THE BIBLE OF SPIRIT

You Are Not Broken. You Are Becoming.

A RETURN TO THE SACRED INTELLIGENCE
THAT GUIDES ALL HEALING AND LIVING.

ILANA RIDGE

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This book is dedicated to YOU

The seeker. The rememberer.
The one who is ready.

Not to be told what to do, but to feel what's always been true.



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Preface

A Message to the Reader

There is no single path through this life.

No ultimate formula. No right way.
Not in religion. Not in spirituality. Not in leadership.
Not in food, nor parenting, nor healing, nor awakening.

The world is full of voices telling us how to live.

"The top 5 ways to lead." "The three things to eat to live a long life." "The ten steps to enlightenment." "Twelve ways to improve your communication." "Five habits to change your life." "The 28-day challenge …"

It's overwhelming. And it's misleading.

Because the truth is: your path is yours alone.

This book is called *The Bible of Spirit.* Not because it offers fixed commandments or ultimate truths, but because it honours the one thing that is universal:

Your spirit's right to choose.
The most sacred truth is this:

No one can choose for you.
Your divinity has never needed permission.
It is free to walk on its own.

Every modality, be it Buddhism, Christianity, Hinduism, Judaism, Islam, Taoism, Indigenous spiritualities, psychology, coaching, trauma work, energy healing, Kundalini, etc., carries truth and can offer wisdom. But when we become attached to any single path, when we cling to belief instead of embodying truth, we lose our way.

The real invitation is this:

Take what resonates.
Discard what doesn't.
Test everything through your own being.
Find your own path.
Create your own rituals.
Develop your own faith.

You will find contradictions in this book. Principles will be offered and then unravelled. That's not confusion, it's liberation. This book is not here to be followed. It's here to wake up what is already alive in you.

We each carry memories, and stories. Some painful, some ecstatic.
We each walk through shadows, initiations, and miracles.
And we each come here for one reason: to experience.

No one is doing anything *to us*.

We are not here to judge or rescue each other from our experiences.
We are here to walk our path.
To return home to ourselves.

You'll notice the Spiral is referenced throughout this book.
It's not just a metaphor. It's the shape of becoming.
A living rhythm. A return path. A structure of transformation.
But never a system to be mastered.
It meets you where you are, not where you 'should be', and brings you home, again, and again.

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The title came before the book.

I didn't think of it. I was told it would be called *The Bible of Spirit*. Not by a person. The name came through in the way some things do when you're listening deeply, not from the thinking mind, but from a place beyond it.

Some might call this place Spirit. Others might call it intuition, inner knowing, or divine guidance.
We don't need to label it.
What matters is: it arrived.
Clearly. Undeniably.
And I listened.

I began calling it BOS as a shorthand. But the full name, *The Bible of Spirit*, was always there, from the start. It came through whole. At the time, I only knew it would be called that and somehow that was enough. The book knew its name long before I knew mine.

Over time, the meaning revealed itself. This book was never

meant to be a 'Bible' in the traditional sense: no dogma, no doctrine, no commandments. But it was meant to be sacred. Not because of what I wrote, but because of what moved through me as I wrote it. BOS became a book of living principles. Not rules to follow, but reflections to feel. Not the 'word of God', but the return to the divine, inside of us.

The spiral structure emerged on its own. Stories looping. Patterns repeating. Insights deepening. It mirrored exactly how transformation happens: not in a straight line, but in a living rhythm of return. BOS is written in that rhythm.

The spiral on the cover is more than a decoration. It's a message. A sacred geometry that lives in nature, in bodies, in breath. The parchment background recalls old scriptures, not to mimic them, but to reclaim something deeper.

To say: **Your 'sacred' is yours.**

You don't need an external system to validate your spiritual experience. You don't need a priest, guru, teacher, or tradition to tell you what is holy. What you feel, what moves you, what opens your heart, *that* is sacred.

It's about personal sovereignty. A reminder that *your* way of connecting to the divine is just as valid as any institutionalised path.

Your way is worthy.
Even if your path is messy, nonlinear, full of contradictions. Even if it doesn't look like someone else's. It's still *worthy*.

The Bible of Spirit dissolves comparison. It dissolves spiritual hierarchy. It reminds us that transformation and healing move in spirals, not straight lines. Different for each one of us, unfolding

according to its own rhythms and reminding us to trust the path, even when we can't see where it's going.

And Spirit never needed a gatekeeper.
There is no one between you and Spirit. There never was.
You were never meant to earn it, prove yourself, or be deemed worthy by someone else.

