



Stand
IN THE
Light

SIRONA WEST

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SELF-LOVE

FORGIVENESS

HEALING

WHOLENESS

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FOREWORD

Updated August 2023

Thank you readers, from the bottom of my heart, for allowing me to share this with you.

This telling of this story has evolved as I have ascended through many levels of healing since first writing this book in June of 2022.

My hope for anyone reading this book is that you take away the important truth that we as humans are all One. We are mirrors for one another's growth and we have contracted to play the specific roles we play on Earth before we arrive here.

Through much pain, surrender, time spent in meditation, and the gift of grace - I now understand that I came here to teach forgiveness and help people remember the true nature of who we are as Souls.

May you find freedom to forgive, to love yourself unconditionally, and to know that you can create a new story. All is perfect, whole & complete.

Fear condemns.

Love forgives.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Thank you to every single family member and friend who has fed, clothed, housed and supported us - in big and small ways. Every meal, gift, full gas tank, piece of advice, hug, stuffed animal...has meant the whole world.

Whether it was a smile, a genuine moment(s) of selfless listening, or a message sent through a family member or friend, thank you.

Thank you to those of you who have never met me or my children who have asked how we are doing, followed our story, and helped us in the ways mentioned (and not mentioned) above.

And a huge thank you to every school administrator, daycare teacher, babysitter, or child care provider who has gone above and beyond to protect and nurture my babies. You are everything.



PART ONE

I'm Sirona West and this is the story of myself and my children. I invite you to open your heart as you take in the words you are about to encounter.

The contrast of Light and darkness in the world has become more apparent lately. And over the last couple of years, I've been able to gain more insight as to why our life seemed to be so filled with darkness.

When you hear our story, it's important that you know we are many voices. We are all of the women and children who have experienced horrendous things in life, at the hands of someone in their home. We are also the wounded little boy who grows up to act violently because he doesn't know how to give or receive love, and so he chases and attempts to find it the best way he knows how - with force. And so, I speak for *us*.

I speak for those of you calling every domestic violence shelter in your area, and the surrounding areas and being told they are full, trying to reassure your kids everything will be okay, as your energy screams otherwise. Our story is not unique, yet it is the one we know best.

It belongs to the children just as much as the Mothers, who know domestic violence as a foundational aspect of their lives. It is also for the Fathers, and people of every gender - as we know you go through this as well, even though it's even less accepted for you to speak your truth.

At the time of this writing (June 2022), my children and I have been without a permanent home for one year.

They've been to 4 schools, in 3 different states this school year alone. We've lived in our car, 3 domestic violence shelters, 1 transitional apartment, and a string of motels since July 2021. I've only recently gotten out of jail after being there for 103 days.

I don't have a drug problem, I've probably gotten pulled over 5 times in my life, and I've never committed any crime that warranted legal repercussions against me.

Until I did.

My crime is going against a custody order and fleeing the state of Texas, in an attempt to protect my children from severe abuse at the hands of their father. For the purposes of telling this story, we'll call him Fred.

I want to acknowledge the incredible people who have done their best to help us along the way. We are so grateful. "The system," however, has felt like a cesspool of despair.

I now understand that this system is a reflection of our collective consciousness. This is why I am here. To help people remember that together, we can create a different one. One where tug of war isn't needed. One where we all take care of each other.

In 2011, I was 28 years old, and had finally found what I loved doing, my way to serve people in the world. That thing was Massage Therapy. I am a healer, and each client that came to me knew there was something different about my approach. I channeled energy that went deeper than deep tissue. I found so much joy and fulfillment helping people who really needed the gift of healing.

And though I facilitated healed for others, I subconsciously didn't believe that I deserved love. And so, before I really spent time building a career, I magnetized a relationship with someone who would treat me the way I thought I should be treated.

Little did I know the depths of self-hatred I possessed, or how that self-hatred would ripple out to cause so damage for the people I loved most.

Soon after meeting Fred online, visiting him for a long weekend in Texas and falling hard for all of the things he told me, I decided he'd be the one I could create attractive and intelligent children with. So, I decided to move in with him.

I went home to Tennessee, packed up my few belongings and sent them on a Greyhound to be at my new home when I arrived. Then I flew back to Texas to begin our new life together.

I knew I wasn't head over heels in love, but I subconsciously thought I'd never find all of things that most people expect in a relationship.

No one gets all the things, right? Although, I wouldn't even know how to identify those things. I'd certainly never seen them in a man, and I was unlovable after all.

I became pregnant 5 days after moving in with him. Of course, I didn't know that until a few weeks later, but according to my calculations, it took less than a week. By then, I already knew that I didn't like the way he kissed, and there wasn't really much passion. But who was I to want more?

When he told me we should get married, I said no. More than once. I told him we could have a little ceremony, just the two of us, to solidify our situation, and that would be good enough. I'd have his child, but it would be *my child*. Someone to love me and for me to love. I've wanted to be a Mom since I can remember, and nothing else seemed more important.

During my pregnancy, I was very ill every day, all day. Since this was my first, I thought this was normal, and that it would get better eventually. So, I'd lay around in our apartment and puke my guts out, becoming weaker and weaker by the day.

Because of this, I wasn't able to work. Fred worked part time as a security guard and was attending college, so we had hardly any money. I tried my best to stomach what we could afford - beans, rice, tortillas and occasional stews he would make. At least he cooked for me.

I began to notice I was starting to feel depressed, but couldn't let my family and friends know how quickly things had gone downhill. Then I'd have had to admit that maybe I hadn't made the best decision.

He was nice enough most of the time. We enjoyed talking about tiny houses and container houses and living off the land etc. Always conversations about the future. It annoyed me that he'd speak Swahili with his friends when they came over. I didn't know what they were saying and something about it made me feel...vulnerable.

I had conversations with their girlfriends occasionally, but we really had nothing in common. I acted like a chronically ill medical patient anyway, constantly weak and nauseous, so I wasn't much fun to be around.

Eventually, I realized I should try getting out of the apartment. Maybe a change of scenery would help. I found a group for new Moms and made a friend quickly. She was sweet and we'd go for walks together. I didn't last long on our outings because I was so weak, but that was okay because I didn't have money to spend anyway.

She and her husband drove new cars, had a nice home and seemed happy. It was so nice to have a friend to hang out with, but I was ashamed that I never had money to spend if she wanted to go out. Being sick most of the time, I couldn't do much anyway.

At Christmas time, Fred and I visited my family in Tennessee and had a little get together to celebrate our non-marriage. I was thrilled to be with people I knew and loved, and it gave me a boost of energy. He, on the other hand was noticeably quiet, faking smiles with my friends' husbands and wishing it would end. I kept right on pretending that I was happier than ever. It helped that my Mom cooked food I could keep down at times, and that I was surrounded by love.

When we went back to Texas, we moved to another teeny one bedroom apartment in a more isolated area of town. We had one car that he found through a friend...something about a salvage title and parts. He had to use it every day at 4:00 p.m. to go to work overnight. That meant that if I wanted to go anywhere in town, which was equally far in the opposite direction, I had to be back by 3:00-ish.

