
CHAPTER 12

HEALING MY OTHER AGES OF ABUSE

I knew my four-year-old and five-year-old would also need help healing from sexual abuse. I wondered which one of them would show up next. I was eager to hear what they had to say because now I knew how to help them heal. In this regression both of them come forward.

Now my arm is so itchy I want to rip it off," I said as I settled into The Chair. "The signal is different, but do you think it's another age that wants to talk about Uncle Tom?" With NMR we learned this signal was from my five-year-old.

"This is a good example of how when you heal one age, you don't heal them all," Pamela explained. "Each level of your consciousness is unique and complete. So however the three-year-old processed the abuse, now the five-year-old needs to process it for herself. You can also look at it another way: The anger isn't completely dissipated, so now we go to where it's at the five-year-old level. We have to let her release her anger. So let's go talk to her.

“. . . What comes forward now is five-year-old Ann. Hello, five-year-old. We really, really, *really* want to talk to you today. And we want *you* to talk today because I know bad things happened to you that caused you, of course, to feel upset—probably mad. I know it had to do with Uncle Tom, right?”

“Yeah. You know I’m always very good. I have to be. But I’m not really good in my head ‘cuz of this Uncle Tom thing. I mean, I think about it. As I get older he’s not around very much, but I think about it all the time and it’s like it’s happening all over again. I just want it all to go away. I am so *over* this. [She’s standing with her hand on her hip as if she’s forty.] I am so over this guy! No matter what I do, it creeps in and I’ll think about it. I just never quite get rid of it. I mean, it goes away for a while but I never know when it’s going to pop back in. And I don’t want it to pop back in. I want it to just be *over*. I’m so tired of this.”

“Do you ever wonder why it keeps popping back in?”

“I don’t know. I just don’t seem to be able to stop it. No, I haven’t really wondered *why*. I just want it to stop!”

“Well, stopping it has a lot to do with understanding why. Your body and your mind want you to make sense of it. When you can’t make sense of something, it keeps coming back and coming back until you make sense of it. When you make sense of it, the mind says, ‘Okay, now you made sense of it so I can put this away now.’ But until you do, it just keeps coming to you saying that you didn’t make sense of it yet. So that’s what you and I are going to do today. We’re going to make sense of what happened. It doesn’t seem to make any sense, does it?”

“No.”

“When you think about it, what is the thought that you have?”

“Well, at first, I really didn’t understand. Now I just think this is stupid.”

“Here I am. What would you like to ask me about it? Here is Uncle Tom, a grown man—right?”

“Right.”

“And he does things that no one else does, right?”

“Right.”

“What do you think about that?”

“I don’t know why he’s picking on *me*.”

“Are there other children around for him to pick on?”

“There are now. Now I have a little brother. I don’t know if he’s doing it to him.”

“Maybe he does it to little girls he finds alone. Maybe there are other little girls.”

“Yeah, maybe.”

“And maybe once he’s found one, he doesn’t need to do it to the others in the family, you know? There’s a word for Uncle Tom. That word is *pedophile*. And that’s adult people who do sexual things with children that they aren’t supposed to do. Pedophiles come in all different kinds and sizes and shapes and ways that they do it.”

“You told me about this at three. And that was really good ‘cuz you said they are really sneaky. I couldn’t figure out why nobody would help me, and you said ‘cuz they’re really, really sneaky and they’re really, really good at getting little kids alone so there isn’t anybody around to help them.”

“That’s right. And so I said that’s why we had to get *you* to be. . . .”

“*Strong!* So I could kick him and stuff. And I get that. But it’s the *thoughts* now that are just driving me nuts!”

“So we need to figure out how to stop these thoughts. You need to have a calm, clear mind. So let’s go to a moment when you’re having this thought, when this experience starts to come up. What’s the first thing that comes into your mind?”

“That he’s coming toward me. And I think, ‘Oh no, not *again*.’ And then I start to . . . you know I spend a lot of time

by myself, right? And I usually have a really good time. I just put myself in all kinds of places. But then, every so often here comes Uncle Tom. And I think, 'Oh no, not *again*.' And then I have to stop what I'm doing and he grabs me and puts me up somewhere so he doesn't have to bend over. And then he does all his stuff. And even if I kick him and get him off—it's more about seeing him coming, walking towards me that's the real 'Oh no, just go *away*.'"

"Well that's where we need to work right now because that's where you need to stop him, Ann."