That's why this book is called *The Bible of Spirit*, and why it exists at all.

Part One

The Descent

How We Forget Who We Are

Spiral 1

Unseen and Unchosen



The original wound. Early identity. When love became conditional and staying safe meant becoming invisible.

Lived Narrative

I was not born into trauma. There was no singular moment of catastrophe. I was not abused by my parents. I was not neglected. And yet, I arrived in this world and quickly began to disappear.

Some of us vanish in silence, not because no one is around, but because no one sees what matters most inside us. That's the kind of wound I carried. Not a gaping, dramatic rupture, but a subtle erasure.

I was the third child. Not by accident. Not unwanted. Planned. A girl after two boys. And with my arrival, the family dynamic shifted in ways no one could articulate.

I arrived with sensitivity. With perception. With a deep aware-

ness for which I didn't yet have words. And within a few short years, three fractures would shape me:

- A moment of deep shame.
- A disorienting experience in a hostel.
- The sudden death of my father.

Each event would be survivable on its own. But together, they formed the beginning of my Spiral: a descent into forgetting, adaptation, and the quiet pain of not being fully seen.

This is how my pattern began. Not with drama. But with the slow, soul-warping ache of being unseen.

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I had two older brothers who shared a room. I had my own room because I was the girl. My father was a teacher and sports coach. My mother was a physiotherapist. That's the surface story.

But what I remember first is not safety nor play. It's fear.

Nights were the worst. I would lie in my bed, barely breathing, staring into the darkness that felt far too alive. I saw specks, tiny flickers of movement in the air. Like pinpricks of light. Sometimes they shimmered. Sometimes they moved and sometimes they hovered. And I didn't know what they were. But I knew they were real.

And then there were the warriors.

In my child's mind, they were tall, armoured, with huge swords that had axe-like blades at the ends. They stood outside my bedroom door, motionless, waiting. I was convinced that if I got out of bed and walked beyond the threshold of my room, I would be sliced in two.

It would take me what felt like hours to work up the courage to sprint to my mother's room. But when I got there, already trembling, terrified, already halfway dissolved by then, I was met with irritation. Frustration. Dismissal. "You're being silly." "There's nothing there." "Go back to bed."

I remember one night she picked me up and, out of her own exhaustion, marched me room to room through the dark house. "See? Nothing here. Nothing hiding. Nothing at all." And then she dropped me back into my bed like a burden returned.

That was my first real experience of not being believed and the descent into my spiral began.

And it stays in the body. That kind of dismissal. When you're young and already so unsure. It doesn't just sting in the moment. It becomes a thread in your nervous system. It becomes a pattern: doubt what you see, suppress what you know, never trust your truth.

Years later, decades, actually, I would realise what those lights might have been. What those figures were.

Energy. Guides. Presences from beyond the veil.

I wasn't hallucinating. I was seeing. But I had no language to describe it. No framework to understand it. No one to tell me "Yes, I believe you. Yes, that was a real experience."

Even now, I see energy sometimes. Around trees. Around people. Especially in moments of vulnerability or pain. I don't see auras like some people do, but I see something behind a face. A flicker beneath the surface. The masks people wear and the pain and sadness underneath them. Their untold stories.

Back then, I only felt terror. Now, I understand it was perception without context. Sensitivity without safety.

And the wound of not being seen and not being chosen didn't end there.

Even as a child, I began to trade my truth for approval.

It wasn't a conscious decision, it was survival. The moment I realised that being liked, being included, or being seen required giving something up, I complied. Not because I wanted to do so, but because I didn't know I could say "no".

That's what happened the day I gave my body away for twenty cents.

Not out of desire. Not out of curiosity. But because something in me believed that saying "yes" would make me belong. It wasn't violence. But it was a violation - of my own knowing. My boundaries. My safety.

And this is how it happened...

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1978

The smell of fresh pine needles permeated the crisp morning air. I was crouched at the edge of a small clearing, surrounded by mammoth pine trees swaying lazily in the early morning breeze.

Twigs cracked and pine needles crunched as the footsteps approached. The footsteps accelerated and became more urgent the closer they came.

The whoosh of a passing car interrupted the sound of my racing heartbeat.

7 o'clock was the agreed time and I was desperately hoping they had forgotten. I knew if I was caught, I would be in serious trouble, but there was something inside me that had negotiated and got me here.

