hopefully you can.**

Around the 1950s; the field of psychiatry was making shifts from Freudian methods to creating the DSM, which was listing things that were to become, "medicateable mental illness diagnosis." Many psychiatrists stood up against it, because it listed many things that were not even really "mental illnesses", but it continued and is now commonly used in the whole field of psychiatry, in order to label masses of people as "mentally ill" and to have them take psychiatric pharmaceuticals.

Around the 1950s; people like Dr. Thomas Stephen Szasz started standing up for humanity against what he knew to be false mental illness labels that were being put into the DSM, in order to justify drugging and/or institutionalizing people. Dr. Szasz was a psychiatrist who wrote a book called "On the Myth of Mental Illness." He is no longer here with us, but his wisdom is.

"Although we may not know it, we have, in our day, witnessed the birth of the Therapeutic State." ~ Dr. Thomas Stephen Szasz

"The task we set ourselves to combat psychiatric coercion is important... It's a noble task – a task in the pursuit of which we must,

regardless of obstacles, persevere. Our conscience commands that we do no less."Dr. Thomas Stephen Szasz

"Labeling a child as 'mentally ill' is a stigmatization, not a diagnosis. Giving the child a psychiatric drug is poisoning, not treatment."Dr. Thomas Stephen Szasz

And the same is true for adults.

Dr. Paula Caplan also stood up to expose the DSM's false "mental illness" labeling. In her stand she expressed concern that normal feelings and social behaviors, especially those of natural grieving or anger, were being listed in the DSM as cause to label a person with "mental illness" and medicate/drug them. Dr. Paula Caplan wrote a book entitled, "They Say Your Crazy."

"The whole process of mental illness diagnosis is unregulated. . . there are categories in the DSM that have scientifically proven not to exist and they're in there anyway... [normal] things that everybody goes through. . . get diagnosed as "mental illness" for example; if someone close to you dies and your still depressed two weeks later, now, according to the DSM, you have minor depressive disorder."~ Dr. Paula Caplan

Dr. Colin Ross extensively studied scientific data which disproves the validity of "mental illness" labels and renders most of the prescribed pharmaceuticals harmful or ineffective in most patients. Dr. Colin Ross wrote a book entitled, "The Great Psychiatry Scam."

"It's not going to stop until psychiatry takes responsibility for what it's doing and the public gets educated and says wait a minute I'm not buying this anymore."~ Dr. Colin Ross

Grief is not nearly the only natural feeling or issue that is listed in

the DSM as a "mental illness" and suppressed with psychiatric pharmaceuticals. I heard that this has been changed in the new fifth edition of the DSM, but just the fact that grief had been listed as a "mental illness" should raise giant red flags for the whole DSM and the intentions behind it.

The numbers of people who have been falsely labeled and drugged are astronomically high. And the masses of people who have been drugged, against their will, through things like the contamination of our water, is also astronomically high.

Bernard Schreiber, wrote a book entitled "Men Behind Hitler – A German Warning to the World." His research exposes the profession of psychiatry being involved in a covert continuation of the evil movement, which the Nazi holocaust was part of. His book is freely downloadable on the web as a gift for humanity.
www.targetedinamerica.com/menhitler.html.

The false labeling of masses of healthy people, and the effects of the psychiatric pharmaceuticals, is truly a holocaustal situation. When our brains, senses, instincts and feelings are numbed with pharmaceuticals we are far more susceptible to various types of brainwashings and are apt to easily just follow what-ever or believe whatever...etc. And there are a lot of brainwashing types of things in our world. The effects of the pharmaceuticals that have been prescribed, and also those that have been found in bottled and public drinking water are part of an enslavement of humanity and the evil destruction of the heart of humanity. Consequently masses of people are now like blind sheep or zombies, instead of being fully functional healthy human beings.

**FREEDOM FROM THE PAHARMACEUTICALS
MUST BE GAINED QUICKLY.**

An example of heavy pharmaceutical targeting; there has been some public awareness of the horrible levels of abuse that Native American children have been inflicted with in the christian schools, which they were forced to go to. The last schools in the USA closed in the 1970s and the last Canadian ones closed in the 1990s. A lot of healing now needs to take place in the Native people. But massive amounts of them have been being diagnosed with "mental illness" and prescribed brain and feeling numbing psychiatric pharmaceuticals, which prevents the natural process of healing.

The following quote came from a report about the Canadian christian residential school system and its effects on Native people. Out of a study of 127 native students of that school system, almost ALL have been given "mental illness" labels that justify the administering of brain and feeling numbing pharmaceuticals.

"The 2012 national report of the First Nations Regional Health Study found that of respondents who attended residential schools were more likely than those who did not to have been diagnosed with at least one chronic medical condition. A sample of 127 survivors revealed that...; 65 per cent have been diagnosed with posttraumatic stress disorder; 21 per cent have been diagnosed with major depression; 7 per cent have been diagnosed with anxiety disorder; and 7 per cent have been diagnosed with borderline personality disorder."

~

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Canadian_Indian_residential_school_system

I am concerned that the labeling and drugging of the victims of the christian residential schools is not only hurting them more and preventing healing, but that it also may be keeping some of them silent about the worse of the crimes that were committed against them in those schools. They should be free to fully remember and heal. **They should have the proper kinds of help with embracing their feelings and truly healing.**

The worse kind of death is the emotional and spiritual death that is inflicted with psychiatric pharmaceuticals.

Can you imagine what our world will be like when we are free and healing? Hold onto this vision, please, because it has to happen and our awareness is needed, in order for it to fully happen. Please do all that you can to help restore freedom and safety to humanity, especially if you are in positions of authority.

The Time for Healing

*This is the time for healing -
The hell genuinely stopping,
The thieves no longer stealing,
The drugs no longer preventing
All that we should to be feeling.*

Psychiatric pharmaceuticals should not be used on people, except possibly very temporarily in rare and extreme situations, if at all.

In the arena of mental health we should be doing something like what was done with the Kempner Rice Diet in the medical field; take away the pharmaceuticals, protect the victims from all that harms them, give them the proper kinds of help and support and see what kinds of healing take place. I'm sure the results would be just as "miraculous."

If you are taking psychiatric pharmaceuticals, and would like to stop taking them, do it wisely. You may need to go off of them slowly and use some sort of plant for medicine to help you through it. Talking to a doctor who uses plants for medicine would be a really good idea. You also may just need to let a grieving and healing process happen. Please be sure to read Part Three of this book. **Listen to your own instincts above all else. Hopefully they are not too numbed by the**

pharmaceuticals.

**IF YOU HAVE UNUSED PHARMACEUTICALS; DO NOT TROW THEM
IN THE TRASH OR FLUSH THEM DOWN THE TOILET. BRING THEM
TO A DISPENSING SITE.**

Quitting Addictions and Healing

Most addictions effect our physical health either directly through toxifying our bodies or indirectly through preventing us from eating properly.

I've never had an addiction to alcohol or drugs, so I cannot offer sound advice on these types of addictions. But I have had addictions to nicotine and caffeine, so I know what an addiction is like. Though various types of addictions are very different most of them seem to have a connecting link; the addiction tends to block our feelings. Consequently, quitting the addiction opens a doorway for not only the discomfort of withdrawal, but also for the bubbling up of feelings that we've been using the addiction to suppress. This bubbling up of feelings is uncomfortable for some people and is often the very thing that pushes them back into the addiction.

A VERY important step to succeeding with letting go of an addiction, and not replacing it with another one, is the process of embracing our feelings and having the proper kinds of support to do it.

I'd like to see more "Embracing Feelings" stuff happening in AA types of organizations, because it really is an incredibly important part of the recovery from any addiction. Exercising and eating healthy, and other lifestyle changes, also help a lot. I hope this book inspires many to take that step toward a healthier and happier future.

**I hope you embrace your heart and
let of both the pain and the addiction.**

A Safe Place to Feel/Heal

Feeling safe is important in the process of embracing our feelings and opening our hearts, because opening up can make us feel vulnerable. We especially need this feeling of safety during times of deep grieving. Most of us probably have this in our own homes, but when we don't we must create a safe haven for ourselves, elsewhere. We can do this as simply as just taking walks in the woods, or going for drives in our vehicles when we need peaceful and private time to feel.

I actually built my own little personal cabins for myself, on both of the properties I'd owned in New Hampshire. I found it very comforting to know that they were there for me, whenever I needed a bit of time to myself, whether I needed to think or cry or write or do a fast or do yoga or play my guitar or meditate or just sit in peace for a while. In those cabins I was free to do anything I wanted without interference and without bothering anyone else. They were extremely helpful to me. I miss them. They were my little safe havens.

Above all else we must have the freedom to feel and heal and grow into all that we were born to be.

Embracing Anger

I once heard that "underlying all anger is pain." I had felt this to be true. But I've since learned that anger is also the mask that fear sometimes wears. So I feel that underlying all anger is either pain or fear, but it is most often pain.

It is important for us to fully embrace our anger. This process tends to scare some people, because they confuse anger with harmful rage. Yet, **it is through embracing and releasing our anger that we can prevent it from growing into unhealthy levels of rage.** And when rage is embraced it can be channeled into directions that are not harmful.

There are uncountable numbers of things we can do to release our anger. And different things work better for different people. Some people run it out or paint it out or yell it out or punch it out (with boxing gloves and a boxing bag) or write it out or sing it out or drive it out...etc. Most of the time its just a matter of finding what works best for us and being willing to launch into it and having enough support if it is something that we find scary. Its very healing when we do it in ways that do not hurt anyone. Refraining from hurting other people with our anger is a must for all of us.

Fully embracing our anger most often produces the tears that release the suppressed pain, which caused it. And when we let those tears flow, for as long as they need to, deep healing happens.

Below are examples of some of the things I have done to embrace and release my anger.

My Beating up a Tree

I beat up a tree in the early 1990s. ;-) I'd just been through a scary and disappointing experience and felt stuck in my anger. So, I walked outside my home, grabbed a stick of wood and started hitting a big tree with it. As I did this I yelled at the top of my lungs. I gave it all I had. I bashed the tree and yelled to release the anger. Then, my anger turned to tears. I ended up literally collapsing on the ground sobbing and this released the pain, which the anger was masking. After this I felt exhausted for a while, and my arm hurt. (don't ever do this with a big stick against a large unyielding tree!) But as soon as I recovered from the exhaustion I felt relieved and not angry anymore. I'd released both my anger and my pain through embracing it. I then settled into a peaceful place inside myself. I'd let go of the anger through completely embracing it.

At that time, I owned a home out in the country and it was secluded enough to provide me with the privacy I needed, in order to fully cut loose without anyone else hearing me and interfering. But this sort of releasing can be done in other places too. When we need privacy we can drive out into the country, or park with our windows up in a remote corner of a parking lot, and cut loose with yelling out the anger while sitting in our vehicles. We can walk into the woods on the side of a country road. We can yell into our pillows...etc. We can also embrace and release our anger in the company of friends or loved ones who can understand the healing process and support us through it. I've found that I go deeper into it and do greater levels of healing when I am alone, but this may not be true for everyone.

My Writing out the Anger

Writing out my anger has been my primary outlet. I've written many letters that I did not send. I've done a lot of venting my anger in a journal. It has not been in many of my poems, because I tend to quickly get through my anger and into the pain to covers, but it has been in some of my poems. Below is a poem I'd angrily blasted out while I was facing some painful childhood memories, but I still did cry for them too.

Now

*I used to cry for you
But now that truth has passed me by,
My tears for you have all run dry.
It's for myself that I now cry.*

My Driving Out the Anger

I remember a day when I had felt extremely angry with my husband. I had tried and tried to talk to him, but could not make things better. When I hit a boiling point I did not want to say anything to him that I'd regret, so I threw the cookies I'd been baking into the trash bin, marched out the door, climbed into my car, slammed the door as hard as I could, drove onto route 89 and verbally vented in my car until I reached the Canadian border and then drove back, still venting. Boy! I told him! But only my dash board heard it.

I probably should have directly blasted him, but, in situations like this, my anger usually quickly turned to tears and then I'd get all choked up. And I'd already exhausted all levels of communication on the problem we were having. We were stuck in a rut. I had just needed to vent without making things worse and I did accomplish this.

My Glass Breaking Period

I went through a short period (in the early 1990s) when I angrily threw a glass onto my counter and found that the sound of it breaking was like a releasing of my anger. So I threw another one. That felt really good, so I threw a few plates. I'd hit the point of rage, but was releasing it in a way that did not hurt anyone.

It would have gotten a little expensive if I'd continued with this method, so I switched to breaking bottles at the town dump where the glass bin was surrounded with cement walls. I actually did this with a friend of mine. For a while we both went to the town dump and smashed bottles into that bin with all our mite. The louder the crash the better we felt. It helped. We were both going through divorces at the time.

My Wood Splitting Release

I've also done anger embracing and releasing through splitting fire wood. In December 2001 I bought a cabin in the Adirondack wilderness after a fire had destroyed my New Hampshire home.

In my first VERY cold winter there I had to split my own fire wood, in order to stay warm. Splitting it was difficult at first, because I was unskilled and didn't seem to have the physical strength to bring the axe through the wood. It just bounced off of it. But when I hit the point of putting my anger into it I suddenly acquired the strength. I'd set a log on my splitting block and think, 'this is the fire that destroyed my home' and then I'd slam that axe down as hard as I could, WHACK! 'This is the loss of my other home,' WHACK! 'This is the 9/11 hell,' WHACK! 'This is the rotten relationship I'd just wasted a few years in,' WHACK! WHACK! 'This is the loss of my writings in the fire,' WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! That axe started going right through those logs! It was amazing. For a couple months I continued driving that axe into things that I felt hurt by and angry at. I stayed very warm through most of that winter, in my little Adirondack Shack. :-)

~

Anger can also give us the strength we need to accomplish things that we could not do without it. Anger is often what gives us the courage to stand up against injustices or stand up for ourselves and others who are being hurt. Anger can give us the strength we need to not crumble into unhealthy levels of fear in situations where courageous action is needed. Soldiers in combat and victims of various types of crimes naturally utilize this type of life saving anger. In recent years, I have. Sometimes we have a choice to either get angry or crumble and its best to get angry as long as we do not hurt anyone with it.

Embracing Fear

Some people view fear as a negative emotion, but it is very positive. Fear is our natural barometer, which alerts us of danger. We need it. It is an extremely valuable feeling. Most of us feel fear when we are either being hurt or are in danger of being hurt. This is natural and we should not even try to eliminate this fear. What we need to get rid of, or get away from, is the danger, that it warns of, so that we can be and feel safe.

Unfortunately, there are some dangers that are not obvious, and we can sometimes think that fear has no reason for existing in these situations, so its important to not be so quick to judge the emotion. On example of this is a person experiencing the hair standing up on the back of their neck and a nervous feeling accompanying it. In a situation like this there may be no immediately evident danger, but its wise to pay attention to the feeling and heed the warning and perhaps make a change in direction when it happens. This once happened to me when I pulled into a gas station during a road trip to the Southwest. After the feeling hit me I pulled back out of the parking lot, and as I pulled out, I noticed a group of men hanging out near the building watching me. I had avoided the danger through paying attention to my feelings and changing my direction. I have always felt safe traveling alone, and have done a lot of it, because I knew I had my natural barometer to alert me in advance. **We all have this natural barometer of fear and it protects us when we are not too blocked from our feelings and when we pay attention to it.**

We have other types of fears too, like the fear of failure or even sometimes the fear of succeeding...etc. Sometimes we have fears that we are not even cognitively aware of. And courage can override these types of fears.

Unhealthy Fears

Sometimes we carry fear from past experiences that we have not yet fully faced or healed. The danger is no longer there, but the fear still is. When we embrace these types of fears it helps us to realize the underlying cause and heal from them. I've had three of these types of fears that I've worked at healing. What are yours and what can you do to face them and heal?

My Fear of Deep Water

I was afraid of swimming in deep water and of putting my head under water. I faced this fear through repeatedly swimming out into the middle of a small pond, where there were lots of other people around to help me if I got into trouble. I practiced floating on the water and relaxing and feeling at peace. I faced the fear head on.

Before peace settled in I had to face the cause of the fear, which was due to my oldest sister shoving me under the water and sitting on me when I was a little child. I was trapped and gasping water into my lungs. This was a traumatic experience for me. As I faced my fear, over twenty years later, I kept affirming to myself that I was no longer in danger and that I could safely let go of the fear. And I did reach a point of being able to relax out in deep water. It took a whole summer of swimming to do it, but I did it.

Through this process I also moved into a place of forgiveness for my sister. It helped for me to realize that she had been just a child herself and that she had a lot of suppressed pain, which she did not have enough support in the process of healing, and behaved like a bully because of it.

My Fear of the Dark

Another fear, that I had, was a fear of the dark. This was mostly when I was a child, but some of it did follow me into my adult life. In the early 1990s I decided to face the remnants of this fear head on.

I drove up into the White Mountains, parked my car on the side of the road, walked a mile or so into the woods and sat there, in the dark, all night. I did it this way, because once it got dark, I could not return to my car. I had to stay there and embrace my fear. I was in a strange place where I had never been before and it was pitch black all around me, especially after I lit a camp fire. I felt really scared, at times, but I was able to calm myself. This helped me to let go of my fear of the dark. I'm not sure why I had this fear, but I don't feel it anymore, not like I used to anyway.

My Fear of Speaking in Public

My worse fear was what is commonly called, "stage fright." This fear was quite intense. I had a stuttering problem when I was a young child and was very shy. I grew up in a family of eight. Having two siblings that were four and five years younger than me, and three that were older than me, made it easy for me to sort of fade into the woodwork. I was a classic "middle child." We lived on a large farm way out in the country, so I had very little experience with socializing both inside and outside my family. When a lot of people were around I tended to remain quiet and invisible. I came out of my shell in my teens, in some ways. But I flunked the public speaking part my freshman English class in college.

When I was in my thirties I taught support groups and Native American style drum making workshops, and became comfortable with this, but I still had a serious case of stage fright when it came to sharing personal things in front of an audience. I wrote songs and poems, which I wanted to share with people, so this was a problem.

In the early 1990s I was interviewed on the "Out There" TV show and froze up – I could only give short answers to the questions and did not say anything else and basically just agreed to whatever the host said. I was nearly frozen and just numbly got through it. I did force myself to sing one of my songs, but it came out very monotoned. My voice was frozen too.

I later embraced this fear through forcing myself to sing my songs

on stage in front of large groups of people in Nashville. (I share more about my stage experiences in my book, "Road Missed by a Lyricist.")

