

## Lies to Love

# When the Truth Isn't Enough



“Hi. It’s me. I’m melting...” I took another deep breath to calm the shakiness in my voice. “I’ve used every tool and skill I’ve got. Nothing’s working...” As I finished my update/plea for help, I felt bad about the fact that I hadn’t even thought to greet her and ask her how she was.

“Awwww...what’s going on, Beautiful?” My body relaxed a bit as I felt her motherly love wash over me.

“Ugh... I am so angry. I tried to speak my truth to them today – to tell them how scared and angry I’m feeling – and they left the room! Said they don’t want to be dragged down into my depression and anger. Can you believe that?!?!” She knew exactly who I was talking about without me having to even mention their name.

“I’m sorry...” she was just being with me, knowing that was what I really needed.

“They are just like everyone else! Don’t seem to know what to do with my ‘not happy and stable like usual’ emotions! Am I not allowed to be scared and angry and hurt sometimes?!?!” My heart raced and the pitch of my voice rose.

“And...?”

“I know. I know. I know. I told you. I’ve been using all of my tools. The lie that has me hostage is ‘I’m not allowed to express or even have negative emotions because they hurt other people.’”

“Ouch.” She sounded like *she* had been punched in the stomach.

“Right?!? I learned early on that telling the truth, speaking my mind, and especially expressing negative emotions seemed to make my loved ones extremely uncomfortable. They had no idea how to deal with my emotion, so they did things like walk out of the room, yell at me when I was in pain, or simply shut down and turn cold in front of me. They never told me to stop expressing, but I figured it out. My emotion was too big for them. So I held it in.”

“And...?”

“And I did a good job of pushing it all down until I got to college and started to realize that much of the foundation my life and belief systems had been built upon was...well, you know...a bunch of...” I paused, knowing she didn't like cursing. “Sand. It was a bunch of sand...”

I could hear her hold back laughter. She knew what I really wanted to say and obviously appreciated the fact that I didn't. And then it hit me, *See, I'm even editing my expression for someone I know will love me on the other side of it. Unbelievable. I'm still afraid to express my true thoughts and feelings.*

“And then what happened?”

"I blew my top, said everything I was thinking and feeling, destroyed every bridge I had, and completely regretted expressing myself *again* because all it got me was ALONE."

"But you didn't mean to hurt them."

"No, I *never mean to* hurt them, but I always end up doing just that. It wasn't until that training that I finally experienced a safe enough space to speak my truth and not be shamed, shunned, or cut off for it. And then... stupid me, I started to believe that I could experience that safety with other people."

"You don't think you can?"

"Well, it doesn't seem that way. I know the Truth is that I am not responsible for their thoughts, feelings, or reactions to me, but gosh darn it...I still *feel* like I am and people are still acting as if that's true. And by me acting in accordance with this new Truth, I am apparently creating a mess all the time. It's like the idea sets me free in my head, but it's not making me feel any less responsible or changing my experience with others."

She sighed empathetically. "Ya, I think I understand that. Some of my truths are just truths in my head, not my experience."

"Now what?" I whispered.

"I don't know..."

"Me neither, but I'm gonna start praying for something better than Truth. Thanks for picking up your phone and letting me work some of this out. I love you."

"I love you too. I won't give up if you don't."

"I promise." I hung up the phone and grabbed my journal...



**Stay in the room with me...**

When the words flowing out my mouth are profound and wise beyond my years,  
and when they are choked by pain...

**Stay in the room with me...**

When I am standing in my power and lighting up a room with my gifts,  
and when I am slumped in defeat and feeling powerless to change anything...

**Stay in the room with me...**

When I am gunning toward a dream and need extra hands to pick up slack,  
and when I am drowning in fear and need arms to hold me up...

**Stay in the room with me...**

When I am letting my light shine brighter than your eyes are accustomed,  
and when I appear to be lost in the darkness...

**Stay in the room with me...**

When I am oozing energy and love through my pores,  
and when I am tapped out, tired, and withering...

**Stay in the room with me...**

When I gush, "I love you,"  
and when I stutter, "and you hurt me..."

**Stay in the room with me...**

When I give from overflow,  
and when I ask for what I need...

**Stay in the room with me...**

When I am offering a safe space,  
and when I am wreaking havoc with my power...

**Stay in the room with me...**

When my face hurts from laughter,  
and when my eyes are swollen from tears...

**Stay in the room with me...**

When it feels good,  
and when it hurts...

