

## Seeking The Truth

In the last decade or so "my" life has been all about healing - you name it, I've probably tried it. More recently I've been working with Ia, who has helped me understand what true healing is. THANK YOU.

In my first healing sessions with Ia I was asked to relax the body and the mind and enter into, what I call, your "higher knowing." For me sessions typically begin with an image or a word. My most recent session started with babies. I saw two, maybe three babies that I was caring for, although they weren't technically my children. I believe I was a wet nurse, and at that time that's all I was allowed to do. This was difficult for me because I loved these beautiful babies so much it hurt, so I would do my duty and nurse them, but I would also hold them, rock them, sway with them, sometimes even dance with them - but I LOVED them. I was warned about this, many times actually, and because I didn't heed the warnings, I was killed. I was beheaded for betrayal of the King (at the request of the Queen) for pouring my love (via breast milk) into these babies. I "tainted" them with my love. My breasts tainted them. I hated my breasts for betraying me - they supplied so much milk! (love). I went to my death believing what they told me - that I have the ability to "taint" with my love, or that my love is "tainted." Carrying this information forward makes for quite a challenge to move into another lifetime, into a family and then eventually into a marriage, and ultimately giving birth to my own child. Quite a challenge....

The session then progressed into times when there were LOTS of babies. Piles of them. Two memories, one of some kind of illness (plague?) and the other at a concentration camp. It was my job to bury these babies, dead or alive. I saw myself digging, retching, digging, crying, burying, retching, digging, crying, and LOVING. I was loving these babies to death. Again, it was my belief that my love was tainted, so there was great confusion during all of the digging and retching! I felt such incredible pain having to bury these beautiful babies, and so much love for them. So much love that it made my heart (my chest) *ache*. I know I held some of them to my heart, some to comfort, some to comfort the ache in my chest (my heart, my love). I didn't have the understanding that loving them to death was a gift. All I could understand was disgust, horror, and especially in the concentration camp, SHAME. Incredible shame for what we were doing there. However, I also understood that no one else would have done what I did with compassion, and I couldn't bear

watching/knowing of anyone else just throwing these babies in their earthly graves/incinerator, so I knew it had to be me. What was carried forward from these two memories, in addition to the belief that my love is tainted, was shame. Insurmountable shame. I also connected death and vomiting together in my memory. In this lifetime I've held significant fear of vomiting, and after these memories, how this fear originated made more sense than ever.

In this session I explored with "Divine Eyes" the truth of these memories - the truth that these babies were profoundly grateful that I was pouring out my love to them energetically during their transition time, and that my love is not tainted, but in fact beautiful. The truth is that there was no way of holding back that love. I HAD to convey to them, some how, some way, LOVE.....and I did. "I" was the only one who could, at that time, do what "I" did.

Although I'm still exploring then and now and what all of this means, I see how I connected fear, death, and vomiting. I see that many times I hated my breasts, believing that my breasts betrayed me, and how femininity cost me my life many times. I see that I've been tortured, raped, suffered and killed simply because of being "feminine." But I also see how Love (in the purest sense of what Love is) is *never* bad or wrong. It's not something shameful that should be contained! It *can't* be contained.....it's powerful.....painful.....and beautiful, and I have to flow *with* it.....