

The book cover features a white background with abstract, overlapping shapes in light blue, light orange, and light yellow. A thick black vertical line runs down the left side. A wide, light brown diagonal band crosses the center from the top-left to the bottom-right. The title 'Your Broken Mind' is written in a black, brush-stroke style font. 'Your' is positioned above the band, 'Broken' is written across the band, and 'Mind' is positioned below the band.

Your
Broken
Mind

Written and Published By: Nichole Jamie Smith

This workbook is designed to be used digitally or printed. If you do not have access to both options that is okay. You can do the written portions in your own journal or notebook. Thank you so much for purchasing this workbook. I look forward to connecting with you.

You are amazing.



Your Broken Mind

Hi and Welcome,
You were not born broken. Someone,
something, or some unfortunate
situation broke you. A series of
painful experiences shattered you. I
know because I am you.

I grew up in an abusive home. I was
raped by someone I thought I loved. I
was manipulated, neglected, and
treated like a burden. I too was
broken. I too was shattered.

The moment I felt shattered I began to heal. I recognized the pieces and I slowly put them back together. After years of healing and finding myself, I knew I wanted to help. I knew that my story had a purpose; it had to have a purpose.

I began to create this workbook with the idea of healing the broken mind but in all honesty, we are not ready for that yet. We first must recognize that we are even broken and why before we can begin to heal.

In this workbook we will relive our trauma. We will find our voice. We will identify our shame, guilt, and blame. We will learn to forgive ourselves and we will gain a new perspective for our past.

I have heard the saying "the pain made you stronger." I do not believe that. I believe, I know, that we were always strong. That you were always strong. Our pain helped us recognize our strength but it do not make it for us.

I am so proud of you. I am so grateful to have you here. I know how strong you are and I know how much you deserve to release all that you carry which does not serve you.

I designed this workbook while also using it. I am there with you. We are doing this together. Be honest, take your time, and prepare. This workbook has the potential to change your life.



**I had to be
shattered
before I
could
recognize
I was broken**

What is this workbook and
how to use it

This workbook is my story
combined with inspirational
messages, divine guidance, and
work prompts that you can do to
help recognize and to begin to
understand your broken mind.

You are not here by accident. You belong
here and through this experience you
will begin your journey of healing your
broken mind.

You can read this daily or all in one setting. You can read a page and not come back to it for weeks. This is on your time. Parts of this book will require you to dig deep and to go with in. Take your time and be honest with yourself.

Each work prompt provided will be specifically designed for that topic. I advise using each prompt in the order they are provided for you.

When feeling out a journal prompt be generous with your thoughts. NO one is going to read this but you. If you have reason to fear someone might look at it against your will keep your thoughts somewhere separate. Write them down and safely shred it. I want you to be and to feel safe.

When reading my stories, I hope you will see the lessons and that you will learn from my experiences. You are not alone and your pain does matter. Do not compare your pain to anyone else's. Big or small to the world, they are big and significant to you.

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Your
feelings
Matter!

We are meant to be
Heard

Share Your Story

When sharing your story you are doing something big. You are choosing to not be silenced. You are choosing to be seen.

You are choosing to be heard. After everything you have experienced, you are still here. You deserve to feel good, safe, loved, abundant, and amazing. You are amazing.

To help you share your story I have shared mine. I want you to know you are not alone.

That I am in your corner and that you can heal! You will heal and you will live the life you have always dreamed of. Thank you for being here and for sharing your story.

You Matter.

My Story

I wanted to tell you my story like it was a novel. The truth is it isn't a novel. Its pieces of random fragments I have collected over time. I don't remember most of my childhood. I will share my trauma like a timeline. Points of my life where I experienced abuse, what kind, and by whom. You can share your story in any way that feels right to you. Its only important that you get it down; How much or how little you share is irrelevant at this time.