I also tackled this fear through forcing myself to do poetry readings. My fear was so intense that my mouth would go dry, my hands and legs would shake and my mind would go blank. I gradually got better at it. But this fear remained intense after about a year of doing weekly public poetry readings. I have not fully gotten past my "stage-fright", but I did reach a point where I was not shaking and could read my poetry and even put a bit of feeling into it. **This process of embracing my fear, and not letting it stop me from doing the things I want to do, has helped me a lot.**

None of my fears were in the category of being totally debilitating, but I feel certain that we can face and get over even debilitating levels of fear when we are safe from harm and when we are willing to gather up the strength to face what we are scared of and we have the proper kinds of support. The more intense the fear is the more we have to work at it, but its always doable. **The first step is to embrace the fear and know that its not bad or wrong or weak. There is a reason for its existence and the core of that reason is either for our own safety or for us to face and heal past experiences. Fear is not a bad thing. Its the things, which our natural fear warns us of, that are bad and should not be in our lives.**

I hope you embrace your fear and gain an understanding of why it is there and either heed its warning or heal from the past experiences that raised it, whichever one applies to it.

Facing Covid 19 Pandemic Fears

Right now we are all faced with the covid-19 pandemic. If we did not feel some fear and frustration we would not be human. Its just natural. This pandemic is a very real danger, no matter how it is perceived. Over and over again I have had to find ways to console myself.

Among other things, writing this book is helping me through this pandemic – I needed to be doing something to help remedy the situation and help prevent further harm to people. I needed a focus. And doing something to help others, through these difficult times, helps me through them too. **When we are doing all that can to eliminate the danger or help ourselves and others through the tough times, it makes us feel less scared and more hopeful.**

Death is probably the most common fear. But I cannot relate to it very much, because I'm actually not scared of physical death. I fully believe that there is a wonderful, loving, peaceful place that our spirits and souls go when our bodies die. This helps me tremendously when I think about all the people who have died and the possibility of my loved ones dying or the possibility of me dying. I feel sad for people who do not believe in life beyond our physical world, because it must make these times far more difficult for them.

I have always felt that physical death is not nearly the worst thing that can happen to us and there are far worse things that have been happening to many people and these are the things that I find scary.

I actually find the possible side effects of the covid vaccine more scary than the pandemic itself. I don't want a vaccine. I don't have much faith in modern medicine and I do not want to be forced to consume any of it.

I feel that a lot more should be done to promote good health in all people, through proper natural plant food consumption, because this is the healthiest way and is what has been scientifically proven to be what we all need, in order to fight off or heal from all sorts of illnesses. (I share more about this in Part Two of this book.)

I don't want to judge the handling of the pandemic. I'm sure that

most people are doing the best they can with the handling of it, based on the information they have been given. And it is an unusual situation, that has been a learning curve, for people who have never been faced with it before.

But I feel that face masks, though helpful in severely infectious places are unhealthy for us all to be wearing on a regular basis. And I feel that the distancing and lock downs have been too destructive to too many people. I hope it never happens again.

I've had a lot of feelings of sadness connected with this pandemic. I feel sad that many people have been being prevented from being a good source of comfort and help to their own loved ones. I feel sad for the people who have lost loved ones, especially those who were not able to be at the bedside of their loved ones in their last days of life here. I feel sad that we have lost many more small businesses. I feel sad for all the people who have been shoved into poverty and all the people who are suffering...etc.

There are also things I feel scared of. I feel scared that there is now even more of a push for all of us to rely more heavily on technologies for communication and learning and banking...etc., because this does not feel good or right to me. Sometimes I feel scared of what the future could hold if things continue this way.

From my view point; a humanity that (before covid-19) was already starving for more physical closeness and more hands on comfort, and more person to person (face to face) communication and more love and more safety and more peace...etc., has been suddenly shoved off a cliff in the opposite direction with covid! Its been excruciating to watch this happen.

In our own homes we can make our own choices to take risks or not, when it comes to giving a loved one a needed comforting hug or a pat on the back or kiss...etc., but sadly, for many, this is now not done without trepidation. **Deep in my heart I want to cry out, we NEED to, and SHOULD be able to, feel safe to comfort each other and be close to each other, especially during tough times, and this should not ever be prevented, because it's just too wrong!**

I feel that we should all take a serious look at ALL of our options and

do only what feels best for us, as long as it is respectful of other people's feelings and wishes for themselves.

There is a lot more than the pandemic happening. Never, has there been a more crucial time for us to not only embrace our own feelings, but to also embrace each other in ways that are truly caring and comforting and in ways that encourage and support our feelings and a healthy grieving/healing process. People who need a shoulder to cry on should have a kind and caring one and should not have to feel guilty or scared about using it.

And this pandemic should not be used for the medical profession to put even more people on brain and feeling numbing pharmaceuticals for the "anxiety" or "depression" that are just natural emotions that most human beings feel at times like this. Prior to this pandemic, the "mental illness" labels (for natural emotional feelings...etc.) and the mass sale/distribution of psychiatric pharmaceuticals was already a HUGE part of the problem with the blocking of the heart of humanity and the resulting darkness that has become very evidently growing in our world. It should be stopped and certainly not be allowed to get even worse. Allowing the full range of human feelings and opening our hearts to each other, is vitally important and this is something we should all be doing more of, especially now.

The many negative side effects of the whole pandemic thing and the possibility of forced vaccinations are the things I find scary. But I have been embracing my fear and it has been turning to sadness for all of the hurt and difficulties it has caused. Hopefully small independently owned businesses, especially farms, will make a comeback. Hopefully most of the damage it has done will be repaired.

Embracing Sadness

*Deep inside most hearts
Exists a lonely place,
Where sadness covers love
While yearning to be embraced.
This is the place I aim to reach -
The depths that have much to teach.
But, do we dare fully embrace
The tears that long to heal our race?
Do we dare release our pain
So Love can find it's place again?
We must.*

When I was in my mid-twenties, I noticed a pattern in a man who was a bit of a tough 'Clint Eastwood' type of personality, except for when he was grieving a loss – when he let himself feel his sadness he became more caring and compassionate toward others. I found this interesting and began noticing the same behaviors in myself and other people.

When we let ourselves feel and release our sadness – allowing a healthy grieving process, it clears a pathway for deeper levels of love to flow through our hearts. And the flip side of this is also true – when we suppress our sadness – when we don't allow ourselves to feel and release it as it comes up, it creates a wall, which blocks our hearts. And when our hearts are blocked, we don't operate from a place of Love and compassion, for ourselves or others, as deeply as we are capable of.

We have tended to have a difficult time completely embracing sadness, because a healthy grieving process has not often been encouraged or supported in humanity. Even when we have let our tears flow, instead of stuffing them back down, we have often released just a little and suppressed the rest, rushing to put the unpleasant

experience behind us, before we've fully released the pain that was crying to escape. We have rarely completely surrendered to letting it all out, because it's easier and more comfortable to continue our habitual cycles of suppression.

Suppressing sadness has become such an automatic response to emotional pain that most of us have not realized how much we do it. We also have not been aware enough of the negative effects that suppressing sadness has on us and our world. The more we deny our sadness and push others to do the same, the more we spread the closing of our Hearts, which creates serious problems throughout humanity.

When I step back and look at the plight of our world, I see the suppression of sadness as an epidemic that's blocking the heart of humanity and causing multitudes of problems on ALL levels of our existence.

The suppression of sadness – the closing of our hearts, is the root cause of ALL the problems we face, on both personal and global levels.

On smaller scales; suppressing our feelings of sadness causes our Hearts to block to the point where our ability to feel the depths of Peace, Joy and Love diminish; we lose our ability to feel deep levels of compassion toward our fellow beings and ourselves; what we begin to value most becomes money and obtaining possessions; we start becoming more selfish and greedy and less caring toward others.

On larger scales; the severe suppression of sadness causes hearts to become so blocked that they are replaced with deep levels of greed, selfishness, anger and aims to seek vengeance against or to over-power and manipulate others, instead of resolving problems. All of these things are THE root cause of the destructive wars we experience, on EVERY level of humanity, between individuals, between religions, between races and between countries.

Is any of this sounding familiar to you? It does to me! This sounds

painfully familiar! When I look out into the world, I see this so much it scares me. It looks like humanity is in the process of completely closing its heart.

But we can cure this problem, through embracing and releasing our own grief so that our hearts can open to deeper levels of Love and through making sure that we are free to do this. There are many things that contribute to the blocking of the heart of humanity and some of the things are not our own choices. Please be sure to read the section on what blocks our feelings. Many people's hearts have been being suppressed against their will and without them even being aware. But, when we are free to feel and heal we can choose to stop suppressing our hearts.

*Healing the world begins and finishes
With the healing of our own individual hearts.*

In order to do this many of us have to deprogram ourselves. We must let go of things we have been being taught from the day we were born. Our world has been full of messages that push us to suppress our feelings of sadness – to "get over it", to pretend it's not there or to "put it behind us" as quickly as possible. And this is why so many of us have become far better at suppressing our tears than we are at letting them flow and releasing the pain.

We have tended to even feel ashamed to go out in public after we've let ourselves deeply cry, because we don't want people to know we've been crying. We have often behaved in ways that make it look like crying is doing something wrong or shameful!

We have wasted a lot of money and energy in the process of stuffing down our sadness with overdoses of caffeine, nicotine, alcohol, food, drugs, TV, texting, sleeping, intellectualizing, working, exercising...etc. We have often been doing excessive amounts of things that keep us distracted from our feelings. We have often kept ourselves so busy that there's no time to feel or heal anything! And we have often tried to stop others from feeling their feelings, because

their sadness triggers ours and we don't want to feel ours.

Even when we've known that we need to face the pain we've often tended to feel just a hint of it and then fool ourselves into thinking we've moved beyond it. We've often thought that the pain will disappear if we paste on a smile and carry on. But it doesn't disappear – what we don't release stays inside of us, weighing us down, blocking our hearts – blocking genuine love, joy and peace.

Suppressing Sadness Merely Stuffs It Into Our Future

Fully feeling our sadness can sometimes be overwhelming, especially when a healthy grieving process is not supported by the people around us. Even in the most supportive environments, it can be difficult to completely embrace our grief. Like many other things in our world, suppression is the easiest route to take, but certainly NOT the healthy one.

Now, I'm not suggesting that we walk around trying to cry all the time. But I AM saying that we should let our tears freely flow, when they surface, rather than trying to block them. I'm hoping we all begin to take a deeper look at the effects of the "NO crying – no grieving allowed" messages, which we believe and even pass on to our children.

I cringe every time I hear the popular Christmas song, which we STILL play for our children, "You better be good – you better not cry. . .I'm telling you why. . .Santa Clause is coming to town...". I'm sure we'd not write or play songs like this for our children, if we knew how harmful this "no crying allowed" message is.

Sometimes, when I hear this song, I sing along and loudly change it's words to, "You'd better be good. YOU'D BETTER CRY. I'm telling you why. . .", because our Heart's need their natural cleansing process to happen and we must allow it. Crying is NOT a "bad" thing. It really isn't. Crying is a good, healthy, natural cleansing process for our hearts.

*Crying is like giving the Heart a shower
To wash away accumulated dirt.*

Embracing and releasing our own feelings of sadness is the most important thing we can do to heal ourselves and the rest of the world.

We have often not even realized how blocked we are, because most of us don't remember a time when we were more open than we are now. We don't usually realize how much we suppress our hearts, until after we start opening up to deeper levels than what we're accustomed to.

What some of us call joy or love, is merely a shallow imitation of what these feelings can be when we release our sadness and unblock our hearts.

When I was in my early twenties I thought I was a Loving, compassionate person. I wasn't, fully. But I THOUGHT I was, because I didn't know deeper levels of love than what I'd experienced up to that point. I didn't realize how blocked my heart was, until I started embracing the depths of my suppressed sadness and began opening up to deeper levels of love, peace and joy. I feel that this is the way it is with most of us – we don't know what we're missing until we dare to open up and experience something more, something deeper, something that often lays just beyond our usual comfort zones, in the process of embracing our feelings.

*We feel Love only as deeply as we
Allow ourselves to feel our sadness.*

When I've allowed the depths of my sadness, it has sometimes opened doors to an incredibly wonderful, almost magical, loving place within my heart.

Embraced

*You were a little teardrop
Struggling to be free!
You gave me strength
When I was weak.
You shed the dark,
Made room for Light,
On the coldest
Longest night.
You brought me joy
While feeling sad.
Brought out the 'good'
Within the 'bad'.
I turn to the mirror
To see and embrace
These little tracks
You left upon my face*

But the first step I had to take, in order to start refraining from suppressing my feelings of sadness, was to start working at fully accepting their presence – stop giving them a negative label, and start looking at what I do to suppress.

The consistent thing I have done to suppress my feelings, which most of us seem to do on a regular basis, is shallow breathing. The more shallowly I breath, the more tensed up and blocked my body and heart remains. So, whenever I think of it, I take deep, slow breaths, pulling my energy into my heart.

Sometimes I can, almost instantly, feel a doorway opening.

Other tools I've used to suppress my sadness are cigarettes, caffeine and sometimes over doses of food. Through the many difficulties, I've been faced with in my life, I do my best to let my natural healing process happen – to embrace my sadness and let my tears wash away the pain, when I have the freedom and privacy I need, in order to do it effectively.

This doesn't mean I'm sad all the time or that I don't still go through periods of suppressing. I don't do this perfectly. I just strive to do the

best I can in the conditions I'm dealt with. This is all any of us can do, until feelings of sadness are more accepted in all of humanity.

There are times when I revert back to suppressing out of fear of my heart being too open – out of fear of being too vulnerable when I'm exposed to the more chaotic/dysfunctional parts of our world.

Sometimes I suppress so much that

it feels like I have to start all over again and what I had initially gained is lost. But in my heart I know it isn't lost. I still have the memory of, and the yearning for, a more loving place in my heart, which I can grow back into. It is this memory that will help me return to it. Once we've been there we do not ever forget it. It's like a Light that guides the way.

In general, each step forward goes a little further forward and each step backwards doesn't go quite so far back as the previous one. This seems to be the natural spiral of growth.

Healing is not an event – it is a process.

Throughout our lives we are often surrounded by opportunities to embrace our sadness and open our hearts. Most of the time, the opportunities are relatively small. But every now and then we can suddenly experience multiple losses or a receiving of a genuine love and comfort, that hits hard and deep. These are the times when it's most important to let ourselves fully cry out our pain – to allow a healthy grieving process for however long it takes.

There have been a few times in my life when I've felt suddenly overwhelmed with chains of difficulties. An astrologer once told me that I'd come into this lifetime with at least five lifetimes worth of work to do. I'm not sure about that. But it does seem like I've been undergoing many lifetimes worth of inner work! I've been repeatedly shoved backwards by forces beyond my control. The challenges and losses I've faced in the past fifty years are nearly unbelievable. These difficulties have not helped me to move forward though. They have most often

prevented my healing process. When too much pain is heaped upon us we have a natural defense mechanism, which puts us in a state of shock until we are less overwhelmed and can process the feelings. And I have experienced this many times. Too many times.

There've been times when I've been hit so hard with tough times that I went into shock. And there have been times when I dove into my sadness so deeply that I feared not being able to get back out of it. But I always did come out of it feeling relieved – feeling like I'd let go of a huge burden.

Most people don't deal with as many challenges as I have. But this doesn't mean that what I'm saying doesn't apply. Even when we hold in small amounts of sadness, through long periods of time, it can add up to something very big and heavy. And sometimes we feel grief for other people.

Sometimes I look out into the world and grieve for the masses of wounded places inside ALL our hearts. I've grieved for the shallowness of the lives we lead and for our lack of Love and compassion for ourselves and each other. I find the state, that humanity is in right now, very sad.

I've grieved for the fact that most of us have not yet even realized the depths of Love and joy that's missing in our lives. I've grieved for the masses of children whose little hearts have been suppressed. Every one of us was one of those children and that precious little child still resides deep inside all our hearts. I've grieved for the avoidance of that sweet innocent child that has too often remained unacknowledged, unheard and unloved as we rush through our lives with too much focus on our monetary or physical world.

One Tear

*Blind folded were my eyes when they dared not see.
Silent was this voice deep inside of me,
The little one who cries, "Oh, please set me free!"
As she mends her wings, preparing for flight,
Anxious for her Star to shine on this longest, darkest night.
As each feather is put in its place,
Lonely tears of sadness gather upon her face.
My job is to embrace her, count and feel her tears,
And listen to the wisdom she hasn't shared in years.
One tear for each Truth not seen as real,
And for every person who forgot how to feel.
One tear for everyone who yearns to be set free,
Yet, searches with the mind for what only the Heart can see.
One tear for each voice that dared not sing out loud
And for every Angel who can't stand tall and proud.
One for those who pretend, but have not healed at all,
And for each of the deaf who will not hear this call.
One tear for every wisdom humanity has denied,
And for each tear that has been left un-cried.
One for each shadow that did not turn to Light,
And every broken wing not prepared for flight.
And one tear for each person who chooses not to see,
This child inside the Hearts of all who came to be.*

Allowing a healthy grieving process is an absolute necessity for the health of our hearts, our families, our communities, our countries – our world. Embracing and releasing sadness is what opens our Hearts to greater levels of Love for ourselves and others. Its actually a very natural and simple process. Its not always easy. And sometimes its really difficult. But its the healthy thing to do.

Yoga Induced Crying

When I was in my mid-twenties I had a problem with my spine. Two discs slipped and one had ruptured, which lead to a lot of pain and then an emergency surgery, which was followed by a second surgery about a year later.

Even after the surgeries the surface of my right leg and foot remained numb and my right foot was a little floppy. The doctors said there was no way to reverse the permanent nerve damage and thought a third surgery, to fuse several of my vertebra together, could prevent further nerve damage. They listed me as being 25 percent disabled in my legs.

I refused the third surgery and sought alternatives. I learned how to do Reiki on myself, and started doing yoga on a regular basis. It was difficult for me to stick with the yoga at first. My body was very reluctant to bend. When I over did it, just a little, my back would end up in more pain and I would be set back to the point where I started from. I had to be very careful not to push too fast or stretch too far.

This took a lot of patience and learning how to tune in and listen to the needs of my body. But thanks to a really good yoga teacher and my determination to heal, I worked my way through the blockages in my body, on both physical and emotional levels.

There were times when my tears steadily flowed as I breathed into and released the tension in my lower back and hips. Sometimes it felt a bit embarrassing to suddenly burst into tears in the middle of a yoga class. But, My Yoga instructor, assured me that this was what real yoga is about. She encouraged me to stick with it and I did.

Most of the time, as I cried, I didn't specifically know what the tears were about and I learned to just let them flow without questioning them. My teacher often dropped a box of tissues next to me, when she noticed my release coming on. Her support through this time was one of the most wonderful gifts I've ever gotten from a fellow human being, in the process of embracing my feelings.