The footsteps stopped abruptly, and a nervous silence was broken by the screech of an Indian Miner.

I flinched and that was when they saw me. They closed in on me. Three faces. I remember their glistening, beady eyes, and bright-red flushed

cheeks. I wasn't quite sure whether that was from being embarrassed, the anticipation or simply the brisk walk. They avoided eye-contact and looked around uncomfortably.

Cole, boasting a head of ginger hair, held out his freckled hand, palm up. In it rested 20c. Being 12 and the eldest of the three, he was the spokesperson and said, "OK, so take them off".

My mind was screeching NO! whilst another little voice reasoned that this was OK, and I had promised. Promises must not be broken. If I say yes, they'll like me more.

My throat closed, but I made a very feeble attempt to back out and managed to croak out a stutter, "m m my M M M Mom will k k k k kill me if she f f finds o o o out".

"Oh, come on" sneered Cole, gaining confidence, "oh come on, 20c just to see, no touching, we just want to see what it looks like".

My mind raced and all I could hear was the beating of my heart. I knew this was wrong, so I forced the image of my Mom out of my mind and imagined what I could buy with 20c … mmm, a Bar One, Coke and 5 Wilsons Toffees. My mouth started watering at the prospect. Harmless! And they will include me from now on.

I took a deep breath, pushed the feelings of guilt and shame away into the recesses of my mind and promptly pulled down my panties. I went down on my haunches, leaned back on my fisted left hand, and opened my legs. I felt quite stupid, humiliated, yet simultaneously strangely elated, and kept my thoughts on the 20c in Cole's hand.

I looked up into the sky, trying to avoid looking at their faces as they took a long look at my immature 5-year-old vagina.

John, the youngest and most shy of the lot, turned beetroot red, spluttered something incoherent, stepped back, tripped over a root, and fell flat on his back, winding himself. He had this startled, wild look in his eyes. Still panicked and gasping for breath, he picked himself up and sprinted away like the devil was chasing him. An intense feeling of

shame and rejection swept over me as I tried to understand what his reaction meant.

By this time, Cole and Theo were covered in pine needles, leaves, and dirt after rolling on the ground in fits of laughter at John's reaction. They cupped their hands around their mouths and clucked loudly like chickens in the direction of the fleeing John.

As guilt washed over me and tears stung at my eyes, I quickly pulled up my panties, and quietly backed away, wishing the ground would open up and swallow me. Stepping backwards slowly, I stood on a dry twig and the loud crack drew Cole and Theo's attention to my attempted departure.

Cole lunged at me as I turned to run. I screamed, but only a pathetic dry croak came out. Only the ants would have heard that, I thought.

Cole tackled me effortlessly, pinning my little legs down, whilst Theo grabbed my hands and stretched them above my head. I thrashed around, tried to kick, bite, ANYTHING. My throat was still too dry to produce anything loud enough to resemble a scream.

Cole sat on top of me to keep me pinned down. As he lifted his fist above my head as if to hit me, he lowered his face until it was millimetres from mine and whispered loudly, "You fucking little snot nose, SHUT UP or I will hurt you. Your Mommy can't help you now, can she?" I could feel warm drops of spit slide down my cheeks as he sneered, "we are not finished with you yet".

Petrified, I stopped struggling, nodded and I squeezed my eyes shut tightly. I figured that if I could not see, perhaps it might make everything go away. Theo slowly let go of my hands, ready to grab me at any sign of fighting. I felt Cole's weight shift off me and his hands reach for my panties. "If you move or shout, I will hurt you," Cole reminded me.

"Hey man, take it easy, she's only 5 — SHIT! Can't you see she's scared?" piped up Theo. Sanity seemed to be returning. "We only wanted to look. If she tells, we are dead. Dad will ground us forever."

"I paid 20c and I am not finished looking", defended Cole.

"OK bro', but jeepers, be nice about it or I'm leaving …," said Theo.

Still with my eyes shut tightly, I felt Cole tugging at my panties. Cole pulled them past my knees roughly and left them around my ankles. I bit hard on my tongue to stop from making any noise. The metallic taste of blood filled my mouth. He took my knees in his hands and pushed my legs apart forcefully.

I felt exposed, stupid, guilty, dirty, ashamed, helpless, and very ugly. I heard Theo and Cole sniggering, giggling, and whispering to each other.

After what felt like hours, Cole and Theo stood up, threw the 20c onto the sandy ground next me and left without saying another word.