Otherwise, he'd send aggressive messages to my phone worrying he wouldn't have the car in time. But that's only if I was able to scrounge up gas money to go somewhere. Forget about getting anything to eat. Buying any food or drinks were considered a complete waste of money, and I would get yelled at if he found out I did.

Occasionally, I'd get money by going to get something he asked me to pick up, and save a few dollars to pocket. I'd get myself a coffee or snack and then I'd make sure to get rid of my receipt before I got home. He could still be sleeping when I got there. But even when he woke up, if anything seemed off, he'd ask me a million questions as if I was guilty of something, and then storm out to work overnight. It was lonely being home alone each night, but also peaceful.

After telling me at one point that he had another class to take before he could graduate, eventually he admitted that he wasn't able to graduate at all. It was my fault for distracting him and never allowing him to study. He ended up getting a job as a supervisor at a logistics company and that was as far as his dreams could carry him. If only I had made it possible for him to succeed, he could have been happy.

I didn't gain any weight during my pregnancy until the last 3 weeks. I looked like I was carrying a watermelon and could fall forward at any minute. Yet, I had a perfectly healthy baby boy on his exact due date. A true miracle given what I know now. I gave birth at a birth center, and was home 5 hours later.

It was a fast and rough delivery, so I couldn't do much afterwards, other than stay in bed for weeks. A close friend from childhood who was a doula, traveled 4 hours to come stay with me those first few days. If it wasn't for her, I'm not sure I would have been able to get the care I needed.

Fred didn't have a clue how to hold our newborn - despite my begging for us to take birth and parenting classes. I held my breath as he nearly dropped the baby on more than one occasion. Soon, he was back to his routine at work and I'd spend a lot of time walking around the apartment complex, and waiting for my life to start.

But my son was my joy, and was such a good baby. He was so smart, ate and slept well and was the exact baby doll I longed to care for. He'd get so much attention when we went anywhere as smiled and waved at everyone. They'd all say, he's SO attentive! I knew he was an old Soul.

I tried to have my new Mom friend and her husband over a couple of times. All of us even went out to eat together when our babies were a few weeks old. I was so excited that I could feel like a normal person for a couple of hours. Yet, it backfired when Fred became upset that I was having a conversation with my friend's husband.

Fred's jealousy became such an issue that I began to go further inside of myself, making myself small, avoiding eye contact with anyone of the opposite sex in order to keep him from getting angry.

When my son was about 8 months old, and had begun walking, I went grocery shopping by myself one day. This was a luxury because whenever we went shopping together, Fred would ram the cart into the back of my heels.

As I pushed the cart around the store, I began to feel a familiar feeling. I became so weak, that I was slowly folding in half and couldn't stand up straight.

I said out loud "you've got to be kidding me." I nervously grabbed a pregnancy test, and left the store. I went across the parking lot to Arby's. I wanted a private bathroom with a lock.

I went into the bathroom and took the test. It was positive. At 29 years old, I still wondered how this had happened. We'd only had sex ONE time in the recent past, and I was on my period! That was bad enough, now this?

I began sobbing and sat in the car for a long time wondering what to do. When I went home and told him with tears that I was pregnant, he put his head in his hands, so disappointed in me. He said we'd just abort it. I told him I couldn't. That I couldn't live with myself knowing our son would have had a sibling that I'd taken away from him.

Fred wasn't happy with this and stormed out. One night soon after, we got into an argument. I was doing laundry in the community laundry room when a guy walked in. I gave a quite polite wave, but I didn't make conversation because I knew the rule. I hardly made eye contact.

That evening, Fred, the baby and me all had a rare evening at the pool. Wouldn't you know, the guy from the laundry room walked by and waved. That was it.

It was 20 questions, and back to the apartment. Before I knew it, he was holding me up against the closet wall with his hand around my neck. His fist was raised an inch from my face and his eyes were black holes of wrath.

Our son toddled into the room crying as Fred choked me. When he felt he had instilled enough fear he let go. Shaking and crying, I shoved past him. As I grabbed our son, the car keys and my purse, the seconds seemed like hours. But I was able to drive away.

By some miracle I still had his debit card in my wallet from getting groceries. I went to the ATM and took out \$400. Almost all that was in the account. Then I went to a hotel on the other side of town.

I tried to pay with cash, but I had to leave the card on file just to secure the room. The person at the desk assured me that nothing would be charged or held, and that I could use the cash when I checked out. Well, that didn't happen.

And so, Fred sent me a text to let me know he had someone sitting in the parking lot of the hotel all night waiting to tell him when I left. I believed the terrorizing things he said to get me back, and life went on.

I want to pause here and point out that when you read these words and ask yourself why I would go back to him, I agree it sounds crazy. In the words and the sentences here, it's obvious that this was a very bad choice.

But relationships between "abusers and victims" aren't words and sentences. They are energy. Very powerful low vibrational energy - the desperation of two individuals grasping for love. A dominant energy magnetized to a weaker one seeking to be enveloped - erased. We are willing victims to this tragic dance, but we don't understand it like that in the moment.

Domestic violence happens gradually, as small shovels are used to dig small ditches in the brain, which gradually flood and become massive trenches. Brain washing, or brain gouging as I'd call it, causes a person not to be able to identify obvious warning signs and abuse in the moment.

And all of this is nothing without shame. Did you know that shame is the lowest vibrational frequency that exists? Shame and then guilt. This merry go round of guilt and shame is passed back and forth as we play out these roles. All because we have forgotten our true nature as Souls, who are pure Love all along.

These feelings are then perpetuated by society, by family, by anyone who perceives us as weak. They believe we, as "victims" should be able to leave at any moment. But that's simply not where our brains are at that time. We have brain damage.

Yet, in the role of victim, we recognize and empathize with the brokenness of others. That leaves us feeling that when the person in the role of "abuser" changes their behavior for a short time, we shouldn't give up on them.

In reality, they are only imitating empathy. Then, the confusion grows as they claim that *they* are the victim. They say things like "You're all I have. I feel so bad about myself and I don't know why I act the way I do. Don't leave me. I might kill myself..." When we understand the internal battle that's happening, it's easy to see how adults continue to behave this way.

So, we begin to think that they've changed for good. We say to ourselves, "Everyone has the right to be able to better themselves. If they've changed, good for them. I can forgive, forget and get on with the life we planned now."

In 2013, I gave birth to twins. I labored on a mattress on the floor all day in our room. One of the Moms from a playdate group I was in came and brought me some food. It was humiliating, but I was grateful.

Another friend from the same group agreed to take our oldest son while I was at the hospital giving birth. So, we dropped him off that evening, and headed to the hospital. When a nurse checked to see how far along I was, she quickly had to hold her hand between my legs to keep the first baby from coming out.

We waited 45 minutes for the doctor, and when he arrived they were born quickly, three minutes apart.

Fred spent the entire birth with his black pea coat on, hands in his pockets, walking back and forth aimlessly as if he were waiting for the bus.

The babies were taken to the incubators on the other side of the room, and when I asked him to take pictures and send them to our families, he refused. I can't repeat the comment he made next.

I spent the next 12 hours waiting for the epidural to wear off, which was unusually long. He layed in the chair beside me the entire time. Not to help me, but to sleep. He didn't visit the babies in the nursery. He didn't speak.

