

EXPOSING THE KINGDOM OF DARKNESS

Revealing The Hidden War For Your Soul



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Psalm 4 - 'The Safety of the Faithful' - reminds us that when we trust in God, we can dwell in His peace and protection, even when the world around us feels consumed by darkness.

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The purpose of this book isn't to tell my life story as such, but to expose the darkness that masquerades as light.

You will notice me moving between different timelines, ages and events in this book, the order isn't what's important.

What is important is that I have written these events to reveal what led me to the paths I followed to heal myself - ones that promised transformation but were created in the Kingdom of Darkness, pretending to be light.

These were opportunities that looked good, felt right and seemed to offer freedom, happiness and goodness, but ended up being snares, traps, decoys and dead ends.

I was deceived by 'false light' - and you could be too - which is why I'm sounding the alarm.

BOOK DESCRIPTION

Read about the time I thought I was an alien, searched for my twin flame, trusted crystals that led me into a fake love story, climbed Witch Mountain, discovered spiritual darkness in yoga, drank Ayahuasca and experienced my own "Judgement Day in Ibiza".

Discover the painful cost of false light, unholy relationships, soul ties and generational bondage.

Follow my journey to the moment Jesus Christ became my Advocate, broke every chain and transformed my life forever.

This is the testimony of a real life God who never stopped pursuing me, even when I was searching everywhere else for answers.

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CHAPTERS

Chapter 1: The Life I Thought I Wanted Was a Lie

Chapter 2: Dedicated Before Destiny Unfolded

Chapter 3: I Don't Belong Here

Chapter 4: An Introduction to Prayer and Too Much Freedom

Chapter 5: Arriving 'Home'

Leaving Crime for Something Darker

Chapter 6: A 'Baaa' New Beginning

Chapter 7: Wakey Wakey Part One!

Chapter 8: How Family Sin and Pain Are Passed Down

Chapter 9: The Brick Incident

Chapter 10: How I Became the "CEO of Everything": No Rest for the Wicked

Chapter 11: God is Always on your Doorstep

Chapter 12: Looking in the Rear View Mirror

Chapter 13: A New Low Disguised as Love and Light

Chapter 14: 40 Laps Around the Sun

Chapter 15: The End and the Beginning: The Audible Voice

Chapter 16: The Way and The Twin Flame Saga

Chapter 17: Discovering You're an Alien

Chapter 18: The Nervous System Dysregulation I Didn't Recognise

Chapter 19: The Crossroads on Witch Mountain

Chapter 20: Ayahuasca Round Two!

Chapter 21: False Light Masquerading as Jesus

Chapter 22: Now You Get to Smell!

Chapter 23: The Lights Start to Come On!

Chapter 24: Addicted to "Healing"

Chapter 25: The Way Starts to Open...

Chapter 26: The Crystal Grid and the Reflector Trap

Chapter 27: Breaking the Spell of Attachment: They 're Not Your Soul Mate, They're Your Closed Gate

Chapter 28: The Distortion of a Course in Miracles

Chapter 29: Judgement Day in Ibiza

Chapter 30: Be Still and Know That I Am God

Chapter 31: More Deceptive Plant Medicine!

Chapter 32: A Sudden Awakening to Deception

Chapter 33: Let God Fight Your Battles

Chapter 34: Your Case Has Been Reassigned. New Advocate: Jesus

Chapter 35: The Darkness Picks a Fight

Chapter 36: United With God: Union!

PREFACE

Have you been in darkness? I know I sure have - many times. And often not realising how deep I had been until well after the event. Until after I met Jesus. Until I saw what life as a fully healed adult was like and had something to compare it to, instead of accepting darkness, fear and chaos as the norm.

You see, my life was marked by many hardships, which eventually led me to seek healing in practices I believed would save and restore me. But instead, I found myself pulled into something that was unsafe and destructive. Yet my experiences were not in vain. That's why this book was written - to expose the pitfalls I discovered along the way and reveal the hidden traps in the spiritual practices we have come to accept as the 'norm'.

The methods and practices I followed were like an enticing and almost seductive sweet shop of promises - all love, peace and light - which appeared to be healing, empowering and spiritual, yet ended up opening doors that led to outcomes which affected my health, my mind, my relationships, my prospects and my finances. I hit rock bottom once I started dabbling in spirituality - and that phase lasted 8 long years until I woke up to the truth and was set free by my Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Knowing Your Enemy

The purpose of this book is to reveal where the enemy hides in plain sight, and to shine a light on the illusions that I experienced, so that others can know the truth before it's too late. Yes, I am sounding the alarm! Yes, I am making a noise about it! Why? Because your eternity rests on it.

I can personally attest to how the New Age and modern spirituality calls out to people in their moments of deepest need - often where there is unresolved trauma, generational wounds or long-standing unmet needs. It also attracts the opposite, calling in people looking to be healthy, peaceful and whole. Those who want to contribute, make a difference and help others.

And whilst many of these modalities *do* offer relief and change, and look peaceful (which is why they seem comforting), they ultimately take us along unholy paths which lead us away from the one true, living God. Our creator. The Father of our souls. The real deal.

The people involved in these practices most often do mean well and want to help others, but without the Holy Spirit, they have no way of knowing what spirits or spiritual contracts they are coming into agreement with. And if it's not Jesus, then no other spirit, guide, teacher, god or practice can save you - neither now or when this life ends.

Only Jesus can, as the Way, the Truth and the Life. All other paths are not the way, no matter how peaceful and promising they seem.

Sure, "being spiritual" looks good, sounds good and promises empowerment, healing, peace and enlightenment. But beneath the surface, it keeps souls caught up in practices that do not lead to true home; to our eternal destination with our Father.

This is why New Age spirituality, Eastern practices, the law of attraction, manifestation, astrology, spiritual teachings and energy-based methods are a spiritual "fire trap" - because they were never created within God's Kingdom.

Anything outside of God's Kingdom cannot bring salvation or grant eternal life. Why? Because Heaven is God's domain. It's His Kingdom, His creation and His home. No other religion, belief system or spiritual practice has the authority to give you access to something that doesn't belong to them, because it's not their home.

Heaven doesn't belong to Buddha, Allah, Shiva, "Source energy", the Universe, Archangels, Goddesses, Hindu gods, deities, Mother Earth or any other form of worship or belief - they simply can't give you the keys.

Only Jesus can, because He's the doorway. He tells us, "*I am the way.*" He's Heaven's doorman - the ultimate spiritual bouncer. And in effect, He's saying, "If your name's not down, you're not coming in".

That's because God created Heaven for His flock, His sheep, His children, so they can dwell with Him forever after this life ends. No other path, belief, practice, philosophy or religion can offer you that. They can promise enlightenment, fulfilment, higher consciousness or inner peace, but they cannot offer what only belongs to God: which is eternal life with Him.

However, the New Age movement is very effective at convincing people that the ego is the enemy, that we must detach from the mind, dissolve the self and connect with the "oneness" of the universe - to become one with the cosmos.

But this is not God's language.

God does not call us to lose our identity, erase ourselves or merge into creation. Instead, He calls us into relationship with Him. We are not meant to disappear into the universe because we are created by God, known by God and loved by God as individuals.

Our identity is not found in becoming one with creation but in being restored to the Creator.

After exploring the teachings of Eckhart Tolle, along with other New Age teachers such as Alan Watts, Deepak Chopra, Wayne Dyer and Abraham Hicks, it took me some time to discover the truth. Because for a time, I longed to be known as a healer - to be like a mystic, tapped into the universe and connected to a greater knowledge, just like these teachers. I believed it was the right path and that this is what I needed to seek out. But instead, it led me away from the only One who could truly heal me...and who ultimately did heal me and restore me.

The truth is, God does not invite us to possess universal knowledge or unlock hidden spiritual or esoteric wisdom. He invites us into relationship with Him. We are not called to become one with the universe, but to know the One who created it.

Yet, I had followed these paths. I believed in them. I wanted to contain the knowledge of the Universe within me. But it was a trap and it led me deeper away from salvation, where - at times - I felt like I was losing my mind because of the choices I had made, and what I had opened myself up to.

The result was, these practices opened unsafe spiritual doors where I ended up giving the enemy free will to interfere with my life, my health, my finances, my relationships and my mind.

Still, my experiences in spirituality and the New Age were not wasted. They became the foundation for this book, preparing me to warn others of the dangers of following unholy practices.

That is why I feel compelled to sound the alarm - because my deepest desire is to see you in Heaven one day. I long for you to awaken from what I now understand as deception so you can return home, to your true home with your Father.

My friend, we only have one chance to return home after this life ends, and the stakes could not be higher. It is unthinkable to remain silent and not tell you, when eternity is at risk. We must unite together...leading others to spiritual safety before it is too late.

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I want to start by sharing some of the practices, religions and beliefs I turned to, believing they could heal me. There are many more, but these were the main ones I can recall.

Acupuncture
Affirmations
Akashic Records
Altars
Ancestor Healing
Angel Cards
Angel Numbers
Astrology
Ayahuasca Plant Medicine
Awaken Your Magdalene Codes
Binaural Beats
Buddhism
Cacao Plant Medicine (Shamanic)
Candle Magic
Ceremonies
Chanting
Craniosacral Therapy
Crystal Grids
Crystal Healing
Crystals
Cupping
Divine Feminine / Divine Masculine Teachings
EMDR
Emotional Freedom Technique (EFT)
Energy Healing
Frequency Healing
Galactic Heritage Origins
Gong / Sound Baths
Healing Touch
Hypnotherapy
Islam Religion
Kinetic Shift
Kinesiology
Kirtan Chanting
Kundalini Activations

Light Language
Loving Kindness Meditation
Manifestation
Meditation
Mindfulness
Moon Magic / Manifestation
Numerology
Pranic Healing
Primordial Sound Meditation
Qigong Healing
Quantum Touch
Reiki
Shamanic Healing / Shamanism
Sound Healing
Spells
Starseeds
Tarot
Twin Flames
Visualisation
Yoga

I know, it's a lot! But that was the enticement of all it - thinking these methods would save me.

I used to think it was all on me to tell the universe what I wanted, write it down, check out whether the moon was full, waning, waxing or new, then put my order out into the universe. I thought it was all on me to set out exactly what my own mind and desires wanted, not realising that my very own heart is deceitful, which the bible warns us about.

I was one of the many who bought into the teachings on the streaming platform, Gaia, watching content about awakening, led to believe that I was an aspect of God experiencing life, trusting in the energy of the universe to manifest and that generating my dream life was on me to make happen.

I believed that past lives were real and held the keys to my growth and potential. I bought energy healing from strangers on Fiverr and participated in workshops with women who sold high priestess, goddess, prosperity and ancient Egyptian codes, which is the opposite of what is holy.

This is what we are leaving behind not going towards.

However, I let myself be shaped by many different paths - by what I chose to do, the people I aligned with, the books I read, the beliefs I adopted and the things I invested in, both financially and emotionally. One decision led to another, and it often felt endless, like I was seeking the next outcome. Except, it never ended.

I kept searching for the next method, course or teacher that might finally bring me the knowledge, peace, harmony and wholeness I needed.

I wanted to learn more so I could help others get free too. Except, I never became free myself.

I didn't realise then that what I was looking for was already found.....in Jesus. Just Him. Only Him.

That all I had to do was ask God to align me with His plan for my life, his abundance, his joy - to serve Him. I didn't need to go wandering to find the way, making all the decisions and calling in this, that and other, when I already had the One who knew all - and knew what I needed and when.

Because, when I did it my way, I ended up being caught up in what was misaligned, dark, deceptive and completely wrong for me. More to come on that later...

In my experiences, many of the practices I explored focused on energy, other people healing me, or me becoming my own saviour and self-healer. But that kind of thinking can actually pump up the ego rather than dissolve it. It can create a sense of spiritual superiority because you believe that you have discovered the hidden secrets of the Universe while everyone else simply hasn't awakened to them yet. However, that is not how God operates.

God does not call us to elevate ourselves through hidden knowledge or spiritual insight. Instead, He calls us to humility, surrender and relationship with Him. True transformation does not come from believing we can save ourselves; it comes from recognising the One who can.

Over time, I came to see that this was not aligned with the Holy Spirit, and I now interpret these practices through the lens of what the Bible describes as witchcraft or unholy.

Because of that, I no longer feel they are safe or something to engage in, as they are not formed by our Father God. And yes, that includes something as seemingly 'peaceful' and 'healthy' as yoga. But more on that later...

Even years later, when I saw a therapist for a back issue, which I later understood was connected to an unresolved emotional wound, I was encouraged to try a progressive relaxation technique each night in bed. I did it once, thinking it was harmless enough, but the very next day, I experienced a strong spiritual nudge that led me to repent and turn away from this practice.

You see, progressive relaxation shares some similarities with yoga nidra, which comes from Eastern spiritual traditions which is not the domain of the holy spirit but of deities and Gods who are not the Father of our Soul.

This has changed how I see things because I've come to trust Jesus as my healer and to follow His lead, learning to wait on the Lord rather than constantly looking for solutions on my own, or accepting common practices. His ways are higher than ours, and He sees what we cannot see - what is helpful, what is harmful and what is truly needed. Even when it doesn't always make sense to me, I've learned to place my trust in Him above all else.

I found that, without the Holy Spirit, I was tired from the constant quest to “fix” myself - from yoking myself to rituals, beliefs and paths that convinced me they were the way - not realising there was only one way that I needed - one that was real, true and lasting.

Not only that, I discovered that so much of what I aligned with had demonic roots connected to the language of Satan - who indeed is very real: snakes, serpents, energy manipulation, kundalini, moving between worlds, reading energy, tapping into other people; and worshipping other gods and religions above the Creator of me and you.

And because my thinking would sometimes tend toward extremes, I often became fixated on certain ideas as “the answer.” That mindset drew me into practices such as astrology, tarot, angel cards, crystal healing, Reiki, shamanic ceremonies, chanting, meditation, yoga and even ancestor healing. What I didn't realise at the time was that I was actually searching for truth - a truth the Bible already warns us not to seek through New Age practices.

Scripture cautions us: ***“Let no one be found among you who practices divination or sorcery, interprets omens, engages in witchcraft, or consults the dead. Anyone who does these things is detestable to the Lord” (Deuteronomy 18:10-12).***

What I once believed to be the answer I found out was deception, as Scripture reminds us that ***“Satan himself masquerades as an angel of light” (2 Corinthians 11:14).*** These practices promised me that I would feel whole and happy, that I would have prosperity and supernatural love, and that I could control manifestation.

But instead, it all led me further from truth, because we are not our own god or our own healer. Our Lord, our Creator, is God - but along the way, we lost sight of His greatness and our deep need for Him, and began to rely on our own understanding and strength instead.

In doing so, we find ourselves drawn to what appears to be light, but is not truly of Him. Yet, these paths, which are widely accepted and even encouraged in the world and marketed as wholesome and healthy, lead us away from truth because they weren't created in His Kingdom.

The reality is, we DO need him. He's the only safe way back home - to Him, to eternity, to love, to life.

You see, in this world, it's all too easy to start living as though we're meant to be our own 'mini-gods,' rather than dependent on him. I keep coming back to that truth because our ego can often convince us otherwise, with our own lifestyle choices, plans, ideas and dreams. We think because it makes us feel happy and healthy that it's right. But if it's not right with God, it's not right, full stop.

"Do not turn to mediums or seek out spiritists, for you will be defiled by them. I am the Lord your God" (Leviticus 19:31).

Indeed, He reminds us that He **is** our God. We need no others.

What saddens my heart is that many people don't realise how much God desires a relationship with them. Because it's easy to believe that living quietly and trying to do good in life is enough. But following Jesus isn't about achieving moral perfection, measuring up or living in constant fear of getting things wrong - it's about turning toward God and receiving His grace. And a path of becoming more like Jesus along the way.

Such good things take time.

However, without repentance - without honestly acknowledging our need for Him - we remain distant, not because God is harsh, but because relationship with Him requires openness on both sides. It's not possible for us to be righteous on our own, and that's exactly why Jesus came to this Earth: not to condemn us, or find fault or blame - but to restore us into right relationship with the Father.

Through the holy spirit, we are invited to trust the oldest and holiest path in history: the way of the living God, revealed through His Word and fulfilled in Christ.

“I am the way and the truth and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me” (John 14:6).

I believe that's where Jesus meets us - not just when we're strong, but in those deepest of places, where we've been carrying things alone for too long, where we have been trying to do it ourselves. He invites us to set the bags down, release the burdens, stop trying to heal ourselves.

He carries the bags for us. He heals us. He restores us. He gifts us. He leads us. He gives us our purpose. He shows us what we are really here for. How beautiful is that?

Heaven is not a reward for those who get everything right and perfect, and hell is not a threat meant to terrify anyone. God simply honours our freedom, our free will (his loving gift to us) and dwells with those who desire relationship with Him. His house is open to those who wish to spend eternity with Him, through Jesus. That invitation remains open to everyone. It just requires a yes, a willingness and a desire to know Him.

Now, I won't lie - some of those spiritual practices *did* help me in certain ways, and that's what made it confusing. I experienced incremental change and temporary relief, which is why I was “spiritual” for many years. But the difference became clear over time as the changes didn't last in the way my walk with Jesus did. Instead, there was no deep, lasting sense of peace or inner security.

What I eventually began to notice (though it took many years for the penny to drop) was that these paths keep you on a kind of constant “healing treadmill.” There is always something else to fix, clear or release. Always something new to learn or master. The search never truly ends.

In contrast, my new faith offered rest rather than using all of my efforts, and a sense of wholeness that didn’t depend on endlessly working on myself. This is what made me more secure and become confident, because of Him.

However, at the time, I remember saying to a friend: *“Honestly, I feel like a stripper who dances for a customer thinking the job is done, then he says, just one more dance, just one more dance.”* I know it’s not the best analogy, but that’s the voice of the enemy - where you never reach the end. Nothing is ever enough. Nothing is ever done or complete. There’s never an end point. You’ll always be expected to do more and be more - a slave to healing.

In the end, you wind up feeling used by the “healing” system.

That is why, without the Holy Spirit, healing and spiritual exploration feels like self-effort without end. But in Christ, He invites us into rest, to let Him take the wheel, to lead, to restore, to make whole, to purify.

The bible reminds us that:

- We are already made whole.
- We are redeemed and secure.
- We are set apart for His purposes.
- We are new creations, not bound to the endless cycle of self-healing.

The truth is, we don't need a million other methods - we just need Jesus. **Because without Him, love itself ceases for us after this life.** That is why I pray this book will lead others to salvation, to hope, to true healing and away from the false paths that promise the world but only end in eternal death.

Because in Christ alone we find life, freedom and the love that never ends.

“Salvation is found in no-one else, for there is no other name under heaven given to mankind by which we must be saved.” (Acts 4:12).

What I once pursued in darkness and misguidedness now serves a greater purpose: to point people toward the light of Christ, where true healing and freedom are found.

My friend, this is the truth and I pray that God opens your ear gates to hear Him and your eye gates to see Him. I pray that you receive the gift of our Lord Jesus Christ, because what other God has ever come to Earth to walk with His people in human form, so that He can give us another chance to leave behind sin and come back home.

I will never forget what our Lord has done for us; for humanity. Because, don't forget, this world is a result of what we have done with our own free will - from the gift that God gave us. Because giving us the gift of free will was based on love not control. He loves us enough to let us choose.

But a new life in letting Him lead, is something we all are invited into.

Accepting Jesus Christ as Lord and Saviour isn't about escaping punishment (hell); it's about choosing life, healing and communion with God. What a beautiful free gift!

I urge you, come back home.

Amen.

INTRODUCTION

A motto for many of us soldiers in Christ: “Nothing can hurt you when you’ve been to hell and back.”

Because I believed I was a bad apple, I lived like one. I inherited darkness, attracted darkness, walked with it and let it define me. With low self-worth and no safe space, I thought darkness was normal. My experiences splintered my energy until I had no guard or protection left - like an open wound that was inviting more attack.

Like an open door, the darkness came in and out of my life for many, many years. I was - *and I got* - who I thought I was...

***“As a man (and woman) **thinks in his (her) heart, so is he (she).**”
- Proverbs 23:7***

Back then, it was a time when we were wild, untamed, doing whatever our impulses and feelings told us to do. Like many in my day and age, I had little self-control, a lack of boundaries and minimal discipline. And I didn’t know how to receive; I only knew how to take. Whether through drive, force, ambition - or even plain taking - I went after what I wanted. Regretfully, even if it meant taking someone else’s boyfriend. I had a low sense of morality and self-respect.

“We all once lived in the passions of our flesh... carrying out the desires of the body and the mind.”- Ephesians 2:3

We all lived for selfish hedonism. Without God, I was living in sin - and didn’t even know it. I thought the way I lived was normal(ish).

Living Under a Dark Presence

However, life was far from normal.

For the first 47 years of my life, I was spiritually stalked by a dark presence, known as a 'Familiar Spirit'. These are spirits who are able to gain influence and control over you and your life because of "open doors". Meaning, an entry point was given to them - by you or your ancestors - through dabbling in the occult, witchcraft, divination or even from continuing generational patterns of fear, addiction or control.

This might have included practices such as tarot, crystal work, astrology, magic, psychics, mediums, spirit guides, energy healing or other forms of divination. The truth is, I don't know what it was exactly, but Scripture warns us:

"Do not turn to mediums or seek out spiritists, for you will be defiled by them. I am the Lord your God" (Leviticus 19:31). And "The sins of the fathers" can affect "the third and fourth generation" (Exodus 20:5).

Yes, it's true, you can inherit curses that harm your life - or your children's - because of generational sin that was not repented for! Left unaddressed, these influences can - and do - continue operating in a family line, even following children from generation to generation, like it did with me.

Until I became a bloodline breaker through Jesus who broke the curse.

After I repented of my own sins, received healing, forgave myself and forgave anyone who hurt me, God revealed everything that had been blocking His provision in my life. It was as though His blessings were caught in a web - stuck like glue, unable to reach me because of the unrepented sins and spiritual bondage still active within my family line.

Wowzers.

But the good news is...Jesus breaks every curse. ***“Christ redeemed us from the curse of the law by becoming a curse for us” (Galatians 3:13).*** When we repent, renounce the enemy’s footholds and invite the Holy Spirit to fill those places, the legal rights of familiar spirits are cancelled.

In Christ, the old has gone and the new has come (2 Corinthians 5:17).

That’s why what once stalked me has no authority over me, because the blood of Jesus spoke a better word over me.

He freed me when I couldn’t do it for myself and taught me how to get unstuck from generational bondage.

I know it was a Familiar Spirit because it was there from birth. My mum used to see a shadow figure standing in the corner of the room as she cradled me as a tiny baby - seeing this pure ink-black, featureless figure out of the corner of her eye. He didn’t leave until I found Jesus, but until then, from teenager to adult, he had followed me, screamed at me, hit me and tormented me when I was in bed, frozen, unable to move, unable to call for help. Commonly known as sleep paralysis.

I didn’t even know I could ask for help and, at the time, who would have known what to do? So I just put up with it and accepted demonic torment as the norm. Honestly, this demon was as real as real - not a figment of my imagination, but an actual physical being in my bedroom, screaming at me, hitting me. He was so incredibly loud.

“For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities... powers... and spiritual forces of darkness.” - Ephesians 6:12)

A year or so before I came to Jesus, I was lying in bed when I heard my front door crash open - **BAM!** - and loud footsteps started thundering up two flights of stairs. Footsteps booming, heading towards me, as I lay pinned to the bed, unable to move, my mind reeling - except I felt fully present and awake.

Heart racing, my bedroom door was flung open - BANG - and in the dark I heard thunderous footsteps coming my way. I then felt the man/demon leap over me onto the other side of the bed, where the mattress dipped as he landed and I felt his presence beside me. In my frozen state, I remember calling out to Jesus in my mind - and the demon disappeared, just like that!

“Everyone who calls on the name of the Lord shall be saved.” - Romans 10:13. “At the name of Jesus every knee must bow.” - Philippians 2:10.

Rewind to early adulthood when I was about 21 and this demon would attack me in my sleep, including physically. One time, I was sleeping on my stomach when he appeared at the door of my room like he usually did, then he ran across my bedroom, footsteps thundering and starting hitting me on the back with his fists. Bam, bam, bam. I managed to rouse myself and move, awakening to the feeling of real burning pain on my back where he had struck me - I felt the actual sensation.

Other nights, I'd be paralysed, unable to move, as he came into my room screaming, and putting what felt and sounded like bees in my ears while I was frozen in fear. It was deafening. The noise was tremendous. My consciousness would split, and I'd watch myself from above - an out-of-body experience I don't think I really told anyone about. I just accepted it.

“The thief comes only to steal, kill and destroy.” - John 10:10

Then came the human enemies which invited in stalking, harassment and hurtful comments that followed me from school into adulthood. That brought mockery, rejection and ridicule - it became a pattern. Obsessive people who wouldn't take “no” for an answer, or being verbally attacked by strangers or people I knew, bothered by unwanted phone calls, and sometimes even teased by people I cared about.

As a result, I spent years often feeling disliked, unwanted and hated. And it's no surprise, because I had been taught to hate and attack myself - and others. Still I didn't ask for this... But as a pattern breaker, I came to break the cycle with Jesus' help. It was ending with me!

“The Lord is close to the brokenhearted and saves those crushed in spirit.” - Psalm 34:18

In my late teens to mid-twenties, I was stalked by a phone predator for seven years. Yes, seven years! And not once did I think to call the police about it. I was also spiritually and energetically invaded for decades by people who crossed boundaries that I didn't know how to enforce or hold. And after one breakup, I was harassed for years, left with PTSD symptoms and a fragile nervous system.

There were times I was blamed, gaslit and made to feel like I was solely the problem - thrown under the bus. I even experienced what could be called “reverse abuse”: when you react to mistreatment or abuse out of pain, and are then painted as the villain because your response and actions make you look like the “bad one”.

Now, that is a deeply disorienting experience, because the truth gets twisted and your own self-defense becomes a weapon used against you, with the finger pointing directly at you. That has the enemy's fingerprints all over it - using unhealed, traumatised or hardened hearts to wound one another, instead of loving one another as brothers and sisters in Christ.

But Scripture reminds us, ***“For our struggle is not against flesh and blood, but against the rulers, against the authorities, against the powers of this dark world and against the spiritual forces of evil in the heavenly realms” (Ephesians 6:12).***

The battle is spiritual, and the answer is found in Christ.

Still, walking with shame caused me to subconsciously punish myself, because, deep down, I felt like something was wrong with me. In that place, I tried to make up for it in twisted ways: by carrying other people's pain and suffering under burdens that were never mine to hold. I hadn't faced my own wounds, so a hard attitude and walls to keep people out became normal.

It's no surprise that alcohol eventually became my comfort and my "best friend". It was the only way I could feel confident, "normal" and included.

There were also assaults, verbally and psychologically abusive relationships, deep rooted fear, and injuries from car crashes I never treated, yet my body absorbed all of it. I lived with chronic tension and trauma buried in my body - especially my stomach, back, spine and neck. My nervous system stayed on high alert, always scanning for danger. I witnessed violence, ran from it, and absorbed it - living a life of highs and lows, poor self-worth and a constant sense of feeling like an outsider.

I hung out with people and got into relationships with those who mirrored my early years - some of them addicted to chaos and control. Same as me! My nervous system was constantly reactivated into fear and I lived my life running away - from people, places, pain - never realising I was still running from childhood wounds and inherited trauma.

Behind my emotional wall, I couldn't be fully reached, but this was how I stayed safe... and also how I stayed disconnected - from God, from myself, from others. And yet, through it all, God still saw me. He reminded me that He could see the good in me, even if I couldn't (yet).

"You are the God who sees me." - Genesis 16:13

And he did see me! Right after the birth of my second child in 2014. Around the same time, a song had been released in the charts and the words were, "You're a good girl and you know it, you act so different around me. I know exactly who you could be. Just hold on, we're going home".

As I look back now, I know the Lord was letting me know He was coming back for me, because of how everything unfolded after that. He was protecting me - and would show me the way out - even when I wasn't looking for Jesus.

“The Son of Man came to seek and to save the lost.” - Luke 19:10

Around that time, I was searching for healing in spirituality, thinking I'd found the answer, only to find myself stuck in an 8-year cycle of deception, ill health and lack. Whilst I fell into darkness many times, God was there in the background. When I was lost, He found me. When I was blind, He gave me spiritual vision. When I was deaf, he opened my ears to hear Him. He gifted me discernment, and many other qualities, traits and abilities.

I had been lost, and the good Lord could see that I had zero compassion for myself, not having been taught how to give myself love, care and patience. Instead, I was taught to attack and condemn myself. My mind was sharp, harsh and punishing towards myself, and I truly believed that guilt, self-criticism and pressure were the tools for motivation. I thought being hard on myself would force me into being enough.

I was wrong.

Looking back, I can see why I lived that way. Throughout my life, being sensitive, I had absorbed feelings, emotions, burdens, projections and even accusations that were never mine to carry. Even from those who never said a single word, I felt their arrows as if spoken aloud.

I internalised disappointment, assumptions, silence, judgements and unspoken disapproval. I let other people's opinions sink into me, without even realising. I didn't know how to buffer myself. I didn't know I was allowed to. I didn't know how to...

“Above all else, guard your heart, for everything you do flows from it.” - Proverbs 4:23

My nervous system wasn't mature enough to handle what I was trying to carry. The smallest things felt like an attack, a threat, a fire alarm going off inside my body. I had no emotional framework for digesting experiences. So I held onto everything. And in a strange, dysfunctional way, clinging to old hurts felt like protection, as if remembering the pain could prevent it from happening again.

But it never protected me. It only trapped me.

Receiving God's healing, mercy and guidance became the unexpected breakthrough - the blessing I didn't know I needed. His gentleness met the places where I had been brutal with myself. His compassion softened the parts of me that had never learned kindness and His truth broke the lies that were my identity.

“He leads me beside still waters; He restores my soul.” - Psalm 23:2-3

God taught me what I had never been shown: how to truly let go. How to release burdens and blame. How to let His voice be louder than the voices and imprints I had absorbed. How to let my nervous system rest, breathe and heal. How to stop living as a sponge and start living as a daughter of the Most High.

