
CHAPTER 9

HEALING SEXUAL ABUSE

I came into today's session ready to learn how to heal abuse. I had no idea what to expect, but clearly it had to be done. My three-year-old needed to take back her power from Uncle Tom.

The weekend was great," I told Pamela. "My three-year-old and I had a lot of fun. Wait 'til you hear what she did!"

We got right to the induction. ". . . back through time as the form gets smaller and smaller. That's it. Back to age three as the arms are shorter, the legs are shorter, the torso is smaller. And at three—three years old—moving your energy, your awareness into that three-year-old self. I am looking for that three-year-old as she pulls me to where she is waiting—that perfect place to talk. I'm finding you, Ann. Are you there, three-year-old Ann? [No response.] Are we playing hide and seek? [She giggles.] You giggled, and so now I found you! That was a good game! I hear you've been playing games with grown-up Ann all weekend, and she's been showing you how strong your mind is."

"Yeah. I made a teddy bear sit up."

"Wow! That was excellent! How did you do it?"

"I just knew I could tell the teddy bear that if it wanted to play, I needed it to sit up. And it sat up. It was lying down and it sat up! And I made a cat go away."

"You did? How did you do that?"

"Well, this kitty cat was coming toward us, and we pretended like we didn't want it to come toward us, so I said, 'Stop, kitty cat, stop. You can't come toward me. You can't come near me.' And it stopped! It kind of looked at me funny, but it stopped. And I said, 'You stay there. You can't come any closer.' And then I think it got bored and it turned around and walked away."

"And what do you think made that happen?"

"I did. Ann told me I could make things happen that I wanted to make happen, and that I could make things stay away or make things come to me that I want or are good for me."

"You know, that's absolutely true. The trick is to learn to do that in an upsetting situation, when the body feels afraid. When the brain and the body are saying, 'Oh no, oh no,' and they want to hide or run away, or they want to get really, really small and go away—*then* is when you need to know how to use that power."

"Yeah, 'cuz you can *forget*. When you're scared you can forget, huh?"

"Yes, you can. We're going to teach you how *not* to forget, how to use that, how to remember and remind yourself, 'Oh wait a minute. I have *power*. I can use that power. Like with Uncle Tom."

"Hmm."

"Yeah. What happened with Uncle Tom?"

"I don't like Uncle Tom."

"From what I hear about him, I don't like him either."

"He's bad. He hurt me."

"Tell me how he hurt you."

"He stuck things in me and he grabbed me, and I tried to get away but he was too big, and he grabbed me and he squeezed my arm so hard I thought it was gonna fall off. He grabbed it so hard I looked to see if it was still there! And I tried to make him let go, but he was just too strong. I couldn't get his hand off my arm. And nobody was around. Nobody was there. My mom would have made him go away, and my dad would have made him go away, but there was nobody there. I don't understand. How could they leave me with him? He's so *bad*. He's so *mean*."

"Do you think maybe he doesn't show his mean side to them?"

"Oh, no. He's always happy and—well, he's not really happy, though. That's the problem. But no, he doesn't show his mean self."

"He just waits and brings it out when he's all alone with children?"

"Well, me anyway."

"So mommy and daddy didn't realize."

"No."

"Did you try and tell them when they came home what Uncle Tom did?"

"No, 'cuz it was too *bad*."

"How did you know it was bad, Ann?"

[Yells] "'Cuz it *hurt*!"

"But if you hurt your knee or your arm you'd tell them, right?"

"Yeah, but he held on to me and he took some of his clothes off—well, not off, but he unzipped his pants and stuff. And I'd seen one of those things. I mean my dad has one of those things. We see each other naked all the time at home, and my dad has one of those things, but it's not like this. This thing was big and hard."

"First he stuck his finger up me, in the front where I pee. It hurt but it also felt kind of good until he stuck it up too far and then it *hurt*. And I wiggled to get away from him, but I didn't kick him. I should have just kicked him. Then he finally stopped doing that. But that was a piece of cake. Then he took that *thing*, it's this big, hard *thing*, and he put it up next to my mouth and I wouldn't open my mouth. So he grabbed my cheeks and made me open my mouth and he stuck it in my mouth. And it was salty. It was like ugh! Yuck!

