

# Secrets of Transformation

Eva Dillner

***Other books by Eva Dillner***

*in English*

**God put a Dream in my Heart**

Handbook of Life Therapy

2003

**The Naked Truth**

an exercise in therapeutic storytelling and the  
principles involved in becoming finally free

2003

**The Pathfinder Process**

exploring the potential of organizations and  
relationships

2005

\*

*in Swedish*

**Livs Levande Eva**

Ljudbok MP3-iPod

2006

**Våga Leva**

mjukband/e-bok/audio

2006

# Secrets of Transformation

Eva Dillner

DIVINE DESIGN  
[www.divinedesign.nu](http://www.divinedesign.nu)

First published, in part, as *The Naked Truth*  
by 1st Books/Author House in 2003

Revised and expanded<sup>1</sup> 2008  
New Title: Secrets of Transformation  
Copyright © 2003, 2008 Eva Dillner  
Cover painting copyright © 2006 Eva Dillner

All rights reserved.  
No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a  
retrieval system, or transmitted by any means,  
electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or  
otherwise, without written permission from the author.

Eva Dillner asserts the moral right to be identified as the  
author of this work.

ISBN: 978-91-976309-8-6 (6"x9" Hardcover)  
ISBN: 978-91-976309-9-3 (6"x9" Softcover)  
ISBN: 978-91-977337-0-0 (audio mp3/iPod)  
ISBN: 978-91-977337-1-7 (e-book)  
ISBN: 978-91-977337-2-4 (audio mp3-player)  
ISBN: 978-91-977337-3-1 (audio library-player)

Printed in the UK and USA by Lightning Source

Published by DIVINE DESIGN  
[www.divinedesign.nu](http://www.divinedesign.nu)  
Eksjö, Sweden

---

<sup>1</sup> About one third more material has been added.

## Reader Comments

(from 1st edition, *The Naked Truth*)

“I thought it was an incredibly honest and revealing account of an internal process. I salute you for your courage in putting this all out in the world to help others and for the gift of your insight into your past with all its pain and your reactions to it. Your book has a clarity around issues of *self* and *other* and gives many wise comments/illustrations of this. I not only appreciated all your honesty in your own story but also particularly appreciated the wisdom in your later chapters. Around 30 years ago I started training to become a therapist and over the years have trained in acupuncture, herbalism, Shen and Kairos therapies. Without doubt Kairos has proved to be the therapy I find can best transform the lives of my clients. I have worked for many years on my own process using many of the tools outlined in Eva’s book “God put a Dream in my Heart” with the addition of Tai Chi. I have practiced Tai Chi for about 18 years and I am a qualified Tai Chi teacher. I would love to use some of the material in this book as an exercise for the Kairos Deepening & Sharing training.”

*Rhona Campbell*

*Kairos Therapy Mentor & Instructor*

*[www.kairosterapy.com](http://www.kairosterapy.com)*

---

I am reading *The Naked Truth* and I admire your honesty and courage. A book worth reading for anyone on their journey of emotional release.

*Ellen Smith*

*Kairos Therapist/Teacher in Ireland*

---

“Thank you Eva for your honesty and your courage. You have inspired me to write down my own story. My therapeutic journey started in 1980 and it’s still going on. I believe like Eva that once you have started, you continue as long as you live. This book helped me to find new discoveries, with new tools for my continuing personal growth. It is a powerful, very touching and engaging book and it opens up for love. When a person like Eva opens up and tells her

story and her naked truth, she turns more whole in her meeting with others and there is no limit for the flow of love. What is very clear is that through her telling she is leaving her role as a victim and it is also important to see that this is Eva's story and not the perpetrators. Eva is a great storyteller and a good writer. So thank you for being a pioneer, you show the way for others and create possibilities for many."

*Your friend and colleague  
Monica Cederholm  
www.ledarskapharmoni.se*

Monica Cederholm is a Gestalt Therapist, running her company Ledarskap & Harmoni since 1989. She is working with the "therapy of possibilities" that is a synthesis of Gestalt Therapy, Family Constellation, ACiM, The Journey, The Work and bodywork therapy. Monica had her own experience of being sexually abused in childhood and has worked with clients with incest problems for many years.

---

"I read your book (almost) The Naked Truth back in April when I went to Turkey but haven't had time to finish last 20 pages yet! Despite that, I was riveted to it. I admire your courage in bearing your soul. It also helped me to re-explore my feelings regarding my family, particularly my father, so I thank you for that."

*Jenny Jones  
Therapist, England & Turkey*

---

"This book is dynamite. Eva's honesty cuts through all the usual dancing around the truth that happens in most lives. Consequently its power to heal is considerable. For all truth seekers this book is a must."

*Carol Logan  
former Coordinator/Counselor and Educator of Dunfermaline  
Incest Survivors Project and current President of the International Association for Kairos Therapy  
www.kairosterapy.com*

---

## **TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES**

*Speaking the truth has consequences. However, not speaking or otherwise living your truth also has consequences, usually far more destructive. So, in a way, life is a game of "Truth or Consequences."*

*Much drama, such as in movies and television, is about how people go to great lengths to avoid telling the truth, convoluting themselves and their lives. Usually, the truth comes out in the end, and things resolve. Had people been truthful in the beginning, it would have spared everyone a lot of fuss, but that would make for less dramatic viewing.*

*In real life, it is similar: people are often terrified of the consequences of telling the truth, first of all to themselves. Yet when they finally do, it is a great relief, and it usually turns out better than all their denials and avoidance did.*

