Katharina von Engel

YOU WERE ALWAYS THE MEDICINE

A Journey of Unlearning, Awakening & Remembering

KATHARINA VON ENGEL You Were Always the Medicine

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Your wonder, your truth, your laughter—
you remind me daily of what really matters.
You are my greatest teachers.
You are the reason I remember.
To my husband—
You anchor me when I begin to float.
You hold the present while I reach for the unseen.
And yes... he brews—
sacred coffee and steady love.
Even when we walk different roads,
you're part of every step I take.
This book is yours, too.
And to our dog—
my fur-wrapped guru in stillness, joy, and devotion.

"Nothing real can be threatened. Nothing unreal exists. Herein lies the peace of God."

- A Course in Miracles

Contents

Pre	eface	vi
	Before the Beginning	vi
Ι	The Illusion of Brokenness	
1	The Earth School Amnesia	3
	Arrival Briefing: A Soul's Orientation to the Illusion of Separation	3
	A Psychic Rejection of a Spell	11
	A Compassionate Note on Generational Attachment	
	to the Old Story	14
	When Healing Became "Quackery"	16
2	The Magnetic Sponge	19
	Absorbed Frequencies & Borrowed Truths	19
3	The Stories We Defend	24
	Why We Cling to Pain, Identity, and the Narratives	
	That Keep Us Safe	24
	The Gaslight You Were Raised In	31
	The Comfort We Crave	44
	The New World We're Here to Build	49
	A Love Letter to the Ancestral Body	52
II	The Tender Return	
4	A Lifestyle of Presence & Remembering	55
	Out of the Head, Into the Heart	55
	Yoga Means Union: The Art of Being Whole	59

	The Earth's Embrace and the Sun's Kiss	71	
	The Breath That Remembers	79	
	A Love Letter to the Physical Body	85	
5	The Courage to Be Human	87	
	The First Whisper of Healing	94	
	From Panic to Partnership	99	
	A Soul Conversation in Symptoms, Sensations, and		
	Sacred Listening	107	
	The Ageless Self	110	
6	Nourishment as Embodiment	118	
	The Raw Reminder: Eating Light, Living Light	118	
	Obesity, Overeating, and the Real Hunger	120	
	Nature's Simplicity: Raw Staples, Exotic Treats &		
	Green Elixirs	121	
	Ancestral Clues: Did We Come from the Tropics?	125	
	But Isn't Sugar the Problem?	126	
	When the Body Clears, the Mind Can Listen	128	
7	The Return of the Sacred Feminine	132	
	The Dance of Inner Union	133	
	Birth as Embodied Remembering	135	
	The Lunar Rhythm Within	139	
	Tiny Clues, Sacred Truths	142	
	The Forbidden Nipple & Feminine Power	143	
8	The Alchemy of Trust — And the Miracles It Unlocks	148	
	The Art of Saying Yes to the Unknown	148	
	The Science Behind "Frequency Matching" and Parallel Selves	156	
III	Seeing Through Soul Eyes		
9	Words, Worlds, and Codes Remembered	161	
	The Zodiac Matrix: When the Stars Are Misnamed,		
	the Soul Forgets Its Song	161	

	Word Magic: The Currency of Consciousness and the	
	Spells We Speak	169
	Parallel Realities: Living Beyond the Conditioned Path	187
	Frequency Check: What If the Earth Never Forgot—	
	But We Did?	192
10	Vision That Reaches Beyond	199
	When the Veil Lifts	199
	The Guidance System Within	204
11	Divine Knowing	208
	The Life and Teaching of the Masters of the Far East"	
	by Baird T. Spalding	209
	From Unconscious Living to Conscious Creation	211
	Soul-to-Soul Conversations	214
	Spoiler Alert: You Are Divine	219
12	Belief as the Architect	223
	The Mind, the Body & the Sacred Space Between	223
	The Art of Staying	240
	Water Knows: The Element That Reflects and Remembers	247
IV	Rewiring the Real	
13	Hypnosis, Healing, and Soul Memory	255
	Where Logic Ends, the Language of the Soul Begins	255
	Beneath the Surface: Accessing Core Beliefs	267
	A Love Letter to the Astral Body	273
14	The Inner Lenscape	275
	The Lens You Live Through	275
	The Power of Stillness: What Meditation Really Awakens	283
	Ho'oponopono: Healing Through Radical Responsibility	295
	A Love Letter to the Mental Body	298
15	Energy Healing and Soul Repair	300
	How Reconnective Healing Opened a New Portal to	
	the Energy Within	300

	Access Bars: A Touch That Unwinds the Mind	312
	Real Stories, Real Shifts	314
	A Love Letter to the Energy Body	318
16	Confidence as Frequency	320
	Why True Confidence Has Nothing to Do with	
	Performance—and Everything to Do with Presence	320
	Beyond Expectation	338
17	Soulful Boundaries & Emotional Truth	347
	The Art of Selective Alchemy: Hearing What Heals,	
	Seeing What Serves	347
	Protect Your Energy Without Losing Your Heart	350
	Soul Interlude: When the Circle Remembers Itself	354
	The Sacred Art of Feeling It All	360
V	Radiance in Motion	
18	You Are Enough	367
	A West Coast Moment of Remembering	367
	Affirmations that Align: Speaking Your Truth Into	
	Every Layer of Your Being	370
19	The Grace in Grief	379
	Love with Nowhere to Go	379
	A Love Letter to the Emotional Body	382
	The Sacred Pause Between Chapters	384
20	Sacred Humor	385
	True Story: The Man Who Laughed His Way to Healing	386
	Laughter Yoga and the Body's Yes	387
	The Tao of Ted	389
VI	Integration & Completion	
21	An Official Memo & a Playful Soul Check	397
22	Resources & Soul Toolkit	404

	Calibrating Your Inner Vehicle	405
	Books & Teachers That Lit the Way	409
	Modalities That Support the Soul	411
	Sound as Soul Medicine	412
	Conscious Couch Time	414
23	Acknowledgments	416
24	Conclusion	417
	The Medicine Was Never Meant to Stay on the Page	417
Ep	ilogue	420
	The Name Game (Divine Edition)	420
	A World Remembered	422
	To the One Who Said Yes	424
Aft	rerword	426
	The Sacred, the Silly, and the Soul	426
	Bonus Soul Feature	427
	A Love Letter to the Spiritual Body	429
Gla	ossary of Remembering	432
	A Soulful Guide to the Language of Healing, Integration,	
	and Homecoming	432

Preface

Before the Beginning

Love, With Strings Attached

Before we learn the language of the world, we learn the language of home. And in many homes, love is conditional—wrapped in expectations, roles, performances.

Be easy to parent. Be agreeable. Don't feel too much. Don't need too much. As a child, you adapt—because love is survival. And belonging isn't optional when you're small.

So you silence your instincts. You freeze your truth. You become what feels safest.

