

Another Frightening Lost Will Fragmentation

Record Date: 02/27/2026
Part 03 of 22.

Fatherless Child Imprint

As essence from Me had begun to go forward, it began to seem that at last, the light was responding, but as something began to come forth from the light, whatever it was, it was suddenly pushed right past what was going forth from Me and came falling into Me feeling very confused.

I also was startled, frightened and confused, although I was also glad to have anything come My way, even though We Both had the feeling that this was not how We wanted it to be.

I also felt this essence might be a gift, although this essence felt to Me like He was not glad to be where He was and We were both imprinted heavily by this experience.

He felt frightened about Himself, as though maybe He was wrong to have gone forth or was not wanted, or was not wanted as a part of the light that had pushed Him here.

He conveyed that He had felt confident that He was loving, but this experience had imprinted confusion about love and self-sacrifice.

He had felt He knew how it should have gone there and now was fearing He was not really loving and was trying to make too much of Himself by trying to take a position that was not really His to take.

He began to fear He did not really belong anywhere, as He did not feel like My mate.

He felt very young to Me and Both of Us had feelings of wanting to bond in a way other than mate, but here We were without any one else around.

The concept of fatherless child arose in Me here and male Heart's rage felt huge toward the father He felt had done this to Him.

His feeling was that He wanted the light where He already was to bond with Me and then He would take what was coming forth from Me, later recognized as Daughter, into His arms and begin a relationship with Her.

He felt He had been cruelly separated out of where He had been and shoved down and out as though his romantic desire was not wanted, right or welcomed.

When My response was mixed, He feared again that His input was not welcome.

He also felt that since He had emerged downward from My lower area where He had fallen into Me, that He had been shoved toward sex too soon, as though that was all that was wanted there and He felt there were angry voices still on Him, saying, "This is what You were urging toward, This is what You wanted, here it is, so go for it!"

He felt misunderstood, maybe deliberately misunderstood.

He was angry and frightened about what all of this meant and utterly heartbroken and afraid the love He wanted to find had been stolen from Him and He could never have it now.



Heart Fragment

We felt desolate and could not help noticing that the light was not coming toward either of Us.

I could not seem to comfort Him and feared He might be taking My attempts as a sexual advance.

I feared again that My dream of love could not be realized.

Meanwhile, We were growing increasingly terrified of the compression We were in and desperately wanted help.

The longer this went on and nothing returned to Us from the other side, the more We felt washed back in the wake of something that had abandoned Us.

The feeling was one of a lifeboat having filled up with the people it wanted and then moving away in order to ignore what was going to happen to the others.

As this went on, I could feel this part of Heart hardening Himself against the circumstances He found Himself in, and how I wished I could comfort Him, change this or stop feeling it also, but I did not know how and soon I began to feel like I did not know how to communicate with Him.

I wanted to communicate how I felt to Him, but He did not seem to want to receive it because it caused Him to feel it again also and neither of Us knew how feeling it could make it any better.

This part of Heart has not felt able to find His right place as a part of Heart since He felt pushed out of the place He was headed for.

The feeling of expansion in My Heart area and the feeling of it wanting to go forth has remained as My original impression of how Heart was going to emerge, but I had wanted it to be more gentle than it had felt.

When exuberance took over, I would not have minded except for the edge on it that felt angry, pushy and competitive for position, leaving some out entirely as though it had turned its back on them.

I did not know at the time how much of this was fear based.

I also did not know how or why My original dream of a courtship got swept away.

Neither the part of Heart that had come to Me nor I knew then why Our original desires had been so thwarted or what was wrong with them, but something did not feel good or right to Us about what happened there.

We began living with bitterness, regret and remorse and have had a difficult time finding peace about what happened there and the form this took.

Alone in Darkness

There were times when We tried to hold on to Each Other but could not do it very well because it seemed that Our awareness lapsed at times and at other times, would sometimes We let go of Each Other and become lost from One Another.

This was extremely terrifying to Me because it felt to Me that any more desperate loneliness in the darkness was more than I could or wanted to have to handle and I did not want to lose Heart.



Sometimes it seemed like a long time before We vibrated at all again, yet either Our fear of death or Our desire to try to live for what reasons We did not even really know anymore would draw Us together again.