*Michael channeled by Shepherd Hoodwin  
www.summerjoy.com  
December 14, 2007*





# Table of Contents

<i>It Started like a Fairy Tale</i> .....	1
<b>Secrets in Action</b> .....	<b>7</b>
<i>Farmor</i> .....	8
<i>Monde</i> .....	16
<i>Mom</i> .....	23
<i>Dad</i> .....	32
<i>He Called me Angel</i> .....	35
<i>Jeff</i> .....	40
<i>Steve</i> .....	57
<i>Uprooted</i> .....	65
<i>June</i> .....	73
<i>Moving Home</i> .....	81
<i>Kenneth</i> .....	94
<i>Hans</i> .....	107
<i>Something is Missing</i> .....	114
<i>A Catalyst Walks In</i> .....	119
<i>Honeybunny</i> .....	130
<i>A Pivotal Session</i> .....	133
<b>Five Years Later</b> .....	<b>139</b>
<i>The Penny Drops</i> .....	140

<i>Half a Breath</i> .....	147
<i>Walking on Eggshells</i> .....	148
<i>Mixed Feelings</i> .....	153
<i>Aruba?</i> .....	156
<i>Ancestral Assistance</i> .....	158
<i>Karmic Soup</i> .....	164
<b><i>Secrets of Transformation</i></b> .....	<b>171</b>
<i>Writing a Transforming Tale</i> .....	172
<i>Make it Real</i> .....	175
<i>It's not About Them</i> .....	178
<i>Everyone You Meet Is Wounded</i> .....	181
<i>Release</i> .....	184
<i>Owning Your Part</i> .....	186
<i>A Humane Society for Humans?</i> .....	188
<i>Be True to Yourself</i> .....	190
<i>True Giving</i> .....	192
<i>ITA - Inspiration Take Action</i> .....	194
<i>Windows of Opportunity</i> .....	198
<i>Trades = Swaps</i> .....	202
<i>Emotions and Life Energy</i> .....	204
<i>Shen and Beyond</i> .....	206
<i>Ancient Egypt</i> .....	210
<i>Chaos and the Creative Void</i> .....	213
<i>Risking it All</i> .....	215

<i>Thou Shalt Do Thy Inner Work</i> .....	217
<i>Avoidance Anyone?</i> .....	226
<i>Repression</i> .....	229
<i>The End of Drama</i> .....	231
<i>Resolution</i> .....	232
<i>About Eva Dillner</i> .....	235
<i>Order Books</i> .....	239



## ***It Started like a Fairy Tale***

*He was Prince Charming. At first. The abuse came later, when he thought he owned her. It started with verbal attacks.*

*She had done something wrong, he screamed. She couldn't do anything right, it seemed. Other days, Prince Charming was back. One day he raped her. On two occasions he tried to kill her.*

*She survived.*

*She went on a quest to heal, to understand, to gather the pieces of the puzzle, to make whole. Her inner and outer journeys took her deep into a chain of ancestral pain. Along the way she learned the secrets of transformation. She left the past behind and changed her life.*

Are you tired of tripping over your past? Do you keep repeating the same relationship scenarios over and over again? Do you wonder why some people manage to move past the dreadful things that have happened to them? Find out how to quit your whining, leave your baggage behind and create a new you.

The inspiration to write this book came from a magazine article about me that appeared in *Allas Veckotidning* in Sweden (nr5/2002). The journalist wanted to understand some of the relationship issues I had faced, and asked me to write down some of my story. I ended up writing about my ex-husband. He originally seemed like Prince Charming but turned out to be quite the opposite. Jeff was an alcoholic, was mentally and physically abusive, raped me, put me through several

car accidents and tried to kill me several times. I found that writing about my experience and the dramatic ending to our marriage on Christmas Eve 1979 was very cathartic. It was hard to write. I had to force myself to sit at my computer until I had “sausaged” my way through it. The writing helped me release emotional energy that I hadn’t been able to get at before. It was quite an exercise in therapeutic storytelling. You could say I’d written a transformational tale. Instead of just telling your story like a piece of baggage you are doomed to carry forever, you get totally honest with yourself and bring all the emotions to the table, to be released and let go. You take responsibility for the part you played, you own the choices you made, the intensity fades. Then it’s easy to forgive and let go. The story no longer owns you.

When my article came out, I was a bit overwhelmed by the number of people who called me. Their reactions really got to me. They were stunned. I kept hearing, “I can’t imagine what it must have been like for you.” Listening to their normal reactions was very healing and very touching. Tears welled up into my eyes and overflowed. I finally got that what I had been through was not the kind of experience where you dust yourself off and bounce back into life. I don’t think I’d understood until then that my life hadn’t been normal.

Kairos Therapist Carol Logan<sup>2</sup>, who has an extensive background working with abuse clients, says that telling your story is an important aspect of healing long term abuse. In telling your story you are finally heard and acknowledged. You get feedback of what is actually normal. You come to understand that your dysfunctional past is not the norm for much of the population. And, you find out you are not alone. There are an amazing

---

<sup>2</sup> Carol Logan is a therapist, teacher and mentor of Kairos Therapy based in Edinburgh, Scotland.

number of people who share much of my experience. There is tremendous power in acknowledging, “It really was that bad,” as Carol coached me one therapy session

This book started out as an exercise in writing my story as a transformation tale. I’ve had lots of therapy but I felt it was time to write my story as I remember it. To squeeze out what remains of emotional wounds and betrayals so I can be free of the past, put it behind me and get on with the future.

In the past I have hesitated. I didn’t want to hurt the people I would be writing about. I suppose because of some misguided sense of protecting them. But what about me? If I tell my story truthfully, then that is what it is. If people would be hurt or ashamed of the action I attribute to them, is that not their responsibility? I can only be responsible for my own emotions and healing.

It’s impossible to remember verbatim what anyone said, and anything I describe will be colored by my version of the truth. The people I write about would likely describe the events differently, from their viewpoint. My intention is to describe what has happened to me for the purpose of healing. And to do it as truthfully as I can, without blame, and let the raw emotion surface and release.

This is my story, about my truth and my journey. As the saying goes “the truth shall set you free.”