"Yeah, when he's coming at me I could put up like a shield, like a glass wall or something. And then he wouldn't see it and he'd be coming at me and he'd walk into the wall. And he might even break his nose!"

"I think that's a very good idea," Pamela agreed. "Why don't you try that and let's see what happens. You're playing by yourself and just like what happens every so often, here comes Uncle Tom."

"Right. So there's a little button, and I push the button and the invisible glass wall goes across between him and me. But he doesn't see it, but I know it's there. And he keeps comin' and keeps comin' and it's like the birds that hit the windows in the back of our house all the time. They get knocked out or something. Well, so does he. And then he looks and he looks and then he feels the wall and he's got to walk away because he knows he can't get through. That's really, really good!"

"So now I don't even have to worry about him coming at me because I know I just push the button and he's going to hit the wall. And if he does that enough times he won't even come any more because he knows now that I have this glass wall."

"I think that's an excellent plan. Now let's fix it so he can't sneak up on you either."

"Oh yeah. He's never done that, but let's just make sure."

"That inside part of you, show it where the button is. Now close your eyes. And notice when you close your eyes that you can be more aware of what that inside part of you can do. Like it can hear people coming, even when you're playing. It can sense somebody walking up behind you. So you tell that inside part of you any time it senses, hears, sees, *feels* Uncle Tom approaching you, it just presses that button. You show it where that button is."

"It's in my belly button."

"Perfect!"

"Yeah! And even if he gets so close that he grabs one arm, I can still use the other arm to press my belly button."

"That's true. But you know that inside part of you, it can feel and hear him coming from ten feet away. He's not going to get at your arm."

"Oh, good!"

"It's very aware, that inside part of you. It keeps you very safe. It really alarms you and lets you know when there's something you have to pay attention to. How do you think that inside part of you talks to you and lets you know to pay attention?"

"It makes me afraid."

"Right. So let's talk about your body, Ann. And let's talk about your light inside. Because both of them, your body and your light, protect you. Your body has natural instincts, just like a cat or a dog or a lion or a coyote or a wolf. Your body can smell danger coming before you even know it's there. It can hear it. Your inside self can hear much farther than you can—than you know you can. It can smell much better than you think you can. It can hear, see, smell, and feel things."

"So say there's a mountain lion sneaking up on you. Do you know what would happen? Long before you saw or heard the mountain lion the little hairs on the back of your neck and on your arms would go up. That's your body saying, 'Look out,

there's a predator, there's a mountain lion sneaking up on us. Pay attention.' And you get a feeling in your stomach, and you get a feeling in your chest and your throat. That would be your body saying, 'Pay attention. I need you to pay attention. There's danger here.' And you feel an adrenalin rush in your body as your legs get really strong to run and your arms get really strong. That body part of you is very, very aware.

"But you also have like a guardian spirit there, too, that talks to you, that warns you, that if you ask a question answers you. I think I talked to the other ages about it being the light inside them. That's what it is. But it's a guardian spirit. It's that light part of you, that part of you that's always with you. It's that part of you that can hold you and comfort you and soothe you. It's that part of you that can talk to you in your mind and tell you if someone is a good person or a bad person."

"Is it like my guardian angel?"

"Right. Churches call it your guardian angel. I call it your light or your Higher Self. But it's the same thing. I think it's more exciting to realize that it's *you, your* power—that *you* have that kind of power, that there is a part of you that is that powerful, that strong, that beautiful, that amazing, and that it's always right there with you. A lot of people can see that part of you. They call it your energy. They'll say, 'Oh! You have marvelous energy!' That's because they're seeing that part of you that is your guardian angel. And it can keep you safe—if you listen to it.

"See, that's the key, Ann. You have to listen to your body, you have to listen to your guardian angel, and trust in them. Trust that your body wants to keep you safe and wants to make you content and strong and happy. And trust that your guardian angel wants what's best for you. Those are really important to know. And nobody can ever take them away from you.

"You have your guardian angel, you have your body, and you have you. And that's your power. You can protect your-

self. You can guide yourself. You can feel that love. You're never lost. You're always loved. You always can be strong and powerful if you want to be. Like look what you did with the wall. That was so good! Once you put the wall up, tell me if the thoughts of Uncle Tom go away too."

"Yeah. 'Cuz there's no worry. It can't happen. So I don't have to worry about it. And I think it was worrying about it happening again that made me keep thinking about it."