He reminded me: ***“You are no longer a slave, but a daughter.” - Galatians 4:7***

The moral of the tale is, yes, I hurt others. Others hurt me. It was a journey through the valley of shadows - and I lived to tell the tale. That's why my wisdom, my spiritual gifts and my light were forged in the dark. But it was God who carried me through - and it was God who led me out. For that, I am eternally grateful.

“When you pass through the waters, I will be with you.” - Isaiah 43:2

I may have been born into sin, but I was sent as a pattern breaker - a destroyer of curses, a restorer of lineage. That was my role for my family and for humanity. And though the process was painful and I would not have chosen it, my pain was not in vain. You see, to break a pattern, you have to live it, feel it, face it and then surrender it at the Cross. Someone has to go first. Someone has to go through to get through so they can say, “This ends with me”.

And I had Jesus to endlessly thank for the closing of those many cycles and many doors.

“Christ redeemed us from the curse.” - Galatians 3:13

All the shame, guilt, abuse, terror, addiction, fatigue, low moods and self-hate... gone! The blood of Jesus covers it all. Not overnight, but over a period of two years *after* being saved.

“The blood of Jesus cleanses us from all sin.” - 1 John 1:7.

Your journey may not be easy but you are safe in God. He is your fortress, your shield and your protector - as He was, and is, mine.

“The Lord is my refuge and my fortress.” - Psalm 91:2

I once was lost, born into generational cycles that I had to live through - and work with Jesus to close out to break those patterns for my bloodline. And I am now here as a guiding light for those still in their darkness or trapped in deception. To tell you: you are protected now. The worst is behind you.

“Let your light shine before others, that they may see...” - Matthew 5:16

And to that, I say...may all who need me, find me. And may all who find me, find Him.

Chapter 1: The Life I Thought I Wanted Was a Lie

I used to believe in the world's definition of success - that the proof of doing well was whatever was visible on the outside. The car you drove, how good you looked, the holidays you went on. The new outfits, the social life, the sense that you were making it. I thought success was about making money, climbing the ladder of life, acquiring more and being seen as "doing well".

But now, I see it differently. In this world, you can build, prosper and grow without God - you can be rich of your own making - you can even manifest through the Universe and Law of Attraction, or simply from your own hard work and efforts. But the difference is, my abundance comes *through* Him. It's heavenly. It's my inheritance. It's "Thy Kingdom Come." I haven't had to sell my soul for it. I haven't had to trade my energy or values to be blessed.

It has come to me as a gift from God. A reward for my choice to follow Him and return home to where He wants me to be. It's a gift to me, as his daughter.

What I have flows from His will for my life, not from my plans. They come from God's generosity for me, as His Beloved. They are the fruit of His blessings, not the world's validation, strategies, plans or ideas. You see, the world's ideas are built upon the sinful 'Knowledge of Good and Evil' - and I know that's not God's will for my life...or for any of us.

And so, after some years of not seeing a big upward shift in my income, I got an intuitive knowing that I'd been a spiritual intern. I had to laugh. An unpaid intern? I wish I'd known that then and I wouldn't have prayed so hard for something that wasn't meant to change yet! But looking back, I understand.

Those years weren't wasted - they were developing me, freeing me and rebuilding me.

It was an isolation season. It was a season of being “educated” by the Lord , where I was refined, taught, reparented, made whole and prepared for my next phase. It was a time to rebuild my foundation, even if it was uncomfortable, so that He could raise me up and then add to me. His Kingdom.

It was the slow and steady way that, to the outside, probably looked like nothing was happening, that I had gone backwards, like I wasn’t prospering or doing as well as I used to. But, you see, the Lord doesn’t add His Kingdom to a shaky foundation. He builds your ‘house’ on a rock, not on sand, to make you unshakable in Him. So the wolf can’t huff and puff and blow your house down.

He does it this way after we knock and seek Him and, it’s true, I spent many years praying to Him, seeking Him. In my journals, I would write down my requests and offerings (with the date), then look back 6 months later to see that He was indeed helping me and answering my prayers. It was a good way for me to recall what I had prayed for, and what I had asked Him to intervene in.

As His daughter, I learned that my prayers and requests were handled in the way He knew best. For His ways are higher than our ways, and His thoughts are higher than our thoughts.

His answer was always “Yes, no or not yet”, and He never left me hanging. Not once.

Matthew 6:33 reminds us, “But seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things will be added to you.”

And that’s exactly what He did. He fulfilled his promises to me because I was faithful to him, and He added *to* me. I didn’t have to go chasing, looking or seeking substance for myself.

During that time of retreating from the world, I completely changed. I learned that true success isn't measured in money, likes, body type, popularity or followers - it's measured in character. In who you are becoming in Christ. Your morals, your virtues, your obedience and your heart.

Your alignment with Jesus. That's the 'fruit' that counts in eternity.

Sure, you can have a good life from the outside - we're all sold this Instagram lifestyle or what a quintessential life looks like. But if that's all you live for or what you believe in, it's an empty strategy, because it's temporary. It's fleeting and won't last past this life.

When God truly refines you, what counts is the inside. Then, anything on the outside is what gets added by God - from his Kingdom - not from what your ego desires, or what the world says is a symbol of success.

What good is it to gain the whole world to only lose your soul when you die? (Mark 8:36).

With Jesus, You Do a 180

Here's the great news, my friend, when Jesus comes into your life, it doesn't just improve, it transforms! You do a 180. A complete turn from the world's definition of living.

Through Jesus, I became someone who was no longer driven by insecurity, appearances, validation or performance. Though I still cared for my body as the vessel Christ had entrusted to me, it was no longer my compass. I still dressed well, became stronger and honoured the temple I was gifted, but I stopped comparing, I stopped trying to fix myself and I stopped chasing the illusion of looking like I was winning.

Because in Christ, He had already won that victory on the cross.

After giving up my favourite blue Jeep to pay off a car loan, I eventually ended up with the one I felt nudged toward - even though it was far from what I wanted. It was humble, stripped back and plain. A low key, grey Peugeot. But honestly, that was the exact lesson I needed. The value wasn't in the looks. The value was in its reliability: it was cheap to run, easy to maintain and faithful from A to B.

I surrendered the things I felt guided to release, even what felt familiar, even what once defined me. And in that surrender, I found freedom from the weight I'd been dragging behind me. Freedom to rise into actual true joy, not joy that you could buy with a credit card or gain from an experience that wouldn't last. No, it was real true joy. I was getting a glimpse of the kind that you see in the spirit of African children. Joy that comes from within, from the Holy Spirit.

I had been crucified - not in body, but in spirit. The old self was laid down, and in its place, a new life began which was no longer led by ego, but was humble and led by grace, mercy and love. All the things I didn't even know that I needed.

I started to desire the identity that comes from Jesus, not from my own self-generated image, survival patterns or the defences that once hid me.

In time, all masks fell away and my true self began to emerge.

Finally, I was able to come into the truth: I had been crucified with Christ. The old me was gone and Jesus became the One living through me.

The life I now live is by faith in the Son of God who loved me and gave Himself up for me.

When the Ego Dies, Joy Rises

Like most, I had lived in an illusion before I accepted Jesus as my Lord and Saviour. I, too, was distracted by the world's lies - accepting sinful and selfish pleasure-based ways of living as the norm. Without even noticing, I was following the rhythms of the world because I had been programmed that way. I was going along with the crowd. Taught that it's important to be seen and perceived a certain way by the external world instead of caring about what my very own Creator thinks of me.

We think we want things that promise fulfillment but none will ever truly satisfy or last after this life. If it's temporary and fleeting and won't please my maker, I don't want it...

But Jesus offers a quieter way - a way that doesn't shame us for where we've been or how far we've strayed - but gently invites us to turn around. To do a 180. And He is such a gentleman, He offers to walk with us the whole way.

I was gently wooed by Jesus - I see that now. As time went by, He had been pulling me closer, slowly revealing who He was, as I got to know Him. Learning to trust God and know his character - enough to let Him in. To let my guard down. To trust that He could free me of all that had been weighing me down.

Not just from my life, but from all that I had inherited too.

And this is what He gave me - a beautiful, abundant list that no spiritual method or rules based religion could ever replicate. Not a temporary fix, but a soul-deep transformation from the actual real Creator of the Universe. The one who made me. The Father of my soul.

What a blessing! What a gift!

Now, this is quite a long list, and all true my friend.

Love
Steadiness
Trust
Energy
Might
Will
Strength
Compassion
Kindness
Boundaries
Self-worth
Confidence
Inner strength
Self-assurance
A balanced, peaceful mind
A stable mind and body
Clear thinking
A wider perspective
A long-term strategic mind
Morals and values
Conduct that reflects integrity
Good character
A pure and focused mind
A spirit aligned with God
The courage to champion myself and others
Humility without weakness
Patience without passivity
Wisdom without pride
Quiet power
Unshowy grace

As time went by, my characteristics started to resemble him, where I became available, approachable, truthful, fair, led by justice, discerning, determined and more confident. I felt strong because He had my back and I became more joyful, powerful and adaptable.

I naturally wanted to be a happy helper for Him and learned true honesty, endurance, faithfulness and determination. I grew in patience and learned to be victorious over my mind and emotions. I changed into being forgiving, more supportive and a light for others.

Welcome to the upside-down Kingdom - where the meek inherit the earth, and the last are first. And there I was...years later...starting to claim (and receive) my Kingdom inheritance. Finally!

Gone were the shadows I'd carried for decades: Deception, betrayal, distrust, guardedness, wariness and fatigue. Gone were the lingering health issues, brain dysfunction, imposter syndrome and shyness. I said adios to anxiety, imbalance and the exhausting loop of repeating thought patterns.

All of it - released. After 49 long, long years. All glory to Jesus. He was so patient with me.

But to truly understand the freedom I found, we need to go back.

Back to the beginning.

To the very start.

To my first meeting with Jesus Christ.

Chapter 2: My Early Start With The Son of God

I was born in March 1977, in Pontypool, South Wales - induced before my time. In fact, I was originally supposed to be born on my sister's second birthday, but intervention took its course and I was to be born on 22 March, a week earlier. Except, I guess I wasn't ready to leave the nice, warm cosy womb.

At the time, no-one understood the impact of that kind of early forced (induced) birth, but later, I learned about something called the "Leaving Pattern," described by psychotherapist Steven Kessler. It's a pattern that begins when the womb or birth feels unsafe and the message it sends is: ***It's not safe here. Leave. Disappear. Escape. Run!***

Being forced out before readiness can create an imprint of fear and a lack of safety. It's almost as though the baby arrives with a fragmented sense of self - not because the soul is literally broken or left behind, but because the trauma of birth disrupts the experience of coming fully into life. They can end up living life fragmented, ungrounded and lacking bodily integration and awareness.

For this reason, I think I came in already knowing heaven in a way because Earth felt foreign. And my life has really been the journey of bringing heaven into the places where everything else tried to convince me that I didn't belong.

However, this type of splitting and lack of embodiment and integration early on often causes a person to have a pretty unstable and ungrounded life, because they're not fully 'here' on Earth. They're not present or living fully in their own body. Instead, they have a tendency to live up in their mind.

That was me. I lived with constant unease in my nervous system, but I hid it. Or tried to!

I guess because I was made to come out early, that moment became the script that played out through my entire life. I hated being forced into anything. I hated being cold, unready, exposed or uncomfortable. It felt like I had been pushed out before I was prepared, and somewhere deep inside, I sensed that I had missed the natural process of birth - the safety, the timing and the unfolding that I needed.

Growing up with the Leaving Pattern already forming within me, that's exactly what I continued to do: I left. I ran. Not just physically, but emotionally and spiritually. I mirrored my dad who ran from the law, but my escape was different - I wasn't running from the police, I was running from life. From people, from places, from anything or anyone that felt too close or too demanding.

I even ran from my own self - my own body, my own emotions, my own story, not knowing how to recognise and respond to emotions. At least, not until I was later engulfed with a tidal wave of what I hadn't processed.

And underneath all of it, in the deepest and most painful sense, I ran from God. Not because I didn't need Him, but because I didn't know how to stay. I didn't know how to be held. I didn't know how to trust love that didn't push, hurt, force or demand.

So I did the only thing my nervous system had ever learned: I left before life could leave me.

Steven Kessler is well versed in this type of psychology - the signs of the pattern were there...

I never quite felt like I belonged, not in my family, my body, in friend groups or this world.

I was spiritually connected but regularly disconnected from day-to-day real life - feeling distant, spacey and not quite "there", relying on alcohol to feel 'at home' on the inside.

You could say I was away with the fairies at times! There were plenty of tumbleweed moments.

Conflict or emotions often overwhelmed me and I would either shut down and go silent, or run away. I struggled to speak up and face things. I kept so much inside.

I longed for connection but panicked when others got too close, and so I could only be around people when alcohol was involved.

I couldn't fully stay in one place, one season, or one version of myself, which was tiring.

Looking back, I began to understand something I had never questioned before: the way I entered the world - by force and a lack of readiness - had influenced the way I navigated it. I was pushed into life, and without realising it, I internalised that pattern and, in time, I became forceful too.

In my twenties, that force looked like ambition. It was praised, rewarded and even admired. But as I grew older, the Holy Spirit kept bringing moments of clarity that I could no longer ignore. I started to see the places where I had pushed too hard... where I had been overbearing, overpowering or dominating without meaning to. It was uncomfortable, and it was painful.

There were days I didn't even want to look at myself in the mirror because the truth was staring back at me. But it was essential. God wasn't shaming me - He was showing me. Love doesn't force. Love lets you choose.

Faced with the roots of toxic shame, I cried.

For so long, I had viewed life through the lens of force. I believed that if something was going to happen, I had to make it happen. And even worse, I projected that same belief onto God. I thought He was forcing me too - forcing decisions, forcing timelines, forcing pathways that I didn't want. I couldn't 'see' Him clearly because my entire internal world had been built by pressure.

But then He began teaching me the most unexpected, liberating truth. And a lightbulb went off! Ding!

And I realised, God doesn't force me. God gives me choices.

Destined choices, yes - choices aligned with who I am, who He created me to be, and what He has prepared for my life. But choices nonetheless. He invites. He guides. He offers paths. He shows me the outcomes and endings. And then - with His wisdom and guidance - He waits for me to choose. The freedom I felt in my lungs when this dawned made space for more lightness to come in.

I realised that I could actually tell Him, “Father, this is the direction of my heart,” and He would honour it... It felt so loving, so safe, so kind, so unbelievably freeing. I hadn't expected that. I didn't even know that kind of relationship existed.

For the first time, I saw Him not as a forceful commander, but as a gentle Father who delighted in walking with me - not pushing me ahead, not dragging me behind, but partnering with me, step by step.

It changed everything.

Chapter 2: Dedicated Before Destiny Unfolded

My relationship with Jesus began early when I was dedicated to Him at age two at Tabernacle Baptist Church in Trevethin, Wales. I always kept my dedication certificate with my paperwork, and every so often I would take it out - this brownish-beige sheet with its musty smell and the image of Jesus holding a child above a font of water.

Looking back, I believe that moment set a trajectory for my spirit, a pull toward “home” that would continue to resurface as time went by, and one that I would recognise when I looked in the rear view mirror.

My sister didn't have the same experience - she wasn't baptised or christened as a child, and her life unfolded in a different way. While I often felt a covering - however faint at times - she seemed to move through life exposed to some of the issues I somehow managed to avoid.

And yet, even then, she was loving - almost angelic - with her beautiful blonde ringlet curls and bright lit-up face. As a child, she was protective of me; I remember feeling safe and cared for by her in our younger years. After we overcame the difficult combative teenage years, she never stopped being that defender and would stand up for me, fight my battles and be there whenever I needed her.

She was selfless in many ways - open, welcoming and generous - but she didn't turn anyone away, much to her detriment. Even when she lacked boundaries or discernment, her desire was simply to care and include everyone, no matter who they were.

Often, that meant welcoming people who weren't healthy for her - but that was the beauty (and the burden) of her compassion. And her life taught me something profound: a person can be caring and kind in spirit, even if they didn't have the spiritual covering of being dedicated to Jesus.

It seemed, somehow, that personality and attitude often steered me away from situations I shouldn't have been involved in. I managed to "duck" a lot of things that caught my sister up in the family system. It probably looked to the family like I was selfish or disengaged, but perhaps my "free pass" wasn't luck or coincidence but God's hand over my life, guiding me, shielding me and keeping me from burdens I wasn't meant to carry. Because I was just 'passing through'...

I now understand I wasn't here to become my family's story, but to transform it and create a new legacy, even if it meant being seen as the black sheep, with a different kind of light within me.

Even as I see the contrasts between our paths, I don't see failure in my sister. I see her loving heart and her selflessness. And I see the mercy of God in my own story - in the ways He covered me, taught me boundaries and preserved my life and spirit when I couldn't do it for myself.

Chapter 3: I Don't Belong Here

I learned at a very young age what shame was - that accidents should be hidden, that appearances should be managed and that you should never admit to something shameful.

I was three years old at nursery school and I remember playing with a water table (the ones on legs where you can float little boats). It must have been the effect of the water, because I wet myself. I remember feeling shocked and not wanting to admit what had happened, so I went to the bathroom, turned on the tap and splashed water over my clothes, as if to make it look like I had gotten wet at the water table.

Even at that age, I instinctively remember trying to hide it so I wouldn't feel ashamed or be judged. I was trying (in a simple way to "save face") to manipulate the situation so nobody knew. At such a young age, I already understood the importance of managing appearances - how things looked and how to influence how others perceived me.

I didn't have malice in mind, it was more a sense of cover-up. It was more like, don't let them know, pretend it was something else.

I saw how shame separates you and makes you feel different - like you don't fit in and you're not welcome, because around that age, I remember being at a restaurant with my mum and dad. I don't recall if my sister was there, but what I do remember vividly is sitting at a table looking out very large windows where there was a playpark, surrounded by trees and greenery.

I recall my parents gesturing for me to go outside, encouraging me to join in and play. "It's okay, you can go and play," they said, pointing out to the playground with swings, slides and climbing frames. Whilst it looked fun, I remember shrinking back, because I did not want to go out there!

Instead, I remember feeling fearful and unwelcome, with this deep down knowing that I couldn't go out there and join in. They could. But I couldn't. No, not me.

As I watched the other children enjoying themselves, a realisation came over me at that very young age: ***“This isn’t my world - it’s theirs”***. I still remember that sensation of feeling like an outsider - that clear knowing that this wasn’t a world that I could participate in. That I wasn’t here to join in, the same way they were. It was their playground, not mine. This world wasn’t mine.

Not understanding it, that feeling stayed with me for most of my life and I never felt like I truly fitted in anywhere - unless I was masking with alcohol to drop my guard. The spirit of rejection followed me, whispering that I didn’t belong and that nobody liked me.

And for a very long time, that kind of thinking continued.

I remember another time, when I was about seven or eight, and the ice-cream van came down our road. All the other children ran home, unashamed and excited, shouting, “Ice cream! Mum, dad, can I have some money?” I already knew I wouldn’t be coming back out with any money, so I walked home casually, pretending I wasn’t bothered and was just going inside.

I can still see myself now, walking slowly across the estate and down the road so nobody would notice.

No way was I going to show my needs by running excitedly to my house with the expectation of ice-cream, because “Young ladies don’t do that...” Even then, I was trying to keep up appearances because I didn’t want anyone to see how ashamed I felt. I just felt different, like I couldn’t be included. As if I couldn’t do the normal things that other kids expected to so easily and readily do.

Now that I’m older, I can see it differently. That God used those situations where I felt I couldn’t join in because it was better if I didn’t conform to the patterns of the world. Except little me didn’t know that. But I guess if you’re set apart, it shows early on.

Now I recognise that I am “in the world but not of it”. I am just passing through. I’m not here to join in with what the world does and follow the culture. I’m here to be like Jesus, to walk in His ways, because that’s the way back home.

I can still hear my nan’s voice singing “Show me the way to go home, I’m tired and I want to go to bed”....

I get it now. This world is tiring. Our true Home with our Father in Heaven is where our hearts desire to be.

The bible affirms: “They are not of the world, just as I am not of the world.” - John 17:16

I understand now that perhaps this protected me from being too comfortable in places where I didn’t belong, and what I once saw as rejection was preservation. God reminds us that He chose us, even when we feel unchosen and unwanted.

Even when we don’t get to play with the other children or eat ice-cream.

The funny thing is, when I got older, the Lord showed me that he designed me to have warm food and drink, as that’s what keeps me optimal and healthy. I guess, even then, he was guiding me away from what would be harmful (for me). Life is so much easier to digest when you can interpret the bigger picture, but try telling that to a kid...

In John 15:16, Jesus tells us, “You did not choose Me, but I chose you and appointed you to go and bear fruit - fruit that will last”.

Fruit is the lasting impact of God's work in us and through us. It includes things like love, kindness, patience, faithfulness, helping others, sharing the gospel and leading people closer to God. Just as a healthy tree naturally produces fruit, a life built in Jesus will naturally produce good things that bless others and honour Him. And when that fruit shows - others notice.

I belong to Him. As He reminds us, “*You are Mine. You do not belong to this world.*”

And if I wanted that fruit to endure, it made sense to follow His guidance. After all, if He did not design me to live on cold and icy foods or drinks, who am I to argue? And this is how we get to live the abundant life He has for us - by being ‘obedient’. Not because He controls us, but because He wants us to have it all.

He later showed me that the reason He was strict with my diet (no coffee, processed food, cold drinks, cold food, crisps, chocolate, sugar or bread) is because He knows how he made me, He knew what I was dealing with that had been suppressed and buried, and how it contributed towards some health problems.

The Lord taught me what type of foods and drinks would increase the potential for bowel cancer. Plus, He showed me that I had an issue with my iron levels due to heavy blood loss over the years following the birth of my second child, as well as undetected thyroid issues that became more obvious during perimenopause. All of this slowed me down and kept me in a state of feeling held back so the journey to restoration was not overnight. It took years.

That’s why I choose to trust the One who created me, knowing that His ways are always for my good and for the fruit (good outcomes) to remain.

As I thought about it, I found it interesting that the bible verse about not belonging to this world comes from the Book of John, which is the same name as my dad. Looking back, he also didn’t fit in to ‘normal’ society and, in a way, his years in solitary confinement only made that more evident.

Jesus reminds us, “*You are Mine. You do not belong to this world*”.

Because, at the end of the day, our deepest belonging was never meant to be found here, but in Him.

Could it be that the same child who felt she couldn't step into that playground or have ice-cream was being prepared to walk in a Kingdom not made by human hands?

What a Father in God we have - that even in my earliest moments, He was no doubt speaking identity - already claiming me as His, already leading me.

“My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me.” - John 10:27

Chapter 4: An Introduction to Prayer and Too Much Freedom

In our early years, our mother had a bedtime ritual using some of what she learned from her French father, and she taught me and my sister to say, “*Good night, God bless you, see you in the morning. Bon nuit, Mama*”. Then she’d tuck me into the bottom bunk, pulling the sheets so tightly beneath the mattress that I could hardly move (my request).

I insisted on it because I needed it to feel safe. Those tight sheets were an attempt at trying to feel at home and safe on the earth and have a sense of security. A typical Leaving Pattern sign.

And while we prayed over our mother, she never prayed over us - not out of neglect, but because she simply didn’t know how. She gave us comfort and met our physical needs, but spiritual covering wasn’t part of the world she understood. That was normal back then - we didn’t know the Word of God, we didn’t know the authority we carried, and we didn’t know the refuge that God offered.

Without that knowledge, life felt unsafe. Not because God wasn’t present, but because no-one had taught us how to recognise Him.

Our mother, like so many parents of her generation, was doing her best with what she had. They didn’t have psychology books, trauma language, the internet, or mental health support, nor did they have discipleship or spiritual tools. Instead, they were raising children while surviving their own issues, unaware of spiritual realities, unaware of generational wounds, unaware of the enemy’s antics.

They were parents in survival mode.

Parenting in the ’80s could be strict, anger-based, loud and sometimes physical. There was the slipper on the backside, shouted instructions, being sent to your room (for ages!), shaming, nagging, and yet, also a great deal of freedom. But it was also unprotected boundaryless freedom.

We were often left to our own devices, wandering wherever we pleased - in different estates, across the island down the bathing pools or on the cliffs - while our parents had no idea we were miles away or what we were up to. No idea what we were climbing and scaling. No idea whose house we had ended up at.

Back then, there were no mobile phones, no internet and no constant supervision. And we more than survived - we lived in the now!

I remember spending hours in nature, exploring the woods, climbing trees and discovering the world for myself. In nature, I felt at home. I was a tomboy and felt more at ease climbing trees with the boys. I still look back fondly at a photograph of myself at junior school with the boys in my class, dressed as a boy in shorts and t-shirt.

I just felt more at home with them, because boys fight and then forget about it - they don't drag things on. They don't hold grudges. They like to play, have fun and kick a ball around. They didn't sit around, whining and complaining - they just got on with things. And I liked that.

I don't watch football on the TV, but invite me to kick a ball around or climb a tree, and I'm game.

In hindsight, those early years encouraged a strong sense of self-directed exploration. Without consistent guidance in some of those early childhood milestones - like learning to ride a bike or swim - I often had to figure things out on my own. It influenced my development in a different way, and at times I felt out of sync with others - and a little left behind in my early years abilities. Still, I thrived being outdoors.

I remember a woman from our estate, Christine. She used to have visitation rights to take her children out at the weekend and because I was friends with her daughter, she would take me too. We'd go to the local swimming pool and she'd pay entry for herself, her two children and me. Afterwards, she would treat us to chips and Danish pastries. Yum!

I still remember her generosity and desire to include me. She didn't have much at all, but still treated me kindly and included me - and cared enough to treat me as well as her children, without grumbling, withholding or complaining.

I admit, the early years were rough - sometimes harsh, sometimes confusing and scary - but it was also freeing in many moments.

Chapter 5: Arriving ‘Home’

Leaving Crime for Something Darker

And so, my story begins at five years old in 1982, the year that my mum left my dad and brought me and my sister back to her home island of Guernsey in the Channel Islands.

We travelled overnight on the ferry, and as dawn broke, I remember the three of us going outside as we pulled into the harbour and there, rising before us, was the prettiest sight I’d ever seen in all of my five years - Saint Peter Port town - the white houses and buildings cascading down to the sea. Even the sun coming up coloured everything with a soft pink hue - it was picture perfect.

I hadn’t seen this type of landscape before, but I guess I was home.

I even remember what we wore: white boiler suits, white sandals, and white cardigans. We had come dressed for purity. That memory is still etched in my mind and by far, Guernsey is still the prettiest town I’ve seen when arriving by sea.

Looking back, I see that a story was starting long before I understood scripture. I was “beholding” a town set on a hill, light breaking through darkness - and the Rock upon which my faith would one day rest.

As Jesus said, **“A city set on a hill cannot be hidden.” (Matthew 5:14)** and **“On this rock I will build My church.” (Matthew 16:18).**

Up until that point, that light had been missing from my life. Things had been unsettled - poverty, crime, instability, fear - yet somehow there had been moments of freedom, nature, exploration and playing outside. My dad would hunt and we’d eat wild rabbit. My mum would make home-made cakes which I loved. We had dogs at home and mountains nearby - it was easy to feel connected to the outdoor world in Wales. But fear and crime were never far.

My father spent much of his time in and out of prison, often in solitary confinement. He stole, robbed and survived in life through deceit and theft. Those early years left an imprint on me that I didn't understand at the time. I just remembered my dad being a source of trepidation - memories of him seeming unsafe - his maniacal laugh and how other peoples' discomfort and fear was hilarious to him, including mine.

I even recall him driving along the motorway with me on his lap in the driving seat! I was about 2 or 3 years old. He was quite the risk taker.

Even though my dad and I were physically apart until we met again many years later, his words and influence stayed with me for years. Despite being psychologically concerning at times, he did love me and always pursued a relationship with me over the years - but that became a dysfunctional pattern in my adult relationships...where the people I loved were also a source of love and torment.

What I know is that my dad had a troubled life; he didn't get the start he needed. As a teenager, he was sent to Borstal youth detention centre and was later diagnosed as a psychopath. I don't know much about his childhood, but I do know he was unstable as a young man - once shooting the local vet's horse in revenge for putting down his injured dog.

I can only guess that darkness had entered my dad somehow - and maybe not his fault (it could have been ancestral or a brain health issue) - but he didn't know how to fight it. He wasn't equipped for spiritual warfare. And so he ran with it. As he grew older, his world became dangerous; where he lived on the run, like something out of a movie. But this wasn't fiction - this was my childhood.

At primary school, I still remember his phone calls from prison. He would say things like, "You can't trust no-one, Tammy." I can still hear those words now, with his Welsh accent. That sentence ended up sticking with me deeper than I realised and influenced a lot of mistrust I had because I was wary of people.

My dad believed that the world was out to get him and grass him up - and maybe, in many ways, it was. So he lived guarded, isolated, often in solitary confinement, always watching his back. To him, isolation was safer and trust meant weakness. He believed that people let you down, people grassed you up and they betrayed you. That was the code he lived by and unknowingly, that code was passed down to me.

Looking back now, I can see how deeply that programming ran. I didn't ask for it. I didn't want it, but it was in my DNA - like Steven Kessler's "Leaving Pattern" which is the psychological survival instinct to run, hide, don't trust and stay alone. I guess my dad must have had that too...

Because of the era and the place he was born in, he didn't get the chance to know about or believe in abundance - and he also didn't know that prosperity was a gift from God - so he took it instead, robbing every post office in Wales, taking what wasn't his to take.

He was eventually sentenced to 11 years for armed robbery with a sawn-off shotgun.

Even from prison, my dad's world leaked into mine. He had his good friend - the infamous Charles Bronson - the man they made a movie about. One day, Charles sent me and my sister his artwork in the post, which was based on paranoia, disturbance and isolation, showing his imagery of the inside of a prison.