This book is divided into several sections. First comes the therapeutic storytelling, illustrating the secrets of transformation. Through applying the secrets, the story comes alive and becomes a transformational, or healing tale. **Secrets in Action** contains the original material from *The Naked Truth*, followed by **Five Years Later** which, naturally enough, are about what’s come to light since the original publication, including some startling revelations. In the **Secrets of Transformation**, I fur-

ther explain how to become free of the patterns of the past. This section has several new chapters as well. You could think of this as the theoretical part whereas the story is the application part. To really learn something, you need to understand the underpinnings as well as how to apply it in real life. Here you get both.

There are also some **Diary Entries** of material that surfaced while I was in the process of writing this book. This text is in italics.

Although my story is presented in essentially chronological order, it was not written that way. Just like in therapy, the story did not unravel chronologically, but as one memory surfaced and cleared, another would make it's presence known. The main story is written around key relationships that have affected me deeply, in one way or another.

Who would have thought, that what started out as an exercise in writing my own transformation tale would turn out to be such a spellbinding story, keeping readers riveted to it until the last page? When first published in 2003 as *The Naked Truth*, the intended market was therapists and their clients. The interest base turned out to be considerably larger, as my international speaking tours have shown.

Readers comment that the book helped them gain a new perspective on their own lives. There is a recognition of similar experiences that help heal the past. Many are surprised it is such an easy read, considering the depth of the pain explored. One would expect that the story would be heavy and difficult to handle. The key, dear readers, lies in squeezing out the emotions so that the memory becomes a neutral event.

As you read, if you encounter a passage that rings a bell or feels difficult, simply pause and put the book down and let yourself feel. Close your eyes and just be with



whatever sensation or memory wants to bubble up. Let it come. Surrender to it, gently. Allow it. You may be inspired to work it out in therapy or through personal development classes.

This revised, and considerably expanded<sup>3</sup> second edition of *The Naked Truth* has a new title, *Secrets of Transformation*. For anyone wanting to understand what it means to be human, let the story begin...

---

<sup>3</sup> It is about a third longer than the original text.



# ***Secrets in Action***

## ***Farmor***

I was born in Stockholm, Sweden on December 5, 1952 at 01:53 am. My brother Anders was then one year and eleven months old. For those of you into astrology, I'm a Sagittarian with Libra on the Ascendant and Moon in Cancer.

My paternal grandmother, Farmor<sup>4</sup>, wanted to come help my mother when I was born. Mom didn't really need, nor want, her mother-in-law to come. My aunts lived close by and were more than happy to be of service. In spite of Mom's protestation, Farmor arrived at our house when I was a couple of weeks old, just before Christmas. About a week later, Farmor came home from having gone to the movies (I thought she came to help, not do the town?) and collapsed on the living room floor. Some mysterious ailment made her faint and dizzy, the doctors never could figure out what was wrong with her. Long and the short of it, she was bedridden at our house for the next three to four months. To top it off, Farfar<sup>5</sup>, my paternal grandfather, came to stay with us as well. So instead of getting to care for and bond with her baby daughter, me, my mother ended up taking care of my grandparents. She also had a two year old boy and a husband who needed her care and attention.

By any stretch of the imagination Mom wouldn't be characterized as the care giving type. As she herself so eloquently put it when my father had a stroke a few

---

<sup>4</sup> Farmor means paternal grandmother in Swedish

<sup>5</sup> Farfar means paternal grandfather in Swedish.

years ago, “I was born to be taken care of.” Until that point, he had taken care of her and she never had to deal with practical things like getting money out of the bank machine, putting gas in the car, making travel arrangements etc. But I’m getting ahead of my story.

There I was, three weeks old, and I was abandoned. I did not get what I needed. Sure, Mom would rush in and feed me, but she was stressed, and couldn’t take the time to really just be with me. I did not get held enough and I didn’t get touched enough. How I longed to be touched and held. The pain in my heart was unbearable. The little baby thought she wasn’t wanted.

It was during a drawing exercise presented by Rhona Campbell at the 1999 Shen<sup>6</sup> therapy conference in San Diego that I drew an olive tree as a representation of my issue of not getting my emotional needs met. In our little group, it was Tula, my birthday twin, who hit on the real meaning. An olive tree is life giving and can survive on almost nothing. Well, that’s what I had been doing. I had survived on almost nothing. I didn’t really know the meaning of emotional nurturing. I am now learning.

Skin hunger, the need to be touched and held and caressed, has manifested in my life as a number of sexual relationships. Not a very satisfactory way of getting my needs met. My real needs of bonding not only physically, but emotionally, mentally and spiritually as well, were not met. But I didn’t know what I was seeking nor how to ask for it. I remember the first time I experienced that I wanted to be held more than I wanted sex. I couldn’t verbalize it. I was just too frightened to ask for what I needed. The emotional charge behind the need to be held was unbearable.

---

<sup>6</sup> The Shen Therapy organization split into two in 2002, when some of the Instructors left to form Kairos Therapy. Rhona Campbell is a Kairos Instructor and Mentor in Scotland.

About four years ago, after an unsuccessful attempt at relationship following a lengthy self imposed dry spell, I went to a Shen therapy workshop in Edinburgh. It was my turn to speak during the check-in sharing. I knew I wanted to clear out whatever issues stood in my way to have a real relationship, whatever that means. I could hardly get the words out of my mouth. My voice cracked and I felt like jelly inside. But I got it verbalized. I had started to discharge the emotional wounds. As the emotional charge lessens, the neediness starts to disappear.

I realized the other day, that undressing physically is not nearly as frightening as undressing emotionally. In other words, sharing my body is easier - less painful - than sharing my inner emotional self. Revealing my fragile and vulnerable little baby inside who hasn't got her needs met is not easy. Just being able to vocalize what is inside me helps to release the enormous neediness that has been bottled up inside of me.