Week after week I snuck into the back corner of her yoga class and embraced whatever feelings came up as I went deeper and deeper into the postures. A few boxes of tissues, and a year and a half later, my heart was more open than it had previously been and all the feeling had drifted back into my legs and foot. My body was bending in ways that I never expected it would again. This completely defied the opinions of the neurologists who performed the surgeries and tests. I know this may sound funny. But, I think that my tears may have even helped to heal my back problem. Yoga opened the doorways, but it was my tears that cleaned out the rooms.

This Time

*I'm going to feel you - dive into your depths,
Taste the core of you, this time.
I won't suppress you. I'll breathe in your scent,
Bathe in your essence, this time.
I'll hold you close - wrap you around me,
Like a warm winter shawl, this time.
I'll dance in your aura - float on your waves,
Ride your currents, this time.
I won't neglect you. I promise to love you,
My dearest sadness, this time*

Facing Childhood Difficulties

We'll all be happier when its OK to cry.

Most of our deepest issues have roots in our childhoods, because our early childhood experiences play a hug role in shaping how we feel, think and behave in our adult lives. We not only carry our childhood with us, we live it, breath it, reenact it, and either strive to heal from it or struggle to suppress it, almost every waking moment of our lives. For the most part, we have been embracing the good times and suppressing the tough times. Consequently most of us have a lot of healing work to do.

Healing

*We can't free our future until we feel the past.
We must look behind us and face the pain at last.
If we want a tomorrow containing Love and trust,
We must face the yesterday that's locked inside of us.
If we wish to open our hearts and truly care,
We must first embrace the child that's hidden there.*

There has been many wonderful aims to help humanity realize the importance of healing from the pains we suppressed in our childhoods. Among these efforts was John Bradshaw's original "Homecoming" book and TV series. His work helped me a lot. Embracing our wounded inner child, and the feelings we had suppressed during our childhoods, is a vitally important part of inner healing. And the same rings true for all the feelings we've suppressed since childhood as well. We must look back, face, feel and release the pain, in order to truly heal from it. Avoiding, denying or suppressing emotional pain just keeps it stuck there and blocks our hearts from

feeling deeper levels of compassion and happiness.

Avoiding the Pain Merely Stuffs it into the Future

Many of us have buried our childhood pain so deeply that we don't even realize it's there. We numbly stumble through each day of our lives not realizing how emotionally blocked we are. This numb feeling becomes all we know – all there is. We often think we had a great childhood, or that "it wasn't all that bad", when we are just in denial – when we have suppressed the feelings and/or the memories of events that caused us pain. And we often think that what we experienced was normal, because we've never experienced anything else.

Facing the past does not only apply to known traumatic experiences. A lot of little stuff can add up to a huge block in our hearts and we all have this to some degree. No matter how small the hurtful events were, they have a negative effect on us when we've suppressed feelings associated with them.

Sometimes new painful experiences trigger our suppressed pain and give it an opportunity to be released. But deep and real healing only happens through truly loving, comforting experiences. When we deeply open our hearts to give or receive Love, a profound and deep healing takes place.

An example of this is when of my daughters wake late at night, feeling scared and crying out for me. I went to her bedroom, talked with her and reassured her. But she remained scared and asked if I'd stay with her until she fell back asleep. So, I held her in my arms until she peacefully drifted off. After she'd fallen asleep, silent tears heavily streamed down my face. As I comforted her I also comforted my own inner child who had never been held and loved this way. I remembered times, through my own childhood, when I'd felt scared and in need of being held – times when no comfort came for me – times when I laid awake crying and feeling too abandoned and unloved.

I literally felt Love filling my heart as I held my daughter and let my tears flow. It felt like I was holding and comforting my own inner child at the same time. This was a deeply healing process for me.

My daughter lay sleeping in my arms, completely unaware of my tears. I felt so glad to be there for her in her time of need that I lingered in the love my heart had opened up to, before I slowly snuck out of her bed.

I Remember

*I remember loneliness in times of desperate need
I remember crying when no comfort came
I remember burying a dead, broken seed
Then covering it up with hopelessness and shame.*

One of the biggest pains, that many of us carry from our childhood, is the pain of feeling unloved. Even children who had extremely loving parents can feel unloved. A child can perceive a divorce or a parent needing to go to work or a parent entering a new relationship or a parent having a bad day and complaining or a sibling acquiring new friends...etc., as a lack of love for them. Children need to feel loved, and sometimes don't. This problem exists in even what some of us perceive as the most functional and loving families. I remember one incident, with my oldest daughter, that was heart wrenching, even though no harm was intended.

I'd had a rough day and when my husband walked through the door and asked how my day was. I responded with complaining about it being a rough day and that the children had been bouncing off the walls all day. His response was a flippant, "Those darn children." (This is a normal type of scenario that parents can go through on rough days.)

However, directly after this little conversation my husband went outside and I heard stifled sobs coming from the living room around the corner. I found my oldest daughter, who was about four or five years old at the time, hiding behind the couch crying. She was crying so hard she couldn't talk when I asked her what was wrong. As I held her, her sobs began to subside and she finally said, "Daddy said, 'those darn children,'" and the gut wrenching sobs started up again.

Oh my!

I'd thought she was upstairs playing in her room, but she wasn't and she had overheard things she shouldn't have. What I said probably hurt her too. I explained to her that her Daddy did not mean it the way it sounded and that he loves her very much, but I don't think it fully sank in. To this day, my heart aches for her every time I think of this.

Children can be deeply hurt by parents in ways that parents are not aware of. In my situation I cannot help but wonder what other things my children may have heard at times when my husband and I thought they were out of hearing range. And if I had not heard my daughter crying in this situation, would she have ever talked to me about it? Probably not. And how many other children have been hurt by similar things? These sorts of things seem small, but they can have a huge impact on a young child. An accumulation of small hurts can be just as bad as one large one.

Parts of the TV show – the Waltons was an example of a good old fashioned all-American family; three and four generations under the same roof helping and loving each other and talking about and resolving their problems; old people not being shoved into nursing homes and forgotten; grandparents taking care of the young children, while the mother and father are working or are too busy, and the children feeling loved, because there is always a parent there for them...etc. How did we stray so far from this healthy functional scenario? The core reason is suppressed feelings, and other things, blocking our hearts and tearing our families apart.

Not all families are meant to be like the Waltons, but I think far more would be similar to that if our hearts were not so blocked and we were not so stuck in destructive levels of dysfunction.

Due to the heart of humanity becoming so blocked we now have masses of families that have fallen into the category of being too dysfunctional to be healthy. Child abuse and neglect is a serious problem globally. A positive shift must take place for the preservation of the health and wellbeing of all of humanity.

My Return to My Childhood

The poems I share here are the same ones that were in my old Embracing Sadness book, which was part of the Embracing Feelings book I wrote in the 1990s.

Below is a picture of me as a child. She's my little inner kid. Isn't she cute? Most of the time she looked more like the barefooted "little bum" that my mother used to lovingly call her.



Let's clean it up.

Horrid War

*The memory of horrid wars
I had come, in time, to store
Deep and lost within myself
A forgotten book upon a shelf
A page within a chapter, blank
A ship believed to have been sank
That circled on the open sea
Waiting to return to me.*

In 1986 many painful childhood memories suddenly started rising to the surface of my consciousness. This began around the time of a second surgery on my spine. Along with the memories, a lot of sadness was surfacing. Within the next few years, the pain came pouring out and my heart opened to deeper levels than I'd ever experienced before.

My pain ran so deep that I didn't know how I'd carried it for so long, without realizing it was there. Sometimes it felt overwhelming and I wanted to slow down it's flow. But, sometimes I dove into it with a warrior's determination to face it and heal.

Let Me

*Come on, come on, lets have it.
Blast me with some more.
I haven't felt too much!
It's only my body on the floor.
Why stop now? I am ready.
Why not completely do me in?
Show me the truth and pain
Until I'm crying again.
Let me feel it all right now.
I'm tired of this slow game.
Let me feel all the hurt and
Move beyond the fear and shame.
Let me face the darkest parts -
the ones I don't want to see.
Let me see the ugly stuff
I've held inside of me.
Let me scream. Let me cry.
Let me feel.
Help me release the pain.
Let me finally heal.*

I grew up on a farm in a family of eight. I had two older sisters, one older brother and two younger brothers. My father was, for the most part, a gentle easy going type of personality. My mother had a lot of heart, but was quick to get angry and lash out. My relationship with my sisters was very much like a Cinderella story. I was shy and sensitive and different from my siblings and parents.

We all faced some extremely difficult times. Around the year 1970 it seemed like the wrath of hell descended upon our family and in some ways it really did.

As I began facing painful parts of my childhood, in the mid to late 1980s, I turned to some of my family members for support and validation and with the hope that they would look back and work on healing it too. But they could not be supportive. Though I had wanted

all of us to heal together, things went in the complete opposite direction and I could not handle the discord on top of what I was already faced with inside myself. I ended up having to take some time to myself, away from my whole family of origin, so that I could stick with my own healing process and not continue to be hurt even more as I went through it.

Seed

*I planted a seed hoping it would grow.
But he swept it into their muddy flow
With a sudden swipe of an angry ore.
Perhaps it will reach another shore.*

As I embraced the memories and the pain I found that, within my heart, was a very wounded little girl who felt deeply hurt, painfully unloved and completely abandoned by the people whom she had loved the most! Her tears flowed like rivers.

As I embraced her I sometimes regressed into feeling like a child. I felt as alone, lost, scared, and unloved as I did throughout all of my most difficult childhood experiences. Oh, how I cried! There were times when my tears poured out as if a flood gate had suddenly been flung open! It sometimes became overwhelming. But I learned that the only way out of it was to go straight down into the depths of it and pass all the way through it, no matter how difficult it was. So, I did.

I cried for the times when I laid in bed trembling with fear as my parents yelled and screamed at each other downstairs. I cried for the times when I got yelled at for crying, or for being afraid of the dark. I cried for the times when I longed to be held but wasn't. I cried for the times when I told the truth and was not believed. I cried for the times when I had asthma attacks in the middle of the night and sat trembling and alone and afraid as I fought for my life in every breath I took. I cried for the times when no comfort was there for me during times of desperate need. I cried for the times when I was told I was ugly, stupid, oversensitive or mental. I cried for the bruises, black eyes

and bloody noses, resulting from other people's rage or jealousy of me. I cried for the times when I felt severely hurt and betrayed by those whom I loved and needed love from.

I screamed into pillows. I sobbed for hours at a time. I wrote until my fingers were sore. I cried and cried and cried as I became that wounded child who felt too deeply hurt and unloved to do anything but cry out the pain.

There were times when I felt angry with my parents and siblings, but I mostly felt sad for them. I cried for them too. I cried for my mother and my father and my sisters and my brothers. I cried for us all. I knew they were hurting too.

Throughout my whole childhood and early adult life I had a habit of putting them first and taking care of them at the expense of myself, so it was good that I was finally taking time to myself and crying for me. I finally counted too.

There were times when it felt like the pain was a bottomless pit and times when I felt as if a heavy burden had been lifted off of my shoulders and out of my heart and what remained was feelings of peace and love that ran deeper than anything I'd ever felt before.

As I healed without my family I felt like I was abandoning them. It felt like I was climbing out of a dark ditch and leaving them down there in it and this was difficult for me. It was actually extremely difficult. My grief was for the present situation as well as for the deeper past. I had to accept the fact that my family was not ready to face our past and heal, and that they were not capable of being any sort of support for me, and this added to my pain.

Writing poetry has been an outlet for my feelings since early childhood. And my pain came pouring out in rhymes. Below are a few of the poems I wrote during that time.

Child I Used To Be

*On a lonely summer day I sat at the forest's edge
Feeling the impact of life's hard lessons,
When she came to me - a mere child of three,
In soiled, worn-out clothes and hair of honey gold.
I stared at her in wonder - taking in all I could see,
Then realized that she was the child I used to be.
I thought my eyes deceived 'till she began to speak,
Glaring with big brown eyes, as tears ran down her cheek,
"You spend your life searching but don't remember and see,
That I have been here waiting for you to return to me!
You left me and forgot the great plans we had for you,
The joyful games we'd play. and magical things we'd do."
She sat on the ground rubbing her cold, bare feet
Crying, "You didn't take me to the people we were to meet!
You forgot the castles we were to build in the sand,
And not once did you try to hold my little hand!"
She bowed her head declaring with a sigh,
"And worst of all, you forgot how to laugh and cry!"
My heart filled with sadness for I knew she was right.
I left her to grope alone on a cold and dreary night.
In over twenty years did not return or ever even try
To find the child I cast away for the pain I held inside.
I reached for her shaking hand and asked if she'd forgive,
While making a sincere promise that together we would live.
She climbed into my lap where we held each other and cried
Until joy was what was left of the pain we felt inside.*

Corner of Darkness

*I sit here sobbing
Holding out a
Chubby little hand.
My brothers pass me by.
My sisters pass me by.
My mother passes me by.
My father passes me by.
None dare notice
Light reflecting off
The tips of my fingers,
As I reach for them
From my lonely corner
Of darkness.*

Scars

*Do my scars dare
Reveal their depths to me
And let forbidden sorrow
Drip into the sea?
They must.*

Hold me when I Cry

*I need you to love me and hold me when I cry.
I need you not to walk away or just pass on by.
I need you to see me, to stop and lend a hand.
I need you to accept me, and try to understand.
As I sit in this corner with tears flooding my face,
I need you to care enough to enter my lonely space.
I need you to reach for me without asking why.
I need you to carefully just hold me while I cry.*

Daddy I Forget

*Daddy, I remember.
Daddy, I forget.
Daddy, I'm not through
Being angry with you yet.
Daddy, I remember
Praying for your life
As you stood at gun point
Before your raging wife.
Daddy, I remember.
I couldn't shed a tear.
I stood completely paralyzed
With hopelessness and fear.
Daddy, I remember
You crashing to the floor
Then with blood streaked face,
Storming out the door.
Daddy, I remember
Meeting you in the shed
With a bowl of water
And cloth to clean your head.
Daddy, I remember*

*Holding my pillow in bed
Trying to stop the screaming
By covering up my head.
Daddy, I remember
Crying late at night,
Praying you'd both survive
Another raging fight.
But Daddy, I forget
The warmth in those nights
And the hugs and love,
They're gone from my sight.
Daddy, I forget.
Did you bounce me on your
Knee or swing me in the air,
When my heart
Was filled with glee?
Daddy, did you love me?
Daddy, did you care?
Daddy, were you ever,
Ever really there?
Daddy, did you love me?
Did you wipe away my tears,
And hold me close when
My heart was filled with fear?
Please help me to remember.
I haven't felt it yet -
Haven't felt your love, because
Daddy...I forget.*

Mommy and Daddy

*Mommy why so angry?
Mommy why so sad?
Is it because I am
A child who is bad?
Mommy please don't hit me.
Mommy please don't cry.
I'll be here to love you.
My love will never die.
Mommy I'm not stupid.
I'm just a little kid
Who needs you to love me,
And wishes that you did.
Daddy I'm not mental.
I cry because of pain.
I'm not over emotional.
I'm grieving your shame.
Daddy I don't imagine
Everything I feel.
This pain inside of me
Is devastatingly real.
Daddy why abandon me
Whenever I'm in need?
Daddy why do you leave me
Sitting here to bleed?
I need you both to love me.
Need you both to care.
When I cry in the darkness
I need to have you there.*

Closets

*Daddy, when your angry
Mommy, when your mad
Don't you care that I feel
So scared and sad?
But you say
My tears are a lie,
So, I hide in the closet,
Where you can't see me cry.*

The Way I Wished It

*I have often wished that,
When darkness filled my night
You'd reach up to give me light.
You'd tuck me in my bed to sleep
And hold me close when I'd weep.
You'd pick me up each time I fell
And kiss me just to wish me well.*

Lonely Nights

*Throughout my childhood
I'd often lay awake at night,
Listening to the silence creep in.
When only crickets could be heard
And every light had dimmed,
I'd hear her quiet sobs.
Each time, like the first -
My heart would loudly throb,
As tears flooded my eyes.
I wonder if she felt as sad,
Or as alone as I.
On those nights,
When sadness
Engulfed our home,
I wonder if Mother knew
That she never cried alone.*

Pillow

*This pillow I hold here
Is like a book I can read.
It's seams - torn apart
Were caused by abuse
And it's matted down,
In the middle,
Because of too much use.
The stains on both sides,
I know that through the years,
Were caused by the dampness
That came from Mother's tears.*

Always Love You

*I'll always love you
Although I left you.
This will never change.
I needed to find my Self
And had to do it alone.
It hurt more than words can say
But it was time for me to leave home.
Please understand why
I had to let go
Make room to grow
I had to let go and cry.
But I'll always love you
Although I left you
This will never change.
You may stay angry with me
But I hope one day you'll see,
That in everyone's life
A voice will call
To lead them away from home,
And listen or not
The best friend we've got
Is the one we will find
When alone.*

Treasures I lost

*I painstakingly watched years pass us by
With sadness in my heart and tears in my eyes.
My mind can see the lessons learned
And that a growth-full opportunity took place.
But my heart has cried for lost years,
For empty places that existed without you.
I longed for what could have been,
Had minds and hearts been more open,
Had I the courage to stand stronger.
I never intended for months to become years,
For anger and pain to prevent the Love I have
From touching the treasures I lost.*

I Sing

*I sing from the mountains.
I sing from the sea.
Sing with the voice that
I found here in me.
I sing for my sisters
Hoping they'll hear,
And for my brothers
Holding them near.
I sing for my Mother
And for my Dad,
Sing for the memories
That made us so sad.
I sing from the mountains
Sing from the sea,
Sing with the child
I found here in me.
I sing from the desert
With wide open sky
And from the canyons
Where I knelt to cry.
I sing without worry,
Sing without fear,
Sing for the people
Who are willing to hear.
I sing from the mountains.
I sing from the sea.
Sing with my heart now
And I sing for me.*

My healing process was a bit different from the norm. With many people, anger is the first feeling to surface as they start looking back and facing the tough times. My first feeling was deep sadness for all of my family, mostly for my siblings and parents. Then, after some new difficult experiences with my family of origin, which included them shunning me, and after I began focusing only on myself, anger periodically surfaced. It was important for me to also

embrace the anger, because beneath it was the pain that I had not yet finished healing.

Sometimes my anger said things like, "Its Ok. They can shun me. I don't need them anyway." But my heart knew it was not OK and that I did need them. I just needed them to be more functional and considerate of me. I needed them to love me and for that love to show in their behaviors toward me. I needed to not be held trapped in that "caregiver" – 'giving all and receiving nothing' family role. And I didn't want to be hurt anymore.