One Christmas, we got a card from the Birmingham Six who were wrongly imprisoned for the Birmingham pub bombings. However, these were not the kind of influences a child needs. It wasn't safe, it wasn't stable and it wasn't love the way that a child needs or understands it, but it was all my dad knew.

What I learned from him was that the world was dangerous, that people couldn't be trusted and that safety was an illusion.

On the plus side, I learned some stuff! My dad used to post me the National Geographic which was pretty cool for a kid, especially as it's not something we'd have bought. These magazines would educate me on things around the world, different cultures and countries, which I'm grateful for (pre-internet and all that).

However, unknowingly, my dad also sent me a book on yoga - introducing me to idolatry and deity worship - which I started practising without question when I was about 9 years old. Faithfully practising Crow Pose without realising I was yoking my body to something on the spirit side.

I now personally caution against engaging in practices without understanding their spiritual origins, especially if their source isn't the Holy Spirit. It's safer to reside in His Kingdom.

I didn't mean to take on all that fear, isolation and distrust from my dad. But Jesus understood, and when I met Him, He didn't just show me a different way, He began to rewrite the story completely. He taught me that I am loved and safe. That there is a place of real safety in Him. That I don't need to live on edge, looking over my shoulder. That I don't have to expect betrayal from every face.

He showed me that while earthly parents may fail us - and they do - they were never meant to be our God. They aren't perfect, whereas God is, and He is our perfect parent in this fallen world.

My dad couldn't be what I needed him to be. He was broken too. I don't hold bitterness toward him - I have compassion for him; and I understand now that he was acting out of his own pain and fear, but the cycle didn't have to continue.

I've been learning to trust again which takes time when you've been taught your whole life that it's dangerous. But with Jesus, it's different - He is my safety, my anchor and my Saviour - and He is trustworthy. Of course, this isn't a tidy, finished story with a happy ending - it's still being written. But I know who holds the pen now, and that makes all the difference.

Chapter 6: A ‘Baaa’ New Beginning

After arriving in Guernsey, I remember the Red Cross coming to our house with items to help us settle in - things like bedding, furniture and toys. I distinctly remember being given a large white stuffed animal: a sheep. How fitting, since I had just moved from Wales - a land known for sheep! Even then, the Lord was placing me in a good pasture. He says, “My sheep know my voice”.

Not long after, my new school held a fancy dress party and I went as Bo Peep but I took the sheep with me, carrying it around under my arm. Looking back, I realise I didn’t show up as Little Bo Peep who had lost her sheep; I was more like Mary had a little lamb - never far from the One who would one day lead me home.

But before then, I had some decades of darkness to walk through...

My sister, my mum, and I tried to start again, although I was still innocent and withdrawn at this point, but the lack of safety still followed - although this time in a different form. Now, being back with my mum’s family - my nan, my aunts, my uncles and my cousin - it seemed to open the door to things that I couldn’t see but I definitely sensed. Because here came my ‘Tales of the Unexpected’ era - if you’re “young enough” to remember the series.

This was my first foray into the supernatural, where each episode began with those hypnotic flames and eerie music. And this is where I became open to what would try to shape my spirit and lead me into dark places.

Welcome to “Number One Underwood Cottages”.

Down We Go!

It was 1983 - the year that someone entered my life, a so-called "family friend" my auntie knew, sent by the enemy to shape me in ways I couldn't yet understand. He was welcome in her home because he had a car - a rare luxury for my family - and he'd bring alcohol, chocolates and gifts. Easy persuasion in the '80s.

He was always around, ready to give the women in my family lifts, taking them to the supermarket or running errands. I remember that being a thing back then - women having a man on standby, someone to call when they needed something.

I remember the first time I felt my intuition kick in when I was standing in my auntie's kitchen alongside my sister and older cousin. My cousin, who was a bit of a handful and too ahead of her years, at just 9 or 10 years old, she lifted up her top and flashed this man. I remember seeing a flicker in his eyes and sensed something - it was lust and desire - wickedness. Something I hadn't seen before, but I saw it in him.

I was six years old.

Looking back at photos of myself as a child during those times, there was a sadness I felt, because I looked so innocent. Unaware of the spiritual battles that were already beginning in my life and what this man would bring, and how it would change things through the doors he opened. Ones that brought destructive influences.

During those first 11 years of my life with this man around, I remember a handful of times of experiencing deeper emotions in my life, but mostly I didn't feel fully human or 'online' and I spent a lot of time alone. For years, it's like I moved through the world as if I were behind a glass wall or a screen, watching life happen through eyes belonging to my body, but not truly living it or connecting with it.

I wasn't fully at 'home' on the inside. Instead, I was often elsewhere; up in the clouds. I didn't know then that this was called dissociation.

The first time it happened, I was three years old, standing in my living room in Wales when my dad was physically hurting my mum. In my mind, it almost seemed as if he had picked her up and threw her against the ceiling with supernatural strength. I sat in silence, mute and unfeeling - unable to intervene or even speak. Just blank. That blank face stayed as a mask for years. It became a layer of protection by hiding how I felt.

After leaving Wales, I would cling to my mother because of those unsettled years. I'd watch out the window for her return from the shop, needing to be near her constantly, fearful when she was out of my sight. I idolised her. She seemed perfect to me, a Miss World figure that I could look up to and admire.

I didn't know then that my obsession and my constant vigilance was a trauma response - a way that the little me tried to survive and stay safe.

The first time I remember an answered prayer was when I was at the end of my eleventh year. This is the year that I became 'conscious' and aware, as if I was a real human, more present in my being. It's like my consciousness came on board and I was no longer "monkey see, monkey do". Finally, I could think for myself, make choices, go places.

Before that - very sadly - I used to think that I was a stupid kid. Weirdly, I remember being aware that I was stupid - I recall that feeling when it dawned on me, or perhaps I had accepted a label that had been put on me. I'm not sure.

Being unaware of things, my mum often had to grab hold of my arm to stop me from walking out into oncoming traffic, because I'd just step out without thinking.

When we visited my nan, she would remind me “don’t touch” and seconds later, I’d be touching the very items she told me not to touch. It’s like I couldn’t help it. My nan would say to my mum, “Please Lucy, can you tell her to just stop touching my things!” It really used to stress her out.

I didn’t like your silly ornaments anyway, nan.

But truthfully, I wasn’t fully conscious or ‘online’! However, towards my 12th birthday, that’s when my brain realised that I could change my destiny. I could use my abilities, I could study, I could compete, I could try, I could do things!

But for those six years prior, I had walked through a season of secrecy, aloneness and behaviours I didn’t choose but couldn’t seem to escape. Through the man at Underwood Cottages, it felt as though something had a hold on me, pulling me into cycles and behaviours I didn’t understand and didn’t want to be part of. Things I was acting out.

Looking back now, I see the spiritual influence that came in because of this man. But it would take decades before I was fully delivered from that heaviness, shame and disgust.

It was a very confusing time and I felt in it on my own. I couldn’t tell anyone...

Thankfully, a few weeks before my 12th birthday, something shifted. It’s as if the Holy Spirit heard my silent cry and responded - in the most unexpected way.

Madonna’s “Like a Prayer” was suddenly everywhere, and it was bold, ‘out there’ and based on the idea of prayer and calling out for help. Like so many girls at the time, I sang along to those lyrics which, unknowingly, became my first real prayers. Even outside the walls of a church, I was connecting with something sacred and learning the message that, even when you feel alone, there’s a presence that can reach you.

And I guess God heard my “heaven help me”! Because fast forward two months later, and I was given ten pounds by the man from Underwood Cottages. With it, I bought the ‘Like a Prayer’ album on vinyl and distinctly remember the smell of Petunia oil that the album cover smelt of.

I’ve since learned that petunias symbolise resilience, comfort and the ability to bloom again after hardship. A reminder that God’s power and peace would have been with me in that dark period - and although it might sound simple, from that day on, that cycle of my life lifted and something inside changed for good.

If I remember correctly, that was around Liberation Day 1989 which is a local celebration in my island to celebrate its release from being occupied by German forces in World War II. To me, receiving that album felt symbolic too, as if orchestrated for me - a personal and timely release. Freedom. I had been delivered from that cycle. Set free from those occupied forces within.

And I don’t ever remember seeing the man at Underwood Cottages again. Thank God.

I later came to understand those early year experiences as what’s called spiritual warfare. This is where the ‘enemy’ seeks a way in by twisting your innocence, placing people in your life who will mislead you; using your vulnerability against you, manipulating what happens to you, and influencing how you respond and behave.

The enemy targets the unguarded and the unaware, poisoning their thoughts and distorting their purity. He tells you that you are bad, leads you into places you shouldn’t be and seeps into every part of your being.

That man’s influence became my chemistry and I used the pain I carried against others. I felt deep shame and sorrow about that phase of life. What had been done to my psyche began to flow through me, but even in the midst of all that, it seems like God was already moving toward me.

Long before I knew how to reach for Him, He was reaching for me - preparing a way, sending a rescue, and beginning the slow work of cleansing me and calling me home. In time, he turned that pain into my testimony.

Still, I carried pain, anger and shame for another 40+ years after that. That's how deep it went. I was ashamed and embarrassed and constantly felt like there was something wrong with me. I was angry that that was my story - angry that I had to experience things that hurt me and others. I hated that it was my story. I hated how I felt. I hated myself. And that's exactly how the darkness wants you to feel. Unloved. Unwanted. Tormented. Unforgivable.

Yet, I was in good company because even the most perfect man on the planet, Jesus, was mocked and persecuted. He was blamed, attacked, misunderstood and murdered.

We all have a Cross we bear, and He said, "If the world hates you, keep in mind that it hated me first."

Most of my life, I hated the cross I had to bear. I resented the pain, the rejection, the spiritual torment and the isolation. All the stuff I kept inside because I didn't know how to deal with or manage my emotions. I didn't understand why my path was the one it was, or why certain things happened, but you don't get to change humanity without carrying a cross.

Now I see it clearly: I was chosen. Not for comfort or ease, but as a chain breaker.

I am proud to be a child of God, here on divine assignment to advance God's Kingdom, to speak truth, to break cycles and to shine light in dark places.

The cross I once hated is now my crown and past pain has become the platform for my purpose.

So if you're being attacked, misunderstood or rejected - take heart. You're not alone. You're not forsaken. You're being refined. You're being prepared.

Because when God calls you, He also equips you. And when He sends you, He goes with you...

In families when the same cycles have repeated for generations, someone has to end it. And they can't end it without going through it. That's the cross I bore, as much as it sucked. But as they say, "You have to go through to get through".

Chapter 7: Wakey Wakey Part One!

1988 arrived and an awakening - of sorts - kicked in as secondary school commenced. Suddenly I could “feel”. But not just any feeling - it was testosterone, aggression and competitiveness, not softness, femininity or gentleness, but a hardness that I wore like a suit of armour.

I had a tough exterior because it felt like I only had me to protect myself and suddenly, I had all this rage connected to my early life experiences. And I was mad! I just didn’t know how to deal with it, so I projected it outwards.

Now, I was aware that I was in a world where I could compete, be the fastest, the smartest, the strongest, the best - anything to feel like I was someone. But underneath it all, it was driven by one thing: the desperate need to not feel small, vulnerable, faulty or ashamed.

I came with anger. I started fights. I provoked others to fight. But every act of the aggression I had was really just a shield - a mask I wore because, deep down, I had never felt safe. Ever. Not in my home, not in my emotions, not in my body, not in the world. At times, I wasn’t safe for others! Even I wasn’t safe for myself as a person.

However, I felt shy. Guarded. Painfully self-aware. Open, exposed - no shield.

If there had been tests back then, I'm almost certain I would have been diagnosed with a brain health issue, nervous system problem, or even ADHD. The masking, the disassociation, the hypersensitivity that I had as a kid... my brain just didn't seem right. I often felt like I was trying to make sense of a world that asked too much of me, but didn't support me back.

As I got older, I found that the only time I could feel a sense of belonging and quieten my mind was when I drank alcohol or partied.

I know, I know! But this is quite common for self-soothers who don't know Jesus as their Comforter.

And so I did that - a lot! For many, many years. It was escapism, false confidence and weirdly, a sense of safety. It gave me a chance to feel free, be myself and let my guard down.

It wasn't until I began my healing journey - and later a brain health qualification programme - that things finally started to click. I began to understand my brain in ways I never had before. I learned about the different types of brain health issues - some of which were ADHD related.

When I came across the explanation for "Ring of Fire" ADHD, which is a form of brain inflammation, it was like someone switched on a light inside me. For the first time, I could see that beneath all the emotional chaos, there was a physiological and neurological pattern at play. I hadn't just been "too sensitive" or "too much" - I'd had a burning, inflamed brain that desperately needed calming.

This type of brain health issue comes distractibility, irritability or aggression, sensitivity to noise, light, or touch, mood instability and anxiety or obsessive thoughts. Check, check, check. It was all there. And finally, I had language for it.

During the training programme, I also discovered that my anterior cingulate gyrus (ACG) - which is known as the brain's gear-shifter - was jammed too. Stuck on repeat.

The funny thing about that is, at age 21, my mum and stepdad took over a local pub as landlord and landlady and we moved there as a family. The pub was called The Jamaica Inn, which the locals nicknamed “The Jam.” Even on my 21st birthday, the cake lady wrote my name incorrectly. Instead of “Tammy,” the icing spelled out “Jammy”.

Still I didn’t get the hint - the prophetic nudge - that me and my family we ‘jammed’ on repeat - just like The Jam. Stuck in cycles of immaturity, addiction and reactivity. That’s exactly what a jammed Anterior Cingulate Gyrus does in your brain: it locks you into rigid patterns and makes it hard for you to move on, get over things, evolve or grow.

But that wasn’t the only part of my brain that could have been affected. The course taught me that early trauma, neglect and fear can alter brain development, especially in the limbic system which is the emotional centre. When you have chronic stress and inherited trauma it overactivates the Amygdala which is the brain’s alarm system, keeping the body in constant fight, flight or freeze.

That was my story!

Meanwhile, the Prefrontal Cortex, which takes care of your ability to have self control, empathy and to make good and healthy decisions can become underactive. This combination created in me emotional reactivity, poor self-regulation, unsafe behaviours and deep nervousness - all of which I lived with for years.

It all started to make sense: the sudden waves of aggression, the sadness, the low moods that seemed to appear out of nowhere - followed by impulsive, unthinking decisions and the heavy shame that trailed behind. My brain hadn’t just been shaped by my personal experiences, but by the environment I was born into.

Years of drinking had become a way to mask the deep-rooted lack of self-esteem. And it wasn't just me. That pattern of escape and emotional suppression was the norm in my social circle. It was how we lived - thinking we were having a blast - until I began to see it for what it was, many years later.

Chapter 8: How Family Sin and Pain Are Passed Down

My sister carried her own wounds. More sweet, open and loving by nature, she inherited the invisible belief that she wasn't enough. That pain eventually took shape in her body - she wanted to disappear, to be unseen. As a teenager, that turned into an eating disorder, which I believe was spiritual due to generational 'open doors'.

She often felt burdened, expected to fulfill roles beyond her years but not emotionally equipped to carry the weight of that. I recall that she seemed to feel responsible for everyone, indebted to give up parts of herself to keep others happy and meet their needs.

I grieved the names I called her - words I wish I could have taken back. But that's what the enemy does: he uses our mouths to condemn the very ones we're meant to love. Scripture speaks to this so clearly:

“With the tongue we praise our Lord and Father, and with it we curse human beings, who have been made in God’s likeness. Out of the same mouth comes praise and cursing. My brothers and sisters, this should not be.” (James 3:9-10)

That contradiction lived in our home. For a time, we were enemies under the same roof - wounded children lashing out, not knowing God.

All the while, I lived with shame - blaming myself or feeling blamed and at fault, but I had inherited more than just personality traits. I had inherited trauma, fear and a lack of protection.

What I Was Shown About My Family Line

Later in life, I was shown how witchcraft in a family bloodline can be responsible for their shared and common problems. And how things like tarot, astrology, spells and rituals, manipulation or even cursing others with evil intentions was considered witchcraft by God.

I was shown that this came through my nan, into the women in the family. And, go figure, my nan lived at Burnt Lane steps opposite another set of steps that had local stories associated with witches and historical persecution.

This is what I managed to find out online about those steps:

- Between roughly 1550 and 1650, Guernsey went through periods of witchcraft panic.
- Historical research suggests at least 100 people were accused, and many were tortured or forced into confessions.
- Some were executed by hanging, strangling, banishment or burning.

It's said that Guernsey is often described as "unusually harsh in punishment compared with nearby Jersey, with burning alive used in some cases".

Wow.

I do not claim this history explains everything, but I do believe that pain and wrongdoing that is never named, confessed or addressed can ricochet through generations in ways we don't always recognise at first, sometimes showing up in later generations as mental, physical and psychological struggles that have these spiritual roots.

You see, when nobody has recognised it's a sin, apologised for it, or repented and said sorry to God and asked for forgiveness, that leaves open spiritual doors which gives 'the enemy' legal rights to attack you and influence you and your family.

This can show up as health struggles, a sense of being unable to move forward, financial lack and other continual difficulties and spiritual attacks.

I too, had been stuck, enmeshed and held in a bind because I'd been tied to witchcraft in my family, until the Lord delivered me through watching a YouTube video from a woman who had the same experience. I was then guided to write and speak a prayer to repent on behalf of my family and ask the Lord to set us free.

Chapter 9: The Brick Incident

When I was around seven or eight years old, I vividly remember standing at the top of our housing estate with my mum while she chatted to Christine, the kind lady who took me swimming. Her son, about a year younger than me and known as a bit of a tearaway at the time, climbed the steps onto a grassy bank beside a very tall boundary wall.

Without warning, he picked up a red brick and hurled it down onto the back of my head.

I can still recall the crack as it struck, the blood pouring down my t-shirt - like something out of a horror movie. I was shocked - I couldn't understand why he would do that. My mum tried to soothe me and we went home to see to it, but, as with most injuries I experienced in my life, it wasn't professionally treated, assessed or followed up.

In hindsight, it's clear to me that those physical and emotional traumas left a lasting imprint - not only on the course of life but also on the way your brain functions, for better or worse. Fate seemed to add another twist when, at 44, I sustained a mild brain injury to that very same spot on my head. It felt like a double whammy.

The scar remains on my head, under my hair, to this day, a reminder that while it's easy to hold onto stories of people being "bad," as children we can't truly understand what was happening in their minds or lives to make them act that way. And we know the enemy works through others to hurt his.

Christine did bring him round to apologise, and I've seen him since - in passing - as an adult. Sadly, he looks unwell, regularly visiting the same pharmacy for medication.

So while I managed to heal from that impact, his own brain seemed to set the course of his life. It's a sad reminder that not everyone gets access to the help they need. But I do hope and pray that the Lord guides him home.

Around that time, I have a memory of me standing in the hallway of our home - we lived in an old farmhouse and the hall and landing were quite large compared to other homes. I was holding my Tiny Tears doll when I threw her down on the floor in frustration, crying to her "Please talk to me - I know you can talk."

The more I said it, the more she didn't speak, the more desperate I got. It really hurt. I remember feeling devastated that she wouldn't speak to me. I honestly believed that it could be like a movie where the toys come alive at night time and speak. I so wanted to be seen. It was the cry of a young girl desperate for bonding and connection - to not feel like an outcast.

As I continued with the brain health course and applied the treatments, supplements and lifestyle changes to support my brain health, something began to shift. And it started to work. Slowly, the burning sensations in my head started to fade. My nervous system, once constantly on edge, began to ease and I could feel the difference - not just mentally, but spiritually. I don't believe it was a coincidence that the course came from Dr Amen. To me, it felt like a divine appointment - a gift from God, placed in my path at just the right time. It was what I needed.

From then, I would say it took around another 4 years of education, lifestyle changes, revelations, healing and deliverance until I no longer felt like I was living on high alert - waiting for the fire alarm to go off, bracing for the next threat. I had spent decades ready to run, ready to defend, ready for danger. But I was learning what safety felt like in my body. What peace felt like. What home felt like. What trust felt like.

Slowly, but surely, I was returning to stability, inside and out.

I then had a realisation that I had been living like a dog does when it's abandoned in a shelter - watchful, mistrusting, scared, always expecting the worst. Expecting to be left again. Even my self-rejection had affected my nervous system because I wasn't a safe home for myself. I was being reminded, "You're not abandoned. You're being adopted. You're safe. You're home now."

I had been brought into God's family - I was home with Him now - and would be assigned trusting people to be there for me, and alongside me, as an anchor and 'scaffolding' support.

That first week of learning this, I didn't feel rushed. It was like I had time to relax, to decompress, to learn what peace felt like in a body that had only known survival. Bit by bit, I started to learn that people can be safe. That's when friends of old began to reappear - safe people, reliable people, praying people. Through them, it was like God was rebuilding my sense of trust.

I was finally beginning to believe, "You are safe now. You belong to Me."

Chapter 10: How I Became the “CEO of Everything”: No Rest for the Wicked

I left school at 16, feeling far too young to start work. My nervous system hadn't matured and I was stuck in a fearful state on the inside. And so, naturally, I did exactly the opposite of what the bible says to do.

It reminds us:

“Do not conform to the pattern of this world, but be transformed by the renewing of your mind. Then you will be able to test and approve what God’s will is - his good, pleasing and perfect will.” - Romans 12:2

Because the ways of a sinful world were not God's desires for me - or anyone else - I felt forced to build a mask of what the world said I must be - perfect, relentless and a 'follower of rules', except the problem was, I had a rebellious nature.

That fear and inner nervousness ruled my life and led my choices, so I decided to enroll in a one-year full-time college course, studying business administration and secretarial studies. I needed more time to feel ready for work.

When I got there, I quickly adopted the persona of “get everything perfect.” Perfect grammar, perfect punctuation, perfect margins, perfect spelling. Even the carbon copies had to be flawless.

We were encouraged to try harder, type faster, transcribe perfectly and climb the exam ladder - levels 1, 2 and 3. My typing speed reached nearly 100 words per minute with exceptional accuracy, but underneath it all, I was scared to fail. Everything became about going faster, being perfect, keeping up. So I raced ahead, passed my exams and exceeded expectations.

That drive to keep learning never left me, but it was all based on merit, performance, 'how it looks' and results. None of it was about me - my character, my heart or my worth. I didn't yet know that my value wasn't defined by the world's standards or outer appearances, but by what God says about me.

But I wouldn't have believed His truth at the time anyway.

At 21, I moved from the Marketing department into HR and Training - a career I genuinely enjoyed. HR is based on personal development, and for me, that became the next level of my journey for "bettering myself." I was good at studying and earned a Distinction in my training certification studies - I found it relatively easy.

When I was 28, I had just completed a Post-Graduate Certificate and Diploma with the University of Portsmouth whilst working full-time. But the academic level was different this time, and I remember feeling disappointed in myself for not getting a Distinction - though deep down, I knew why. I'd been more invested in partying with friends than in the coursework, and that choice left me with a lingering sense of inadequacy, comparing myself to those who had put in the work to achieve the highest marks.

I still had episodes of distorted thinking - moments that made me feel foolish. One stands out clearly. When I had started the course, the tutor asked me to send copies of my certificates to him in the UK. I didn't think to remove them from their glass frames or to even photocopy them, and mailed them as they were, wrapped with good intentions but not much foresight. Unsurprisingly, he wrote back to say they'd arrived with shattered glass. I was 26 years old.

It wasn't just a mistake - it was a snapshot of how my brain - even as a young adult - was still struggling to process, plan and protect me from embarrassment. However, the burning fire for more was still within me and I continued to believe that there was only one way forward: climb the ladder, study more, self-actualise, be better... and then, maybe, I'd finally feel good enough. My worth was tied to achievement, and I chased it relentlessly.

Ten years later, that drive to have all the merits would shift into pursuing false and deceptive spiritual development paths and I got caught up in every single new age healing modality around! I ended up following paths and opening doors that I never should have and it backfired - big style! I hit rock bottom. Yet none of it changed me in the way I wanted - I still felt like a massive imposter.

Looking back now, I can see it was a program that I'd learned in life - maybe even something imprinted from birth or from society, and the result of an unsafe childhood. In the workplace, that program left me feeling like a fraud. I felt like I couldn't keep up with the pace, couldn't keep up with the pretenses and I hated being stuck in a rigid 9-5.

I couldn't understand who decided that was life!

I tried everything to compensate, thinking that I was the problem. I wanted to feel significant, not like an outsider. I took all the courses. I created new roles and nominated myself to lead. I attended and contributed to HR committee meetings. I checked all the boxes.

I remember once, after completing a "How to Communicate Effectively" course, my boss said, "What's happened to you?!" He was surprised at my sudden assertiveness. But it wasn't real confidence - it was just another mask I'd put on, because I had been given another set of workplace rules to follow and adhere to.

But none of this was me. It was me in a system that I wasn't made for. I didn't even know the real sound of my own voice! Later, on another training course, I even caught myself mimicking my trainer's tone. I had zero sense of self. I didn't know my true identity in Jesus.

And behind it all, I couldn't keep promises. I struggled to show up consistently. I let people down, rebelled against rules, and was often sick or off work - not because I didn't care, but because deep down, I felt like an imposter, an outcast. Shame made me hide and pull back.

I still remember the day my manager called me into the office to address my sickness record: 72 days off in a single year. Seventy-two. At the time, I was 19 years old, but I couldn't keep up with the system that demanded: "Be here every day, five days a week, from 9 to 5." It drained me.

I kept faking it, hoping one day I'd make it. But no matter how much I achieved or how hard I tried to "show up," I never felt like I'd arrived. I couldn't sustain it - and shame always pulled me back into hiding. I thought I was flawed, broken and weak. I didn't realise I was fighting against Egypt's system of slavery, just like in the bible.

My soul knew the working world was a lie. God hadn't made me to live without rest.

In Scripture, Egypt represents more than a place - it's a symbol of bondage, exhaustion and identity stripped away. The Israelites were enslaved there, forced into relentless work under Pharaoh's rule, but God's promise is clear: ***"I will free you from being slaves to them, and I will redeem you with an outstretched arm..."*** (Exodus 6:6).

That same promise was alive in my spirit - the knowing that I wasn't created to be a slave to performance, shame or burnout. But my conscious mind hadn't gotten the memo and no matter how many glowing performance reviews I received or how many colleagues I helped, I couldn't shake the identity I carried: *I'm not enough. There's something wrong with me.*

So whenever the chance to disappear came, I took it. Whether through illness, avoidance, disobedience, staying silent when I had something to say, or over-preparing to mask my perceived flaws - I chose invisibility.

Not because I wanted to be unseen, but because I didn't believe I deserved to be fully seen. And I didn't have the capacity to 'do life'.

I became a master at hiding in plain sight - looking competent on the outside but feeling like a loser on the inside - classic “Imposter Syndrome”. I was trapped in a high-functioning cycle of doing, performing and faking, all to keep the uncomfortable truth from surfacing: that I felt invisible, inadequate and unworthy of care.

When children came along, the pushing and over-extending became even more evident. Two kids with two very different needs, a full-time job, a side business, friends to keep up with, social activities, even running a non-profit - I was juggling it all. And underneath it, I wasn't doing it for joy. I was doing it to prove my worth, but I didn't realise it at the time.

For a while, I could run on energy and determination but then I would crash and burn, and when I did, my inner critic would tear me apart. It became a cycle that lasted for years.

Subconsciously, I had been trained to believe that a woman should be “The CEO of Everything” - that it was the measure of success, of womanhood, of worth. And when I inevitably couldn't keep it all up and be the Super Woman I thought I had to be, I ended up believing that I was the problem.

But I wasn't.

The problem was the lie I had built my life on - believing my identity had to come from what I did or who people thought I was, rather than who I am in Jesus. I hadn't yet learned that God invites us to move at a gentle, steady pace, not the relentless pushing and activity I had made my normal.

With hindsight, I also saw that I had been struggling to keep up because I hadn't matured on the inside. I was frozen in time - carrying the weight of life with the nervous system of a child. It was my inner child who felt all the pressure, trying to juggle every plate, meet every demand and even parent children while still feeling like a child herself, pretending to be an adult.

That was the root of my imposter syndrome: I was a child in the workplace, trying to survive in a world I wasn't built for.

However, because I presented as capable, efficient and functioning, I thought it was my job to do everything for everyone else and make their lives easier. I monitored colleagues' inboxes while they were on holiday so they could relax and not come back to a flood of emails. I purposely chose bosses I heard were hard to work for, just to prove I could handle them. I thought ahead for my bosses, always staying one step ahead, so they'd feel like they couldn't live without me.

I was the model codependent employee - carrying everyone else's stuff: their to-do lists, their feelings, their moods and their needs.

Everything I did came from my own self-reliance. I hadn't been taught that I could lean on God - that He would carry me, give me rest and provide for me. So I carried all the bags and burdens for everyone. It became a habit. I felt like it was always, "Here, hold this Tammy!" Yet no one held the bags for me in the same way.

I hadn't known that I could lay it all down - that I didn't have to be strong for everyone, all the time. God wasn't asking me to perform or prove myself. He was inviting me to rest, to trust, to be held, but it would take many years for me to finally come home to that truth.

Slowly but surely...

The Shame of Comparison

Up until recently, I still remembered a local glossy magazine that featured young professionals - architects, tax advisors, lawyers - photographed in their element in nice offices or taking part in mature looking hobbies. I was included too, having taken on a training role at a bank, but my photo was taken in a bar. I was 24.

Everyone else looked accomplished and respectable whereas I felt exposed, out of place, like a fraud. The image didn't reflect ambition - it reflected confusion and a lack of identity. I carried the shame within - even my cheeks looking red and flushed in the photo. But it's only now I see how deeply that moment mirrored the identity I carried of: *I'm not enough. I don't belong. I feel left behind. I don't know who I am.*

But God doesn't measure worth by settings or appearances. He sees the heart, even when we're photographed in places that don't tell the full story.

Sadly, that shame and the voice of comparison clung to me for years, but now I know: that voice of condemnation wasn't mine. None of it was my real identity. It was the mask of survival, the voice of shame, the over-efforting, the perfectionism - all patterns that kept me trapped in a world I wasn't even made for.