After some time, I pulled up my panties, picked up the 20c with my grubby hands and started my walk home. I pushed all the thoughts and feelings about what had happened into a very dark, deep place in my mind to help me forget.

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In that moment, the Spiral deepened: Pleasing became the path to connection. Shame became the shadow that followed.

This is the chapter of my life that shaped the Spiral. The moment when presence first fractured. When I learned that visibility could be dangerous, that knowing could be dismissed, that truth, unshared, could become shame.

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My mother never told me I was supposed to be a boy, but she treated me more like one than a girl. Not out of rejection, but because life was hard, money was tight, and raising a girl with long hair took effort, and pretty dresses were a luxury that we

couldn't afford. I wore my brothers' hand-me-downs. I played their games. I learnt to be like a boy.

I often felt like the one on the outside, the imposter. I wasn't the rebel. I wasn't the genius. I was the "good girl", the peacemaker, the one who stayed quiet and said "yes" so that others could be okay. And what lurked underneath that quiet? A question that I didn't know how to ask: *"If I was really seen … would I still be loved?"*

Even as a child, I knew things no one else did. There were moments when I knew something was about to happen, even though I had no words for it. I carried that knowing like a secret that had no place in the world around me.

The knowing landed gently in the moment, but it stayed somewhere beneath the surface: unspoken, simmering, waiting for a voice I didn't yet have.

I learned early how to feel the space between words. How to sense the real emotion beneath the tone. And from that space, I absorbed something unspoken: being different means being difficult. Best to smile. Best to adapt.

And somewhere along the way, I started absorbing the idea that being easy to manage, saying "yes", would lead to being loved …

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1979

I'm alone. Waiting for Cole to arrive. I've got that same feeling of apprehension as I did before I exposed myself to the boys — my heart is racing, but my eagerness to please is overriding my ability to think or do anything sensible.

It's the middle of the day. I'm inside one of the dormitories of the hostel. Its holidays so the hostel is eerily empty, and everything sounds hollow and echoes. It's a bit creepy and fear prickles the air around me. Everything is white and very bright. Two rows of metal bunkbeds, their linen made up to a military standard of impossible precision.

I have butterflies in my stomach. I am waiting for Cole, as instructed. My mind is screaming, knowing what's about to happen is wrong … again, but my need to be included and to feel seen, coupled with a small amount of curiosity, overrides my internal voice of reason.

Cole arrives. He instructs me to take off my clothes. All my senses are going crazy and saying "no", but I suck it up and ignore everything. I take off my clothes as a 6-year-old would, clumsily. I lie down on the bed, stiff as an ironing board. Cole takes off his pants. I see an erect penis with some smatterings of pubic hair, and I am now terrified about what's going to happen. I freeze and close my eyes, hoping that, if I do this, I will become invisible and be safe.

I feel him open my legs abruptly and he climbs on top of me. His starts rubbing himself against my little vagina and repeatedly tries to penetrate me. It feels sore, but it's OK: I'm a big, brave girl and I really want to please Cole, so I'll be included when we all play together. I press my eyes closed harder and try to vanish. I'm in another world, not there, and curiously, whilst I'm trying to escape mentally, my body starts to feel something physically. Time stands still. At some point, Cole comes to his senses and stops. He mumbles something and leaves me there, naked, lying on a narrow bed, unable to articulate my feeling and thoughts to make sense of what just happened.

I feel confused. I feel incomplete: there was this nice sensation that never got to complete itself. I decide that I must have done something wrong for him to leave just like that. I am bad and nobody wants me, even my little body isn't good enough. I am ashamed. I know I can never tell anyone, especially my Mom or Dad. I just bury it and try not to think about it again.

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And in that moment, the Spiral deepened again: More pleasing became the path to connection. More shame, and a larger shadow, followed.

I learned that if I became the one who didn't need much, the good one, the adaptable one, the one who made it easier for others to stay exactly as they were, I would be loved.

But it came at a cost.

Because I've been the one unseen and unchosen, I've made it my life's work never to let someone else sit in that space alone.

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Spiral Anchor

This was the first loop of forgetting:

Being good keeps me safe. Being good keeps the peace. Becoming who they need me to be keeps me loved. Disappearing in plain sight keeps me safe.

But peace bought through pretending and self-erasure is not genuine peace. It's quiet suffering. I didn't disappear by hiding, I disappeared by adapting.

It began long before I knew the words. It began when presence fractured, and I confused protection with love. I didn't disappear because no one was there. I disappeared because the parts of me that showed up were met with disbelief, irritation, or dismissal. That loop became identity.