Three months before the twins were born, Fred had lost his job. He wouldn't allow me to tell anyone, and he never found another one. I realized I had to figure something out. When they twins were 3 weeks old, I applied for a remote job. I had him drive me to the interview, with all three kids in the back seat. He drove them in circles in the Starbucks parking lot as I met with the owner of the small company inside.

I tried to portray myself as a calm and bored Mother looking for a something to keep me busy. I couldn't let on how badly I needed the income. I got the job. So, I started working in the empty spare bedroom in the small house we rented.

One day I as I worked, I suddenly heard screaming. Newborn screaming. I ran to the living room and found one of the babies on the wood floor. Our 1 year old had picked him up from his swing and dropped him. I immediately called 911.

While the EMT's were on the way, Fred made a comment about our child that, again, I cannot repeat.

After that incident, I called my Mom and told her about our current situation. She said we could move in with her. That meant the end of my part time work from home gig, because the job required me to be in Texas.

My Mom and her brother drove from Tennessee to pick us all up and put our few belongings on a trailer. We all spent a long time trying to clean up the trash and that Fred had left all over the place over the few months we lived there.

We lived in my Mother's house for almost 2 years, and during this time he wasn't around a lot. He'd go to Texas for weeks at a time. He'd started driving a truck for a friend who offered him a regional gig in South Texas. Meanwhile, I was buried in diapers and attempting to chase one baby as the other crawled in the opposite direction.

At this point, I filed for custody in Tennessee. Faced with the possibility of having to pay child support, his behavior changed drastically. And so, he convinced me to give it another shot with him. This included a trip, just the two of us to San Antonio where things were as peaceful as can be. Relaxing even. And so, back to Texas we went at the beginning of 2016.

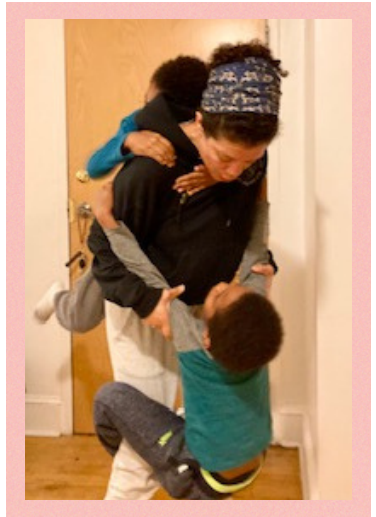
I finally left him for good about 6 months later. The twins were 2, and my oldest was 4.



July 2015. Ages 3 & 1



April 2017. Ages 4 & 2



December 2021. Twins age 8



May 2019. Ages 6 & 4

A few months before I left him, I was invited to be in a friend's wedding, and Fred and I both went to spend the long weekend with the wedding party. This was a rare and exciting event in my life.

He was so charming that people came up to me all weekend and asked "where did you get him?!" Funny... considering we'd been together for 5 years. Didn't they notice I'd "gotten him" somewhere between now and three kids ago?!

No, they knew very little about him because I had all but disappeared since I met him. And any time I shared a glimpse of our life, I lied about what life was really like. But something about that weekend sparked a curiosity in me.

Did I want to be happy, did I deserve all the things my friends seemed to have? "Yes," I thought, "I do want to be happy." So, I decided I'd have to gain some independence. I applied for a job as a remote customer service representative and got the job.

Our oldest was in Pre-K at a school next door to our apartment, and I found an in-home daycare provider for the twins. I slowly gained confidence in myself. But I wasn't able to become independent just yet, because the agreement was that I had to pay for daycare on my own. It cost the same amount that I made each week. But it didn't stop me. At least I had contact with other adults now, and I'd figure it out from there.

This is the moment that things took a turn for the worst.

When Fred began to see me shifting from a shell of a person, he became even more controlling. He was angry all the time, would leave more often and terrify me whenever he was around. A brooding silent darkness that could snap at any moment.

We never had enough food, especially when it came to snacks for the kids. So I decided I'd secretly apply for food stamps and child care assistance. But I found out that since we weren't married, I'd have to file for child support in order to receive any government assistance. I begged the women helping me with my application not to make me file for child support. But she couldn't.

He was enraged when he found out what I had done. I begged him to move out of the apartment and said that we'd figure everything out. He couldn't believe that I had gone behind his back and tried to do something to help myself and the kids. He also seemed shocked that I was really rejecting him.

He began to make threats saying he'd take me off our lease, take the kids and our only vehicle away, and "make me walk to a homeless shelter." So, I had to get creative. I borrowed a friend's Rottweiler and began locking myself in the bedroom with the dog during the day as I worked, and having him sleep under the bed at night.

Fred was intimidated enough to sleep on the couch. But he did take my name off of our lease.

When I called the police, they said there was nothing they could do. They couldn't force me to leave, but they couldn't force him to leave either. So, if I wanted out of this nightmare, I would have to be the one to go.

On October 17, 2016 he became so angry that I decided it was time to make a run for it. It was around 10:30 in the morning, and I messaged my boss and told her I had to go - indefinitely. She knew a little about the situation, and graciously told me to do what I needed to do.

I didn't feel at all courageous as my body shook, trying to gather some diapers and legal documents and make it out the door before being trapped.

The bedroom was in the back, and I'd have to get past him to make it through the front door.

As I approached, he stood appearing like a lion only feet away from me. Suddenly, I felt like I was transported through a vortex as I watched him lunge toward me, and trap my head behind the open door and the wall. I quickly realized this was a vision, and so I dropped what I had and ran out the door as fast as I could.

I got into the car, locked the doors and called the police. I knew I wouldn't be able to do much to help myself and the kids without our identifying documents, and I was afraid he'd hide or destroy them. So, I still needed to try to get them before leaving.

I sat shaking in the car as he casually walked outside and around the corner, then back towards me smirking, and into the apartment. I had already sent him a text saying the police were on the way. Once they arrived, I held tightly to the keys and we all made our way inside. I explained why I was leaving. They didn't give me any privacy. I had to speak in front of him.

Inside the apartment with these three men, I again began to gather diapers, an extra pair of shoes for the kids, birth certificates and social security cards. As I did this, Fred and the two male officers sat making jokes and laughing at me for being "so dramatic."

He played the role of calm, cool and collected Father, as if I were packing for a trip to the playground and he didn't feel like helping.

"I don't know what she's talking about...she's crazy. Why would she be scared of me?"

I got back in the car before the officers left, and sped to pick up my kids at school and daycare, looking over my shoulder praying he hadn't somehow caught up with me. It seemed like forever waiting for my son to be brought from his classroom to the front office, but eventually, I got him and we left.

Next, I picked up the babies from daycare. Then I started googling in the car, trying to find a shelter. The one closest to us was full. But they referred me to another one about 30 miles away.



PART TWO

I'll never forget arriving at the shelter. It was dark by the time we arrived, and I had to push a button on a call box to be let through the gate. It was scary sitting in the unfamiliar gravel driveway off of a barely lit road waiting for the massive wooden gate to open. By the time we got there, it was around 8:00 pm.