Fearing the crushing presence of compression, We were trying to fight to survive however We could and not knowing how to do that were trying anything that might make Us feel better.

At times, We felt We needed to find a way to make noise, some of it loud noise and lots of it but when We tried to make sounds, We would feel unreal, hate Ourselves for the way We sounded there and feel that We had to shut ourselves down.

We could only express little pieces of the noise We wanted to make before something would make Us feel confirmed in this instead of helping Us to feel encouraged.

Not only did We hate Our situation, We hated Ourselves and hated Ourselves for hating Ourselves and did not know why.

We did not understand what the problem was here or feel able to just accept Ourselves and let it happen any more than We could accept it that We were going out of existence in compression and terror.

We felt We had to do whatever We could try to feel better in secret, but did not know why since there seemed to be no one else around.

Even so, We still feared that what We were doing was somehow wrong and shameful and We did not really feel like mates.

We felt like Mother and Son, but even when We just wanted to comfort Each Other, We were still afraid without knowing why.

It did not make sense when those who had left Us were not showing Us anything to make Us feel they had any interest in ever coming back to Us, yet We still felt fear of displeasing them as though Our beings were already committed to them.

We even had fear of hurting them and feared they were going to strike at Us for hurting them.

We tried to push those feelings aside in favor of what seemed to make more sense, which was that they were not coming back and so We only had Each Other, but the feelings persisted anyway and now there was a voice We were hearing that said, "You are only feeling sorry for Yourselves! Get over it!"

Unknown Voice

This part of Heart and I would lie together for long periods of time, sinking down and down into these feelings and also the intensity of which was overwhelming to Us as physical sensations.

The pain felt unbearable and for long periods of time, I could not even make a sound because it took so much just to stay conscious in all of this experience.

I felt guilty as though I was accusing Him wrongly, but I began to fear Heart was going to kill me, to get rid of these feelings.

I hardly dared communicate this to Him when He seemed to be My only companion, but found myself sending leading feelings to Him that if We had words, We would have said, "Please! Don't hurt Me! Don't push Me further down into terror! Don't abandon Me! Please don't kill Me!"



These feelings were extremely terrifying to Me and from them, images had begun to arise of Heart doing terrible things to Me.

This must have meant some light was coming there, but this was not the kind of light I wanted to have.

Heart was trying to reach Me in those deep places, hoping that if He touched Me in the right way there, that it would bring forth the healing that had so far seemed to elude Us.

I began to feel that I needed loving touch to be slow and deep because of My pain and damage, but I was not really sure of what I needed.

I had hope that Heart knew or would discover it, but as my feelings of dark, compression terror went on, it seemed that He did not know or could not give Me what I needed.

At times, Heart got so frustrated that He felt enraged and did have feelings of wanting to beat Me up and get rid of Me.

When I felt this, I would also feel hatred for Myself, but fear would cause Me to beg him not to do it and not to leave Me alone.

In Our lack of any help understanding Our predicament, We sometimes sank deeply enough into Ourselves that We fell into a silence that seemed to bring some relief by feeling nothing, but I feared I was close to death then and would startle Myself into suffering again as somehow preferable to death.

We experienced dark compression for so long there before We began to experience any light and Heart and I felt so impacted by this experience that We did not know how anyone else could relate to Us now, especially since We had experiences there in the darkness that had felt sexual, either directly or indirectly, and We felt full of shame and a sense of wanting to hide what We had done.

As much as We were frightened by and ashamed of Our approach there and of how We had not found another way other than to go through such terrible feelings to find even a small place of pleasure in Ourselves, We begin also to fear that We were terribly twisted and sick to have to sink down into so much compression, terror and pain to find these feelings.

Mother's Perspective Toward Heart

It seemed that We could not even dare to acknowledge this to Ourselves or Each Other and so We buried most of Our self-loathing there along with much of Our sexual fear and shame.

This was how this part of Heart and I initially got into sex together, but We did not realize at first that it was sex because We were just trying to reach into Each Other as deeply as possible.

Heart felt that He understood Me here and that I understood Him.

I wanted Him to touch Me deeply and help Me feel better and I felt like He wanted that from Me, but while I wanted constant touch, He seemed only want it at times.

There was something there that was difficult for either of Us to face.