I didn't just confuse protection with love. I confused approval with love. If I behaved, I was praised. If I was helpful, I was noticed. If I made life easier for others, I was valued. So I began performing for connection, believing that love was something I had to earn, not something of which I was inherently worthy. This distortion didn't just shape how I saw others. It shaped how I saw myself.

And at the heart of it was this choice: when truth and safety were in conflict, I chose safety. I chose approval. I chose to be good, even when it hurt, because pleasing felt safer than being real.

BOS Truth Thread

When presence feels unsafe, the child adapts. But presence is never truly lost. It waits to be remembered.

Adaptation is the body's natural survival mechanism, but over time, adaptation becomes distortion.

The Spiral doesn't have to begin with rebellion or trauma. It can begin in silence. In disappearing.

And the deepest forgetting can be this:

We can begin to believe that what we are is too much, too sensitive, too unworthy to ever belong.

So we perform goodness to feel safe.

We confuse being good with being lovable.

We trade our authenticity for approval, not because we are weak, but because we are wired to survive.

That trade becomes a loop. That loop becomes an identity.

But presence, the real kind, waits quietly underneath it all.

Not to punish. Not to shame. But to remember.

Spiral Reflection: Have You Known This Too?

- When did you first know something that others couldn't see?
- Have you ever hidden parts of yourself to stay safe?
- What has your body learnt to suppress?
- What have you done to stay chosen?
- Who were you before you adapted?

The Remembering

We disappear so quietly, even we forget we're missing. Until something breaks the silence, and the Spiral begins to turn.

The child in me still wants to be seen. But she no longer needs to disappear to be safe.

Because love is no longer something for which I perform. It's something to which I return.



"YOU CANNOT FEEL CHOSEN BY OTHERS
IF YOU DO NOT FIRST CHOOSE YOURSELF."

Spiral 2

The Patterns We Inherit



We don't just inherit genes. We inherit survival.

Lived Narrative

We don't just inherit eye colour and body shape. We inherit coping strategies. We inherit silence. We inherit belief systems built on survival and substitution. And we inherit roles, long before we know we're playing them.

I was born into a house of archetypes. Each one of us carried and performed a role, not by choice, but by emotional assignment. The ghost. The rebel. The bridge.

In my family, we all found our roles early:

- My eldest brother: Etienne, the invisible one. Quiet, genius, internal. He became the watcher. The carrier of intellect and internalised shame.
- My middle brother: Leon, the rebel. Loud, volatile,

expressive. He carried the chaos we couldn't name. He screamed so we didn't have to.

- And me: the peacemaker. Soft, sweet, high-achieving. I became the one who read the room and kept the energy intact. The translator. The soother. The one who smiled so no one would cry.

Before I had the self-awareness or words to describe my identity, I was already being shaped by who they needed me to be. I was unconsciously adapting, pleasing, performing, and surviving in response to what others required of me.

And so began the Spiral of patterning: internalising automatic responses, not from my essence, but from my environment.

These patterns became my way of being — a layering of behaviours, beliefs, and emotional responses I formed to survive, belong, and feel safe — long before I realised I was doing it … until they eventually needed to be unlearned, or spiralled through.

The voices we internalise are not just parental. They are ancestral, cultural, systemic.

And sometimes, we inherit more than patterns. We inherit pressure. The weight of unlived dreams. Sometimes it's the unfulfilled desire: a parent who didn't become a doctor pushes us towards medicine. A father who missed the national team turns childhood sport into a test of worth. Other times, it's the weight of legacy: a family of lawyers expects you to follow in their footsteps. Or a generational business that must be inherited, carried, completed.

In each case, the story isn't chosen, it's inherited. And we carry their longing, their pride, their fear of failure, and mistake it for our own. And if we don't comply, we risk rejection and subtle exile and feeling guilty for disappointing them. So we adapt again. Not just to be good, but to fulfil what they couldn't. And

in doing so, we forget who we were before their story was written over ours.

That fracture is quiet, but it runs deep. When we live someone else's dream, we slowly disconnect from our own. That misalignment begins to ache, a quiet unrest that no success can fulfil. So we try to fill the emptiness with achievement, status, material things … but it never quite works. Because it was never our dream to begin with.

And that's the true cost of inherited pressure: it fractures us from our own purpose. It replaces meaning with performance. And eventually, the soul starts whispering, not with words, but with a gnawing sense of discontent. A life full of effort but strangely empty. A quiet ache that nothing external can soothe.