In the beginning stages of my facing my childhood some of my family members felt threatened and tried to prevent me from looking back and focusing on healing. They wanted everything to remain the same as it was. And I could not continue to abandon myself for them. They even threatened to shun me if I persisted with taking some time to myself. Some fought very hard against me, in order to accomplish this. But I had to stick with my healing process. I had to face not only my childhood, but also their current hurtful behaviors toward me. I needed to heal, whether they wanted me to or not. I count too, even though none of them have ever seemed to realize this deeply enough. As I embraced my anger it always quickly turned into tears that released my pain. This is evident in some of my poems.

In my heart I know that, through my childhood, my parents and siblings could not love me the way I needed to be loved, because their hearts were too blocked. They all also had wounded inner children who needed to be healed, in order for things to get better. And the same was true for me. Even though I was known as the caring caregiver, (or the "little miss perfect" that my sisters used to call me) I could not love any of them the ways they needed to be loved either, because my heart was also too blocked. My heart was even too blocked to care enough about myself. The family caregiver role was just a dysfunctional role I fell into and needed to climb out of for all our sakes, especially for my own health. I needed to care about myself enough to climb out of that ditch and stand up for myself.

Just Anotha Cinderella

*I was just anotha Cinderella,
Nothing new to say...
But I burn down that bridge
As I walk away.
Oh God, please help
Innocent eyes to see,
Cause I'm still dodging stones
That they cast at me.
I'm just striving to be me
And to know I'm alright.
These tears I now cry
Are going to dry tonight.
Sometimes I feel lonely.
Sometimes I feel sad.
I miss the life I lived.
The one I never had.
When a child becomes a woman
There aint no turning back.
The river runs dry.
The train leaves it's track.
Oh God please help me
Help my heart to heal.
Give me a new life.
Something pure and real.
Oh God please help me
Help my heart to heal.
Cause sometimes I feel lonely.
Sometimes I feel sad.
I miss the life I lived.
The one I never had.
I was just anotha Cinderella,
Nothing new to say...
But I burn down that bridge
As I walk away.
Now, I'm striving to be me
And to know I'm alright.
These tears I now cry
Are going to dry tonight.
Ya, just anotha Cinderella,
Nothing new to say...*

I must

*In this place where deceptions take hold,
Tears are suppressed and hearts grow cold.
I must pull myself away. I must fold from their games.
I must leave or surely die. I must turn away and cry.*

Adult Children

*I see a group called family
Tangled up in thorns
Beneath a willow tree,
Where respect and trust
We're not earned
And emotions
Travel in disguise.
Pride is lying
Over shame
And hurt has
Become blame.
Love is covered with anger.
Anger disguises fear,
And hatred covers sadness
To hide every tear.
For tears cannot be shed
And pain mustn't show
Within this thorny bed.
If one breaks through,
Daring to be seen,
It's viewed as insane,
Corrupted and un-clean.*

Return

*I've returned many times before
Then walked away and shut doors,
Putting sad memories to sleep
As I'd grieve, as I'd weep.
I thought I'd walked through it all
And had grown strong and tall.
But now I must return once more,
Find the key, unlock the door
To the strange and lonely place
That put these tears upon my face,
Where my innocent dreams were torn,
Where my broken heart was born.
In this place, my little body lingers
In the grip of cold dark fingers.
Somehow I must find the strength
To walk this path full length.
But I can't do this one alone.
I need someone to bring me home
And stand beside me as I face
This cold, bitter, painful place,
Inside of me, inside of me.*

Another Way

*I sit here at your graveside
Hearing the wind moan and sigh.
I look at your life and see such waste,
See love and compassion covered with haste
And your needs that took so much more
Than all your love could ever restore.
I know you felt the pain as much
As those you failed to gently touch.
But your pain, it still lingers on
Even ten years after you've gone.
The unhappiness you lived exists even now
Inside each child that you taught how.
I grieve for you for never having lived
The joy and laughter life can give.
It would comfort me if I could say
That you lived, loved and died another way.*

I Told Him The Truth!

*My jealous sisters told you
That I'm the one who lied,
And Dad, you believed them!
How can you be so blind?
I told you the truth!
I explained why.
I told you the truth!
So deeply I cry!
You closed the door
And coldly walked away.
With tears flooding my heart
I turn to God and pray;
Didn't he ever know me?
Didn't he ever feel that
The love inside my heart
Is even more than real?
I told him the truth!
Why didn't he see?
I told him the truth!
Why didn't he believe?
I stood for what was right.
And thought Truth would win
Above their hateful lies!
But I've lost my Dad again.
And all I do is cry.
Dad's Judgement
Did you judge me?
It seemed that way,
For their ill dealt words.
And did you ask me -
Give me a chance to explain,
Or did you build a silent wall?
Was trust shattered by
What they made you believe*

*What was I to you?
I stood on your doorstep
Reaching for you, Dad,
You were all I had!
While those who fought
To push me out
Convinced you that I'm bad.
It broke my heart as I watched
You join them and close the door.
And I just sadly walked away.
I have a Dad....no more.*

Feelings Are Right

*I can't take your laughter
Or your cutting words.
You can't change them now.
I know what I heard.
You can't make feelings
That I have, wrong.
You can't convince me
My perceptions aren't right.
I've worked very hard
To have trust in my sight.
You can't disregard
The respect I've earned.
You can't wipe out
All that I've learned.
I have the right to feel
And express this pain
Without what I feel
Being made wrong again.
You can't destroy
My strength and my sight.
I stand with conviction.
My feelings are right.*

Oh, Daddy

*Oh, Daddy
Why'd you do it?
And how can you
Drive against me
Just to cover past abuse?
Did I ever matter to you?
Did you ever really care?
The way you're blaming me
Is painfully unfair.
Does my pain ever touch you?
Do you ever stop to see?
Do you feel remorse or guilt,
For what you do to me?
Oh Daddy, I wish I could
Wash it all away.
I wish I hadn't remembered
On that pain filled day.
But now I know
Why you say I'm insane.
It's so they wouldn't believe me,
If I remembered your. . .shame!
Oh Daddy, I wish I could,
For a while, pretend
That you care about me
So you can be my friend.
I need a Dad to hold me
And to help me through.
I need a Dad to care
As I face what you do.
I'm sorry, Daddy.
I didn't want to see.
I didn't want to remember
What you did to me.
I'm sorry, Daddy.
I'm sorry.*

Lesson

*I don't need understanding from a family here on earth.
I don't need their acceptance for my souls rebirth.
I don't need to be shown that these people really care.
I need to know that, deep inside Love is always there.
I must not concern myself with how they choose to act
The masks they wear are not the truth. And this is simple fact.
I must not worry about what they think and say.
I must turn and live my life for the heart of a better day.*

Though most of my poems are about the tough times, there were a lot of good times in my childhood too, especially in the earlier years. I just don't tend to write about them much, because I don't need to process or vent them. But its important to embrace the good times too. I wrote the following poem about some of those good times.

My Other Childhood Memories

*Rides in the bucket of Dad's old tractor,
Beans on a campfire and lots of laughter.
Mom and I sitting by a peaceful stream
Talking about things we used to dream.
Pulling boards off Dad's sawmill.
Riding sleds down a slow hill.
Throwing bales of hay onto the truck.
Learning to shift and getting it stuck.
Back to the fireplace to get warm
After walking through a cold storm.
The funny faces, when I was sad,
Under the crooked hat on my Dad.
Penny candy at Pierce's after church.
Picking bark off an old white birch.
Playing kickball on the back lawn.
Catching fireflies that glowed 'til dawn.*

*Kneeling to pray at the edge of my bed,
Believing God heard every word I said.
Soaring way up high into the sky
When I thought that I could fly.
Eating warm tomatoes out in the garden.
Waiting for maple candy to cool and harden.
Mom canning the cukes, beets and greens.
I'm sure to wash them all real clean.
Picking blue berries for homemade pie.
Dumping leftovers into the pig sty.
Savored bites of Dad's great fudge -
Too good for anyone to judge.
The scent of lilacs drifting in my window.
Rides to the beach and Circle 9 show.
Running through cornstalks that grew tall
Staying barefooted until late fall.
Mom's foot stomps to put my shoes on
As I giggle and run across the lawn.
Baking with Mom on Christmas eve.
Waiting for buds to turn into leaves.
Racing my friend - my horse and I,
Through woods roads in June and July.
Turning my poems into a sad song.
Staying awake all night long.
Caring for Nanna after her stroke
And sweet Jo-Jo who rarely spoke.
Racing my car through the center of town
Peeling donuts around and around.
Waiting and waiting for time to go faster
Under the wings of miss R's pastor.
Playing football with my friend.
Days I wished would never end.*

I am still mostly separate from my family of origin. But I periodically call my brothers and father to tell them I love them. And I send Christmas cards to all of them. They are all still in my heart even if I am not in some of their hearts. I hope that, someday their hearts will be set free and we can all re-unite in a good and healing way. I have

been wishing for this for over thirty years.

Through the year 2020 I made quilts for all of my loved ones. I'm now homeless, but I sit in my car and sew together squares I've cut out of old clothes and other materials. I have not been able to finish any of them with batting and backing due to having no place to lay them out, but the face of them are done and each one has matching pillow covers. I hope that, someday I will be able to finish them and give them to my loved ones, including my sisters and brothers and father who have always been and will always be a part of my family. (I wrote the poem, "Sewing," in 2007, but it fits this current situation too.)

Sewing

*I work until I'm through
Needle weaving thread,
Mending the broken life
My deepest wounds have bled;
Dropping silent tears
Into crooked seams
Until the path is clear
And all the pain is cleaned.
In the end I'll place
A pocket here and there
Where I can safely carry
A Heart that cries to care.*

Making Quilts

*I try to sew my love
Into every square
To let in the warmth
We all needed there.
I've sewn one for her,
And sewn one for him,
And for all the others
To let my love in.*

Finding Comfort Outside the Family

In the beginning of my healing process, in the late 1980s, I had seen a counselor and had also attended a support group she lead. She helped me a lot. I was so lucky to have found a counselor that actually helped people to heal instead of prescribing psychiatric pharmaceuticals that block and prevent the healing process. Without her validation for my feelings, and my process of looking back and facing my childhood, I don't know what would have happened but it would not have been good or healing. My family probably would have succeeded with convincing me that I was crazy, which two members had been trying to do. As this counselor convinced me that I was not crazy for wanting to look at my childhood and not crazy for having feelings of sadness surfacing, I deeply cried. It was such a relief. She had even told me about the John Bradshaw's "Homecoming" series and inner child work, in order to convince me that what I was experiencing was a natural and good healing process. She saved me, literally.

And I hope that my sharing my experiences and feelings will help save others from that dark pit of suppression that closes people's hearts and keeps them trapped and thinking that feeling and healing means that there is something wrong with them.

Deep in my heart I still hope that this sharing of my childhood memories and feelings will also touch the hearts of my siblings and father, in a way that is healing and growthful. We all went through tough times in our childhoods and all have wounds and scars from them. I know my pain and don't know theirs, but I'm sure theirs ran just as deep as mine did. Its ok if they do not want to face the past and heal, but an opportunity for it is here in my writings and has been here from the start of my own healing process. In some ways, my writings are my standing up for all of us, including me. I count too. I do.

The most important person for us to have here for us is ourselves.

When we don't have our Selves we really don't have anything.

Looking back and facing childhood difficulties can be hard for those

of us whose families cannot be supportive. Some family members can even feel seriously threatened by it. But we must not let them stop us from healing.

Healing can still take place even when it cannot happen within the family unit. Our other fellow human beings are like an extended family. We just need to reach out and let them know we need them. If we do not have friends who can be supportive we can find a support group. If we cannot find a support group we can start our own. I did all three of these things through the late 1980s and early 1990s. It is important to have genuinely caring support, validation and understanding through the grieving/healing process.

I remember a time, in the late 1980s, when I had suddenly, without warning, burst into tears as a friend gave me a hug. This surprised him, because he didn't even know what I was going through. His hug was initially just the usual farewell hug after I'd gone to see him for his chiropractic skills. But he instantly accepted what was happening and just gently held me as I cried and this was deeply healing for me. I'd been feeling alone and abandoned and deeply hurt and I had not even realized how much I needed the comfort of a warm hug until it was suddenly there. He became my surrogate brother, in my heart.

There was another time when a couple of my friends were doing reiki on me and my tears suddenly began to flow uncontrollably. These women were very accepting and supportive and this helped me to stick with the releasing of the pain. They became my surrogate sisters, in my heart.

Where my family's abandonment of me left painful voids, I began filling them with my friends. It was not the same. Having my family's love here for me would have been a lot better. But I was glad to have the support and hugs and kindness and understanding and care from my friends.

I was hugging everyone I knew and they were hugging me. I was making up for the severe lack of comforting hugs that existed in my childhood. I used to have friends gather at my house and I'd joke around saying things like, "I invited you all over here just to get a bunch of hugs." But it was no joke. I really was doing that. My little

inner child was literally starving for hugs.

The late 1980s and early 1990s was a cathartically healing time for me. My deepest healing episodes were when I was deeply crying alone, because the privacy helps me to take it deeper and really fully cut loose. But the comfort and support of my fellow human beings was an important part of my healing process. I really deeply needed that too. I think we all do.

My tears gradually subsided as I began to integrate the broken pieces of my childhood. Within a few years, I began to feel that my experiences should be used as a tool to help the rest of humanity.

Surviving it gave me strength. Healing from it, empowers me.

And sharing it enables me to validate others and help promote healing.

P.S. Most of the time past pains naturally periodically surface to be released a little bit at a time and all that is needed is for us to not avoid it and let ourselves cry it out. Most people do not have to deal with a flood of past pain surfacing all at once like what happened to me in the late 1980s and early 1990s.

Please Refrain From Judgment

None of this inner child work is about degrading or blaming our parents or siblings – its about facing the pain, releasing the pain, and healing.

Although feeling angry with our parents or other people whom we have felt hurt by, is sometimes the first step in the natural healing process, we quickly move past it when we are focused on healing ourselves. Even with situations of severe abuse, we must remember that most people truly do the best they can with what they have to work with.

The dysfunction in our parents was probably less than what was in their parents. We can do better than them, if we learn from their mistakes. And our children can do better than us if they learn from our mistakes...etc. The function tends to get better with each generation, when the natural healing process is happening and people are free to feel and heal. And reaching forgiveness is an important part of the healing process.

Most people don't publicly share their family discord like I do in these writings. I feel sad that it disturbs some of my family members, but it is what I feel I must do, because I feel a deep calling to help others to look back and heal and I feel that I must use myself as an example.

I had initially used a pen name, and had even changed my legal name, out of respect for my father. But then I realized some vitally important things and started sharing my real names around 2013 in a stand to help my whole family. I hope my family of origin will understand and other people will find the heart to not judge or look down upon any of us.

Many families have been torn apart by suppressed feelings and the blocked hearts and hurtful behaviors that the suppression/oppression often creates. Mine was not nearly the only family who was in this sad wounded condition. And many families (like mine) have been wounded

by forces that came from outside the family. So its not only their own dysfunction that they have been dealing with. (More about this will be explained later.)

It is important that we not judge or look down upon people who have gone through tough times. Wounded people and families should have the love and understanding that is needed for healing to take place. This applies to every member of my family of origin as well as myself and all other wounded families.

Nobody is perfectly loving and functional. We all make mistakes. All human beings are dysfunctional to some degree. And we all have at least some suppressed pain that needs healing. This is as true for our parents and other loved ones as it is for every one of us. We must find compassion for the people who have hurt us, because they too have wounds that have not yet been healed. Deep inside every one of their hearts is a wounded little child that deserves to be embraced with compassion and understanding.

Please do not look down upon and judge families that are extremely dysfunctional. We cannot know what they have gone through or the horrors that some of them have been wounded by. Love and consideration is what helps healing to take place. Sometimes all wounded people need is to know that someone cares. Please care.

Compassion for Wounded Families

I sometimes relate the plight of my family to the plight of the native people of North America, because there is a connection in more ways than one.

My mother told me, when I was in grade school, that I am partly Native American on her mother's side of the family. When I was in my twenties I was told that my aunt, who was a nun in Canada, had said that this was not true – that we are not part native. But it is true, because I remember visiting the reservation with my mother when I was really little. I remember being introduced to some distant cousins there. When I asked my father he said it is true and that he also visited the reservation with her. He said he thought they were Lakota and said that the reservation was north of Montreal.

I've also had native ancestors come to help me in my dreams. So, I do believe that I truly am part native. It appears that my aunt and other members of my mother's family of origin were ashamed of being part native. This is very sad. Perhaps its because she became a nun in a church that has severely looked down upon native people. Shame of being Native American certainly makes quite a statement. Nobody should be made to feel ashamed of their own race, no matter what the situation. But many have been made to feel ashamed. Shame has been heavily instilled in the native families of North America.

In the early 1990s, an elderly Abenaki medicine man, who was teaching a class in a room I'd rented out in my home, walked up to me, stared me in the eye and then angrily spit out, "Your native! Why are you ashamed of it?" I told him I wasn't ashamed. He asked why I didn't tell him or other people and I explained that I hadn't said anything because nobody asked me and that I'd have told them if they had asked. I'm not ashamed of being part native. Yet, even as I write this I am remembering the pangs of shame I'd felt in grade school, because of the negative depiction of the natives in our history books and the commonly used "Indian giver" phrase...etc. But in my spirit and heart I feel more connected to the Native Americans than any other race that is in me. I always have.

My heart still cries for the sad wounded place that exists in the native people. The wounds still bleed due to the gross lack of Love and acceptance that has existed in fellow human beings. And it even exists in the families of those of us who are only partly native. I'm crying as I write this. This truly is an extremely sad situation and I feel it deeply.

I feel like crying every time I think about the holocaustal crimes that have been committed against the native children and families of North America. These wounds are not only from long ago – they are not just old scars – they are still gaping bleeding wounds. I recently heard a report, which stated that the last of the christian schools, that forcibly imprisoned and abused native children in Canada, was closed in the 1990s and that the last one in the USA was closed in the 1970s. This is VERY recent.

Tearing children from their own families and imprisoning them in christian schools where they were made to feel ashamed of their own race, their own language, their own spirituality, their own parents and their own people, is so severely damaging that it defies proper description. And there were many other abuses that also took place in those schools.

In many ways these natives have been targeted by some of the worse kinds of evil heartlessness that exists in humanity and the result is excruciatingly painful to look at, but we must look, because it must be realized and acknowledged and completely stopped, in order for healing to take place.

There have been efforts to help the native people, on some levels, but what is needed most still appears to be missing for the most part. In many ways the oppression is still there like a dark cloud hanging over the native people of North America. It must be lifted. They must be set free, so that healing can begin.

I talk about native people as if I am separate from them, because I have lived separate from them all my life. Am I white or native? I'm both and neither and either one or the other, depending on whose looking or whose judging or whose ashamed of the truth. But in my heart and spirit I've always felt a very deep spiritual connection there,

that does not exist anywhere else, although I grew up in the "white" world and attended the catholic church throughout my childhood.