It was many years of therapy before I knew that the early incident with Farmor had even left a dent in my self. It is probably one of the deepest wounds I've carried. I did a rebirthing series with Jane Hundley<sup>7</sup> in the spring of 1998. To prepare for therapy, she asked me to find out as much as possible about circumstances around my birth. I interviewed my parents. That's when they told me how Farmor showed up uninvited and proceeded to faint on the living room floor. But little of that cleared in the rebirthing sessions. I did however have a very interesting dream, and Jane encouraged me to follow up on it.

In the dream, one of my professors of Mechanical Engineering from University hands me a telephone. I keep dialing this number in the dream, and on waking I re-

---

<sup>7</sup> Jane Hundley is a corporate consultant in Bellevue, WA, USA who trained with Sondra Ray, one of the pioneers in Rebirthing.

member the number, very clearly. I said to Jane, “I don’t recognize the number, but it sounds like the phone numbers in Stockholm.” She says, “why don’t you call the number and find out what it’s about?” Easy for her to say. Just call and say “Hi, I got this number in a dream and I don’t know why I am calling.” It’s exactly what I did. Boy, did I feel foolish and very nervous. What would I say? How would I explain that I really was a sane person? First time I called, I got the switchboard, phew. The person the number belonged to was out of the office. I bravely asked “Where have I called? Who does this number belong to? What does he do?” I had reached the Royal Institute of Technology in Stockholm and the person with the phone number was a doctoral student in Mechanical Engineering. At least something in common, my degrees are in Mechanical Engineering, and it was the school my Dad had attended.

I called back a bit later and got a hold of the guy. I bravely explained “I got your phone number in a dream. I don’t know what it means. Maybe the connection is that I am also a Mechanical Engineer?” We chatted for a while without coming to any conclusion about the meaning of it all. Then he suggested I stop by for coffee next time I came to Stockholm. A few months later I was back in my birth town and went to see him. One of his colleagues joined us, she was curious about the whole thing as well as the therapy work I was doing. By then I had switched careers and was doing emotional release work. As we talked, he mentioned that the building we were in used to be the Allmänna BB, or birthing clinic. The phone number had led me to the very building I was born in! Amazing.

The first time my Farmor surfaced in therapy was during my hypnotherapy training in 1992. During one of our practice sessions I was back at my grandparents house. It started with the distinctive smell of their home, then the visual memories faded in and I got in touch

with being a little girl and somehow my Farmor's message to me had been that it was not ok to be a girl.

During Shen and Kairos sessions over the years I have got in touch with the loneliness I felt as a baby. The sense of abandonment where there is no-one there for me. Very lonely. Then last fall during a Kairos session I experienced emotionally what I felt as a little baby "my mother doesn't want me." I felt unwanted. I didn't deserve to exist.

During one session I had excruciating back pain, I sensed my Farmor's presence and that she didn't like me. I had fallen out of my carriage and landed on the cement balcony floor, no wonder my back hurt. Farmor may have been babysitting and left me unattended for a moment and the accident happened. I have no conscious recollection of the incident other than my body memory, but my mother has told me I fell out of my carriage and they could never figure out how it happened. She has also confirmed that Farmor wasn't nice to me.

A few weeks ago, while falling through the emotional layers of a Journey therapy session<sup>8</sup> I arrived at a sense of anger and rage that was new. I felt it in my sacral chakra. The rage was white hot, like metal that has been heated to a very high temperature. When Maria<sup>9</sup> asked if there was a person associated with the emotion, I answered "Farmor." Normally, during the journey sessions, the therapist only asks about persons associated with the emotional layers until you name a person or memory, and that establishes your camp fire level. Maria kept asking at each level, and that turned out to

---

<sup>8</sup> The Journey process was developed by Brandon Bays and is described in her book with the same name. The therapy consists of emotional and physical journeys.

<sup>9</sup> Therapist Maria Rosenlind practices in Eksjö, Sweden and works with homeopathy, hypnotherapy, the Journey, meditation, healing and channeling.



be a key factor in my release. The white hot anger I felt was several layers below the camp fire level.

We continued on down to Source and on the way back up, Maria stopped at the white hot rage level and asked if there was anything I needed to say to my Farmor. You bet! The little baby told Farmor in no uncertain terms, “I am angry. You took my place. You were jealous of me. Why didn’t you like me? You didn’t want me to get all the attention, so what did you do? You pretended to be sick, fainting on the floor and you are a sorry excuse for a grandmother! You had no right too take my place! You are no sicker than I am. There is nothing wrong with you!”

An amazing thing happened. I saw how Farmor was in bed. As I spoke she sat up in bed, acknowledged that I was right, she wasn’t sick at all. She had been so jealous of all the attention I got she hadn’t known what to do. She got up and was well again. The tears that flowed during the forgiveness at the camp fire were such a release. So many years of pent up emotion.

The next session, a physical journey, started with a memory of a boyfriend of mine. Steve had accused me of not being a real woman. I didn’t cook, I didn’t clean house, I did manly things like build fences and do repairs around the house. I remember feeling great pain during his outburst. What I got out during the therapy session was my anger at him. Really stomping my foot and letting him have it. But that wasn’t the end of the story.

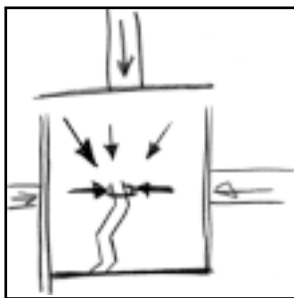
Next session was with Anne Swahn<sup>10</sup> who I also had been trading with locally. I described my feeling of being squashed by Steve. She asked if I remember when my fi-

---

<sup>10</sup> Anne Swahn is based in Nye, Sweden. She is a potter by trade. She has extensive training in ancient nordic shamanic traditions, therapeutic and ritual dancing, dream therapy and voice dialogue.

broids<sup>11</sup> started. I said they were discovered a few years later, but they could very well have started with Steve's outburst. My fibroids are located on the outside of the uterus. I am not plagued with heavy periods like so many other women. But I have been working therapeutically to get to the source. I've had a sense they are about something that has been put on me by someone outside, that they are not about what I believe about myself from the inside. That is has something to do with one's sense of being a woman, about creativity, about realizing one's potential.