We absorb energy and instruction before we even have language. And in that silent transfer, we begin the Spiral of forgetting.

My family didn't sit me down and say, "This is who you must become." But their bodies spoke. Their silences roared. Their expectations hovered like ghosts in every room. And my nervous system listened.

I was taught how to be by watching what got praised, what got punished, and what got ignored.

Around the age of eight, I was coerced into something I didn't understand. It involved a boy older than me, and my middle brother. I didn't have the language to describe it. I didn't know how to make sense of it.

I just remember the feeling: being left out, unseen, confused, and desperate to belong.

So I did what was asked. Not because I wanted to. But because I didn't know I could say "no". Because silence was already my language. Because pleasing was already my safety.

Another violation. I never told anyone. And no one ever asked. That's the part that left the deepest mark.

This wasn't just a personal moment, it was an inheritance. A legacy of blurred boundaries, emotional avoidance, and a system where the truth felt too heavy to hold. It reinforced what I was already learning: that love required giving something up. That my body was currency. That pleasing, even at the cost of myself, meant being included.

I folded that memory into my body. Into the part of me that was already learning to disappear.

That moment didn't just live in the past. It followed me. It reinforced a deeper pattern: that connection required giving. That to be seen, I had to be useful, agreeable, available. Even with my body. I confused being wanted with being loved. And for years, I tried to fill the emptiness with approval, performance, and intimacy that never truly touched the place that ached. I learned to read the room before I even learned to read.

My mother, an incredibly strong, loving woman, held the family together after my father's death with courage and resilience. But she also moved into survival mode, and part of that meant emotional containment. We didn't talk about what happened. We didn't talk about how we felt about what happened. We carried it in our bodies instead.

And so, our roles hardened. Etienne disappeared into his head. Leon exploded into his body. And I – I became very good at being what others needed. Not what I needed. Not what I truly was. Just what kept the system balanced.

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I come from a long line of helpers and servers. Women who gave. Women who stretched. Women who stayed. Men who built. Men who provided. Men who struggled to feel.

My mother was a physiotherapist who worked with cerebral palsy children. She had healing hands, literal magic in her fingers. People would come to her from across town, from far away, because she could touch what others could not.

She was also emotionally unavailable and private. Her way of coping was to avoid what felt too hard by holding onto relentless positivity. Not unkind, but pretending, evading, always smiling through it all. Hiding beneath a kind of protective positivity, even when her heart was heavy.

I know now that she was simply exhausted.
Carrying generations.
Holding a husband who held too much himself.
Raising three children.
Working.
Carrying the grief of a life she hadn't chosen.

My father was a schoolteacher, a strict disciplinarian, a respected sports coach. He loved rules and boundaries and wanted perfection. He was fair, but also distant. I would catch glimpses of his love in the way he lived for coaching rugby, the way he built his train set, and how he'd give a cuddle. But affection wasn't his native language.

So I became fluent in reading between the lines. I learned to anticipate, to adapt, to translate energy into meaning. I knew when to disappear and when to please. I could feel disappointment before it was expressed. I could sense approval before it was spoken. That was my genius: born not from self-awareness but from survival.

These are the patterns we inherit:

- Emotional absence mistaken as normal behaviour
- Duty mistaken for devotion
- Performance mistaken for worth

We don't choose these patterns. But we live them, over and over again, until we remember they are not ours.

For me, one of the deepest inheritances came not through what was said or done, but through what was lost.

My father died when I was seven. One day he was there, and the next, gone. No explanation a child could understand. Just religious phrases, an adult silence, and the void. We didn't talk about it. We didn't grieve aloud. My mother went into survival mode. My brothers each found their own ways to disappear. And I — I became the capable one. The one who didn't cry. The one who adjusted.

What disappeared with him wasn't just a parent. It was softness. It was safety. It was emotional presence. And in its place, a silent inheritance took root.

In the culture in which I grew up, men were expected to be strong, stoic, and unemotional. Vulnerability was weakness. Tears were shameful. So emotional unavailability wasn't just a personal wound, it was a cultural script passed from father to son and etched into daughters, too.

I now believe we inherit more than behaviours. We inherit unresolved pain. Emotional repression. Generations of men who were never allowed to feel. And women who were taught to hold it all.

His death didn't just leave a gap. It passed on the patterns he never got to heal.

But even perfect roles begin to crack. Mine did. Slowly, quietly, and then all at once.