I think that part of my sadness for the natives is empathy, but part of it is also the pain of my own wounds and that of my own people – my own family, because there is a connection. My family and most native families have been being targeted in the same ways. Even if there were not a blood connection, there is this connection. And, in general, the targeting and destruction must be fully realized and acknowledged and stopped, in order for healing to take place. (Please be sure to read the part of this book that exposes things that have suppressed people.)

**Forgiveness always comes as the pain
is released and love takes its place.**

P.S. This does not only apply to native people. All people have wounds that need healing. There have been times when I have felt ashamed of being mostly "white", but then I let it go quickly, because I know that blaming a whole race for what just a few people have done is wrong. Far too many of us have been doing this, in all races. We tend to blame the whole race or the whole organization or the whole government for what just a few people have done. We are all human beings and the behaviors of one person, or even certain large groups of people, does not represent the whole race.

And the human beings, whose hearts have been so blocked that they intentionally inflict harm upon fellow human beings, are often far more wounded than their victims and are also in deep need of healing. Their hearts are clearly far too suppressed/blocked. They deserve love and understanding too. What has made them behave in ways that are so cruel? We should all be asking this question and finding the true answers.

Facing Our Own Parental Mistakes

In the process of healing it is as important for us to face our own mistakes or dysfunctional behaviors as it is to face the pains we suppressed due to other people's. And its important that we be gentle with ourselves and others. None of us are perfect – we are all human. It is important that we learn from our mistakes and not beat ourselves or other people up because of them. Healing includes reaching a place of forgiveness for ourselves as well as others. It helps to remember that our parents also had a wounded inner child and that they could not be perfect.

I, like most parents, tried hard to do a good job with raising my children. In the beginning of my first pregnancy I even bought and read many books on the subject. I was determined to do a good job. I wanted to give my children a perfectly loving and healthy environment to grow up in and I strived to do this. But I later learned that the complete opposite of dysfunctional can still be dysfunctional, that there are things I was not able to protect my children from, that my own unhealed pain and my own lack of expertise with child raising and my own dysfunction and my own wounded inner child and my own states of overwhelm with my life's problems, and my own lack of awareness...etc., resulted in my children being hurt in various ways. I was not the perfect parent I'd wanted to be, but I actually couldn't be, because I had not healed my own difficult childhood.

If I could go back and do it all differently I surely would. Though there were many things I had no control over, there are other things that I could have and should have done differently.

In most other situations in life its easy for us to console ourselves with saying things like, "I learned by my mistakes and will do better next time," but with child rearing there is no next time. We don't get a second chance to raise them. But there can be forgiveness and healing. And I am working on forgiving myself.

There are, no doubt, things that my children may feel angry with me for and things that I did or said that they may feel hurt by, even if they do not cognitively realize it right now.

It is my hope that, if my children ever reach the point of wanting to embrace their precious little wounded inner child, I will be able to support them with validation and understanding and love, instead of feeling threatened by it. I still want to do better than my parents did, because I don't want my children to feel the same pains I've had to deal with.

As I write this I am actually thinking of sending my children letters, which ask them to list at least five things, that I have done or said, which they have felt hurt by or angry about. I think this is a good idea, because it will help me to look at myself and it will give them an opportunity to release the pain and anger.

P.S. It can be hard to fully face our own failures and mistakes. But, sometimes, we must, in order to forgive ourselves and help promote healing in those whom we hurt. When we can look at our own shortcomings its also easier for us to forgive other people for theirs.

Hurtful Relationships

Everyone thought that my fourteen year marriage was perfect, because my husband and I never fought. But it was far from perfect. We really should never have gotten married. We were not meant to be together. For the most part we lived together like distant room-mates would. Our relationship was actually extremely shallow and empty. I wrote the following poem about it...

Together All Alone

*You've consumed my life. I've consumed yours,
Now mother freedom is knocking at the door.
But neither one of us really wants to let go.
Neither one of us really wants to be alone.
So both of us, with hope, keep holding on.
Never really together - never really gone.
But you can't talk about it! Talking is much too hard.
Yet, we can't live without talk. It's tearing us apart!
I miss you when I'm with you. I miss you when you're gone.
I miss you when we lay in bed together....all alone.
Feelings that I had - once tender and strong,
Now sit in sadness dragging me along.
The anger between us has built a giant wall.
I've tried to climb over it but it's too strong and tall!
Lately when I'm with you I hide a lonely tear.
I try not to talk and you try not to hear.
Words that are unspoken create a giant space,
Where the past sits so heavily - the past we can't erase.
I miss you when I'm with you. I miss you when you're gone.
I miss you when we lay in bed together..... all alone.*

My husband and I divorced in the early 1990s. In the late 1990s I fell into an abusive relationship. I launched into aims to help this man to heal his woundedness, but in repeatedly trying to help him and excuse him and understand him I was abandoning myself. Sound

familiar? Yup. This is the same role I played in my family of origin. I had definitely not yet healed enough. I was right back at it in the next relationship I fell into.

What I needed for myself was to not be in this relationship, because it was far too hurtful to me. But I stayed in it for too long – until I felt like I'd lost my own self-respect. This relationship triggered old unhealed hurts from past relationships with family members and inflicted many new ones. As usual, my poetry writing was my outlet. Through it all there was a wounded child inside of me that was groping for this man to love me enough to not want to hurt me, which was also what she had wanted from past relationships and from my whole family of origin. These poems were not only about this one man.

Shadow Crossed Your Face

*That shadow crossed your face each time my back was turned
To strike when I was least protected or when for love I yearned.
That shadow crossed your face to make me pay for others.
You cruelly lashed at me to hurt you're past lovers.
That shadow crossed your face to destroy loyalty
When I opened a door to love and integrity.
That shadow crossed your face to slam it closed again,
To throw away the trust that truly could have been.
That shadow crossed your face to hurt me, too many a time,
Before it finally grew and began crossing mine.*

Seduced

*My lonely heart
Searched for compassion
In the warmth of your arms.
I let myself be seduced
By your over-used charms.
But as your hidden wounds
Took complete control,
I turned away to save
What was left
Of my soul.*

Wish I Were A Ladybug

*I sit at the edge of my bed
Trying to talk to you
While you coldly ignore me.
Lonely eyes watch you
Roam around the room
Rescuing little ladybugs.
So carefully, you pick them up
With loving consideration,
Cradling them gently in
The palm of your hands,
Delivering them to a place
Where they will be safe.
On the outside
I am stuck in my anger,
Needing to be heard.
But deep down inside of me
There's a wounded little voice
that is silently crying,
"I wish I were a ladybug!"*

The Way That I Am

*Other pretty faces is all that you see.
I'm right here beside you! What about me?
I'm tired of you looking at her and her and her -
Tired of being seen as an unattractive blur.
I'm tired of hearing that I'm not enough
Tired of hurting and all this stuff.
Tired of being measured and compared.
It's going beyond what can be repaired.
I need you to love me. Please understand -
Need you to love me the way I am.
The things you say, they are so mean.
I can't be a picture in your magazine.
Can't be an actress on your TV.
This is the way I'll always be.
I'm not a photograph. I am real.
I need you to care about the way I feel.
I'm not an hourglass. My breasts are small.
I will never be your Barbie doll.
I need you to love me. Please understand.
I need you to love me the way I am.
But I am too verbal is what you say,
And you don't like me to be this way.
I am so intuitive it threatens you
But I can't help it. What can I do?
You say I'm analytical, too sensitive and deep,
And I get too close when we sleep.
I've had enough! Why don't you leave?
Go find someone you can deceive.
I need you to love me. Please understand.
I need you to love me the way I am.
But you are still finding me all wrong.
You've put me down for far too long.
I don't want to keep throwing stones.
I would rather be completely alone.*

Woman of Your Dreams

*I remember that day, in the beginning,
When your fortune was read and you were told that,
"The woman of your dreams was coming into your life."
I watched you search for her everywhere we went,
It hurt so deep that words couldn't describe,
As you looked for her and pushed me aside -
As you failed to see. . . that she was me.*

Ready

*"I'm not ready to look at myself" was the excuse for abuse you gave,
And I could not help you see how your shadow had you enslaved.
Being ready does not mean facing it all - without fear.
Ready is when we do it anyway, to preserve what we hold dear.*

Needs

*I'm sorry! I can't give you what you want and look for.
Darling, my heart tries to give you more.
You want betrayals. I need promises to keep.
You prefer lost and shallow. I need safe and deep.
You yearn for false and fake. I need genuine and real.
You like smiling and numb. I need us to feel.
You want sexual risks, where a price can be paid.
I need faithful and private, where Love can be made.*

Just For Tonight

*My heart has been broken for so very long.
Tonight can we pretend that nothing went wrong?
Pretend I'm all you need - the only one you'll see.
Show me that you love me, so I'll never have to leave.
Just for tonight. No one ever cheated. No one ever lied.
No one ever hurt no one and no one ever cried.
No one ever ran away. No angry words were ever said.
Only Love was in our past. It was deep enough to last,
Just for tonight. Can we let go? Can we take a break?
Can we love away our past mistakes -
Make tonight forever - all night long,
Pretend we live inside an old love song,
Just for tonight?*

I agree

*You say that I am too deep, too sensitive, too intuitive
And too affectionate...etc. Finally, I totally agree.
Yes, I truly am too deep for shallowness,
Too sensitive for cruelty,
Too affectionate for coldness
And too intuitive to remain blind to
Your betrayals and deceptions.*

I Shall Sing

*I shall sing away every hurtful word,
Every dirty look and betraying act.
I shall sing away the pain - the pain inside of me.
Until this lake of tears finishes rolling down my face,
And every shattered piece is back in its place,
I shall sing.*

My Adirondack Shack

In and around the year 2001, I was hit with a chain of losses that crippled me for a couple years. I lost my dearest pets and a man whom I'd loved, which led to the loss of my plan for a retirement home and a future dream. A fire tore through my current home and destroyed most of my life's work – nearly four decades of my writings were destroyed, including the final manuscript to my first "Embracing Feelings" book and hundreds of poems and song lyrics. My children had grown up and left home. I'd lost my dearest friend and had just ended a relationship that had taken an unhealthy toll on me.

During this time I went into a depth of shock, which I'd not yet experienced. I numbly drove in circles not knowing where to go or what to do. So, I took off for a drive across the country with the hope that doing a retreat in the desert would help.

At a gas stop in Pennsylvania, I picked up a newspaper and saw an advertisement for a small hunters cabin in the Upstate New York wilderness. I went to look at it and found that it was a very sad, unfinished shack tucked into the foothills of the Adirondack Mountains, with no electricity or public road within two miles of it. It was a mess. It needed a lot of TLC, just like me. I bought it.

I squared my shoulders and became determined to survive my first wilderness winter. I wrote the following song lyrics shortly after I moved in.

Rhododendron Grow

*I planted them there, beneath our broken chair
In the late days of fall, as hawk made his call.
Their home has been changed - the earth rearranged.
They need time to heal - another year to feel,
For roots to find their way - a safe place to stay,
Beneath the rain and sun. Then it will be done.
Rhododendron grow underneath the snow,
But in the warmth of spring, I'll check them once again.
If I melt away the snow and let the blossoms grow.
Next year there'll be more - a pathway to my door.
But now they just need time for limbs to grow and climb.
Rhododendron grow underneath the snow.
Nobody knows. It scantily shows.*

In my first couple weeks there, temperatures hit 30 below zero! It felt almost as cold inside my heart, as it did outdoors. The cabin was difficult to heat. There were cracks in the walls where the cold still poured in even after I covered them with duct tape. During one of those nights, it became too cold to sleep, even after pulling my bed to within about three feet of the wood stove. So, my guitar and I grabbed a chair, opened the wood stove door, huddled up to the fire and strummed out this song. . .

Never Been So Alone

*Somewhere up the road, I took a wrong turn.
Trying to look back at lessons I need learn.
But I don't know how to turn my life around,
How to put my feet back on solid ground.
Courage somehow left. . .flew to who knows where.
So very empty, this void in my soul.
My tears begin to flow. Does anyone know?
Never felt so afraid. Never felt so alone.
Never been so far gone, so far away from Home.
Praying for the strength to make it through the night.
Pray someone will hear and send me some Light.
So much pain inside the depths of my heart.
I don't know where it ends.
Don't know where it starts.
I need my faith returned - need to trust again.
I need the warm comfort of my Spirit friends.
Is anyone there? Does anyone care?*

This was the beginning of my hearts slow thaw. After summer arrived, I started relaxing and fixing up the cabin. Then, in August of 2002, I received a message that my youngest brother had just been killed in an auto accident. My little brother was gone. He was only 38! Something deep inside of me froze back up.

In the days around the wake and funeral, my tears occasionally flowed, but not nearly as much as they needed to. I couldn't fully let go and take care of myself until I was back in my Adirondack Shack.

But directly after the funeral my daughter needed to be driven back to college in Michigan, so I drove for 30 hours to get her there before classes started, and was an absolute wreck by the time I got back to my cabin and had a bit of time for myself. My hands literally trembled as I unlocked the door and struggled to make a cup of herbal tea. Then my cousin died of a heart attack.

In the weeks following my brother's and cousin's sudden deaths, I remained numb with shock, most of the time. But I found strength through my faith. I wrote the following song shortly after my brother's

death. But it was not just about my brother. His death began dislodging the sadness of losing Jim to a sudden heart attack the year before this. But at this point I wasn't ready to fully face Jim's death, which included the death of a dream, a home, a future – a deep soul love that never had a chance to fully blossom.

On His Way

*You've gone back Home and left me here alone
With an emptiness inside and tears I try to hide.
When I stopped to think of you and all that we didn't do
You came to embrace the tears on my face.
And I heard your spirit say in a gentle loving way,
You said, "It's ok Kid. Remember what we did."
But I didn't want you to go beyond this earth we know
Though I still feel you near, I wish you were here.
I'll need time to heal the sadness I feel.
But I will clear the way to hear the words you'd say.
When I see the northern lights glowing in the sky
I'll stop and think of you so you can watch them too.
And when I wonder where you are, I'll look up to the stars
Just to know that your ok - an angel on his way.
But I'll be missing you. I'll be missing you.*

Jim

*My Heart yearned for you
By this mystical Sea
And still lingers on shore
Of the Bay of Fundy.
I longed to build a home
In the grove of birch trees,
Where ferns grew wild,
On the land you showed me.
Deep inside, I feel certain,
We'd met before we met.
Our souls had been entwined
Though our bodies hadn't yet.
I secretly grieve your death,
Grieve all that might have been.
And cry for our lost good-byes,
My sweet Nova Scotia man.*

Fading Away

*I sat next to your bed for 11 nights and days,
Praying for God to, not take you away.
I tried so hard to save you,
But you kept fading away.
After you were gone
And I was here alone
In my dreams you held me,
But every time I woke
You faded away.
Sometimes I could feel you.
And sometimes I could see you.
But when your spirit came
And I reached out to touch you
You kept fading away.
Now all I have is memories
Of how we laughed and cried,
How you looked and felt
And the way you held me tight
But their fading away.
Your still fading away.
Always fading away.
But my love for you remains.*

I crawled through several more long weeks, with my mind and heart flipping from one loss to another, as the surface of my pain slowly rolled down my cheeks. I deeply missed my daughters too. Their absence left a huge gap in my life. I spoke with them often, but they weren't living with me anymore and my life felt empty without them. I missed my dog who had died in the year before the fire. I missed Jim. I missed my friend. I missed my brother – and regretted not knowing him better. The fire taking my writings and all my most personal belongings almost felt like the burning of my soul.

I lived in the cabin for a year and a half before I felt forced to sell it. Through this time I re-wrote the manuscript to the "Embracing

Feelings" book I'd lost in the fire and this helped bring a sense of purpose back into my life. And I was reminded of a time, in the 1980s, when I had comforted myself and found the friend I'd needed inside of me, which I'd written about in the following poem. I reached for her/me again.

Finding My Friend

*A long time ago I lost a dear friend.
But I promised myself I'd find her again.
For, nothing on earth could ever replace
The Love I remember in my friend's face.
In the East I climbed to the tallest peak.
Over every mountain I did seek.
In the South I waded through jungles of green.
Got lost in the thicket, forever, it seemed.
In the West I rode facing much pain
Groping to find my dear friend again.
In the North I laid over frozen streams
Waiting for answers to come in my dreams.
On the Earth I sat in the warm sunshine
Praying for a vision of this friend of mine.
To the Skies I gazed with eyes open wide
Looking for the place where she might hide.
Then, one day, I stepped up the smallest hill
Where, inside my doorstep, I sat very still.
I opened my Heart and began to See
The Love I had searched for. . .inside of me.*

Before and After the Alstead Flood

After selling my Adirondack Shack I went back and forth between smoking and healing until February 2004 when I did an 11 day fast in an Arizona desert.

I had completely stopped smoking, but after the fast I started shifting back and forth between healing and over-eating. I gained 30 pounds in the next year. But overall I was heading forward – I was slowly healing from the 2001 and 2002 chains of losses.

Then, in the summer of 2004 I was faced with an extremely difficult situation with my father, which was surrounded by some really dark and cruel manipulations performed by my second oldest sister. I don't want to get into the details here, but I want to share that it was too much for me to fully deal with. I went into a state of shock again. I didn't realize this until much later, but I was avoiding dealing with the depths of it. Their behaviors forced me to stay away from my whole family for the sake of my own safety and sanity. I'd lost my family again. This was devastating to me. I was in a LOT of pain and I was suppressing most of it. So, I carried the pain with me as I threw on a mask and aimed to get on with my life.

Little did I know that "life" would deliver yet another blow. In the fall of 2005 the rug was completely yanked out from under my feet in multiple ways, including my neighborhood being wiped out in a flash flood and including me completely forgetting that I had a back-up bank account, which contained enough money for me to purchase a home. (Through changes of addresses and multiple moves and losses of documents I have still not been able to retrieve that bank account since I remembered having it. It was most of what I had earned from the sale of the last New Hampshire property I'd owned and worked on fixing up for five years.)

In the end of 2005 I had to end a publication I was working on and I became completely homeless. Prior to this I had felt "homeless" just because I did not own my own peaceful country home while I focused on producing a publication as part of my work. I'd even called this

state being homeless, but I had not known what real homelessness was until after the flood and other traumas that existed around it in my situation. Since then, I have known what real homelessness is. The fall of 2005 chain of events was like a final blow for me. My heart still yearned to heal, but I felt beaten to a pulp, at this point.

In the fall of 2006 I was diagnosed with lupus. But thanks to my refusing chemo and using plants for medicine I am still alive. I'm in survival mode, instead of healing mode, but I am still alive.

