

Where to start!

I love my life, and my weakness is that I LOVE my life just as much as I can despise it. I guess my constant battle has always been that I can see life in its full glory. The pain and the pleasure, the Ying and the Yang, the positive and negatives, the accepted and the unaccepted, the right and the wrong, the witness and the non witness (it will become clear) Always the battle between GOD and SATAN!

To get to the point where I am today has been very challenging and painful but I've learned so much and I use it in what I do on a daily basis. The difficulties I faced has taught me to see through the obvious. I'm able to see the spirit within people and connect with their Soul. I've seen angels, demons, ghosts, memories, elementals, earth bounds (trapped spirits) master healers, spirit guides, shadow guides, and much more. I know this might sound unfamiliar and like a dark fairy tale to you, but over the years I've learned that many people are afraid and unsure about what I experience and do, some would even laugh in my face and think it's all insane, I don't know lol. I've not been able to find all the answers to my questions yet but I guess it will always be my mission to understand what I am and what I experience because this must surely be my destiny to complete enlightenment, right?, then awaken others around me to their potential and gifts!

Seeing what I'm able to see has hurt me so many times and I can go through so much suffering within my mind and soul from what I'm able to see. Of course I see the dark and I then also see the positive but only once I've seen all of the darkness am I able to see the light. These visions can change my life in one moment and it can leave me traumatised and depressed for days, but then I will get this strength from inside, fight back, and see the beauty and love among people and it will give me courage and power to keep going. Through all my dark experiences I've had in my life I've found a way to see through the darkness and find the positive.

Therefore I'm able now to help people cope and embrace their gifts. Letting go of their fears, supporting them in finding their full potential. I'm able to see their true potential even though they aren't able to see it themselves. I can see their beautiful gift, but also what is holding them back, when they try the suggestions and it seems work.

Over the years I've learned to trust what I see, as so many things I've seen has happened or very closely to what I've seen. I've had so many people come back to me and said that what I've predicted or suggestions I've made has happened and worked. I've dealt with so many different experiences from relationships issues to possessions. This is why I've decided to write my story and show people that no matter how difficult your life is there is a way to get through it. I'm very aware that there are people out there that had much worse experiences than me and I would encourage those people to write their story too as it could help many other people, but it will be my privilege to be able to show them that there is a whole world out there that can enlighten us and give us power to become successful and brave to do whatever it is that we need.

I love people and because of all the darkness I've experienced, so a vow was made to myself, that I never want anyone to feel as low as I have. I want them to

realise they have power and I will do what I can to help.

I believe we are all one big family and we encourage each other with our beautiful life stories. I can look at my life now and be grateful for this life I had as this has made me the person I am today! Since working with so many different people I've become so inspired, every person has a story and it's encouraging to see how strong people are and how much they can endure. Every one of us has a gift and seeing everyone that come to me for a soul reading I can see their beautiful gifts and can't wait to see them develop it.

I want to inspire the uninspired to go within and see who they truly are within, the true beauty and give them hope and courage to go within and embrace themselves.

We need to unlock our power, strength, vulnerability, insight, wisdom and courage. We have to learn to be brave, because every single one of us has something to offer and it's our responsibility to develop this gift to enlighten not only ourselves, but everyone we meet.

So many people hurt inside from all their experiences and this create so many problems. People try and avoid how they actually feel because the energy they feel is negative but to heal the negative as I've explained we have to go into it and work through the emotions so that the healing can be done. We can't heal what we've not discovered. To truly know ourselves we have to know ourselves in darkness and in light, in other words see the positives and negatives of who we are and if the negatives are holding us back we need to change it. We have to work on ourselves and strive to improve ourselves. Only by truly understanding our weaknesses will we truly know our strengths and powers. Many people can't see their power because they've never been allowed to express their ability or they've not been allowed to develop their passion, many different reasons for so many people.

I want to connect with people that have deep questions about life, believes, religion, spirituality and the world. I want to support those that feel alone and desperately need love and acceptance because I've been there and know it's dark pain.

I've found that there are so many people has a desire to heal and help other people, this made me realize that we can all connect on a deeper vibrational frequency and we can change things not only in our every day life but also for the beautiful planet we live on.

Let me share my life story so far with you and may it inspire you, or help you understand a loved one more.

This is my story

There was a time I was terrified of the world and everything in it, I felt that I didn't belong, like I've had no say, no knowledge but what I've been taught.

There was a time that I tried to kill myself I've been so low.

I've had no respect for myself, because I've never been respected by the adults in my life. I felt betrayed, unloved, misunderstood and lost.

But no matter how low I was there was always something that changed my conditions and helped me survive. As I go back over my life I can see a child so vulnerable, friendly and always trying to make people smile, as I could see their

fears and joy. I was very young also when I've seen spirits and this made me aware of the 'other' world.

The knowledge of this did change me as a child, and I do know that my ability to see these things have made me more aware of everything. I was very young when I would see auras and vibrations around people. Although I've read numerous books about this by now at one stage of my life I had no idea that it was 'weird' or 'strange', it was my normal life.

I've learned to not talk about it too much as it scared my peers and my mother would tell me that they are demons. So the subject wasn't discussed in our family (even to this day I'm unable to talk about this at all). In time I stopped talking about it and the experiences I've had just became normal 'weird' stuff.

I never said anything, but I didn't miss much. Even though I was very observant, I was so naïve and so innocent because I could only see the good in people, the pain in their heart made them the way they were so I made excuses for them all the time.

So for many years I hurt myself and suffered because I felt that I had to just take everything these people did to me. I had no choice. I had no known way of expressing myself because it just wasn't allowed. No freedom to express myself as it was never important enough or if I say it I was told that I've got a vivid imagination. I was told children should be seen and not heard and I would see so much, but had no way ever to convey what I would see so it would just stay locked within my mind.

So growing up with my gift was very discouraged and not ok, this has caused me to doubt my gift and not embrace it. I hated my gift as it frustrated me because I tried to believe it's not real. To survive I had to just ignore many things.

I was born and raised in South-Africa and as I grew up there I've seen many dark things.

My parents had a volatile relationship and this made life stressful. I honestly can't remember ANY times we had laughter, fun or bonded as a family. Everything evolved around the religion and my dad!

I remember being awake many nights listening to them argue and shout at each other and fighting for so long, or it felt long. I would cry but kept quiet because I was too scared to tell them to stop. There were times I was afraid because it became physical and I could hear my dad 'disciplining' my mother. I would eventually go to sleep after they eventually went to sleep. My dad will go to work and that would wake me up again and I recall getting myself ready for school while my mom clearly overslept and I would make her toast and tea before going to school and giving it to her watching her eat, because I knew somehow she will be weak if she didn't eat and look after herself. I could see how she was crumbling away right in front of my eyes. She was losing weight and was crying a lot. She always asked the question why was this happening to her? When they argued I could hear the pain and desperation in my mother's voice when begging my dad to please stay with us. I recall many conversations about woman and lying from my dad, as he didn't care for my mom. I could see that in him also. They didn't trust each other at all. Always the pain I picked up in both of them. I felt so stressed and nervous about their fighting because I felt unsure about what's going to happen. I remember particularly one night my dad chasing my mom with a knife and she jumped out the window to try and escape, I was petrified and I could see him running after her in the

garden. Something happened to stop them but I couldn't recall what, all I knew was next thing I was standing in their room looking out at them. They were like animals that night, my mom just wouldn't stop talking even though my dad told her he doesn't want to talk anymore and that he was tired and wanted to sleep but she just kept going.

They were both so unhappy and things were getting out of control. Eventually they got a divorce and we moved in with a couple my mom knew through her religious practices. I remember being so angry with my mother as I felt it was her fault they got divorced.

I had a very close bond with my dad I thought, and I could see the pain in him and his sadness has drawn him outside of our house, as I could see my mom was pushing him away with forcing him to conform to her beliefs. I didn't understand the full story obviously but that's what I noticed at the time in my young child mind.

I would notice the arguing around the religious practices and therefore I've build up a dislike in this religion. I became bitter and angry after the divorce and I was difficult. I heard all of these people (Jehovah's Witnesses) say horrible things about my dad and they do this while he is hurting so badly. This made me feel so upset and I feel that I had to protect him even though he wasn't there. This behaviour would cause me to question things, and I recall being very moody and stropky.

The couple we stayed with actually helped us so much and their kindness was beautiful. I felt so bad years after I realized what they actually did for us but the hurt in me just caused me to challenge them especially at the lady that looked after us during the day as my mom was working, because she now had to after the divorce as my dad always had excuses why he couldn't pay maintenance (arguments kept going after the divorce)

So there we were my 2 sisters and my mother living with strangers in my view and my dad moved away.

I was the oldest and I was the one who experienced all the arguing and abuse. MY youngest sister was a baby so she wasn't too aware. MY middle sister also wasn't aware of the arguing so much as I would get into bed with her and close her ears from the arguing.

I shared a room with her for many years and it was challenging because she would wind me up so much. She was a 'miss goody two shoes' and she would love to stir. She got me into trouble all the time.

My younger sister eventually learned from her and she use to blackmail me if I did something that I could get into trouble for lol.

So there we were, changing schools, my dad not being there anymore, crying every night and lay awake for hours just looking at the moon until I eventually went to sleep. My life was terrible and confusing, missing my dad, depressed and so sad. My mother was depressed, she lost more weight and I felt concern for her because what will happen to us if anything would happen to her. I felt like I was carrying the weight of the world on my shoulders. Then we had to follow the religious rules, which I've seen has just created a tremendous amount of problems. I was constantly reprimanded and I didn't get affection. I felt desperately alone and worried about my mom and dad. Secretly hoping they will sort things out and get back together.

I was in trouble all the time because I would do something that would upset

everyone. I would take things that weren't mine and just be argumentative and challenging I guess.

Then eventually my grandparents moved to where we lived to help my mom. At first I was excited because I use to have a very strong relationship with my grandmother as I was the first grandchild and she use to spoil me, but that changed very quickly.

It was tough going as we lived in a three bedroom house and there was 6 of us, this meant I had to shared a room with my mother. I think I was around 9 or 10 when we moved in with my grandparents. Again I had to move schools. Back to the school I left the previous year.

It was very difficult for me to concentrate, constant challenging, uncertainty about the future, listen to all the doom and gloom the religion taught that we were part of, life was really dark for me and I hated my life.

My school career was difficult because when my parents were together I would sometimes oversleep and be late for school and the teacher use to get cross and embarrassed me in the presence of the whole class, as an example has to be made I guess. During the year we lived with the other couple there was more of a routine.

Now that we were with my grandparents we lived next to the school, and no it really was next door I'm not exaggerating lol.

This time in my life was extremely difficult as living with my grandparents proved to be very challenging and painful.

It was during this time that their religion really took shape in my life and this was very frustrating.

Because I would hear my family talk about my father and saying all these horrible things about him which was very difficult to hear as I could see the bitterness and poisonous words coming from them. I could see that they had no idea about the pain I could see in my father. He wasn't behaving as a Christian should so that made him wicked.

The judgements was easy to make as they are Christians and they do not behave like he does, so it's ok to criticize people because they feel that they had a right and an understanding as to the way my father behaved this way. I could see the suffering in his spirit and soul but had no idea what I was seeing.

So I'm going to tell you about being brought up as a Jehovah's Witness and the affect it has had on my life.

Being born into a Jehovah's Witness family.

They teach that the world is in the power of Satan and that only people belonging to this faith will be saved. They teach that the world is going to end and that God, Jehovah is going to kill every one that doesn't do what this religion teach. You have to abide by these rules. They taught me that the world is lying in the power of the wicked one and that if I don't believe in this I will be destroyed because God is jealous and he wants exclusive devotion. This was very confusing because they use to go out and try and gain members as they are told to go out and teach people that the world is wicked and that there isn't a lot of time before this world will end, and that we need to change now to be able to survive. They believe that only people that speak out Gods name and do what the bible teaches, will be

saved by him. They believe that ALL religions are wrong and that they are the only denomination that is right. All other Christian believes are false because, they don't do what the bible says.

We had to go to the 'meetings' three times a week and sit there and listen for two hours. Everyday we were bombarded by the doctrines and we had to read the bible all the time.

We weren't allowed to read other books as it's influenced by the Devil, and it would lead us away. We were told that Satan is seeking us out and he is trying to turn us away from God all the time. Satan was like a hungry lion seeking to devour! We will be tempted through everything the world has to offer. I was never encouraged to think about my future in the sense of a career or anything like that as this world is going to end so why bother invest any energy within this 'sinking ship'.

I was told to focus on being a good Jehovah's Witness and obey what the faith says as this was the only way. I was told before I went to school that I would probably never go to school because the end of the world will come before then. When I was in school I was told that I would probably never work because the end will come before I finish school.

No encouragement to think about, or plan my future. This was not encouraged within this religious movement because the focus should be to 'serve' within the congregation and to use our resources to do so. Everything should definitely evolve around being a Jehovah's Witness and dedicating our life to the organization as the two comes hand in hand.

Never was I asked what career I want to pursue or what I feel 'I'm good' at. I was shouted at on a daily basis for questioning these believes as I would see things differently. It just didn't make sense. I could also see the way they were talking about people and how they judged the 'people in the world' as they will brand anyone not within their cult.

They always separated us from any other people. I wasn't allowed to have friends unless they were Jehovah's witnesses. In school I wasn't allowed to go into assembly as they will talk about God and have a prayer in the mornings. I had to leave assembly hall and go sit outside, this was very humiliating. I stood out because of their believes, even though I didn't agree with what my family believed.

I was also very good at athletics and I had a real talent. The teachers asked my mother personally if I could please run for the school as I was really good. They didn't like it because in their believe they didn't believe in competition. They believe everyone is the same and should not compete because it's not what God would want. I didn't understand it the way they explained because I felt that by competing it gave me strength within myself and gave me believe that I'm strong enough to handle challenges and to better myself. I always challenged myself, that was my only goal!

While competing in athletics I would compete with my time. Push harder so better my time was my competition. Never was I supported. I was the Victrix Ludorum, not only for our school but for our town. It was such a huge achievement but I was ashamed to take the trophy to our house because it would be like an insult to my family and it was. I wasn't praised, I was told that I'm standing out now as a 'bad' example of a Jehovah's Witness.

There were many things they've taught me that I could just not understand as I could see the damage their teachings caused. I had no real friends and I could never leave the house unless accompanied by some one, because I would talk to other children in our street and they are bad association.

No 'worldly' friends as they branded people who wasn't in their denomination. They judged everyone!