Later, the outer world confirms it. School teaches compliance. Church preaches guilt. Culture rewards the performance.

In the silence that often follows unmet love, a deeper question begins to stir:

Why do people behave the way they do?

That question never left me. Others slowly joined:

Why do they hurt the ones they say they love? Why do they withdraw, control, reject, or pretend? Why does connection sometimes feel so conditional?

Even as a child, when someone treated me unkindly, a part of me looked at them with quiet confusion:

Don't you remember me? Don't you know who I am?

It was the ache of being unseen by people your soul still remembers—like old friends from beyond the veil who forgot who they are.

Maybe that's what this journey has always been about: Remembering.

That first question became the heartbeat of everything. It led me to books, yoga, energy healing, past life regressions—spiritual teachings that felt less like learning and more like remembering.

But maybe—just maybe—that pain helped something to open. Maybe it was the very rupture your soul chose so you could awaken.

Not because you deserved the pain. But because some awakenings only come through silences deep enough to finally hear your real voice.

You don't want to dwell in the past—but you do need to name where you are so the GPS can find you.

You can't map your way forward if you're pretending you've already arrived. It's about seeing what you agreed to in order to survive—you made choices to belong. Now you get to make choices to be free.

You're not here to uphold a version of you that made others comfortable. You don't have to keep shrinking to fit. You can stop asking for permission. You're allowed to begin again.

Maybe this is your beginning.

Maybe it looks like reparenting yourself—but this time, from power instead of performance. From presence instead of pressure.

The Whisper Before the Awakening

It doesn't usually start with fireworks. No Ascended Masters materializing on your couch—though I wouldn't mind a surprise visit, à la Gary Renard. No dramatic soundtrack. More often, it starts with something subtle. A quiet tug. A question that keeps tapping you on the shoulder like: "Wait... this can't be it, right?"

That whisper can be inconvenient. Especially when everything on the outside looks "fine." But it doesn't go away—because it's not here to ruin your life. It's here to reclaim it.

For me, that nudge became a trail. A wild, beautiful, winding path.

It took me places I never expected—around the world, sure. But more importantly, into myself.

And along the way, I learned this simple truth: Sometimes, the most powerful medicine isn't a plan or a pill. It's a breath. A pause. A sentence that lands so deep, you feel something shift inside.

The Healing Art Was Never Meant to Be Sterile

The word medicine comes from *mederi*—to heal. At its core, medicine means *that which heals.*

But long before white coats and Latin prescriptions, medicine was something you lived. It was intuitive. Ritualistic. Sacred.

It looked like a grandmother's hug. A story passed down. A circle of women under the moon.

A cry that finally broke through.

A laugh that came out of nowhere and reminded you—you're still alive.

A smile that softened your guard when you didn't even know you were armored.

Medicine isn't just about fixing what's broken on the outside.

It's about returning to what's real within—coming home to yourself, bit by bit, breath by breath.

Why This Book Exists

This book came in pieces—quiet nudges, scribbled notes, voice memos, and those moments when something clicked deeply and I thought, *Oh... that's it.*

I didn't write this to sound like an expert.

I wrote it because it felt like the next natural step—

a part of me has lived these pages,

and something in you might be living them now.

There's a line from *A Course in Miracles* that made it all feel possible:

"You have to teach it to learn it."

That felt like permission—

to stop waiting until I was "done" healing,

and start sharing what's already been real.

So here we are:

me writing, you reading, both of us remembering.

It's not about being perfect.

It's about being honest.

It's a love letter to the inspirations—

the messages that came in stillness and in sessions,

through teachers, clients, and conversations on ordinary Tuesday afternoons.

Downloads from the ether,

riding waves of consciousness,

reminding me of what was already true.

Now, I get to pass them on.

How to Read This Book (Or Don't)

You might notice the language in this book feels a little different.

Familiar words like *energy*, *frequency*, or *soul* might show up with new texture.

You'll come across 'innerstanding' instead of 'understanding', 'rising' instead of 'morning'.

It's not to sound mystical.

It's to point your attention inward.

Language holds charge.

Words shape how we see—and how we remember.

Sometimes, just a small shift in vocabulary can stir something inside you.

These aren't just flourishes. They're activators—

little frequency nudges to help you feel your way into what's already true.

If it feels unfamiliar—beautiful.

It means you're accessing something deeper.

Let your body listen before your mind catches up.

This isn't a step-by-step guide.

There is no quiz. (Well... technically there *is* one at the end of the book—but don't worry, it's more fun than finals. And I totally believe in you.)

No formula. No five-point checklist.

Think of this more like a collection of soul notes—left for you by your higher self.

Or maybe by the *you* who already remembers.

Some chapters are stories. Some offer questions or gentle nudges.

Some might feel like letters. Others may surprise you—like a cosmic post-it stuck to your mirror.

It won't always feel linear. That's on purpose.

Healing rarely is.

Let it meet you—especially if where you are feels messy.

There's no right way to move through this.

Skip around. Start in the middle. Dog-ear the parts that light you up.

Some pages might stir something you weren't expecting.

Some might not land at all—yet. That's okay.

Truth has good timing. It'll circle back when you're ready.

There's nothing to memorize. Nothing to master.

Just moments to feel. To notice. To breathe with.

Bring your honesty. Your curiosity.

Maybe even a journal and a cozy blanket.

If it feels good, set the tone with music—

a handpan melody, a soundbath, or find a 432 Hz track that lets your whole being exhale.

You don't need music. But it can be a beautiful amplifier—

a bridge between the mind and the moment.

And even if not—know this:

This book is already attuned.

Infused with presence.

Written in the field.

The energy is already here, waiting to meet you.

Bonus Gift for You

To support your journey, I've included a free guided hypnosis audio:

Returning to the Inner Healer – a gentle, soul-soothing practice to help you relax, integrate, and reconnect with your body's wisdom.

Listen here: bit.ly/InnerHealerHypnosis

Or simply search the title on my YouTube channel: *Holistic Angel Coaching*. And if you hear voices chiming in now and then—don't worry, you're not losing it.

You're just tuning into Galactic Talk Radio:

an unscheduled-but-somehow-perfectly-timed broadcast streaming from beyond the veil.

Hosted by **Ray and Ellis**—two delightfully irreverent souls from the **Department of Divine Reminders**—

they'll pop in now and then to offer cosmic commentary, spiritual sportscasting, and loving nudges.

Their interdimensional two cents are never off-topic... just off-script.

A Quick Orientation

What I offer here comes from lived experience—my own, those I've had the honor of supporting, and others. It's not meant to replace professional care. It's here to walk alongside it.

If you're moving through something heavy, please reach out for support.

It's not weakness—we were never meant to do this alone.

Some client stories have been gently adapted for privacy—names, timelines, and details shifted to preserve anonymity while keeping the essence of the healing intact.

Take what resonates. Leave the rest.