There was a man who waved me in and kept a lookout to make sure no other cars or people were around as he waited for the automatic gate to close. Then, a kind but serious woman approached and invited us into the back door of the shelter, an old home added on to in different stages.

I had a baby on each hip as my other little one clung to my leg. And so began our new life. The relief I felt to be in a safe place with my kids was immense. But it also felt like a step off of a cliff into the unknown.

But there are only two motivators when it comes to decision making. Love and fear. Instead of fear, I chose love this time. And now, I'm so grateful to be at the point where I choose love *every* time. That doesn't mean the fear disappears, but we can courageously move in the direction of love anyway.

And it must be practiced over and over again. This is how your confidence grows, and how you make it far enough to encourage others who are in a similar situation.

You slowly gain more respect for yourself and learn how to create peace and harmony in your life, one step at a time.

The day before the twins birthday, after living at the shelter for about 2 months, a man arrived at the front door. He told the staff he was there to drop off donations for all of the children. The staff quickly identified him as Fred, and the whole place went into lock down.

They called the Sheriff's department. By the time the Sheriffs arrived, he was gone. However, our location was known, and the safety of all of the shelter residents was compromised. So, we had to leave.

I frantically packed our things, which was quite a bit at that point because we received lots of gifts. I was escorted by the Sheriff to the highway and drove into the night. The shelter staff had been calling other places we might be able to go, but everything was full. We ended up at another shelter 4 hours away.

I still thank our Angels that our car didn't break down on the way. We arrived at the next shelter in the dark, and it was pretty scary. By then, we were so close to the US-Mexico border that we had to go through a border patrol a checkpoint to get there.

This shelter was less like a home, and more like a cold institutional building you'd imagine most places like this to be. But we had our own bathroom.

We had mandatory meetings at 8:00 pm each night, without children. So, if your kids weren't asleep, you had to leave them alone in the room and hope for the best. This wasn't ideal for 3 toddlers in a room with 2 sets of bunk beds. Meals were strictly timed, and there wasn't enough silverware or cups. The bed bugs came next. They got so bad that we had to leave.

Luckily, I was able to get temporary cash assistance, and so we moved into a cheap apartment. But this didn't help my attempt to stay hidden. Within weeks, I received a large bouquet of flowers on my doorstep with a note that said something to the affect of "I know where you are," with a plea for me to come back.

I called the police and made a report, establishing a long string of harassment reports from then on. Once we had been there for a month or so, I received notice that he had filed for visitation with the kids.

I had to drive 4 hours north where the previous shelter was and go to court. He was awarded standard visitation, holidays and extended summers. He also was not required to show any proof of income, and had to pay almost nothing in child support each month.

After leaving Fred, I started experiencing night sweats, to the point that I had to change my clothes and sheets every morning when I woke up. I also experienced shaking and twitching to an embarrassing degree.

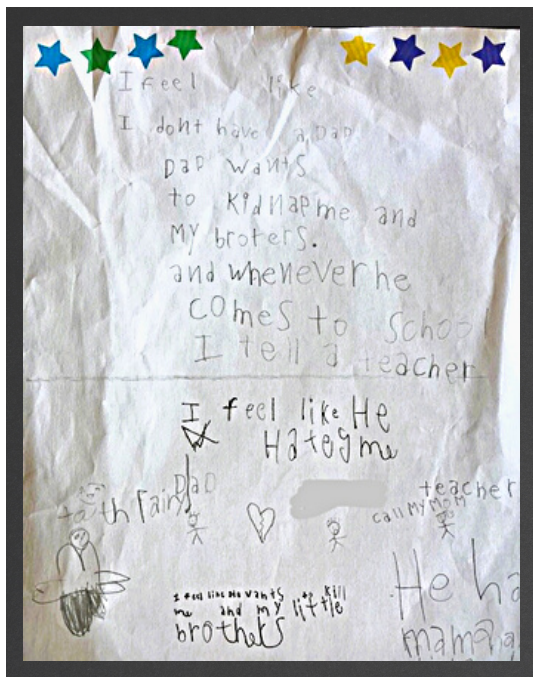
I attributed this to trauma and hormones. I found a good OBGYN who tried to help me address my hormones, but it didn't help.

At one visit I told him that I had wanted to kill myself a few days earlier, and so he upped my antidepressant and suggested I find a therapist.

Now I know that this is what they call withdrawal, and long term damage of the body after many years of being drugged. I also know that there were many more opportunities for me to get pregnant with the twins than I ever knew about at the time. The only rape I actually remember was after they were born. Even then, I was dead inside. It was easy to pretend it didn't happen.

Once visitation began, I drove the kids on the grueling 4 hour drive there and back every 1st, 3rd, and 5th weekend of the month to see him. I was ordered to "make the exchange" as the courts like to call it, close to where he lived at a police station. The kids didn't seem happy whenever I picked them up, and I knew they were exhausted, not to mention way too young to be in the car that long every other weekend.

But I didn't know exactly what was going on with them. Summer came, and it felt like hell. Fred didn't allow me to speak to them, or see them for 45 days. This was against the court order, I was supposed to have video calls with them daily, and 2 weekend visitations. Yet I couldn't enforce it.



My oldest wrote this at age 5. (I covered one spot where he had written his name.)

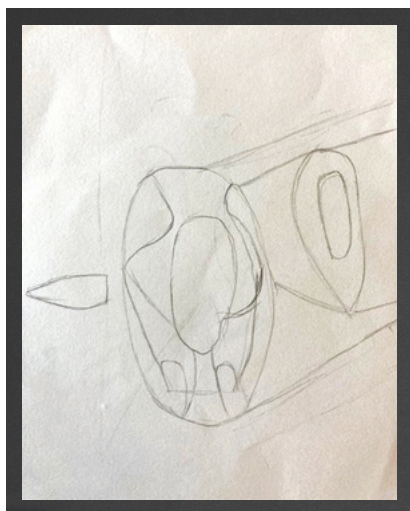
It says: "I feel like I don't have a Dad. Dad wants to kidnap me and my brothers. And whenever he comes to school, I tell a teacher. I feel like he hates me."

Then he labels his drawings:

"Tooth fairy...Dad... Teacher...Call my Mom. I feel like he wants to kill me and my little brothers. He [hates] Mama."



This was drawn by one of my younger kids at age 7. The barrel of a gun with a bullet leaving it.



I knew that if I showed up at his door, it would make it worse for the kids because he'd be enraged. They'd be so confused when I took them back to him again so soon. So, I cried often and tried to distract myself the best I could.

At the end of the summer when I got them back, they were different. They had lost something inside. They looked dead in the eyes. I had a very hard time getting them into a routine as they were terrified to sleep alone, and would be up all hours of the night.

They regressed with potty training and habits. My 5 year old said he'd been forced to wear diapers all the time. Other than that, they didn't speak much about what went on there. But I knew something was terribly wrong, and I began to fight to for sole custody.

Many months into the process, I eventually learned that there's no such thing as "sole custody" in Texas. Even if one parent is awarded primary conservatorship, the other parent will always have access, even if it's through supervised visitation.