We had to go and do 'field service' which means I had to accompany my family on going door to door and telling them about God and trying to convert people to have a bible study and then become Jehovah's Witnesses. This was like torture. As it wasn't enough standing out at school already because of what I'm unable to do like not be in assemblies, no religious education or birthday party as they believed we shouldn't celebrate birthdays.

We would go from 'door to door' at least twice a week, knocking on people's doors and some will be friendly and polite and some will question what they are saying and some even chased us away like we were scum.

When we knocked on the doors and people open I would see school friends and because their parents didn't agree with my family and they would argue, the children from school would treat me the same way to a degree. I was made fun of on occasion because of my families believe. I was excluded from any social events and therefore had no real friends. Because I was viewed as a 'rebel' because I questioned 'their' believes, the children within the congregation wasn't encouraged to be friends with me as I was 'bad association'.

I will tell you more about their believes, and how it affected me later in my story as it proved to create major problems in my life.

That part of my life was very frustrating as I was so confused about everything. We were all unhappy! My mother was crying herself to sleep every night, my grandmother was snappy with my sisters and myself as she probably didn't want to look after three young children at her age, and my grandfather, well this was a whole other story.

When we moved in with my grandparents. I was older than my siblings so I noticed more and I could see what was truly going on, besides that I could see colours around people or the room will have a shade of colour and that would instigate things as I've learned to read the energy.

Even though my granddad was favoured by the 'church' because he was an 'elder' as they called it meaning a spiritual leader within the congregation he had a few dark secrets.

My granddad use to love a drink and he would drink his brandy and water every night. I don't remember exactly when this started but he started sexually abusing me from the age of around 10 or 11. He use to put his hand in my underwear and touch me while my mother and grandmother would be in the kitchen. This was very uncomfortable and I didn't understand what he was doing to be honest. The only similar experience I had was when I was around 5 or 6, a daughter of my mother's friend has shown me how to masturbate so I could have an orgasm. I didn't understand really what this was and so because I liked it I use to do it a lot.

My mother has told me that it was a sin and that God will punish me for doing

this as it's disgusting and He detests people that does things like this. When that didn't work she told me that I will get wards and she even got one of my uncles to come and read from the bible telling me that I was sinning when I would masturbate. He also asked many questions about me doing it. So when my granddad did this to me I was very confused and unsure and I had no way of saying no as he made me feel it's ok and acceptable and that my mom was probably overacting. He use to do this to me at any stage but when he was under the influence of alcohol he will be worse and I could smell his brandy breath when he kissed me and put his tongue in my mouth, aggressively groping breathing all over my face and body molesting me.

When I asked people about sex and what it was or what happens the use to say that I'm obsessed and why do I ask because I'm too young to have an interest, but I think the reason why I was asking was because I wanted to understand whether what he was doing was right or wrong as I felt that it was something I was forced to do.

My grand parents were very nasty to me for different reasons. They use to say I'm obsessed with boys all because I was writing to a boy and my granddad use to open the letters and read them.

He would call me a slut for having an interest in boys but I didn't have ANY sexual contact with these boys at the time. I just wanted to be around people my age and people that wasn't judging me or telling me how rebellious or disobedient all the time.

I felt that nothing I did was ever good enough all because I questioned their believes.

We didn't see my dad much at this stage either as he was living in a different town which was about 2 to 3 hour drive so we might see him once a year. But even then we would get excited to go to him on holiday and he would cancel or have excuses why he couldn't see us.

I missed him so much and listening to my family break him down and calling him a womanizer was incredibly painful because I understood the suffering within him. He had a troubled life as he was an orphan and I guess he had many issues but I didn't really understand this until much later in my life.

I couldn't have any freedom to do anything and I had to only focus on the religion and our mission to gain people for the 'church'. I use to get so frustrated that I would punch my fists into the wall. I felt like I was being tortured. I was crying inside and no one could understand this. My mother use to say that she understands that it's tough but that it's the only way as the world is so evil. The way the world was described to me was dark and terrible. I couldn't really keep myself together as my mind was blocking the daily abuse but I felt that there was stuff going on that was wrong.

During these times I was becoming aware of an energy around me and use to in some weird way give me support. I use to talk to someone walking from school and talk my heart out. I never knew who or what it was I just felt safe talking during these times. I felt that I was being listened to and I would get a calmness come over me or I would feel love being poured out on me in a way. I also knew that one day things will be different and I just felt like I had to be patient. I also understood that this energy use to love listen to me sing and I could feel support from this energy.

I was also aware on another occasion that there was a different energy around, this energy was more negative and made me feel afraid and unsafe. I don't feel I was able to sense much at this stage of my life as the pain inside me was stopping me to see anything positive because our home was constantly about the evil in this world.

Life was so dark and as a 10/11 year old I felt so mature. Forced to grow up and take responsibility for 'my' beliefs and religion. But I felt so stuck and completely controlled with nothing I loved for myself in my life.

My mother was working and my grandmother was constantly arguing with me telling me that I need to be more like my sisters because they would read the bible and be active in their worship and that I need to sort myself out because I'm rebellious and that God hates rebelliousness and that I'm like my dad just wanting to do the things in the world and not follow a pure path. I wanted to be like the toxic unfaithful people out there.

I would listen to them talk about people outside of the church as wicked and disgusting and say how weak and pathetic they were. I felt confused as I met these people and I felt that they were friendly and kind and considerate. We hardly ever went to do things outside of church activities and holidays was terrible as I couldn't visit friends from school although I was invited but I could never accept as it was not allowed to associate with them. I was so lonely, always hanging around the house with the family. I was the oldest child and I had to watch over my siblings and cousins and be with them but they were younger than me and I found no stimulation in any way. The only stimulation was bible studies. As I got a bit older I made a friend in the congregation. This was cool because I could stay over at their house and I remember that my friend and I bought cigarettes one day, it was her idea and we smoked. I had to keep the cigarettes as she was afraid she could be caught. So her mom smelt that she smoked and she blamed me for everything. She said I bought it and that I encouraged her to smoke. I got into such trouble but I was honest and she wasn't and they believed her. Everyone did even my mother. My grandmother said she was a nice girl and that I must've instigated it. This was the case when things will go wrong. I will be blamed always because I was branded in the congregation as 'bad association'. The actual damage that all of this caused will prove to create a lot of suffering in my future, as I will share with you later in this book.

We were never told fairy tales as it wasn't from God but we had to read our book of bible stories as that the only book that was accepted as it was written by Jehovah's Witnesses for Jehovah's Witnesses. We very seldom watched movies and TV programs either as it was from 'the world' and the information is false. Everything was always compared to the religion and how terrible the world is and how we should only focus on the organization and following what they teach. Dreaming was never encouraged and because I was more 'out there' I always felt the black sheep of the family.

It was very difficult to never fit in anywhere. I felt that I was picked on all the time. So little praise but plenty criticism at school and at home.

Then one of my uncles also started touching me. We were at a BBQ at my aunt and uncle's house one night and I was standing next to the fire and my granddad and uncle started touching me. I remember feeling very awkward but somehow I couldn't ever stop them or defend myself! It was like I was frozen and unable to

respond to what was happening, it was like I got a very heavy and numb feeling wash over me.

This girl (my uncles niece) came to stay over at our house that night and when we got home for some reason we stayed up and my granddad was sitting in the living room with us, I don't know how he happened to be sitting between us but he was and he was kissing us both and touching us. The thing is I can't remember what happened after, in some way I would have some sort of a black out.

For instance, I remember my grandmother was visiting family and she was away for a week or so and my mom was working. I was home from school that day as I was unwell and was staying at home with our 'live in maid' that worked for my grandparents, but my granddad sent her to the shop or something and my sisters was at school. I was having a shower and I could hear my granddad come into the shower room and used the toilet, I froze was scared, terrified and unsure of what was happening when he drawn the curtain open, I felt so embarrassed and exposed I felt weak in my legs and couldn't breathe. He then looked at me standing naked dripping wet and lead me into their bedroom. For many years I had a memory gap as to what happened that day. I will share with you what happened later on as I only remembered what happened there many years later. There was many times that I couldn't remember stuff that happened to me but something will bring my attention to the fact that something unusual and creepy has happened. I recall going to the toilet at school one day and something came out of my vagina when I wiped myself. That was so scary and shocking but I didn't know what it was. It wasn't anything normal, it was something put inside me by my granddad as he was the one I saw every day and would do stuff to me on a regular basis but I couldn't remember because I had the black outs. My uncle use to put his hand under my skirt and into my underwear during family prayers, which was shocking if you think about it. I guess because I was groomed and conditioned to say nothing I didn't say anything. When I use to go and visit my dad there was a man in their block of flats that use to talk to me and lure me into his garage saying he really loved me and that he wants to share something special with me. He use take me in the garage at the flat and close us inside and take me into the car and perform oral sex and he use to put things inside me, I also had blackouts during this stage as I remember this but not coming out or knowing what happened after the beginning part. This is why I could never really speak out at the time, as I couldn't recall.

We didn't see my dad often and when we were there my stepmother use to complain about us being there. We only visited for a week or maybe 2 weeks tops once a year. But still I thought my dad was amazing!

Then came the day when I decided that I wanted to stay with my dad. This caused a lot of problems as the 'elders' of the congregation came to see me and said that my dad is from the world and a sinner and that moving to stay with him will be sinning as I'm not putting God first.

I remember speaking to a teacher one day and started telling her about the fact that my granddad was drinking. This scared me so much to tell her and obviously she contacted my mother. My grandmother was the one who mentioned this, she came to me looked me in the eye and said we shall NEVER talk about what happens in this family. She said that I was trying to cause problems and I was lying and that it's disgusting that I was saying this about them. She said that I

disappointed her by lying and that I should stop talking about this stuff. She was very different after that as she became even more vindictive, and breaking me down.

She use to try and beat me and my sister with a belt and I just felt that she hated me being there and maybe she knew what my granddad did but was in denial, who knows.

This has only increased my desire to move to my dad and his 'new' family. I have to say that my dad did go through many girlfriends and got married many times. Divorce was common for him as he believed that if it doesn't work you move on.

Since leaving my mother at this stage he was married for the 2nd time so I have seen how he handled his relationships.

Just as we were planning for me to move to my dad, my mother remarried as well and we just moved into the new house with my mom and her new husband for about a week before I left to go stay with my dad.

I remember we moved into the house with my mother's new husband and on the first night, I was awoken by a spirit standing in the bedroom. That was the first time again that I've seen spirit clairvoyantly in a long time again. I had no idea why she was there and what she was trying to say to me.

When I went to say goodbye to my grandmother, bear in mind I was only 12 or 13, she said that she was disappointed in me as a person and that I'm like a dog going back to it's sick and that I'm just like those sinners in the world because I chose to go stay with my dad. She told me that she wants nothing to do with me unless I turn back to God and give up my sinful life. She was nasty and her facial expression was of disgust and made me feel like I was scum and like she was cutting me off until I repent.

So when my dad came to pick me up I was happy to be free. I could be myself as when I was with my dad there was no rules! I started smoking as my dad and his then wife smoked. She had 2 children and I shared a room with her daughter. She use to fight with me a lot and said that I should go back to my other family as they were a family. Those stages I did feel uncomfortable and in the way. But my stepbrother always made me laugh and made me feel at home.

Although we fell out a lot we also had some fun times as this felt more like I imagined a family to be like. I felt happier as I could now do whatever I wanted, unlike before where I couldn't do anything, it was complete opposites. My dad use to watch porn with us in the living room and laugh at our reactions to the acts that we've seen, he spoke to us like adults making inappropriate jokes and talking about sex openly.

I had a boyfriend at this stage and he use to come and visit me for weekends and my dad was ok with us having sex, when we use to fight he would say things to him like 'take her to bed and go and put a smile on her face'. He would bring us coffee in bed as if it was normal. He would ask us about our sexual activities and laugh with us, like we were 'buddies' I was around 13 years of age. I felt that was the coolest thing ever because I could be myself but I could see this darkness around him totally controlling his mind and his thoughts, it centred him around sex completely. I was aware of this hungry dark figure that use to take him over and he becomes sex crazed and obsessed and he would degrade woman and use

of woman.

He was bitter and angry when he would describe woman to me but he was married because he couldn't be on his own. He was adopted and his mother gave him up and I felt that the hurt of his mom not wanting him allowed the darkness to overtook him at times, like a possession as that's how I would see it happen.

He would talk about sexual acts in detail and make jokes about it. From being held in, not being able to do anything to being able to do whatever I wanted was a huge change and I guess I completely lost control as I couldn't see that this wasn't balanced.

He would say that he was the coolest dad and that he accepted my choices. But I've noticed a change in him. This dark energy was well in control. I could sense and feel the energy and it was very different to my dad. When this energy took over he would scratch himself and become like a lunatic.

When his girlfriend told him I was pregnant my dad went ballistic, he said that I did it on purpose and that I just wanted to get married. This wasn't the case at all as I really felt I was too young and couldn't cope with the idea. He said that I needed an abortion but during this time abortion was illegal. He spoke to a friend as she worked in a chemist and told him that I need to take a lot of malaria tablets and that this might help to abort the baby. He got me these pills and I took them, I became so sick and was vomiting for days. So when that didn't work he spoke to his sister and she told him about a home for pregnant girls which her daughter went to so I could finish my school year. We both felt that it would be a better choice in the end after the shock wore off.

This stage of my life was extremely stressful because I was very naïve, I hung around with rebellious/challenging children, I smoked, was having sex and my moms side of the family looked down on me and judged me so when I moved away from everyone and I went to this home I felt relieved in some because I'm free of all the drama but also as all the girls in this home was pregnant and we all had different experiences but we shared the same journey.

This was an eye opener as I became more aware of sexual abuse and that it was not ok, many young girls were in denial about the abuse like me they didn't realize what was happening.

But still I never talked about my sexual experiences because there was shame and the feeling that it was my fault, I just kept focussing on my relationship with my boyfriend and I was happy. When I spoke to my mother after my dad told her, she said that the best advice she can give us was to get married because that's what the bible advices. She said it was all because I'm a sinner and this is why this happened because I didn't listen to their teachings. I did believe her, as it was clearly obvious, although now think very differently about abortions and adoptions.

While I was in this home I became more aware of my ability again as I would see spirits and I could sense when they came into the room.

I was 4 when I had my first experience, which I could see them like I could see people, although I could see through them. I guess during the toughest times when I was at my most vulnerable and sensitive I was more able to see them clairvoyantly.

My pregnancy was tough as you can imagine as I was only 14, morning sickness (most of the pregnancy), heartburn, my body changing, all sort of challenging experiences and emotions.