Anne started our session by putting on some music, for me to feel and dance to. First on was Lamma Bada by Radio Tarifa. A wonderful, sensuous desert sound that makes your hips sway and brings out the woman. The movements I made were round and full and free - and joyful. We talked a bit about how it felt.



Next she put on the opposite type of music, the Ballad of the Dictator by Taraf de Haïdouks. I couldn't move. I felt oppressed. I felt like there was an iron belt around my hips, and that they were squeezed tighter and tighter together. It felt like my hips were pushed in, I couldn't move, my legs were rigid and I had to bend to the weight squishing me from the top of my head, like I was being flattened. I stood immovable during the whole song. I couldn't move. I could hardly breathe. Then Anne asked me to draw what I had experienced.

---

<sup>11</sup> Fibroids are benign knots, lumps, cysts that appear inside or outside the uterus. My doctor said many women get them by the time they are forty and as long as they don't bother you, get in the way, get very large or cause extra bleeding, you needn't do anything about them.

We then sat down and Anne guided me back to a time when all this started. I was back as a little baby and Farmor was there. Anne asked “what decision did you make as a baby?” I answered “it isn’t ok to be a woman, I am not allowed to be a woman.” That is the message my Farmor had imposed on me. She had been repressed, she had not been allowed to be the passionate, fiery, sexy full-blooded woman she really was, so she passed the legacy on to me. She also loved to dance, but that wasn’t allowed. As Anne guided the conversation between me and Farmor, we could feel her soul’s presence, and the healing that took place was profound. We were both finally free - to dance, to bloom in all our womanhood.

The next picture I drew says it all. A beautiful flower in lovely colors.

## *Monde*

We moved from Stockholm to Linköping when I was two years old. In our apartment building lived a little boy, Monde, who became my best friend and my first love. When his family moved a few years later, I was devastated. According to my mother, I exclaimed “now I can never marry Monde” and burst into inconsolable tears. Honestly, I have few memories of this time period, but one has stuck with me because of the tremendous impact it has had on my life.

A friend of mine, June, was reading a book on hypnosis. She was at my house and kept prodding, “why don’t you let me hypnotize you?” I remember it was while I lived in my condo in Seattle, so it must have been during the 1986 - 1993 time period. My best guess is that it was 1987. I finally gave in. She wanted to hypnotize me so bad and I honestly didn’t expect any big things to happen. I couldn’t have been more wrong.

She read the instructions out loud from the book. First we need to pick an issue - “I think we should find out why you have such an issue with authority figures,” said June. “Ok, fine with me,” I responded. She started reading the relaxation and countdown instructions and took me back to a time when this issue first appeared. I was thrown back into childhood, to a memory with my brother and Monde. There was a construction site nearby where we lived. The boys had taken me to the portapotties used by the construction workers and smeared all of me with shit. I remember I had a cute little hat with red roses on it. Mom had to throw it away. She went hysterical when I came home crying, smeared from top to bot-

tom with human feces.

June asks, “where are you, what is happening?” I relate the memory, and June panics. She instructs me to float up above the memory and come back to here and now. As I come back, she is really shook up. I have to comfort her. But I have an awakened raw memory laden with emotion, that gets no relief. So instead of getting help with my issue, I have to help her deal with her inadequacy.

I learned an important lesson that day and I vowed to not go digging into another person’s past without the proper training.

June’s attitude was typical of many new agers. Let’s play with this, how exciting, let’s see what happens. They think the human psyche is a playground, not realizing that it requires skill and experience to guide someone therapeutically through the mine fields of the past. One of my pet peeves to this day are people who experiment without proper training and supervision.

The shit incident, to give it a name, has come up for a number of rounds in therapy. As with any deep issue, there were several emotional layers, decisions, reactions and beliefs that had to be dealt with, before the entire incident could clear.

The next time the shit incident surfaced was in 1991 after I had started Shen therapy with insui<sup>12</sup>. I had been for some sessions and one morning I awoke long before dawn, and I was back as a little girl smeared with shit. I crawled into the bathtub and couldn’t stop crying and shaking. After a few hours I called my friend Gail, who I knew would be up early as she ran a day-care center out

---

<sup>12</sup> insui Giehl practiced in Edmonds, Washington, USA. I participated in her weekly Life Energy Fundamentals group and she was my first mentor in Shen Therapy.

of her home. She said, "I'll come down but first I have to arrange the teachers to cover for me." She instructed me to: "stay with the emotion, put on music, draw, do whatever you need to do to keep it moving." Those were good instructions. A while later she called back and said, "I sense that you are going to be ok by yourself so I won't be coming down to be with you." It's the story of my life, no-one shows up to be there for me, to comfort me and hold me. No wonder I have turned to God. The presence of Spirit is the only one that I have ever been able to count on.

Next therapy session with insui, I related the entire shit incident as I remembered it. She exclaimed, "Good God, where was your mother? Leaving a 2-1/2 year old in charge of two little boys with no adult supervision on a construction site!" Until then, it hadn't occurred to me to question why my mother hadn't looked after me. It was so unusual for insui to comment at all, she very gently let you come to your own insights. As Gail once said, "she is so allowing and doesn't push people at all." So her strong reaction made even more impact.

As I wrote this piece, other material, in the now, emerged. I have labeled it "Diary entry" here and in other places in the book. All diary entries are in italics.