How exhausting!

As I got older, I used to wonder how God could possibly give someone rest in the middle of life's relentless pace. I didn't have a frame of reference - no testimony I'd seen that made it feel real. When people talked about Jesus "showing up," it sounded poetic, but vague. Even that verse: "Come to me, all who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest" (Matthew 11:28) - was beautiful, and I wanted it, but I couldn't picture how it would play out practically.

How could God supernaturally lift someone out of the grind of work, commuting, parenting and decision fatigue? For someone who feels 'under the cosh', they want solutions, not what can look like vagueness. But that kind of thinking stems from not being in right relationship with God and not knowing Him.

You see, rest isn't always about stopping. Sometimes, it's about being carried. And very often, it's an invite into a new place of rest and to follow the path He has for us.

Shortly after, I wrote down and prayed a prayer from one of Catherine Ponder's books and it said: "I am moving into my rightful work, performing it in a perfect way for perfect pay".

Then it happened to me.

I received a call from a friend - a recruiter - with an invitation to interview for a global company as the sole employee in my region - part-time, just 25 hours a week. At first, I declined because I thought I should be back in the community, integrated into office life - even though I didn't want that. But eventually, I got the memo and agreed to an interview, which turned into five! They wanted to be sure I was the right fit - and I liked that. It gave me space to know them too.

It seemed like more than just recruitment; it was like job "courting"!

I got the job and for three weeks, I worked in an office alongside the colleague I was replacing. But once the handover was complete, I felt nudged again: No need to drive to work, find parking and walk to an empty office. It was true - there was no point being there alone. The company released the office space, saving money, and I began working from home.

This ended up being my saving grace, as the company's number one value was "safety" which is what I needed, and what I got. Thank you Father, all praise and glory to Him.

This is when things slowed down. No urgent alarm going off each morning. No overstimulation. No performance pressure and no camera-on expectations. I felt relaxed in my body. The absence of a commute, formal clothes, rigid shoes - it all lowered my cortisol. I felt better for not having the constant "Have you got a minute?" interruptions.

Even getting ready for work used to feel like a battle - honestly it did - I'd feel dizzy and overwhelmed from what felt like a constant race to do my hair, makeup, lunch prep, outfit decisions - all before leaving the house. Add kids to the mix, and I was too sensitive and burnt out for the constant grind.

Even traffic would drain me. I'd merge with its pressure and lose touch with myself and feel out of my body. But thank God for a job that didn't demand endlessly. I found a rhythm that was gentle and a manager who was firm but fair and kind. I could finally breathe.

Chapter 11: God is Always on your Doorstep

Now, it's only when you look in the rear view mirror that you see that God was always there - at my front door - symbolically - for many years.

Between 1988 and 1998, I lived opposite a tyre company called Target - and during that time, I felt like an actual target. People came against me, ganged up on me, stalked me, accused me and spread lies. I have no problem saying that I was no angel either - and I do believe in the Law of Cause and Effect and how that works - but this was deeper and darker.

This was ancestral, I'm certain! Sinful doors that were still open from the effects of my parents, grandparents, great grandparents, and so on, that gave the 'enemy' legal rights to target me. Possibly even due to the open doors from witchcraft in my bloodline.

Every Friday around five o'clock, a man from the insurance company named Mick would visit our house to collect our insurance policy savings. My mum used to get a little annoyed because he'd stay and chat for too long - he loved a good chat - but looking back, I remembered that the company he represented was called Refuge. Even then, it's like God was showing up on my doorstep - subtly reminding us that He was our Refuge and Fortress, even if we didn't yet know Him.

In fact, the last time I'd been to church was when I was eleven, for Girls' Brigade. I remember loving the uniform, the tuck shop and the crafts, but when I realised it was based on religion, I walked away. From there, my life became a series of crossroads - moments where my choices could have gone one way or the other.

At fifteen, I made dangerous choices. I rode fast and wild in other people's cars, daring them to go faster. We'd drive over mounds that launched the car into the air, crashing down so hard it struck the crown of our heads, yet we'd laugh and do it again. We encouraged a boy in our class to let us sniff petrol from his motorbike to get high. We'd even

hide Tippex - a strong smelling correction fluid - up our sleeves in the school library and sniff it for a buzz. Anything to change our consciousness.

All of the things that Dr Amen warns against due to the damage it does to the brain which became evident throughout my life based on how I thought and how I acted. When I look back at the choices I made in life, I thank God that I'm still here.

There were three car crashes over four years - each one in places that, looking back, held symbolic meaning connected to freedom and divine paths. Every single time, I somehow walked away.

The first crash happened when I was fifteen. A guy named Jamie, two years older than me, slammed full speed into a lamp post right next to the police station. How he lost control like that, I have no idea, but I remember it happening in slow motion, unable to do anything about it! I was in the back with a friend, not wearing a seatbelt and my head struck the passenger seat. The front of my head (the Pre Frontal Cortex) taking the brunt of the impact.

I remember climbing out of the smashed car, shocked and started running immediately, injured - limping and in pain - all the way home to my mum - my body in full fight-or-flight mode.

Two years later, I was a young driver - new to the roads - and collided with a moving car at a crossroads junction. "Didn't you see my indicator going?!", said the man in annoyance. Then, at nineteen, I found myself in another crash - this time sitting in the passenger seat of a friend's car when we were hit again. And where did it happen? Yep, you guessed it: at a crossroads next to Freedom surf shop.

The signs were there. Crossroads represent the choices we make and the paths we end up on. Freedom was waiting. But did it really take getting crashed into for me to pay attention or 'course correct'?

Another time, driving along a road called La Ramée late one night, I lost control of the wheel of my Jeep and the vehicle started to spin out. Somehow, I didn't crash, but I should have! The name of the road itself was prophetic: "La Ramée" because it literally felt like I was being 'rammed' into yet there were no other cars on the road. The enemy hides in plain sight but thank God He saved me.

That same year, I faced another kind of crossroads - the choice between a kind, stable boyfriend and my wild, restless self. He was calm, homely and good for me, but I wasn't ready for good. I dragged him clubbing while he stayed sober and shortly after he walked away. Six years later, when I had gotten into a serious relationship, he sent me a long email saying he regretted that we didn't stay connected, and couldn't stop thinking about me. I sometimes wondered what life would have been like if I'd chosen that path - the "healthy" one.

But I know now that wasn't the story Heaven had written for me. I was here on a clean-up mission, and for that, I had to face the dark. Sorry, John.

I took risks. I made reckless choices. I partied. I drank. I stayed up dancing until the break of dawn. I got into cars with drunk drivers. I searched for love, meaning and validation in all the wrong places. My brain and body were burnt out. I was burning the candle at both ends. But when Jesus found me years later, He cleaned me up - leading me through the process of returning to my body - teaching me how to heal what I didn't even know was broken.

My kidneys, worn down from fear and running away from everything. My liver needing love and care because of holding suppressed anger, pain and far too much alcohol. My chest, cold because my energy system wasn't fully open and functioning. My body was full of blockages, unprocessed emotions and a burning, overactive mind.

I was led through bringing my energy back into balance, how to heal my circulation, soothe my vagus nerve, awaken my will to live and choose foods that would nourish rather than harm. I was supernaturally

instructed not to eat or drink anything cold, and the first winter I ignored this, I paid for it with months of cold, aching fingers and toes.

This is why I now listen to God's guidance, because He knows me better than anyone else. He is the Restorer, the Healer and the One who makes all things new. That's why I love Him so much - not just because of what He's done, but because of who He is.

He gave me hope, a thousand chances, and new life. He gave me a new heart, fresh energy and a divine purpose. He loves us when we fall. He loves us when we're broken and sinful. He loves us because He is love - and He wants us home, where we're safe, cared for and covered by His grace.

If you don't know Jesus...if you don't know God...oh friend, you're missing out! Even if your life looks good on the outside, please don't overlook the One who created you. The Father of your Soul. He wants eternity with you. What a gift. What a blessing. And there are eternal consequences that we can't take back if we choose to live our lives without Him. That's why my greatest wish is for you to come home. That's where the best after-party will be...for eternity!

And the good news is...you don't even need pain to come to Him! You just need willingness. Because he's the King of the Two-Way Street - not just a one-way God. The Father of Mutuality. The Owner of Fairness and Integrity.

The King who meets you halfway.

He's the love you never knew you needed, until you realise that He's all you ever needed. Awww.

Chapter 12: Looking in the Rear View Mirror

After that first car crash at age 15, we started going to an under-18s nightclub every week called Reflections where we would dance all night - hands in the air, hearts wide open. It was the early '90s, and piano house music was everything! It felt like such a freeing and expansive time for our generation. And there was something about that sound - the rhythm, the energy - that felt like it was awakening something inside us, even if we didn't know it at the time.

Love.

Vibes.

Connection.

Togetherness.

Unity.

Young and free, we danced under strobe lights and flashes from the lasers. It was like we were all reaching up - to the heavens, to the stars, to the sky, into infinity. Okay, it wasn't church, but it was belonging. We felt together - united in rhythm - and even though the environment wasn't God's house, it still gave us a glimpse of something higher. It was as if heaven was inviting us upward, offering a choice: to keep reaching for the lights, or to reach for the Light Himself.

And then one night, something wild happened that I'll never forget, which - looking back now - I can connect it to the mind-altering things we did whilst our brains were still developing - drinking cider, mixing alcohol from parents' drink cabinets, sniffing petrol and Poppers - things we did without question, accepting it as normal teenage things.

Yet, these choices would affect my life, my opportunities, my thinking ability, my decisions and my overall brain health.

Here I was, 15 years old, dancing on one of the podiums, when I stepped down and made my way into the middle of the dance floor. This is when my vision suddenly started to fade, the lights blurred, my eyes couldn't focus and I started to panic.

It was a normal evening - we weren't under-age drinking - just enjoying our night when - out of nowhere - I looked up and saw a giant baby's face looking down at me from the ceiling. This vision seemed as real as real, its face huge and looking down over me - like the baby's face in the sky in the Teletubbies.

In slow motion, it tilted forward, picked up a huge jug of water and poured it over me. I even remember it being one of those old-fashioned white handled jugs that sweet old ladies put flowers into.

At that moment, I remember throwing my hands up, shouting, "Noooo!" - as if I could stop it - and then collapsing to the floor, falling to my knees. I scrambled, trying to grab onto people around me, but I couldn't see. I had gone completely blind and the giant baby had disappeared.

Somehow, through the chaos, muscle memory kicked in and I remembered how the club was laid out. I felt my way toward the toilets, then stumbled out of the front door into the car park. The moment I hit the night air, I could breathe again and slowly, my vision started to return - fuzzy at first, but coming back.

I can't recall what happened after that, but it did fade, and I probably went back to dancing.

And honestly, I can't explain what happened that night, but I know this - God wastes nothing. It got me thinking that, maybe all the way back then, I had a glimpse of what was to come: that one day, I would be washed clean, the blindness stripped away and the blinkers removed - returning to my true, pure, holy nature in God. Not that I knew it at the time!

Chapter 13: A New Low Disguised as Love and Light

Now, fast forward to adulthood - between 2011 and 2013 - when I began noticing healing and spiritual quotes and images on social media that seemed uplifting - I was drawn in.

I started resharing them, intrigued by the idea of emotional and spiritual healing. It was all new to me! At this point, it seemed light and attractive - nothing dark at all - it was opening something within me. I was intrigued by the talk of healing and transformation, that I ended up putting those in the healing arts on a pedestal like they had some magical, mystical power. And soon, it was something I was going to start aspiring to, without realising the pitfalls that were associated with it.

By 2016, I had two young children and had spent 11 years in a stable bank job when I was invited to join a start-up recruitment company. After handing in my resignation, I quickly realised this wasn't my new path after all - it was only the nudge I needed to break free from comfort and take a leap of faith.

I ended up declining the role and instead, accepted a fixed-term contract role to cover someone's maternity leave at a well-known financial institution. It offered flexibility and some travel, and felt like a fresh start without having to commit to a permanent role.

With travel coming up in my new role - especially inter-island flights, which can be notoriously bumpy - I began to notice an increasing fear of flying. Having young children seemed to intensify it and a part of me felt powerless as a mother, torn between wanting to protect them, yet trusting that our safety was ultimately in the hands of the captain and crew. Still, that deep need to control everything connected to safety and security became impossible to ignore so I decided to try hypnotherapy to face the fear head-on.

This was my first experience with hypnotherapy, and not really knowing what to expect - other than what I'd seen on TV or read about - I decided to book a session.

My first encounter happened to be with a male therapist and we spent some time talking beforehand. I recall that, at the time, I didn't feel completely at ease - something about the interaction and his mannerisms felt slightly off to me and there was a "charm" that came across as slick and didn't seem to fit with what I expected of a therapist.

Looking back, I can see that I didn't fully trust him, but I proceeded to go ahead instead of trusting my inner nudge.

As we discussed the issues I wanted to work on, he came over, knelt down and said, "What I'll do is press here on your knee - this will encourage you to forget, like a trigger point". He also encouraged me to press that same point whenever I wanted to "remember to forget".

However, the strange thing is, after that moment, the next thing I recall is opening my eyes and seeing him kneeling in front of me - but I had no memory of what happened in between. I felt strange - as if I'd been somewhere else in a dream, but now I was back in the room, looking at this man kneeling in front of me, not remembering anything that had happened.

It didn't feel right to me and looking back now, it does raise some alarm bells - not because I'm suggesting anything happened, but because, in truth, you'd never really know.

To hand over your mind so completely in that kind of setting, with just you and another person present, a man, can be vulnerable. If someone's intentions aren't pure, that dynamic could easily be misused or exploited.

It's a reminder of how important safety and trust are in any healing space.

I guess I picked up on that safety aspect because, not long after, a friend mentioned that the man was known for being involved in polyamorous relationships, which, while not inherently wrong, made me realise how crucial it is for practitioners to have clear professional and energetic boundaries. It reinforced what my intuition had been trying to tell me all along - that something about that space didn't feel kosher. To this day, it remains the only time I've ever completely lost memory during a session.

Needless to say, after that experience, I tended to seek out female practitioners, which included my next exploration into the New Age. This is when I tried Reiki 'hands-on healing' for the first time, hoping it would help me cleanse and prepare myself energetically for my new job.

I didn't know what to expect. As I lay on the bed, not yet attuned to spiritual energies, the practitioner started to move her hands around and above my body. That's when, unexpectedly, I began to see and feel swirling lights around me. It felt psychedelic, like something out of the 1960s.

The session ended and I stood up and walked outside, expecting to leave feeling elevated and fantastic. But instead, I left feeling disconnected, dizzy and completely out of it. I felt so strange walking down the street to my car, as if I was drunk.

This didn't feel right at all.

Shortly after, I traveled to London to meet my UK boss and despite having known her before when she worked at the same company as me, I felt scared, ungrounded and off-kilter. I could barely look my new boss in the eye; I was acting awkwardly and just wanted to get back home. Even my vision felt off. Something wasn't right. I felt so strange, like part of my soul had left my body. What had I done?

Unbeknownst to me, I had unknowingly opened a spiritual door I was never meant to walk through.

Needing something to help me ground back into my body when I got back home to Guernsey, I decided to visit a female hypnotherapist. Her space was calm and inviting, with shelves lined with Colour Mirror bottles that shimmered like a healing wall. I remember how pretty it looked. She listened with such presence and I felt seen and understood.

I didn't experience signs of hypnosis - no deep trance, no memory loss, no drifting into sleep - but more a sense of calm. I left the session unsure of what, if anything, had shifted. But as I stepped outside and walked along the lane to my car, something unexpected happened. I felt amazing, open and alive. My shoulders were lighter and my spirit had lifted.

It was as if years of invisible burdens had shifted.

When I got home, I was flooded with gratitude. Someone had helped me feel better - truly better - after what felt like a lifetime of silent weight. But what I didn't realise then was that I had unknowingly opened another door. Not just to healing, but to something darker.

Something spiritual that I hadn't yet discerned...

The Open Door to Descent

Fast forward to a few weeks later, I was sitting up in bed one evening when my hands began to lift and swirl on their own. Energy pulsed through them as they traced arcs and waves in the air - it was mesmerising and totally new to me.

That same evening, coincidentally, a video popped up on YouTube and it was another hypnotherapist. I was captivated as they explained how the mind works and watched every second, thinking, Wow, I'd love to help people like that. And just as the video ended, an invitation to train in person came up.

I decided: If I could get the money, arrange childcare and get time off work, I would do the training. And when all three aligned, I took it as a sign. Off I went to my training course, convinced I'd found the golden ticket to transformation, able to help other people like that hypnotherapist had helped me.

I'll never forget the moment the hypnotherapy trainer first appeared, breezing through the room full of eager students. Their grand entrance brought a presence that was palpable - confident, magnetic and commanding. But beneath the surface, something in me pulled back. I felt an unseen heaviness and an authority that didn't feel right. It was like the air around them was charged, almost electric, but with a power that drew people and dominated the atmosphere.

I shrank back instinctively. It was the same fear I'd sensed before intuitively, though I didn't yet have words for it. I told myself I was just nervous or intimidated, but deep down, I knew something wasn't right. So much so that when the course ended, I was the only one who said no thanks to the award ceremony to receive a certificate. It wasn't my stage to go on. It wasn't my platform to receive the award. I didn't want to go up there and receive a certificate.

That old familiar "this isn't my world".

My intuition was steering me away from something I couldn't yet name - a spiritual transaction I wasn't meant to make or cement.

During the training, I remembered the guidance: "Lead them down the steps...take them deeper." All fueled by hypnotic suggestions that tell the client how they will feel and what to expect... Leading them with seductive words that you get them to acknowledge with a nod or by saying yes, to ensure they understand.

But I now know that God never leads us through manipulative words or by encouraging us to move downwards - down the steps - away from His light. He doesn't invite us into darkness or disconnection, or ask us to hand over authority to another voice that can enter and influence the deepest parts of our mind.

His call is always upward - to rise not descend. Not to offer rapid overnight therapy - He walks with us, He takes his time, He restores us - never does He rush us.

It's a classic trick of the enemy to lure people away from God through the language of healing that sounds comforting or spiritual but shifts them away from the true Light, even if the therapist's intention is to be helpful, supportive and meant with innocence. It's what is behind the practice, and the doors it can open, that has the ability to be harmful.

When I left the course, I got a taxi to the train station and somehow ended up in the same train carriage as another woman from the course. The fact that we had travelled separately to the train station - different routes, different timing - yet still ended up on the same train, in the same carriage, felt like more than coincidence. It was a divine alignment. A Sliding Doors moment in real time.

We spent the journey to the airport together, decompressing, reflecting and sharing what had happened. She, too, sensed the exact same things as me! Afterwards, we stayed in touch and called it our Sliding Doors moment - just like the movie.

You see, it really does matter which doors you choose to walk through. Every choice isn't just circumstantial - it's spiritual. You're not just changing direction; you're making agreements and covenants. You're choosing delay or destiny. You're choosing up or you're choosing down. And those decisions and choices shape your path more than you realise - for better or worse.

Not knowing this, I returned home ready to get started with my hypnotherapy business, convinced that it could resolve any issue.

At the time, I genuinely enjoyed helping clients - nail biting, smoking, weight loss, sports performance, you name it. But as the months went by, I began to notice something: after each session, I felt unusually tired... almost emptied out. At first, I didn't connect the dots - I didn't realise that what I thought was "helping" was slowly draining my life force.

I kept pushing forward, assuming exhaustion was just part of the job, but even in my blindness, I wasn't unprotected. I was somehow protected - even without an active prayer life.

You see, even with the best intentions and the purest desire to help others, no hypnotherapist - or any human method - can renew the mind, because that's God's domain. Only the Holy Spirit can truly transform and set a person free. And while hypnotherapy may promise quick fixes and instant breakthroughs, true renewal takes time. What I thought was healing was, in fact, a counterfeit to the Holy Spirit and a distraction that drew me further from the One who had already paid the price for my freedom.

Important Note: And I hereby sincerely repent for every person I ever led through hypnosis, unaware of what I was participating in. I bless your onward journey with God - may His truth, peace, and presence guide you into freedom and complete restoration.

I didn't know it then, but thank God, He was already present, shielding me and my family, keeping us from going too far down a path that was never meant for us. I thought I was the one in control, but He was, and this is what happened...

Chapter 14: 40 Laps Around the Sun

A few months later, I showed my three year old daughter a picture of a cherub that I had used for a Facebook post and she said: “That’s what I see when I close my eyes - angels - lots of them”. I was surprised and asked her, “And what are they doing?” She smiled and said, “They’re helping us, Mummy.”

Coincidentally, it was now time to plan for my 40th birthday, and we arranged a family trip to London. Excitedly, I went online to look at different sights and was drawn to the London Eye. I found their website and after browsing the packages, tried to add tickets to my basket but no matter how hard I looked, I couldn’t find the basket icon. I searched the page over and over, confused. The basket was nowhere to be found.

The next day, I tried again - still nothing. I may have checked other sites, but we wanted to book directly, so in the end, we gave up and decided to just go on the day and pay on arrival.

On my big day, we went for brunch at a fancy restaurant I’d been wanting to try - I can’t remember the name of the restaurant we chose, but it was somewhere in Kensington. When we got there, it was lively, with acoustics that amplified every sound and heightened the noise levels - and as we ate, my daughter started to become overwhelmed, grumpy and emotional.

She whined so much that we had to cut our plans short and return to the apartment so she could have a nap, hoping we might fit in the London Eye excursion later.

But no, she decided to have a very deep and restful sleep to catch up on some zzzz’s and by the time she had woken up, it was time to meet my friend in Marylebone for dinner. After getting off the train, we headed to the pub where we were meeting her and her son - next to the restaurant where we had dinner plans. But as we walked in, the atmosphere felt strange - heavy and sombre. People were looking up at the TV screens.

“What happened?” we asked.

As we watched the live news, we soon learned that a man had driven over Tower Bridge, purposely mowing down numerous people and killing 17. This was devastating news - I couldn't believe it. How could somebody do that to other human beings and take lives so casually. My stomach sank.

And then I remembered! We had planned to be walking in that very spot at that time.

Then it hit me - my daughter had been right. The angels were helping us. They must have even stopped us from buying tickets! We had been steered away from the London Eye so we weren't on the bridge at that time.

Wow.

Just like the bible says in Psalm 91:11 (NIV): **“For he will command his angels concerning you to guard you in all your ways.”**

I'll never know why God was protecting us, even without a prayer life, but God knows.

Chapter 15: The End and the Beginning: The Audible Voice

After that trip, things started to become unsettled at home and my consciousness fragmented from the overwork of hypnotherapy sessions, work, parenting and life. I felt as though my mind had split. I couldn't tell what was real and what was imagined.

I began receiving visions - images of things people were supposedly doing to me. Healers were telling me that terrible things were going on behind my back and I believed in things I couldn't see yet could sense. I didn't know who I could trust, and I couldn't tell if it was intuition or projection because I felt so ungrounded. It seemed like I was losing touch with reality - and with myself.

It was worrying because, a handful of times during my adult life, I'd experienced a splintering of consciousness - where I was no longer present in my body, but fractured, in absolute fear, unable to think or focus, as if I was on the edge of losing my mind. Almost like a sense of schizophrenia, which is typical of The Leaving Pattern.

Because I didn't have any boundaries or protection - and didn't feel safe - it was like the recesses of my mind were playing out my deepest fears all around me. I didn't know what was true and what was imagined. I now know this to be demonic torment due to trauma and unaddressed brain health issues.

Except, it was happening more etherically and in what I was sensing, than anything that was based on actual evidence that I could see physically. Still, I didn't like what I was picking up on, or what I believed was happening behind the scenes.

You see, when you're fragmented, you're not truly embodied. One part of you stays connected to the spirit world - good or bad - and the other remains here, half-present in the world. You become a mash-up of everyone and everything you've absorbed, like a sponge with no filter.

That's especially dangerous when you're working with people using spiritual techniques and unknowingly opening spiritual doors you can't see.

I didn't realise how much I was dragging around until one afternoon during my son's 7th birthday. The house was full of people, music, laughter and noise, and then something unusual happened. It was bright afternoon sunshine, and as I walked through the sunroom toward the kitchen, surrounded by people, I suddenly heard a voice.

It wasn't external exactly, but it was clear, mechanical and direct - like an announcement inside my mind but very audible. Almost like an instruction.

It said: "You don't have to feel anything that isn't yours to feel."

It wasn't warm or emotional, but it was precise, matter-of-fact and very direct. And as soon as I heard it, I thought "Oh wow, that's a good idea", as if it was a sudden awakening to something helpful.

Instantly, it was as if heavy armour dropped off me. A whoosh. My body felt light and free. My energy lifted and as I walked into the kitchen, I started acting playfully, dancing around. My sister looked at me and said, "You seem like you again."

I hadn't realised until that moment how weighed down I'd been.

In that moment, I had experienced deliverance. This was before I even had a relationship with God, but He was there. He was calling me home, delivering me from oppression, freeing me, but it wasn't going to be pretty.

And this was the very start.

Many years later, he confirmed that it was indeed Him who called me out of that place, into the life He wanted for me, not the one I had created from a sinful nature. That the birth of my daughter in 2014 would be the exit door to leaving that life and home, three and a half years later.

In hindsight, I see that God used that moment to begin peeling away layers I'd been carrying - burdens that weren't mine. He was rescuing me from a dark path and a selfish, sin based life and way of living.

Something in me knew: the cycle I was in had ended and I couldn't stay in that environment any more. To everyone else, it looked wild - leaving the man I'd had children with, our house and the life we had.

But God saw all. He knew more than I did and was beginning a deep course correction in my life, one that would take years to fully understand.

A few days later, I'd sit outside each evening, feeling drawn to the night sky where I'd watch two bright stars side by side - so close they almost looked like twin stars. Then one night, they suddenly merged into one. I blinked and started rubbing my eyes in disbelief, like they do in the cartoons, but it stayed that way - one star.

Then a song I've never heard before showed up on my playlist with the words:

I'm not happy, I'm leaving tomorrow. You know I've done all I can...

The next day, my partner asked, "Are we over?" and before my mind could respond, the word **yes** came out of my mouth - clear and final. And that was it.

At the time, I saw the stars 'event' as symbolic. But I now know: "And when you look up to the sky **and see the sun, the moon and the stars...** do not be enticed into bowing down to them." - Deuteronomy 4:19

Stars are not meant to guide us, but God can. Because He was showing me that I had to leave. And He was showing me the way out, so I could bear it.

I knew I couldn't stay, but I didn't know why. Not fully. It was more what I was sensing, but couldn't see or prove at the time.

It would take nine more months and a lot of angst before me and the children moved to our new place. During that time, whilst I had been shown the way out by God, my "bedside manner" wasn't exactly graceful. The way I dealt with it was deeply ungrounded, because I had a lot of unresolved trauma around abandonment and rejection and I ran.

I just would run out the house to get away. I didn't feel safe in dealing with those emotions or being in the house, so I escaped, drank them away and avoided introspection. I just wasn't equipped, despite following numerous so-called healing paths.

Without properly processing the end of my family unit or allowing myself the time to grieve and heal, I decided to move on with someone new. Looking back, I can see that it was more of a cover-up than true healing because beneath the surface, my nervous system was fragile and I was carrying wounds I hadn't yet faced. I wasn't ready to be a good partner to someone.

Knowing what I know now, I do believe that God had brought someone into my life at that time to protect me, support me and walk alongside me through that difficult season. But years later, I got the insight that he had betrayed both me and the role of protector he was meant to fulfil. In the end, his actions became treacherous.

I don't believe he consciously set out to harm me or that he even knew what happened. Rather, I believe the enemy found an opportunity to work through his unhealed places, planting subtle seeds that gradually diminished parts of who I was. It wasn't immediate, but over time, I felt my light becoming dimmer and my energy draining away.

Years later, I was shown that the effects of that relationship would last a number of years, affecting my body. Not because God wasn't helping me - He has been with me every step of the way - but because He is just.

Sometimes the consequences of our choices and those of others have to run their course before they come to an end.

For me, that was the cost of an unholy relationship. The cost of choosing to fornicate instead of waiting on God's timing. It didn't bring the love, healing or security I thought it would. Instead, it brought delay and destruction - and kept me from growing in the ways God had intended.

This is the destructive nature of what some refer to as a form of "sex magic" - a spiritual dynamic that steals, weakens and drains a person's life force rather than bringing love, life or honour. It's what immature souls do to one another under the influence of harmful spirits.

As a result, the damage my body had taken on wasn't something that disappeared overnight. It could only heal over time, organically, as my body processed and released everything it had been holding onto.

I'm not writing this from a place of judgement. I'm writing it because I know the cost, and I don't want anyone else to pay it. If my story can be a warning to someone else, then it's worth telling. What seems like a small compromise today can affect years of your life tomorrow.

Lucky Cat!

However, before then, for most of my adult life, I had always landed on my feet.

I recall the children's father once saying that I was like a cat with nine lives because no matter what happened, I'd always come up smelling of roses. I think I just had a naturally aligned attitude that I didn't really realise, because it was natural to me to align with the rhythm of blessings. In my 20's and 30's, life flowed, money showed up out of nowhere and opportunities found me.

It was like that movie Just My Luck with Lindsay Lohan - riding the waves, lucky, with things going well.

But when the family unit ended, it felt like that lucky streak snapped. That's when I went deeper into spirituality as a way to heal, but I somehow felt suddenly cursed, my finances collapsed and I sank deeper into debt, making bad choice after bad choice.

Eventually, I ended up in court due to an unpaid loan after slipping and hitting the back of my head. My brain didn't seem to function like it used to and I lay around for so long that I had to cut matted knots out of my own hair. My mind convinced me that living with limited financial means would be easier and I actually became a real-life loser.

But you know, when you have a great fall, this is when you're humbled...your ego can be released...and you can rise again.

What I also didn't realise - until God showed me at the end of the term - is that some choices I had made earlier in my 30's had also put me in bondage, where I was due punishment for my actions. Because God is a righteous Judge and fair is fair, He had to decide upon punishment for me. I wouldn't be able to escape it.