**Stay in the room with me...**

When I reach out with affection,  
and when I shut down with pain...

**Stay in the room with me...**

When my heart is wide open,  
and when my breath is short and fierce...

**Stay in the room with me...**

When I can do no wrong,  
and when I can do nothing right...

**Stay in the room with me...**

I don't need you to exhort me,  
and I don't need you to fix me...

I don't need you to have the answers or do anything I wouldn't do...

I just need you to stay in the room...



### **The Truth Hurts...and Sets You Free...Partially...**

If you're like me and most of the people I know and have coached over the years, you have experienced some sort of physical, emotional, or spiritual crisis and began a journey of discovery in the last decade. (*Understatement of the century, I know.*)

If you were lucky enough to experience the "Physical, Emotional, and Spiritual Combination Meltdown" like me, then you probably started looking for answers to questions that you'd never entertained before – answers that were non-existent (*and likely taboo*) in places we were encouraged to look as children (*parental/friendly advice, religion, academics, etc.*).

I remember the day I dragged myself to the Endocrinologist to figure out why I had no energy, suffered with constant muscle aches and pain, couldn't get rid of excess weight, and wanted to crawl in hole and die most days.

"Well, Amanda, your thyroid is a little low, and I could prescribe medication, but the truth is it looks like you have the beginning of Fibromyalgia and that you'll probably be crippled by the time you're 30 (*I was 24 at the time*) if you don't deal with your rage."

I don't remember the rest of the appointment. All I remember is the 2-hour drive home, during which I repeatedly screamed into my phone, to my poor friend, "Can you believe that a\*\*hole?!? Rage?!? Me?!? I'm DEPRESSED, NOT ANGRY!!!"

It wasn't until a few weeks later, when the rage came up and resulted in me losing my mind and hurting my beautiful child that I knew he was right.

I prayed for answers, and they started coming. Books fell off shelves at my feet, and angels with answers in their messages (aspiring authors) walked into my life needing my messaging skills. And they all began to help me uncover the roots of my rage, shame, and pain.

I started connecting the dots between the feelings and experiences I was currently having, the patterns throughout my whole life, and even their starting points.

I felt relieved in one sense. *I'm not crazy! I can see why this is happening and where it all started.*

And I was darn good at identifying the more powerful thoughts, feelings, and behaviors that would have made my life so much easier. I was regularly shifting my thoughts, focusing on good feelings, and behaving more in alignment with what I wanted my truth to be.

The problem was...*the pain wasn't going away.*

It wasn't until I found myself in the middle of a transformational workshop, finishing the sentence stem, "If you really knew me, you'd know that I..." with a perfect stranger that I began to experience relief from the pain.

I started out with surface answers – “I feel like a fraud, I’m afraid for my marriage, I’m completely broke, etc.” – and then I said it: “If you really knew me, you’d know that I lost my mind and hurt my child...”

When this stranger’s eyes brimmed with tears, the dam in me broke. Shaking and sobbing, I pulled my knees up to my chest and turned my body in my chair, as if to protect myself from the judgment I expected. I felt naked and ashamed and scared.

*What did I just do? I just told someone how completely messed up I am! The tears continued, now driven largely by fear of consequences. Was she going to tell them how messed up I was? They are going to kick me out of the program. Well, maybe they should. How can I help anyone else when I am like this? This is my reality right now!*

But instead of all that, she knelt by my chair, wrapped both arms around my shaking body, and cried with me.

On my way home that evening, while struggling to see the road through my swollen eyes, I thought about that woman rocking me back and forth like I was a little child, consoling me with her embrace. *How is that possible? I just showed her all of my uglies, and she showed me nothing but love. No judgment. No advice. Nothing but love.*

“Amanda, do you remember?” The still, small voice spoke through the silence in the car as a memory flashed through my mind.

When my little sister was a little baby, I was rocking her to sleep in the kitchen when I was given a vision. In the vision, I was watching a slightly older version of her run on the playground when I noticed a log just barely protruding out of the sand. I screamed across the playground to warn her that she was about to trip, but in all of her excitement about getting to the slide, she didn’t see it and totally wiped out. Even before she hit the ground, I was running toward her. When she looked up at me, her face was a mess of blood and muddy tears.

I pulled her into my arms and started to rock her back and forth to console her.

“Amanda, would you be angry with her?” the still, small voice asked.

“What? For not seeing? For falling? No way.” I was almost angry at such a ridiculous question.