"I thought that was pretty disgusting. But then he actually turned me over and pulled my bottom apart with his hands and he tried to stick it in *there*. That *hurt*. It was like, 'It's too *big*, it's too *big*.' And I don't know, I didn't feel anything after that. I think I just stopped feeling anything. I just wanted it to stop. I just wanted it to go away. I wanted *him* to go away. And my arm hurt so bad. Oh, he's so horrible. He's so disgusting. Why? Why did he do that? I don't think you're supposed to do that. I don't think big people are supposed to do that to little people. It's not fair."

"It isn't fair," Pamela echoed. "It's not fair at all. I'm so sorry that you had to discover that there are these kinds of people in the world. He's sick in his head. He's a sick person in his head. This isn't healthy and this isn't good and this isn't what big people are supposed to do to children, or what children are supposed to do to children."

"Your Uncle Tom is not nice. And this not-nice part of him, you and your body need to protect yourself from Uncle Tom. I know you tried to yell, but nobody was there, right?"

"Well I really didn't try to yell-yell. I just kept trying to kick him and wiggle and get away from him and stuff. But he's so *big*."

"Yeah. So you're going to have to use your *mind* too, Ann, to help your body be really, really strong. Your mind is going

to be part of this. So let's go back to when he first grabs your arm. I bet that made your arm really, really mad."

"Oh yeah."

"I know it made the whole body mad. But I bet it made the arm maddest of all. So, when he grabs your arm, stare at him really hard and say *no* so you really mean it. Let him know in your mind, 'I'll hurt you if you don't let go of my arm.' But he's the kind of guy who probably won't listen. You'll probably have to prove it, huh? Besides, your arm is *mad*. You warned him."

"So now with your mind you're going to do two things at once that will make him *really* weak. He's big, but you can drain him of his energy and make him *really* weak and you can make your arm *really* strong—both your arms and your legs. And your *strong* arm that he grabbed, make it all *hot* so it burns his hands [she giggles] and jerk that arm away. What does your angry arm want to do?"

"You mean when . . . I don't understand."

"Does your arm want to show him how that hurt? Would your angry arm like to grab his arm and pinch it?"

"No. I don't care about that. I just want to show him that he can't grab me, that he can't do those things to me. And if he tries to grab me, I'm makin' my arm so hot that I'll burn his fingers."

"That's right! How does he look when you let him know that?"

"*Really surprised!*"

"So let's go to when he puts his finger in your—vagina first, didn't he?"

"Uh-huh."

"Okay. At first it felt sort of good, right?"

"Uh-huh."

"Okay. That's true. The vagina has *feelings* that when something feels good it goes, 'Okay, that feels good.' But he

went too far, which made your vagina mad. And I think you said you wanted to kick."

"Uh-huh."

"So why don't you let the vagina *push* his finger out and let his finger know, 'No, I don't like you in me.' So let it *sting* him and push the finger out, and let your legs kick him really hard, Ann."

"Okay. Oooh, I've got all these muscles in there and they can just like squeeze on it and push it back out."

"Very good! That's a good, strong, powerful vagina. It knows how to protect itself. And now, the legs get all strong and powerful and they know exactly how to kick and where to kick. . . ."

"Oh, I wish my legs were just a little bit longer 'cuz then I could kick that big old thing. But my legs are too short. I know! I'll make my legs grow a little."

"There you go!"

"I'll make my legs grow, and then I can give him a good kick right there between his legs. Ooh, he's bending over. Ooh, that was really good 'cuz that *hurt* him!"

"That's a good signal," Pamela exclaimed. "People who are sick in the mind like he is, they don't like to get hurt. That's why they pick on little children, because they think the child will think they're too little. Well, you're showing him a little child has a lot of power."

"Yeah!"

"When the child puts that body and mind together, they have tremendous power. So you've let him know that. Your body is letting him know, 'No! No, you can't! You won't. I won't let you hurt me.' Now I know he also pinched your cheeks, which means your cheeks are mad. And putting that thing in your mouth made your mouth mad. So what do your cheeks, your tongue, and your mouth want to do?"