The reason was due to my actions from my first marriage between 2005-2007 which had also opened doors that kept me bound and stuck in a 15-year cycle of complexity, 'spiritual glue', wrong relationships and closed doors. And God didn't free me from that cycle because I owed Him time for it - my own free will had put me there.

Let that be a lesson kids! Save yourself 15 years. Don't have an affair, even if it is to escape a difficult marriage. God's punishment is righteous and just and there is no avoiding it.

It wasn't until Jesus helped me work through what I'd been carrying that things really started to shift - even financially. Because, you know, unforgiveness and the wrong relationships and choices can keep you in lack. For real.

Still, you have to check your circle. You have to mind who you hang out with - and who you allow access to your mind and body.

The deeper I went into the spiritual methods, the more I noticed men who carried jealousy, patriarchy and inequality in their energy. It's like they didn't want women to do better or have more - it made them feel less, though they'd never say it. I could sense deep-rooted societal beliefs in them: that the man should have more, should lead, should win, but from domination not God-centred leadership. I felt pushed into competition. It was a strange, revealing time.

Chapter 16: The Way and The Twin Flame Saga

That break-up had re-triggered the original feelings I had buried of shame, abandonment and rejection and I failed to process and grieve the ending, which left a gaping hole.

In my desire to feel loved and avoid the inner work, I discovered the Twin Flame movement - like the emptiness was calling out to the universe to fill my wound. Very quickly, I got caught up in the trap and belief that I had a 'divine counterpart' somewhere in the world who was my perfect match, my mirror image - someone who would complete me.

Little did I realise this concept had been adopted by the New Age and turned into a 'hamster wheel', which keeps you stuck in destructive relationships - attracting dysfunctional people you 'tolerate' because you think it's "part of the process" to help them heal and raise their consciousness and "vibration", and vice versa.

It dangled the carrot that, at the end of all the pain between you, you'd finally experience blissful love with them.

What's twisted is that the whole Twin Flame deception uses your natural desire to be loved against you. It convinces you that romantic love is the ultimate fulfillment, placing an idealisation in human form at the centre of your world instead of God. This is known as idolatry and it's sinful in God's eyes, yet the enemy hides this truth, because if you knew, you wouldn't fall for the trap. He wants you chasing a false utopia where you're blind to the real source of love and life which is Jesus.

In my vulnerable state, I listened to psychics who told me I had a "twin ray soul" and that we were meant to be together. Astrologers said someone's "relationship line" was in my North Node, calling it destiny. But I later learned that destiny isn't always divine and good!

For some years, I took what those psychics said as gospel truth and ended up staying too long, in the hope that things would work out. But it was a trauma bond. A soul tie.

Feeling unsure and uncertain, I ended up watching tarot readings on YouTube for their wisdom instead of turning to the truth, twisting their messages to fit my life, just to feel safe and reassured. I stayed with people who were never healthy or God-ordained. Relationships where we brought out the worst in each other.

It took a very long time to cleanse that energy from my body - now, that was a blessing blocker! Big time!

But all along, what I truly needed was God - and to trust that He would bring the right person into my life when I became the right person within myself.

Chapter 17: Discovering You're an Alien

Because I was feeling highly vulnerable, the day my ex partner moved out, I turned to smoking cigarettes. I can't remember the last time I had smoked - I think 5 or 6 years prior, but I started again in earnest. Just like that!

I believe that the feeling of abandonment - and turning to cigarettes to numb the heartbreak and grief - opened a spiritual door. It may have seemed like a small act, just a way of coping or delaying pain, but spiritually, it signalled something deeper. Because almost immediately after lighting that cigarette, someone from my past reappeared in my life and introduced me to a concept I'd never heard of before: *Starseeds*.

At the time, it felt like comfort - like destined connection. It seemed like a lightbulb moment that felt so right and seemed to explain why I felt the way I did. But looking back, I see it for what it was: a moment of spiritual vulnerability that invited influence. Another crossroads moment.

Except, I wasn't soothing pain, I was unknowingly opening myself to deception. And what entered wasn't just a person or a new idea, it was a belief system that sounded like light, but wasn't based in God's truth.

If you haven't heard of Starseeds, it's the idea that you have come to Earth from another planet, which is your true home. You have supposedly been travelling to Earth over many lifetimes, living full past lives on different planets as you worked your way here, descending gradually to acclimatise to Earth's dense frequency. And you have done this because you answered humanity's call for help, volunteering to come to Earth to help humanity ascend and become a crystalline planet. I know - it sounds bonkers now that I've written it down.

But this is not the story of the Father of our Souls.

I was told that I had a Galactic heritage, that I came from a planet called Andromeda which is known to be super high frequency and a very happy place, and the reason for my challenges in this life is because my soul remembered that it came from such a joyful planet, and found Earth to be very dense and challenging.

I was told that I had pre-agreed a contract before I got here, so I could go through the darkness and end cycles, and then when I had completed my ‘mission’, I could go back home again.

I was fascinated by this theory - it all sounded so true, and it felt true. This must be what I need so I can heal, right?! And in typical fashion, off I went, spending hundreds of pounds on readings about my Starseed heritage, eager to understand more about myself. Spending hours on the internet learning about my new identity. I was so drawn in, believing every concept.

I had several sessions with a lovely woman in the United States who said she had “awakened” to the whole truth of the universe one day, with sudden knowledge of the full galactic heritage and history of the entire universe.

I genuinely liked her - she was kind, warm, gentle and sincere. And I don't believe that she, as a person, was intentionally deceptive, but what I've since learned is that when we access knowledge that doesn't come from the Holy Spirit, no matter how loving or enlightened it seems, it becomes a counterfeit light - and that's where deception begins.

That's where you can be misled and misinformed by spirits that are not holy.

But still, I continued to be led and blinded by galactic starseed readings instead of the Holy Spirit - finally feeling like I'd found my “place” among my so-called galactic family.

As I dug deeper, I was told that I had spent a life in the Pleiades - a peaceful planet designed to help me learn to adjust to Earth's density. Another reading explained that I was good at "building" new systems and structures because I was also part 'Arcturian' - and apparently, they're 'known' for that sort of thing. Well, that resonated with me, because I am good in that area and this is part of the problem is that some of it rings true and when you have an identity issue, those half-truths like to fill it...

But I now know that my true identity only comes through Jesus. He's the only one who can restore us and bring us home on the inside.

However, nothing of what I believed about myself had anything to do with being like Jesus, or with what God actually said about me.

As I look back now, I see that it was all spiritual fluff that had me hooked - the kind that sounds deep, true and real but keeps you floating up in the clouds: ungrounded, untethered and far from reality. Yet, the problem is that you believe it so deeply that you begin telling others about it, and it's so compelling that they immediately believe it's true when you explain it to them. It's the ultimate clickbait of all the spiritual systems out there.

The truth is that God reminds humanity we are not meant to manage, interpret or control the heavens.

"Can you bind the chains of the Pleiades? Can you loosen Orion's belt?" (Job 38:31)

No, Lord - I cannot. Yet for a time, I believed that I could.

I remain humble before the mysteries of existence.

"The heavens declare the glory of God; the skies proclaim the work of His hands." (Psalm 19:1)

His hands. Not mine. And nowhere does He call us "starseeds." He calls us His children, His Beloved, His Daughter, His Son.

Do you see how false light twists identity into something that it's not...?

Counterfeit Guidance

This is what the New Age and spirituality does - it invites you to believe in anything but your Creator - believing starseed origins, animal spirits, guardian angels and signs from the universe to be your guiding light. It teaches you to search for meaning in numbers, feathers and so-called spirit guides - to look everywhere but to the voice of God.

But as Believers, we don't have to decode the universe or trace some galactic "heritage". Instead, we're invited into a living relationship with the Creator of the universe, which is the Holy Spirit - not spirit animals, planets, portals, feathers or angels. God's Word is our compass - not repeating numbers, goddesses, planets or coincidences.

We don't chase the 'out there', we follow Jesus. But I didn't know that yet...

Now, there is a problem within the New Age, because it encourages you to build riches. But the reason many people can be successful while manifesting, mixing and matching New Age and spiritual techniques, is that they may unknowingly be in partnership with the enemy. I'm not saying this is always the case, but it is possible to come into agreement with his ways.

He remains hidden - content that people believe the power is their own - so he has no reason to expose himself. But the moment you declare Jesus as your Lord and Saviour, the veil lifts, and you begin to see who you have truly been walking with.

I wish people understood the seriousness of their choices - and what's at stake eternally. New Age and spirituality feels good, healthy, helpful, nice... but that doesn't make it holy. Holiness is the entry point to heaven. Holiness is right standing. It's relationship. And it's living the purpose God created you for - not "doing you" or "living your best life".

That's the illusion. The massive con.

Ask God to remove the blinkers from your eyes and unblock your ears. Ask Him to reveal truth, deception and where you've chosen your own ways. Ask if sin, ancestral covenants or self-will have blinded you. Ask if you're in a cycle. Pray for wisdom, discernment, truth and revelation.

Because the moment you see clearly, you'll realise that what looked like freedom was actually bondage, and what felt like power was really deception. Only Jesus saves. Only His light is true.

Chapter 18: The Nervous System Dysregulation I Didn't Recognise

When the family home was sold, I moved into a rental in the town area and instead of a new lease of life, I found myself needing to lie down several times a day from sheer exhaustion. The only thing that energised me was a glass of wine. Sadly, I didn't understand what was happening - unaware that my nervous system was in overdrive, I was in burnout, and my body was desperately trying to protect me.

Determined to feel better, I looked into different healing modalities and came across a South American plant medicine called Ayahuasca. It was well known for taking people into their subconscious mind to deal with their presenting issue.

I had heard a lot about it, and to me, it seemed like the ultimate in healing circles. I was a little apprehensive but felt the call to go. People often dismiss it as a drug, as if the goal is to get high, but that wasn't my intention and that wasn't my experience. I wanted to access my "consciousness", to explore and understand things more deeply and heal myself.

On my way to Majorca, I decided to stop in London for a Quantum Healing Hypnosis (QHHT) session, founded by a well-known hypnotherapist called Dolores Cannon. The idea is that you get regressed to past lives to heal your current one. During the four-hour session, I had visions of a past life where I was in a relationship with a man I adored, but in that life, the "elders" wouldn't allow us to be together.

And yet, there we were in my vision - holding hands, skipping along, completely happy. We were giddy with happiness. He even wore a top hat.

Because I trusted every spiritual path and insight without question, I decided this vision was showing me a past life with my current partner, and took it to mean that we were returning to one another in this life - like star crossed lovers - destined to be together again, so we could get it right in this life... This is how an unstable mind works outside of Christ. You'll believe anything! Even when you gaslight yourself.

But that thought ended up enabling me to stay far longer than I should have, caught in a cycle of going back and forth instead of recognising that the vision wasn't real and that this person simply wasn't my match. He was just a route out that God had given me so I could bear things, and I am grateful for that.

Looking back, I can see that I was conning myself - convincing myself to ignore what was actually true - and it kept me (and him) stuck for far longer than necessary. This is why forgiveness is so important: for the things that happen to us, and the things we do to others, when we are traumatised and mentally unstable.

Chapter 19: The Crossroads on Witch Mountain

That summer of 2018, I traveled alone to the island of Majorca in Spain to participate in a five-night Ayahuasca retreat on Witch Mountain - how apt and new age the name seems now. The retreat was well-organised, serene on the surface, and we followed a strict preparation: two small meals a day to prepare ourselves for the plant medicine.

Even the Shaman was called “Pitt” - a name that now seems symbolic, not realising this metaphor for the devil’s pit: a place of separation from God.

Looking back, I see it clearly - this was another sliding doors / crossroads moment. A divine opportunity for God to save me from the pit, like he had done so many times. A place where I would be asked again: *Which way will you go?*

That’s why the ceremonies weren’t just a spiritual experience - in some way, it was a confrontation. A moment where heaven and hell were side by side, I guess, and I had to choose.

At first, I didn’t even question the Irish man, Brian, who was attending his 20th ceremony. But after, something in me started to wonder: If Ayahuasca is supposed to bring deep healing and cleansing... what was he still coming back for? If Ayahuasca is so powerful, why 20 sessions? Especially this time - when he’d brought his sixteen-year-old twins with him to participate in the ceremonies.

Crazy.

But I know now that people do abuse seemingly sacred things. More on that later...

One afternoon around 4 pm, feeling a little jaded after a long night in the ceremony, I decided to lie down in a hammock strung between two trees and carried on reading the Delores Cannon book about aliens, abductions and lost time. She even spoke about hypnotising people back to the past-lives they 'seemingly' had with Jesus.

Looking back, I can see how I was mixing things that should never mix. Hypnosis, past-life regression and books about aliens - all worlds apart from the core truth of Jesus.

“See to it that no one takes you captive through hollow and deceptive philosophy, which depends on human tradition and the elemental spiritual forces of this world rather than on Christ.” - Colossians 2:8

As I drifted into a half-sleep in the hammock, I remember being in between waking and dreaming, then became aware of a small silver craft above me. It was then that my body began to lift out of the hammock, rising into the sky until I found myself inside the vessel.

Bizarre!

There, a grey alien stood next to me and placed me on what resembled an operating table. He then took out a slender instrument and inserted it into my right ear, then began to pull.

‘Urgh’, I remember saying that word distinctly!

I recoiled, feeling a shudder from this thing being pulled out of me, whatever it was! Then I woke up, back in the warm, sunny hammock.

To suddenly have the same experience I was reading about in Delores' book - coincidence? I think not... But thinking little of it beyond a possible vision from the effects of the plant medicine, I returned home and arranged a remote healing session with Dr. Terence Palmer, well known in spiritual circles for his soul-based work.

Afterward, he sent me a voice recording of the session. In it, he described parasitic energies beneath my feet that were supposedly siphoning my vitality and energy. He also claimed to have discovered ancient control devices lodged in my crown and throat - which he 'removed' during the session - but he curiously noted that the one in my right ear was missing. (The same ear the alien had been working on.)

Dr Palmer was perplexed, explaining that these devices are always seen in threes. At the time, I truly believed that detail seemed to confirm my alien encounter, because the third control device from my right ear was missing - or so I thought.

“But I am afraid that just as the serpent deceived Eve by his cunning, your minds may be led astray from the simplicity and purity that is in Christ.” - 2 Corinthians 11:3

Little did I know, the Holy Spirit had already begun his work...because I had already made my choice to change and leave behind the old. And this is what happened next...

I Choose You!

The night before, I had fallen asleep on my yoga mat during the ceremony when I felt a tap on the centre of my forehead. Tap. Tap. Tap. Insistent.

I opened my eyes, and there before me stood a vine-like creature with a pretty face - its face ancient and knowing. It was who they called “Mother Aya”.

Without words, she gave me a vision - toward the space near the yurt's exit, a direction I'd describe as “my one o'clock.” Instantly, a memory surfaced: Marbella, Spain, 2011. I was there with a friend, laughing about a place called *News Café*, where a man had once told us to meet him there at “about one.” We'd met a pilot in uniform who we called *the Captain*, and the phrase became our inside joke.

Whenever someone asked the time, we'd grin and say, “about one.”

I had no idea how prophetic those words would be. Because here I was, years later, standing at my true *one o'clock* - my divine appointment. Not with a stranger this time, but with the One who brings good news. My Captain. The One who sails the vessel of my life home.

The symbolism wasn't lost on me. This was more than nostalgia - it felt like a marker in my story - a reminder that God was threading meaning through my life all along. And now, at last, I could start to see how the pieces fit.

"Pieces" - that word caught me, because it was the name of a bar we had spent years drinking in on Fountain Street. And we know our Father is the God of overflow - the eternal Fountain. Yet He often shares His wisdom with us in pieces: revealing what we need, when we need it, allowing understanding to unfold layer by layer. He is the Lord of not just enough, but of never-ending, abundantly more.

And there across the yurt, at my one o'clock, I saw a merry-go-round glowing and moving around, lit up with music playing. From afar, it seemed fun and enticing, the music pumping, drawing me in. But as I drew closer, the illusion changed and I noticed that the lights were dirty and grimy, the lights were dulled and the machinery was making a distorted sound as it moved around, making creaking and warped noises. And at the very top of the carousel was the face of my boyfriend at the time - frozen.

In that moment, I realised that Mother Aya was showing me the truth: that what glitters is not always gold. That the nightlife scene I had been loving - believing it to be vibrant and alive - was in fact a trap - a cycle of deception designed to pull me in and keep me spinning. That my boyfriend was part of the round and round, repeating cycles, part of the enticement.

Then she looked at me and said, "Choose", gesturing between herself and the carousel. (Funnily enough, also the name of a shop I used to work in on Saturdays when I was 13. Go figure.)

Without hesitation, I knew what to do! "I choose you," I said.

And just like that, she was gone - and so was the carousel, along with my boyfriend's face.

When the retreat ended, I still remember the song that played in the taxi on my way to the airport: "It must have been love, but it's over now", but it wasn't - because I let it drag on for another 4 years after that. Sigh.

Still, I like to think that even the Holy Spirit can show up in subtle ways - even in the middle of a new age plant ceremony. Because He always meets us where we're at. Although Jesus doesn't endorse a setting, He can intervene to rescue.

I'm not saying that my experience was the Holy Spirit, but that in choosing the vine and making a choice, it was a crossroads moment - that I was somehow spiritually choosing to follow Him at some point on that path, not the serpent of illusion, but the true vine of life. No matter how long it took to realise that.

Reframing My Vision

Still, I enjoyed the camaraderie and the bonds formed with the other retreat participants. As you can imagine, they had colourful backgrounds and great stories to share.

I don't think it was during one of the ceremonies, but at one point, I had a sense of a seeming past life with one of my fellow participants. His name was Tim and there was a sense that we had known each other before, in another time or place.

In the vision we were in a two-person space craft, trying to dock at a station but realised we had been misled and couldn't safely land. I remember feeling devastated as we were drawn in, thinking we were safe, only to realise it was deception.

Looking back now, I see how strongly I interpreted those experiences through a warped belief system, but I now understand this as ungrounded impressions rather than reliable truth. I've also become more cautious about treating visions or 'downloads' as factual just because they feel meaningful or intense.

My Christian faith has helped me simplify how I approach spiritual experiences, focusing on discernment and trust in what I believe is truth, rather than personal impressions.

No More Sweet Lies

After I got back home, my relationship with alcohol shifted suddenly, and thankfully! No longer could I stomach the white wine - the Sauvignon Blanc - I had loved for so many years. A drink I used to excuse having because "I'm a happy drunk." It made me feel lively, excited, free and giddy. Or so I believed... But now, even the smell turned my stomach. For that, I was grateful.

But sadly, there was still a void to fill so I switched to red wine instead, convincing myself it was more "sophisticated" and healthy - and that you only ever want a little. Yet somehow, I could still finish the whole bottle in one go. Hmmm.

Still, with my new job and my new fancy wine, it was time to let go of that temporary house I had moved into after the breakup. In 2019, I moved again - this time to a place that felt more settled and secure. Here, things began to shift once more. Now, I only wanted to drink beer and lager. It might seem like a small thing, but I'd never liked those drinks before, yet somehow, they felt grounding - or at least that's what I told myself.

Looking back, I see it differently. I was in a slow process of release - a gentle weaning. God knew exactly what He was doing. And I would let go of that crutch when the time was right...

Exactly five years later.

Chapter 20: Ayahuasca Round Two!

Later that year, I returned to Ayahuasca - this time invited by someone I'd met at the 2018 retreat in Majorca who felt like a brother. However, I hadn't been gifted the art of discernment at this point and would take things on face value. I thought that he seemed genuine and we got along well.

Since last seeing him in Majorca, he had begun training as a shaman so he could host his own plant medicine ceremonies, but I didn't question it. I trusted him. After all, it was "healing" and "spiritual" and people in healing and spiritual spaces are safe, right?

Or so I thought...

When I told a friend at work about the retreat in Germany, she was genuinely excited. "Wow, I've always wanted to do that!" she said. After telling her about my past spiritual experiences and what Ayahuasca medicine was like, she was completely up for it. "I've heard about this", she said, "And I honestly feel so drawn to do it, Tam!".

So I invited her along, and off we went to Berlin, both of us eager for a new adventure.

When the dates of 11/11 and 22/11 stood out, naively we both took it as confirmation that this was meant to be, sucked in by the dangling carrot of so-called angel numbers. We didn't realise then that what felt like angelic alignment or the universe showing us the way was actually one of the ways that the enemy lures innocent and naive people into traps. And this was one big trap!

Let me explain...

The shaman arranged for one of his friends - also attending the ceremony - to pick us up. She brought another friend with her to collect us and off we drove from Berlin airport - four women in an old beige retro campervan. Harmless, right?

But something felt off in their energy. Again, I dismissed it. Maybe I was overthinking. Perhaps I wasn't discerning properly. Finding the women a little strange and somewhat spacey, my friend kept giving me awkward glances.

That's when things got weird.

We drove for two hours which is long by my home standards, where 6 miles on my island is the whole stretch. As we went deeper into the forest, my friend turned to me and whispered urgently, "Look! That lake over there - I had a dream that we were tied with ropes and black sacks and dropped to the bottom of that lake."

Say, what?!

I put it down to nerves, but when we arrived, I stepped out of the van and felt a wave of depression - like sadness embedded in the buildings. I brushed it off and hugged my Ayahuasca brother, Luca, who seemed genuinely excited to see us, but my friend was uneasy.

I pulled my phone out of my bag - no signal. Double hmm.

The Retreat That Wasn't

As we looked around, it hit us - there were no other buildings in sight. Just the adjacent house belonging to the landowners, and then nothing but fields and hills. This was the most remote place I'd ever been...and no one even knew that we were here. Not even our phone signal.

Luca proudly showed us around. The ceremony room was beautiful, but the rest of the building was stark and unsettling. It had once been a boys' holiday camp in the 1960s, and the original bunk beds were still in place, so you can imagine what it looked and felt like, especially in November. With no heating or hot water outside of the ceremony room, the rest of it was cold, creepy and more like a concentration camp than the spa-like retreat we'd imagined.

When we first entered the ceremony room, one of the helpers - a girl - was hunched over a bucket, vomiting, yet wide eyed. As me and my friend looked at each other, Luca assured us that she'd taken too much of a type of plant medicine which we should have realised was a red flag.

This young lady was supposed to be a safe and trusted space for us, yet it felt like we'd walked into an after-party back in 1998. Something felt off.

As more people arrived, we began to settle in and were offered Rapé, a sacred Amazonian snuff made from medicinal plants which I'd never heard of. As we snuffed it from a pipe, we were told that it's used for grounding and cleansing, and that it also heightens awareness. Thank God, because it did just that. Our intuition kicked in.

As we sat listening to Luca, he announced that the ceremony would be conducted entirely in the dark.

Woah.

Now, that scared me, because not only was it pitch black and moonless at this place on this night, but I had experienced the lights going out for a short time in one of the ceremonies in Majorca and it felt, quite frankly, suffocating...

This seemed completely different to my ceremony experiences in Majorca where it was warm with starry nights under the Milky Way. It was also November, a month before Christmas, so the weather was hardly balmy. But this whole setting didn't seem right...or safe.

My friend looked at me, horrified: "I don't want to do it," she said. I tried to reassure her, explaining that it's normal to feel nervous.

After Luca finished his introductory talk, we returned to our dorm and I noticed that the top of my backpack had been loosened. As I checked inside, I looked in my purse and noticed that 50 Euros were missing. My friend checked her bag and she too had lost 50 Euros. Angry and confused, we went to find Luca. He was mid-conversation, but could sense something was wrong.

When we called him into the dorm and told him that someone had stolen from us, something in him shifted. I now recognise it as a demonic manifestation because he changed completely, just like that. Gone was the calm, spiritual guide of “love and light”, and in his place was someone angry, accusatory and manipulative. This is when the gaslighting started and the spirit unleashed - which went on for around half an hour as he stomped in and out of the room, like he’d lost all control.

“Tammy, you know me. How can you say these things? How can you do this to me? Embarrass me like this by refusing to take part?!”

Instead of siding with us and empathising with our money loss, he accused us of lying. Classic narcissistic gaslighting. He was annoyed that we didn’t want to take part, and that part didn’t add up. I couldn’t understand why he was so upset about it.

He kept dismissing my friend, brushing off her instincts and comments, because he knew her intuition had clocked him. More so than me, because I was only just learning to trust my intuition at this time.

Then he turned to me, trying to convince me that nothing was wrong - that we were overreacting and misunderstanding the “energy”. But we both felt it deep inside: something wasn’t right and we were afraid. We told him plainly - we wouldn’t be taking part. That was final.

He continued pacing, agitated and unhinged, seemingly in disbelief that we would not participate. I was confused - how could somebody ‘spiritual’ behave like this?

Then he summoned his four female helpers.

Enter The Deranged

They entered like they were under some strange spiritual submission - eyes wild, pleading with us on their knees to take part. They seemed deranged - out of it - like something had a hold of them. At this point, I was experiencing cognitive dissonance - led to believe that spirituality and plant medicine was “love and light” - not deceptive. And so my mind couldn’t compute how my beliefs were showing me the opposite right in front of me.

These women were insistent that we take part, assuring us it was all just a misunderstanding. In and out of the room they came, trying to persuade us that everything would be fine. They seemed desperate, and I couldn’t understand why they appeared so high and so unlike themselves, as if they weren’t fully at home behind their own eyes. It reminded me of being back at some party in our twenties, surrounded by people who had taken something and were no longer quite themselves.

But later, I understood. It wasn’t about the ceremony - and it wasn’t really *them* pushing so hard.

It was the spirit behind them.

It wanted our souls.

Urgh.

When they left the room, we started whispering to each other about what we could do to leave and get out of there, except it was dark and our phones didn’t work. My heart was beating so hard.

One of the organisers told us that we would be unable to leave that night, as there wouldn't be enough time to drive us to a train station as the ceremony would be starting. Genuinely fearing for our safety, we looked out the dorm window into the dark night, toward the landowners' house where the lights were on; children's toys and bikes outside. Surely they'd help us.

So we started making a plan to boldly go out there, walk up to the door and explain our situation. With young children, they would be safe, empathetic and understanding, right?

Wrong.

Unbelievably, at that very moment as we looked out the window of the dorm, the front door of the house opened and two adults ran outside wearing Friday the 13th hockey masks, chasing each other around the garden in the dark. My chest tightened. What IS going on?! Is this an actual joke? Could this get any worse?

What now?

All the while thinking...what if my children and family never see me again?! There's no way out, no phone signal, no safety, everyone has lost it, and nobody even knows that we are here in this place - let alone 2 hours outside of our original destination!

Except God.

Now let me take a breath and wind back a little so you know what happened next...

Before this trip, I had discovered the writings of Tosha Silver. Though her work leaned toward Eastern spirituality and is considered more New Age - she spoke of deities rather than the Holy Spirit - her message about surrendering everything back to God resonated with me.

And while I wasn't yet actively pursuing Jesus, I always had our Creator in mind when I prayed. Guided by her invitation to offer, surrender, and release, something in me was already beginning to turn. And thank God it was, because I believe those simple prayers - however imperfect - saved us.

It was here in Germany that my heart was starting to open to the idea of talking with the Father...of entrusting things to Him. I was beginning to learn that I could trust God, even before I had even opened a Bible as an adult.

I was coming into relationship with Him. And you don't need a bible for that.

As my friend and I sat in the main kitchen away from the weirdness of the ceremony room, I prayed whilst mice ran over the worktops, offering the situation to God.

Pray, let it go and trust Him.

If Tosha was right, He would show up.

And He did.

But first, a long night...

Our Saviour Arrives

The next morning, as the sun came up and light returned, I looked out the window and noticed mole holes scattered across the field. I'd never seen mole holes before. But something about them struck me. Moles live underground, blind in the dark, sensing their way through vibrations and instinct. They come up only when something shifts beneath them, and so this felt like a sign...what had been hidden was now exposed. And it's true! The darkness that we'd entered into had brought forth something spiritual.

God.

Around 9:30 a.m., just as we were trying to figure out how to leave, the door opened and a young man stepped in, full of light and peace. Finally, someone who genuinely did feel safe.

As we got talking in the kitchen, he told us that he'd just arrived for a morning Kambo ceremony, but after hearing our story and seeing how worried we were, he didn't hesitate to set aside his plans and offered to drive us to the nearest train station.

First of all, he took us to what seemed like an abandoned train station in the middle of nowhere, which had no presence, phone, nearby town or people. After waiting with us on the platform for a short time, he then decided to drive us for an hour straight to an inhabited place - through winding roads and countryside. When we finally arrived, I felt the deepest relief I've ever known.

It was as if God Himself had sent a messenger to rescue us.

Looking back, I could see that this experience was an initiation - not into darkness, but into discernment. Into trusting our intuition. Trusting the unseen. Not taking things at face value. And most of all, trusting God. I like to think that maybe we saved our 'angel' too - from that stupid frog poison medicine - away from the spirits that wanted to access his soul.

Chapter 21: False Light Masquerading as Jesus

A few months later - around February/March 2020 - I remember my consciousness fractured again because something was shifting in the spirit and I could feel it coming, making me feel afraid, unsettled and deeply anxious. What was it?!

One morning, I woke up crying, rocking back and forth on the floor, howling with tears streaming down my face. I didn't realise it straight away, but I was sensing the first pandemic Lockdown approaching - the collective panic and fear of humanity rising in the spiritual atmosphere.

That moment triggered a deeply ungrounded spiritual awakening where I genuinely believed that I was Jesus, himself! I was terrified, afraid I might be sent to a mental institution for thinking such a thing. I had lost all touch with reality and I didn't know what to do about it. But it didn't stop there. The next day, I woke up convinced I was actually God. It was an extremely ungrounded and scary experience.

I began seeing visions of the island I call home being swallowed by a tsunami - an event unheard of in these waters. Yet the thought clung to me.

Guernsey is small, only six miles long and three miles wide, a tiny piece of land in the English Channel. Its 24 square miles leave us exposed to the elements, where summer and winter feel like night and day. Living here, we are constantly reminded of the delicate balance of being surrounded by water, with some of the world's largest coastal tides making up our shores.