Alstead Flood

*Confusion settles into
This cold, numb place
Where your broken homes,
And loved ones gone,
Carve tears into my face.
But hope whispers
From deep inside my heart,
And struggles to get past
My own pain and fear.
I'll be OK
When it's finally free.
I'll be OK
When I can cry for me
And give to all of you
This humblest apology.
I'm sorry.
I'm so incredibly sorry*

The Loon

*As winter invades this freezing shore,
Its surface challenges the warmth in my core.
But I can still hear it, through frosty mist,
Calling for me to release my pain.
So subtle, so soft, yet insistent and clear -
The loon. . .crying. . .in the rain*

'Til Spring

*This mist on the glass of a frozen lake
Tries to help me forget the worse mistake.
But birches struggle to reach the sky -
Almost as tired and sad as I.
And leaves drop. . .one by one
Until the letting go is done.
My tear-struck eyes steadily stare
Dreading this season of tree limbs, bare.
But Spring will rise to shine again,
Even though I don't know when.
So I'll hold out a shaky hand,
And pray for all to understand
That these depths of pain
Produce tears that sting,
And it's wise to let them fall
'Til Spring .*

Remains

*I sit here...
At the beginning
Of the end,
For a final goodbye
To the broken life
I need to mend.
But all that remains
Of what used to be
Is the old barn door
I'd painted green
And the little well house
The fire must not have seen.
A plastic replica of my house
Has replaced my lily pond
And the wild flowers on my lawn.
Not a trace remains of the deck
I was so proud to have built by myself.
And it's time to take my sadness
Off its frozen shelf. . .
I cry.*

Homeless

*My heart sinks at the memory
Of people rudely passing by,
On the streets where we talked
And humbly laughed and cried.
Through history the rich have stolen
From the struggling hands of the poor,
Yet dare degrade their plea for help
From those who now have more.
Its a crazy backwards world,
We strive to grow and live in,
Where the coldest, heartless thieves
Are the ones who proudly win.
I look deep into our wounded souls
And see that the wisest ones of all,
Are those who's humbled hearts
Find the courage to stand up tall.*

Margaret Street

*Here I am
In the middle of a city
Living in something
That sure ain't pretty.
A tarp on the roof
And flowers on the hood.
No, it isn't warm or clean
But I did the best I could.
Oh, how they gossip -
Assuming what they don't know!
And I keep on looking
For Heart that doesn't show.
Many turn up a nose -
Some just sneer on by.
I keep squaring my shoulders,
Because when they laugh. . . I cry.*

The Waif

*I became "nothing but a worthless waif"
Who dared to pause in judgment's way.
But all the Angels beyond the sky
Reach down to hold me while I cry.
THEY know.*

Too Much

*God, this endurance test
Is so hard to bear.
Too many things for which I care,
Stripped away, no longer there.
Too much pain to hold inside.
Too many tears I cannot hide.
Too many people reaching in need.
Too much advice I too must heed.
Too much love, unfelt, unseen.
Too many hearts, dark un-cleaned.
Too many walls around my soul.
Too many memories I can't let go.
Do I have the strength to pull through?
Do I have enough faith in You?
Will You hold me as I reach out,
While they muffle my mournful shout?
After they've taken all that I own
Will you be here to guide me Home?
When will it end and be complete?
I need a paid-in-full receipt.*

Stargazing Crip

*Through barren streets I skip -
The lonely star-gazing Crip -
The weary mind letting go
Of this other world I know.
I hide, for fear that it will show.
They may burden me with pity
And fail to see the deeper Truth.
They can't know my giving up
For the gaining of my youth.
They can't know my pain
Or my endless yearn
For the Love
They need to learn.
They can't know Lupus
Or Cancer's aim for bliss.
They can't feel my fight
For simple things I miss.
I look at them and wonder,
Should I continue this alone?
Should I let my silence grieve,
Until I finally return Home?*

Lupus

*Steroids? No! Kemo? No!
I'll let it leave on it's own
Or finally bring me Home.*

Too Tired

*To try - alone
Too tired
To cry - alone
Too tired
To feel - alone
Too tired
To heal - alone
Too tired
To be - alone
Too tired
To See - alone
Too tired
Just. . .too tired.*

Where Are You?

*Oh, Dear God,
Where are you?
Are you tired too?*

Familiar

*Golden is my time
By this familiar creek.
Quiet is the voice
That rises up to speak.
As they return to me,
This multitude of years,
Of tears chased away
By lost hope and fears,
Of a time that was,
Though I wished not -
A time when Love
Was something we forgot.
Was I really there?
In part, I suppose.
But I drove away
To birth a desert rose.*

Lonely Time

*All this lonely time
There's been a voice
Deep inside me,
Crying, "Set me free!"
I write what I feel.
I let it out in rhyme.
Never fully feeling it
All this lonely time.
I've been lost
In life's crazy lies,
Stuck behind a mask
Where I try to hide,
While my soul cries,
All this lonely time.*

Final Mile

*Life is not about pretending all is well.
I need feel the good times, while comforting the hell.
When I dance the joyful road, you love my little smile.
But then you turn away as I wade the teary mile.
I must walk them both, in order to return Home.
And I don't want to cry the final mile alone.
But can I be for you all that I need for me?
Can I hold your hand until your Heart is free?*

Dear God

*Yes, I hear the dreams you speak.
But I need more help. I'm still weak.
I gladly leapt to learn and See -
Relieved to know You're here for me.
But let me rest a moment please,
Inside the Love You have for me.
And let me gain the strength I need
To patch these holes where I still bleed.
Please.*

Wind Turbines

*They paint a mysterious song,
Each feather reaching for the wind.
So secure, so safe, so strong,
Like all I yearn to be
Inside this lonely speck
I dare to see as, Me.
Perhaps the day shall come,
When time and Earth are one,
I'll spread my tattered wings
Into the rising sun
And let my feathers spin
Around what's not begun;
Like these turbines they set free
To help a dying world
Heal and grow and See.*

The Sewing B

*My heart secretly cries
As we talk and sew.
That kindness be here for me
With no place else to go
Is hard to believe.
No matter what happens next -
No matter which roads we take
I'll carry this rare treasure
Inside the bag I make.
I'll remember talking
Into your welcoming ear
Through trembling words
That no one else can hear.
I'll remember crying out
This long overdue release
After you let my words
Lead my Soul toward peace.
I'll remember being comforted
In the arms of a Mom
And wishing I could write
It all into my songs,
And carry with me - the care,
From these gentlest parts of you,
And always keep it true.*

The Rewards of Embracing Sadness

*I surrender to Love and all it has in store.
Nothing here on Earth could ever give me more.*

Though, embracing the depths of my sadness has sometimes been extremely uncomfortable, it has opened doors in my heart that enable me to experience the most joyful and Loving times of my life. In the late 1980s and early 1990s I had a lot of wonderful experiences that arose from my process of embracing my sadness.

As I embraced/released my sadness, my ability to feel Love, Peace, Joy and a spiritual connection to the Highest Power increased. My awareness of myself, my surroundings and others deepened. Spiritual feelings and experiences started happening more often. And my dreams become more frequent, more precognitive, more clear and more meaningful. When I deeply embraced my sadness I was sometimes blessed with wonderfully loving spiritual experiences.

At one point I'd just gone through a devastating separation from my family of origin, while facing the return of some extremely painful, childhood memories. I'd also just separated from my husband, and then had suddenly lost the support system I'd hoped would be there for me through this time.

This chain of events lead me into the deepest emotional release I've ever experienced. I literally cried for days! The pain came racing to the surface, like an unstoppable locomotive. On the second day of almost steadily crying, I tried to shut it off. But, I couldn't! I felt completely engulfed by it. It consumed every fiber of my being. When I'd reached a point where I could hardly see through my swollen eye lids and knelt on the floor gasping for breath, gripping my aching stomach and chest, I literally screamed and prayed for God to stop the flow.

Right at that point, when I felt like I absolutely couldn't handle anymore, an incredibly Loving, presence came to hold me. I literally felt like my body was being cradled in the arms of a loving Angel. It felt like the Love in my Home beyond this Earth, had come down to embrace me.

I suddenly felt comforted and safe enough to open my heart and surrender, even more deeply, to my pain. I cried and cried until my exhausted body laid sleeping, in the arms of this Angel. When I woke, I wrote the following song as I remembered the messages I felt coming from this Angel.

Message from an Angel

*I am the sadness seizing your heart,
That will in time, with healing, depart.
I am the tear caressing your cheek.
I am your strength. I am not weak.
I am the pressure in your chest,
Learning to fly, leaving the nest.
I am the memory of years gone by.
I am the breath that leaves with a sigh.
I am the child within your being
I am all knowing. I am all seeing
I am the voice echoing in your head.
You have not lost me. I am not dead.
I am the joy, you must believe.
I am the Love you need receive.
I am the peace you must let in.
I am the Light knocking again.
I will not leave you, will not say good-bye.
I've come to hold you.... while you cry.*

It took several days for me to recover from this release. But when I did, I felt lighter than I ever had, and my heart felt more open and Loving than I'd ever experienced before. During these times when I've gone into the depths of my pain, divine help has often come to assure me that I am not alone. I would not experience these comforts if I were not willing to embrace the depths of my sadness and open up my heart to deeper levels of real Love.

In the early 1990s I experienced a HUGE congregation of a large

variety of birds gathering at my home directly after I had completed a very deep releasing of my pain. This was no usual flock of birds. It was actually so shocking that I wondered if I had sort of imagined it, until a friend came to visit and noticed too. Most of them had gone before she got there, but what was left was still so unusual that she commented on it.

In a later year, I took a walk in the woods directly after I'd deeply cried, when a little flock of chickadees came to dance and sing around me. (This was in 2002, shortly after my little brother's death.) I literally felt a vibrating warmth enter and spread through my chest as I connected with a little

Chick-a-Dee who sat on a branch, no more than two feet from my face. This was such a gift. . .another one that can't be fully explained. That little bird felt like Love being here for me. I actually felt like that fluffy little bird poured Love into my heart, so powerfully that it brought tears to my eyes and a strong, tingling, warm feeling spreading through my whole body. My heart filled with a deep feeling of comfort, Love and Peace.

I'd never had bird experiences like these before. And I KNOW that I would not have had them if my heart had not been opened to it – that embracing and releasing my sadness is what opened my heart to their Love.

Embracing my feelings of sadness has opened the doors to many spiritual experiences. But, I've also gone through times when I searched for a magical experience or for divine comfort, when it seemed to not be there for me. During some of these times I was too blocked to go deep enough into my heart. When I did go deep enough, my spiritual experiences never happened in the same way twice and I had to let go of my expectations and just let it be. I wrote the following song when I looked for another Angelic experience.

Sharon's Prayer

*If I have to stay here, if I have to cry,
Send a little Angel down here from the sky,
To give a little comfort, I can't do this alone,
I need your Love here with me until I return Home.
If I must experience the darkness of Earth plain
Cast your Light upon me so I can see You again.
If You can pardon, if You can forgive
What I have become here, how I've learned to live.
Let Your light shine on me. I sit here in the dark!
I can't see at the Light now! Not even just a spark!
I know I must open to the depths of what I feel,
But only Love from Home can truly help me heal.
Those who try to help me, though they try to care,
They don't seem to see the star I came to share.
Where my soul comes from, where my Spirit's been,
Can't be understood here. So, I cry...once again.
If I must experience the darkness of earth plain
Cast your Light upon me so I can feel You again.
If I must experience my heart ripped to shreds
Hold me while I feel this. This pain is what I dread.
If I must experience the darkness on Earth plane
Please cast your Light upon me, so I can be You again.*

Divine help has countless faces. When I don't feel or see it, my faith has to bridge the gap. Nothing happens that is not part of some grander plan. There is meaning to everything. Even the smallest "coincidences" can be gifts or lessons from beyond. The key is to open our hearts and minds enough to recognize them and let them in.

When we look for something specific to happen, it can prevent us from noticing something wonderful that may already be there for us. When we open our hearts to release our pain/sadness, without expectation, it also opens the doors for us to experience better things.

I've learned that we can miss out on wonderful things when we are looking for something specific to happen. So, its best to not expect anything. But one thing is sure to gradually happen, as we face, embrace and release our sadness, whether we realize it or not...

Experiencing increasingly deeper levels of Love and Peace, within our hearts, is the reward of embracing sadness. There is no greater reward/gift.

I wrote most of the following poems in the early 1990s.

Surrender

*For the past year and more I've been lost in the rain
Groping to find my soul once again.
But now I can feel Spirit moving me
Opening my heart and helping me see.
I see rainbows of pink shimmering around trees
And Love floating down when I'm on my knees.
I see Angels, with Love, healing the earth
And light flooding in, inducing my birth.
I surrender to Love and all it has in store.
Nothing here on Earth could ever give me more.*

Pull in my Power

I pull in my power by making room for Love.

*I pull in my power by facing every fear
Letting out the anger and shedding every tear.*

*I pull in my power by expressing what I feel,
Standing tall and strong. I won't bow and kneel.*

*I pull in my power by letting in the Love
Streaming from the heavens - great healing from above.*

I pull in my power by making room for Love.

Mother River

*Oh great Mother River
Mirror the sun in my eye,
Reflect thy Love and glory
From Fathers heavenly sky.
Shine deep within my soul
And help my heart to know
All blessings from above.
Shine forth thy joy and Love.*

Where I Am Loved

*As freedom spreads its wings
I raise my hands to the wind
With praise and love and then,
Thank the Spirits of the Earth
For bearing my loads again.
With joy and awesome wonder
I raise my head to the sky
To thank the Heavenly Father
For time gone by.
With tears flooding my face
I thank this Lord above
Who was so kind to show me
The place where I am Loved.
Love whispers through me
Like a sweet caressing wind.
From this point on I'll know,
No matter what pain comes my way,
There is this special place where
My heart can choose to stay.*

Thank You

*I thank you Great Spirit for being my friend.
For the Love and peace you continue to send,
For holding me gently when I cried,
And for walking steadily by my side.
Thank you, Great Spirit for holding my hand
When I was lost and didn't understand,
For guiding me with your rays of Light
Which bring me through the darkest nights.
Thank you, Great Spirit for guiding me now
Into the future. . .to show me how.*

You

*I know it's You calling me
In the song of the Bird
And guiding me
In the eye of the Hawk.
I know it's You holding me
In the arms of the Bear
And soothing me
In the flow of the water.
I know it's You Loving me
In the dark of the night
And mending my wings
For the final flight.*

To Be Loved

*Funny how I yearn my whole life through,
Above all else, to be Loved.
Not just cared for, but TRULY Loved.
Yet, had I the heart to Love,
I'd yearn no more.*

Sunrise

*No matter how difficult life is today,
No matter how much is torn away,
The Sun will rise on all of humanity,
As we embrace our tears and set Love free.*

The Flames

*Flames lash out at me
I feel numb. I can't move.
Fierce, the fire grow fierce.
It surrounds and engulfs me.
I know I must feel it! I do!
I dive into the flames,
I'm scared! I feel desperate!
How do I get out of the fire?
I surrender. Feeling it completely.
Then suddenly realize I have wings!
I spread my wings
And rise above the flames.
I'm an angel - a beautiful angel!
I never knew this before.
No one ever told me.*

Feel Our Walk

*Feel our walk and walk our talk.
That's what we have to do.
Feel our walk and walk our talk,
So we can make it through.
We gotta pull our Hearts back in place -
Let our tears wash our face.
Open up our Hearts to Love -
Learn to give - Hold the shove.
We gotta reach out giving hands
And do our best to understand,
Throw greed down the drain
And let Love feel again,
Turn around and open a door
To those who can't be hurt no more,
Let our tears wash our face
So we can save the human race.
Feel our walk and walk our talk.
That's what we have to do.
Feel our walk and walk our talk,
So we can make it through.*

Sound Of The Drum

*As the sound of the drum
Reaches my heart,
From this physical plain I depart,
Saying a peaceful needed farewell
To my mind's creations, my mind's hell.
I soar into feelings unknown,
Then beyond...to a place I call Home.
Home is where Angels sing with delight.
There is no dark, only healing Light.
Home is where Love dissipates fear,
Where spirit hugs embrace every tear.
Home is overflowing with care.
And the sound of the drum
Takes me there.*

Braving the Currents

*I gazed with skepticism
Wondering if I'd dare.
If I were to fail,
Would anyone care?
It was so vast and wide -
This long forgotten sea!
But I dove straight and strong
To save what was left of me.
I braved the deep end
Of a pretentious calm,
And found a treasure
Cradled in my palm.*

Growing

*My heart grows warmer
My soul grows light
And Angels speak to me
Deep in the night.*

Holding On

*Through flooding rain and losses gained,
Through tears I weep and darkness deep
I'm holding on. Ya. Holding on.
Through all that's gone
I'm holding on
To my faith.*

*Through worlds of greed and shameful deeds,
Closets uncleaned and hearts unseen
I'm holding on. Ya. Holding on.
Through all that's wrong
I'm holding on
To the Light.*

*Through shattered dreams and broken seams
Uprooted seeds and unfilled needs
I'm holding on. Ya. Holding on.
Through my saddest songs
I'm holding on
To my heart.*

Beyond the Surface

*Looking beyond the surface
I see with my heart
As tears flood my eyes,
Never have I seen
Such wonderful beauty.
This simple pool of water
Opened up to reveal
A magical place
Where love is real.
It is of the purest kind
Beyond the physical eye
And human mind.
I bow, humbly grateful
For having been a part
Of this Heavenly reflection
I felt with my heart.*

When I Can

*When I can reach the star on high
Blessing all that's passed me by,
And spread my wings into the sky
I'll emit a joyful cry.*

My Gift

*My gift is You. My gift is me.
It is illuminated in the stars
And travels in my eyes.
My gift lays deep within my heart
Beneath the largest, lonely stone.
It's wings dance in rays of Light.
My gift shines through
The deepest, darkest night.
It has it's own voice.
It is a sad, lonely song...
The one we all know.
My gift is beyond the earthly,
Far beyond the mundane.
It is wild, free
And completely untamed.
It's like the sun
And the full moon.
It is universal,
Yet plays it's own tune.
My gift is all there is,
All that can be,
And resides in the depths
Of the heart in me.
My gift is Love.*

Start Your Own Support Group

Anyone can start a group where feelings can be shared and embraced and support and love and friendships can grow. If you do not have friends or acquaintances who want to join you can advertise for some new ones. Groups of between four and eight people work well. Here are some basic guidelines to get started with.