The doctors said that it was more than likely stress that made it worse. So when I went into labour it was intense, never have I felt any pain like that. I had fear running through me, the thought that I'm going to die and that this pain was not normal. Paired with the whole experience I was traumatised and it's not even started. No one could be in the delivery room with me besides the doctors, because the hospital where I gave birth, was a training hospital. There were about 10 student doctors and nurses in the room watching me give birth as part of their training and because it was a premature baby I guess more students of course as it's not as common. I remember screaming from the pain when the nurse put her hand over my mouth telling me it's not that bad and that I should get a grip. I couldn't breathe and I was terrified.

The baby was premature by 2 months and although there wasn't complications with me, my son was weak and was put into an incubator before I could even see him. His lungs were under developed and he was very emotional they said as he could feel the separating they said. He kept crying for me, which made everything worse but I was unable to make contact at all because me touching him would send him into a frenzy. It felt that my heart was being ripped out every time I would leave to go home.

He was unable to drink on me as he was unable to suck and his mouth was so small. He had to be fed through a tube. I was terrified as this baby might die and I felt all alone, my boyfriend couldn't come straight off as he had to get permission to leave the police academy.

Family did come and see their relatives in the hospital room and I would have no family, only the girls that were in the home with me.

Eventually my mother came to see me and on a different occasion my dad. But it was short and only once.

I felt so lonely and scared while I was recovering I couldn't wait to get out of the hospital but then I won't be as close to my beautiful baby boy. My boyfriend asked me to marry him months before and we were planning our amazing life together. I thought I was happy but all I could see was this small, fragile baby in an incubator, looking at him but not being able to touch him for so long was torture, as he's blood pressure would drop when I touched him I would sometimes just put my finger in his hand and he will grab it so tight. I would cry from the heartache and fear of losing him, the pain not being able to hold him ripping through my chest like a blade. I had to learn to just toughen up though as I had to get one with things and exams was coming up.

He was so perfect and all I could do was look at him through a 'glass' box and see all the tubes and plaster on him. I felt so disconnected from him although I felt extremely connected as I would see him in my mind's eye in the hospital wishing him well and seeing him strong and healthy. My connection became very strong emotionally and spiritually during this time although at this stage I was totally unaware of my gift and that it was a gift even. I had to decide on giving him up for adoption and I could finish my school year or I need to have someone look after him, as I needed to finish school for that year. The law in South Africa at the time stated that if I was to keep the baby I wasn't able to do my A levels. My mother was the one to take care of my son while I was finishing my school year.

He was born the 30th of August 1990 and this means I was almost done with the year. Because I didn't want to give my son for adoption I wasn't able to do my A levels unless I go to college and I wasn't able to afford that. I was irritated about this but I knew I have a duty now to be a mother. I was in Pretoria until about late November time when I went to my mother and stepfathers house. I really struggled to get comfortable with adjusting with my little boy. He would cry a lot and the room I was in was cold and totally outside of the house. I felt afraid, alone and the sense of energy around me was overwhelming at stages. I could smell them around me and see and hear them. At first when it increases it's a shock but you get use to it soon enough. I was also awake more with my son to feed him and clean him so I was very aware. I don't know how things changed but my mother told me that I need to make my way somewhere else unless I go to the 'meetings' (bible studies) when I asked her where she said 'like his parents or my day' as they can no longer support me either.

I then asked my father if I could stay with them for a while as we had to keep the whole pregnancy very quiet from my boyfriends side as he was in the police academy training to be a policeman. The fear was that if they found out about me he could be prosecuted for statutory rape. I really wasn't aware at this stage that having sex with a minor is illegal. He was 18 and I was well 13 when we started having sex although my father incidentally allowed it to happen. He also use encouraged my boyfriend to be tough on me and 'keep me in place'. He was very degrading and cruel towards woman and he viewed them as pieces of meat and often said that they are like a piece of meat that has to be devoured. My view was very blurred as to how woman was meant to be treated and respected.

Because I was abused by many different men at this stage my thoughts were that woman were sexual goods and that it's the most important thing to focus on, we are here to please men and do what they desire and we are lucky if they treat us well.

Growing up my mother's focus was my dad and her husband always, my dad viewed woman as sexual and physical comforts so my view was to think of myself as a lesser specie. Religiously as a woman God didn't favour us as much and we weren't good enough to serve in his space. So I was already programmed to be the weaker and the submissive. Totally conditioned. This was the way it seemed to be in the early 90's in South Africa. Woman were treated differently than men and there was a very degrading energy regarding woman, around men so many crude jokes and often centred on the woman being naïve and dumb. Everything was sexual on the television and woman was portrayed as sex objects. Our duty was to make men horny and serve them. This is what I've learned at this stage of my life.

So I stayed with my dad with my son. We had a room while my stepbrother and stepsister shared a room. It was at this stage my dad introduced me to his girlfriend (this was going to be wife number 4 in the not so distant future) My dad was always my idol and I could see the good in his heart but I could also see the broken soul within. He use to share a lot and I could see him struggled so much with his emotions and his pains. I never felt that he was a father to me, he felt more like a very close friend. I've learned also that when he had too much to drink the dark energy would come and I had to give it no attention. I felt that if it should notice me he will try and have sex with me. I would try and keep myself away when he would get like this. It (dark energy) was doing things to get

attention from anywhere and my dad would go into a frenzy and lose his mind. I've seen him cry in despair on the verge of suicide. I've hung on his arm because he couldn't cope with the wife's nagging, stopping him from shooting himself. He would be a loveable bear and caring but then change into this different dark person. I could easily tell my dad apart from this energy that use to appear.

One thing I did learn about my dad was that he was the most incredible healer when he was himself. Such warm hands but it was always used on woman and his healing words to get them to fall for him. I could see him do it time after time. He would make people feel special and loved. His balance was completely off just like my mother's was completely off, she would be the victim and use her sadness to get energy she needed and my dad a sexual deviant. To know these things at such a young age was extreme and somehow I knew it wasn't right but felt lost and pressured as I had to find a way to understand this pressure I felt. So here I was living with my dad and his wife and the pressure is on as I'm keeping everyone up as you can imagine. Everyone is grumpy, tensed and everyone is pissed because the baby was keeping them up. I understood this completely but I'm stuck. My boyfriend is sitting in a bush doing special training and I'm training how to be a mother at the age of 16, confused as hell. Shocked about what's happening. I've seen a few friends here and there and that was weird as they are still in school, studying, learning how to prepare themselves for being a grown up and there was me being a grown up.

It was very intense emotionally. At this stage my fiancé was doing his training and couldn't tell me where he was and he was unable to contact me much I felt very alone and disconnected from him. We had no mobile phones so contact was very rare. I was absolutely worn out as no one helped me in a supportive sense, because, I quote 'you made your bed so you should lie in it'.

My stepmother at the time was saying things like life is hard, when being poor comes in the equation then loves move out, she said she loved her children and would do anything for them but otherwise she hated children and they ruined her life. I felt she meant me, so I felt in the way of them. The heavy feeling, being trapped and afraid with no money and nowhere else to go. Anxiety in one sense but in another excited waiting for my fiancé as he was preparing for our future.

So my dad takes me to meet his girlfriend coming back to my story, and he takes me to her house with my baby. As I walk into the house I felt a sense I've never felt before. Sense of freedom but restricted because of love and concern not because of judgement, what I mean is she would be fair and do what is right as a Christian but without the judgement like my mother and her family. This is how I felt there. I really connected well with this lady and she has helped me so much with my son. She taught me how to soothe him and how to connect with him. She would tell me how to comfort him and be gentle. Tell him stories and play with him. I felt so safe with her. He was calmer around them all and we were laughing more. She offered for me to stay there for the time being as everyone in my dad's house was already pissed at me so it was a blessing for all. I don't think my dad's wife really knew or cared where I was as long as I wasn't there. I felt so accepted and welcomed by this family. She was a single mother and has brought up many children in her life.

While I was there I got to know her family. One of her sons and I had a

connection. It was very strange as every time I saw him I would feel very awake, alive and excited like I was happy that he was there. Very different to anything I've felt before, like electricity going through my body. We could talk a lot and he told me that I shouldn't get married and that I should think very carefully about getting married to my boyfriend.

The lady also said I was too young and that I don't need to get married, she said that she will help me to study and have a career and learn to look after myself. I never had to think about anything like this before and it was very interesting as I've had absolutely no idea what I was good at I had no idea what my interests was or what I even liked. I felt in my gut that this was very good advice at the time and it made me feel strong in some way when I was thinking about that.

Her son and I became closer and one night we happened to have sex. I felt completely overwhelmed sexually and never felt as aroused before. There was a tenderness and a caring feeling where as sex with my fiancé was cold and to the point. No warmth or affection. But this was overwhelming. His kisses were warm and so warming through out my body. We had sex and it was so unreal at the time for me. It wasn't long after that my fiancé came back from his trip. I didn't want to go back with him and I was scared about what was going to happen.

Because I told my dad's wife the truth about him two timing her and introduced her to his girlfriend, I'm not sure how this happened to this day but it did. So my dad returned the favour as he called it and told my fiancé about the fact that this boy and I had sex. I don't know how he knew to be honest, maybe I told him as I felt guilt I'm not sure, but he brought my fiancé to the house and he left him there. I recall he was patronizing and very argumentative. I felt obliged to go as I had his child as he said and we are engaged. I left with him and when I told him what was going on about me not being welcome at my mom or dads house, he then decided that I have to stay at his parents house.

The day my boyfriend and I was leaving my dads house after being there for a few days my dad said to me that I should never try to get one up on him, he will always get revenge. He will never be the victim. He was extremely cold and hard and looked at the fact that he knew he created conflict between me and my fiancé by planting the seed of me and his girlfriends son having sex. He told me that if I ever try and get him into trouble he will get one up on me and he will better it. He told me he was a vindictive bastard and that I've got nothing over him. Like we were in a competition. The only reason why I told his wife about the affair was because he was crying about how unhappy he was and I felt that if I tell her it will be easier for him to go. But obviously I didn't think as an adult as I was a child still, even though I felt like a grown up I didn't make grown up decisions or choices.

I watched him have affairs with many woman over the years and treat them badly. I would just accept him for who he was as this man was my dad. He would sleep with their friends, I mean they are in the same house, she could walk in any minute, he would have sex with this woman in their bar room while his wife was in the bath. He would start affairs in no time. And he would brag about it. To him it was an achievement that he could have so many woman eating out of his hand all at the same time.

My fiancé and I will watch him pick a woman up in about 20 minutes of meeting her and take her home to have sex with her. They had a challenge on night to see who could pick a woman up the quickest and he did it first.

I could see that the issues he had and the energy that controlled him drove him crazy. But I could still see the kind, caring and hurt person inside him trying to feel loved. No one could make him feel loved because he was so broken inside. I could understand his pain and his actions. He needed to feel loved, as his mother never loved him so he felt rejected. His mother put him and his sisters in an orphanage because a man told her to. He was in an orphanage for years and this would've damaged him massively. He never wanted to talk about it as he use to say it was very painful and difficult. But I could see in his eyes when he said that the pain was intense and unhealed.

I have no idea of her as I've only met her once as I can recall. I just know that she could read palms my dad use to say (I recall someone on my mom's side of the family saying that my great grandma did tea cup readings before she became a Jehovah's Witness, so this runs on both sides of my ancestors, just some more information on my ability) Furthermore I didn't know much of my ancestors.

So he was hurt I realized and therefore I could never really be upset with him but there was a change between us. I felt that I was the only one who loved him and accepted him for who he was.

The way he did this to me totally broke my heart and my feelings towards him changed in an instant. So I went to stay with my fiancé's parents and his grandmother. I was definitely made to feel at home but life again was very different.

I had a more comfortable space and they were extremely accommodating. I'm not sure what happened at this stage as I was adjusting once again into a new environment and energy. I know my boyfriend was still in training for the police and I was waiting for him to get a place ready for us to live. I had some influence from my soon to be mother and father in law.

Life was calm and relaxed. We would prepare vegetables together and they will tell me stuff or teach me things about motherhood, taught me about different theories and books. They were more open minded than my parents and they were more like I thought parents should be like. My soon to be mother in law was a librarian and she loved books. She told me many things and I loved listening to her tell me different facts and fictions. They would talk about aliens and other worlds which I never heard about.

My fiancé took me to a friend's mom when I was pregnant that could detect the sex of our baby, she was right and my mind was blown but again I just thought demons did that because that was what I was taught. That was interesting and my mind was widened to a degree. I was still very unaware of the world and how things worked. In the meantime when my fiancé would come home most of our conversations was about the time I was staying at my dad's girlfriend's house. The boy that I slept with, he didn't know as I couldn't tell him after his reaction at the house. I actually felt afraid to tell him anything as he was very vindictive and patronizing I've come to notice. He was becoming nastier and disrespectful. I felt a little threatened if I'm honest. He would go out with his friends and when we would go to functions he would dance with girls and get right up close to me and squeeze them tight or put his hand between their legs while looking me in the

eyes. Those moments I became afraid as I could see that he will take it as an insult and not able to see where I was at, and understand it from my point of view or moment of weakness. He will take it as a personal attack on him. He would make really nasty comment just like my grandpa did. Like I was a slut, or that I would be dirty if I did sleep with him. He asked me to go for a test to make sure I didn't have any sexually transmitted diseases, as he couldn't be sure what I did because I turned on my dad and I could turn on him.

My dad taught him all along how to treat woman as they got drunk together and my dad would just tell him how amazing he was as a husband. My boyfriend would listen to him and drink in every word as this was him, being trained and I was being trained how to be a wife and please my husband. My dad always said that my husband will be happy because my dad was training me to be a perfect wife.

There were times they went out together without me and I never knew what happened when they went out. But I know that he was like the son my dad never had. I knew what my dad did when he went out so I have no idea what my boyfriend and later husband would do. I couldn't ask as it was always a secret but for some reason I still trusted my dad because he's my dad and I believed he will have my best interest at heart. How naïve and stupid was I. It was always so important to get my dad's attention and when I got married I had to get my husbands attention and keep him happy.

So it came about that we eventually got married. I was not 16 yet but it was about 5 months off from my sweet 16th.

Luckily we did get married my husband told me as when they found out about me they wanted to kick him out of the force but because he married me they didn't do anything.

So here we got our first home together. We got a studio flat in Pretoria West. It was very small and it was a very new experience for me. My husband use to nag me every day about that boy I slept with and I was petrified about it.

I never knew what he was up to as he told me they were working under cover and he can't tell anyone where they are going, no uniform as he's undercover. I was petrified. I was going to be alone with my son in the big a city all by myself and we lived in a fairly unsafe area. So the first night that I had to spent by myself my husband slapped me across my face to calm me down because I was upset and crying telling him I'm afraid. Rather give me support and tell me that I could do this he abused and told me to stop being pathetic. I was absolutely in shock as he slapped me and I could see the same scenario as my mom and dad.