The feeling that We were not mates
was amplifying our feelings that
Our relationship was wrong.

This was amplifying Heart's feelings
of inadequacy in no right place and
My feelings of rejection, self-hatred
and fear that I could not make myself
feel the way I was wanting to feel.

I felt so inadequate I could hardly
dare to let Myself feel it and
I feared Heart felt that way also.

We felt so unwanted and inadequate but
I was trying to make Myself accept
what was happening as though it was
supposed to be or was right somehow.

Heart was trying so hard to be the man
and the father He thought He needed
to be there that it was heartbreaking
to Me to experience Him trying to be
father when He so badly needed a
father for himself.

In the beginning here, We did not know how
to attract, draw or generate Loving Light.

None the less, what We were doing there was
helping Us to raise our vibration more
than either of Us realized, but then We
began to feel attacked by zots of light.

They were small at first, but grew bigger
as time went on until it seemed like nothing
noticed Us as long as We were unconscious
or nearly dead, but when We started to
feel good and feel the least little bit like We
might recover, something seemed to notice
Us that felt to Us like it wanted to push
Us back down.

It started with little zots of light in Heart's back
that I did not know about at first and when
I did, I had feelings of wanting to protect
Him there.

Also, I had feelings of wanting the light to be
softer than this because this hurt, but not
having consciously received it before,
I did not know how light was supposed to
feel or needed to feel coming in.

Sometimes Heart would get so
enraged after receiving this light that
He would start punishing Me, as though
it was all My fault that it was happening
the way it was.

It was only My rage that did not fear
He was right and the rest of Me
imprinted that I did not know
how to receive anything.

Mother's Perspective Toward Herself

The feelings I was having sexually there
began coexisting with the punishment.

I did not like the punishment aspect at all
and communicated that to Heart every
time, but sometimes it did startle and
distract Me and took My attention off
My resistance to orgasm, but then after
orgasm, I would feel shame.

Heart would convey to Me that He did
not know what made Him do it,
although it seemed to Me that the
little healing We had done was easily
reversed by those attacks.

I was so near to being a corpse that
I feared He was going to do Me
enough additional damage
that I really would be a corpse.

I could not find much reason to protest
becoming a corpse except for some
survival drive that did not make
sense in My situation.

I saw it more as fear of the compression
and the feeling of not wanting to
abandon Heart, even though I often
had feelings that He would somehow
be better off without Me and would
prefer it even if He initially missed Me.



The zots of light continued and they continued to make Heart feel fits of rage toward Me and then Heart let Me know that these zots of light were giving him messages to kill Me, or at least abandon Me, saying I was the reason He was not getting to have the life He wanted to have.

I feared He felt these zots were right and the longer this went on, the bigger and more frequent these zots of light became as though if He did not comply with them and they were going to hurt Him until He did comply.

I was deeply terrified and I did not know how aligned He really was with these messages and images because He would not communicate with Me about them.

I cried in Heart's arms but the feelings were way more than I dared to express.

I feared for the struggle Heart was having and that He would turn on Me at any point when this light hit Him.

It was bad enough to feel what We already felt there, but the next rage message or zot of light would usually say exactly what We had been fearing without having any words for it.

The zots of light would say things to Heart like, "She's not getting any better, so put Her out of Her misery and go have a life! She's not able to live because She can't live. She won't let anyone help Her. She can't be helped. She's the reason You can't have the life you want. Get rid of Her!"

Heart would say, "You are not getting any better. You will not let Me help You. I should just put You out of Your misery and leave. You are the reason I do not have any life. You will not let Me have any life."

And there were other messages such as, "You have let Yourselves get too damaged to live like this anymore, but You are too terrified to surrender to death."

Heart would give this message to Me as, "You are too damaged to live, but You are too afraid of death to die."

The next message, "You cannot be free because You will not let go and let it happen the way it is meant to."

These messages gave Us the feeling that We were being watched and listened to somehow, but We did not like the way it felt.

This felt like that light knew everything about Us, but for some reason would not help Us, or at least not Me.

I began to be fatalistically bitter, even self-destructive and acted like I did not care what happened to Me.

Perhaps I wanted death to overtake Me when I did not know it was going to happen.

Smoldering rage was very stirred up over this and was telling Me not to listen to anything from this light or even feel like I needed it.