And yet, we are not unsafe. There are no wild animals to fear, no raging forest fires, no catastrophic floods or freaks of nature. The worst we see is the Spring Tide spilling across the roads, which is a minor inconvenience rather than a threat. To some, it's even a delight to watch. But not if you have a house on the coast!

But then came the vision: I saw the sea rising in the midnight hour, creeping into homes as families slept. I live only metres from the sea, and the thought terrified me. I saw a towering wave crashing down on the morning commute along the seafront, sweeping away cars and lives in an instant.

I thought what I was seeing was real and ended up on my knees, howling in terror, consumed by the images of destruction - it all felt so lifelike.

I remember calling my friend in tears. She said, "I'll get my dad to call you." When Mike - who was "spiritually wise" - phoned me, I told him everything. His response was, "*Well, that's just brilliant, isn't it? That's great news!*" He was genuinely thrilled for me, because he sensed an awakening was happening.

To rationalise it, I believed that it was my "Christ consciousness coming online", but I now know that's new age spiritual talk, because Jesus would never show up like that. Christ consciousness presents "Christ" as a universal energy or frequency, not as the living Saviour himself. And whilst there is promise in the bible of visions, I have no doubt that it was demonic deception masquerading as light and had entered through my lack of boundaries, protection and discernment, because the process was wildly intrusive.

Jesus doesn't show up like that. The whole experience was terrifying.

The Holy Spirit doesn't reveal Himself through fear or confusion, nor does He lead us to believe we are becoming Jesus or God. In His presence, there is only peace and clarity - never terror, confusion or self-deification. But this is what happens when you open spiritual doors - all sorts can get in.

Now You Get To 'See'

A few months later, I experienced what felt like a divine appointment right outside my front door. As I stood on my front doorstep looking up to the sky, a rainbow appeared - but not just any rainbow. This felt symbolic, draped across the fullness of the sky from end to end, behind twin cranes that I could see from my garden. The sky was a soft grey, mixed with the sun bursting through. As I stood on my front doorstep looking at the sky, my eyes were drawn across to my neighbour's kitchen window. There, I could see her, clear as day, wearing a t-shirt that had a big bold statement on the front of it that read, "Now you get to see."

And I did...

Because in the bible, the first mention of a rainbow is in Genesis 9, after the flood. This is where God sets the rainbow in the sky as a sign of His covenant with Noah and all living creatures, promising **never** again to destroy the earth by flood. It would seem that God had shown up to remind me that no tsunami would be coming. He'd made a promise.

That moment marked the beginning of spiritual seeing - the point at which my eyes and senses began expanding to perceive beyond the physical, even though I didn't yet have the language or understanding to explain what was happening. I simply knew something was shifting.

I was beginning to perceive things more deeply, and over time I came to recognise that I was opening to see the architecture of the Kingdom of Heaven expressed on Earth: the "play" of heaven on earth, and what was coming down from the heavens to manifest here.

I began to see that what was happening in the heavens was, in some way, being reflected and manifested on the Earth.

Happy days!

This is where I would start learning to hear God's voice - to know his voice, guidance and promptings. And I would see things play out days or months before they would happen - shown pieces of the architecture of what was to come, things that would happen, people I would cross paths with.

But many times, the enemy intervened and sent me false signs that I believed in and followed until I learned discernment and to test the spirits. That took around 5 to 6 years to refine, and I am still learning to understand the different pieces that I see and receive - but I know now that if it scares me or is intrusive, it's not God, whereas if it's gentle, slower and guiding, it's God.

What I was seeing and sensing coming in the spirit was so wild that I had to email myself saying "In two days, you will cross paths with 'so and so' and 'blah blah' will happen". And it did 80% of the time. I guess that was part of the 'training'.

But first, my spiritual vision was going to be drawn into the dark side for a kind of initiation, because here's what happened.

Fast forward a month or two and the first pandemic Lockdown lifted and society began to reopen. This is when I found myself surrounded by so-called "spiritual" people - deceptive, immature and lost in illusion.

I began to see dark spirits manifest through them, and I would run, block, and avoid them because I didn't know how to respond.

Many were like warlocks and sorcerers - men who dabbled in moon magic, used mind-altering substances, and boasted about their power to manifest. They were skilled in seduction, illusion and false mastery, speaking of ascending to the fifth dimension - yet beneath the surface they were wounded, unhealed boys trapped in grown men's bodies.

It was a mirror of the unhealed and ungrounded parts within me, because I too was dabbling in manifestation spells and crystals.

Together, we were all moving through spiritual doors that were never meant to be opened, because even what seemed like an innocent moon ritual was, in truth, an invitation to demonic influence. None of this was God's language or ways, but I didn't know that then...

I remember one time going to the local reservoir with one of the "fifth dimension" guys. We sat beneath the tall pine trees, just talking. At one point, he reached out his hand and said, "*Feel this.*" As our hands connected, something strange began to happen.

I could sense numbers, codes, data - flooding into my body, or maybe being pulled out. I couldn't tell. But I felt hypnotised, unable to move. I felt like a computer. Like I was AI. Almost like the movie *Lucy*. And all of this was happening in broad daylight.

It felt supernatural - and not in a good way. At the time, I didn't know what to make of it. But afterwards, I realised just how disturbing it truly was. It felt as though he had been downloading parts of me into himself - like I was being spiritually hacked. The sensation was invasive, disorienting and unsettling.

And what made it even more alarming was what he said next: that he'd been manifesting me into his orbit for twenty years, like he was proud that it had worked.

That moment exposed the naivety of who I had allowed into my circle. I wasn't just sharing space - I was sharing access. And not everyone who speaks of light is walking in truth.

Looking back, that circle was all dabbling in some form of New Age spirituality whether it was crystals, CBD, weed, the law of attraction, manifestation, rituals or claiming to reach for light but unknowingly reaching into darkness, and all leading one another astray.

Deeper into deception - lacking spiritual safety and true protection.

This highlights the deception that many women - and men - are facing today. It doesn't always come from someone who is "spiritual". Sometimes, it comes from someone with intuitive gifts. People who have the ability to sense, read and tap into others emotionally and energetically. Honestly, when these gifts are misused, they become tools of control, monitoring and intrusion...

Let me explain...

Why Spirituality and New Age Intuition Can Feel Abusive and Intrusive

I remember a friend from those days who told me they had spent time in meditation during the midnight hour and accessed information about my children. They said my children needed something which kind of questioned my mothering and whilst I don't recall the specifics now, I do remember feeling deeply angry and violated.

How dare they look into things astrally concerning my children without my consent? What made them think they could just enquire into my family astrally?! But this was a lifelong characteristic of some of the types of people I had drawn into my life - intrusive, chasing, forcing and pursuing. It was unhealthy.

That moment affirmed something: spirituality often encourages spiritual access without boundaries. It lets people "tap in" to others' lives, energy and personal matters without permission. It's intrusive. And that's the danger - it allows spiritual insight to become a form of surveillance. You can end up knowing things that were never yours to know; you can tap into other people and their "stuff" - so creepy.

This is why I now see it as spiritually abusive. The Akashic realm, as accessed in New Age practice, doesn't gatekeep intentions, values or morals. Anyone with intuitive ability can potentially "read" someone else, regardless of their motives. There's no divine filter and no sacred boundary. It leaves people open and vulnerable to others' projections, interpretations and even manipulation.

I've seen people with intuitive gifts use them abusively - not to serve or heal, but to control, oppress, impress or invade. And that's not love. That's not God. True spiritual insight should be relational, respectful and based on consent.

However, many times, it was also people who weren't even on spiritual paths - they were just switched on, perceptive and able to read others. Skills that they used to control and abuse.

In contrast, walking with Jesus has taught me that the Holy Spirit is a gatekeeper. He reveals what's needed, when it's needed, and only for the purpose of healing, truth and love. He doesn't violate privacy. He doesn't allow spiritual trespassing. If something is revealed, it's because God has permitted it, and it's always for the good of the person, not the ego of the one receiving the insight.

This shift has shown me the difference between spiritual power and spiritual integrity.

One seeks access; the other seeks alignment. One grabs; the other waits. One intrudes; the other honours.

That's the difference...

And that's why I now see the Holy Spirit's way as not just safer, but holier.

Thankfully, the Lord closed my so-called "third eye" and I now have peace and feel more grounded without having to access other realms to find my way. Because I have already found my way - through Him. He is a billion percent safer.

Now, my guidance is Holy Spirit-led, not New Age or spiritual intuition. Honestly, playing around in those "realms" was so exhausting. No longer do I need to receive so-called 'downloads' because the Holy Spirit reveals to me what I need to know.

And he has also given me the gift of discernment so I can see ahead or in the moment, and sense if things are off, and that keeps me safe.

That's how incredibly caring He is, especially for his daughters who grew up never feeling safe and protected.

Now I can brag, "My dad is bigger and stronger than your dad".

Chapter 22: Now You Get to Smell!

Soon after, Lockdown number two came along and I was back in isolation mode for a well-needed pause away from everyone and their witchy ways! And before long, everyone was back in party mode - and so was I.

That summer, I met someone at a gathering who was a yoga teacher - he had a fun, easy-going vibe. I wasn't interested at the time; and he was in a relationship anyway. But by New Year's Eve of 2020, he was single, and somehow, a connection sparked between us.

I don't even recall how it happened, but we bumped into each other and ended up back at another party. As usual, alcohol blurred the lines, and I found myself in a situation I shouldn't have been in. We spent the night together, and I remember the moment he first touched me - I went numb. Cold. I had never felt that before.

Something was deeply off, but I couldn't put my finger on it. I told myself, "He's spiritual. He helps people. It must be me."

But it wasn't. What I suddenly felt open to was a sense of the deepest, darkest void - the saddest place as if nothing existed. It wasn't even death, it was worse than that. It was beyond death. It felt harrowing. The sorrow...oh the sorrow... It felt endless. This was a taste of hell, I'm certain. A portal. That sensation and knowing of what being separate from God feels like.

And the scent - the scent! It was unlike anything I've ever encountered. If death had a smell, this was it.

I believe I was learning to trust my nose - that my sense of smell was a spiritual tool, a way to discern truth. By morning, I was desperate to get home and called a friend to pick me up. Not wanting to walk down my driveway at 8 am in a NYE party dress, I borrowed some clothes. But even in the car, all I could smell was that lingering scent, like death clinging to my skin.

When I got home, I couldn't wash it off. I couldn't get it out of my nostrils. I felt disturbed, confused and spiritually violated. The smell was death-like.

A few days later, I fell off a chair and injured my lower back. I remember lying on the floor, groaning like a wounded animal. I couldn't shake the feeling that something had been deeply wrong. Was this subconscious self-punishment or was this the result of an open door to the demonic? I guess I'll never know.

But knowing what I know now about the night in question, I can say it plainly: what came through the doorway that night was a demon.

These things don't arrive announced - they come in by the doors we open through the practices we think are harmless. Through the harmless door of being a "peaceful yoga teacher" comes the word "to yoke". When you engage in these practices - when you pose to and before something - you're going through a ritual of presenting your physical body as an offering to Hindu Gods - spirits that are not Holy - and this is giving them spiritual permission to inhabit you.

Every yoke has a master, meaning you're either yoked to Jesus or you're yoked to something that appears to be 'light', healthy and peaceful, but ultimately leads to soul death. I felt it.

Whilst I haven't found any scripture that mentions the ability to smell demons, it does speak of discernment - and I know what I discerned.

Since then, I've heard others describe encountering a stench tied to demonic presence. One woman in a video claimed the stench will come from a Spirit of Infirmary, a Spirit of Poverty or a Spirit of Death.

What I sensed that night wasn't just emotional discomfort; it was like spiritual contamination. It was honestly like death beyond death - a presence of emptiness, bleakness and utter nothingness. A place so hollow, so sorrowful, so vast and black... because it was where God wasn't. And my soul knew it.

Now, this is where I felt sad for a long, long time. Because I repeated that same experience.

A few months later, after the second lockdown ended, I was home alone with a glass of red wine when I decided to call him. Despite the whole yoga-demon incident, he really was a nice guy, and he ended up coming over. Clearly, I hadn't learned my lesson. The alcohol made me override my own safety boundaries, and I let my guard down.

I know what you're thinking: "*Was she out of her mind?!*" And honestly, I've asked myself the same question. I already knew what I had felt the first time - the fear, the wrongness, that deep emptiness and sorrow that stretched further beyond anything I'd ever known - and yet somehow, I slipped right back into it again.

The truth is, drinking can swing open a spiritual door you never intended to open, because it shuts down your discernment and invites in influences that have no business steering your life.

No matter how strong you think you are, or how convinced you are that you "can handle it," alcohol *does* create space for spirits to meddle. It would be naïve to think that wouldn't lead you into dangerous places; it never has been a safe combination. Just look at how many people have acted foolishly under its influence.

Yes, we know the science: the prefrontal cortex shuts down, the part of your brain responsible for logic, judgement and safety.

The Bible tells us not to be drunk for a reason. It's spiritual as much as it is physical. It's protective.

And there I was - three glasses of red wine in - the sensible part of me had gone bye bye, and I found myself opening that door again... both literally and spiritually.

Before you ask - Yes, I knew better. Yes, I had already felt the darkness. Yes, everything in me had recoiled the first time. And yet, I still chose to over-ride that with my own free will.

I want to be clear. This isn't about shaming him as a person. He didn't "smell bad" like there was something wrong with him. This wasn't physical. It was spiritual. Something had been invoked in him - something he had probably unknowingly yoked himself to - someone the enemy used to send a wolf in sheep's clothing my way.

But as someone who was once deeply immersed in the New Age, I recognise the doorway because I used to walk through it myself. I was guilty of the same deception. As someone who was once deeply immersed in the New Age, I can say honestly: I was just as misled.

People think the New Age is all love and light... until the light goes out. Until the stench of death reveals what's really behind the practices we call "healing". It's not safe.

Yoga opens demonic doors. I've experienced what the YouTube testimonials warn us about! That's why we need repentance, to turn from our old ways and live under God's protection. It's the only safe way.

STD's (Spiritually Transmitted Demons) are real - that's why God invites us into covenant marriages, not one night stands, because you will end up opening spiritual doors and coming into agreement with other spirits that can wreck you.

Chapter 23: The Lights Start to Come On!

The party girl in me was soon back out ‘on the town’ for Easter celebrations, 2021. It was a long weekend with four days off work and everyone was making the most of it. Along with some friends, we ended up at an outdoor bar in the town where DJs were playing, the tunes were spinning and people were enjoying themselves. Including me. Or so I thought...

As the late afternoon turned to early evening, I recall it being half-light and suddenly, something inside me shifted. As I danced to the music, I became aware that I wasn’t enjoying myself. Right there, in one of my favourite places to dance, I suddenly felt like I was pretending - faking it.

For a moment, I felt confused as I’d not felt that feeling before, especially not when dancing. Nor if I was around the people I liked to socialise with. It was like an alarm had gone off, saying:

End of party lifestyle contract complete. Tick!

Sudden awakening complete. Tick!

I danced some more and tried to push through, but something was different within. Then a feeling came over me - this realisation that I was just going along with “the programme”, playing a role that I wasn’t made for...or that was no longer who I was becoming.

Then, this sudden dawning moment of: **“Oh wow, this is all just an illusion”**. In that moment, I felt bored. Just like that! Over it. Just like that. But how?!

Up until then, dancing had been my thing - I loved a good party! Dancing was a way to express myself, to feel alive and free. I had loved dancing since I was a young child, when that self-expression turned into school discos, then the under 18’s raves, then eventually the nightclubs, pubs, bars and after-parties - fully subscribed to the Devil’s Church - his playground.

I had loved a party and so did my friends. I remembered all the faces I'd met on the dancefloor and all the people I'd hugged at 4 am in a random kitchen, declaring "love you mate", then realising it was all just a false sense of belonging. Those all-nighters that I believed were me living my best life were all just a lie.

A dawning that perhaps I had held onto this way of living for so long because, in some strange way, I believed it was a sense of belonging and connection. I hadn't learned how to do that in healthy ways. Alcohol and partying had been a cover-up for a deep sense of insecurity and not knowing myself. Not knowing who I truly was (in Christ).

But that evening, something changed - forever - the freedom I thought I felt was no longer real.

After that, I found myself steering clear of that whole scene, slowly drifting away from it. It no longer interested me - the pull was gone. It couldn't entice or seduce me any more. In fact, the Ayahuasca vision from three years earlier finally clicked, and I realised what God had been showing me all along.

The enemy could no longer whisper, "Hey, look at this bright, shiny, fun carousel," when I now knew it was a never-ending cycle that would only lead to eternal death.

Afterwards, I started walking down to my local pub a few minutes down the road, where it was a slower pace, a quieter crowd and a place you could hear yourself talk. It seemed "harmless", but of course it wasn't... Eventually, I started pulling back and distancing myself, becoming quieter and more hermit-like. I didn't want to interact in the same way and felt out of place, unsure of what was happening.

Some friends questioned "What's happened to you, you're boring now", but I was waking up. Slowly but surely. And eventually - thank God - I would soon be led away from that pub life too. Because even though it was more low key, it wasn't harmless, it was Satan's church - a place where people willingly tithe their money and soul.

Chapter 24: Addicted to “Healing”

Still, I knew deep down that there was more “work to do” (as we called it). I was fixated on chasing after every healing modality, course and programme there was, spending thousands of Pounds on inner child healing, coaches, psychics, tarot readers, crystals and energy work. You name it, I wanted to do it!

I spent even more money on certifications - learning as much as I could - breathwork teacher training, QiGong, meditation techniques. I even enrolled in Deepak Chopra’s Primordial Sound Meditation course so I could teach students to align with the “sound of the universe” tied to their birth moment. The whole idea was that this would help them “come home” to themselves. But what it really did was offer a vibrational substitute for the truth that their real home is found in the Creator of the universe.

I joined group programs that guided us into our so-called “Divine Feminine” energy, activating ancient Egyptian codes and being “initiated” as Rose Priestesses by Mary Magdalene to awaken our femininity. These were spaces where people blended Egyptian rituals with things like, “Let’s make some holy water”. Then there were other programmes where the coach encouraged us to embody being a “Queen” or “Regal”. The promised outcome of all this? Prosperity and sovereign divine feminine power - or so they said...

I followed teachers who spoke of cosmic shifts, planetary upgrades, ascension symptoms and galactic energies - changes they claimed were happening somewhere “out there” in the universe.

I was told that feeling awful, unwell or out of sorts is a sign of ascension, that the imbalance and unsettled thoughts are “part of the upgrade”, and that everything will “integrate” if you just push through or wait for the planets to change.

Yet none of these teachers mention the truth: that what you’re feeling often comes from unrepentant sin, wrong beliefs, ancestral sin or simply being out of covenant with God.

Half the time, I couldn't tell if I was genuinely unwell, mentally unraveling or just "sensitive to the energies," as my friend and I used to say. And yet, I never questioned it. Not once did I stop to wonder whether I was experiencing spiritual warfare, when I was being spiritually gaslit into ignoring what was really happening.

Still, I carried on regardless and to speed up my progress and be a "good spiritual girl", I made my own voice recordings based on teachings to raise my frequency: "Activate your 5th dimensional heart chakra", "dragon prayers", "cleanse your aura", and so on...

I purchased light language sound healing audios like they were sweets - to heal karmic soul ties, clear karma, career healing, activate twin flame union, gain self love, heal your womb and purge your solar plexus. It was exhausting! I believed I had to keep going, and that ascension codes and all of these healing practices would help me to raise my consciousness, despite often sensing something was off with some of the spiritual teachers that I followed.

And whilst some of it worked, it didn't last. There was always more work to do! But, I was hooked and kept going - relentlessly so - like an addict, chasing every method, every promise of healing, thinking I was on the right path. "If only I could fix myself", I thought, then all will be fine and well. But it was all built on sand...

Why Nothing Stuck Until Jesus

I would follow - and create - all kinds of content and processes for myself and my clients. Things like "Sleep Magic" to manifest and heal while you sleep, or "Praise Yourself" scripts to boost confidence. Then there were the "Opulent Lifestyle" hypnosis recordings designed to call in your dream life. But none of it stuck. None of it truly worked. None of it had the Creator of the Universe in it. I had no foundation to build anything on.

When I look back, I can see that I was a spiritual addict. Everything I created was rooted in self-gain, and that's why I now see the New Age and some spiritual paths for what they are - childish, self-centred and obsessed with self-fixation. It teaches nothing about having a servant heart for the Lord. It teaches nothing about who you are in Christ. It doesn't point you towards building for eternity - only toward building for yourself and being your own healer and creator.

The New Age is all about *self* - self-love, self-healing, self-fulfilment. Everything revolves around you, and that's why you stay stuck. There's no focus on God, no call to servanthood, no guidance toward eternity. It promises growth and transformation, but it keeps you focused on yourself, not on the Creator.

Ultimately, the New Age has you chasing and claiming Kingdom fruits without ever being in the Kingdom. In the end, that's spiritual robbery.

Now I can see that maybe God had His hand over my life in ways I didn't recognise at the time - protecting me, keeping certain doors closed and making sure I couldn't ride the false wave of "prosperity," chasing money and riches from a source that wasn't His.

But back then, I still didn't get the hint - and I kept going.

Claim Your Queen Characteristics

Ignite Your Power

Rewire Your Money Problems

Lovability

I Am Enough

Love and Accept Yourself

Rewire Yourself to Receive Love, Confidence & Money

I even created entire session plans for potential courses I planned to offer, like Rewire Yourself to Unlock Hidden Energy and Activate Sacred Sexual Fire. I wrote hypnotherapy scripts filled with words that carried seductive, unholy undertones - charm, magnetic, mesmerising, intoxicating, enchanting.

Language that subtly encouraged spell-casting, control and seduction - the desire to draw people in, bend their will, or alter their state. Not because I was deceptive, but because the language of hypnotherapy is designed to bend your mind and mould outcomes into your own personal desires.

I filled my playlists with “money manifestation” frequencies, repeated affirmations about becoming a “money magnet,” and even journaled the same affirmation in red pen 55 times over five days to “invoke its power”. And yet, none of it ever worked - not once, at least not in any lasting way.

I poured myself into these teachings, believing that transformation could come from affirmations, hypnosis or mindset shifts - relying on my own power, energy and effort. But what I’ve come to understand is this: true power and lasting change come only through Christ. Without Jesus as the foundation, it’s like building on sand - it may seem solid for a time, but it will not endure.

And even if it appears to last, we remain accountable to our Creator when we leave this Earth. Choosing to separate ourselves and focus solely on our own way is not the life we are called to live. But God has given us the gift of free will. We can choose to love Him and walk with Him, or we can choose our own way, believing we know what’s best.

When I thought that I knew best, I started writing a book called *Self Rulers Heal the World* because I genuinely believed that our power came from within - from our “god self” - that we were meant to heal ourselves and rise as “self-sovereign” beings. I didn’t yet understand that there is only one true Healer - the Living God - who restores, redeems, and gives new life in ways that no manifestation board, affirmation, strategy, ceremony or ritual ever could.

I once believed we could create our own universe through manifestation techniques, affirmations and rituals - thinking I was all-powerful. Now I see it for what it really is: a form of manipulation, using God’s creation to serve our own desires rather than submitting to His will.

The thing is, most people don't even realise that they would want - or need - to submit fully to God's will, or why it matters. Submission can sound like weakness, but in reality, it's the opposite. When you submit, you're securing eternity beyond this life. It's trusting your Creator to lead you instead of trying to lead yourself. This isn't about losing freedom - it's about trusting the One who already knows everything: past, present and future.

God knows exactly what we need, yet many of us ignore Him. His loving gift of free will means we don't have to listen, and too often, we don't. We turn to Archangel Michael, tarot cards, crystals, mediums, psychics, New Age philosophies, Buddha and yoga teachers.

But the truth is, we should be listening to God. Instead, we use our freedom to become selfish, controlling, self-led know-it-alls; thinking we know better than the Creator Himself. It's dangerous ground.

Our own understanding is limited (and misleading), but God's wisdom is perfect. When we submit to Him, we're protected from paths that look good but lead to destruction, and we are guided toward a life of true purpose, peace and eternal reward. Ignoring His will may feel freeing for a moment, but it comes with a cost we may not fully see until it's too late.

Now I understand why none of the spiritual paths ever came to fruition, why the practices and business ideas failed - and why my ideas never found concrete completion.

I like to think that God was protecting me - ensuring that even if I touched something false, I wouldn't stay there. I could gather the insight but not the identity. I could take learning, but not the labels. I could use the knowledge to discern... To know dark and light. To know what works, what's false and what's deceptive.

Still, for years, I wondered why I could never finish the countless New Age qualifications and courses I started. I thought I was sabotaging myself - flaky, inconsistent, unable to commit. I mean, sure, in many ways I was. But now I can see it differently. It was also divine redirection. Where I was being guarded from collecting certificates and titles that didn't reflect God's true, lasting purpose for my life. I wasn't meant to build an identity there. I was just passing through - on a spiritual undercover reconnaissance.

I wasn't meant to stay in the New Age. I was being led out, not deeper in.

The Half-Truths Draw You In

Then came astrology.

I found myself enrolling in a one-year intensive Hellenistic astrology qualification, thinking it would add depth to my knowledge and abilities. But after just two sessions, I pulled out. The material felt unbearably heavy and overwhelmingly complicated - plus I had no real connection to it.

I quickly realised I had no genuine thirst for the teachings - no curiosity, no excitement, no inner pull. It wasn't that I lacked discipline or interest in growth; it was that my heart simply wasn't aligned with it. I was chasing a version of "spiritual mastery" that wasn't mine, and the resistance I felt was my first real clue. But of course, I blamed myself for not following through on the course.

So I chose to do my own research instead, and came across the teachings of Chiron which is a planet known as *the wounded healer* - it's said to reveal your deepest emotional wound and how you're meant to heal others through it. I became obsessed with mine, believing that if I could decode it, I'd finally fix what needed resolving. I didn't realise then that no star placement or planet could reveal what only the Holy Spirit can heal. Duh.

I would read things like: “You have a tendency to be overly attached to your childhood and past and avoid taking responsibility for your life,” - and there was so much truth in my supposed North Node ‘placement’ that it pulled me deeper into another rabbit hole - another layer of self-analysis, self-fixing and striving to become the “perfect good girl” who would finally complete her “Starseed mission”.

However, the truth is, you’re not an angry Aries, you’re who God says you are - “slow to anger”. You’re not a double-minded Gemini twin, you’re of “sound mind”. Or, at least, you will be once he’s finished refining you.

I can go on, but you already get the gist.

However, at the time, it all felt true for me and I jumped onto every teaching, convinced it would lead the way. But the real problem was, none of it was God’s Truth. Because the spiritual methods and practices were created by false light, by the Kingdom of Darkness, which was masquerading as light.

Not knowing this, I became addicted to finding problems and solving them, like I was a problem to be fixed and I mistook that constant striving for love. I truly believed that’s what God expected of me - endless self-improvement - in order to be his perfect daughter.

But I was wrong. I didn’t know His character then. I didn’t have right seeing.

Now I know, God wasn’t asking me to fix myself - He was waiting for me to surrender, so He could do what only He can do: heal, restore, and make new.

I think of the thousands I spent on coaches, books, training courses, healers, and programs and how I still felt insecure, lacking and not enough because I didn’t have the Holy Spirit.

Sadly, I had made my identity out of fixing myself, my purpose out of using all my own efforts and decoding hidden meanings in stars and charts. But none of it was the answer. The answer, the only true answer, is, was and always will be Jesus. Only He can heal the wounds no human system, program or planetary alignment can touch.

Chapter 25: The Way Starts to Open...

Around this time, I felt inspired to write a book I called “The Way”. (*See prayers at the end of this book.*)

I had no idea where the ideas were coming from, as I wasn’t a Follower at the time. I also wasn’t in full relationship with God because I wasn’t saved.

But I now know (and see) that God can still lead you, even when you’re not a Follower.

In the New Age, we call that type of inspiration ‘downloads’, as if you’re channeling some helpful spiritual force that is guiding you. But, this book was repentance inspired and whilst not biblical, I was still asking to be forgiven and to offer myself for heart based service, and I believe those prayers made a difference - they called me forward.

I remember speaking with a friend about the book idea, as he was considering creating the artwork for it. We would often have mutual conversations about God and he was gifted - both in art and in music. Then, in February 2023, we had a conversation that changed everything. I’d noticed he seemed different - lighter somehow - and even on social media, it looked like he was heading into a new chapter - he had even changed his name!

Curious, I messaged him and he told me that he had encountered the one true God - and that this encounter had completely transformed his life. He spoke with such conviction and joy that I couldn’t help but feel caught up in his enthusiasm.

He shared how everything had changed - he’d met someone who had also converted to Islam, and they were planning to marry. It all sounded like an incredible transformation, like he had found his path and was walking it.

He said, *"Honestly, Tammy, it's like a light is being shone on your face when you align with the highest power. When you convert, it changes you. I have been given so much by Mohamed - it's incredible. I look and feel so different."*

I was impressed by the claims he was making - that this God he had met was doing incredible work in his life! Then he enthusiastically offered to guide me through something called the Shahada which is an Islamic declaration of faith. And I won't lie - in that moment, I felt swept up by his conviction, and I agreed. Something about it instantly pulled me in.

I now know that with Jesus, it's different. He doesn't demand instant decisions - He is the great courter. He woos you, builds a relationship with you slowly, and patiently invites you into His love. However, I didn't realise that at the time, and without doing any deep research about Islam or pausing to reflect, I simply followed what I felt in the moment and decided to go for it.

And this is what started to unfold...

Just before the call to go through the Islamic declaration, something strange happened - as if something had been set in motion. My son called me asking for a lift; it was the school holidays, and he was only ten minutes away so I grabbed my keys but, unusually, I couldn't find my sunglasses. For some reason, I had also tied my hair up that day - which is something I rarely did because it made me feel exposed. Still, I thought, *I'll be fine, I'm just in the car.*

As I drove across an area nearby, known locally as *the Bridge*, I suddenly heard a woman scream - only to realise the scream was mine. It had come from my own mouth.