I couldn't sleep as I was so aware of everything around me and when he was working night shift I would be up at night watching movies or reading so I could sleep when my husband was sleeping for his shifts. I was looking after our son and my job was to keep the house clean. We had no washing machine so I had to wash all his uniforms in the bath and stamped it with my feet and scrub it with my hands. I had to wash nappies with my hands and my hands use to burn from the soda crystals and scrubbing as the nappies had to be very clean. I recall bleeding hands. I cleaned and then I would cook for my husband before he gets home. I learned to do what I do well from my dad and I've learned that your child should be kept at arms length to teach them discipline. That's how I was taught and that's how I was teaching my son. I shouldn't spoil him as the bible says that to spoil a child is wrong.

My job was to please my husband and give him what he wants. I felt terrible as he told me that he loved me and that I will tell him the truth one day. He would check in on me at random times of the day trying to catch me out he would say. One day he was saying that he loved me and that even if I did have sex with this boy he will forgive me because we have a child together and we are married now. During this time my ability started becoming a bit more evident again as when my husband was feeling ok things weren't too bad but when he got drunk or when he goes out with friends he would change towards me, but still my biggest focus was on my husband a looking after him! Brainwashed to not question him or give him grief. There was this day when we were talking about things again and because I was an honest person I told him that I had sex with that boy. During the conversation he turned on me and became extremely aggressive and called me names.

I became afraid and I told him in a moment of weakness, that I was raped by this boy, because I was too afraid of what he will do to me. I lied and this made me feel terrible on both levels. I think he knew that I was lying but he just went with it and totally embarrassed me as I was already laying my soul bare to him. He admitted that he knew and he just get me going to real me in and once I tell him he then showed me how he really felt. He tricked me he said. He seemed to love playing mind games.

He was extremely sarcastic and would get physical if I would question or push him. I guess because I cheated on him he couldn't forgive me. He kept being abusive towards me on a daily basis and no matter what I've done I could never do anything better to please him. I would even lay his clothes out on the bed for him, when he would get home, massage his feet because he was on his feet all day.

At some point we decided to have another baby. Even though that this was a struggle financially and emotionally my husband kept pushing that we should have another child. I was very unsure as I was the one to have to look after the child and I felt that this was a very responsible role to have and I was petrified to be a mother. I was very un-sure as I felt so responsible for this mess we were in within our relationship. We struggled financially and I had to learn to cook with as little as possible. I was a pretty resourceful wife but I could never please him. The betrayal I guess was too much for him. I didn't realise what I was doing to him as in my world having affairs was just normal and acceptable, it was just a thing but after this I understood the pain of this for myself. I couldn't stop apologising and trying to make up for the wrong I've done. But still nothing could help him forgiving me. There was physical abuse and it was like a repeat of my childhood situation. This carried on for years. He would always question everything I do. I couldn't talk to my mother or my family as I know they would say that they are sorry to hear this but they told me this could happen if I do adult things, and that I should've listened. So I never spoke about this. I once told his mom and she told me that he should forgive it as it was a simple mistake but nothing changed. My husband was convinced that if we have another child it will pull us through this and I gave in, in the end. So we planned the second baby. We felt excited and life was easier but still those dark moments that my husband will be abusive and absolutely tear me apart, these moments was so intense and at such a young age I struggled a lot to cope with all the pressure. I had no idea how

to get out of this situation and I guess he was just an angry bitter man because he felt betrayed.

Then I was pregnant. My husband was happy so I was happy. This would strengthen our family we thought. But the pregnancy was horrendous. I was in hospital for dehydration about 3 times. It was the saddest time of my life as my husband was absolutely vile towards me. There was a neighbour next door that was very flirty and when I was in hospital my husband will have leave to watch our first born, he left the oldest son with his parents as they didn't know he got leave, and they will be hanging out together drinking and having fun. The neighbours on the other side told me that they were running from her flat to ours in their underwear one night while I was in the hospital. She told me that she knew they spent at least one night together while I was in hospital. He didn't even come and visit me when I was in the hospital for 3 weeks. So he wasn't exactly trying at all and he felt that he had a reason to do this because I did it first. This carried on and on 21st of August my second son was born. But that night running up to his birth was horrendous.

We were out to see friends and my husband had too many drinks and I said that he shouldn't drive. He then told me in the presence of his friends, that if anything should happen and I might go into labour he won't take me to the hospital and that I will have to wait until the morning because then only will he be able to drive. We walked home from our friends and all the way home he was telling me how humiliating it was that I asked him not to drive because of his drinking, and that he will not do anything if I should go into labour. That night I actually went into labour, I couldn't believe it as again it was early by about 6 weeks and what are the chances that we had his argument before this happens. If I could get to this hospital in time I might've been able to carry longer and give him a better fighting chance. But my husband refused to take me and told me that he said if I go into labour I will have to wait until the morning. I was too afraid to walk by myself and I was partly hoping it was a false alarm, but by the morning the pain was that intense that we had to walk to the hospital. It wasn't very far but it was incredibly painful and so emotionally draining as my husband was giving me abuse about how he told me that he should drive and I didn't listen and now I have to suffer and it's my own fault. I remember him saying that this was because of the bad I've done to him that this was happening to me now. I was in tears and I felt so weak and sick because of this. It was so bad at times that I had to stop walking to deal with the contraction. When we arrived at the hospital I was dilated 3cm. They put me on a drip to try and stop the labour to see if they could keep me lying down and see if we can keep the baby safe for a few days longer.

My husband went back home as he was tired because I was restless all night and he told me to tell the nurses to contact the police station to go and wake him up if the baby is coming but otherwise he will be back that night. This was early morning. It was around 11 or so that the contractions started again and it came on very quickly. My son was born before lunch-time and not even the doctor made the birth, he came in just at the end, so this time I just had one midwife with me.

Again they quickly took him from me as he was a very funny colour and very small. I was terrified. The doctor came to see me that evening and told us not to have too much hope as our son was very weak and small, I guess because I was

unwell and stressed during the pregnancy.

I wasn't allowed out of bed in this hospital as it was a catholic hospital and they believe after birth you need to lie flat for 24 hours because it could cause blood clots. So I wasn't able to go and see my son. I couldn't sleep and was just seeing my little baby boy in the incubator, as I've experienced this before, and I was just thinking about him constantly, I've never felt so worried in my entire life.

The next morning I was allowed to go with my husband to go see our son. When we got to this neo-natal unit there was plenty of doctors around one of the baby's bed. I felt sick to my stomach. I was too afraid to go inside so my husband went inside alone at first. I saw him standing and looking at the baby they were all working on. My heart was beating in my ears and I felt so afraid and weak. He then came back out and asked me if I knew a good funeral director? I was absolutely shocked and wanted to pass out. Then he told me after I went through the shock that he was only joking and that our son will be ok as he had water on his lungs but they've put tiny little tubes into it to draw the water from his lungs and now he is stable, but they told us the next few days will be crucial as he was very weak. I wasn't able again to touch him or hold him as it upset them too much and it can create complications. I sat with him most of the time and spoke to him in my mind telling him to become stronger and fight. Going home again without my baby after giving birth was difficult. It was so difficult to bond with my son when I'm only able to see him through a glass or in the incubator. My heart broke seeing him like this. I used to go and see him 2/3 times a day as I had to take milk from me to feed him. He could only take in incredibly small amounts of milk so at one stage I fed a few of the 'prem' babies. When he eventually got home 6 weeks after the birth my oldest son was also home.

This was very intense for me during this stage as the adjustment from one child to care for to two was a big challenge. I had moments of feeling so overwhelmed as I didn't know how to be a mother but I did what I knew instinctively. My life evolved around my two boys as I never did anything else but look after them. My husband would go out and have fun as normal while I was watching over the children. He didn't change even though things needed to change. He was still abusive and cruel towards me.

While I was pregnant with our second son he was still physically abusive and the verbal abuse was reaching new heights. He told me on a daily basis how pathetic I was and how useless and that I was a terrible mother because when he's home the children just want to be around him and play with him. I did what I felt was needed and I made sure the house was clean, washing was done, children were clean and fed. But still no forgiveness as he still accused me of cheating even though I wasn't.

The thing is I recall when I was at school girls in my school told me they had sex with him and that he was their boyfriend and I never believed them. The fact is that he did cheat on me before I did and he kept doing it after as he felt he had a reason or a right to do it now. He told me that he will get revenge no matter how long it takes. He would say things like I'm unattractive, fat, unappealing, boring, dumb, uneducated, a whore, whatever he could find to say.

There will be times that he would ignore me for days, even if I speak to him he will just blank me or turn the television higher to block me out and if I say things he will threaten me with violence.

He actually hit me one day and I went to the police. Things changed from then as he became more careful but it didn't stop the verbal abuse and threatening behaviour. Then it got to a point where he would go on work trips for 3 months at a time.

I would be in Pretoria with the children for months and he would be in the Cape doing whatever he was doing. He didn't tell me much. He was more questioning me and talking to the children asking them details about things, he would ring me in the middle of the night when he was working just to see who answers the phone he would say. Our eldest son was such a beautiful child with the biggest eyes and the love that came out of him was so beautiful. He made me smile every day. He was very playful and such a tease and we use to play hide and seek and chase each other. The second was still very young but also very playful although he had an intense temper and would challenge me constantly. The oldest one was more placid but extremely emotional.

Those days being on my own was very tricky as I didn't drive and I didn't know many people as we didn't socialize together. Very seldom would we visit friends and if we did the woman will all sit and complain about their husbands in the same way. They go out all the time and they are cheating, lying, abusive and unkind.

So when my husband was working away fro 3 months at a time, it was tough times as I would have to go and do shopping with the two boys. We had very little money so couldn't afford a new pushchair was for 2 children so the oldest had to walk and the younger wasn't able to walk at all. So for me to go and do shopping I had to walk the oldest and push the pushchair. The oldest would cry of course because he would get tired very quickly. I will then carry him on my hip and push the pushchair. They were both very well behaved as I gave them all my love and attention. I was there 24/7. But these moments were challenging on many levels. It wasn't like today that you can get shopping online or some other internet delivery system. There was no internet! I had to walk everywhere. To the doctors which wasn't too bad as it was fairly close. But I had to go and get nappies, formula, food, for us everything. We also lived in a flat on the 7th floor if I can remember correctly and if the lift was busted I had to make my way up with the pushchair, shopping, both my sons and just keep going to get to the top. They would cry, I would get frustrated and cry, those days were so tough and this made me feel anger because for so long I've taken all the punishment my husband would give me because I deserved it as he was saying and he had reasons to do whatever he did as I provoked him. Then there was the loneliness. I had no contact with adults. I would talk to my mother on the phone or my stepmom or my husband. No other mental stimulation. I watched a lot of movies and read a few novels but nothing like I needed.

During this time he came home one night in the middle of the night to try and trick me and was hoping to find someone there but obviously there was no one there. All these things started to become something that I used to make me stronger as I started feeling that things are unfair and that I've paid for my 'sins' and that I've been trying my best to do the right thing for him. So when he suggested that I go and see the psychologist that the police force suggested after he got abusive and I went to the police station. I reluctantly did so.

She did a full psychological tests on me and it turned out that I had an IQ that was above average she said which I was very surprised about as he always told me how dumb I was. So after a few months of therapy she offered me a job I was over the moon, as I knew this would improve things massively. We got a baby sitter and I started working as her P.A. Things changed so much during this time. I would do as she showed me and the more she taught me the more confident I became. She would advice me on clothing, hairstyles, had in depth conversations with me. Our sessions became more about me being empowered and that I need to take my power back and learn to stand on my own two feet. She was the second woman in my life at this stage that has taught me about feminism or strength being a powerful woman. My dad's third wife was a tower of strength and the psychologist. Her beauty and power and the love she worked with people was astonishing. She inspired me to become a stronger person. I was still extremely naïve as I was kept away from anything until I went to my dad and the only thing I was sure of was that men wanted sex with me because that's all that happened. So I had no idea of my own power. This lady taught me so much and I started standing up to my husband. Work was going well we were much better off and in time I was earning more than my husband.

This caused a lot of conflict as he started drinking more and being out more with friends. I remember people dropping him off at home because he was so drunk he couldn't actually stand up. He didn't even know his own name and couldn't speak at all. Fouled him self on the sofa he was that drunk. These times were easier to cope with, as he would just be in bed hung over. Then there was other times where he would come in from work, play with the children and be all happy then as soon as the children is in bed he will start with me, bullying, patronizing, cruel with his words and becoming threatening towards me. Bringing up the past, becoming abusive, name calling, become very threatening, telling me that he's so clever he could get rid of me and no one will ever find out. Told me his father was a freemason and they have connections and they could just do whatever they want to me. He would accuse me of sleeping around even though I wasn't. He would be so nasty but I've learned at this stage to become more resilient and not break down.

Then there was the times that he will come in drunk and all horny and force me to have se with him. He would become aggressive, intense, licking and drooling over me and if I feel uncomfortable and don't want to do things he will push me down and force me anyway. It was painful, disgusting and it was loveless.

So when I became pregnant again I was furious! I couldn't understand how this could happen as I worked so hard at not getting pregnant. I had injections and I was on the pill. So in my anger and frustration I went to the doctor and told her I don't want this baby. She said that there was nothing she could do. I had to accept this and deal with this.

I had to start seeing the psychologist as I couldn't cope. I felt so much pressure and I felt that my husband didn't support me enough. He would play with them and have all the fun bits and then he will treat me like garbage. The issue was not about having the baby it was about being with my husband. I thought about leaving before and now this makes it even harder. The pregnancy went better and I carried to 8 months. I had baby boy number 3 on the 12th of May 1994. He was also unwell and he was in hospital for a month too. Again I had to go through

the pain of leaving my son in the hospital. The hospital was far away and I went back to work a week after I gave birth. This was very different. I was in a very different state of mind and at this stage I didn't love my husband at all anymore. In fact I started wishing him away as I felt I hated him, he was controlling me and suffocating. I struggled so much to keep things going as I was working hard.

He got into trouble at work for driving under the influence with the work vehicles but for some reason got away with it a lot. Life was better financially but things were very rocky between us. Things became so difficult and he accused me of all sort of stuff. I was working for the psychologist and there was one of his superiors, a Major, which would come and see her he would talk to me and was friendly. He then found out who my husband was and in time told me flat out that he was sleeping around with the girls at work. He knew this for a fact. When I confronted my husband he told me that he was lying and that he was only saying that so that he can have sex with me. He would never admit anything! He would lie constantly and I would catch him out but he will still just deny it.