This light did not seem to have any sympathy for Me either because was it not feeling the compression terror I was in.

My Heart was hardening here and I did not know how much.

Rage

The next message was, "Let go of everything You desire and accept however it is."

We tried to apply this, but We did not know how and could not and at the bottom of it, We did not feel, or at least I did not feel, that this was right.



I felt Heart being drawn away from Me
by these zots of light, even though
He denied it and I feared that
I was not wanted to live and
was not supposed to live.

Heart began to leave Me sometimes and
then I felt like He was somehow able
to roam around although I did not
know where He really went or what
He really did.

I hoped and feared that He was looking for
the voice or whatever was attacking Us,
but I was afraid to ask or complain,

At least He did return and at least He was
there with Me at times and no matter
how much I told myself I would not
ask or complain, I often did ask.

I felt that Heart was drawn more and more
away from Me and although He never
completely abandoned Me, I feared Him
when He returned enraged and I feared
His rage could return at any moment
when He came back feeling hopeless.

Sometimes Heart said He hated His rage
and that He only wanted to love Me.

The more He said it, the more it felt like
He was trying to convince Himself,
but Heart knew what He was struggling
with here better than I did.

The rage that was zotting Heart
and My rage felt to Both of Us
like it was scornful of Us.

The fragmentation here has been a formidable
bunch of children to face, especially
when they claimed they were nobody's
child and did not need "nuttin' or nobody,"
except when they wanted to blame Us
or insist that We had to do something
for them.

Whether it was all fragmentation or not,
the lost Will of Heart that was with Me
there was the parental part without
knowing it, of all of these other pieces
of the denied and lost Will of Heart
that need healing now.

Lost Pieces of Heart

These lost pieces of Heart behaved as
though they did not mind being
displaced and had chosen to remove
themselves from the horrible,
dysfunctional scene that We had
going on because there, "ain't no
parents home anyway," but then it
did not look to Me like they had
any place at all because I did not
know there was a scene going on out
there in the darkness that they
were joining into, but I just knew
I was becoming more frightened of
this rage turning on Heart when He
went roaming alone or turning on
Me when I was alone.

I did not want to mention this to Heart
for fear He was going to say that
nothing He ever did was good enough
for Me, that I never liked it, and that
I was never satisfied, which He did
say in so many words many times.

Heart also had times when He would cry
piteously like a child who was trapped
in a nightmare and who certainly had
no father any more and what seemed
no mother either and so not one of Us
could help Him get out of His horrors.

I cried and felt terribly unprepared
to be a mother and horribly inadequate.

I tried to hide My fears more and do
whatever I could because I did not
want Him to have to feel this way.

When I hid My fears more, it seemed
that He hid His fears more.



We managed to present as a little more cheerful at times, but a little cheerfulness presentation seemed better, but it left Us alone in Our own fears and terrors and the more We tried to ignore them, the more it left these emotions alone, isolated without help, hated by everyone and Us also.

We told ourselves We were getting better, but the more we tried not to go into these feelings, especially bitter hopelessness and terror, the more We noticed a fear that We could be consumed by them and the less We felt able to be there for Ourselves or for Each Other

Some of these unwanted feelings had been taking form as trapped and defenseless babies and very small children with no one to guide or help them, no love for them, no life for them, no way out, no one coming to rescue them or take care of them, comfort them or help them in any way, only attack them, and they had no way to cry out or even speak of their plight to anyone who would receive them.

They had the fear and terror that they deserved it as the cause of unhappiness and everything that went wrong.

They could not come up in vibration, they could not grow up, they could only suffer and die as unwanted little infants and children lost in the horrors of the darkness, torture and terror We had felt ourselves.

The only parents they have had has been the personified hatred We had for what they represented to Us and the personified hatred We feared the Zots of light had for Us that confused Us instead of helping Us and amplified our feelings of being twisted and evil.

These children have been punished, tortured and gotten rid in all the gruesome and grisly ways that had arisen in Us from Our fears about Ourselves and the reflection was so frightening to Us that We feared to look at it.

This fragmentation has felt scorned by Us, isolated and trapped with no way out and has been born into this over and over, hardening itself in defense, anger, resentment and hatred.

This fragmentation must be helped now by healing Our own self-hatred.