As the years passed, I didn't get anywhere even though I was in court every couple of months. I had a lawyer I'd spent thousands on (with the help of my family) who didn't seem to accomplish much. The kids also had a court appointed lawyer, who made things worse for them. She claimed I was making up the fact that the kids didn't want to go see their Dad.

She never believed that they would cry and cling to me for days before they had to go back to him.

At one point, I simply refused to send them. I didn't know what else to do. He'd show up at my house with the police, and I'd refuse. Then he'd have to leave. The police would tell him this was a civil matter and he'd have to go back to court for an enforcement order. After several months, he did, and I was ordered to take the kids to their lawyer's office so they could see him and get "reacquainted." She told me when I arrived that this was the "worst case of parental alienation she'd ever seen."

I had to leave the kids there for an hour and then I could come back and pick them up. I had done my best to explain to them that I didn't have a choice in this matter. They were so scared. I took them inside the office and she ushered them into a conference room alone. Fred arrived in the lobby before I left, and the kids' lawyer came out. I stood frozen trying to appear calm. Before coming out the room, she had the kids line up behind her, telling them she had a surprise. She stepped to the side and they saw their father. They were stunned that this was her "surprise."

He put his arms out and smiled asking for a hug. The twins awkwardly hugged him while my oldest hid behind her and yelled "No! No! No!" She attempted to comfort the kids saying "Mommy will be back in just a little bit! This is your Daddy. He misses you so much!" Then she told me to leave.

I went to the car sobbing, and left the parking lot as instructed.

When I returned, I made sure he left before I went in. When I did, the kids' lawyer informed me that she had let Fred take the kids to Sonic, just down the street. All three of them had milkshakes in their hands. I was furious because she had told me, and I had told them, that they would stay at her office.

When we got into the car, one of the twins made a comment about how they had brought a milkshake back to the office for their older brother. I asked what they meant, and they said that he had stayed at the office with the lawyer. He had refused to leave with Fred.

That wasn't enough for her to determine anything was wrong.

As time went on, the visitation resumed and he continued sending me threatening emails, stalked us regularly, and showed up to harass the staff at their school.

When the school Principal showed up as a witness to one of our custody hearings to speak on the children's behalf, and testify that they were terrified whenever Fred was around, the judge would not allow her to be heard. This is a well respected woman, incredibly well educated, with over 30 years of experience in school administration.

She was very involved in the classrooms, and often witnessed odd behavior and conversations between my oldest and other children whenever he would return from the weekend with his dad. It was apparent to her that he had been exposed to things that children wouldn't otherwise know about. She observed that there was a clear difference in his personality for several days after visitation each time.

The Principal had Fred escorted off the school property by security when he showed up to a school lunch event. She witnessed my oldest cling to me, crying and shaking because he was afraid he'd be taken.

Fred made a scene and threatened the Principal when he was told that our son was uncomfortable and didn't want to see him. Afterward, he even filed a lawsuit against her. The toll he took on that woman is something I wish she never had to endure. This wasn't the first time a school administrator had spoken up about Fred's behavior.

About a year earlier, one of the kids' daycare supervisors wrote a letter to the court detailing the harassment she received from him as he tried to get information about their schedule, records, and where we lived. He threatened and harassed her to the point that she told him if he contacted the daycare center again that she would call the police.

Her letter was never considered in court.

After years of this back and forth, living in fear and heartache, I still didn't know exactly what was happening to the kids because they were too scared to talk about it. In 2020, I petitioned the court for them to not have to spend the night with him anymore.

The judge decided that if I didn't want them to stay overnight, I would have to sell the house I had built less than 2 years earlier, and move back to San Antonio where he lived. I did it gladly, though I knew that this was a negotiation of the children's safety - a game. Either the judge thought the kids were safe with Fred, or he didn't. But instead he gave us a compromise. If I agreed to give up our home and take them out of their school, the kids could spend a little less time in hell.

In October 2020, we moved to San Antonio and lived in an Air Bnb for a couple of months, using up the small profit I had gotten from the sale of the house. My intuition told me that we would not be staying in that city. I looked for apartments occasionally, but I could just feel that we wouldn't be there long enough to rent one.

The kids were still upset whenever they went to see Fred, even though it was only during the day. Then, after we had been there for 2 months, on December 10th 2020, one of my younger kids disclosed the nature of the abuse they had been experiencing. They had seen Fred 4 days earlier. They haven't seen him since. Not because they've been protected by the system. But because I won't let it happen.

As soon as my child disclosed the abuse, I called child protective services and the SAPD, and they conducted an “investigation.” That means that they interviewed the kids in a formal setting through a forensic interview with strangers. Needless to say, the kids didn’t feel safe telling these people their darkest experiences.

Their dad had told them that if they spoke up, he would kill me. And so, with every attempt to report new information that they told me, it didn’t help. Because CPS and the police never heard it directly from the kids.

When I asked the kids if they were comfortable with me telling this story, they said yes.

I carefully asked them, “So, for instance if a friend of yours comes up to you at school and says that his Mom heard this story, and they wonder if it’s about you, you won’t be upset?” They all answered no, and said they want people to know what he did.

They may not be able to speak to intimidating adults directly about the pain they’ve been through, but they still want their Mom to advocate for them.

This is not exploitation. Exploitation is what they have been through all their lives, and being expected to be questioned about it by people they have no reason to trust.

They understand that there are many other families and children who have gone through what they have. Those are the people they want to share this with. That is their hope. That they not feel alone. That they connect with others who truly know what it feels like to not be protected, and not be believed.

They did report one incident in the forensic interview, something inappropriate Fred would do as punishment for when they "misbehaved." CPS accepted this as within parental rights rather than child abuse. The case was quickly closed as unfounded. Yet, the courts still wonder why the kids don't want to speak about even more severe abuse in detail.

Still unwilling to send my kids back to Fred, I took them to Austin to get further away from him. I had to figure out what I was going to do once I got there. My Mom helped me get an apartment, for financial reasons and so that my name wouldn't be on the lease.

During this time, Fred was able to return to court in the county we had previously lived in 4 hours away in South Texas, and gain full custody of the kids. I was notified ahead of time that there was a hearing to address his petition to modify the custody order. However, I consulted with a lawyer who told me that the previous county no longer had jurisdiction because none of the parties lived there.

So, my choice was to risk missing the court date, hoping it wouldn't give him more access to the kids, or risk giving up our location. I chose the obvious one for me. And though the outcome was worse than before, I refused to be intimidated by this decision.

Soon after getting settled in our Austin apartment, I discovered even more details about the abuse from the kids. It was so extreme that I called the Austin police at 11:00 pm one night. Four officers arrived at our apartment, came in and took the report. I communicated with them the details of our ongoing crisis, and the reason why I wasn't following the court order.

The Officers seemed very concerned, and even brought in a counselor for me to speak to. (She wasn't legally allowed to speak with the kids directly.) They observed that the kids were safe and well taken care of, and said they would add this new information to the initial investigation in San Antonio.

Even while hiding the kids, I made sure to drive them from Austin to San Antonio on two occasions. Once, directly to meet with a CPS investigator, to allow him to take photos of the kids to prove they were safe and healthy.

This person told me that even though the investigation had been closed as "unfounded," that he would never be responsible for returning the kids to their father. Fred had begun to show his rage in his communication with the authorities involved.