A woman came to our flat one day looking for him as they had sex and he told her I was his sister that lived with him and that I had kids. She found him after phoning around and eventually someone gave her our address. She was very apologetic and felt very humiliated.

So one day after we had an argument, after he pushed me out the car into a very busy road by my neck, I felt that his was the end. I went in the house and packed our stuff, me and the children and left to stay with a friend. I've never had the courage or strength to take a stand.

This kind lady helped me with all our stuff and we stayed in 1 bedroom, the 3 boys and me. It was very cramped and intense.

He came to her house after few days begging me to come back and when I wouldn't he slapped me so hard I fell backwards over their double bed. He then begged for forgiveness and then asked me to go back and promised me that he will work on himself and that he knows the problem lies with him. So I went back as I felt in the way at my friend's house as there was a lot of pressure. I had children and I coped in the best way I knew. I was never taught to think about supporting a family and I didn't have any role models I could follow all I was taught was to be a good wife and that meant that my duty was to look after the children as best I can, make sure the home is clean and follow the religious believe but this time I felt was the last.

No more after this I knew it! I had to work through things. I felt so weak and unable to look after myself. I absolutely hated my husband and didn't care about him because I felt mentally worn out. I was drained and exhausted with my life. I hated myself, and no self worth. I felt that the children are suffering in all this.

Coping by myself with three children was very difficult. We had someone look after them during the day and at night it was both of us or very often only me. My husband went away on work trips which his superior told me later, was because he volunteered. This time I was ok without him and I didn't care. I had the day carer when I worked and I had the boys at night. Life was easier but the heavy feeling of rejection and worthlessness drowned me. I felt no one cared and darkness seemed to swallow up my light.

It was during this time in my life that I noticed blackouts again like when I was young but as no one else noticed it so I thought I was overreacting.

I was becoming more and more depressed feeling hopeless about my life situation. When he was there we would argue every night and it would be like torture for both of us I'm sure. His drinking got out of hand and I left again, this time I pursued legal advice as a friend knew someone that worked in family law.

Once I told him my experiences and what was going on he told me that I needed to think very carefully about divorcing him or fighting him in court. If this goes in front of a judge he said we could run the risk of the children going into care or given up for adoption. He explained that the law doesn't look at it the way we do. If they see we can't support them by ourselves we might lose them all together. This terrified me. I know what it did to my dad and after the experiences I had, my heart was broken. I had to make a decision. Either way I had no way of supporting the children by myself.

I couldn't rely on my family as they made it clear already that they have their own families. I was devastated. I thought could we split them to keep them? My head was a mess.

I knew I was either going to murder my husband or kill myself or he's going to kill me. I felt crushed. I never felt so low in my life. Pure torment as I had to decide what I felt was going to be the best for my children. I can't afford them and because the lawyer said that the judge will be ruthless because we are young and because we are incapable according to him I felt the best thing to do was to just walk away and give him all the power. I kept disrupting them. My family aren't able to help me and he's got his whole family around him, I felt the best thing to do was to walk away. I'm not good, I'm a lost cause

I told my husband I want a divorce. I couldn't live with him anymore. Death seemed pleasant in the face of my depression. He then told me that I'm not taking the kids he will. He said I've never been a good mother or wife that I'm a cheater and that it's my fault for leaving as I refuse to stay and work through things. I knew they would be better off with him and I could see them every second weekend. So this is what happened.

At this stage I was working for a doctor in a township called Mamelodi in Pretoria. It was very difficult to get to and travelling took me ages every day but I had no choice. I had to support myself.

I found a place to live in Pretoria North. I would get the boys every second weekend and it was incredibly difficult as every time I would take the children back to my husband his grand mother would tell me that they are better off without me. She would say that they are unable to cope when I leave and it takes them about a week to feel better. This broke my heart. I could see them suffer. When I spoke to them on the phone she would tell me they are upset and I shouldn't call them I should stick to the arranged times. come back but I couldn't as I knew I was either going to murder my husband or kill myself or he's going to kill me. I felt crushed. I never felt so low in my life. Pure torment as I had to decide what I felt was going to be the best for my children. I can't afford them and because the lawyer said that the judge will be ruthless because we are young and because we are incapable according to him I felt the best thing to do was to just walk away and give him all the power. I kept disrupting them. My family aren't able to help me and he's got his whole family around him, I felt the best thing to do was to walk away. I'm no good, I'm a lost cause.

After this decision I broke! Losing my children in this way was the worst feeling

I could've ever imagined and experienced. The pain inside of me was tremendous. I started drinking a lot as I had to fill the time, I got a night job in a bar with the lady I lived with. I asked her if I'm allowed to use her name in my book and she agreed so I can say her name was Annelize. She was a troubled soul just like me but we were opposites. She came into my life when I urgently needed a place to stay and we bonded so quickly. She understood my pain and how I felt. I was so lost and had lost my purpose. She taught me to be independent and learn to fight for myself.

The pain I felt having to disconnect from my children was eating me alive. I couldn't eat and I would just go out getting drunk and laid. Everything happened so quickly. Months went pass and my adjustment without my children became toxic. I wanted to die. I would get drunk at night, dance, go home, go to work late and still drunk in some cases, and eventually everything came to a head. I had no energy to carry on. No purpose because I felt everyone had their lives and I'm just a embarrassment and burden, the black sheep of the family. My children would be better off without me as the adults implied and said, I'm a loser, a sinner as this is why I was in this mess, I felt worthless.

The suicidal thoughts became appealing although the thoughts about the person that will find me, well I didn't want it to damage them forever. Thinking about what people will say, well my life is a mess because I threw my children away and that I couldn't handle the pressure of motherhood or because I didn't do what the bible said. I had no one to talk to about this and if I did it won't work.

I just gave in and became the weak, pathetic, broken, sinful, godless person that I am. Life became too much. After the incident with my dad and my husband I didn't feel drawn to my dad at all. His wife at this stage, who I always had a strong connection to have helped me here and there and she's seen me through and keep to the arranged times. She was the one that helped me see myself for the first time ever. Beautiful soul looking after children as she has a broken soul too and her love for people taught me so much.

But I couldn't burden her with my heavy intense feeling because she will certainly stop me. I felt my dad didn't care about anyone but himself at this stage. Whether it was true or not I don't have any idea I just felt it was true and I became very cold towards him. Throughout our life he wasn't that present. My mom and dad use to be horrible about each other and use to blame each other for everything.

I just felt so separate from them all as I had to fight my own battles. I felt lost without my children. They were my family even though I didn't feel like a good mother and I was told that I wasn't a good mother. There was support but always given in a way of talking down to me. Like I was in the way a nuisance. I felt worthless and empty.

So as I was planning this I decided to write letters to every single person that affected my life. I messed up and I caused harm, I also spoke the truth and got into trouble for it, I started planning the beginning of my death. It exited me and I felt invigorated. Suddenly I was feeling relieved in the pain and a warm sensation coming over me every time I thought about death. Like I was self harming mentally I guess. For about a week I planned this. I couldn't wait! I was counting

the days off writing letters, getting everything ready, clearing stuff, preparing for the end of my existence. Burden free for every one.

The night I finally had everything together I realized wow this is the night. The nerves kicked in and I felt very nervous and anxious as I didn't want to do this the wrong way. This had to be definite. I took some strong sleeping tablets from the doctor I worked, I also went to another doctor and told him that I was depressed and can't sleep. He gave me a prescription for strong sleeping tablets and over days I bought some more tablets. On the day I removed all the pills and got rid of all the packaging. I did all my washing and sorted it all. The letters was hidden deep in my cupboard so it will be found once they go through my stuff. I had a warm bath, washed my hair, made sure I was clean and fresh. Dressed all in white, not sure why I chose white, I just felt drawn to it. I went and said goodnight to Annelize as normal. I told her I was tired and I'm going to bed early. As I got to the room I took all the tablets,

She was watching TV in the living room and I could hear her making a drink. I read something and I prayed a lot then I could feel a darkness come over me. I felt that my body became heavy. I saw this dark, misty energy form around me. I felt fear but then I felt that I was pulled away and everything became dark and I blacked out. I recall at some point looking at myself from above as someone was carrying me down the flights of stairs, and then dark again. I was in between two worlds but somehow I wasn't completely disconnected from my body.

I wanted to die, but my spirit didn't and my spirit somehow stayed connected to my body. When I woke up a few days later with a social worker and a doctor beside my hospital bed I was furious. I was angry that they've brought me back! They flushed my stomach they told me and I felt they treated me like I was doing this for attention, or that there was something wrong with me, but I never felt so clear in my life! So at this stage I've got the social worker that was connected to my husband at my hospital bed, I've got a doctor, I've got my husband shortly after asking me WTF I was doing, I had my dad on the phone in a hallway somewhere telling me to come to him and his wife. I had Annelize coming to see me with Pieter that I should be brain dead as I had no oxygen for a long time and that she had to resuscitate me a few times. I was devastated because now what I've tried to do had the opposite effect.

I felt overwhelmed as my plan backfired, and I was trying to see the flaw in my plan and I couldn't!! I'm furious as nothing has changed I'm just completely fucked now as everyone will now know my plan. My children will be told about this. I will be dragged through the mud once again, the whole family would be furious because I've gone against the religious ways as suicide means that I'm sinning against God himself.

I saw my aunt and I noticed she looked 'over me' and it was like she could see something inside me when she looked at me. Bare in mind she was a Jehovah's Witness and an ex nurse but I could feel that she could see something else inside me. I could feel it pull as she looked at me. This was energy inside me she was pulling by looking at me with her beautiful green eyes. I remember everything else was blurry but all I could see was her eyes mesmerizing me. She asked me why I did it and I told her that I felt there is no purpose in my life. I don't remember much after this as I think I was on medication at the time.

Things were very foggy during those days. It then came point where my dad came to get me. I was dreading this because of the strain between me and my dad. My stepmother was an angel in my eyes as she taught me calmness, family values, acceptance, and laughter. She made me feel like I was welcome and safe. She brought a much calmer energy to my dad and he became more caring while he was with her. My dad could be extremely self-centred. I know he didn't realize this either as he was kind in another sense. It was important to him that people love him. He was a party animal and was very hospitable. He was kind and giving but he will turn and become very dark at times. While being with this wife he was much more stable. While being with the previous wife he was like he was possessed or under a spell. So now I was living with my dad and my stepmother. But again as always my dad would talk to me about his desire to be with other woman and that he gets bored. It was very difficult to listen to your dad telling you sexual desires in detail. My parents was quite the pair, my dad shares way too much and my mom can't see anything else than her beliefs and their ways. So no balance in my life, both my parent were living their life in an extreme way and both blaming each other for my issues. I had to find my own way through this.

The amount of times I had to hear that I'm like my dad and like my mom when talked about in a negative way was unbelievable. I just couldn't see any good in myself.

I didn't feel the urge to drink anymore but I wanted the images in my head of my children crying for me, missing me to go away. I could feel every pain they felt every day and this was killing me inside. I couldn't go back to my husband as I absolutely couldn't be with him anymore. I lost all respect for him and I saw him as a weak man. As a father he was always good to the children. The children always loved him as he was very playful and humorous. I knew they will be safer with him as I was unstable and not to be trusted.

Then I was offered a job in Scottburgh in Kwa-zulu Natal. Working on a crocodile farm as a waitress in their restaurant. This was more high end dining and tourists would come and dine there after visiting the crocodile farm. Service had to be top quality. It was fairly new or under new management I can't remember but I enjoyed working there. I've learned so much being a waitress about myself and people.

I became friends with a 2 girls that worked with me. Because this was a small seaside town everyone pretty much knew each other. At this stage after the 3 attempts to try and kill myself I gave up on that, I'm not going to bore you with more depressing details but I had a realization that there was something more and that this was not the way.

I had a few people give me some advice and taught me there's other things that I could think about and it worked.

Then the owner lost the business and I had to find another job. There was a English themed bar in Scottburgh and I applied as a waitress and got a job there. I started to become more positive and getting to a point of healing but still felt no point to my life. My ability at this stage was not as evident because I was in a cold messed up vibe but energy at home with my dad and my stepmother was calming and safer.

When living with my mom and grandparents the energy was very tense and dark. Extreme pressure.

I still went out often, as this was all I had at this stage. I guess, I just lived to get drunk and forget about my life with my three boys, I couldn't go there at this stage anymore. I had to try and sort myself out first before I could consider being there for my children. It was like a different life and world locked inside me for another time and another space. I became cold and heartless, selfish, inconsiderate, and numb inside. Life became the moment.

I used men for what I wanted as I actually started having control as to whom I wanted to have sex with so I found enjoyment of men wanting me and I played them now as much as they played me.

I also became argumentative towards men as I lost all respect for them. I was stronger in one sense but in another I was stubborn and rude. I did have an open heart but I couldn't let anyone in, I felt nothing. I kept everyone at a distance. I thought enjoying yourself was to get drunk, have sex and do your job so that you can look after yourself.

Only when someone told me to respect myself more did I understand there's a different way. I felt shocked and ashamed that he told me but it was true. I was so dark and I didn't care. I felt nothing inside my spirit. Nothing mattered anymore. What people felt about me didn't matter, whether I live or die, didn't matter.

Then my dad and stepmom decided to move away and I had to live in a caravan for the foreseeable future. That was the only solution. I couldn't leave my job as there was no guarantee of work and they moved into a smaller house in a town far away. This knocked me as I was starting to heal when the rug was pulled from me again. It became a very blurry stage of my life as I remember drinking a lot again as I couldn't cope being alone for such long periods of time. In another sense I found music and lyrics of songs. I use to listen to the songs that inspire me and write down the lyrics as there was no internet to search, and I use to learn from there and realize that people all have similar experiences. I wasn't alone, it gave me hope and it made me feel brave.

Living in the caravan was challenging and scary at times as I felt very vulnerable. I was 21 going onto 22 years of age and this was my home. I had a TV, video player, and my clothes. I borrowed my mom and stepdads caravan until I could get a place of my own.

I recall a lot of shouting at me many times by my mom and my sisters about my children during these stages. My husband would blame me for everything and said whatever he had to say to get the sympathy vote. I was viewed as scum. I was so broken and dead inside. I remember times that I would look at myself and just see darkness. Nothing worth within me to be called a mother, that person was dead and not worth those beautiful boys. I was too messed up to be part of their life. I protected them from me as I'm lost.

After about 7 months or so living in the caravan, three of us that worked together at the English Pub could get a 3 bedroom flat together. This was amazing. I was ecstatic, a place to live with a lock and key a safe space, my own shower and toilet, no more caravan park showers and toilets!

