

mind,
body,
spirit



mind, body, spirit

Liberty Forrest

Shares her

Muse

Oh, how I want to feel bitter.

It was so unfair. I lost everything. Or at least, everything that ensured my long-term security, and many things that meant the world to me. I gave it all up for the promises of another, for the trust of another, for my faith in humanity and in daring to love again.

But my trust was misplaced. Fool that I was, I made choices from my heart and not my head. I ignored reason when it was screaming at me from the rooftops. I allowed myself to be swept away by the seemingly safe and trustworthy, the kind and protective. I am not a stupid woman, yet I made a most stupid choice. And now I want to feel bitter. I deserve it. I have paid for it. I am entitled.

I want to hurt. Oh, dear God, how I want to hurt. I have been used for my love, my support, and my compassion. I have been used for the void that my presence could fill. I have been used for the healing and comfort I could provide. I have been tossed aside in favour of another who can bring laughter instead. But I was not given a chance to bring laughter; I was needed for my compassion, my patience, and my wisdom. And now I do not matter. Nothing that I gave so freely and lovingly matters.

I want to grieve. I loved so fiercely, so intensely, so passionately, yet it was entirely and utterly wasted. I know I should move on but I do not want to forget; I do not want to let go. I will never love like that again; of that, I am certain. But it was not enough. It could never be enough. I could never fill the black hole of need and selfishness into which I so freely poured my love and

compassion. One cannot love another into wholeness and healing.

I gave until I could give no more but continued to do it anyway, ultimately allowing another to devour my spirit and crush everything good and kind and gentle within my soul. Still, it was not enough.

And I am left to bear the scars, to ache and yearn and wish. I am left to stamp my feet and cry, and to scream at the universe for its taunting, its tormenting, and its teasing. I am beyond furious at it for offering the most perfect and imperfect love, a cruel joke, so horribly wrong and disastrously, soul-destroying unfair.

I want to feel anger. I want to tear the throats out of those who have abused and trampled me, who have disrespected and ignored me, when all I have ever done is love them and want to belong, and to be loved. I wanted a loving home; I was given a war zone, an icy, raging battlefield, a place in which I was, unfortunately, no stranger to its discomfort and unpleasantness, wrenching myself away repeatedly, only to discover every time the invisible chains that still bound me to it. But if I feel any of these, if I allow myself to go to those terrible places, there will be no peace for me. There will only be more pain. Those people do not know or do not care about the state in which they have left me. And even if it were to matter to them, there is nothing that they can do nothing about it.

So what is the point in allowing myself any of these feelings? If I feel bitter, will it bring back what I have lost? Will I have justice? If I hurt and have been used, will I matter any more than I do right now? Will I matter

to those who did not appreciate or see me? If I grieve, will love be enough to heal it? Will it allow me to find the love for which I am yearning? And if I feel anger, will those who disrespected me suddenly be kind and generous?

Of course not. The only thing I will accomplish is to feel bitter, to hurt, to grieve, and to be angry. And these I know will be self-destructive to me on all levels. I will think negative thoughts, which will create negative feelings, which will cause damage to my physical body. I will poison my life, everything I touch, everyone I meet, and everything I desire. I will destroy my own happiness before it is even allowed to be created or to flourish.

It is my duty and obligation to care for myself. And I must start by relinquishing this tormented hold on the pain of my past. I must set it free in order to have freedom for myself.

Nothing good can come from any of this. And so, I must let all of those feelings go. I must send peace and love to those whom I have thought caused me pain. In the end, I must understand that they did not cause my pain; I did. I chose it as a response to their actions and words. I could have just as easily not responded in that way but I chose to feel pain, to feel betrayed, to feel used and disappointed.

Therefore, it is not their fault that I have been hurt. I must wish them well. Not because it does them any favours, but because it does favours for me. Quite simply, I am tired of carrying the burden. I want to let it go. And so I will.

And no, I was not a fool for trusting. They were fools for not seeing or respecting the beautiful gifts that I was offering. I will love again. I will trust again. For that is who I am.

About Liberty Forrest:

Award-Winning author and Huffington Post contributor, Liberty Forrest, is represented by Knight Features Literary Agency in London, England. She has written several inspirational and motivational books covering a range of self-development, healing and empowering topics.

Her compelling book, *The Power and Simplicity of Self-Healing*, has been changing lives and helping people

find hope and healing in several countries around the world.

In 2015 her book, *Meditation Essentials: How to Quiet the Mind to Achieve More Personal and Professional Success*, won the Beverly Hills International Book Award in the Well Being category.

Her articles have appeared in numerous publications in many parts of the globe, including Canada, USA, London, South Africa, India, Australia, New Zealand, Singapore, and more. For two years, she had a weekly column in the Dubai branch of "Hello!" Magazine. Currently, she has regular columns in both print and online magazines and newspapers.

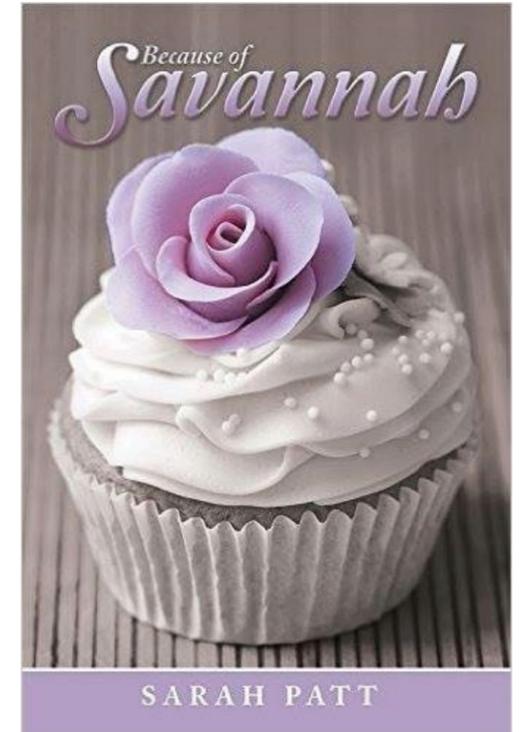
'My life and work are dedicated to sharing what I've discovered throughout this journey of challenges, healing, and finding balance, leading those who have also come through the other side of suffering as they seek a deeper connection with themselves and greater meaning in life. I am so blessed to be able use my natural abilities as a psychic and medium, along with my passion for writing, art and music to share my messages of hope, empowerment and healing.'

'Every day is a precious gift, no matter what your circumstances. There is always the option to find the beauty that exists in your life. There is always a way to rise above difficult circumstances, turn them into your strengths, and create a fabulously empowered life.'



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"I love how the characters in this novel grow and how it all comes together in the end but there is room for a sequel . . . the impending trial of a particular rogue. Patt managed to create believable characters with depth and dimension and her descriptions of the different settings made me feel as though I was right there; at the BBQ, Luke's den, Dakota's childhood home-just to name a few. While there is a romantic storyline, Patt is dealing with much deeper issues in this novel: death, discovery, and life changes. The protagonist reminisces fond childhood memories throughout the story, which helps her move on. Patt beautifully teaches her readers how having faith and remaining hopeful is beneficial. I consider myself an optimistic person anyway but after reading *Because of Savannah* I felt even warmer and cozy. I highly recommend *Because of Savannah* to any teen, particularly those in their senior years at high school. This is an amazingly well-written coming of age story. Patt is a talented writer. The characters and the storyline are anything but predictable and will keep you turning the pages. I look forward to her next book."

Kathleen O'Leary