I carried these roles into my own adult life. Into relationships. Into parenting. Into work. I over-functioned. I over-gave. I silently begged for someone just to see me. Choose me. Tell me I didn't have to hold it all.

And that longing, that quiet plea, became the engine of my transformation.

Because once you see the pattern, you can't unsee it. Once you name the inheritance, you can decide whether to carry it forward or lay it down.

This is the gift of the Spiral: It shows you the story you've been living. And then it asks you if it's still true.

The answer, for me, became clear: No. It was time to remember who I was before I began repeating what I inherited. It was time to return.

Spiral Anchor

This was the second loop of forgetting. Another turn in the Spiral, deeper this time.

Adaptation means survival.

I learned that being what others needed was safer than being what I was. But survival isn't the same as wholeness. And remembering began the moment I questioned who I was apart from the roles I performed.

In my family home, perfection became currency. The more perfect I was, the safer I felt, not because I truly was, but because approval had become a replacement for connection.

Perfectionism became my silent loyalty: to the system, to my father's approval, to a life where I hoped being flawless might finally make me feel worthy of being loved.

BOS Truth Thread

You do not have to carry what was never yours.

Family roles are not failures. They are compensations. They are how the system survives when truth is unspoken.

But the Spiral brings you to a deeper truth: adaptation is a gift … until it becomes a cage.

Perfectionism is not presence. It is fear, dressed as diligence.

It masquerades as love, but it's rooted in a fear of rejection.

You do not have to earn your place through flawlessness.

You were never meant to be a performance.

Spiral Reflection: Have You Known This Too?

- What roles have you inherited that no longer feel true?
- What emotional patterns have you absorbed without question?
- Which parts of your identity have been shaped for others' comfort, not your own?
- Where do you still perform to stay loved or safe?
- In what ways has perfection become a mask, a currency, or a silent loyalty in your story?
- Who might you be if you laid the uniforms of your roles down?

The Remembering

We inherit more than stories. We inherit survival strategies disguised as identities.

But the Spiral doesn't ask you to blame or erase the past, only to remember who you were before the roles.

And to know this: **you never had to be perfect to belong.**



"INHERITED PATTERNS ARE NOT YOUR FAULT.
BUT HEALING THEM IS YOUR RESPONSIBILITY."

Spiral 3

Looking for God in the Wrong Places



Seeking wholeness through approval, addiction, over-functioning.

Lived Narrative

When your concept of God is distorted, your concept of love is too.

I was raised to be good. To please. To serve. To work hard. To be kind. To achieve. To make others proud.

And so, I did.

I performed. I strived. I excelled. I wore the costume of competence so well that not even I could tell it was a mask.

But beneath the smile and the striving was a hunger. A longing I didn't know how to name.

I remember my first real taste of something Divine. I was around 11 years old, at a Scripture Union camp. One evening, during what they called a Holy Spirit session, something moved in me, something vast and powerful. I suddenly felt an intensity I

couldn't name. It felt like bliss, fear, love, expansion, and pressure all at once. My whole body began to tingle, a subtle but unmistakable stirring, almost like a quiet internal shaking. It moved through me like a wave, and I dropped to my knees and cried. Not because I was sad, but because something too large for words was pouring through me.

No one really knew what had happened. I was taken outside to be "debriefed", but the leaders didn't have the words to describe what I'd just experienced, and neither did I. So it went unnamed. And unexplored.

Now, years later, I recognise it. It was my first Kundalini* experience. My first encounter with the Mystery.

But back then, it simply became another moment that left me confused, and alone with something I didn't yet understand. And so, the seeking began.

A quiet question that pulsed beneath every achievement:

Will this make me enough?

I tried to earn belonging through perfection. I tried to earn love through usefulness. I tried to earn safety by never rocking the boat.

And when that didn't work, I sought God, but in all the wrong places.

I looked for God in people. In approval. In relationships where I shrank to fit. In alcohol. In sex. I looked for God in productivity.

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* Kundalini is often described as a spiritual energy that lies dormant at the base of the spine, until something stirs it awake. When it rises, it can move through the body in waves, unlocking insight, emotion, and memory. I had no name for it at the time — only the feeling.

In to-do lists. In ticking off items on lists of spiritual credentials. I looked for God in mystics and mentors and those who claimed to have the answers.

But God wasn't there.

God wasn't in the guru. God wasn't in the gold stars. God wasn't in the man who said he'd never leave but always did.

God, it turned out, was in the space I'd been running from all along: the space of not knowing. The ache. The mess.