It seemed like it all happened in slow motion as I watched an old lady drive straight over a young woman on the zebra crossing.

Shocked, I pulled over and got out my car, then other vehicles stopped including a scaffolding lorry and we started making efforts to lift the car off the woman - a team effort. The men used short scaffolding poles to keep the car from coming back down, as it lay on its side.

Strangely, I wasn't afraid of being in the middle of a crazy situation where a lot of eyes were on what was happening. And I noticed that I wasn't self-conscious, not feeling the usual need to hide behind my sunglasses or my hair. Not that it was about me at all, but my point is, I felt ok in a situation or setting where I'd usually feel exposed.

At that moment, I thought, Maybe this God really is powerful that he can shift how you feel in an instant. Maybe he is what I've needed. And just like my friend said, it was like a light was being shone on my own face because I couldn't hide, and I felt ok about it.

I remembered in the days before, sensing a dark presence - like something watching me from the skies - it felt brooding, ominous and foreboding and I recall another spiritual friend said she had felt it too - but that feeling had now vanished. Wow. And I wondered if this new faith and this new God, Allah, had somehow shown up to protect me and fight my battles. It felt as though prayers were maybe being answered.

But what I now know is that it's the Lord who does this - who lights up your face - who illuminates - who reveals. But it's His face who shines upon you! It's His glory.

***"The Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord make his face shine upon you and be gracious to you; the Lord turn his face toward you and give you peace."* - Numbers 6:24-26**

However, when I got home I started to learn about prayer and fasting and even took part in Ramadan the following month - not eating or drinking between sunrise and sunset for 30 days - but I was utterly wiped out. It was the first time I had ever fasted and I dropped a lot of weight, that people commented with concern for how I looked.

For about five months, I prayed faithfully, five times a day, learning the words, the movements, the rhythms and reciting words that I didn't even know the meaning of.

But despite the discipline, I couldn't sense a personal connection and as time went on, something inside me began to feel off. The God I was praying to felt distant and unreachable. I felt like the rituals and actions were mechanical and not love-based. And I felt like I was pouring my energy into some distant energy that I was feeding.

For me, there was no warmth, no intimacy, no sense of relationship. No mercy, no forgiveness - just a constant sense of, follow these rules or you're going to hell.

I remember speaking to my friend again on video call, and this time, I couldn't help noticing something that unsettled me - his eyes. I couldn't see his pupils - it's like his eyes were all one dark colour. And the sight of them brought back a memory of eyes I'd seen like that before. In that moment, they reminded me of the times that I'd seen the enemy's presence in someone - thinking they were hiding - but I could see them inside that person, even if the person was unaware.

While I could see the devotion and community in others' practice, I knew in my heart that this was not where my spirit belonged. And in that knowing, I realised it was time to move on - to say *au revoir*, *I'm going to meet my real - one and only - Lord and Saviour*. The One who is truly my home. I knew that this God, Allah, was a stranger.

Jesus says:

"The sheep hear his voice, and he calls his own sheep by name and leads them out... The sheep follow him, for they know his voice. A stranger they will not follow, but they will flee from him, for they do not know the voice of strangers." - John 10:1-5

Chapter 26: The Crystal Grid and the Reflector Trap

During this season, I still hadn't learned my lesson when it came to the opposite sex or when it came to discernment and self-trust. And I still hadn't met Jesus properly, because I was doing my own thing.

It was late summer 2023 and after not drinking for 10 months and focusing on being single and peaceful, I felt inspired to dismantle a large crystal grid I had, in order to create some smaller ones.

Intuitively, I gathered all the white and clear crystals and began arranging them into a pretty artform that would look 'pure'. I had no idea what I was creating or what it would do, but as I naively looked down, I realised that the shape resembled a Human Design bodygraph and I said, "Oh wow, this must be like Reflector energy!"

What's that, I hear you ask?

A Human Design bodygraph is a chart which is created based on someone's time and location of birth and is made up of geometric shapes, lines and gates that's said to map how your energy flows. It is a 'map' to show how you're "designed" and informs you how to make decisions and operate in life.

Essentially, it's a way for you to lead yourself (instead of letting your very own Creator do that).

It claims to reveal your strengths, patterns and purpose, but ultimately it's a man-made blueprint that replaces true identity and guidance from God.

Human Design is formed from several New Age and mystical systems, including astrology (for the planetary positions), the I Ching (an ancient Chinese divination system), Kabbalah (Jewish mysticism) and chakras (energy centres from Eastern traditions).

I know that a lot of it seems real, right and accurate, and that's the problem with these methods. They contain just enough truth to feel convincing, to draw you in, and to make you trust a system over your Creator. I certainly was led by this for a good few years.

But it can subtly rewire your mind to seek validation from charts, types and energies, rather than from the Holy Spirit. The more you rely on it, the more you risk building your identity and decisions on something that cannot save you or give you true life.

It's not God's truth. It's not God's image of you.

For the Human Design Reflector energy type blueprint, this is considered to be a rare energy. Someone who is a Reflector supposedly absorbs and mirrors the energy of everyone around them, almost like a spiritual or karmic mirror. That's why, on the day I created the grid - made entirely of white and clear crystals - it became more than just an artform. It was as if it had turned into an open door... but also a warning.

Because when you experiment with spiritual systems that you don't truly understand, you can unknowingly invite in and manifest that which is not from the Holy Spirit. And here's what happened...

It manifested a person!

One week later, it was a blue moon which is supposedly a very rare time in astrology (and in my mind, clearly a time of rare manifestation, right?!). I was sitting at my desk just as the moon was "manifesting", with my crystal grid "doing its magic" when I received an Instagram message on my business page from a man who was looking for support to overcome the breakdown of his marriage. He was new to what I offered, unfamiliar with the spiritual work I shared - but he was intrigued as to how it could help him.

Immediately, something felt really off, but I pushed it down.

Quite quickly, I noticed how back and forth chatty he was, as if he thought he was on a chat app, not a business page. It was then that I started to get a sense that his interest wasn't really in my work, even though he didn't say that. Instead, he portrayed himself as naive and a wounded male.

I remember feeling confused, because I automatically expected people to be honourable when using a business page but I guess it didn't help that I had a photo of me in a bikini top that I'd posted a little while back. And again, these presumptions and expecting things from another person kept getting me into trouble because it was discernment that I needed, not automatic trust.

Still, I ignored the nudge because he seemed “harmless” and like a regular working man.

Around a week later, we met in public to say hello and meet one another before he decided to have a session. He was perfectly reasonable, grounded even, but somehow, over the next week or two with more discussions, things progressed quickly and strangely into something more... Because of the change in the connection, I quickly said to him that I would not be working with him in a professional capacity because boundaries had been blurred and it would not be appropriate to see him as a client.

When You're Your Own Con Artist

A few days later, we met up overlooking a west coast beach in the late afternoon. As we sat overlooking the sea, talking, I started to notice synchronicities happening around us. Almost like divine signs from above. Repeating numbers. Perfect timing.

Then there was a duo coming down together from a sky dive to land on a nearby field from. Our “meeting” on a blue moon - a rare event - and him being a rare “Reflector”. Well, it was like the universe was shouting *“This is your person. Here's your one! Here's your once in a blue moon! Here's your mirror soul.”*

The bible warns us about this: **“The coming of the lawless one will be in accordance with how Satan works. He will use all sorts of displays of power through signs and wonders that serve a lie...”** - 2 Thessalonians 2:9-10

And I thought, How odd... I can see all the ‘signs’ around me, like all the Twin Flame and mirror soul stuff that’s spoken about, but I don’t feel it like I thought I would. Perhaps I don’t recognise his soul yet. Maybe I just have to give it time so it can unfold.

Now, let me tell you - Satan is quite the showman! He’s all bells and whistles. All singing, all dancing. Showy, dramatic, over the top. I’ve seen it with my own eyes.

That’s the danger of spiritual confusion - it’s easy to mistake the enemy’s trickery for truth. Sometimes deception doesn’t look dark or scary; it can be enticing or even irresistible. It can show up like a movie scene that seems almost supernatural.

And that’s exactly why the Bible tells us to guard our hearts - because what we let in there shapes everything about our lives.

At the time, I was way too trusting of what was on the outside - people’s words, instead of actions. Signs instead of intuition. The ‘out there’ instead of God’s guidance and truth. Instead of listening to the still, small voice inside me.

The bible tells us for our own protection: **“Above all else, guard your heart, for everything you do flows from it.”** - Proverbs 4:23

Another reminder that not everything that glitters or seems divine comes from God.

“And no wonder, for even Satan disguises himself as an angel of light.” - 2 Corinthians 11:14

One evening, we went out for dinner, and as we walked to the restaurant, he reached for my hand but I didn't want to reciprocate - it didn't feel right. And whilst he wasn't my usual "type", I still wanted to give it a chance in case something was going to develop. Yet I was ignoring what I knew to be true.

While looking at the menu, he suggested, "A small glass of red wine will be fine - you don't have to stop drinking completely. I'm sure it'll be okay." Against my better judgement, after ten months of not drinking, I took his advice, thinking maybe he knew better than I did - that perhaps I was being too serious and needed to lighten up.

Big mistake.

That one comment led me astray and I started drinking again on a regular basis.

Proverbs 20:1 reminds us how unwise this is:

"Wine is a mocker and beer a brawler; whoever is led astray by them is not wise."

Not realising the enemy's fingerprints were all over this "coupling", shortly afterwards, I found myself telling this man that I loved him. But how? It wasn't love - not real love. I wasn't even truly into him, yet I kept going, saying the right words, making promises, showing interest... until suddenly, I couldn't any more.

It was like something inside me snapped awake - no more pretending. So I stopped. Just like that. Hard stop!

He was upset, reminding me of all the nice things he'd done for me, as if kindness and action earned commitment and happily ever after. But to me, that was a red flag, because when you're dating someone, you don't owe them a promise of forever - especially when your spirit already knows the connection isn't right.

I accepted that I couldn't control his feelings or force a relationship that my heart knew wasn't meant to be.

We are all responsible for setting the pace when we meet someone new, and not letting ourselves move quickly. That lesson taught me to take my time, not take things on face value, not over-give, slowly get to know someone, and let trust build. And if it's not right, you are entitled to end a connection.

And when done in the right way, hearts would not be hurt. I know that now...

However... here's the weirdest and most deceptive thing about that connection - and it's something worth being aware of if you've been caught up in the new age "manifestation" movement. With this man, the energetic pull felt like a zing - an intense charge people in the spiritual world call a Twin Flame connection. They say it's an electro-magnetic bond because you're "one soul" split in two.

That idea confused me deeply, because I could feel this spark and energy between us which was so intense that it felt like we melted into one person when we were together. It wasn't even lust - it was beyond that. It created the illusion of 'coming home' to the same energy as yourself.

I knew deep down he wasn't my person, but it would still happen, which made me feel more confused. My spirit felt unsettled, but my body felt pulled - and that contradiction left me disoriented.

Meanwhile, he was on cloud nine, constantly telling me how alive and happy he felt since I had come into his life. Of course he did - because, as a 'Reflector' according to Human Design, he was supposedly mirroring my energy back to me.

Alas, this is the danger of spiritual entanglements - of being yoked to someone.

"Do not be unequally yoked with unbelievers. For what fellowship has light with darkness?" - 2 Corinthians 6:14

Looking back, I can see where I went wrong, because they're not your soul mate, they're your closed gate. Something had brought us together, something behind those crystals had created a connection that my soul knew was off, and sadly we both ended up as victims to that.

That's why Human Design is not the way. It's a system. It's not God's wisdom.

However, for a season, I believed Human Design had the answers. One of the things it taught me was that my two children are Generator energy types. I was told that because of how their energy is designed, I should allow them to make their own decisions and trust that their energy would reveal their "yes" and "no". At first, it seemed to make sense, but over time, it backfired.

Every time I asked, "Should we go to the beach?" or "Do you want to go to the park?" the answer was almost always a big fat no. So we stopped going. Without realising it, I had handed over my role as the parent. Instead of leading my children, I was allowing their responses to determine what our family did.

That shift affected our family dynamic and I kind of lost my position of authority, which resulted in my children becoming less keen to go out and try new things.

The truth is, God never calls parents to surrender their God-given responsibility to lead their children. He calls us to lovingly guide, teach and make wise decisions on their behalf. Children are a gift from God, but they are not the authority in the family. God is.

Human Design is not the ultimate authority, but a system created by people and no system should take the place of God's wisdom or His design for the family.

I genuinely believed I was doing what was right by helping my children stay in tune with their decisions. But through that experience, I learned that good intentions are not the same as God's instruction. My family needed my leadership, not a system to tell me how to parent.

Chapter 27: Breaking the Spell of Attachment: They 're Not Your Soul Mate, They're Your Closed Gate

Soon after, I went back to an ex partner who I had met not long after I'd ventured into spirituality. I knew that I had no right going back to him because, deep down, I was aware of how things would turn out. But my codependency and desire to be loved hoped for change. Little did I know that God would use this season to break the spell of attachment - for good.

So, it was no surprise that it was the usual go-around. The same 'in and out' dance. The unchanging attachment that we had. We were addicted to each other because we believed we could save one another.

You see, you can either have 'hell-unions' where you bring out the worst in each other and get stuck in a soul tie because that person is so tempting or hard to leave - or they won't leave!

Or you can let God heal you and match-make when you're ready.

I told myself, maybe this time would be different, but it wasn't. So it's no surprise that a couple of months later it was over again, and this time it was final. I shut the door - I got the memo from God loud and clear, "IT'S DONE FOR GOOD".

The problem was, for a long time, my soul didn't feel free just because the relationship had ended, and this is the cost of unholy relationships. They destroy your God-given design and prevent you from living the fullness of life God intended. However, if you lean on God and allow Him to guide your healing, you'll overcome everything the relationship revealed was still unresolved within you. Relationships often act as mirrors, exposing the places that need healing and transformation.

Some years later, the Holy Spirit confirmed what my body already knew (but my mind wouldn't accept at the time, because it hurt) - that there were betrayals that took place, whilst I was being accused of those very same actions. It was a distorting time, but this is what happens when dark spirits influence others' actions, and your own.

Sadly, this is what happens when unhealed, unholy relationships are formed. You hurt each other and have to get unglued from each other and forgive.

Of course, I forgive now, as God calls us to. I have released, it's the past. It's done. I learned a lot. I grew. I matured. And I now see the past through a different lens, with discernment and boundaries, and with warmth instead of hurt.

What followed was a journey of cleansing, praying and working with Jesus to release the spiritual cords that were draining me. That honestly must have taken 3 years to leave my body.

I am proof that unholy relationships wreck you. They wreak havoc. They cause physical and mental problems. They leave scars. They keep you in bondage. They cause delay. They derail destiny. They end in bitterness, unforgiveness, hate or regret.

There's a cost to a physical union when you're not married, whether the interaction is fleeting or lasts weeks, months or years. Even if you are in a healthy, committed relationship, if it's not your God-ordained partner and you're not married, you're still creating a sinful soul tie.

Choosing for yourself means you'll end up going for someone who is the human equivalent of Iceland (cold, icy and barren), when you thrive best in Hawaii conditions (warm, tropical, abundant). It will wreck you emotionally, physically and mentally because those aren't the conditions you are meant to thrive in. You're a tropical flower, meant to flourish in the fullness of life, not be strangled in the cold wilderness.

Please hear me when I say, unholy intimacy gives the enemy legal rights to you. It blocks provision. Keeps you trapped and bound in a covenant that the Lord can't free you from - even with repentance, prayer and fasting - until you've completed your "sentence".

Until God has 'deconditioned' you, stay single from the bondage of ungodly relationships. They give the enemy legal rights to delay, derail, harm and attack you. That's why sex before marriage is not dull or boring, even if you meet the nicest person in the world, don't move without God's green light. You'll save yourself many years, health worries, troubles and tears.

Not to mention, these past soul ties stay stuck to you and can make you look "taken", "unapproachable" and "off the market" to the opposite sex because you're still in a gooey, sticky soul tie with your years later. Even though you're not together. This is why God warns us not to fornicate. He knows why. It's bondage.

The Holy Spirit even showed me that what might seem like a harmless act - *like an intimate French kiss with someone* - is the spiritual equivalent of putting your tongue on an ice block and it getting stuck to the ice, because intimacy creates a sense of bondage. A glue that you can't see but it's there because you've created that connection.

These choices cause delay because you then need to get unstuck and often, it's only time and working with Jesus that brings freedom.

Definitely don't be buying any of those "Break Soul Ties with your Ex Spell" from Etsy. You need Jesus, not more witchcraft and spiritual bondage!

For a long time, it felt like I was trying to get unglued from a spell - a mirage of love that had never truly existed. Because that's what a soul tie does - it keeps you attached to who someone could be, not who they actually are. It binds you to the fantasy instead of freeing you for the truth and it drains your life force.

You see, God won't and can't give you the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth until you're fully cleansed because others aren't entitled to benefit from your Kingdom inheritance. Which they can, if they're still attached to you. This is why provision and change gets delayed, because you're still bound to other people. It's sticky!

This is why our own desire for perfect love gets us into trouble - it twists longing into obsession and makes emotional chaos feel like passion.

Together, people lure one another with "what ifs", promises they can't keep, and "maybe this time," keeping them stuck in a cycle of hope and heartbreak. But at its root there's clearly spirits of seduction - not always sexual, but seductive in the way they tell you that you need this person to feel whole, seen or loved. That nobody will ever love you like they do.

But it's a lie that such a connection can fill the void only God can satisfy. You see, it's God that you're really yearning for, but it takes time to realise that.

As I said, freedom didn't come instantly - it came through surrender and the passing of time. It came when I stopped romanticising the bond and began to see it for what it truly was: addiction; a super drug. A counterfeit connection. A mirror that helped my soul evolve beyond generations of the same pattern - the cycle of obsessive, dangerous love, not true God-given love.

It was a huge reality check, and one I learned the hard way; so hopefully you won't have to.

You see, a soul tie doesn't just dissolve when the relationship ends. It must be broken - spiritually, emotionally and mentally. And when God cuts a tie, it's not to leave you empty - it's to make space for freedom, wholeness and love that is holy, not haunting.

"There is a way that seems right to a man, but its end is the way to death." - Proverbs 14:12

This verse perfectly captures what I learned through this experience. Following what seemed “right” - my feelings, impulses and desires - led me into toxic patterns that bound my soul instead of freeing it. It felt exciting in the moment, but ultimately, it was a path that caused confusion, pain and spiritual entanglement.

Proverbs 14:12 reminds us that what feels right to the heart or mind is not always aligned with God’s truth or will.

Through this experience, I learned to stop seeking fulfillment “out there” and instead seek God’s direction and guidance. I learned to trust Him fully, rather than following my feelings or the pull of misguided excitement or passion - because those impulses often led me down toxic, distorted paths that kept my soul bound instead of free.

“Trust in the Lord with all your heart, and do not lean on your own understanding. In all your ways acknowledge Him, and He will make your paths straight.” - Proverbs 3:5-6

I began to understand the heart of God toward others - and toward myself. I realised that we, as people, often wound each other not out of malice, but out of pain, fear and unhealed brokenness.

Breaking a soul tie is not just about cutting cords with another person - it’s about reclaiming your own soul, your energy and your God-given right to peace. It’s about restoring your soul back to where it belongs, and that’s with God, your Father and Creator.

It’s about no longer being tethered to someone who was never meant to be your destined match.

When it is your true match, the connection will be aligned not harmful. But in the rearview mirror, you can see that hurtful relationships can and do indeed lead to healing. Even if they added to your trauma, the responsibility is yours to overcome with God. And it is entirely possible to rise so far above it, that you are full of love, appreciation and forgiveness for all.

Just like Jesus asks of us. Amen to that.

Chapter 28: The Distortion of a Course in Miracles

As I delved deeper into understanding what had taken place, I found myself drawn back into *A Course in Miracles* as a “remedy”. I bought the books, read the course content, and followed up with videos. I took notes, studied diligently and began to believe that I had attracted my suffering and experiences through my own beliefs.

The teachings promised light and they sounded holy - and because they were framed around love, I accepted the idea that the world was a projection of my mind, and that it was mine to heal and overcome. But the deception of *A Course in Miracles* is not so harmless, despite its seemingly loving intent.

Let me explain why...

It speaks in the language of peace and forgiveness, yet it subtly rewrites the foundations of truth. It denies the reality of sin and teaches that salvation comes - not through Christ's sacrifice - but through a shift in your perception, in how you see the world and those around you.

And while it may sound spiritual and loving, it leads away from the God of Scripture. But that's what makes it so dangerous - it doesn't feel dark. It actually feels enlightening, but it's a counterfeit light. One that draws you in with comfort, only to disconnect you from the true source of healing and eternal life.

And if you're a highly functioning person like I was; perhaps someone who has taken the blame in life or felt ashamed or guilty, then a Course in Miracles is perfect for you to then believe that any darkness you see in the world is somehow your fault!

Its teachings explain that when you see darkness and evil, it's because you are dreaming pain, suffering and evil into being through your subconscious beliefs. That you're the one creating a projection field - your reality - from how you think!

But that's not truth, because we don't live in an illusion or a hologram; we live in a fallen world where real spiritual warfare exists

The enemy is real. Evil is real. And pretending it's all a projection or a misunderstanding, or a reflection of our subconscious mind, only weakens our discernment.

It keeps us focusing on being the saviour ourselves and changing the world by changing our thoughts. And that's the subtlety of the New Age - it's very good at portraying what it wants you to see: *"Hey, look over here, look at all this love and oneness and togetherness"* whilst sneakily in the background doing something altogether different.

It's the master of illusion; truth bending.

The real truth is, we are not victims of our subconscious; we are warriors in Christ, called to rise, to own who we are, and to take our place in God's Kingdom. Transformation doesn't come from denying darkness and blaming yourself for dreaming an evil world into existence, but from bringing it into the light - and standing firm, knowing who we belong to, and who our real Saviour is.

And I was about to meet him...

Chapter 29: Judgement Day in Ibiza

Back in the day, most people went to Ibiza to see Judge Jules, but in the summer of 2024, I went to Ibiza... to be *judged*.

Except this wasn't a courtroom, it was a spiritual crossroads. Just like the car crashes. Just like the plant medicine yurt on Witch Mountain. Just like saying no to the Ayahuasca 'medicine' in Germany.

Once again, I was going to be shown - clearly, unmistakably - that the choices we make shape our path...except those paths aren't neutral. They either lead toward righteousness or toward sin. And one of them is going straight to hell.

On the last night of our holiday, my friend and I were invited to a party by a DJ pal that we hadn't seen in a while. That evening, my stomach was in a lot of pain and wouldn't ease up. It's like my body was telling me not to go, but my mind was saying "it's our last night" so, ignoring my intuition, I over-rode how I felt and we went along to meet him.

When we arrived at Pikes, the venue looked amazing - grand full of history, opulent, of money - but as we know, looks are deceiving.

By 1 am, I was sitting outside on my own in the courtyard reading a Kindle book on my phone. I just felt bored and listless. I knew that I was in the wrong place and had grown out of this lifestyle. I then was guided intuitively and supernaturally to leave within 20 minutes otherwise I would be somehow sealing a deal with the devil.

I'd only had 2 bottles of beer but it was because of the venue - the hedonism, debauchery, gay culture, 'me' mentality, the history of the venue and the sin that had taken place there. It was like a real life portal to hell.

Trusting my instincts and not leaving anything to chance, I decided to leave. My friend didn't want to come - she was having too much of a good time and how do you tell someone who isn't God-fearing *"If we don't leave now, we are signing a deal with the enemy"*. I'm sure she'd have laughed at me, thinking I was joking, or just being "spiritual". So I left alone.

As I stood in the taxi queue, my heart started beating faster - I could sense the clock ticking and the queue just didn't seem to be moving fast enough. But I had to go! Foot tapping, glancing around, craning my neck to see if the queue was moving.

As I stood waiting, I saw a sign on the opposite wall saying ***"You can check in, but you can never check out..."*** Oh my, that's hell, isn't it....! I prayed for a car to arrive and when it did, I ended up sharing it with a stranger who asked to share the cab and I wonder if she was somehow saved too!

I had been witnessing sin right in front of me - and for the first time, truly seeing it for what it was - instead of accepting it as normal. That realisation deepened when I thought about one of the well-known DJs we'd spent time with during the holiday - a man the locals called El Diablo which means "the devil."

This man was notoriously well known for his wild, hedonistic ways, but when he met a woman with boundaries and conviction, he looked me straight in the eye and said, "I'm actually scared of you." I remember thinking, if someone known as 'the devil' in Ibiza finds me intimidating, it's probably because the light of God is confronting the darkness.

For me, my last night in Ibiza wasn't a moment of condemnation; it was more like a moment of divine confrontation and clarity - of clear seeing. But God wasn't punishing me, He was pleading with me.

"Choose life. Choose Me. Don't allow yourself to be led by other people. I'm your good shepherd. Don't let others shepherd you the wrong way. Let ME lead."

You see, the party girl in me had danced on the edge for long enough and now, I was being invited to step into truth. Just like Sarah in the movie *Labyrinth*, the clock was ticking - I was being asked to see through the illusion, to stop running, stop pretending and finally say to sin, *"You have no power over me."*

That moment wasn't just about judgement; it was about reclaiming my authority, stepping out of deception and choosing the path that would lead to true life - because this wasn't it. Ibiza wasn't the way "home". It was the land of back to front.

No matter how "mature" I claimed the trip would be - minimal drinks, evening meals, relaxed days - the truth is, it's not just about intention. It's about participation. What you align with spiritually matters. Whether you realise it or not, you're signing a covenant. You're giving the devil legal rights to enter your life and trip you up, because you're using your free will to participate in his 'playground'.

Even before I went on the trip, I started getting clues that I shouldn't be going. I was reading about how the second coming of Jesus returns like a thief in the night for judgement day on our souls - and we never know when that will be - but that we must be ready for him, cleansed and purified.

Because if you're not ready, you will be caught by surprise and judgement will be passed upon your current state.

The Bible warns us that when Jesus returns for Judgement Day, we can't predict when it will be, but that, "People will be "eating and drinking...". There will be frivolity and dancing and pleasure - but it's wicked and destruction will come upon the sinners suddenly.

You see, living a life devoted to pleasure, image, self and indulgence is a path to destruction, and that has sadly marked Ibiza. The island has been exploited and corrupted in sin and indulgence that many have come to accept as "the norm." It is not. I pray for a spiritual revolution and a return to holiness.

On the plane on the way home, I realised that I had gone there of my own free will, and made the choices that I made, but now I must pray and repent. I opened my phone and found some old healing sessions I had recorded and played them the whole way. The plane journey ended up being much longer than the scheduled time, and I knew I was in a process of refinement.

We landed when I had worked through that inner cleansing and repentance.

For sure, I was being spiritually protected and guided, and this was just another example of me “just passing through”.

The moral of the story - and what I was learning - was this: **I do need You to lead me, Lord. Because when I lead myself and let others lead me, I fall into sin.**

It reminded me of one of the dance tracks that had grown big in Ibiza that summer and how timely its message was. It was an original Ibiza 'anthem' from 2002 that had become popular again 22 years later. That song seemed to carry a prophetic message - like I was realising who I needed...finally.

Jesus. God.

For 22 years, I had sung those lyrics:

“Finally, I need You. You don’t know what I’ve been through, waiting and wondering about You. Now I won’t make the same mistakes, time and time again...”

What I once danced to in darkness and deception was now calling me into the light, because I was **finally** realising that I needed God to lead me. Because, the truth is, He can reach you anywhere - any time - wherever you are - and I was valuable enough to be met in the middle of a nightclub in Ibiza and called into safety, even if it took 22 years.

But I still wasn’t saved and born again...

Chapter 30: Be Still and Know That I Am God

Shortly after getting back home, there was a literal flood of my “precious” artwork that I was holding onto - believing that it was healing me and giving me transformational powers. As I walked into the kitchen, I noticed my washing machine was flooding, water pouring all over the floor. Oh no, the basement!

As I ran down the stairs, I noticed water had damaged the Light Language artwork I had placed on my basement walls.

These pieces weren’t just visual - I had loved them - they were energetic tools I used to seemingly activate spiritual codes, awaken dormant gifts and connect with higher realms. Each image supposedly carried a frequency and a transmission that I truly believed was helping me.

Seeing them drenched felt symbolic, like it was time to release them - a case of, “*there’s only room for one of us*”, because if Jesus was my saviour, I certainly didn’t need a basement ‘shrine’ of wall art. I didn’t need to hold onto unholy art that I had spent hundreds of pounds on shipping over from the USA to “accelerate” my life. Or so I thought...

I was spiritually naive.

From a biblical perspective, it’s only God who is the source of spiritual authority and His Word warns against seeking or engaging with spiritual beings outside of Him, especially those that are not angels sent by God, because this opens doors to deception, false guidance and spiritual contamination (Deuteronomy 18:10-12; 2 Corinthians 11:14-15).

The beings in this type of work were not of holy origin, but galactic and universal intelligences such as light-language entities, galactic councils, deities, goddesses and archetypes. While they appeared to be “spiritual” and helpful, they were not holy. And God calls for purity.

Finally, I got the memo, this needs to be released! Decision made. I took it all down and then felt lighter and more grounded. Hmm. Yet, I couldn't quite figure out why I felt better, because I was still partly invested in the New Age at the time, still clinging to the idea that I was "ascending".

But looking back, I remembered attending the online light language energy healing certificate training with the artist who created those pieces. This is when something in me sensed that something wasn't quite right. There was an attitude and an energy - both in person and over email - that felt kind of dismissive, a little cold. It didn't carry the loving presence of the Holy Spirit.

And I think we need to take note of that. When someone says, "I was contacted by the Galactic Council to share these messages," we have to pause and discern the source. This is what I believe has happened with other galactic historians too - who think they are channeling higher beings. I mean, I'm sure they are - but they can't validate the true source and origin.

It's not God, our Father in Heaven.