Support Group Guidelines

1. **Each member must join with integrity;** Just one disrespectful act or comment can make the whole group feel too uncomfortable.
2. **Begin each meeting with some sort of prayer or wish;** Perhaps for Healing in your Hearts.
3. **Take turns sharing – with only one person talking at a time;** Perhaps use a "Talking Stick".
4. **Practice strict levels of confidentiality;** do not repeat what other members share, outside the group, unless they give their permission to.
5. **Encourage talking about losses and painful experiences;** this is what support groups are for. Good questions for members to share the answers to are; what was the worst experience in childhood or since. And the opposite too – what was best experience?
6. **Focus on fully listening to each individual who speaks;** so that each individual feels heard and cared for.
7. **Absolutely NO advise giving unless it is specifically asked for;** this is important.
8. **Practice the deepest possible levels of compassion;** try to empathize with each person who shares.
9. **Embrace and encourage ALL feelings;** anger, fear, sadness, joy...etc. Just

make sure that anger is not expressed in hurtful ways.

10. **Make a firm commitment to at least a certain number of meetings;** this will allow time to iron out the wrinkles, and see how well its working. It can then go on for years and either close its door to new members or open to new members...etc.

11. **Open to new members or closed?;** a group that works really well together, and is doing deep levels of healing, may want to close the door to new members so that the momentum is not broken. But opening the door to new members can help it evolve in other ways too.

12. **Treat each other with utmost respect;** it is crucial to NOT sexually approach anyone who is in shock or grief. The group should not be used to find relationships. If an attraction happens.

13. **Remain consistent with times and dates;** this is important because after a sudden loss or disaster, we need stability and security.

14. **Pass leadership around, so that no one has complete control of the group;** this helps prevent the group from creeping into dysfunctional patterns.)

15. **Add any other guidelines or rituals that your group agrees upon;** be open to changes and the needs of every member. A candle in the center of a circle and periodic burning of sage helps to create a relaxed environment.

16. **End each meeting with a long group hug;** :-) everyone walks away feeling comforted.

We'll all be happier when its OK to cry.

SPIRITUAL HEALING

*It matters not which road we choose,
In order to reach "God."
May we all unite,
Not only in our destination,
But also in our acceptance
Of the unique paths that
Most of us must travel,
In order to get there.*

Spiritual healing is directly linked with emotional healing and the healing of our Hearts. As we heal our Heart we also heal our Spirits. So Part Three of this book was also about spiritual healing. But here are some of my experiences, some of the wisdom I've gained from them and some of the poetry I've written about them.

Deep in my heart and soul I have often cried, "If only we had enough Heart/Light/Love to wash all the darkness out of our world." But we actually do have enough Heart/Light/Love to wash all the darkness out of our world, and its time for us to reach it and use it, which is what this book is really about – setting the Heart of humanity free. Its what my work has been about since the 1980s

The most spiritual thing we can do is focus on healing our own Hearts, because it is through our Hearts that we connect to the Highest Power – Love and Light.

My Spiritual Search

I've done a lot of healing work around releasing the suppressed pain that blocked my heart. There was a time, in the early to mid-1990's, when I'd foolishly thought I was finished healing my past, and was ready to launch into the next step – into a "more spiritual" life style. I began exploring various religions and spiritual practices, searching for spiritual teachers that were wise enough for me to learn from. The truth was that I had not finished healing my past. I'd only finished a few rounds of it and I had a lot left to do.

So, I returned to the basic process of embracing and releasing my suppressed feelings and opening my heart to deeper levels so that I could connect more deeply to the Highest Power inside myself.

When I put aside the books and studies – when I stopped searching for my own spirituality in other people's spoken or written perceptions and returned to embracing my own heart, I started finding what I was searching for.

The Search

*I traveled every highway
searching high and low,
Looking for the place where
The sunshine always goes.
I knew that I would find it
beyond the next green hill.
But I rolled over dozens
and I was searching still.
I searched empty faces
in far distant lands.
I read countless scriptures
that I didn't understand.
So I headed for the side roads
through the deserts and the planes,
Turned around and backtracked
straight through them all again.
As a lonely worn out traveler
I gave up on the road
And headed home carrying
a mighty heavy load.
I looked back over empty years
wondering where time had gone
And laid awake in my bed
Asking where I'd gone wrong,
When a voice whispered gently
Deep inside in my ear,
"Why do you look out there?
Don't you know it's right here?
Have you searched the feelings
you hold inside your heart?
Have you turned your eyes up
to the brightest shining star?
Dear, don't you know that
The Light is in the dark?*

I found that I was already connected to the Highest Power, (as we all are) and that I just needed to continue removing the suppressed feelings that blocked my heart from the depths of that Love. I realized that healing my own heart was the most spiritual thing I could do. I learned that the Light is always here for us, even in the darkest times – like a star shining at night.

My most powerful spiritual experiences have happened in conjunction with deep levels of embracing and releasing my suppressed sadness and opening my heart to deeper levels of Love.

**The most spiritual thing
I've ever done is. . .deeply cry.**

As I returned to the simple process of embracing my feelings and opening my heart I experienced a deepening connection to the God/Love/Light that exists inside of me and I started feeling more of a direct spiritual connection to all living beings and things, even to animals and plants and water and the Earth.

If I had completely joined and followed, any one of the organized religions or spiritual traditions it would have pulled off of my path and onto someone else's path. I felt that, although there is some good in most spiritual paths, there is also a lot of manmade rules, and other people's beliefs and perceptions, and that there is even darkness and evil practices in some parts of some of the religions.

**Those who follow others sometimes sacrifice
themselves in shadows that don't belong to them.**

I'm not suggesting that we shouldn't search outside of ourselves. There are valuable things we can learn from other people's beliefs and perceptions and experiences. My explorations into many spiritual books, biblical teachings, guru teachings, shamanic teachings, clairvoyant messages, astrologers insights, yoga therapy healings, Buddhist meditations and various types of "spiritual growth" workshops...etc., helped me to realize more things and often gave me

valuable tools to work with. Although some parts of most of these things felt wrong to me, parts of some of them opened good and healing doors that would have been more difficult for me to open completely on my own. But I know that I would have gotten stuck/stagnant if I had joined and followed only one of them, like I had been forced to do in my childhood. I only used or believed in the parts that felt completely right and good for me and I cast aside the rest. Consequently I cast aside most of every spiritual practice or religion I'd ever encountered. Below are just a few of the things I experienced in my explorations.

Visualizations and Buddhist-style meditation were tools I used to silence my mind and go more deeply into my heart. Some of the Buddhist meditation techniques felt right and were helpful, but it did not feel right for me to fully join and follow that religion.

As for the visualizations; I started out with visualizations guided by other people, but quickly started making my own for myself, so that I could personalize them and make them fit my goals to heal my heart.

In the old Native American spiritual traditions I deeply relate to the process of vision questing, because my "visualizations" had naturally turned into Native-style visions on their own. It came natural to me and I have used it as a healing tool, a lot. I remember many occasions where, within my visions, my inner child sobbed in the arms of a grizzly bear, in the late 1980s and early 1990s. This was incredibly healing, since it filled a need, which had not been met in my physical world. I could also relate to the Native belief that everything in nature has a Spirit/energy that is a part of the Highest Power, because, since I was a young child, I have felt this, which is why the brooks, forests, mountains and deserts have been my churches. These are the places where I connect most easily to the Highest Power. And the more I healed my heart the more connected I felt to it all. I could also deeply relate to the old Native realizations that our dreams have important meanings, because this is something my mother had taught me when I was a child.

I naturally connected to many of the old Native ways as I healed and opened my heart. I do not know if this is because I am part Native or not. But this is the spiritual tradition I felt most connected to, even though I was not raised in it. Much of it felt very right to me, but I still did not want to completely join and follow only that. I blazed my own trail which naturally weaved through it. I created my own way of doing a medicine wheel and found it more powerful for me than the traditional ways that worked best for someone else...etc. I followed only my own heart.

When I took classes, to learn how to do Reiki, the most valuable thing I heard came from the teacher when she said something like, "even if all we ever do with this healing technique, is heal ourselves, we will have done enough for all of humanity." There is DEEP Truth in this concept of healing ourselves and I had already deeply believed in this before she said it, but it was validating to hear it from someone else.

I actually felt uncomfortable with the secrecy in reiki – the secret symbols and secret foreign language that I did not understand. I also felt uncomfortable with the concept of people making money off of healing techniques, that use the visualization of and channeling of white Light, which are so needed in humanity that they should be freely shared with everyone. The white Light part of reiki was something I had also already experienced. I actually did not practice real reiki, because I decided not to use the secret symbols. Although I already knew of the white Light part, through my visions as well as in other spiritual practices, the reiki idea of visualizing the Light coming out of our hands and into other people was new to me and I have used that part of it. However, I find it more powerful when I do it my way and visualize the Light filling my body and either coming out of my Heart or directly into other people and places.

But I got a lot from a year or so of monthly gatherings, which I had at my house with reiki practitioners and other people who were into hands on healing methods, because we all did healing work on each other and the closeness was very comforting and healing as well as the

Light work. Sometimes the touch of a physical hand is like a comforting hug and we all need that too. I know I did. I received and gave lots of hugs as people arrived at and left my home, during these gatherings. This was often the most healing part for me. My little inner child was trying to get all the hugs she did not get in her childhood. :-)

Doing deep levels of yoga helped me a lot. I found the yoga postures, that focused on healing the heart chakra, extremely helpful in the process of releasing the suppressed pain that blocked my heart. I cried through many yoga classes and this was extremely healing for me. I was lucky to have found a yoga teacher who was wise enough to understand and teach yoga in a way that was much more than just a physical exercise and was about healing our Spirit/Heart. I even did yoga therapy for a while. Yoga, when done right, is a great tool for releasing suppressed feelings, healing and balancing our energy. Unfortunately, most of today's yoga is merely physical exercise and should revert back to being the inner healing process it was meant to be.

Through a small yoga center, I also did workshops that were designed to help release suppressed emotional pain through a breathing technique. This was extremely effective. The breathing technique was just like what we tend to naturally do when we are crying – a sharp, quick intake of breath and a relaxing into a long exhale. A few minutes of doing this and tears started flowing and then I was curled up in ball on the floor crying like a baby. These were great releases of my suppressed pain. I found this extremely helpful and it gave me this breathing tool, which I can also use at any time in the future, when my feelings feel a bit stuck. The feelings would naturally release on their own, without using breathing exercises, if I let them, but the breathing can help hasten the process.

I did not want to learn Sanskrit or follow any guru, but I found various parts of yoga extremely effective and helpful.

In the christian religions, which I'd grown up in, the parts that felt

right to me were messages like, "God is Love" and "God is the Light" and "love thy neighbor" and also the ten commandments and our right to "free will." The parts of christianity, that actually feel most right to me are in the pictures that show white Light pouring from the Heart of Jesus and beams of white Light shining down from the heavens and Light in halos around the heads of Angels. Those depictions of Light and Heart and Love is the part I can relate to and that feels right and true to me. For me, there was more of a message in those pictures than there was in all the words of the bible.

There is a lot in the christian religions that has not felt right to me. And I feel a need to share the following messages, which are contrary to most of the popular christian teachings, but that I feel in my heart to be true. I say "God" in these messages, because they are primarily for the christians who have gotten the opposite types of teachings, but "God" is also the Highest Power, Wankan Tanka, the Universe, Love/Light...etc. Different spiritual traditions use different names and they are all right.

I feel that the following messages came through my heart, from the real Love/Light/God, and I hope they reach the Hearts of all christians who have been taught the opposite things.

God is the Love that can work through all of our Hearts, when our Hearts are open enough to let it through, no matter what we do or do not believe in.

We do not have to join a religion, in order to be connected to God – we all already naturally are.

There is absolutely nothing to fear in God.

Bad things are not done by God and are NOT "meant to be." All the bad in the world is done by evil forces and we are supposed to be doing all that we can to prevent them from happening. We are NOT

supposed to accept the bad – we are supposed to do all that can to stop it from happening. God's hands work through our Hearts. We must do our part.

*God does not ever do anything to hurt anyone –
God does not do it – God is the Love that helps us through it.*

Love and Light – God is always here for EVERYONE, even for those who do not believe in "God."

God does not cast anyone into hell – the doors to Heaven are always open to EVERYONE who wants to go there, even those who have sinned in the worse ways. God forgives and loves EVERYONE.

None of us are "sinners" who are doomed – we are all just human beings who make mistakes, which we can learn from and grow out of. God forgives all of our sins and we should also be forgiving ourselves and each other.

God does not judge and punish people. God is Love. It is through Love and forgiveness that we can make positive changes, and not through the evil judgement and punishment system.

Those who are poor and struggling are often the ones whose Hearts are more closely connected to God/Love/Light. Their struggles have often been due to being hurt by evil forces, that made things more difficult for them, because of their deep and genuine connection to God/Love/Light.

Jesus did not die "for us" – Jesus lived for us and tried to teach us Love. Then he was murdered by dark forces that wanted to control the people. Then Jesus's murder was justified by those dark forces, in order to gain a following. God did not want Jesus dead and his death did not help us – it hurt us. We should not be celebrating the death/murder of Jesus – we should be celebrating his life and that of

all others whose Hearts are open enough for Love and Light to work through.

Nobody ever has to die or be sacrificed, in order for us to get into heaven or for us to have eternal life or for our sins to be wiped away...etc. The rituals that sacrifice life, and their cannibalistic eating of bodies and drinking of blood, are not at all connected to God/Love/Light. These rituals are the way of the dark/evil forces and are NOT the way of God/Love/Light.

Jesus was not God – he was a child of God like the rest of us. We are all born as children of God. We are all part of God, from before birth, and we do not have to be baptized in order to have or retain that connection. We just have to work at keeping our Hearts open to it.

God's hands work through our Hearts and we must do our part. We should not be sitting around waiting for Jesus to return or for miracles to happen. God helps people through the Hearts of other people. We can all be like Jesus when our Hearts are open enough. We must help ourselves and each other.

We are supposed to follow our Hearts, because this is the same as following God/Love. God speaks to us through our Hearts, because God is Love. We should stop doing the things that suppresses or blocks our Hearts.

God is also the white Light that we can reach through the visualizing part of our brain. We should all be imagining pure white Light shining into our bodies, lives and world, because it chases out the darkness.

And God helps us through the Heart of our fellow human beings. We are all a part of God/Love/Light.

True Spirituality

True spirituality is about bringing more Love and Light into our world and this can be done through the Heart and Spirit of humanity.

The most spiritual people, whom I have known, were actually most often people who did not follow or even believe in any organized religion; they were people who had Hearts that were open enough to be in a place of Love, which showed in how they behaved and related to the world around them. They genuinely lived it instead of studying other people's perceptions of it. And they were more whole and healthy human beings because of this.

No matter what "spiritual" paths, that we choose to learn from or follow, if any, it is vitally important to be able to tune into our own Hearts and inner senses so that we can feel what is true or right for us and what is not. There are a lot of dark deceptions in our world and it is not healthy to just blindly follow anything, no matter how good it appears on the surface or how good some parts of it may even genuinely be.

**Healing the world begins and finishes with
the healing of our own individual Hearts.**

Without Heart/Love/Light there is only darkness and the reverse is also true. It is through our Hearts that we bring more compassion and Love and Light into our world.

Road to Love

*It matters not which road we choose,
In order to reach "God."
May we all unite,
Not only in our destination,
But also in our acceptance
Of the unique paths that
Some of us must choose,
In order to get there.*

Finding my Friend

*A long time ago I lost a dear friend
But I promised myself I'd find her again.
For, nothing on earth could ever replace
The Love I remember on my friend's face.
In the East I climbed to the tallest peak
Over every mountain I did seek.
In the South I waded through jungles of green
Got lost in the thicket, forever, it seemed.
In the West I rode facing much pain
Groping to find my dear friend again.
In the North I laid over frozen streams
Waiting for an answer to come in my dreams.
On the Earth I sat in the warm sunshine
Praying for a vision of this friend of mine.
To the Skies I gazed with eyes open wide
Looking for the place where she might hide.
Then, one day, I stepped up the smallest hill
Where, inside my doorstep, I sat very still.
I opened my heart and began to see
The Love I had searched for, inside of me.*

Healing Visualizations

The process of visualizing pure white Light filling our bodies and surrounding us can help us heal on physical, emotional, mental and spiritual levels. It can be incredibly powerful when it is done with an intense focus.

When we repeatedly focus on visualizing white Light filling our whole body, it balances us in a very good and healthy way. Some people see this Light as a beam shining down from the heavens and some people see it as a giant wall of white Light pushing through them and their surrounding and washing away all the darkness. No matter how it is visualized it is miraculously healing.

The Heart is the center of our whole Spirit body and this is the most important area for us to work at healing. When we visualize filling our whole chest area with white Light it balances us in a very healthy way. The greatest form of spiritual energy is that which can come through our Hearts. It is the highest form of Love/Light and it is always here for everyone who is not blocked from it. **Healing and opening our hearts is the most spiritual thing we can do.**

Our Connection to the Light

There are vitally important parts of our brains, which are directly connected to our Hearts and our spirituality. It has been scientifically proven that most of us do not use most of our natural brain functions. I feel that this is because it has been discouraged for so long that most people are not even aware of what we can do.

In the deeper past people, who exercised that part of the brain, were accused of being witches and of being evil and were even often tortured or murdered for engaging in such practices. This is evident in the catholic "Inquisitions" and in the christian treatment of the Natives of North America in the "Indian residential school" system.

There have been various types of pharmaceuticals, and other substances, that have been blocking people's Hearts and the spiritual part of our brains. Much of humanity has been blocked from and kept unaware of their own spirituality. Some human beings have even been inflicted with the types of brain damage that completely blocks them from their spiritual nature. It appears that most, if not all, of the blocking of the Heart and Spirit of humanity has been intentionally done by evil forces and we must realize it and stop it from continuing.

It is possible that some people have wanted to deny the full powers of the human brain, due to not wanting it to be used for evil purposes. But, this is foolish, because in doing that humanity is also blocked from reaching and using the Light and without that Light people are trapped in the darkness that is ruled by evil forces.

Humanity being blocked from Love and Light serves only the evil forces and holds humanity enslaved in the darkness. There is much evidence, throughout our world, that this has been happening, and we must break free from it.

We must free our minds and Hearts and let in the Love and Light.

It is through our Hearts and the imagination/visualizing part of our brains that we can heal and grow and evolve into all that we are meant to be.

Our Hearts and minds must be free of all that blocks them so that Love and Light can save and heal our world.

The Water Contamination

Clear, safe water is a necessity for good health and we all must have it. We are faced with a serious water contamination problem, but we can still have safe water, if we become aware and take the necessary steps to provide ourselves with it.

Pharmaceuticals, and industrial (PFAS) chemicals, have been being found in rivers, streams and public drinking water throughout the USA. I don't know if other countries are also faced with this problem, but at least some may be.

Scientific reports, which date from 2008 to 2020 state that higher levels, than what has ever been found, of various types of industrial chemicals and 56 pharmaceuticals, have been being found in rivers and streams and public drinking water supplies throughout America. So, this is not just city water that is a concern. Wells out in the country and bottled water have been effected too.