Moving in with my friend John was a blessing. I became friendly with his friends and I felt part of their community or friendship group. They were all so close since little and had amazing bonds. I loved how they got together and cared for each other. It taught me so much I felt part of them, but in reality I wasn't. No one

totally understood me and their perception of me was wrong as they only saw the dark side within me, they didn't know the true me. They didn't know what I've experienced as I've never told them. I felt they would judge me just as much as everyone else did in my family. So I stayed quiet about my past. No one really asked either. But for some reason I felt safe with the 'surfer boys' and for this purpose I will keep it as the surfer boys, these were staff members that I use to hang out with smoking weed and doing drugs. They will probably never know how much their time and energy has helped me to grow. I use to watch them using weed and LSD and saw them only change into more positive vibrations or colours. That made me very curious and inquisitive. I could see that when they took the drugs their energies would change and it will make them more approachable, less judgemental, like their guard would go down. This made me very curious. They would look at things in such a beautiful way. They went out to 'raves' as they would call it and come back energized. I became aware of a positive vibe and I was curious. They described the music in a specific way while they were taking the LSD and weed.

So this was how my mind altering experience started. First I tried weed, this was amazing! Food tasted unbelievably good. Body sensations also and my visuals became clearer. My ability to see things was the same as when I was a young child. With LSD I felt happy and laughed a lot. I could see things clearly in some way and things became very fragmented when I was looking at them. Energy became clearer and I could feel connections with people on a higher consciousness. This definitely broaden my view on life as a whole and about the possibilities I was never told about.

My time working in the bar and meeting all these people of Scottburgh was amazing. Such a close nit community, I felt safe and I shocked people with my dark personality. I didn't care what people thought about me. I felt everyone in my family judged me and felt I was dead in their eyes no one else could love me either. I felt that whatever they thought had no relevance as no one really wanted to know me as a person. I didn't even know who I truly was. I lived with my controlling family as I was growing up and Then gone to my dad where every man wanted a woman that loved sex and me being conditioned from young to want sex or think I want sex. I was wild and I didn't care what people thought. It only mattered what I thought. I couldn't handle any more pain or suffering. No one was going to make me feel small or uncomfortable.

Then an opportunity came up for me to go to Israel. I've never left South Africa and to go on a working holiday sounded just what I needed I will surely find myself there. I felt that I had to go and push myself and find something to help me. I had to evolve and grow so that I could heal or fix myself so I can have my children back with me. I didn't know at the time how this was going to happen but I knew it had to be my focus point.

I had to save myself to be able to come back to my boys and fix whatever is broken. I had no other choice. I felt I could just get away where no one can judge me anymore. Every one had things to say about me but no one actually understood me and how broken my spirit was. This period of my life has taught me to not judge people at all. We don't know why people do the things they do unless they tell you. During my travelling I did manage to recover a huge part of myself. I've had a very intense spiritual awakening while I was in Israel.

So when I met this man I would spend the next 16 years of my life took another turn. He rocked my world in another way. I could sense his fascination with my ability. He was the first to tell me that he thinks I'm a psychic. I had no idea what that was. He would explain stuff but he had a limited amount of knowledge. He made me aware of it and it was scary once I noticed that I could do it as he always said that I don't know what my mind is capable of.

His family was more 'intelligent' than the norm as his dad was a genius and his sister gifted. His mom was a school- teacher and they were taught from young and they were read to and the focus was on expanding their minds. His mother would spend time with them and teach them many different things. Every thing was about learning and succeeding. Working hard, keeping up, and keeping face. But my time with this man was bitter sweet. He treated me like an angel but he would keep secrets.

During this time I was drawing back to becoming a Jehovah's Witness as fear drove me back to what I was taught to believe. 'Earthquakes was a sign of the time of the end,' so if there was an earthquake I would fear, then think that I have to go back.

That created great mental conflict and torture within my mind. The severity of the religion was now fighting within me. I felt pressured to get married as I was in England now and I needed to sort myself out. I felt that I had to do what I've been taught and also build my life. So the pressure I felt that I needed to get married was strong, but also because I felt a deep love for this man. He was a gentleman and very soft and kind. I healed a lot with his patience. I believe he saw the broken spirit within me and felt he needed to protect me. I felt pity for me from him and his family and the difficulty was that we were both so different. Although I loved him and cared so much, I couldn't get rid of the feeling that I'm not good enough. I felt that for so many years. I had many issues regarding my sex life because of the abuse I've endured.

I had a very warped view as I use to see sex as a weapon and over the years it changed into something more gentle and kind, but still I would get these very dark heavy feelings regarding the actual deed and then the anger that will follow would make me feel irritated and angry for no reason. I have struggled with flashbacks and emotions coming up and just change my mood and leave me feeling disgusted. I couldn't have sex in the afternoon for years and never could understand why. There was so many pressures on our relationship. The memory did come one day and it was horrible. I had a flashback, I mentioned earlier in the book about an instance where I had blackouts? Well I remembered what happened on that day when I was in the shower. I always remembered I was having a shower and my granddad came in to use the toilet. I remember feeling extremely uncomfortable and just stood frozen in the shower because I didn't know what would happen next, He opened the curtain and I don't remember him saying a word he just looked at me, closed the taps and then lead me to the bedroom. I remembered grabbing the towel as I felt very exposed and cold. He then lead me into their bedroom and I was lead to his side of the bed and then I recall him performing oral sex and then the next moment I was standing next to the bed looking at him rubbing himself on me then all of a sudden I was standing next to the bed watching him have sex with me but in a very awkward way. I felt that there was some sort of problem but I could see him having sexual contact with me and to the side of him was a dark energy and to the side of me was a

protective white light or energy. I felt that I could see it happen but it was like I couldn't feel any of the sensations. Then I saw him having a moment where he changed and I was seeing him from the front again. This memory that was lost was now seen. This was horrendous. I was so sad, angry and overwhelmed. This has made me feel even worse regarding us and it was new emotions and a memory I had to deal with. I just felt that I couldn't carry my burden with my husband anymore.

There was just too many things I had to face and I couldn't deal with his issues on top of mine. He was untruthful and it left us in a compromising position. Too much has changed and I needed to heal or find myself again. So my relationship with husband number 2 had cracks. We were extremely happy as friends and we got on like a house on fire but there was no sexual energy and I lost something for him. I felt that we were holding each other back. My life was changing, he shook my reality and this has created a vacuum of uncertainty. I just couldn't trust him or feel comfortable anymore. He was like a dear friend or a brother. Unfortunately, he couldn't handle being my friend.

Although this was a very sad time for us both, we had many amazing years together, as I will explain what me going back into the religion was like. From the age of about 26 I felt that I needed to give the Jehovah's Witness religion a try again as I felt it had to be done because I was paranoid and the fear increased so much. I would suffer from anxiety thinking about everything I remember my mom use to tell me about the 'last days' which is also the 'great tribulation', Armageddon, the memories of things that I was told was happening. This scared me so much and the more I was looking for the things she told me the more I could see it. This was terrifying. So when the earthquake happened in Turkey in 1999 I was convinced the end was coming. The fear in me grew and my anxiety kicked in over night. I would struggle to go to sleep and I would see how terrible I was and how imperfect I was. I would beg God to please forgive me for all my sins. I got married to husband number 2 in September 1999 on the Isle of Wight. I felt this was the one and I felt a very strong bond with him. He opened my eyes to a whole other possibility and I trusted him from the word go. He was always very curious and I told him about all the signs my mother said we will see. So I felt that we should at least give it a go. I had to go and find out what this is and if it is the truth. I needed to make sure. Going into this was like going back to family. Everyone was happy and warm. People in the congregation were kind and very sociable with us, they made us feel part of them very quickly and we felt part of something amazing. We were encouraged because we were studying and learning about God and what he wants. I did research and I learned as much as I could to find the answers to my questions. A lot was answered to a degree but I was always baffled by the fact that we weren't encouraged to use 'worldly' information or research that wasn't supplied by the Watchtower and tract society. It was very organized and all done in precise order every meeting. Nothing ever changed.

Everyone was always waiting for the 'great tribulation', 'days of the end', 'Armageddon'. At first we were made to feel so welcome and special. I felt I got some answers but the ones that couldn't be answered was always going to be answered in due time. I did everything to try and get rid of my ability because according to them I get this information from the Devil. The thing is that my

ability never stopped no matter how much I've given myself to 'Jehovah'. The challenge wasn't over. I had to try harder. I thought about going deeper into the believes, and totally give myself to Jehovah to be sure. Baptism was the only step I've not tried. I was reading the bible and it was very confusing but I had to follow the profile otherwise I will not be considered a good faithful sheep. I had to accept and not question too much. If we question too much then we could committing a sin against the Holy Spirit and that will be a violation against Jehovah. Jehovah was extremely feared and He was jealous I recall. He was also very cruel if you follow the stories on how He wanted to be worshipped. I was afraid and I felt He was personally punishing me for seeing these things because why doesn't this happen to others in the congregation? Why wasn't there more information on this subject? I would see spirits on the platform next time people and I knew no one else could see it. I was completely following the believes and doing as what I know was expected.

When I became sick things changed dramatically. I started having knee problems, which then spread to all my joints. The pain was incredible. Like a toothache but in all my joints. I felt hot a lot of the time and I felt so old and disconnected from people and myself. When I was diagnosed with Rheumatoid Arthritis at the age of 28 I was devastated. I felt that the end of journey will be death. I was on really strong painkillers and the feeling of depression was overwhelming. I picked up a lot of weight and I felt that my past was choices were catching up on me. I felt punished from all angles, I became overwhelmed and anxious again. I've see these things and now I have to fight this sickness. I was told by the elders and people in the congregation that the more we struggle the better we are doing, that was very confusing information because in reality that makes no sense. I was looking at the religion and it created more drama and fear into my life and I suffered so much with no clear understanding why and I knew in my heart that this wasn't necessary. But I couldn't see the solution to my problems.

Over the years I've tried to make contact with my children but it prove to be difficult as their dad always made it complicated. I wrote to them and I tried to start a relationship with them and as soon as I got the phone number and would phone them, their dad would say they didn't want to talk to me or he got the oldest one to say it to me because I wouldn't believe him. I was trying to find a positive place within myself during this time but it was very difficult as I had to try and keep up with all my duties as a Jehovah's Witness demands religiously, finding a way to re-connect with my boys, heal from my past experiences as this is affecting my relationship and dealing with a disease that's trying to destroy me. My duties as a witness would entail going on door to door service, conducting or attending bible studies. I was exhausted. Everything was so intense, final and hopeless in this world. The 'new order' as they use to call will fix it all but in the meantime we will suffer as it was prophesied. I tried from my heart to do everything to please Jehovah and still I had my psychic ability. I could sense and feel things. I would always know when there were things going on in the congregation. I could feel it. So many people so closely linked, I could feel the energy all around me. I had no way of controlling it. In the congregation when people do things wrong they

would have a talk on the sin, and reprimand the person directly after. I would feel all these things for days before, every time I would go to the congregation so when they would reprimand the people I knew psychically already that this was going on as I sensed it long before. People would be shocked but I knew. So my views about the religion and the congregation started changing. I was thinking, many of the things they teach make no sense for a God with such intelligence. Many of the attributes of God had human links and that makes no sense what so ever.

Few things happened and an elder lied to us about something. I felt there was favouritism and the doubts I had over all the years just became more valid. I started seeing through this religion.

Shortly after realizing these things my spirit guides or beings appeared again, it's been years since I've seen them so clearly. I was on serious pain medication at this stage. I was on morphine patches and tablets as the pain was too severe. At first I thought it was hallucinations from the medication. But they told me to put my hand on my knees and I did. I started feeling better and was feeling stronger. I started taking less medication and I was feeling more focussed, I knew I was going to either die from all the medication or this illness and I decided to look after myself as this was working.

I had to try and do what I was being shown. I would see my spirit guides every day around the same time. I had to eventually acknowledge them, as I needed answers. They told me to put my hands on my knee and I did. I could feel heat coming out of my hands and vibrate through my knee. I only got short bursts at first but in time I could hold it for longer. I had to leave this religion because I felt that things didn't make sense to me anymore as I totally committed myself to Jehovah and at no point could I sense or feel the touch of God. But when I connected with the spirit guides or beings I could sense the energy and this was the closest I've ever felt to God or The Source as I prefer to describe it. So here I was baptised as a Jehovah's Witness, all my friends and most of my family are Jehovah's Witnesses.

So when I told my mother I was leaving she was devastated. She was crying and telling me that I'm making the biggest mistake of my life. That I was turning my back on Jehovah and that I will be sinning against the 'Holy Spirit' which will be unforgiving. She told me that I would be dead in their eyes as I've dedicated my life to Jehovah and now I'm turning my back on him. And she can't associate with me if I do this especially if I turn 'apostate', so let me explain what an apostate is as a Jehovah's Witness. They believe that you dedicate your life to Jehovah through adult baptism. If you then denounce this believe you therefore turn against the Holy Spirit. This means that you are basically turning your back on God and turning against Him personally. So this is unforgiving and certain death, no forgiveness from God whatsoever. Because I was baptised in this believe system and then decided I didn't want to follow this and explore my ability and gain more insight into my spirituality my family turned their back on me. This was my choice and because I mad this choice I'm no longer part of them. I new this will happen as I've seen them do this to many people. The gossiping when these things happened has been an eye opener, everyone would talk about these people and have talks about them. Apostates are the worst kind of sinners. So there was no reasoning. My mother always said to me if you can show me a religion or believe that makes more sense then she will follow it, but when I

wanted to try and explain things to her she didn't want to know because I'm an apostate and the devil is working through me to take them away from their faith.

I knew there was no reasoning. I got people trying to come and talk to me trying to convince me to stay. Trying to tell me their way is the only way when in fact I've just spend years watching them 'bitch' and gossip about each other, lie, hurt one another, drink too much, had affairs, etc. And I was told to not look at the people look at the teachings? I felt I did that but still it didn't make sense to me. This did not look like the right religion to me. They were the same as everyone else.

By making that decision I lost almost all of my family and all my friends. It was very tough but I knew I had to do it as they will use their scare tactics on me as they've done in the past. I had to break free from this cult as I could see through this now. They were so far from being perfect and no different from the people in 'the world', in fact I felt they were worse. They would make horrible comments about people in their own believe let alone people from the outside. They would say that you need to follow the 'fruits of the Spirit' which was a list of attributes that people would need to be accepted by God. I could see so much prejudices, judgements and negativity.

This made me feel that this could not be the true place of God. I started feeling that God is within us. Our intentions and our thoughts are ways to communicate with God. Who we are deep in our spirit and soul, that is our connection to God, that being within each one of us.