And if it's not from His Kingdom, the only other one it can be from is the Kingdom of Darkness.

You see, these forces can - and do - use willing vessels in people to advance their own agenda, subtly leading others away from God and into their way. This is spiritual distortion disguised as enlightenment, because the truth is, we don't need cosmic councils, aliens, ascended beings, goddesses or interdimensional messages - we only need Christ.

Chapter 31: More Deceptive Plant Medicine!

Now, fast forward to the winter time, and to mark the beginning of my “introduction to spiritual warfare” phase, I ended up outside a vape shop near my home and for some reason, I decided to go in and see what I felt drawn to. Not my usual thing, but hey, I still hadn’t been saved!

As I opened the door, I saw they were selling CBD chocolate and after a chat with the guy at the counter, and some advice on how much to have, I bought a bar. At the time, I didn’t realise that I was about to experience something counterfeit and see that where CBD is, God is not.

Here, I had a lesson in discernment, and a revelation that I wasn’t being truly “still” on the inside, the way God calls us to be.

After eating a few cubes of the bar, I felt monged out. My body was sluggish and heavy, yet inside I was buzzing with electrical pulses firing through me like static, except I wasn’t at rest. It felt as though I’d been lowered into a dull, dense dimension where the Holy Spirit was absent. Completely.

When spiritual people speak of the “third dimension” in energetic terms, this was it: I felt disconnected and spiritually numb. The scariest part was, I couldn’t sense the Holy Spirit - this is when I realised how close He had been to me through my life, because now He was gone (or rather, I was gone!) and I couldn’t sense a connection at all.

It was like I had lowered myself into a realm where God’s presence and my ability to connect with Him was out of reach. Now, that was disturbing, and I never want to experience that again.

That week, in the haze of the remainder of the chocolate bar, I ended up watching all of the Harry Potter movies, back to back. Strangely, it felt like training. Like I was getting a glimpse of the darkness to come - the Dementors and deceptive dark arts - not to indulge it, but to recognise

it. To know patterns. To learn how to fight back, just like Harry Potter did.

And I got the supernatural message: Suit up. The battle was beginning.

Chapter 32: A Sudden Awakening to Deception

Not long after, a video appeared on my YouTube feed of a young blonde woman sharing her testimony about how New Age practices had damaged her life. She described how they kept her constantly busy, endlessly striving, always using her own will, strength and effort to try the next thing and then the next.

I didn't know it then, but this was exactly what the Bible means when it says: "There is a way that seems right to a man, but its end is the way of death." (Proverbs 14:12)

Then... she shared how Jesus had saved her and opened her eyes to the truth.

I had never seen a testimony before, and I had never heard anyone speak openly about the harm hidden inside healing modalities and spiritual methodologies, but as I listened, something started to dawn.

In a single moment, I knew what she was saying was truth. It was like my eyes and ears opened. *Pop!* In an instant, I woke up! It was exactly like Scripture says: **"Then their eyes were opened and they recognised Him." (Luke 24:31).** And: **"He who has ears to hear, let him hear." (Matthew 11:15)**

In that moment, everything I had believed in and followed was exposed for what it really was: witchcraft, deception, lies, trickery and falsehood. Even the things that seemed loving or well-intentioned - they didn't carry the Holy Spirit. It wasn't God's creation.

"What fellowship has light with darkness?" - (2 Corinthians 6:14)

All the investment I had poured into the New Age - the money spent on the journey, the certifications, the trainings, the identity I had built around them - suddenly none of it mattered. In that one moment of truth, I found myself willing to lay it all down. Everything I thought I was...I was ready to give up in an instant.

“But whatever were gains to me I now consider loss for the sake of Christ.” - (Philippians 3:7)

A lot of people struggle to even consider anything outside their current beliefs because their identity is so tightly wrapped around what they do: “I’m a yoga instructor,” “I’m a healer,” “I’m a spiritual teacher.” It becomes who they are. But that wasn’t me. I was never attached in that way - and I don’t believe God wired me to be.

“You will know the truth, and the truth will set you free.” (John 8:32)

So when truth confronted me, I was able to let go.

When God says, release it, I don’t argue. I just know.

“My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me.” (John 10:27)

It’s not even obedience in the strict sense - it’s a deep inner knowing that the cycle is complete. End of chapter. Time to go.

And so I did. I let it go. Just like that. No hesitation, no second-guessing. If the truth ignited me to release it, I trusted God. No backward glances. No tears. Just relief. Freedom. Done.

“If anyone is in Christ, he is a new creation; the old has gone, the new has come.” (2 Corinthians 5:17)

That’s how these cycles work. If you don’t catch the memo when it comes, you’ll find yourself back in the loop - same faces, same lesson. Or maybe new faces, but the lesson stays the same. Every choice is a crossroads moment.

“I have set before you life and death, blessings and curses. Now choose life.” (Deuteronomy 30:19)

When you repeat a cycle, that's what I call the round and round: like a merry-go-round - dizzying, repetitive, unmistakably covered with the enemy's fingerprints.

“Do not be ignorant of Satan's schemes.” - (2 Corinthians 2:11)

Maybe that's the Leaving Pattern in me. Throughout my life, I've had no issue closing a phase - whether it was a job, a house, a relationship, or even a version of myself - if that same deep conviction rose up inside me. Even when it hurts. Even when it makes no sense.

“There is a time for everything, and a season for every activity under the heavens.” (Ecclesiastes 3:1)

It's like there's a divine timer inside me that knows when something has reached its appointed end. Once, I even walked away from a fully furnished house and said, “Have it all.” And I meant it. Because I would rather breathe than be tied and tethered.

“Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is freedom.” - (2 Corinthians 3:17)

And no matter what I left behind, I always knew I'd be provided for again - that what needed rebuilding would rebuild. After every ending came a resurrection. After every release, a rising.

“He gives beauty for ashes.” - (Isaiah 61:3)

“Though a righteous man falls seven times, he rises again.” - (Proverbs 24:16)

That's just how I'm built - to rise again. And for that, I am grateful.

From that day forward, the more I learned, the more I became aware of the truth...

Shiva couldn't align me with the narrow path, **“for narrow is the gate and difficult is the way that leads to life, and few find it.”** (Matthew 7:14)

Buddha couldn't lead me to eternal life, **“for there is salvation in no one else.”** (Acts 4:12)

And, as a destroyer, Goddess Kali couldn't make me a Kingdom builder - because **“you cannot drink the cup of the Lord and the cup of demons.”** (1 Corinthians 10:21)

Those spiritual beings, energies and “goddesses” that seemed powerful and radiant were also part of the deception, because they were leading me away from Jesus as the only truth and Saviour.

“For many false spirits have gone out into the world.” (1 John 4:1)

You see, He is not the Lord of Mix and Match - no matter how much you think you can blend it, you can't.

“You shall have no other gods before Me.” (Exodus 20:3)

But like many, I learned that the enemy often comes disguised as comfort, beauty, healing or empowerment - false light.

“For such people are false apostles... masquerading as apostles of Christ.” (2 Corinthians 11:13-15)

When you dabble in the spiritual world or mix light with darkness, you're not truly safe - you're opening doors God never intended you to open.

“Give no place to the devil.” (Ephesians 4:27)

However, choices made with your own freewill can give the enemy legal rights to tamper with you - your health, relationships, finances and peace. It happened to me.

I began to watch more videos of people leaving the New Age, and I realised that if I was now a follower of Jesus (and only Jesus), it was time to let go of everything that wasn't of the true and living God.

“Little children, keep yourselves from idols.” (1 John 5:21)

At first, I listed my New Age books and items - artifacts, Buddhas, spiritual books, tarot cards, angel cards, artwork, light language materials - for sale online. But a week later, my friend Rod confirmed that it needed to go completely, not passed on. This reflected the Scripture for this:

“Many of those who believed now came and openly confessed... A number who practiced sorcery brought their scrolls together and burned them publicly.” - (Acts 19:18-19)

So I took it all to the tip and threw it away. Every single piece of it. Even the large ornamental Buddha heads I had “treasured” for years. I then took the crystals and rocks and threw them out into the sea to be returned to the earth for cleansing.

“Cast away from you all your idols.” (Ezekiel 14:6)

That week, I felt the weight lift from within me and my home. What had once promised “light” was a lie - and now the true Light had found me.

“The true Light that gives light to everyone was coming into the world.” (John 1:9)

Thank God my friend Rod stepped in at just the right time, because he then walked me through what is known as the ‘Steps to Freedom in Christ’, helping me close the spiritual doors that had been left wide open through my involvement in the New Age.

“Submit yourselves to God. Resist the devil, and he will flee from you.” - (James 4:7)

He also guided me to the right words to spiritually cleanse my home from those energies and any possible interference. For sure, he was on assignment from God - there's no other way to describe it.

“The Lord will send help at the right time.” (Psalm 46:5)

He came to help me cleanse everything unholy, everything that had entangled me spiritually.

“He brought me out into a spacious place; He rescued me because He delighted in me.” (Psalm 18:19)

Thank you, my friend.

And thank You, Jesus. He is where the glory lies.

Chapter 33: Let God Fight Your Battles

After some time, I ended up in a place of solitude, where there was no-one around, but in that sacred space, I had only one place to turn. God. A place where He would teach me how to be good, not wicked.

When you're in this place, stripped back bare, you get to see your mindset and attitude (your heart posture) when you can't rely on external things or comforts to feel ok - the worldly distractions and pastimes of shopping, money, travel, popularity, friends and even a partner. You're just left with you. Eek!

At times - many times - people in this season feel hopeless and helpless - even worthless. This is all part of God's great design to relearn true self worth and value purely for being His child. Not for what you have or what you do. However, isolation season can have you thinking you're a loser - or viewed as one - and maybe it looks that way from the outside and to others - but this is part of being refined and rebuilt on solid ground.

And what's important is how it looks to God - your creator - not what others think or perceive.

Repentance and realisation became my path to freedom and I began closing more doors, breaking agreements with the world, renouncing past sins and tearing up spiritual contracts. Through this process, I was disciplined by Jesus and encountered our true Father in Heaven - not just in theory, but in experience - and I allowed Him to be my Father.

I allowed myself to open to his love.

Here, I healed my father wound through coming to know my real "dad" in heaven. And learned how to clear generational curses, break free from bondage and confront the demonic forces that had entangled me and my bloodline. I learned how to fight back in the spirit: to rebuke, cast out spirits and pray with authority. I learned to cover and intercede for others, releasing old hurts and purifying my heart.

Then there was the release of the worldly traps and patterns of idolatry, gluttony, negativity and shame, fighting back against automatic negative thoughts, overcoming laziness, resisting temptation and breaking free from unclean spirits.

“Do not conform to the pattern of this world, but be transformed by the renewing of your mind.” - Romans 12:2

Most importantly, I learned the power of forgiveness, but not before God took me back some steps when I tried to skip them by moving to forgiveness without acknowledging the hurt. A very powerful shift came once I acknowledged the pain and submitted it to the Father.

This is where I learned - over and over - not just once - not to let bitterness or resentment take root as it poisons your mind, body and soul, and separates you from God. No matter what someone does or did, in the Kingdom we learn to have compassion and mercy for those who have hurt or wronged us. We excuse their sins against us, as our Father has pardoned our sins.

In the bible, Peter asks Jesus:

“Lord, how many times shall I forgive my brother or sister who sins against me? Up to seven times?”

Jesus replies:

“I tell you, not seven times, but seventy-seven times.”

Especially apt as I was born in ‘77!

So, yes, it was an ongoing process to begin with...

I was taught that if anyone had hurt me, it was up to God to bring justice. He encouraged me to let him lead, heal me, to keep quiet about things, and to pray for my enemies, and more than anything be WILLING to forgive. Even if I didn't yet feel the forgiveness in my heart, he knew that I would eventually - but that being *willing* would allow Him to get in and help me to release and let go.

In time, I saw him stand up for me, confront enemies, and bring justice. I won't lie - some of the outcomes I saw in the spirit - before they happened - made me cry. I genuinely felt sorrow witnessing people face consequences or potential loss, yet even there, I saw God's love at work. After I prayed for them, I saw some outcomes change - the penalties that were due never came to pass. Because I forgave my enemies and asked the Lord to grant them clemency, He forgave them too. How powerful is that, to witness forgiveness in action?

That experience taught me the true power of forgiveness: for we do not want blood on our hands. We must love and forgive as He calls us to. Amen.

Chapter 34: Your Case Has Been Reassigned. New Advocate: Jesus

A few weeks later, I experienced what it truly means to be saved.

I can't recall the exact moment it happened. There was no dramatic lightning bolt or Bruce Almighty moment, but as I walked through my own steps and revelations, I had the supernatural realisation that I had been saved - *actually saved* - and I hadn't even known there was a process to it. For me, it had simply been a decision: I wanted to follow Jesus.

But thank God for Rod, because he had helped me to see that it wasn't just about wanting or saying that I was a Follower - it was about declaring it: that Jesus is Lord, and believing it with all my heart. And I did! That was the moment everything changed - not just spiritually, but eternally.

“If you declare with your mouth, ‘Jesus is Lord,’ and believe in your heart that God raised Him from the dead, you will be saved.” - Romans 10:9

Oh man, you have to thank your good friends for bringing you to the Cross and to eternal life. What an honour! And honestly, now that I look back, I can see that **“the LORD was in this place and I did not know it” (Genesis 28:16).**

A few weeks later, I was booked in for a 5-year check-up at the local chest and heart clinic. Arriving early, I decided to sit in my car and read for a while. I was hopeful that my results would be good, as I'd been focusing on my health. I felt well and healthy and was looking forward to finding out how my results compared to my last test in 2020. In my mind, I kept thinking of how my body is a temple of the Holy Spirit (1 Corinthians 6:19), and I really wanted to steward it well.

When it was time to go in, I headed through the door and let the Receptionist know I was there. She guided me towards a sofa in the waiting area and said the nurse would be with me shortly. After a minute or so, I got a sense of somebody walking towards me down the corridor to my left, and as I looked up, something struck me and I immediately felt a sense of something powerful; emotion started stirring within me. This woman carried a grace to her, an energy, something almost holy - though I didn't have the language for it at the time.

It makes sense now, because **“the fruit of the Spirit is love, kindness, and gentleness” (Galatians 5:22-23)**, and that's exactly what she carried. I felt it immediately.

As she said my name, I stood up and followed her into the room, and as I entered, something struck me. There was a presence literally filling the whole room - as if I had walked into some form of divine waiting room - it was palpable. I hadn't felt this before, but I immediately knew what it was... it was the Holy Spirit.

Just like in Acts 10:44, when **“the Holy Spirit fell upon all who heard the word,”** something fell on me too. The room was all white too, making the experience feel even more pure.

I felt so deeply overcome by emotion that I could hardly speak. What I was feeling touched my heart. It felt like coming home, though I didn't understand it yet. **Did not my heart burn within me? (Luke 24:32).** Yes. It did.

As the nurse went around her talk and doing the various tests, she was ever so kind and gentle in nature, and she had so much care coming out of her that it made me feel loved and nurtured, something I didn't realise that I was missing at that point...or needed.

Truly, **“we have this treasure in jars of clay” (2 Corinthians 4:7)** - the Holy Spirit shining through ordinary people. She was a conduit for the Lord's presence. What I felt in that room was pure love and care, the kind Romans 5:5 describes: **“God's love poured into our hearts through the Holy Spirit.”**

I genuinely felt looked after in that moment, and I didn't even realise that I needed that kind of love, attention and presence. But she had it. And I felt it.

The room continued to stay filled with the Holy Spirit and many times, I was on the verge of tears - I was so moved - so much so, that I wasn't able to fully engage in conversation with the nurse because of the depth of what I was feeling and experiencing.

In His presence is fullness of joy (Psalm 16:11), and fullness was exactly what filled that room.

For me, it was such a loving experience and I felt honoured to have been met by God in the Chest & Heart Clinic - as if a divine timer had gone off to awaken me back to love. It reminded me of God's promise: **"I will give you a new heart and put a new spirit within you" (Ezekiel 36:26).**

At the end, the nurse announced, "Your biometrics show that your body's age is 16 years younger than your actual age." Wow. In that moment, I sensed the Lord saying what Matthew 25:21 says: "Well done, good and faithful servant." The Holy Spirit had shown up to meet me and show me how well I'd been stewarding the body Christ had given me.

I left still feeling overwhelmed from the experience - it had been palpable, evident and beautiful. I felt so fortunate and loved. My Lord and Saviour was with me, that was certain. **"Where can I go from Your Spirit?" (Psalm 139:7).** Apparently not even a clinic waiting room can escape Him.

I drove home feeling a mixture of awe, surprise, and maybe a little bit of shock - I really hadn't expected that to happen, but I felt very humbled, loved and cared for.

However, it wasn't to last because from love also comes the opposite... After that, things got a little dark. And even that is Scriptural, because right after Jesus was filled with the Spirit, He was led into the wilderness to be tested (Luke 4:1-2). Light often awakens the shadows that need healing.

Chapter 35: The Darkness Picks a Fight

Nothing truly prepares you for what happens after you decide to follow Jesus, because the enemy takes note of your decision. He sees that you've been saved and he realises that he's losing your soul - and he's MAD!

Oh, and guess what...he doesn't back down without a fight.

I won't lie - those experiences in overcoming spiritual warfare and being refined by God was a tough, tough season. It lasted for around 18 months.

First, because the enemy is relentless - he comes for your mind which pushed me to the edge - even to the point of almost losing my job. My attitude was shocking! Yet, confusingly, at the same time I was being born again, renewed, restored and given new life.

Needless to say, part of that process was experiencing every known, unknown and buried insecurity. My emotions were all over the place! I went back and forth to the doctors for blood tests, convinced it was hormonal - maybe perimenopause, maybe exhaustion. My mood was up and down, I couldn't anchor myself - I was experiencing emotions that I couldn't control.

I was going through bouts of anger, fatigue, bitterness and low mood; being double-minded and I honestly thought that was my life for good. But it wasn't. I was experiencing spiritual warfare and an inner fire and cleansing of what was inside of me. My mindset was terrible and my heart felt bitter - I was all over the place, but I was experiencing it firsthand so I could overcome and cast out what had once overpowered me.

Try explaining that one to your boss - "Sorry, it's not me, it's the spirit of oppression!"

After the battle, I felt empty, exhausted, flat, empty and my spark was gone. I felt deflated. Is this what following Jesus feels like? Even though I knew God was with me, I had felt alone in this experience because it all happened in isolation.

I didn't have human back-up or people around me, yet the process was making me strong.

Looking back, I realised that what I was feeling during that time also wasn't new - it was something that had been with me since childhood. Seasons of depression. Only, I'd learned how to wear the right mask so few would notice. I even hid it from myself. I'd never given it a label. Again, it was just something I accepted. Other people had depression. Not me... Or so I thought.

During that time, I learned self-deliverance and miraculously and supernaturally, I was also delivered from many spirits - most significantly the Jezebel spirit who had clouded my mind, made me moody and low, and took me on ups and downs.

In the end, I thought I had no choice but to see my doctor. After a five minute chat, he said, "It sounds like you're depressed," and handed me a prescription for antidepressants.

As I walked out, holding that paper in my hand I sensed something deeper at work, reminding me that doctors don't know the signs of spiritual warfare. Doctors can't see what my Creator sees. And I got a sense of not needing this prescription, because I have a Deliverer who doesn't need to prescribe me medication!

God.

As I drove away, something lifted - the heaviness, the fog - it all broke. In the blink of an eye, Jezebel was gone. Suddenly, I felt light. Free. My Father had stepped in and delivered me.

When I got home, I tore up the prescription note and thanked God for His power to heal what no medication ever could.

Eventually, I found myself in what I can only describe as the "in-between." God had worked in me so deeply that I no longer desired the things of this world. Nothing drew me in any more because I could see that it was all temporary and incapable of truly satisfying me.

The things that once seemed so important - takeaway coffee to start the day, grabbing an ice cream when it was hot, shopping for new outfits, holidays, beautiful aesthetics, the next new car, or even seeing home ownership as an essential milestone in life - they all simply lost their hold on me. It wasn't that these things were all wrong in themselves, but I could see how easily they become substitutes for the satisfaction that only Christ can give.

For many, they become idols - something to rely on for happiness and a future, instead of going to the Father of our souls.

Everything disappeared, and it felt strange. I wasn't sure what to do next. But looking back, I can see that this was the pressure God used to push me out of my old life and into my new one.

It was a rebirth.

In that place, I became hungry to serve God, hungry to serve others and hungry to make a difference. No longer was life about my goals, my ambitions or my desires, or even the fears and limitations that had once held me back.

My heart had changed.

Like the Tin Man in The Wizard of Oz, I had been given a new heart, but unlike the movie, this wasn't make-believe. It was Jesus who transformed my heart, replacing my old desires with new ones.

No wonder I loved that movie so much. It was symbolic.

I knew I'd changed, because watching *A Place in the Sun*, I couldn't help but notice how much our culture revolves around gratifying the flesh. The dream was always another beautiful home, more comfort, more holidays, more dining out, more holiday outfits, "entertaining" others, another place to relax with a glass of wine.

Again and again, fulfilment was presented as something to be found through consuming more and living for ourselves. It made me realise how easily we can spend our lives chasing temporary pleasures instead of seeking the eternal satisfaction that comes from God. I was completely turned off by it all.

Spiritually, I could see that many of us seek the "more lifestyle" and rely on holidays, homes and other material items because we carry a generational mother wound. A longing to have been fed, mothered, nurtured and loved by a fierce, protective and caring momma bear. Someone with strong boundaries, feminine leadership qualities and determination.

But in place of that void, we now fill it with work, holidays, goals, takeaways, shopping, achievements, alcohol, vaping, smoking, sugar, relationships and everything else to avoid it. However, as soon as you're on your own, it can no longer hide.

You can no longer pretend that you don't notice the gaping emotional wound in your belly.

It was then, I realised that I was no longer worshipping or making an idol of the sun either - the light or the warmth I once depended on for happiness. Those were gifts of creation, not the Creator Himself. Now, my eyes are on the One who makes every season. And when I focus on the Creator instead of circumstances, wants, desires or expectations, every season can become beautiful in its own way - more purposeful and full of Him. Because that's all that I needed.

Don't get me wrong - we do need time out and rest, but I discovered that the rest Jesus offers is altogether different. I didn't need to run away to a foreign country and bask in the sun to think I was relaxing.

With Jesus, it isn't simply escape or indulgence; it is true peace and restoration. It is deep, lasting rest for the soul. No holiday, possession or earthly pleasure can give what only Christ can.

So, after 49 years, I was finally free from the past. I waved goodbye to:

Self-judgement, self-hatred and guilt.

Buried bitterness, anger and grief.

Loneliness, depression and anxious feelings.

Shyness, nervousness, insecurity and low self-esteem.

Hyper-fixation and obsessive-compulsive patterns.

Over-reliance on alcohol.

Fatigue and low energy from negative self-talk.

Body dysmorphia, perfectionism and shame about my appearance.

Sinful cycles, destructive inherited patterns and generational wounds.

Dangerous and harmful relationships.

Giving away my power and losing myself.

Psychosis, paranoia and demonic torment.

The cycles I had inherited, learned, suppressed, denied, overlooked and avoided had finally been broken. What freedom!

Chapter 36: United With God: Union!

Soon, it was time to leave the land I was living in and head to the United States for a work trip. And it turned out to be quite a symbolic release of the old.

Whilst there, a colleague mentioned that the dog in her profile picture was their family dog who had passed away. Mine had just turned fourteen, so the conversation stayed with me. She said, “It was a hard decision, but I knew it was the right thing to do in letting her go”. Those words stayed with me, because I couldn't imagine how it would feel to have your dog put to 'sleep'".

I now know that something was being prepared emotionally, like a seed of preparation being planted.

When I got back home, I was doing a lot of work around releasing tension in the body through fascia release and “de-armouring” work, where I was opening up tightness in areas where emotion can become stored and stuck physically. I then started working on opening my chest area specifically. Again, I had no idea where any of this was leading.

That Saturday, I woke up and deep cleaned the house from top to bottom, hoovering all the rooms - then I scrubbed the kitchen floor by hand instead of just mopping it like normal. I think I was subconsciously creating space emotionally before I even understood what was happening.

Later that day, I watched a clip of Davina McCall speaking to a therapist about the loneliness she felt after waking up from brain surgery. She explained that after the operation she was suddenly overwhelmed with a feeling of loneliness she couldn't shift. The therapist suggested that the surgery itself hadn't created the loneliness, but had instead removed enough distraction for the feeling to surface. He linked it back to her childhood and having an emotionally absent mother.

What struck me was when Davina said she would never have connected those dots herself.

After watching it, I started thinking about death in a way that felt unusually emotional. I thought about getting old, dying and eventually being forgotten. I imagined dying somewhere far away without loved ones and familiar surroundings, and being buried alone. Left. Forgotten. Rationally, I knew it didn't make sense because once you're dead, you're no longer physically experiencing loneliness. But emotionally, it was triggering something much deeper.

What I was actually feeling was fear of insignificance - a fear of being forgotten, a fear of not mattering and a fear of being alone emotionally.

And over the following days, I then realised those feelings weren't new - they had probably always been there underneath the surface.

Some shows of Relative Race then appeared as a YouTube suggestion, where adopted people reunite with biological family members and I found myself in floods of tears watching it. Seeing people who had felt alone their entire lives suddenly welcomed into large families affected me far more than I expected. At the time, I thought I was just emotional because of the tension release from my body, but something deeper was being exposed.

The emotional armour was coming down and feelings I had kept buried were surfacing.

The next morning, I sat on the edge of my bed and could hear a pigeon cooing outside. I remember thinking, "peace" and I wrote in my journal that I was willing to "let go and let God," but I meant it generally. I had no idea what the next few hours would bring.

Like I usually do, I set off on a walk with the dogs and took Tilly and Toto for a walk around town. I noticed small things that stood out to me - a shop called "Eternity," signs referencing adoption and some familiar symbols that felt significant.

Later that day, while watching more episodes of Relative Race, Toto suddenly became unsteady, her legs weren't working properly and her eyes were moving rapidly side to side - she became completely disoriented. Because it was a Sunday, I took her to the emergency vet, where they explained it was vestibular syndrome likely connected to kidney failure and age-related decline.

The vet was so kind and calm and compassionate towards us, explaining that any treatment would only lead to repeated suffering and ongoing deterioration. He believed letting her go would be kinder, and I knew he was right.

Our hearts broke as we said goodbye to Toto.

What shocked me afterwards was not just the grief itself, but the intensity of the loneliness that surfaced. The house felt empty in a way I couldn't explain. Her physical presence had taken up so much emotional space that the silence afterwards revealed something in me I hadn't acknowledged before.

I realised how much of my life had been spent staying emotionally "on call" for others - my children, my dogs, the people I love. Hovering nearby. Remaining available. Constantly anticipating needs before anyone had to feel alone or unsupported.

At first, I thought this came from love alone, but I think part of it came from my own unresolved fear of loneliness - not wanting others to feel what I had felt emotionally myself. It was a form of codependency.

As the next couple of days passed, memories replayed constantly in my mind - walks, routines and moments I had taken for granted. Little spots along our walks where she would stop and sniff...and poo - always in the same places. I cried openly for days. Driving, sitting in the kitchen or folding washing - the grief kept surfacing and I stopped trying to suppress it and let the tears fall.

And what became clear to me through all of this was that loneliness is not always obvious, because sometimes it hides underneath functioning, care-taking, responsibility and hyper-independence.

And sometimes it's generational. We inherit it. It's there in the tissues of our body, even before we take our very first breath.

Later, I connected some of these feelings to my nan's experiences during the occupation of Guernsey in World War II. Aged 3, she had been left alone with her mother while her brothers and sisters were separated and sent away. For many, a form of disruption like that doesn't just disappear as time passes, because until the day she died when she was 84, she still felt scared and lonely. She didn't know that she had a dysregulated nervous system that had started all that time back...

Later, those same behaviours, nervous system patterns and emotional coping mechanisms appeared again in her grandchildren and great grandchildren. That's why I think fascia and the nervous system can carry far more emotional history than we realise.

And when the body finally starts relaxing and releasing tension, emotions that have been suppressed and avoided for years can arise. Not because something is “wrong”, but because the body no longer has had to keep everything tightly contained.

That was the biggest thing I learned through this experience. What I thought was grief alone was revealing what had existed underneath the surface for years - for generations.

With Toto's passing, it was that very grief that opened access to the parts of me that had been locked away. It was from feeling both love and heartbreak at the same time that inherited loneliness could be seen and felt.

It also showed me who hadn't truly let me go, who was still holding on to the past and where accusations and past hurts had continued to shape my life. It revealed truths I had sensed for years but had buried because I wasn't ready to face the pain they carried.

It took the loss of Toto to crack that open so I could feel it and heal it. So my heart could finally belong to Jesus and not be wedded to the past.

For anyone who knew Toto, well, she was simply... Toto. Funny, stubborn, affectionate, naughty, comforting and entirely herself. She brought so much character, laughter and joy into our home - she united us - and there will never be another dog quite like her. Ever.

It's true that heartbreak can be a bittersweet kind of blessing, even when it hurts. I just feel so grateful that we were able to love her for so long.

For now, she's gone along the yellow brick road, through a yellow door into her own eternal heaven - somewhere I like to believe she's been welcomed into eternity. And maybe, one day, I will see her again.

Until then, Toto: there's no place like home.

What a journey it has been.

The good news is this: I am no longer lost. My Saviour has found me, called me home and restored me into relationship with my Father in heaven.

I feel incredibly blessed to know that I have been reconciled to God through Jesus Christ.

Thank You, Lord. Thank You, Jesus. God is so, so good.

But coming to Christ isn't the finish line - it's the beginning.

Salvation is a gift, and from that place begins the lifelong journey of following Him, becoming more like Him and allowing Him to transform us, day by day.

So let me ask you:

Are you ready to accept Jesus Christ as your Lord and Saviour? Are you ready to come home?

If you are, I'd sure love to hear from you.

And if I can help you in any way as you begin your journey with Jesus, let's connect here:

www.regulated-woman.com

Tammy x