



JACKIE'S STORY PT 1 ANGELA MATTOX

Peace Babes. How y'all be? Me? I'm wonderful. No thanks to the endless thoughts swarming through my head when I ponder who I am and why I've come to Earth.

Sure, in general conversation, talkin about my life mission is a major idea to ponder. However, I know the science behind truly uncovering the mystery of who we are and how we can work together.

As an energy specialist, one of my services includes life coaching. How difficult is it to birth your vision to reality, when your inner child is crying out and behaving poorly? I work with people to heal their inner child, face the fears they have developed about love overtime and manifest their ideas to their physical life.

I often ask the question, who heals the healers? The answer is we heal ourselves and share the journey. My sacred heart specialist is one of my most beloved Tribe members and clients. I invite you all to join her thoughts, learn to make peace with ruthless realities and maybe even see yourself along the way. As you read my sisters words, I invite u all to enjoy the beauty in heartbreak and pain.

Jacqueline Robinson 1.6.2019

"The following is my truth. Told from my heart in an effort to heal my soul.

I had my heart handed to me on a plate last year, diced and sauteed all pretty. I reflect on my year, no years, of being on this planet and I am both inspired and dismayed.

Since I was a child I wanted to be a part of something magical and wonderful called a loving family. My family was dysfunctional. My mother was depressed most of my childhood. My father was absent. Although he was in the home, he was never there. Thus the reason for my Mother's depression maybe. I grew up thinking that that was just how it was.

I spent alot of time by myself as a child as I was often home alone from a young age. I can remember being around 6 or 7 when the men came to lay the carpet for our new den (converted from the old garage). I remember when I answered the door and the head of the crew asking me if I was home alone and cursing under his breath about the neglect of kids. I also remember later in the day when one of the crew came back to rape me. I never told a soul as he told me that he would say that I was responsible for the mishap that occurred with the carpet. A hole was burnt in it and patched. He told me that if I told he would say that the hole was my fault.

Even though the hole was patched with no evidence of it ever having happened, my young traumatized self could not see the manipulation. So not only did I not ever tell another soul, I repressed the memory completely. That was my coping mechanism.

In some ways it still is. I am working through this now. It is why I am telling my story.

I used to think that my life was average and uneventful. That nothing of significance ever happened to me. It wasn't until I decided to start really loving me that all of the memories of atrocities perpetrated against my young self started to resurface. It's as if they are begging for healing and I can no longer not see, acknowledge and love them to light. I have remembered things that made me think that I was crazy. Like being molsted by cousins as a young child on several different occassions. Like witnessing my father hit my mother so hard one time that what looked like a pool of blood was left on the floor. Like in high school when my so called boyfriend and my best friend's brother ripped the clothes off of me and sexually abused me while she (my so-called best friend) watched and laughed. Even the memory of constantly being accosted by older men in my everyday life, like walking to the neighborhood store. "You sure are a fox" they would yell to my 8 year old self. Like being cornered by the preist at the catholic school that I attended and feeling as if no place was safe. Not home. Not school. Not church. No where.

I look back on these things and innerstand why it is that the romantic relationships that I have had have been what they have been. Why I never feel safe and don't reveal/open myself to my love interest. Why I even select men who are emotionally unavailable. It is the model that I had as a child. My father was never at home. And when he was at home, he was not present. My mother was absent as well though physically there.

I was recently tasked by Spirit with delivering an uncomfortable message to a male friend (love interest) of mine about fathers being the first man that their daughters will ever love. And how it's important to be present for them as that relationship with her (how you love and treat her) will inform/influence ALL of her subsequent relationships. Especially the one she has with herself! It hurt to the core of me to have to relay the message, not because he was at risk, but because I wanted for he and his daughter what I never had with my father. Love and affection.

I used to wet the bed as a child for several years. It was the source of much embarrassment. It wasn't until I was in my 40's that I discovered that bed wetting is a symptom of sexual abuse. Especially if it comes out of no where, as mine did. I remember my mother restricting my liquid intake after certain hours. It didn't matter. - I still wet the bed. I felt unsafe and uncared for. My bed wetting miraculously stopped when my mom put a lock on my door. I was twelve. And though I no longer wet the bed I still did not feel safe. But by that time I had become accustomed to moving through the world feeling unsafe. I became withdrawn and antisocial."

To be continued...

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