So here I was Billy no mates! My husband and I literally had each other and my sister and her boyfriend with my niece. This was the only people we knew. This was a very strange time as life felt very lonely and sad. We sort of started to connect with people we cut off in a way as 'wordly' friends was bad association and not good for us.

On the spiritual side I was experiencing more within myself and I was starting to embrace everything I've been trying to suppress for so many years. I felt a huge sense of relieve once I've left the cult. It wasn't easy though. The guilt driving you and making you feel like you are breaking the rules constantly, feeling of having no purpose, feeling disconnected, feeling judged, unloved, unworthy. This took a long time to work through.

As the years passed I understood more and more. Growing within myself on a spiritual level open my eyes to the point where I felt I had to make the decision to leave husband number 2. I felt that we outgrew each other. We were too different and our viewpoints were too opposite. We didn't have the same view about life at all or how things should or does work. So August 2014 I left my husband. It was a very painful as I lost a really good friend.

I was now living in a bed sit with a lady and her son. I had no money except from the readings and work I was doing which was minimal as I just started out. I literally lived from every single pound. It was extremely stressful and frustrating. I had a tiny space to work from above a coffee shop and this was where I started my career really. I've done workshops, courses, classes, circles as I dedicated my time to my spiritual journey. Reading was becoming my vice and

I read up as much as I could about spirituality, energy just everything that came up.

I had to understand. I now used all the information I could find. Everything was changing. My knowledge grew and so did my understanding of myself, and my spirituality. I've realised that I've been a natural healer since birth, I learned that I was compassionate and that this is a strength, not a weakness. I was poor, no place to call home and very few people around me I could rely on. This was painful as these days I had one friend I could talk to on the phone but around me no one.

I had to make friends all over again. I've learned that people come and go into my life. So many friends I've lost through religion, my ability or just because I can see through them and they don't like it. So when a student lady that use to come to my healing classes gave my business card to her friend, he invited me for a drink, I felt that I should go and meet this guy! To go out with a stranger after being with the same man for 16 years was very daunting and scary. I was relaxed though as it was only to meet as potential friends as both of us was separated and still hurting a lot.

My meeting with Quinton was interesting, he had the most striking eyes and he made me feel so comfortable. I was my normal chatterbox and he was very quiet and subdued. We talked about our previous marriages and how things were. We did speak for hours and we really enjoyed each other's company. Our lives were very similar in some ways. He had 2 brothers I had two sisters. His father was adopted, so was my dad. We both loved entertaining people through our love of food, we both had a dream of having a café or restaurant although mine was more of a spiritual sanctuary. I became nervous because I was afraid that we were becoming too comfortable with each other and that it will become a rebound. I became more protected and guarded but still we found comfort in each other.

What scared me more than anything was how similar we were, we just got each other. He is ambitious and so was I. I noticed how our interest overlapped and that we complimented each other. This was a very difficult thing for me to cope with as for the first time in a long time I've seen a man working so hard and doesn't give up on his dreams. We became good friends. We would entertain often, as we both loved entertaining people. We both could cook and we both love experimenting with food, we loved watching cooking programs and try creating new dishes.

He would still have dealings with his wife at the time and this has created a lot of pain and suffering. I tried my best to support him and give him the healing I could see he so desperately needed. He would talk to me and cry in my arms about his love that he just lost and that broke my heart as I could feel the pain within myself. We both had this break up, I was with my husband for 16 years and he was with his wife for 7. He was trying to win her love back even though he wasn't the one to damage it.

This showed me his persistence and forgiving nature. He fascinated me with his power and his strength. No matter how he suffered felt he would go to work and do what has to be done. In all my experiences of men I've never met a man like him. He totally impressed me and gave me confidence in men. This was very strange for me and I went through a very difficult time trying to not think about

him in this way. He was clear from the start that he wanted his wife back and that he has to fight for her. As if this wasn't enough for him his uncle became gravely ill. Quinton had to go back to South-Africa so he could go and support his family. It was sad but beautiful to see how the family all pulled together.

Even though my family has always been strong together and loved each other they didn't love you unless you were following their believes. There was no acceptance; well this is how it's felt always! So seeing this family all pull together was so beautiful and touching.

So Quinton went to support his family while I was watching over his house. I lodged here with him in the house as he had the house to himself and he offered for me to stay here and work from here as I was living in a bedsit and I had the shop where I worked from but they just wanted more rent every two months.

Quinton then suggested I live here and work from here, no hassle and no one giving me issues regarding rent. I was over the moon. So I was working from his home and as he has a wood cabin in the garden, so it was idea as I could work in there and teach my classes from there as there was more space. I was feeling safe and comfortable.

So when he went away for 5 weeks I had time to be by myself and go through all my lessons and work on my future goals.

My concern was that I was falling in love with him but I couldn't allow myself to be open about this as he was fighting for his marriage. I knew for definite my relationship with my husband was over although we weren't divorced yet. We would just argue every time we spoke on the phone and I was blamed for everything as usual. Like before everything would come back to me! Everything he has done was for me he said but that made no sense, I just couldn't be with him anymore and I didn't love him as I should love my husband.

I felt so confused and unsure. I had a reading from a friend and the marriage card came up, this made me feel very strange at the time, and it couldn't have been interpreted, it said 'Marriage,' this was just after Quinton left to go see his family. Then the signs started coming. I remember seeing so many signs but still not totally understanding or believing what I saw because I haven't learned to trust or understand it fully yet.

The only way for me to really know and trust these signs was if it came from one source, this source would have to be Quinton!

My ability I guess has always been to follow what my spirit tells me. When I connect and the information is good I get a very bright light in my minds eye and my body feels excited and energized but also very calm a warm, loving emotion. When this happens I know I need to follow this path.

My trust in myself has grown so much over the years by developing myself and facing my fears. I have gone into so many things to stretch my spirit and expand. I've got a very open mind and love to learn new things. I've got the ability to see the bigger picture on most things and because I've learned to trust it over my lifespan I have a very strong connection to The Source.

So when things happen I see it and when I have seen the signs with Quinton I was excited but also so nervous I had to learn to trust more as I found it very difficult to trust people or myself truly.

Being psychic and seeing doesn't mean you can get it or achieve it. You have to be patient and work with your dream but you also have to be balanced and stay humble.

So seeing in the reading we could get married was a preposterous thing as we were not even close to this becoming a reality. I didn't want to know. My focus was on work and making my business grow as I have the responsibility to look after myself. I had to grow on a whole other level. I didn't have time to mess about with love! I had to work hard and create this spiritual sanctuary I've been seeing in my mind's eye and dreaming about, my dream was my focus now. I had to do what was needed. So when the realisation hit me that I was falling in love I didn't want to know and I denied it to myself.

Never has signs been this clear going into a relationship. All the signs was showing me that this is the one I need to be with and my logical mind tells me that this is definitely not, as everything is logically showing me NO! He wants his wife back and they are talking, him saying that he never just had freedom and did what he wanted, we are both healing from broken relationships, in his mind we aren't suited at all as my beliefs aren't like his, he wanted children I couldn't have anymore. There were just so many things pointing to the possibility that this couldn't work! My head stood still. I decided not to think about it as I need to focus on what is important, my priority is my work and getting myself on my feet so I'm in a better situation.

Financially I struggle in my life because the focus from young was always to be religious and doing what God wants. So never did I have to use my skill to make money, and this was a huge challenge. In my life I did labouring work, farming work, cleaner, waitressing, managing a restaurant/bar, worked in retail, been a medical doctor's PA, psychologists PA, worked as reception in a Hostel in Israel, we started a painting business in Israel, we started a window cleaning business. So I felt I could do this! Problem was that haven't worked for many years due to my dis-ease and now that I'm free from it, and I'm on no medication I'm happy. My issue is my confidence. I have to become strong to be able to do what I'm doing. I have to just believe in myself and learn to trust. This was a very uplifting and empowering experience to have. I was afraid of feeling love because my past experiences was stopping me, but in the same breath I'm aware and I can handle this as I'm seeing clearly, it was crazy! I had a level head as I could see my life lessons, and what it was teaching me. This was like watching something in slow motion. I was unattached but also attached. Like I could control or stop it before it happens. I could see all so clearly. I felt love like never before as I could see everyone clearly as well. I felt free from everything. So how can I not follow this path and make this succeed. I would just go with what the universe sends my way.

So when Quinton came back weeks later I knew that I just need to keep following the signs. It was like watching a symphony, sometimes it was dark and painful then he had clarity that he has to try with his wife, then it would change again, everything just seemed so hard and painful. As their divorce was settling I had to think about getting another place or finding another bed sit but Quinton insisted he will get the house no matter what and I can always stay here as I've always been there for him. This touched me so much that he valued me as a friend for what I've done for him. This healed something deep inside and I knew that this was how I was as a person as well. My love grew deeper but still no

word spoken to him about it.

Then Christmas time 2016 came and I was worn out with this situation. I felt it has been about 2 years and even though I can see Quinton was slowly accepting that his relationship with his wife was over and that he was starting to make peace with it, I couldn't see that he was aware of me as a potential partner. He was making comments about girls on TV and asking me about hot friends etc. I was still not sharing how I truly felt. Part of me felt that I was dreaming thinking that we will be together. The signs still kept coming and still I didn't believe because he wasn't seeing me in that way and it wasn't moving in that direction. I guess I've never had to love someone not loving me! Time to understand what I've done to others I guess.

This stage taught me a lot. I've always been the person to protect others. I started thinking about the people in my life, from teachers to my mother and father. I felt that we are all just going along on this planet, doing what we've been conditioned to do or believe.

My great grandmother was conditioned to become a Jehovah's Witness and this changed our family and the way they were. I've come to realize from my great grandmother the family must've split and I can only guess that it was because of the religion she chose. We never had dealings with the other side of the family. So this again showed me that it creates conflict and it divides. My anger or upset wasn't with my mother it was with her believes, she couldn't accept me unless I follow her believes. My father, well he was a broken man because he had a twisted relationship with his parents. I felt pity and sadness for all of them and I understood why these people treated me badly. I went through every single person in my life and I looked at each relationship, what it's taught me, positives and negatives. This taught me so much about myself as I could see that I hurt some people but I could also see they've hurt me in turn because of their weaknesses. So my anger started melting away, I was starting to heal.

So there came the day Quinton and I had a argument about something and he said that no one cared about him!

I became furious and the next moment I shouted out that I loved him, we both looked at each other in shock and disbelieve!

I ran out trying to pack my bags to leave as I felt this was it now I had enough and I've been carrying this secret for too long, it's now or never. He was helping me unpack as I was packing. This became very awkward. Now the cat was out the bag as they say. He knew I love him and he didn't feel the same. I thought he didn't love me and this was me, exposed now I felt extremely vulnerable and weak in front of him!

Our relationship became strained for a few days or even weeks. I guess he had to work through what I've just told him. Weeks later we had a talk again about stuff and he actually told me that he had feelings for me and that he could see us together because we were so similar and we had similar dreams, goals and ideals. We were both Afrikaans and that is something in itself as we got each other. Afrikaans people can come across as rude or abrupt. Thing is this is how we talk! We would come across as we are arguing but we are both very honest and to the point, typically Afrikaans. Now the dynamics has changed completely. This meant he actually did think about us. So our relationship just got tighter. We started making more plans together. He kept the house which was a relieve and I

could relax about the business because even if things wouldn't work out between us I knew we could still be friends because with him it was different.

He was very mature and understood like me that this was how things worked. This new burst of emotion that came over me after Quinton revealed that he had feelings for me, encouraged me and boosted my ability. This was when I started working on a very different level than before.

My focus was more about teaching people about healing, love, compassion, empowerment and I viewed it all as love and light.

Then came the a lesson that changed the direction I was working in. Previously in my career I was told that because I can see 'earthbound' (trapped) spirits that there was something wrong with me or that I made it up. This really knocked me on my spiritual journey as once again I felt isolated a different from the other medium or people like me!

So when eventually I accepted the fact that I'm able to cross lost-spirits over I was happy as it explained the uncomfortable dark energies. So when I've experienced this dark energy it was like nothing I've experienced before. This energy had the ability to get right into my head. This was the most uncomfortable experience I've ever had. I trusted the energy around me to always protect me and this was making me feel very betrayed and hurt. They kept saying this was my lesson. I know that it can take a long time to get to the bottom of a lesson but this was terrifying.

This new lesson I'm learning doesn't involve just people. This was something I'm experiencing on a much deeper level. With earthbound spirits there's always a point where I can disconnect. I've learned to be able to switch off from unwanted energies, or spirits as people call them.

But this energy was able to pass through all my barriers and protection. This was very difficult and I have to say for the first time ever I actually felt threatened. When this started I was grateful that my relationship with Quinton was stronger because this challenged everything My understanding in what I believed and even my sanity at times.

First I had to accept my ability as a gift, then I almost lost everyone I cared for because of my gift, then I had to learn that I'm not crazy because I see these things but that I'm able to help people, then learn that there are lost energies trying to find their way to the 'relative' dimension and now the cherry on my cake was that there are something like a demon dimension!

This was very challenging and I felt very depressed and confused. I had very clear visions of what I will be doing and how it will help people but first I needed to learn to get through this by healing myself and learn to deal with this 'demonic' energy before I'm able to help other people.

This was a very scary and frightening realization, as I had no idea what this actually meant or going to be like. I've seen horror movies so it could be anything like this, or the thought that it could kill me crossed my mind but I just didn't know. I had a fear and I knew I had to work though this as there is no way to move forward unless I do this. I felt that I was going insane. It came to a head one night when I could feel this energy pressing on me in a physical way but also

attacking me in my mind through visions and showing me ways it could hurt me. I noticed that it was attacking me mentally through my own thoughts and my own abilities, it was very conscious and it knew how to get to me and it could see my history. I wasn't sure how to protect myself from this but I needed to learn.

It took me about 3+ months to get through this and it was horrible. If I wasn't prepared for this I don't know what would've happened. I could be in pain all over my body, I would go to sleep and as soon as I go into a deep sleep this demonic energy would wake me up, so I was exhausted, somehow I was able to do my work so I could earn money but as soon as I was done with work all the stuff would start again. Pain, sharp headaches, anxiety, panic attacks, my breathing would get affected. I had to find ways to deal with these attacks. At first it will be very regularly and strong, once I've learned about this particular energy I could then understand the energy and its hold over me as it was personally attached to me. I had a weakness and I had to work out what mine was so that I could get rid of this dark, vindictive, cruel energy. I learned that these energies could go from one person to the next and this scared me even more. With every shock I received guidance from my guides and I gained new understanding. My spirit guides showed me how to weaken them and with the help of some of my students I was able to get rid of this. It was terrifying but we worked out a system to help people. This experience I had in my life has allowed me to bond so close to some of my students and they became very close friends as they could all experience their own feelings and thoughts about it. I finished this three year self- development journey on myself and did everything my guides showed me, they showed me how they protected me and everyone around me to be able to help these people.