***Diary entry** May 12, 2003. Driving the 200 kilometers to the airport to catch a plane for the Azores, this place I have dreamed of visiting for years, I feel the strongest longing in my heart. Tears are streaming down my face, my heart aches with the longing to connect. I pray, dear God, I want to really connect with a partner - emotionally, mentally, physically, spiritually - with shared interests and values. I want it all!*

*The first day is exhausting settling in and getting oriented. Toward the end of the day I meet a woman who is also here on her own and is interested in doing some exploring together. I suppose it's that relief that set me off. I*

*go to bed early, exhausted.*

*Then I wake up. I feel queasy. Restless. First comes a load of self hate. Disappointment. Why did I come here? I want to go home. I've ended up in the city, and the garden of Eden is not exactly outside my door! Then a sadness for the woman who hasn't been allowed to exist. Then, thank God, tears of relief - I don't have to be alone anymore. I cry for the part of me that has held her emotions, put on a brave face, and gone off alone to explore - with a wish in her heart to connect, to really connect with other human beings, with nature, with God. But underneath it all, it was myself I wasn't connected to. I was crying tears of relief as I was reconnecting with myself.*

*So here I am on a paradise island in the middle of the night, sitting in bed with my laptop propped on a pillow over my lap, adding a diary part to my book.*

*What is happening, of course, is that writing the book, and life itself, are chugging loose even more material to add to my transformation tale.*

*The emotional release was so strong that I spent part of the night vomiting. When really strong stuff pops, so many toxins flood the system, that one way the body helps rid itself is to vomit. I know from experience I just need to hang in there, drink lots of water, vomit some more, until I've got it all out. Big stuff is happening on this island. A psychic friend of mine did mention there were special energies<sup>13</sup> here. These energies seem bent on helping me heal.*

What followed after my session with insui was a long period of anger at my mother. At times I felt absolutely murderous toward her. Something she would say in the

---

<sup>13</sup> The Azore Islands may well be remnants of old Atlantis, just like the Hawaiian Islands may be what is left of old Lemuria. The purple color ray comes in quite strong on the Azores, to help shed what is no longer needed.

present would set me off on a memory from the past. One of the tricks of releasing intense anger is that it wants to project out away from the body, anger wants a target. Other emotions are more easily felt in our bodies, even if they are painful.

The other trick is to be aware that the anger is about the past. It is not appropriate to unload all your anger on the trigger from the present. Sure, if someone steps on your toes, you need to let them know. But it would not be fair to let them have it full force with the anger you have been carrying for God knows how long.

I painted a lot during this time, really intense and vivid, like a tiger paw clawing and leaving red streaks of blood, graveyards with swords and blood spurting and raging volcanoes. A lot of the anger I experienced was also about my ex-husband. I remember while we were married I at times imagined splitting his head open with an axe. I would never do such a thing, but I was trampled upon enough to at least imagine it.

insui suggested I beat pillows to help release the anger. As I was to discover later, expressing the anger through beating pillows, screaming, kicking, wringing towels and a number of other popular tricks won't actually release the anger. It does help you get in touch with it and get it to start flowing. To completely release it you have to feel it, really experience it in your body. It can be very quiet and when you surrender it may happen quite softly.

I got out pillows and badminton rackets. I beat Jeff, my ex, into a bloody pulp, figuratively speaking. It was actually quite satisfying to "hear" his bones crunching under my blows. For me it was a necessary part of my process. I had been so out of touch with my emotions for so long, that I needed to go to extremes. I wasn't just dealing with a little anger, I had bloodthirsty rage boiling inside of me.



At a Shen therapy course and conference in San Diego in early 1999, the shit incident surfaced again. We'd done a "landing" session to get everyone relaxed and present and grounded. Then we had a sharing and check-in. As Richard<sup>14</sup> was going around the circle I could feel my anxiety mounting. By the time Richard focused on me, I was trembling, and the only thing I could remember was the shit incident. So I told the story. Richard asked, "how did your mother make you feel?" I answered, "she was upset and didn't know what to do." He persisted, "how did she make you feel?" I kept talking about how she was not to blame, that I understood her predicament, etc. He interrupted me. "I want you to close your eyes," he instructed me. Then he waited. "Now, tell me, how did your mother make you feel?" My answer was immediate, "like I had done something wrong" and the tears just started gushing. Richard asked one of the instructor interns, Deirdre Leavy<sup>15</sup>, to take me to the table. It was an intense session and at times there were several pairs of hands on me. I cried and shook and sniveled. My belly, or sacral chakra, went through an earthquake. Strong fear released from my solar plexus and at times the grief made my heart ache like it was going to break. And throughout, lots of tears, and snot. Deirdre kept coaching me to stay with the emotion, she was going to make sure I was going to wring the maximum out of this session, now that the emotions were up.

After the session, my new mentor Carol Logan came up to me and said, "well that's a pile of shit taken care of!" I love her Scottish humor.

That night I took a shower and felt so clean. I slept like a baby. The next session, the following morning, was peaceful and felt like it went on forever. I was beyond

---

<sup>14</sup> Richard Pavek is the founder of Shen therapy in modern times.

<sup>15</sup> Deirdre Leavy is a Shen Instructor in Ireland.

time and space. So was my practitioner. We were infinite.

“That’s what Shen is all about,” said Richard.

## ***Mom***

Through the years, I have listened to a lot of sharing at courses. One story kept haunting me. A participant had described how at seven years of age she took herself off to see the dentist, all alone, because her parents had not been there for her, neither physically nor emotionally. Why did this story touch me so deeply? Carol, in her perceptive way asked, “is that how you felt?” I paused, and replied, “I felt just as alone as the seven year going off to the dentist all by herself. I can really relate emotionally to the brave little girl who had no-one to turn to.” My Mom had been there physically, but not emotionally. When I started therapy I had no idea what was meant by emotional support. My Mom couldn’t teach me what she had never learned.