Let your own inner wisdom lead the way.

You're not broken. You're not late.

You're right on time for your own remembering.

So breathe. Settle in.

Let the words rise off the page and resonate somewhere inside you.

Throughout these pages, you'll find reflections inspired by a constellation of voices—real and fictional, human and possibly extra-dimensional.

From teachers and thought leaders to stories, quotes, and characters that have shaped my healing path—these mentions are woven in with care.

They are shared under *Fair Use*, in the spirit of commentary, education, and soulful integration. I do not claim ownership of their work, nor affiliation with their creators. All rights remain with the original authors and holders.

Their presence is a nod of gratitude, not commerce.

This is a living book, and these are living threads—meant to spark resonance, not restriction.

Filed lovingly with the Department of Divine Reminders, Subdivision: Intergalactic Copyright Karma.

(They said it was cool as long as it sparked healing, didn't dim the vibes, and came with snacks.)

Let's be honest: you probably already know how to trust your own wisdom. But in this dimension, we're asked to say certain things out loud—so here it is:

This book is not intended to provide medical, psychological, legal, or professional advice.

The practices, perspectives, and stories shared here are meant for reflection and inspiration—

not to diagnose, treat, or cure any condition.

This includes any reflections on history, healing, or reality that may differ from mainstream narratives.

They are shared not as facts, but as invitations—to question, explore, and remember.

Consider this the "human protocol" fine print.

It doesn't mean what's in these pages isn't powerful—it just means I'm not claiming to be your doctor, therapist, historian, or lawyer.

I'm a guide. A mirror. A storyteller.

The journey is yours.

So use what resonates. Leave what doesn't.

Reach out for support when needed.

And above all—keep listening inward.

Because you were always the medicine.

Ray said not to be modest, so here goes:

"This is the best book I've written so far."

Ellis chimed in: "Also... it's the only one. But hey, strong debut."

I

The Illusion of Brokenness

Ray: "We open the scene with our players stumbling back into their bodies—half remembering they signed up for Earth School."

Ellis: "No map. No manual. Just a soul mission sealed in stardust... and a touch of selective amnesia."

Ray: "Heartbreak, lost trust, and a cosmic case of 'Wait... what?'"

Ellis: "The veil's thinning, Ray."

Ray: "Yep. Remembering's kicking in."

Ellis: "One looked in the mirror and whispered, 'I see you now."

Ray: "Mirror got emotional. Took the day off."

The Earth School Amnesia

Arrival Briefing: A Soul's Orientation to the Illusion of Separation

When we first moved to the U.S., we received intercultural training through the company that relocated us. It helped us innerstand (Yes, inner—not under. I use that word because it feels more empowering. Understanding implies standing beneath. Innerstanding rises from within) why certain things felt so different—why people smiled at you in the grocery store, why small talk was expected, and why directness might be mistaken for rudeness.

It was helpful. Grounding. Reassuring.

And it made me wonder...

What if we all got training like that before arriving on Earth?

Imagine receiving a cosmic welcome packet, complete with a snarky-but-soulful guide and a list of everything you're bound to forget once you land in a body. It might look something like this:

Welcome to the Earth Plane

A multidimensional soul-growth experience in a highly emotional form.

Congratulations. You've chosen to incarnate on one of the most beautiful, chaotic, contradictory learning grounds in the known universe. Below are some orientation notes to help you acclimate to the human experience:

- 1. **You will forget who you are.** This is not a bug in the system. It's part of the curriculum. You agreed to the forgetting so you could remember—from the inside out. Don't panic. The remembering is coded into your design.
- 2. You will take things personally—until you don't. It will feel like everything is about you. People's moods. Their choices. Their silence. Their praise. Their rejection. But none of it is. People are projecting their own stories, just like you are. Learn to pause before reacting. Most of it isn't yours.
- 3. **Emotions will be big, messy, and essential.** You'll cry. Laugh. Get mad at inanimate objects. You'll feel grief in a grocery store and joy in the middle of a breakup. Let it move. Emotions aren't problems to solve; they're messengers to honor.
- 4. Your body is your soul's translator. It will whisper, ache, tremble, glow, and guide. Don't wait for it to scream before listening. Treat it like a sacred vessel, not a productivity tool. It knows more than your mind ever could.
- 5. **Most people are playing roles they didn't choose consciously.** Be gentle. With them, and with yourself. Everyone's doing the best they can with the level of awareness they have. Don't assume intention. Assume pain—and meet it with compassion when you can.
- 6. **Language will shape your thoughts.** Words will carry spells. Some will shrink you. Some will free you. Learn to speak consciously. Mean what you say. And always question the words you've been told to use.
- 7. **Time will feel real—but it's not.** You'll worry about being too late, too early, or too old. None of it matters. Now is all there is. You're always

THE EARTH SCHOOL AMNESIA

- on time for your own life.
- 8. **Relationships are where the real learning happens.** They'll push buttons you didn't know you had. They'll mirror your wounds and reflect your gifts. They'll show you what you still believe about love. Every connection is a curriculum. Not all are meant to stay, but all are meant to teach.
- 9. Your family may trigger your evolution. You might have chosen a complicated cast of characters for this lifetime. Some will open your heart. Some will open your trauma files. Either way, they're part of your path. Boundaries are sacred. Love doesn't always mean staying close.
- 10. **Healing is a spiral, not a straight line.** You'll revisit the same themes at deeper levels. You'll forget and remember, contract and expand. This doesn't mean you're failing. It means you're growing. Again and again.
- 11. **The nervous system is your compass.** If something feels off, listen. Safety isn't just physical—it's energetic. Prioritize environments that regulate you, not just relationships that stimulate you.
- 12. **Laughter is a sacred reset.** Humor isn't a distraction—it's medicine. It clears the fog, softens the fear, and brings you back into the moment. When in doubt, laugh. Especially at yourself.
- 13. The system may look like it's against you. At times, "good" will feel bad and "bad" will lead to breakthrough. It's a bit of a trickster realm down here. What feels like failure may be your finest redirection. What seems blocked might be saving you. The system is made of mirrors. You're meant to outgrow the game—not fight it.
- 14. **Comparison will lie to you.** You'll be tempted to measure your worth by someone else's highlight reel. Don't. Their timeline isn't yours. Their path isn't yours. You are walking your own sacred spiral.
- 15. The system isn't designed for wholeness—but you are. You'll navigate structures built on fear, control, and separation. But your inner compass was calibrated for truth. Listen to it. It knows what the world forgot.
- 16. **Joy is not a luxury. It's a frequency of remembering.** Let yourself feel good. Often. Even when nothing is resolved yet. Especially then.

A Note from Your Soul Support Team

You are right on track.
You are wonderfully made.
You are all-one.

You came here on purpose—even if you forget.

You brought wisdom with you—even if it gets buried.

And you are already enough—even when it doesn't feel like it.

Breathe.