This has strengthened my faith in my ability, believes, and most importantly my Spirit Guides. I knew they were the only ones that truly gave me power to help people and my ability with their power can only do good and it did, it was so warm and compassionate. The first person that I removed this from was afraid just as I was afraid but it worked. Then the second was quicker but very different again. At first I needed help to cope with the energy these 'demons' had and in time I was able to do it by myself. This journey was terrifying and confusing.

But the more I have been able to help people and see how the Guides did this work with my help and their help towards me and the people, amazement took over. I've never felt that I was worth anything and now I can see that I have a purpose and my purpose is to help people and it's a very lonely and difficult path to follow. Even though this brought relieve my life has changed and I've changed.

It takes me 2 weeks to do an extraction (refuse to call it a exorcism) and about a week to recover and it was taking it's toll. I felt like I was missing something but I didn't know what. I then saw a medium in Brighton when we were there one day and I thought I know I will go and see him.

He picked up very quickly that I was a healer, reader, etc. He mentioned Quinton and that we are very alike, both very strong and very suited although we challenge each other, I thought this guy is good! He mentioned that I do my work and that I do really well and that I should keep doing it as my guides are very pleased with me. This made me feel so much love and compassion from my

Guides and Spirit.

I thought hang on, I can ask him what he picked up on the extraction work and he said that not everything dark are demons. I thought ok interesting. So I took that information and I was trying to see what he was implying and what it could mean and there it was.

I had to do healing within my spirit. This 'depressed' feeling needed to be uprooted. I'm a healer and I need to heal myself. I then noticed that we all have inner demons and the demons from a different dimension. This again expanded my understanding and I was able to help people on an even deeper level. e The journey I took to get me the answers and healing I needed was with Gaia (Mother Earth) and Ayahuasca.

So Ayahuasca is from a tree in South America and the natives use this as a medicine to help people heal. This is a very old and very traditional practice. I felt that I went through 20 years of therapy in one night. This was the toughest emotional breakdown I've ever experienced.

It brought everything from my past back and showed me how I was breaking myself down and if I didn't change my thoughts and views it will end up affecting my future. I was shown how to heal, his was painful on an emotional level and I was called a warrior because I wouldn't give up fighting. I had to keep going, I was shown how I never gave up on working on myself and that I had a mission, I had to heal so I can help others heal so that we can all together heal this world and make it our dream place like every one of us truly want. While taking the Ayahuasca it was like being in a dark place and once I came out of my journey I could see everything so clearly, no more darkness that I had to deal with as I've learned to face my fears and I need to trust my guides and move forward now with my duties.

The journey started with my foundation, it showed me that Quinton was home for me and that we are destined to be together and working together hence why we are so alike. I felt this and could feel the healing and acceptance work with me. I then went through my past relationships with people and showed me many soul mates.

Soul mates can teach us the dark and the light. Some come to challenge us, and others come to change us. I could see how my parents was purely a journey I had to experience. I could see that everything happens for a reason. The lessons was painful and hard and showed me that I had to be strong in my own believes and my own systems. I cannot blame anyone or anything for my experiences, as they were part of my growth. All these things I've experienced was there to teach me, to strengthen me and to prepare me.

This helped me so much and I was so grateful for all the love I have received from The Source. So let me explain The Source. This is like the most highest of energies. The Source knows everything. We don't have to have a name or a place to worship. It's within us and everything we do outwards we do to ourselves as everything returns back to us, threefold. This is the law of attraction. So we think we are positive but we might not be at all. The Source will always be there if we allow it to be, without any limits.

Our dis-believe and distrust stops us from getting everything we want. This was

one of the strongest lessons to learn, our guides can only help us if we ask! We've got free will to do as we please, but what we reap we will sow. This is true throughout, not just in biblical terms.

Religion has taken a lot of spiritual laws and made it theirs. Spiritual laws or The Source doesn't belong to any believe system or religion. It's in our hearts. In yours and in mine. We can all connect with it at any point as it's around us all. It's usually our lack of faith that stops us from connecting. Once we learn to connect to Source energy we feel alive and charged. It doesn't take our problems away but it teaches and helps us to cope better. We do things in a more efficient ways and we connect better with other people.

We lose our feeling to judge because we can understand everything more clearly. Life suddenly seems more simple and less complex.

So going through this journey, there was moments that Quinton and I got close to splitting up because doing the extractions was gruelling on us both. The rewards though seeing people feel better and moving on with things that help them back to a more positive and healthy self was worth every difficult moment. While I've been working on my business and sorting myself out Quinton realised that he loved me and asked me to be his girlfriend. This was so amazing as I didn't expect it at all. We never talked about these things as both of us felt we wanted this to just play out as it should because we were both very happy and we started planning our future and we just connected on a deeper level all the time. I felt excited about our prospects. His dream is to open a café or restaurant and my dream is to open a spiritual centre with a restaurant and a place for people to come and relax. Our dreams were so similar so we started dreaming together about our place and how we want to do things. This keeps us so strongly connected. I think it's vitally important for couples to grow and dream together. Where intention flow energy goes, energy will create what we put our intentions to.

Even though my life was difficult and I had many painful experiences I wouldn't change anything in my life. I'm able to see so clearly and this allows me to help the people get guidance and understanding to deal with their issues in a unique way. Completely tailored to their needs. In all the times going through all these lessons I've learned so much from Spirit and my Guides and I wanted to share this with everyone.

I'm aware that I didn't share my story in much detail, as I didn't want to name and shame abusers etc. I've also protected the people in my past I've learned from and even though I will talk about experiences I've had with people I won't reveal details about them. I will explain what I've learned from my past in sections as to make it more interesting about what I've learned and how it shaped me to do what I do now.

Relationships

I mention relationships first as this I've come to learn is the most important thing in my life.

I absolutely love people in general, they fascinate me so when I make friends,

whether it's romantic or just normal friendships I give myself completely. I'm open and I'm transparent. For many years I thought everyone was the same, honest and open about themselves. I've always focussed on the good in people as that's the way I was in my heart, looking at the good. The problem I found that created problems for me was that my healing ability has always been very strong and I had no way to control them before I started developing my ability.

I would for example see clearly where people felt weak and insecure and what they will do to compensate for that weakness in themselves. I had no way of switching that off and once the people ask me about it then its like some sort of slide show starts and I can see more and go deeper into the cause and then see more things relating to their pain or issues.

In the past I had to learn the hard way as I could see the negatives and positives in these people I met. When you become closer people talk to me more about their problems and at any given time I could be talking to three or four people in the same family about each other as they come see me. It's not a problem if everything in the readings is kept confidential as I would usually ask them to do so things will always work out in the right way because Spirit always shows me the best solution for the issues or where the problem lies and what needs to be done to resolve the issues, sound simple right? Well that's what I thought too! But I was sadly mistaken.

I recall a very sad time in my life. I was befriended by a family through a friend. I was made to feel so warm and welcomed. Accepted even and they were the first people who truly accepted my ability and didn't make me feel weird and confused. I did explain to them that I just came out of a well lets call it a cult and that I was learning about my energy and what my experiences meant. At this stage I was looking into the visions where I wouldn't in the past. This could be confusing as I had to work things out. This family mad it easy for me to learn or understand my ability more through them. They would ask questions and were fascinated.

As the months went on I became so close to them and it did happen that we would spend many weekends with them. Some people warned me saying it's too much and I'm getting too involved but I felt so safe and myself when around them I couldn't see what people was saying.

But it became clear soon enough, sadly not quick enough for my liking, but I know now years later and in hindsight Spirit has put me there to draw them closer together.

My lesson learned there was that people will not see what is right in front of them until they are ready. I've also learned that some will do anything to protect themselves. My ability seem to only work on people that are willing to look at themselves as a whole and in honesty. To be able to see your spirit and your connection to your soul you have to be brutally honest with yourself. During this stage that this particular family was in my life I've learned many beautiful things that still makes me smile and makes me feel warm in my heart. The hurt unfortunately all stems from gossiping and taking things out of context. I did readings and saw things and as a friend I became too involved and drawn in. When I realised that there was things that had to be addressed (as by this stage I actually loved them like a family and felt I needed to protect them) I could see that there was going to be huge changes and I saw visions about them as

individuals. It was so confusing at the time but I knew that if we just follow what Spirit shows me then it will all work out exactly as it should and it will heal the dark energy that was tormenting this family. I did this with all good intentions in my heart to help them resolve this. It was so painful and difficult as I could see both sides and what both of these individuals were saying. I then noticed people withdrawing from me. Somehow they have blamed me for what I've revealed. This issue has been there all along but because I've made them aware they blamed me for it. I was devastated and that experience has taught me to not share my gift with people in this manner. I had to stop sharing it freely. I had to make sure they understand that what I see I'm unable to control and that if someone asks about things they need to accept the information and not shoot the messenger.

I did learn that I had to not become emotionally involved either. This was a very difficult thing for me to have accepted. I've apologised to the family for my wrongdoing by getting emotional and explained that my intentions was to help but it wasn't enough. Being used as a scapegoat was the only way for the family to move forward which I realised in time was because when people aren't honest about themselves it's a problem. Being honest about your self as a person helps not to hurt others. Unfortunately someone in this family didn't want to face themselves and their weaknesses. I'm very careful now sharing my gift with people I'm close to, especially families or friendship circles.

After that experience I changed. I became more serious about my ability as I've learned to understand its power. Many things I saw during this time around this family came true. It scared me to see the power of my ability but also taught me how sensitive I am to energy of people close to me. To this day I don't know what the intentions were of this family and if they really cared about me. I was pushed out by them and I guessed that they were more friends with my ex husband anyhow. I have to admit I do love them like close friends and it took me years to adjust after that experience.

I couldn't help notice that somehow people pushed me away when I saw through them. All my life I disliked bullies or narcissistic people. So when I noticed it I felt obliged to protect the people suffering. The thing is that they would tell me they felt bullied. When I then agree with them and say they need to sort it out they don't do it by sharing how they feel they share it by saying that I said it. This has happened so many times I've lost count. As I've looked back though I've noticed that while I was helping these people about themselves I was learning about myself. I basically followed the advice from the energy downloads. It worked for me and I became stronger and healed in myself. The pain of this experience I've had has given me understanding of a warm family with broken people. My job clearly was to connect them closer and move on. The realisation hurt me. I felt so unsure and alone as I felt that the 3 years I spend around them has taught me that family should accept each other and communicate through it all but also be careful not to pull people in and then spit them out when the truth hurts. Be strong enough to accept faults.

If I look at the relationships I had in my life that I learned from I noticed that I had many relationships with narcissistic individuals. Because I've been groomed for so many years to just be submissive and obey. I didn't know any different.

The thing is I do get to a point where I somehow see through what has blinded me and move on from the experience.

It becomes very difficult in romantic relationships.

I seem to feel the stronger connection in the beginning and the person I'm with seems to not feel it so much. Then when I start to think, Ok I'm wasting my time then the guys would feel more ready and willing to be in a relationship with me. I've learned very quickly that I know what I want in people and what I don't want.

When I was younger I chose badly because I chose with my eyes. I always went for men that were good looking because I guess I was shallow at the time. As I got older I realised that the way someone makes me feel is more important. Then later I learned that someone can tell you whatever you want to hear and spin you whatever story they want to just to lie and keep things secret. That shook me as I always listened to what people said. Now I have learned to trust the energy of a person. How they make me feel and what I sense from them.

I've learned that some people understand their ability and will use their power to manipulate in a negative way. We can all manipulate people in a good or bad way, the way we choose to influence people shows the person we are.

The strongest lesson I've learned was that love is earned and it's something that has to be worked on every day! I've learned that sex plays a huge roll in a relationship but I've also learned if there is no soul connection to the person the connection will break. Some people are in our lives for a short time and some long. All relationships teach us about ourselves more and if we communicate and we are honest with ourselves we will all grow together without having to hurt each other and cut each other off to protect ourselves.

The biggest lesson anyone will ever learn is that your relationship with yourself is the most important relationship you could ever have. If you are unhappy with yourself or your emotions work has to be done before you could go into a relationship. So many people think 'they will meet someone who will turn their miserable life into a fairy tale of bliss'. Well I'm sure we all know it doesn't work like that right? You have to be happy with yourself as a person first, this means that you really need to know yourself to know what makes you happy. In all the work I've been doing I've noticed that people put so much pressure on their relationships. The problem is they don't communicate properly and there are misunderstandings, if you know yourself you will realise and know what you are feeling and know whether you or the other person are over reacting then deal with it accordingly. But so many people take everything personal instead of looking beyond their emotions. They don't see the bigger picture and therefore don't understand. If we truly know ourselves we will aim to always have peace in our life because peace will bring positivity. To feel true happiness we need to fully accept our selves and others.

To keep relationships strong we need to view the situation from all angles. Take the time and make the effort if you truly care for someone to deal with delicate situations in an open and positive way. Respect people, we don't always know who is speaking the truth or who is lying. We should never pick sides without the facts and full story from all angles.

In romantic relationships you need to be able to be open and have no secrets from each other. If it's easy to hide things from your partner especially if it does concern them then we are in the wrong relationship. If someone truly has a connection to you they will feel the same loss as you would feel for losing them. Neither of you would be able to jeopardise what you have. Respect will be the most important and you will do nothing to put them in harms way. They will do exactly the same for you.

Relationships with parents are very difficult. We all have had issues with our parents and they had issues with their parents. The thing is we need to look at it this way, we don't own our children and they aren't our property. We need to treat them with respect and honour them so they can learn to respect and honour us. Many of our parents have been influenced by many things, and inexperience on parenthood causes difficulty in our relationship with our parents. We don't always see eye to eye and our perception might change from one generation to another, but we can always rely on energy to show us the truth. Energy never lies and even if our parents or friends or lovers lie to us we will feel if the connection has changed. Trust it fully!

So many times in my life I doubted myself because someone convinced me my feelings weren't correct only because they couldn't be honest with me or even themselves. I've also learned that some people have a very vindictive streak and they will play on an empathic person's energy to feel energised or strong. The feeling of grandeur can cause someone to become self-important and to feel that they have a right to treat someone badly.

These experiences can leave us so drained and even destroy us for a long time or for some people they can't ever get out of relationships like that. I've learned that you have to see your own worth and if someone makes you feel worthless or they don't respect you then you should walk away.

To be continued...