“Right. So why would you expect me to be angry with you when you make a mistake? You are My beloved child, and I am far more concerned about getting you bandaged up than punishing you for not knowing what you don’t know.”

“Yes, I remember,” I whispered quietly in response to the voice as I turned into my driveway.

“Don’t be so hard on yourself. You didn’t see the logs. You’ve got some scrapes and wounds, and it’s okay. It can all be healed...if you let yourself feel the upside-down and be in the process. It’s not going to work if you beat yourself up through it.”

*Didn’t I tell my son the same thing a few weeks ago? What if I stopped fighting it and just went with it — like he does?*

I was upside-down, and I had to just relax into it like the caterpillar does. And in a split second, I saw myself cradled in Divine Arms. “Let me hold and rock you through the process. Let me show you how to create a safe, sacred space around you — a cocoon — to heal and transform.”

That was the beginning of me learning that Telling My Truth would bring me freedom, BUT ONLY IF I WAS MET WITH LOVE. If I wasn't met with love, the reaction of the person would just compound my feelings of pain and shame and anger.

I spent 5 or more years, practicing Truth and Love inside of the safe spaces I had found and the ones I began to create when I launched True to Intention.

I did soooooo much work in those 5 years. I attended dozens, maybe even hundreds, of workshops and retreats, finding and speaking my truth. I worked with energy healers. I tried dozens of healing modalities. I helped others heal their lives by understanding and rewriting their stories. And you know what? It ALL helped.

I felt lighter and brighter, and I experienced Magic in my life again, and it just kept getting better. I was more connected to The Wind than I had ever been. I was listening, trusting, soaring. I FELT GOOD.

And then it happened. Betrayal. Financial devastation. Attacks on my physical and emotional well-being.

And then, the worst. Silence. Darkness. And the additional weight of having dozens of people looking to me as a leader.

*What happened? Where did the Magic go? What did I do wrong that God would abandon me and be silent?*

Hearing the lie, I called all of my friends and healers and went to work.

I used all of my skills and tools. Nothing worked.

I knew in my head that God would never abandon me, but a part of me didn't believe it.

The Truth wasn't enough.

I needed something more.

I needed LOVE.

*But where does one get that when all the old places (meditation, toolboxes, etc.) seem to have run dry?*

Well, it started to show up through movies and television shows/series my son and husband insisted on watching, through the perfect song/message coming on when I turned on the car, through the checking in and space-holding of coaches, friends, and sistas.

LOVE had followed me into the darkness.

LOVE was making sure that I was going to be okay.

LOVE walked beside me quietly.

LOVE waited for me to look for It in other places.

LOVE wanted to show me It was bigger, and deeper, and wider than I had imagined.

And I relaxed into this new type of Magic – the Upside-Down kind...

I allowed the messages to come.

I followed the very-bizarre-for-me desires to read, watch, and listen.

I belly laughed at messages of LOVE delivered in the most surprising wrapping.

I processed and sorted new aha's and inspirations with friends.

I promised myself I would never forget this Magic of the Deep...this LOVE...

And I started to rise...

Until that moment when I started to melt...

And realized the Truth was not going to be enough to help me deal with this old story.

And it certainly wouldn't be enough for me to rewrite it.

There was something I had to do differently this time around.



### **Six months later...**

“Okay, so in this next exercise, we are going to use dance to...” That was it. That was all I heard her say before I left my body.

I'd spent the last 48 hours serving in her room, supporting her clients through the process of transformation. I'd fed them, cleaned up after them, cleared their energy, and held space for them as they moved through their breakdowns and breakthroughs. I had been honored verbally by the facilitator as her friend, soul sista, coach, and muse...

And here I was...free-falling into my own breakdown.

*Why did I tell her that I would participate in some of the exercises?*

*I don't want to...*

*I'm not going to...*

*Don't I have to start prepping dinner or something?*

She'd seen what had happened. “Amanda, what happened? What are you going to dance through?” She was carefully hiding a smirk, the way I do when I see one of my clients on the verge of a breakthrough.

“I don't know. I don't want to do this.”

She smiled that knowing, empathetic smile.

“I mean. I'm going to do it, but I can't think of what I need to dance through? Do you know? Rage?”

Before she could answer, I interrupted, "I'm going to go change my clothes. I'm not doing this in my jeans." I got up and left, without asking permission, and yes...still asking myself if I was actually going to go through with this or just 'get lost in a volunteer task' while everyone else did the exercise outside.

In more comfortable clothes, I walked slowly back to the grass where they were still talking.