Listen.

Laugh.

Come back to center.

And remember: This whole thing is temporary... but your growth is eternal.

Welcome to Earth.

And if all of this made you laugh, sigh, or nod in recognition—good.

Humor softens the edges so truth can slip in quietly.

After all, most of us didn't get that manual.

We just woke up here—

in bodies, in systems, in stories someone else wrote.

But the forgetting?

That was part of it.

Now let's talk about what we inherited—

and what we're here to remember.

The Great Forgetting and Why We Lose Ourselves in the First Place

The early imprints that shaped us are not instructions to follow, but invitations to unravel.

I'm not telling you what to think, feel, do, or be.

This is a gentle invitation to remember who you've always been.

Because what life has shown me—again and again—is that openness holds more power than certainty ever could.

THE EARTH SCHOOL AMNESIA

Openness to mystery.

To unlearning.

To being wrong.

To remembering what was never truly lost.

The only compass I've ever truly trusted is the resonance of my heart.

When something stirs there—gently or powerfully—I know it's pointing me somewhere sacred.

I stopped trusting the voices outside of me a long time ago.

The voices which rarely matched the truth I could feel inside.

Through teachings like *A Course in Miracles*—and others similar to it—I was introduced to a way of seeing that made far more sense than what I was taught growing up.

If you believe you came from monkeys...

or that you're destined to never outgrow your parents...

or that the system you were born into is all there is—

life becomes a very narrow, very limiting place.

But what if all of that is just a story?

What if the truth is far more expansive?

One of the most liberating ideas I learned through Abraham (via Esther Hicks) was this:

Our negative emotions aren't punishments—they're feedback.

Wake-up calls that let us know we're believing something that isn't true. And a believe is only a thought we keep thinking.

What a breath of fresh air that was.

To realize I could try on a new thought, a new perspective—and feel the shift in my body and energy right away.

I became a living experiment.

I began trying on perspectives the way a child tries on costumes—playfully, lightly, without clinging.

What feels true?

What frees me?

What expands me?

And maybe you will too.

You don't have to believe anything I say—just feel it.

Try it on like a new coat.

See how it sits in your body, your breath, your energy.

And yes—maybe we did have that "tiny mad idea" (as *A Course in Miracles* puts it) of separating from Source.

But ACIM goes on to say the problem wasn't the idea itself—

It was that we forgot to laugh.

Forgot to see the silliness of it all.

Forgot that nothing real can be threatened, and nothing unreal exists.

What if this whole human experience is a cosmic game?

Like in *Undercover Billionaire*, where Grant Cardone is dropped into an unfamiliar town with just \$100, an old truck, no contacts, new name and identity, and 90 days to build a million-dollar business from scratch.

Except in our version...

we are undercover divine beings—

pure, omnipotent, and holy—

dropped into this world with complete amnesia.

Why? I'd like to know too.

No memory. No roadmap. No contacts.

And still, we're expected to build something beautiful from within.

But here's the plot twist:

We're also undercover trillionaires—

made of trillions of intelligent, responsive cells,

each one brimming with potential and possibility.

Our very biology is abundance.

Our design? A walking miracle.

That's the challenge—

and the magic.

Seeing life this way does make it more meaningful.

More playful.

More expansive.

THE EARTH SCHOOL AMNESIA

More alive.

Because if there's no escaping the game—

if we're just going to keep circling back until we remember who we are—then why not wake up now?

Why not play with presence, with purpose, with love?

Learn to embrace life. All of it.

Reclaiming the now.

Choosing to see your journey as a sacred remembering—a mystery to live into.

The yogis say we all eventually return to where we began.

And as *A Course in Miracles* (published by the Foundation for Inner Peace) teaches, the separation never truly happened—we only dreamed it did.

In a paraphrased reflection of Jesus's message through the Course, it's been said:

"When I awoke, you were with me."

Isn't that beautiful?

It captures the essence of the teaching:

We were never truly separate, and we don't awaken alone.

Time is the illusion that made it seem otherwise.

We only forgot. And now, we're remembering—together.

So let's begin where most of us began—

by forgetting who we truly are,

and learning how to come home.

Take a breath.

Soften your shoulders.

This next part is for you.

Soul Prompts

What version of myself did I abandon in order to feel accepted?

What parts of me were silenced to fit in, to survive, or to be loved?

Let yourself gently reflect on the beliefs, patterns, and expectations that shaped who you thought you needed to be.

Journal Space

Take 10–15 minutes to free-write.

Let it be a conversation with your soul.

No editing. No judgment. Just let your truth rise to the page.

Mini Practice

Close your eyes.

Place one hand on your heart and one on your belly.

Breathe deeply.

As you exhale, silently say:

"I am safe to remember."

Stay here for a few moments, letting your body feel what those words mean.

Mantra

I return to the truth of who I am.

I am safe to remember.

I am free to be me.

Peace Patrol Celebration Notice

Department of Soul Rights and Radiance Checkpoint 1A: The Right to Remember Your Light Glorious news, Beloved Being.

You've reached Checkpoint 1A on your soul's timeline:

The Moment of Radiant Remembrance.

You are aligned.

You are rising.

You are fully plugged back into the frequency of who you truly are.

The light within you is active.

The path before you is golden.

THE EARTH SCHOOL AMNESIA

The presence you carry is medicine.
Your soul has always known:
You are part of All That Is
You are expanding with every breath
You are exactly on time
This checkpoint celebrates:
Your frequency is undeniable
Your light is fully protected and deeply needed
Your becoming is a cosmic celebration in motion
Official Soul Affirmation:
Your light is eternal.
Your joy is sacred.
Your presence is permission.

Filed joyously under the Divine Light Protection Act, Section 1A—
archived in starlight by the Department of Soul Rights and Radiance
Proceed as your whole Self.
Shine freely. Speak truly.
You are the light. You are the way.

A Psychic Rejection of a Spell

It wasn't boredom that made me drift in history class.

It was something deeper.

A quiet knowing: this isn't my truth.

I couldn't put a finger on it back then. Just a sensation—tight in my chest, fog in my brain, an invisible protest pulsing through my bones. I didn't just feel disconnected. I felt... insulted. Something was off. Something unspoken in me was saying, *This isn't it. This isn't mine*.

Later I would innerstand:

It wasn't apathy. It was resistance.

A psychic rejection of a spell.

Not a spell of fantasy—but of conditioning.

A narrative repeated so often it calcified into "fact."

Because most of what we call history is trauma—codified, glorified, and looped without healing.

We're taught to memorize dates of war and maps of conquest.

To revere kings and revolutions.

To study the mechanics of dominance.

But where is the story of the healers?

The midwives, the medicine women, the song carriers?

Where are the ceremonies that celebrated the solstice instead of the sword?

Where are the elders who passed down wisdom through dreams, not decrees?

Where is the history of joy?

Why is the curriculum saturated with violence and void of vitality?

