



## JACKIE'S STORY PT 2

### ANGELA MATTOX

Here's part 2 of Jackie's story. Which helps me beg the question, who heals the healers? Short of the long, we heal ourselves. Healers know that we are all reflections of each other. Here is Jackie's personal blog where she continues to face herself. Enjoy.

1.6.19

"It is a special kind of hell to live in a life where you crave meaningful interaction with people but you are fearful of being hurt. I sought out relationships that I could control. Never really letting anyone get too close and mourning not having true intimacy. It's like being on a treadmill. Walking in place.

About three years ago I met a man that inspired me to want to jump off of the treadmill. Initially it was just a "friends with benefits" thing for me. Only, we were not friends. But then we started to get closer. He started finishing my sentences. Now if you truly know me, then you know that in conversation I skip around from topic to topic. It's hard for most to even keep up let alone anticipate! Yet here he was - out in front taking the words from my mouth. I allowed myself to show him more than anyone before him who I was. It became important to me to show him why I was! I even told him about my being able to see and speak with dead people. And about how I sometimes just know stuff. And he seemed to be unbothered by it. He often told me that the space we shared was a "judgement free zone". I don't think that he even knew how much I appreciated that simple, yet profound, gesture. It encouraged me to WANT to open my soul to him. No one had ever inspired me so! It scared the holy shit out of me as well.

I will always remember the day that the realization hit that I was in love with him. I stood in my girl friend's house with my mouth open and tears running down my face as it hit me that I was in love. I was dismayed because in my mind to love someone was to be hurt. Period. That's what love looked like. It looked like people hurting you while they claimed love for you. It looked like physical/sexual abuse. It looked like waiting for the day when they decided that they no longer wanted to be in my world or have me in theirs.

I cried my eyes out that day. My heart felt heavy. I didn't want to be in love because I knew that hurt would soon follow. I would chase this man and then run from him. We would have moments of connection and then one, if not both, of us would run for the hills for weeks at a time.

When we first started seeing each other I had a lineup of incredibly good hearted men that I was messing with. But one by one I started refusing them. I stopped seeing everyone else so that I could explore why it was this man moved me so. I studied him. I found him to be one of the kindest people that I know even though he is a self proclaimed "cantankerous" old man. But I saw how he treated people when no one else was watching. How he opened his heart, and wallet to help folks he barely knew. It intrigued me.



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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