The news reports on the pharmaceuticals stated that the amount of each pharmaceutical was small, but that there is cause for concern about the effects of the combination of all of them together. They stated that the effects are unknown. I feel that this is far more serious than they realize.

Environmental engineer, Nancy G. Love said, *"pharmaceuticals are designed to be biologically active in your body at low levels and so a low concentration of a pharmaceutical is of greater concern... than industrial chemicals at the same level."*

Several years ago, I watched a report which also stated that with some of the psychiatric pharmaceuticals, which were found in the water, miniscule traces can have big effects. I feel this to be very true.

In a 2019 report David Andrews (of the Environmental Working Group) stated, in regards to the PFAS chemicals in the water, *"This should be*

***frightening to Americans in many ways."* He also said that common water filters do not take all of the chemicals and pharmaceuticals out.**

Regardless of how this contamination happened, the focus right now should be on solving the problem for ourselves and our loved ones, especially for the sake of our children. **We should all have healthy water to drink and cook with. So, the wise thing for us to do is build simple water filters for ourselves.**

Natural and untreated charcoal has proven to be effective with removing the pharmaceuticals and chemicals from water. And making a charcoal water filter is so easy that just about anyone can do it for free. I share instructions on how to do this below.

If you have your water tested be sure to realize that the usual water test will not detect the pharmaceuticals and other chemicals. EVERY SINGLE PHARMACEUTICAL AND CHEMICAL MUST BE TESTED SEPERATELY WITH TESTS THAT ARE SPECIFIC FOR THAT SUNSTANCE. So we have to know what to look for. The EPA website has a list of the chemicals and pharmaceuticals that were found in the water.

P.S. I had a prophetic dream that warned of water contamination, that was happening underground, so I believe there is cause for deep concern and that we must build effective water filters for ourselves, NOW.

P.S.S. As I listened to and read many reports on our water contamination problem, I looked for wise suggestions to stop using the harmful pharmaceuticals, that have been contaminating our bodies and water, but found none. :-(It really is what we must do, as much as possible.

How to Build a Water Filter

This is the solution to our water problem and it's so simple that almost anyone can make their own water filter for free.

I recently found a water filter design that is simple and natural and has been repeatedly tested and proven to be effective with removing E.coli and chemicals and pharmaceuticals from water.

The full design is freely printable from the web links below. It is for large community systems but it gives us the general idea of what is needed, so that we can make other designs that are the appropriate size for our needs. Most people will need smaller, simpler ones. I'm sharing my plans for smaller ones with the hope of inspiring you to make your own. I feel certain that these small filters will be effective, with at least making the water a lot safer than it now is, but I have not tested them. So, if you make your own you should have it tested to see how effective it is and for how long, or listen to your own instincts.

Materials Needed for All Size Filters

Rocks

Sand

Natural Charcoal (Untreated)

Cotton Cloth or Screen

Container to put them in

Plumbing is only needed for the largest ones, but even they can do without that if they were modified to be stacked on top of each other.

The best type of container to use would be glass, wood, stainless steel or pottery, but a high quality plastic is better than nothing. The container just has to have an opening at the top, to pour water into, and an opening in the bottom to let it out. The hardest part is making the natural charcoal, but even that is easy and can just be a fun couple

of hours with a campfire.

The sand can be sifted through various sizes of screen to get rid of the finest particles. The sand and rocks should be rinsed clean, before being layered in the container, so that the water flows clear faster. After it is assembled Water should be flushed through it, until it comes out clean.

My Small Filter for Tap Water

The materials that finely clean the water are the sand and charcoal, the charcoal being the most important one, because it removes the pharmaceuticals and other chemicals. A filter, that is only used for tap or well water, does not need the other layers on top of the charcoal, which are to catch larger debris, like what can be in a lake or river. In this style I've only added layers of sand and rocks under the charcoal so that the water has a chance to regain some of the minerals that the charcoal may remove.

This can be done with any size container. I plan to do it with a one gallon jug until I can do a five gallon bucket or a single barrel size. The thicker the charcoal layer is, the more effective it will be and the longer it will last. And the thicker the layer of sand, the more minerals the water will have.

I don't know how effective a gallon size will be, but it will surely be far better than nothing until I can build a bigger one. A five gallon size will surely last longer and I plan to also make one of those with the same layers I list below. I'll crush the charcoal as fine as possible, without it being powder, so that as much as possible can fit in.

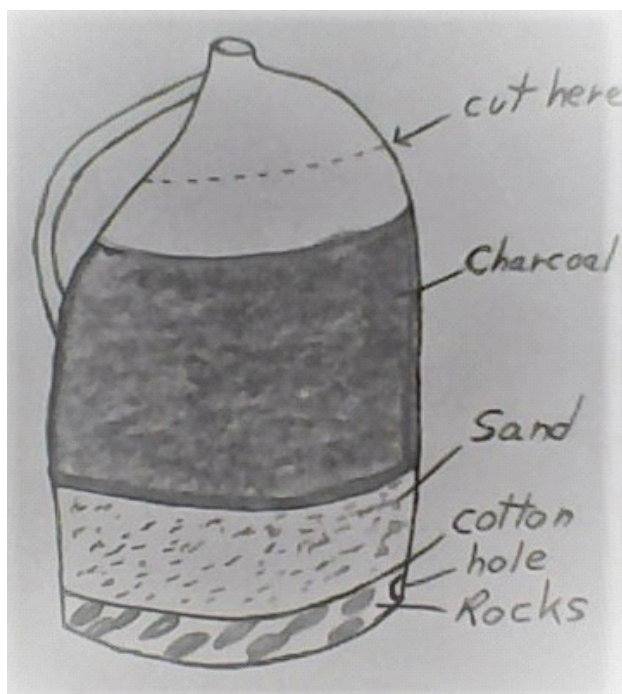
Materials Needed for Small Filter

Natural Charcoal (finely crushed)

Sand (rinsed)

A layer of cotton cloth

Rocks (rinsed)



The top of the container should be cut off so that the cotton cloth can be spread on the bottom more easily. I'll leave enough space on top to let a whole glass of water in at a time. I'll probably use some sort of cork, in the bottom hole, so that some of the water can sit in the sand and rocks for a while before I drink it. I want it to gather as many minerals as possible.

My Single Barrel Water Filter Idea

I'll want to use this filter for water from a stream or pond, so I'll add layers of rocks and sand on top of the charcoal. I'll use a standard wooden barrel, like what is used for wine. The thickness of the layers are approximate, and (of course) would be less for a five gallon size, which can also be done this way. I feel certain that this barrel size will be very effective. I'll set up a little faucet in this one.

Materials Needed

3" of Small Stones (nickel and quarter size)

3" of Pebbles (pea size)

3" of Course Sand

9" of Fine Sand (but not too fine – not like powder)

A Piece of Screen (with smaller openings than the fine sand)

9" of Natural Charcoal (finely crushed)

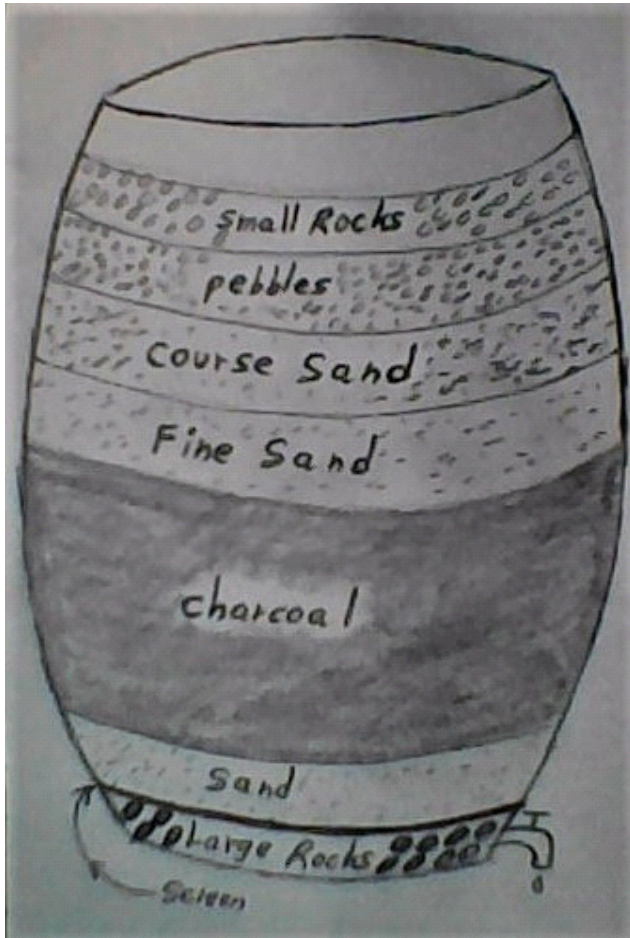
2" of Course Sand

A Piece of Screen (with smaller openings than the course sand)

2" of pebbles (pea size)

A Piece of Screen (with smaller openings than the pebbles)

3" of Large Stones (Up to 2 – 3" around)



Two Barrel Water Filter Idea

I'm also thinking of doing one with two barrels stacked on top of each other and a thin container (4 to 10 inches thick) between the two of them. In this plan I will put more sand and charcoal in the top barrel, more sand and stones in the bottom barrel and organic material, that can be easily changed often, in a drawer in the middle container. The goal is not only to take the chemicals out of the water, but to also make sure the water contains the same minerals it would have in nature, because this is what is best for us.

How to Make Charcoal

Charcoal must be made with natural wood that has not been treated. Making it can be as simple as filling a tin with small pieces of dry wood, putting the cover on securely, drilling or nailing a small hole in the middle of the cover, throwing it on a campfire with the hole pointed up, and cooking it for one to two hours with the fire built up around it.

Smoke, and possibly flames, will pour out of the hole as it cooks and the gasses escape. When the smoke stops rising out of the hole it is done. Remove it from the fire, cover the hole and let it cool.

The charcoal can be crushed through putting it in bags and stomping on it or hammering it. It crumbles easily. It can be more finely ground in a blender or food processor, but should not be powdered.

The tin can be anything from a cookie tin to a clean gallon size paint can or a five gallon tin. A five gallon tin may need a half inch or larger hole on top. The bigger the container is the more venting it needs. And the wood can be as small or large as it needs to be to fit into the tin and secure a cover on it. The larger the wood pieces are the longer it takes to cook. Our first burn will be a fun experiment and, after that, we will know more about what works best for whatever size container and wood we are using.

How Often to Change Charcoal Filter

There is no set rule, about how long the charcoal will be effective, because it depends on how contaminated the water is and how much water is run through it and possibly even how fine or coarse the charcoal is.

But I've made rough calculations based on the four barrel system that was repeatedly tested, and proven to be effective for at least two years, with about 79 gallons of water per day running through approximately a 17 inch thick layer of charcoal that was about 2x2 feet wide.

My guess is that filters will last longer than what I've stated below, when used for only tap and well water that has low contamination levels. (All of my measurements are approximate.)

You must follow your own instincts and/or have your own tests done to be sure of what works in your situation with the size filter you have built. If this feels right to you, do it. If it feels wrong do something else that feels right for your situation. **But remember that changing the charcoal too often is far better than not often enough.**

Guestimated Gallon Size Water Filter Resilience

Charcoal that is about 3" thick, in at least a 6"x6" diameter container.

Filtering 10 gallons of water per day may last about 6 months

Filtering 5 gallons of water per day may last about 1 year

Filtering 2.5 gallons of water per day may last about 2 years

Guestimated Barrel Size Water Filter Resilience

Charcoal that is about 18" thick, in a 2 foot by 2 foot in diameter barrel.

Filtering 39 gallons per day may last about 4 years

Filtering 19 gallons per day may last about 8 years

Filtering 9 gallons per day may last about 16 years

P.S. I am doing the best I can, to follow my own instincts, which are telling me that this information is needed by masses of people, before I am going to be able to complete my own experimentations with the small designs. I am sharing it prematurely, because it is needed and I trust the tested larger designs. **Please listen to your own instincts, above all else, and do what feels best for you.**

Large Community Water Filtration Systems

The larger systems below are for communities and are a bit more complex. But they are still very simply made. (My designs came from these.) **What a fun project this could be for a community or neighborhood to pull together on!**

Printable design of 300 Liter Per Day Water Filter System

<https://www.aqsolutions.org/wp-content/uploads/2020/04/blue-barrel-system-manual-English.pdf>

Printable design for 2000 Liter Per Day Water Filter System

https://www.aqsolutions.org/wp-content/uploads/2020/04/2000LPD_English.pdf

Video for four barrel system;

<https://youtu.be/kazEAzGWulc>

We owe our gratitude to the man who designed this system and cared to freely share it with us. AQUEOUS SOLUTIONS www.aqsolutions.org

How to Make Large Amounts of Charcoal

Large quantities of charcoal can be made in a large burn barrel. It must have a cover and holes cut into the bottom of the sides for air flow. Fill it with wood, light it on fire, let it burn (uncovered) until it's all on fire – right down to the bottom and roaring for a while, (until it seems about half burned) then choke out the fire, through covering it and preventing oxygen from reaching it. To completely deprive it of oxygen; gravel can be raked up to cover the air holes in the bottom of the barrel and mud can be heaped onto the outer edges of the cover. Below is a video that shows one way to do this process.

Some people have put a pipe chimney on a large barrel, that they fill with wood, seal closed and build a large fire up around it – using the same method as described above for small tins. And some people have either made or purchased a "retort kiln" that is made just for this purpose. Left over charcoal can be used to cook with, instead of using the store bought charcoal.

Printable PDF on making large quantities of charcoal

<https://www.aqsolutions.org/wp-content/uploads/2020/04/EZ-char-drum-oven.pdf>

We must use our own common sense and follow our own instincts above all else with everything we do. And we must clear away all that blocks our instincts, like the brain and feeling numbing pharmaceuticals that are in our drinking water. We must be free to think and feel and sense so that we can grow into all that we were born to be.

Please print and share this water filter article with other people.

About me – the Author

Sharon Rose Poet
PO Box 383
Mont Vernon, NH 03057



The above picture is me at 62 years old. I was born in 1959 and grew up on an old farm in southern New Hampshire.

I was born with a deep heart that yearned to make our world a better place to live. Embracing feelings and healing is my life's work - my job - my mission - my calling. Its what I am supposed to be doing with my life, for myself as well as others.

I still have a lot of healing work to do on myself. I've been faced with unusual chains of difficulties that have been tearing me away from my own healing process and my work, especially since the early 1990s. I have been being targeted in ways that have deprived me of my own bank account and has been sabotaging my life and my work. The targeting has severely shoved me backwards in my own process of healing and growing. I do not know if I will survive this for much longer.

So, I'm pushing forward with the publication of four more books - this one and my

"Road Missed by a Lyricist" book and my "return of Native Spirit" book and my "Wisdom's Beacon for Freedom" book. These books are replacing some of my earlier books, because parts of my earlier books had been altered by people who target me.

Among other things I've had problems with my computers being infiltrated, some of my files wiped out and some of my writings altered, since at least 2005. The last time this happened was today - April 29, 2021, as I worked on the introduction of this book. I am hoping to be able to finish and publish it without further interference.

There is more about me in my "Yearn for Freedom" book and my "Road Missed by a Lyricist" book. There is a lot of me in most of my writings, because I believe in teaching by example. I have used my self as an example in all of my embracing feelings and healing work.

My birth name was Sharon Yvette LaBree. My married name was Sharon Buck. My pen name (and legal name for several years) was Namatari Neachi. My legal name is now Sharon Rose Poet.

Other Books by Sharon Rose Poet

Wisdom's Beacon for Freedom (edition two); Soon to be published as a new second edition that is far more complete than the first infiltrated one. This book is about the physical, emotional and spiritual healing. Along with many other things, it contains a more complete version of my 1990s Embracing Feelings book, which was later published as "Embracing Sadness." (The first edition of this book was written in 2018 and 2019. It was altered by those who target me and I did a poor job with it as well.)

The Heart Bud; Among other things this book is a collection of most of the articles that were previously published in The Personal Journal, Sharon's Bud, and the Heart Bud papers and booklets from 2004 to around 2014.

Road Missed by a Lyricist; A short story about my song writing career and a collection of most of the songs and poems I wrote from the 1960s to 2020.

Technological Holocaust; Is available on Amazon. This book exposes technological and pharmaceutical mind control, the destruction of the heart of humanity, technological torture, eugenics based targetings and is a call for freedom for all of humanity.

Return of Native Spirit; Soon to be on Barnes and Noble and is a stand for the Natives of North America as well as a call for awareness in the rest of humanity. It addresses the holocaustal crimes that have been committed against the Natives in the "Indian" residential school system and the healing which must now take place.

Yearn for Freedom; Is available on Amazon and is my personal testimony about some of my most obvious experiences with being covertly targeted. It also helps to expose the covert and technological parts of the targeting.

The Personal Journals; Is available on Amazon and is a compilation of seven booklets, which I wrote from 2004 to 2006 on the theme of embracing feelings and healing and making our world a better place to live. My "Heart Bud" papers and book were a take-off from these publications and the Personal Journals were a take-off from the "Embracing Feelings" book I wrote in the 1990s.

Ramblings of a Targeted Individual; The 2019 edition, that is now on Amazon, is the preservation of the most important parts of a blog I write from the late summer of 2011 to around 2020. As I experienced horrific torturous levels of targeting, I have written many blogs as I struggled to expose the targeting and bring it to an end. My

Ramblings of a Targeted Individual blog (www.sharonpoet-ti.blogspot.com) had been severely infiltrated and many things were altered or erased. So, this book was my way of saving and sharing the best parts of what was left of it.

Embracing Feelings and Healing: A resurrection of my 1990s *Embracing Feelings* book, with a bit more added to it. Part of it was published around 2009 in my "Embracing Sadness" book, but I will be taking that off the market due to finding that it had been altered by people who target me and infiltrated my computers.

I've published other books. Three of them were books of poetry; *Hints of me in Poetry*, *Poetic Voice of a Targeted Individual* and *Buds of Inspiration*, which are all now in my "Road Missed by a Lyricist" book.

I also wrote three other books; *Targeted in America*, which was replaced with my *Yearn for Freedom Book*, but is still available on Amazon until I can more completely merge the two without computer infiltrations and other types of interference; my new edition of my *Ramblings of a Targeted Individual* book, which was to preserve the most important parts of an infiltrated blog, that I write from the late summer of 2011 to around 2020, as I experienced horrific torturous levels of targeting.; And my *Into the Light* book, which was written around 2010, but was never finished and was a process of me trying to figure out who was targeting me and why.

My birth name was Sharon Yvette LaBree. My married name was Sharon Buck. My pen name (and legal name for several years) was Namatari Neachi. My legal name is now Sharon Rose Poet.

*Healing the world begins and
finishes with the healing of
our individual hearts*