His aggressive behavior and language were on display as he was losing his control.

The second time I drove the children to San Antonio, it was straight to the Police SVU headquarters to further report new details the kids disclosed to me. It was also to have additional proof of their wellbeing. I knew it wasn't long before he tried to claim I had kidnapped them.

Despite him having primary custody, no one at the police department took the kids from me. I emphasize this because, though systems in this country have failed these children, there are individuals who have used their own internal compass. They realize that they could not knowingly – undeniable proof of abuse or not – put the kids back in this situation.

Because CPS and law enforcement in two cities knew exactly where we were, and would not enforce the custody order, Fred became increasingly agitated. He sent his usual harassment emails, and I did my usual disregarding. Until I began to notice strange things happening at our apartment complex.

Men, a handful of men with odd behavior that would hang around the pool area, stare at us through the windows of the pool clubhouse, position themselves at the corners of the parking lot, park in the same predictable areas, stand with phones to their ears, elbows dramatically pointed from their bodies – as if they were the not-so secret service.

I began finding my locked mailbox door hanging open, even after I'd close and lock it again. After a couple of months of this, and some counter spying...learning their routines, locating the apartments they were staying in, and investigating license plates that were registered to fake names Fred had used in the past, I had enough.

I had another vision...a very violent kidnapping. I knew that there were enough people in place to successfully grab the kids at any moment and disappear faster than anyone could catch them. So I began to plan our escape. We had to leave the state.

I didn't call the police because I had lived this long enough to know that a "crime" hadn't actually occurred. I couldn't prove that Fred himself was stalking us, or that our apartment had been broken into while we were gone, as I suspected it had.

One night after a couple more days of slipping in and out of the apartment as carefully as possible to take our dog out, the kids were asleep and I was up late working. All of a sudden the fire alarm began going off. And I knew instantly. I knew exactly. There was no fire and I wasn't leaving.

I put the kids in my closet with blankets and shut the door so the alarm wouldn't be so loud for them. I went to the window of our 4th floor apartment and watched. People shuffled out of the building sleepily.

No smoke, no real concern. After a long 30 minutes or so, the fire trucks had left and it turned out someone had pulled the fire alarm.

Chaos, confusion and fear are powerful weapons. But we can learn to pause and respond with reason. It may not look reasonable to other people. But once you *finally* learn to trust your intuition, you understand on a deep level that you should follow it no matter what.

The next day, I went to a local domestic violence agency and was able to obtain a document that allowed me to break my lease because of our safety risks. I submitted the document to the leasing office manager that day, and planned to leave within a few days.

I begged her not to let anyone else know that we were leaving, as I suspected there was someone in that office that was motivated to know what I was up to. She promised, even telling me that her sister had experienced this before and she understood.

Yet, the following afternoon, I received a threatening email from Fred telling me that if I was planning to take the kids across state lines, I should fear the consequences. I called a neighbor in the complex and told her I had to leave immediately. I asked her to clean out the apartment for me and told her that she could keep all of the furniture, sell what she didn't want, and keep the money. She was scared and sad, but agreed.

Over the next few hours, I made quick trips to the car, carefully taking one or two backpacks and re-useable grocery bags at a time to avoid looking like I was packing for a trip. When night came and I was ready to go, I loaded up the folding wagon I used to carry groceries to our apartment in the elevator, and took everything I could. Some clothes, stuffed animals, and a few other keepsakes.

The kids stuck close to me as we scurried to get in the car as quickly as we could in the dark without being noticed. Then, I started driving in the direction of New York. My guidance had been telling me to go to New York where I would receive help. It was a long trip, as we were followed by PI's in dark cars with very conspicuous sunglasses and cameras covering their dash boards. One of the female investigators even approached my car, yelling at me aggressively when I dared to stop at a hotel.

The kids and I had barely gotten out of the car, and I yelled at them to get back in, turned around and sped away as fast as I could. I found a dirt road a few miles away and went to work peeling the inside of the doors off, looking for any type of tracking device. (I'd had already gotten some guy to check the underside of the car for 20 bucks.)

After coming up with nothing, somehow I was able to lose the people chasing us. They were probably just going to tail me a while longer without being seen. But I had to keep going.

We arrived in New York late one night after living in the car for nearly a week, and went straight to the YWCA as a friend had recommended. They didn't have any space at their domestic violence shelter or the surrounding shelters, so they put us up in what they called a hotel for the night.

It was so run down and dirty, we couldn't even use the bathroom. We slept on top of the comforters and got out as soon as daylight arrived. Then we were sent to a shelter about an hour away. It was in a remote area in the woods, and had plenty of space for us.

It was a welcome place to finally breathe. We lived there for several months, and then moved into a transitional apartment on the property. During this time, I was able to do a little work, helping a friend her with her online business, and the kids were enrolled in school. As residents of the shelter, we didn't have to provide the typical documents that would compromise our safety.

Yet, after several weeks in the transitional apartment, it was clear we had been found. We were chased as we drove, stalked at the playground, and lived the familiar terror.

I filed for a protective order (which I hadn't done in New York yet because it would give away our location.) The order was granted.

I had applied for this many times in Texas, without success. So, this was a big accomplishment. I was then able to put a copy on file at the school, which made us feel slightly more secure.

That is, until two Sheriffs showed up at my apartment door (on the shelter property, which is confidential, even from law enforcement.) The staff wouldn't confirm that I was there, but were advised that there was a warrant for my arrest out of Texas. They asked me if I would like to cooperate and speak to the Sheriffs.

I said no at first, and then agreed to let them see that the kids were safe and healthy. Fred had already posted missing persons posters online...using photos of the kids from years ago. It was a terrifying moment, but since I had advocates present who knew mine and my kids right to safety, I took the risk.

He was in the habit of reporting me as a missing person so often that my Mom and I would have to call the missing persons line at the police department and confirm that I was still, in fact, not missing. They would say "we thought so...thanks for calling." The Sheriffs looked around, made a note that the kids were safe and well, and told me they wouldn't arrest me. Yet, my new lawyer advised me to find a new "safe space."

So, I packed up the kids again, threw out our first ever real Christmas tree, and headed to another town about an hour away.

It was a pretty nice house-like place, and there were only a few people there. The bedroom doors had locks with codes, and everyone was able to make a Christmas list.

I had bins filled with food I'd gotten with my food stamps that I brought, and was able to find room for it all. I was sad that it was Christmas, and this was the second one we'd spend in a shelter. The first time was in 2016. This was 2021.

It took weeks for Fred to be served with the protective order. During the initial (virtual) hearing, my lawyer requested that the kids have the chance to speak to CPS again regarding the abuse.

The request was granted, and I was glad they'd have the opportunity to speak up for themselves again, because they seemed more comfortable with the idea now that they were older. It was always a horrible feeling to have to ask them, but they seemed to understand that the reports I made weren't being taken seriously enough.

On December 22, 2021, I received a call asking me to bring the kids to the social services office for their interview. I showed up at 4:00 pm as planned, along with a DV advocate from the shelter, and the kids were given juice and a snack and taken to a back room.