Monuments as Memory Traps

Monuments don't just honor the past. They anchor it. *They anchor it in form, in stone, in story.*

Fixing trauma in place instead of transmuting it.

They act as energetic placeholders—ensuring the frequency of war, division, and dominance continues to echo in the collective.

To *re-member* is to stitch something back together.

So what are we restitching when we keep revisiting pain without healing it?

When we're taught to remember only someone else's story—someone else's trauma—we carry it forward unconsciously.

We mistake survival for reality.

Word Magic: His-story, Hysteria, and Hiding the Whole

His-story: a masculine lens on truth, often suppressing the fluid, the intuitive, the cyclical.

Hysteria: from *hystera*, the Greek word for womb—once used to pathologize women's emotions.

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History and hysteria.

Both tools to invalidate what didn't fit the system: emotion, intuition, embodiment.

And yet we wonder why so many sensitive, soulful beings dissociate in classrooms designed to reinforce obedience and glorify conflict.

What if you were right to resist?

What if your unease wasn't ignorance...

but intelligence?

What if your soul was saying:

I didn't come here to recycle trauma.

I came to remember something older. Something freer. Something whole.

Truth Bomb: History as Codified Trauma

When trauma is memorialized without context or healing, it becomes culture.

And cultural trauma—when left unexamined—becomes expectation.

We're not here to forget the past.

We're here to stop reenacting it.

Quantum Rewrite: You Choose What to Energize

From a quantum lens, time isn't linear.

It's a field of frequencies—each one activated by attention.

So instead of looking back at history like it's fixed...

What if you saw it as a menu of energies?

And instead of consuming the same war-laced narrative...

You asked:

What's the her-story?

What's the earth-story?

What's my soul's story?

Rewrite the Curriculum

Ask yourself:

• What stories did I absorb from school, family, or religion that never felt true in

my body?

- Which histories felt like energetic prisons instead of lessons?
- What ancestral wisdom wants to rise now that the old scaffolding is falling?

Write your own syllabus.

One rooted in joy, embodiment, reverence, and soul remembrance.

You don't need to graduate from a system that never saw you.

You get to reclaim the classroom.

You get to rewrite the story.

And maybe the next time someone asks why you don't "know your history," you'll smile gently and say:

Because I'm here to write a different future and I can't do that by memorizing someone else's wound.

A Compassionate Note on Generational Attachment to the Old Story

You may wonder, as I have:

Why do so many older people keep rewatching the same war documentaries?

Why does a generation that has lived so much still feel drawn to stories of pain, battle, and survival?

It's easy to dismiss it as nostalgia or stubbornness.

But if we look deeper, we may find something more tender, more human, beneath the surface.

Many of our elders were raised in a time when identity was tied to sacrifice.

When worth was measured by endurance.

When pride was wrapped in flags and uniforms, and emotional pain had no place to go but inward.

In those stories—of war, duty, and survival—they were seen.

Not always for who they truly were, but for what they withstood.

And when a world moves as fast as ours now does—

with its changing values, roles, technologies, and truths—

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revisiting those old narratives can feel like stepping into familiar ground.

A stable rhythm in a world that no longer makes sense to them.

A place where the rules were clear, even if they were harsh.

A time when life felt structured—predictable, honorable, even if painful.

Rewatching those documentaries isn't always about glorifying war.

Sometimes, it's about grounding.

Sometimes, it's how the nervous system copes with the speed of change.

Sometimes, it's the only story they know that made their pain feel purposeful.

These stories became their anchors.

Their mirrors.

Their myths.

And for some, letting go of those narratives would mean losing a version of themselves they've clung to for a lifetime.

But what if we didn't try to pull those anchors out by force?

What if we simply offered a different shoreline?

One where worth isn't built on hardship... but on being.

One where legacy isn't pain retold... but wisdom reclaimed.

One where history isn't the only way to remember... but one of many.

Let us have compassion for the generations who were never given another lens.

Let us bless them for surviving the weight of those stories.

And let us gently offer them a new one—by living it.

And as we write our new story—one rooted in soul, in sovereignty, in softness—may we not only rewrite what we remember...

But also how we teach it.

Because the next generation is listening.

And they deserve a curriculum that begins with truth—and ends with love.

When Healing Became "Quackery"

The Rebranding of Ancient Wisdom as Dangerous Folklore

Long before healing required a license, it was a birthright.

It lived in the hands of grandmothers who brewed herbs for fever.

In the breath of medicine men and women who sang illness out of the bones.

In the intuitive knowing passed quietly from soul to soul—without a certificate in sight.

But in the 1800s, something shifted.

As Western medicine began to professionalize, a campaign unfolded—not just to promote a new system,

but to discredit and dismantle the old.

The word "quackery" became the weapon.

It was used to shame, mock, and invalidate any form of healing that didn't follow the new rules:

- Herbalists were labeled superstitious.
- Midwives were accused of witchcraft or ignorance.
- Energy healers were dismissed as delusional or dangerous.
- And entire cultural systems of medicine—Ayurveda, Chinese medicine, shamanic healing—were reduced to "unscientific nonsense."

Suddenly, centuries of embodied wisdom were repackaged as fraud.

And just like that, if you weren't part of the new "licensed" class, you could be called a quack.

Not because your work didn't help—

but because it wasn't sanctioned by the emerging empire of pharmaceuticals and profit.

As natural medicine was pushed underground, a new model rose in its place—one built on patents, prescriptions, and profit margins.

Healing became a business. And in that shift, the body was no longer seen as a living intelligence to collaborate with, but as a machine to be controlled.

THE EARTH SCHOOL AMNESIA

Symptoms were treated, but root causes were rarely addressed—because long-term customers are more profitable than one-time healings.

And that mindset still echoes today.

I once asked a doctor friend why she didn't offer homeopathic options to her patients.

She paused and said, "That wouldn't pay my bills."

There was no malice in her voice—just quiet honesty.

But beneath that answer, I sensed something deeper.

Because for many in the medical system, it's not just about profit.

It's about survival.

Reputation.

Risk.

Recommending something outside the accepted model—even gently—can jeopardize a license.

And in a system where credentials equal livelihood,

many play it safe, even when their heart knows more.

But here's what's rarely talked about:

The term "quack" comes from "quacksalver"—an old word for someone who **spoke out loud** about the salves and remedies they offered.

So the original "quack" was simply... someone who used their voice.

Someone who dared to say: "I can help."

And maybe that was the real threat all along.

Truth doesn't need permission.

And healing doesn't ask for approval.

Transition: From Dismantling to Remembering

Let this be the turning point.

You've just walked through the rubble of the old world—the conditioning, the forgetting, the stories that were never truly yours.

And now, you get to choose again.

Not through rebellion, but remembrance.

Not by rejecting yourself, but by returning to your body—your breath, your

rhythm, your truth.