"I'll put points on my teeth and I'll bite it!"

"There you go. Feel that. You bite it, and he yelps and yells, and then you blow him away. Blow him right across the room. Or blow him outdoors. Just show him how powerful you are. He looks mighty surprised!"

"And silly!"

"And silly," Pamela echoed.

"Yeah, he's so surprised. He looks so silly! He looks stupid!"

"He *is* stupid. Okay. So now let your bottom show its power and anger, too. When he poked that in, that made your bottom really mad. So you'd better let your bottom protect itself too. You have powerful muscles there, too, you know."

"Yeah. I can just close 'em up and not let him in."

"That's right! And I'll bet you can kick backwards, too!"

"Yeah. I'll figure out a way I can just give him a good kick."

"Okay, Ann, you need to find out what you need to do with your body to get him off you. How does your body need to move, and what do you need to do with your mind to make that happen? You search around and. . . ."

"This is a hard one. If I stick my rear end *up* that's not gonna be good 'cuz that just might make it go in more. So I've gotta think about this."

"Well, you closed it off. But you can use it now as a weapon. I bet it would like that! You can. . . ."

"I've got it! I'll roll over and kick him again and make him hurt and bend over and hold that thing, and he's saying it really hurts. And he looks so silly!"

"So now your legs are feeling very powerful, your teeth, your mouth, your cheeks are feeling very powerful, your bottom, your vagina. What about those arms? They need to feel powerful, too. What do the *arms* want to do?"

"Well, my arm just wants to rest 'cuz that was bad, and when I made it really hot, it's just like kinda cooling down right now."

"Why don't you use your mind to *really* heal that arm? Right now, heal that arm and use that arm now to tie him up, maybe. That arm needs to feel its power, and we can't leave it feeling it's a victim. It got hot like it was supposed to, but we also want it to feel that it's strong and powerful. Whether it wants to hit him, or whether it wants to point at him and say 'never again' or whether it wants to show him your muscles—but that arm, we need to unlock the anger in it. Let's make *certain* that that anger is gone."

"Well, when I kicked him, he's bent down in the corner hanging on to his thing 'cuz he's hurt so bad. So I'm going to take my arm and make a fist and I'm beatin' him up on the shoulders and I'm beatin' him up on the head. He's all crouched over and I'm just beatin' him up."

"Very good. Getting all that anger out, you just do it 'til it's all gone, that anger. And then you tell him what you think of him, Ann. And you tell him that never, *ever* will he hurt you again."

"Yeah. I think you're mean and you're sick and why don't you pick on somebody your own size? Ugh, you're a creepy old man. And you can't hurt me anymore. Because you see? I can hurt *you*. I made *you* hurt, but you can't make *me* hurt. So you stay away from me. And you stay away from all the other little kids too 'cuz I'll tell you something. All the other little kids can do the same thing I just did to you. So go find somebody your own size and try . . . don't even try it on them."

"What's the matter with you? You'd better be careful or they're going to cut that thing off. But you're not hurting me *any more*. I'll use my arms and I'll use my teeth and I'll use my feet, all my muscles—I'll use everything I've got so that you can't hurt me any more."

"You're a mean old man. And I don't want any of those stupid dolls you bring me either. That just makes everybody think that you're nice. And you're not nice. So just *stay away*

from me. You can't hurt me *any more*. And you stay away from *all* kids. You can't hurt them, either. Just go be mean somewhere else—although it'd be nice if you weren't mean. But if you gotta be mean, be mean somewhere else."

"Well done, Ann! That was powerful! And that was strong! And what are you going to tell mommy and daddy when they get home? Why don't you tell them he's not to stay with you anymore."

"Yeah. I'll tell them that I don't want to stay with Uncle Tom *any more* and he's not nice and he just bit off a little more than he could chew with me."

"Excellent! How are they reacting to that, Ann?"

"They're shocked. But they believe me."

"Yes! That's really good."

"I think he needs a wife—to do all that stuff to. I mean she may want it, but not little kids."

"Well put, Ann. You did really well and. . ."