I was taken to a separate room and asked a bunch of questions. The final question was "*who has custody?*" I reluctantly said "he does."

At that moment, one of the interviewers nodded her head, looked at someone outside the window behind me and motioned for him to come in. It was a Sheriff who told me I was under arrest, and promptly cuffed me.

I began to sob and stated everything I could to get him to understand that my kids were going to be alone and that I had been hiding them to protect them. I repeated over and over "This is wrong! This is wrong!" I cited that 70% of family court judges believe abusers and that this is how we have ended up here. None of it mattered. He smirked as if he'd just caught a big fish.

By this time, it was getting dark out and I was escorted to the back of the Sheriff's vehicle. Once I got to the Sheriff's office, I was taken to a bench and handcuffed to it while a bunch of uniformed men made their comments about how I was a fugitive from justice. Such an odd charge isn't it? Fugitive FROM justice.

I closed my eyes and went into a meditative state, grateful that this was part of my regular practice, easily accessible to me no matter where I was. When the Sheriff finally took me through a door and into the jail, he thanked me for being so calm. I thought this was a stupid comment as if I'd done him a personal favor. But now that I've seen crazy, I understand why he said it.

Once I was showered in front of a female corrections officer, changed into stripes and had my photo and fingerprints taken, I was escorted to booking.

Looking like an exhausted deer in headlights, I did my best to position myself like a dude, slouching back in my chair, legs wide open as if I could take anyone that looked at me the wrong way.

Especially after being handed a pamphlet that said the jail didn't tolerate rape, and that any assaults should be immediately reported. The CO tried to reassure me by saying "don't worry, it doesn't actually happen here." I laughed and said "I'm sure."

I answered all of his questions, including "have you ever been arrested or convicted of a crime before?" When I answered no, he asked again "no I mean have you ever been arrested anywhere, like outside of New York?" I said no. He looked shocked.

I didn't understand why at the time. But I came to find out I was one of the only people there that was a first-time offender. I was embarking on an interesting journey, one where I got to see the inner workings of another system. And one where I got to experience human beings in another new way.

I would become friends with drug addicts, gang members, murderers, and others people who simply made one bad choice after another. People like me.

My kids spent that night in the social services office with strangers, and my Mom flew in from Tennessee to get them the next day. Needless to say they were very confused and upset when they were told I had gone to fill out paperwork and never came back.

Despite these circumstances, I am eternally grateful that my Mom was able to get the kids. Because of our protective order, they were not given back to Fred. If I didn't have a willing family member come and get them, they would have gone to foster care.

While they were with my Mom, the kids would tell her bits and pieces of what they experienced with him. The things that they told her are now included in her temporary emergency custody order.

Still, this isn't seen as an "official disclosure." If and when the kids tell things to someone close to me, it is viewed suspiciously by the courts. After all these years people still want to believe I'd give up my life, and make my kids give up theirs, over and over again just to make Fred look bad.

After spending 103 days in jail, I was granted release.

I went before a judge in order to request my release based on the fact the NY cannot hold someone with an out of state warrant beyond 90 days. Apparently, it gets drawn out with paperwork.

At court, I was ordered to be released by the judge, and was thrilled. But I still had to go back to the jail to get processed out. I waited for several hours, as CO's and Sheriff's apparently chatted about keeping me. They finally let me change into the clothes I'd arrived in, gather my belongings, and then escorted me to the door that connected the jail to the lobby of the Sheriff's office.

I walked through it only to be re-arrested on the other side. Another Sheriff was waiting for me there. He didn't tell me I was under arrest. He simply took my things and told me to come with him.

I had a friend waiting to pick me up in the parking lot. A half hour turned to 2 hours, and 2 hours turned to four. At that point, I asked to make a phone call and told her not to wait any longer. This was going to be a while.

Eventually, I was handcuffed and placed in the back of a squad car, which was much more familiar to me now. We took the drive to the courthouse where, since it was after hours, a new judge arrived. He refused to arraign me based on the fact that I had just been released earlier in the day. I smiled inside, hoping it was finally over.

But it was April Fool's day after all.

I was taken back to the Sheriff's office and sat for 4 more hours. As it began to get dark outside, several people continued calling every single judge on the list of about 4 pages of names to find one who would do the arraignment. Because my lawyer and his office had alerted most of judges in town that the Sheriff's office was "judge shopping," they all refused.

After this, it was clear the Sheriff's department was beginning to feel humiliated. They printed a piece of paper and told me that they'd received the new document they needed from Texas to re-arrest me.

They put me back in the car, still cuffed, and drove me to see the same judge from earlier in the evening.

As he viewed the exact same document as before, he sided with the Sheriff's department and agreed to do the arraignment. Yes, this was the original warrant that I had been arrested on, that had been included in my paperwork all along...that the judge had already seen earlier that day. But here we were on a Friday night.

That meant, in order to get in front of the judge that had released me, I would have to wait until Monday.

Back to jail. As I re-entered the dorm, my friends were so confused and upset for me. They were already shocked at how long I'd been held for my supposed crime. They tried to comfort me by telling me that this was grounds for a law suit. That felt hopeful, but I couldn't imagine having the energy to spend any more time fighting.

The reason I was "arrested" again - though never informed or read my rights - is because the warrant out of Texas was still active. Yet Texas never extradited me.

I was finally released the following Monday, April 4th, 2022, and the judge that had released me on Friday was not happy that I'd been taken back to jail.

It was quite the embarrassment to him as well, it seemed. Sheriff's and Judges embarrassed....my kids and I severely traumatized.

By the time I arrived back at jail to be released, all of the CO's and the Sheriff's kept telling me that they were no longer allowed to arrest me – at all, even once I was out on the street – with an active warrant. They were stunned.

They told me they had never seen anything like this and had no idea how I could be allowed to walk out, but as Maya Angelou said, "I {had taken} it to a Higher Authority."

You better believe I ran out the front door this time. My friend had sent a taxi for me when she found out I'd be released for sure, because she lived an hour away and couldn't make it there in time.

She invited me to stay with her and she and her family became my family as I worked out how to move forward.

After several weeks, my Mom brought the kids back to New York and it was incredible to be reunited. It was also very difficult, as they all exhibited regression due to the trauma. It wasn't easy, but we worked hard to get them back to a place where they could feel safe.

It's not easy to imagine all the uncertainty they endured while I was away.

They knew where I was. I couldn't let them think I had just abandoned them. They understood why I had been arrested. They knew that I had broken the law trying to protect them.

Today, Fred still has legal custody of the kids. And they are still with me. He's not allowed to see or contact any of us according to the protective order, which by default...gives me custody. What a mess.

Remember that interview the kids were taken in for, the day I was arrested? Well, I was never told what happened there. Only that they may have mentioned some things to indicate they had been abused. As usual, it "wasn't enough." And so the New York investigation was again closed as unfounded.

A couple of weeks ago, two of my kids requested to speak to my friend, whom they call Auntie, privately. This is the friend we were staying with. Each of them shared things with her regarding their abuse that they have not even shared with me previously. These things were so concerning that she immediately called the child abuse hotline in NY.

They refused to take the report because "New York is not where the crime occurred."