I knelt down beside her, and we both said the word at the same time, "Rebel."

The first time I danced, all I could think was, *When is this going to be over?* I was trying to 'act out the Rebel' like she said, but I just...

Well, I didn't know why I couldn't get in to the exercise until I got feedback from the 3 ladies in my group.

"Amanda, I liked how you..." and they patronized me (they were probably being sincere 😊), but then they said, "But it kinda felt like you were holding back. There were moments of such anger and rage," they said with strange glee, "and then you would shrink and hide it...like you were afraid you were going to hurt us."

My eyes welled with tears. *That's it. I'm always afraid of hurting people with my Rebel, but she's there and she's so mad...and scared...scared that she's going to speak her truth and be shut down, mocked, or isolated.*

They continued, "Don't hold back this time. Give it to us. We can take it. You can do whatever you want to and need to do. We LOVE your Rebel."

*Ya, right. They love her. They haven't really seen her yet. I've been hiding her for years.* I stood back up and listened to the music kick on again.

This time, it was different. I let my Rebel out, and every time I felt like shrinking her, I remembered their words, "We can take it. We love her." So I gave it to them. I really did...

I kicked. I screamed. I flipped them off. I even pushed them all over onto their backs.

It felt GOOD to let her out...unfiltered.

Suddenly, with every movement, I flashed on a moment when my Rebel had emerged...

I was 2 years old, shaking my finger up at my dad while he admonished me on the side of the road.

I was 17 years old, refusing to let my religious culture's stupid rules dictate who I spent time with and at what hours I did it.

I was 18 years old, asking the unaskable question: "What if everything I've been taught isn't true?" and burning bridges with dumbfounded family and friends.

I was 19 years old, determined to play real instead of 'normal,' answering "How are you?" with the truth, "Life is pretty shitty at the moment. And you?"

I was 21 years old, getting married before everyone thought I was ready.

I was 22 years old, abandoning a degree and career that felt like a vice.

I was 23 years old, raising a child on my terms, and without a particular doctrine of faith.

I was 27 years old, testing the boundaries of my first Safe Space Community.

I was 29 years old, walking away from a job that offered 'security without meaning + integrity.'



I was 32 years old, standing up for myself with a beloved mentor.

I was 33 years old, refusing to leave the Magic I had just experienced.

I was 34 years old, unwilling to move my business forward with 'their formulas and tricks.'

It felt GOOD to say NO, to reject what didn't feel good to me, to tell the truth, to stand up for myself...  
And it hurt to feel the isolation and carnage my Rebel left in her wake...

*I love my Rebel. She's been holding the space for my personal freedom since I was that little girl on the side of the road. She's been the one to guide me away from the people and situations and formulas that were not good for me. She's been the one who gave me the strength to leave toxic matrices and take on crazy dreams ("I'll show them!"). It's just that she causes so much pain for others and isolates me.*

The music stopped, and I stared at the ground through the tears that were pouring now.

"Amanda..."

Finally, I looked up...into 4 pairs of eyes that were not devastated, not angry, and not embarrassed.

They were full of LOVE.

*Wait, I let her out completely. And they still love her?*

And then it hit me.

*OMG! I'M THE ONE that hasn't been loving her. I've been telling her to keep her mouth shut cuz she always ruins everything. And then when I need her, to stand up for myself or step out of a situation that doesn't feel good to me, I let her out...but only a little bit. That's not Love. That's...abuse...*

The tears flowed hard as I rocked myself back and forth, apologizing to my Rebel, thanking her for always standing up for my personal freedom and integrity, even after I had repeatedly shushed and used her.

That day was the turning point for my Rebel. She got the LOVE she hadn't gotten (but really needed) every time she'd fought for something she really believed in, every time she'd said NO with furrowed brows, every time she had tried to create a healthy boundary without knowing how.

She received LOVE from those beautiful women...

But more importantly...SHE RECEIVED IT FROM ME.

Weeks later, that same person got upset at me and left the room again.

I'd expressed my unwillingness and frustration to continue on said course, and they were mad.  
(Understandably so.)

After a few moments of staring at the door, I picked up the phone and called my soul sista, "Hey, you won't believe this. They just jammed out of the room on me again..." I smiled when I heard her inhale. "But I feel good. I mean...I'm sorry they're so upset and I wish they had stayed, but...I'm not melting...or even close."

*Maybe I was asking ME to "Stay in the Room with Me," to show me that LOVE.  
And I am... And I'm okay... Actually, I'm good...*