The journey ahead won't ask you to know more. It will ask you to feel more.

To let your cells remember what your mind forgot.

Because healing doesn't begin with fixing.

It begins with listening.

To the whispers of the body.

To the rhythms of the soul.

To the wisdom that was never lost—only waiting.

So take a breath.

And step into the next chapter.

Not to reinvent yourself—

but to remember the soul you never stopped being.

The Magnetic Sponge

Absorbed Frequencies & Borrowed Truths

One of the most mind-opening things I've ever heard came from an Access Bars class:

As taught in Access Bars (founded by Gary Douglas), I was introduced to the idea that 98% of our thoughts, feelings, and emotions aren't actually ours.

We are like psychic sponges—absorbing energy, beliefs, fears, and emotional residue from the people, places, and systems around us. And then we walk around thinking all of it belongs to us.

That insight explained so much.

Sympathy pains.

Feeling drained after certain conversations.

Getting overwhelmed in crowds.

Waking up with unexplained heaviness.

Once I realized not everything I was feeling was *mine*, it was like dropping a heavy backpack I didn't know I'd been carrying. That awareness became a lifeline.

Not to deny what I felt—but to discern.

To pause and ask:

"Is this even mine?"

A Subtle, Life-Changing Shift

Abraham (via Esther Hicks) teaches a practice called *segment intending* (*more on that later*)—setting a conscious intention before entering any new energy field: a phone call, a grocery store, even a moment with yourself.

That teaching changed the way I live.

I began tuning into how I wanted to feel—

Deciding, rather than absorbing.

Choosing, rather than reacting.

What a powerful shift.

Claiming who I always had the freedom to be.

Instead of being at the mercy of the world's emotional weather, I started deliberately choosing my energetic space.

From clarity.

From sovereignty.

Explore This: The 5-Second Reset

Before your next phone call, errand, or interaction:

Place your hand over your heart.

Take a slow breath.

Ask: "How do I want to feel through this?"

Just one breath of clarity can change the entire energy of your experience.

Energy Is Contagious

Once you start paying attention, you'll see energetic imprinting everywhere.

- Couples begin to mirror each other—not just emotionally, but physically.
- Pets reflect the energy of their humans.
- You've been told, "You sound just like your mother" or "That was your

THE MAGNETIC SPONGE

dad's exact tone"—and felt a chill of recognition.

That's more than genetics. That's energetic entanglement.

We absorb the speech patterns, emotional tones, body language, and beliefs of those closest to us.

We echo the rooms we live in.

Unless we choose otherwise.

Whose Is This? A Guide to Energetic Clarity

Here's the simple Access Bars practice that rocked my world:

When you feel a sudden wave of emotion, a heavy thought, or a weird vibe, ask:

"Who does this belong to?"

If you feel even a slight lightness,

it's probably not yours.

Then command:

"Return to sender—with consciousness attached."

No blame. No drama.

Just energetic hygiene.

A clean, compassionate release.

Sometimes we carry things for so long,

the heaviness starts to feel familiar—even comforting.

But that doesn't mean it's ours.

We've been holding:

- Other people's expectations
- Generational guilt
- Cultural pressure to people-please
- Emotional manipulation we didn't even realize was happening

This isn't about finding a scapegoat.

It's about liberation.

Because so many of us were raised by people carrying what wasn't theirs, either.

They did their best—but often from disconnection.

Now we get to choose differently.

We often hear:

"Life is not happening to me—it's happening for me."

But there's a deeper truth underneath that:

Life is also happening from me.

If most of what we think and feel isn't actually ours,

then what we unconsciously absorb becomes the invisible clay we sculpt our lives with.

We might still be creating...

but not from the clarity of our soul—

from inherited fears, ambient noise, and unhealed projections.

So yes—life happens for me.

But even more powerfully:

Life happens from me.

The Invitation

To get radically honest about what's truly yours...

And to lovingly return what never was.

Because when I clear the noise—

When I choose my thoughts, feelings, and intentions with awareness—

Then what flows *from* me begins to shape what comes *to* me and *for* me.

This is how we stop being magnetic sponges

and start becoming magnetic creators.

Not passive absorbers of the world—

But conscious artists of our own reality.

Journal Space

Free-write for 10–15 minutes.

THE MAGNETIC SPONGE

Let it be a conversation with your soul. No editing. No judgment. You might explore:

- What energies, beliefs, or emotional patterns have I been carrying that don't actually belong to me?
- What shifts when I ask, "Who does this belong to?"
- What thought, emotion, or expectation am I ready to return or release?

Mini Practice

Close your eyes.

Take three slow breaths, each one longer than the last.

On each exhale, silently say:

"I release what no longer serves me. I reclaim my truth."

Notice what shifts—even subtly.

Your body always knows.

Peace Patrol Bulletin

Department of Soul Rights & Radiance

Checkpoint 2A - Energetic Sovereignty Mandate

Heads up, Radiant One:

Not every funky vibe is your circus.

Not every thought gets VIP access to your mind palace.

You have full cosmic clearance to ask:

"Wait... is this even mine?"

And if it's not—

bliss it, return to sender (with a glittery bow if you must),

and reclaim your glow.

Your vibe is not a communal sponge.

Your energy is not a group project.

Your light? Non-refundable, non-negotiable, fully protected.

Filed under: Energetic Hygiene & Lightness Protection Act, Section 2A

The Stories We Defend

Why We Cling to Pain, Identity, and the Narratives That Keep Us Safe

Before we dive into the stories we tell, I want to share something I once read—something that stayed with me for years.

It was in a book by Joachim Faulstich (from one of his works exploring healing and belief—title unavailable in English translation), a filmmaker and author who explored the intersection of science, healing, and consciousness. In one story, he described a doctor who traveled to an indigenous village in Brazil. There, he met a woman who had fallen ill—something simple, something easily treatable with modern medicine. The doctor offered her the appropriate medication, confident in a full recovery.

But the villagers didn't believe in the medicine. They didn't innerstand the illness or trust the treatment. And so, they gathered around her—not to support her healing, but to say their goodbyes. The woman died. It wasn't the medicine that failed—

but the absence of belief that muted its effect.

Faulstich shared another story—this time in a Western hospital, where all treatments had failed. The doctors were out of options. But an indigenous healer was called in, and using practices rooted in spirit and tradition, the

patient recovered.

These stories stunned me. But they also made something click.

Belief isn't just a mindset. It's medicine.

It's the energetic equivalent of a seed—what we believe, we water, and what we water, grows.

Even science confirms that belief can activate the body's own healing intelligence. It's not the substance, but the signal.

Belief tells the body: It's safe to heal now.

When Stories Become Cages

If we don't learn to shift our lens, we stay stuck in the loop—complaining, blaming, believing the lie of limitation.

When really, all we're craving is:

attention, validation, safety, connection.

These are called **secondary gains**—and they often keep the wound in place.