"Oh wait a minute. I just gotta give him a black eye. I gotta use my arm. I wanna give him a black eye. Just punch him, just—pow—and give him a big black eye. 'Cuz then . . . see, right now nobody is ever gonna know. But if he's got a black eye, people are gonna ask him where he got the black eye and he's gonna have to think up some really stupid story of where he got that black eye. And I'm gonna tell mom and dad that *I* gave him that black eye."

"That is very smart of you, Ann. Now tell me, are there any other times with Uncle Tom that you want to talk about right now?"

"Well, I really don't remember. I know that he does it lots of times. But I'll just do all the same things to him again that I did this time and he won't be able to hurt me again. So bring him on!"

"Well done, three-year-old. Very good! Where do you want to go now? Would you like to go back to the little girl's house?"

"Yeah. I love it there!"

"Okay. That place of light—see that light, Ann, and move right into it, into that joy, that playful joy, as the three-year-old moves right into that playful, joyful place."

"It's fun now because now I don't have to be afraid of grown-ups. I mean, I don't have to be afraid of all the men grown-ups that they might do that to me. Before, I was always a little suspicious of . . . were they going to do something, were they going to hurt me? But now I know that—hah, let 'em try. They'll be sorry.

"But I really don't have to worry about it 'cuz I know I'm strong enough. They'll just know. They'll just see it. They'll think, 'Uh-oh, I shouldn't mess with her 'cuz she's too strong. I'm gonna be sorry if I mess with her.' So I don't really even have to think about it.

"And someday I'll be able to tell other little girls that they can have power too, and that they don't have to put up with that nonsense. But I guess for now I've just gotta be happy that I know it. It's making things a whole lot nicer for me, that's for sure. I can be happy and skip around and not walk around all the time with my fists clenched. I can *relax*. That's the thing I can do. I can let all those muscles relax and not have to squeeze to keep people out. And my arm—now it's a weapon instead of a victim."

"Good. *Very* good. That's a wonderful realization. Okay, so the three-year-old goes into her place and the body is feeling very empowered as you focus on your breathing, the body feeling very strong, the body feeling important, the body feeling powerful, the body *using* that power for healing.

"And as you also, adult Ann, focus on opening up to that universal healing energy—light—you can feel that light coming in through the crown chakra, and as you direct it with your thoughts into your arm, you feel that healing

energy. And you focus for a moment on the right arm, filling the right arm with healing light, that healing energy. So on those energy levels that right arm is now moving into its perfection. All bruising disappears. Any damage disappears as on the energy levels that arm is restored to its perfect condition.

"It happens as quickly as thought on the energy levels. In the physical levels we also have the element of time, and that slows it down a little bit. But right now you have transcended time. You can actually transfer that healing right into the physical arm, and if the cells are willing to accept it right now, they will. But if they want to do it at a more slow and steady pace, that will happen. At any rate, your arm is now in that healing mode, and with every breath it's filled with light instead of anger. It feels so good.

"And at one, hypnosis is over. . . ."

"That was pretty incredible," I exclaimed. "And she was so inventive! I loved her putting points on her teeth. And the black eye so people would ask where he got it—that was great!

"So this is how you deal with abuse. I can see how conscious mind therapy wouldn't heal all the emotions. We had to go to my three-year-old, to that level of consciousness where it all happened, and help her *feel* her power. It's another example of create-uncreate, isn't it? We had to go to where the anger and shame and guilt and fear were created in order to un-create it and replace it with power."

"Exactly, Ann. Well put," Pamela replied.

"If abuse is one of the big lessons—learning to reconnect with your light in the dark place of abuse—how often do you think it happens? You mentioned once that excess weight is often a signal of unresolved abuse. If that's the case, my guess would be the answer is pretty often."

"It's huge," Pamela responded, "way up there in the high percentiles."

“Yet I had absolutely no conscious recollection of my abuse at all, although I must say I never did like Uncle Tom. I just never knew why.”

Healing my abused three-year-old wasn't a dark, ominous experience at all. It was fascinating and exhilarating and often amusing. She was so clever! My arm had stopped throbbing as soon as my three-year-old started talking during hypnosis. What a great signal she had used! She had made my right arm hurt exactly where Uncle Tom had made hers hurt.