But I wasn't ready to meet that space yet. So I kept searching. I became a chameleon, shape-shifting into whatever role the room required. High-level performer. Helper. Healer. Hope-bringer. Server.

Inside, I was lonely. Starving. Bone-tired. But outside, I sparkled.

This chapter of my life was not about awakening. It was about adaptation. It was about building a life that looked full but felt hollow.

I thought I was being spiritual. I was actually abandoning myself.

And the Spiral kept turning. Because it always does. Until we finally stop and ask: *"What am I really chasing? From what am I running?"*

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I was in a duty-based religious home, and God was always there, not in presence, but in pressure. Not in intimacy, but in image.

God, I was told, was love. But also, apparently, a judge. A rewarder of the good. A punisher of the bad. A masculine authority who watched and weighed.

And because I was the "good one," I tried to be deserving. I prayed. I obeyed. I waited for signs. I negotiated when I was scared.

I didn't know I was bargaining with a projection. A God built on inherited systems of fear, shame, hierarchy, and exclusion.

As I moved through life, I began chasing a love I thought I needed to earn. In men. In performance. In being needed. I thought if I could be "good enough," "pure enough," or "useful enough," I would finally be seen.

But no one tells you this truth: when your concept of God is distorted, your concept of love is, too. I didn't know that the God I was seeking wasn't above me, but within me.

I didn't know that spiritual hunger and emotional pain often stem from the same root: separation from Self.

So I spiralled. I sought teachers, lovers, moments of transcendence, anything to take me closer to something I couldn't name.

And in doing so, I walked right past the truth: that God was always here. I had simply been taught to look everywhere else but right here.

This chapter marks the moment I start seeking. Not just for healing, but for real belonging. The Spiral had begun to turn upward, but I didn't know that yet. I was still searching. Still aching. Still looking for God in all the wrong places.

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I was 21 years old when two events shattered my illusion of safety and belonging and deepened the spiral of seeking.

First, I was in a relationship with an alcoholic man. Volatile, wounded, and familiar. I ignored the warning signs, the 'red flags' because being seen and chosen, even momentarily, meant

more to me than logic. One night, during an argument, he pulled a gun on me drunkenly and pressed it against my head. I talked him down, not from strength, but from a survival instinct shaped by a lifetime of pleasing. I fled. I hid. And not long after, I discovered I was pregnant.

He denied it. Rejected me. I told no one. And I chose to have an abortion, not because I didn't care, but because I couldn't bear the shame, the disappointment, or the weight of motherhood with an alcoholic man who had just threatened my life. I buried it. Justified it. Wrapped it in logic and survival. But I didn't grieve. I couldn't. I simply adapted. Again.

Years later, during a transformational retreat, the reckoning came. I saw her: the daughter I'd abandoned. She didn't want me to feel guilty. She longed for me to connect with her. She didn't accuse me. She just wanted me to feel my remorse, and then dance. And in that moment, I felt the ache of every unprocessed spiral I had tried to out-run with performance, achievement, and denial.

That experience unlocked a truth that I had never spoken: I had numbed not just the memory, but parts of my soul. My voice. My body. My worth. I had used alcohol, success, spirituality, all in the name of "healing", but really, I was avoiding the ache.

And the Spiral kept turning.

Spiral Anchor

This was the Spiral of seeking: *"Wholeness lives outside of me."* It took many spirals, and many heartbreaks to remember that what I sought was never 'out there'. It was always within.

BOS Truth Thread

Your longing is not a flaw. It is a map. But the map only works when you stop chasing someone else's destination.

The search for God, for love, for 'enoughness', is not wrong, but when we search through performance, perfection, and people-pleasing, we walk further from ourselves.

The Spiral of seeking is sacred, until it becomes a loop. The Spiral turns when we stop outsourcing our wholeness and come home to presence.

Spiral Reflection: Have You Known This Too?

- When did you first start to confuse approval with love?
- What image of God, or love, are you ready to release?
- What are you chasing that may be leading you away from yourself?
- Where do you still perform to be accepted?
- What would change if you stopped seeking and started listening?

The Remembering

The ache was never the enemy. It was the compass.

And when I finally turned inward, I found what I'd been searching for all along: Not the God of perfection.

The God of presence.



"WE LOOK FOR LOVE IN PEOPLE AND PLACES,
HOPING THEY'LL GIVE US
WHAT WE STILL HAVEN'T GIVEN OURSELVES."