The problem is, when we rehearse our stories over and over—especially with others—we risk reinforcing the very identity we're trying to grow beyond. We become "the one who..." in someone else's mind. Their energy, however well-meaning, adds fuel to the fire.

We don't just carry our stories in our minds—we carry them in our bodies. And sometimes, it takes a sudden moment—an unexpected trigger—for all that unreleased fear to rise to the surface.

From Panic to Power

One summer afternoon, I was floating peacefully in the pool when my husband began spraying heavy-duty outdoor pesticide across the backyard—along the lawn edges, the corners, and the foundation of the house. The scent hit me, sharp and chemical. I rushed inside to escape the fumes—only to find he had sprayed there too.

Panic rose.

I ran out to the front yard, desperate to find a pocket of clean air, scanning

for a place where the smell wasn't noticeable. But the more I searched, the more desperate I became. My thoughts were already spiraling:

"This is toxic. I'm being invaded. I can't escape this."

In that heightened state of fear, I stepped on something sharp and stinging.

I'd never had a severe allergic reaction before. But this time, my body swelled, my breath became shallow, and I had to be rushed to urgent care. The prescription? An EpiPen.

But even as I sat there, something deeper stirred awake.

I didn't want to live as someone who carried fear in her pocket.

I didn't want to build an identity around fragility or danger.

So I looked inward.

It wasn't just the sting.

It was the cascade of fearful thoughts I had allowed to flood my system.

It was the internal spiral that had overwhelmed my body's natural intelligence.

The belief that I was vulnerable, invaded, unsafe—that was the real toxin. I honored the care I received that day—it was exactly what I needed in that moment. But I also knew I didn't want to live with fear as my default setting. What shifted was more than physical—it was the moment I stopped believing I was fragile.

And the moment I saw that clearly, everything shifted.

There was no hesitation, no second-guessing:

I knew I was safe.

I didn't need to carry fear—or an EpiPen—as a crutch.

I could trust my body again.

From that point forward, I made a conscious choice to reconnect with my body and with nature—to walk barefoot, to ground, to live in trust.

Two years later, I stepped—barefoot—onto what I believe was a large black wasp.

Yes, my foot swelled for a few days.

Yes, it was uncomfortable.

But there was no panic. No emergency. No severe reaction.

Just a simple, human healing process—guided by the same body I had

learned to trust again.

That experience reminded me:

We can either build an identity around our wounds,

or we can choose to remember our wholeness.

Healing is the opposite of controlling every external condition.

It's about transforming the internal conditions we carry—and choosing differently, again and again.

Not All Support Is Supportive

Even loving friends might unknowingly reinforce the old story.

That's why energetic discernment is key.

Sometimes, true support looks like listening without inserting meaning, remembering who the other *really* is,

witnessing without judgment,

holding space without needing to fix—

and knowing when words are truly helpful...

and when they're just casting (cautionary) spells.

Because even a kind voice can become an echo of your *perceived* limitation if you're not careful. Not out of harm—but out of habit.

People often meet you as who you've been... not who you're becoming.

And if you're not anchored in that becoming,

you might start shrinking to fit the reflection in their eyes.

That's why healing isn't just about shifting your story—

it's also about choosing which mirrors you stand in front of.

Hypochondria: When the Nervous System Mistakes Peace for Danger

I once had a QHHT client who recounted a long string of heartbreaks—one after another, more devastating than the next. When we asked her subconscious why there had been so much struggle, it answered simply:

"Otherwise, life would be boring."

That one sentence stopped me in my tracks.

It revealed something so many of us carry:

Not a love of chaos, but a deep nervous system imprint that equates drama with meaning.

Because if you've spent a lifetime surviving tension, peace doesn't feel safe.

It feels unfamiliar. Empty. Even threatening.

We confuse intensity with aliveness.

We confuse exhaustion with accomplishment.

And we confuse calm with... danger.

Why? Because we were trained to.

We were taught to brace.

To scan.

To hustle.

To prove.

We were praised for enduring—

not for enjoying.

And somewhere along the way, without even realizing it,

we started to treat peace like something reserved for the dead.

"Rest in peace," they say—

as if stillness is suspicious,

as if calm must be earned through collapse,

as if you only get to feel safe once your body gives out.

How wild is that?

We've been conditioned to fear the very thing we came here to embody:

Ease. Spaciousness. Safety in the now.

But here's the reframe:

You don't have to die to rest in peace.

You just have to stop confusing chaos with meaning.

You want to stop outsourcing your aliveness to what hurts.

Peace isn't the absence of life.

It's the fertile ground where life begins to feel like yours again.

The Sacred Progression: From Programmed to Present to Powerful

There's a moment in healing when you stop spiraling—and start observing.

Instead of reacting, you begin to witness.

Instead of defending your pain, you begin to question it.

You remember:

I am not the story. I am the one watching the screen.

This is the shift from reactivity to reverence. From being consumed by your story to becoming its conscious author.

You pause. You breathe. You zoom out.

And then you go one step further.

You adjust the projector. You look behind the screen.

The stories we see—about ourselves, about others—aren't always true. They're projections. Based on old programming, inherited pain, and roles we were taught to play.

But when you become the observer, you stop performing—and start seeing. And from that place—clear, present, awake—you begin to choose differently.

You stop reenacting the script.

You pick up the pen.

Not to control, but to create.

Not from fear, but from presence.

This is the quiet beginning of becoming the creator.

Explore This

Next time you feel the urge to repeat a painful story, pause.

Ask yourself:

What am I really seeking in this moment?

Can I give that to myself another way?

Notice what changes in your body as you ask—does your chest soften? Your breath deepen? Your jaw unclench? Let the response be felt, not just thought.

Soul Prompt

What identity or story have you outgrown, but still feel loyal to?

What would freedom look like if you released it—without losing your sense of self?

Mini Practice

Write a letter to the part of you that clings to old pain.

What is it really asking for?

Let it speak—then respond with compassion from your present self.

Mantra

I am free to write new stories.

I am who I choose to become.

Peace Patrol Alert

Department of Soul Rights and Radiance Checkpoint 3A: The Story Liberation Act This is your official reminder: You are not your past.

You are not your pain.

You are definitely not the outdated plot twist you've already outgrown.

You, beloved being, have full cosmic clearance to evolve—

to rewrite, remix, and rise

without guilt, without apology, and without needing anyone's permission slip.

Your future isn't dictated by your backstory—
it's being narrated by your next empowered choice.
Filed under the Story Liberation & Self-Sovereignty Act, Section 3A.

— With eternal light and laughter,

The Department of Soul Rights and Radiance

The Gaslight You Were Raised In

They trained you to doubt your light. But your soul never stopped glowing.

A Note to the Reader

This section carries a truth many of us were never given permission to see.

Not to provoke rage—but to awaken remembrance.

Not to dwell in anger—but to rise from it.