Next, she called the child abuse hotline in Texas. They refused to take the report because “the children are no longer in Texas.”

A few days after that, the kids had a virtual call with their new lawyer whom they have told me is “awkward and creepy.”

Though I know they don't feel comfortable with her, I encouraged them to share their feelings and experiences with her so that they could advocate for themselves. (Something we've been told is the ONLY way for these allegations to be considered in custody court.)

I also sent her a message before they had their video call with her, asking her not to pressure the kids into sharing their location or the name of their school.

I communicated directly with her to remind her that we are part of the New York state Address Confidentiality Program, created for people in this exact situation.

The kids know that we are in a safe location and that we don't share our whereabouts with anyone. This has been their reality for years. Yet, she spent most of the call asking them where they were living, and lots of details about their school, teachers names etc.

She made them distrust her more. They weren't going to tell her a thing about what happened to them.

There is much debate in the court system and among advocacy groups over whether these "children's lawyers" are acting in their clients' best interest.

Fred petitioned the courts to have the protective order vacated and so we had a virtual hearing this month.

In her first unannounced interview with the kids at their school, the kids each told their lawyer multiple times they did not want to see their father. They said they wanted to live with their Mom and never go back to their dad's.

She detailed these conversations at our hearing, and then immediately said, "I've spoken to Families Together, and they are prepared to do a counseling session with the kids and dad this afternoon."

The Judge never responded to her and denied the motion to vacate the protective order, which means we will have a trial in November.

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This is where the story, completed in June 2022, officially ends. Please read on for updates since then. Thank you for holding space for us.

The Light in me sees and honors the Light in you.

Updates:

Harassed by the kids' lawyer for information on our whereabouts for months, the kids and I continued to hide. (Without going into more theories, it had become clear that she was not acting as an impartial party.) We spent the summer in the city of Niagra Falls, sheltered there by domestic violence laws, enjoying a summer of adventure and being one with nature.

In August, I decided that a life of hiding couldn't last forever, and took them back to the town we were living in with my friend, so that they could attend school with their friends. Their lawyer visited them occasionally which was stressful for them, but they continued to tell her they didn't want to return to their father.

On November 18, 2022, an in-person trial was held in New York to determine if the temporary order of protection would be renewed. We would have to prove all of the allegations detailed in the protective order. Because all CPS investigations were still determined unfounded, the order was not renewed.

After not seeing the kids for two years, Fred was able to pick them up from school that afternoon and took them back to Texas. And so begins the next part of the story. One of perseverance, determination and surrender.

August 11, 2023

The children are still with Fred in Texas. I am able to speak to them regularly through video calls which I am so grateful for. I have made much progress in the last 9 months doing deep healing work and learning more about surrender and forgiveness.

I am sharing my gifts with many people virtually and in person as new opportunities continually open up for me. I have learned the Universal truth that what we resist persists, and understand that my job is to allow the Universe to heal and fix everything that is imbalanced as the result of the unconscious choices I have made in this life.

I now understand that no amount of physical, mental or emotional suffering can change the essence of who we really are.

There are those of us who chose to break the patterns in our families that have been happening for generations. Our Souls agreed to this before we incarnated here. It's a big job, but we are here to see it through.

We have the support of the entire Universe because the plan is that not one person can be left behind. The illusion will be transcended by everyone when it is their time to awaken. Every Soul is dearly loved by God, Source, the Creator no matter what they appear to have done in this plane of existence.

That is what true unconditional love IS. As Spirits, our true nature is that of perfect wholeness at all times. We are one with God, nothing more than individualized expressions of his Love.

The choice we have each made to separate ourselves from that Love is one we made with our free will. And so when we awaken and begin to remember, that is when healing can happen.

I know that this story has a happy ending for all involved. One where every single person in their own search for love - who did the best they could with what they knew at the time - is able to find peace.

I look forward to sharing the miracle of healing as it continues to unfold.

Get help.

If you are in a Domestic Violence situation, please contact the National Domestic Violence Hotline at:

1-800-799-7233

<http://www.thehotline.org>

If you do not get the help you need, please contact your local Catholic Charities, YWCA, & shelters.

You may also chat with us live on our website, and we will do our best to connect you with resources:

earthschoolcommunity.com

“ I am a Starseed, wanderer I am.

I am here on the earth-plane for a reason.

That reason is not insignificant.

That reason is a powerful one.

I am activating these laws of Light, laws of
Life now.

These laws are timeless and are the laws of
energy, Light and power.

**These laws reverse experiences of
powerlessness.”**

~ Steve Nobel

About the Author



Sirona West is an Akashic Records Reader, Healer & Spiritual Mentor. She helps people to transform their trauma, clear their energetic blocks and follow their passion to discover their purpose in life.

Sirona discovered her passion for healing in 2011 when she decided to pursue a career in Massage Therapy. She then found the Akashic Records in 2020 after meeting a Healer who specialized in helping people with food allergies. Sirona had been diagnosed with a life threatening allergy to wheat in 2018, and was very hopeful that she could be healed. After just one session with Daniela, Sirona's wheat allergy was completely gone.

Sirona began hearing more about the Akashic Records after that experience and felt called to study more about them so that she could help other people experience healing the way she did. A few months later, she joined the Akashic Academy and quickly learned that Akashic Records Reading & Healing was something she had done in many lifetimes.

Sirona even discovered more about the cause of the onset of the wheat allergy through the Records, which was trauma from domestic violence and a long custody battle as she tried to protect her three children. Sirona continued to study, meditate and gain a higher perspective of her difficult experiences by discovering more about her true nature as a Soul and allowing Spirit to guide her through a healing journey.

Through the process of writing *Stand in the Light* and channeling messages from Spirit, she learned that the purpose of the book is to save lives. She began sharing her story to help other women avoid attracting and staying in violent, destructive and even deadly relationships. The most important message to her at the time was one of Self-Love.

However, as she has continued to do her own healing work daily, she has come to understand that the purpose of the book goes even deeper. Her Guides have taught her that when they talked of “saving lives” they are referring to Souls. Saving Souls from the illusions of this world, such as the illusion of separation. And so, along with self-love, forgiveness is the main message of this story - forgiveness of others, and forgiveness of Self.

In order to truly live a life of love, peace, unity and abundance, we must understand that every person and experience is here to teach us about ourselves and help us to remember.

Our true nature can only be discovered by going inward, by connecting to our Soul and through surrender. By practicing daily self love and forgiveness, Sirona has been able to experience the true expansive freedom in life that she is passionate about sharing with others. She is now in a beautifully supportive, Divinely aligned relationship, co-creating with other Healers and is grateful for all of the ways she gets to help others to discover their bliss.

In addition to Akashic Records Readings & Healings, Sirona offers 12-week 1-1 Spiritual Mentorships, group programs, free discussions & meditations through her online community Earth School Community.

She also co-hosts a Podcast called *Path of Least Resistance*, which emphasizes the themes of love, peace & unity as well as a Live show called *Soul Sistars* about connecting and co-creating with Soul family and fellow Starseeds to help heal our Earth.

To learn more, access free resources, connect with other Starseeds, Healers & Lightworkers, please visit earthschoolcommunity.com.

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