"Good. Well, it looks like you took care of yourself. I guess that means you can go back to playing happily and not be bothered, right?"

"Yup."

"Good! Then as the five-year-old leaves, let's ask if there's anything that the four-year-old needs to say or wants to know or if this was part of her dilemma too."

My four-year-old comes front and center right away. She's angry with her parents because they aren't there to help her or to protect her. They're always around, even when she doesn't want them around. But when she wants them around, they're not there. They must think it's okay to leave her with Uncle Tom because they wouldn't leave her alone if they knew he was hurting her. But she's still mad.

Pamela explains to the four-year-old that the best way to get answers is to ask questions. The four-year-old finds her parents in the car and asks why they left her alone with Uncle Tom. Pamela asks her how her parents respond.

"Well, they say they left me alone with him 'cuz he's my uncle and he doesn't have any kids and he said he would love to spend a little time with me if they wanted to go out and do something. So they thought, 'Oh, that would be nice.' They're hoping he'll get married and have his own kids, so they figure maybe if they let him spend a little time with me he'll like it and want to get married and have his own kids.

"But he doesn't like kids. I mean, I don't think he likes kids. You don't hurt somebody you like. So I've got to tell them to forget about Uncle Tom liking kids. I tell them, 'When you leave me alone with him, he hurts me; he does bad things to me and then he says not to tell. But I'm telling you anyway because it's the only way I can get you not to leave me alone with him. He gets this funny look on his face and he gets like really strange, and then he starts doing these things to me and . . . just don't leave me alone with him anymore. There's something not right with him.'"

"Are your parents shocked?"

"Yeah. They say, 'What do you mean, he acts strange?' And I say, 'I don't know—just strange. He doesn't act like himself. He acts like somebody else and then he does all this stuff to me and it *hurts*. So just keep him away from me.'

"And they both give me big hugs and say they're really, really sorry. My dad is *really* mad. He's trying not to let me see it, but he's really mad. And my mother, of course, like normal, starts to cry. And they say I was right to tell them and they'll make sure that it never, ever, ever happens again. And they'll be very careful who they leave me alone with. And if anybody ever even gives me a funny feeling I'm s'posed to tell them, no matter what.

"So I feel much better now. And I'm not mad at them 'cuz I saw how upset they were when I told them. They really had no idea. They really thought it was okay."

"What about that mad feeling. Has it gone away?"

"Oh yeah. Now *they're* mad."

"Good! Now let me ask you, Ann, do you feel any kind of shame or guilt or any kind of bad feelings?"

"No, 'cuz they told me I didn't do anything wrong and it wasn't my fault and sometimes grown-ups do that and they're sick. So that's good. No, I don't feel guilty or anything any more."

"Good!" Pamela exclaims. [My four-year-old yawns.] "Looks like it's time to take a nap. That was a lot to get off your chest! That was good. You just feel all good and tingly inside because you've done something very smart and very powerful and very healthy and very good for yourself. I am very proud of you.

"Good. Well done. Then the four-year-old and the five-year-old, with great joy we happily send them into their inner light."

When the regression was over, I started to laugh. "The five-year-old Ann felt so different. She had that hand on her hip saying, 'I'm so over this!' She was such a different personality than the three-year-old, who was still more like a baby and who was mad too but was more like, 'What's happening? Somebody help me.'

"And my four-year-old just needed to hear from mom and dad that they thought it was okay to leave her with Uncle Tom and she hadn't done anything wrong, that they believed her, and they would never leave her alone with Uncle Tom again. Boy, it must be *awful* when parents don't believe a child. I can't even begin to imagine what that must do to the child."

We ended with some NMR to find out if all my molested ages were at peace, which they were. "Well, Pamela," I said, "I think I've said this before, but it's pretty obvious why talk therapy doesn't completely heal abuse. The memories and emotions aren't in the conscious mind. At least the origins aren't. They're at the subconscious level, and all those programs of shame and fear and guilt and powerlessness can only be changed there. Right?"

"Right," Pamela answered.

Some of my little girls did come forward again, but not about sexual abuse. The lesson of the abuse—to reconnect to

the power of their own light—had been learned. I had given myself a double whammy in this lifetime, two major opportunities to find my light: adoption and abuse. Yet it's true that the harder the lesson is, the greater the reward. And I'm discovering that connecting to my Higher Self is the greatest reward of all.