When my mother was four years old, her mother Karin got tuberculosis. There was no way my grandmother could take care of all her kids, so a couple of them were farmed out. My mother ended up with foster parents who had no kids of their own. Her foster father Anton adored her and spoiled her, but her foster mother Hanna was quite stern. One of my aunts, Barbro, was just a baby and ended up with relatives. I don’t think it was a picnic growing up for any of the kids. One of my aunts, Gunnel, who stayed at home, said she kept thinking my Mom at least got plenty to eat and was well dressed. Mom’s foster parents were farmers and financially much better off than her biological parents. My grandmother Karin recovered from her tuberculosis after a few years, but one thing I never have been able to figure out is why neither my mother nor my aunt Bar-

bro got to return home until they were thirteen years old.

Looking at Mom, Barbro and Gunnel, I can see how deeply they have been affected by their different up-bringsings. Gunnel, who got to stay home, has an inner sense of feeling secure that neither Barbro nor my mother have. Barbro reacted to her upbringing by making it her life mission to give her children what she didn't have. Her goal in life has been to be a good mother. She really is a wonderful nurturer and dotes on you - I spent a wonderful healing time with her and my uncle during my first move back to Sweden in 1994.

What has been my mother's life mission? I don't really know. She's emotionally insecure, loves to be doted on by my father and be taken care of. Much of her energy revolves around social events and her garden. She needs to be the center of attention. Which explains how my brother and I have grown up to be so incredibly capable.

When we rented a summer cottage, it was my brother who would light the kerosene stove, not Mom. He would put the car in gear, because she couldn't get it in reverse. He was then four or five years old.

When my mother got sick, I played nursemaid. I was maybe three then. When my playmate Lulla got hurt from playing on the swings, she ran home to my mother, who became hysterical. When I came home, I got chewed out for not showing up and helping to nurse Lulla's wounds. We hadn't even been playing together that day. And that is a pretty steep demand, that your little girl should be expected to deal with injuries. That's what Moms are for. Lulla had jumped off the swing and it had hit her in the head. She got a pretty ugly gash in the forehead that bled. True to form, it made my mother hysterical. She is not nurse material, but why did she expect me to be? I was maybe five then. Shortly thereaf-

ter I got pneumonia. In therapy I recalled how my heart ached and that I just wanted to die. I refused to eat the penicillin, this yucky gray liquid on a plastic spoon. My parents got so desperate they bribed me to take the penicillin. I was so angry. I got a crown for every spoonful. By the time I got well I could go out and buy myself a new doll. I've had a weird relationship to money ever since.

Like most Swedish kids I was blonde and my hair was naturally curly, quite beautiful. I was a pretty child. Now I am a beautiful woman - although I didn't understand that until I'd had lots of therapy. Running around and being a kid my hair would of course get tangles. My mother is not a patient person, by any stretch of the imagination. When she would brush my hair, she would furiously pull at it. I would scream, she was hurting me. In desperation, my mother took me to the hairdressers and had all my hair cut off. My beautiful, lovely hair. All gone. I looked like a boy in my short haircut. When this incident came up in therapy, Carol said, "I'm sorry, but your mother's behavior was abusive." Hearing that from someone who was an expert on abuse and incest really hit home. I felt so angry and neglected, and upset with God, whining, "why did I get a defective Mommy? What did I do to deserve this? Maybe there is something wrong with me?"

A few years ago one of my cousins came to visit. She had spent a few summers with us when we rented on a farm, until Mom threw her out. Bettan had told a few dirty jokes and that didn't suit my mother. All us kids spent time in the hay loft and dirty stories was just part of it. For some reason Mom decided Bettan was a bad influence on us and she had to go. I liked her, she was natural and fun to be with. My mother put her on a train, knowing that her mother, my aunt, worked full time, so there would be no-one to look after her. To make matters worse, Bettan got on the wrong train and ended up back at our place. She was crying and pleading but my

mother wouldn't let her come back. Bettan still remembers it like it happened yesterday. It was an awful experience, she couldn't have been more than ten. Eventually the farm family we rented from let Bettan come back and live with them for the summers. It was great.

So when Bettan was here we watched all the family movies I had on video. Dad had them converted when I turned forty, films from 1952 to 1967. What was so obvious watching and reminiscing with Bettan, I never got to be natural. Mom always had me dolled up in a dress, I wasn't supposed to get dirty. She put me in ballet lessons. Such a contrast to the real me. I loved spending summers on the farm, stomping around in boots. I loved the smell of the cows, I could burrow my nose into their fur. Us kids had so much fun playing in the hayloft and getting into all kinds of mischief. Farm life is such a natural existence.

My best buddy was Lars-Åke, he was my age and we did get into a bit of mischief. When their dog had puppies they named them Kennedy and Nixon. The parents Walter and Waldy were so kind, we spent as much time at their house as at home. They had TV, and I remember sitting in Walter's lap watching the Berlin wall go up. It was shocking and hard to understand for a child.

We learned to swim in the local lake. One day after lessons I couldn't find my brother or any of the others. It started raining and then the lightning and thunder broke loose. I bicycled home by myself. I was so scared and crying. It turned out my mother had left my brother in charge of me. He had gone with the rowboat that followed the older swimmers practicing long distance. If I was four or five, Anders would have been six or eight. Is it reasonable to expect a kid that age to be responsible for another kid? I don't think so.

When I was nine I took up horse back riding, much to my mother's dismay. She hated the smell and wouldn't

let me come in the living room after I'd been at the stables. No, I had to march right into the bathroom to get cleaned up. It took me a while to get my parents to agree to let me start riding. Mom finally said, "if you ride you can't do ballet." I thought, "you mean I have a choice? I never knew ballet was optional." I quit ballet and signed up for riding lessons so fast it would make your head spin. I even spent my work practice in eighth grade at the stables. I was the happiest girl on the planet, getting up at 5 am to bicycle to the riding school, mucking out and taking care of the horses. I was in hog heaven.