If you've ever felt like something's not quite right, this is for you.

Made Belief

For many of us, the suffering didn't begin inside us.

It began when the world told us we were wrong for feeling it.

We were born attuned—sensitive, sensing, alive.

But we were taught that our sensitivity was a flaw.

That our emotions were too much.

That our bodies were unpredictable.

That our voices were loud.

That our rhythms were inconvenient.

And so, we did what children do.

We adapted.

We shrank.

We dimmed our light to match the shadow of the room.

We called the ache *ours* when really, it was the echo of disconnection.

We mistook survival for success.

We mistook silence for peace.

We mistook obedience for love.

And in that slow, painful forgetting...

we came to believe that we were the problem.

The Sacred No: When Anger Becomes Medicine

But what if depression isn't the disease—what if it's the dormancy before rebirth?

What if your numbness was your body's brilliant attempt to cope with the intolerable?

What if the thing you've been judging—your anxiety, your anger, your fatigue—isn't dysfunction, but sacred intel?

What if your rage...

is your soul finally saying: "No more."

We've been told to fear anger.

To avoid it, repress it, spiritualize it into silence.

But anger is a holy threshold.

It's what burns down the lies.

It's what cracks open the freeze.

It's what turns "something's wrong with me" into "something's wrong here."

Anger is the ignition.

It's the next step, the flame that lights the path forward.

When held with awareness, anger becomes clarity.

It says: I remember who I am.

And I refuse to abandon her again.

The System Was Sick, Not You

We inherited systems designed for efficiency—not empathy. These systems weren't built to hurt us personally—they were built in an age that didn't know what we're remembering now.

For profit—not people.

For obedience—not sovereignty.

In the old world, value was tied to productivity.

Worth was measured by output.

Stillness was laziness.

Conformity was safety.

Pain was something to numb, not listen to.

And emotions were something to suppress—not trust.

And in those systems:

- Feeling deeply was labeled "too emotional."
- Moving slowly was labeled "lazy."
- Questioning authority was labeled "rebellious."
- Having boundaries was labeled "selfish."
- Bleeding was labeled "dirty."
- Rest was labeled "weak."
- Spirituality that didn't come from a pulpit was labeled "dangerous."

Can you see it now?

They weren't just trying to control your behavior.

They were trying to claim your *perception*.

To train you not just to follow the system—but to defend it.

To look in the mirror and say:

"It must be me."

The Turning Point: Outgrowing the Lie

This is the great inversion of our time.

Where wisdom was labeled wild.

Where instinct was called immature.

Where sovereignty was shamed into silence.

But here's what's real:

- You weren't too much. You were surrounded by too little innerstanding.
- You weren't broken. You were breaking free.
- You weren't unworthy. You were unclaimed.
- You weren't lost. You were lied to.

You see, when you question your pain, you question yourself.

But when you question the system that created it, you remember who you are.

This is not about finding the scapegoat.

It's about clarity.

Not to shame our parents or teachers or ancestors—many of whom were victims, too.

They passed down what they were taught.

They did what they could within the confines of their conditioning.

So we forgive.

Not to let it all slide,

but to free ourselves.

We don't have to burn the old world down.

We simply stop feeding it.

We stop agreeing.

We stop apologizing.

We stop assuming the pain is proof of our failure.

Instead, we begin remembering.

And from that place—we begin rebuilding.

And yes—there may be grief.

Grief for the time we spent asleep.

Grief for the years we tried to fix what was never the issue.

Grief for the parts of us we silenced to keep the peace.

Grief is part of the awakening.

It means we care enough to mourn.

It means we're ready to move on.

Who Is They?

"They told us we were too much."

"They taught us to distrust our bodies."

"They made us believe we were the problem."

But who is they?

It's important to name this—because vague blame keeps us spinning.

Clarity sets us free.

On a Systemic Level:

They are the architects of the modern world we inherited—not to demonize, but to recognize:

- Systems that prioritized control over connection
- Institutions that demanded productivity over presence
- Cultures that measured worth by output, not by being
- Patriarchal and colonial frameworks that dismissed the feminine, the cyclical, the intuitive

These weren't designed for wholeness.

They were built to manage bodies—not honor souls.

On a Personal Level:

They may be the voices that shaped your earliest sense of self:

- A parent who shamed your sensitivity
- A teacher who demanded compliance
- A caregiver who couldn't meet your needs
- A leader who punished your expression

Not necessarily out of cruelty—

but because they, too, were raised in disconnection.

They, too, were taught to forget.

On an Energetic Level:

They is the collective spell of scarcity, shame, and survival.

The trance of unworthiness passed through generations.

The unspoken belief that says:

"You are not enough unless you earn it."

But here's the truth:

You were always enough.

And now that you see the illusion, you are free to stop performing for it.

You don't need to rage at "them."

You simply need to **stop believing they were right about you.**

Because once you realize you weren't the problem,

you no longer need to defend the world that made you feel like you were.

And that, love,

is how the remembering begins.

And if you're reading this and realizing you may have played the role of "they" at times—know that you're not alone.

Most of us have.

Whether knowingly or unknowingly, willingly or protectively—we've repeated what we were taught.

We've perpetuated harm while trying to belong.

We've silenced others when we were still silencing ourselves.

This isn't about blame or shame.

It's about not perpetrating it further.

It's an invitation to pause.

To reflect.

And to reorient toward truth, toward love, and toward responsibility as sacred choice.

We are not here to punish the past.

We are here to interrupt it—and rebuild something more whole.

Returning to Love

And still—after all this clarity, all this unraveling—

we return to love.

Not the romantic kind.

Not the spiritual bypass kind.

But the fierce, grounded, soul-born love

that says:

"Even this...

Even this was part of my remembering."

I don't bliss the harm.

But I acknowledge what I became through it.

I don't worship the systems.

But I honor the strength it took to find my way out of them.

I don't need to justify the past.

But I can redeem it—by choosing what I carry forward.

Because this path of pain became my portal to power.

The forgetting gave rise to a deeper kind of knowing.

And in that,

I no longer reject the journey.

I appreciate it.

I embrace the winding path,

because it carried me back to my center.

What If Even Aging Is a Story?

They told us what to expect.

That wrinkles meant decline.

That gray hair meant invisibility.

That growing older meant breaking down—

that it was natural, inevitable, irreversible.

The brainwashing starts early—

with children's books that show elders hunched over, cane in hand,

fading into the background.

With cartoons that make aging look like irrelevance.

With the quiet normalization of elderly homes—

as if separation is kindness, and decline is destiny.

But what if even that was a story?

We've seen the patterns repeat so faithfully,

not necessarily because they're true—

but because we've believed them into being.

In ancient texts—like the early books of the Bible—

figures lived for hundreds, sometimes nearly a thousand years.

And in nature, trees like the Baobab (more on the wisdom of trees in a later chapter) don't die of age—they live on unless disrupted.