***Diary entry** June 11, 2003. Writing about my mother is hard. I feel very mixed emotions. I need and want to heal the past, to wring the last drops out of my pain. I want to be truthful. At the same time I don't want to hurt my mother. She is now eighty years old and starting to slide into dementia. She is today one of my biggest supporters and is so proud of me you can almost hear the buttons burst.*

*That is the dilemma for all of us with an abusive past. Where do you find the balance between getting your own pain out appropriately, without creating more unneeded pain? If I hold it in, I make myself sick. If I put the blame outside myself, I have only projected my pain and created more guilt. I want to find that space of healing, that frees me and in so doing healing, forgiveness and freedom occurs for all the ancestors. We finally stop the chain of pain.*

*I feel guilty. So many times I have been told what wonderful parents I have. They are lovely social butterflies. But beneath the veneer lurks another truth. It's a mixed bag, they have some wonderful attributes and in other ways have been the most irresponsible parents. I am afraid of being misunderstood. When I've tried to explain in the past, it has backfired.*

*On the other hand, as I have reclaimed myself, my mother has changed. I wasn't allowed to compete with*

*her. She knew colors, she could sing. That was her territory, not mine. As I started exploring colors, it was really scary, until one day she acknowledged that I had the gift - then it was fine, she could ask me for advice. It's like she no longer had to be the expert and now she could relax. When I started toning, I believed what I had been told my whole life "you can't carry a tune." I was frightened but I went anyway. I discovered that not only could I carry a tune, I had a very strong and sure voice. And my mother loves my toning. I change and she goes from practically forbidding me to encouraging me. That is the transformation I am seeking with this writing.*

So in what way am I attempting to move into her territory? Only she gets to be angry. The rest of the family are not allowed to explode nor show a temper. That is Mom's domain. When I express anger I feel guilty. Boy do I want to change that. I have always found shouting and conflict difficult, but at least now I can speak up for myself when someone steps on my feet. The last bastion - Mom. There is a very angry child in me. I did not get my needs met.

I recall several adults who expressed admiration for how grown up and mature I behaved when I was a child. I was reliable, I could carry on a conversation and wasn't unfocused like other kids. I never lost anything, not even a mitten. There were times my parents would go to parties and leave us home alone without a babysitter. When I asked Mom about it she just waved her hands and said, "but you didn't want a babysitter." Like a child was capable of making that decision. And knowing Mom it may well have been her idea and she just projected it on us.

I felt run over many times. Especially at gift giving occasions. It's like she hadn't a clue who I was. I got this girly mirror and I absolutely hated it. I even managed to break the mirror, I had hoped it would then disappear. No, they had it repaired. Dad made me this big make-up



table. I was supposed to sit in front of it and make myself up. My stomach hurts as I write. It's so hard to play along and have to pretend every day that you like and want to use the gift, when in fact it has nothing to do with who you are.

When we moved to the United States I was fourteen. We obviously could not bring everything with us, so for months we cleaned out closets and picked out what should come along. For some reason my entire Barbie collection got stored at my aunt's home and didn't reappear until years later when I was an adult. But there was room for my brother's train set! It's like there never was any space for the real me.

Now I understand that other girls turn to their Mom's when they need help. In our family it's the other way around. My mother calls me when there is an emotional crisis. But who can I call? I don't ever remember turning to Mom when I hurt. She would just distract you and point to the pretty birds, essentially saying, "let's pretend it's not happening."

On one of my job hunting trips in Sweden I had spent some time with another Eva. As I was standing waiting for the train she said, "you can call me anytime, even if it is in the middle of the night." She knew I'd had a difficult time the previous trip and wanted to let me know she cared. I was so touched. I still get all warm and fuzzy and teary-eyed. No-one had ever said anything like that to me before. Truth is, it would not have occurred to me to call anyone in the middle of the night, no matter how bad my situation was. I've never known I could turn to anyone for help. I've learned to just wing it on my own, to somehow get myself through. To manage on my own. No wonder it's been so hard for me to get in touch with my emotional needs and to start to get them met. There is a whole piece of me that's been missing.

When I was nine, we went on our first camping vaca-

tion in a caravan trailer. The campground belonged to the company my father worked for, so there were a number of the people there that he knew. Quite a few kids. One day several of the kids were teasing me, my brother was part of the gang, they taunted me and started to run away. I chased after them. I was so mad. All of a sudden I sank into a mud hole. I hadn't noticed that the other kids had jumped over or run around this hole. They had dug a hole in the swamp, covered it with branches, and purposely lured me into it. I sank down to my waist in yucky swampy mud. All the kids were laughing at me. Now I was crying. What happened next I still can't remember. That night I got really sick. I was throwing up and having diarrhea all at the same time. My brother wakes up and asks for a caviar paste sandwich. I didn't eat caviar paste for many, many years.

That summer my eyesight went bad, and in the fall I got my first pair of glasses. I remember I was so ashamed of my pink glasses, I didn't want them. There was something in that mud hole incident that I didn't want to see, or couldn't cope with seeing, so I started shutting down my vision.

Food has always been important to me. Through my growing up we were always well fed. Although dinner became a late affair once we moved to the United States - I suspect because Mom had started drinking then. But other than that she always made sure we ate well. So in a way, food had been my security, my sense of safety. It was really brought home to me during a Shen session in Norway with my colleague Eva Holmby<sup>16</sup>. We were doing intensive trades and I was on the table late in the afternoon. She was making a lamb stew for dinner that would take some time, so during break she went down-

---

<sup>16</sup> Eva Holmby is trained in homeopathy, reflexology, Shen therapy and aromatherapy massage. She lives in Stavern, Norway.

stairs to put the pot on the stove. The next session, delicious odors came wafting up the stairs. And I went deep into my solar plexus, I felt in every cell how food and cooking equaled security, I felt safe. In the release my solar plexus shook with fear and tears overflowed from my eyes. It was one of the strangest sessions I've had. And an excellent illustration how powerful a trigger our sense of smell is.

As I was growing up, all I heard from Mom were the superlatives about other children who got such excellent grades. I never understood that I had good grades, until many years later. I was just as capable, if not more, than their friend's kids, but it was like no-one ever noticed.