16 months old: Molested by my mom

3 years old: Raped by a familar man

6 years old: My parents split up

7-8 years old: Neglected and traumatized at moms

9-10 years old: Kicked into an open closet by my dad

10-18 years old: Neglected and manipulated by mom

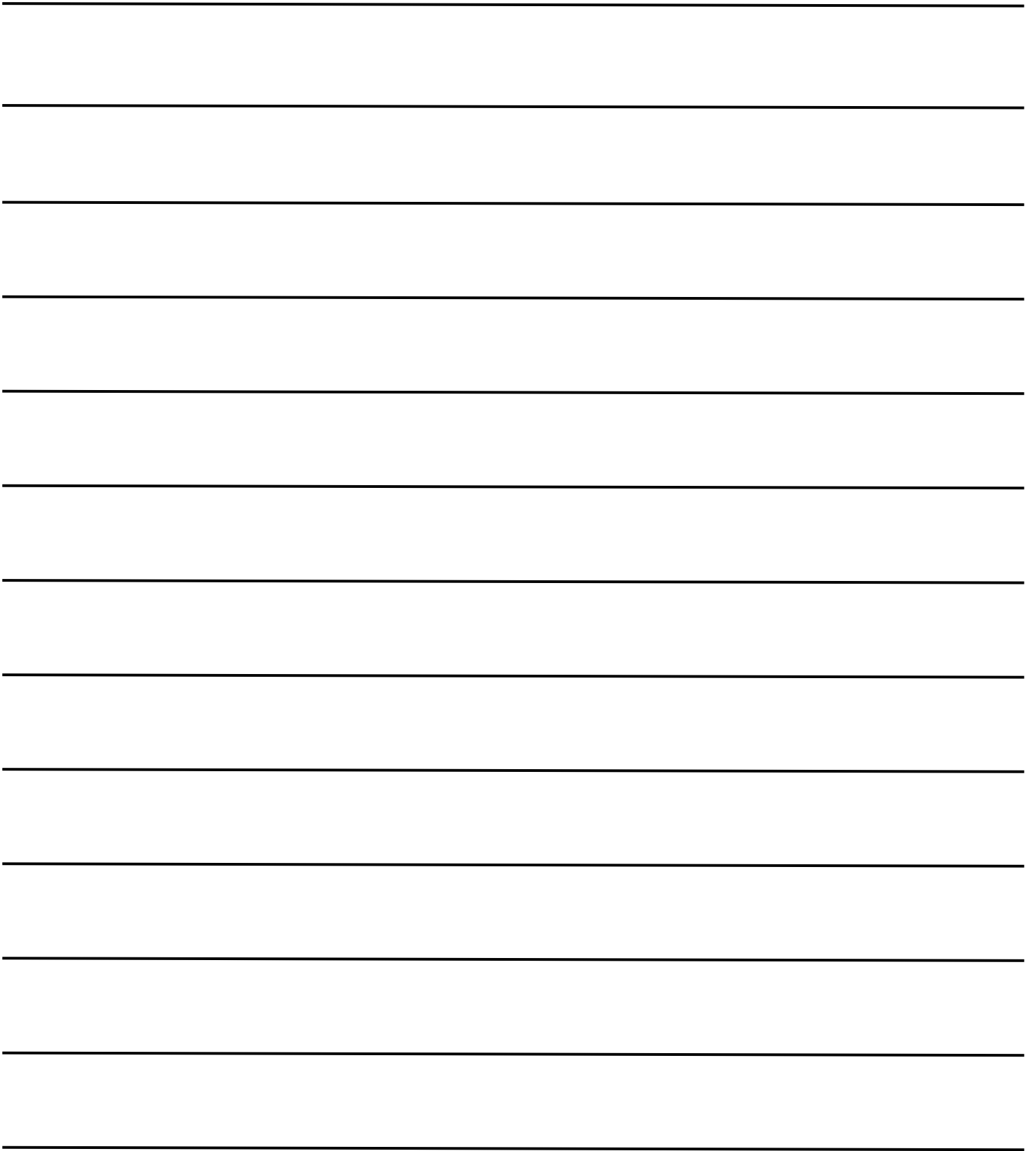
21 years old: Violated by step dad

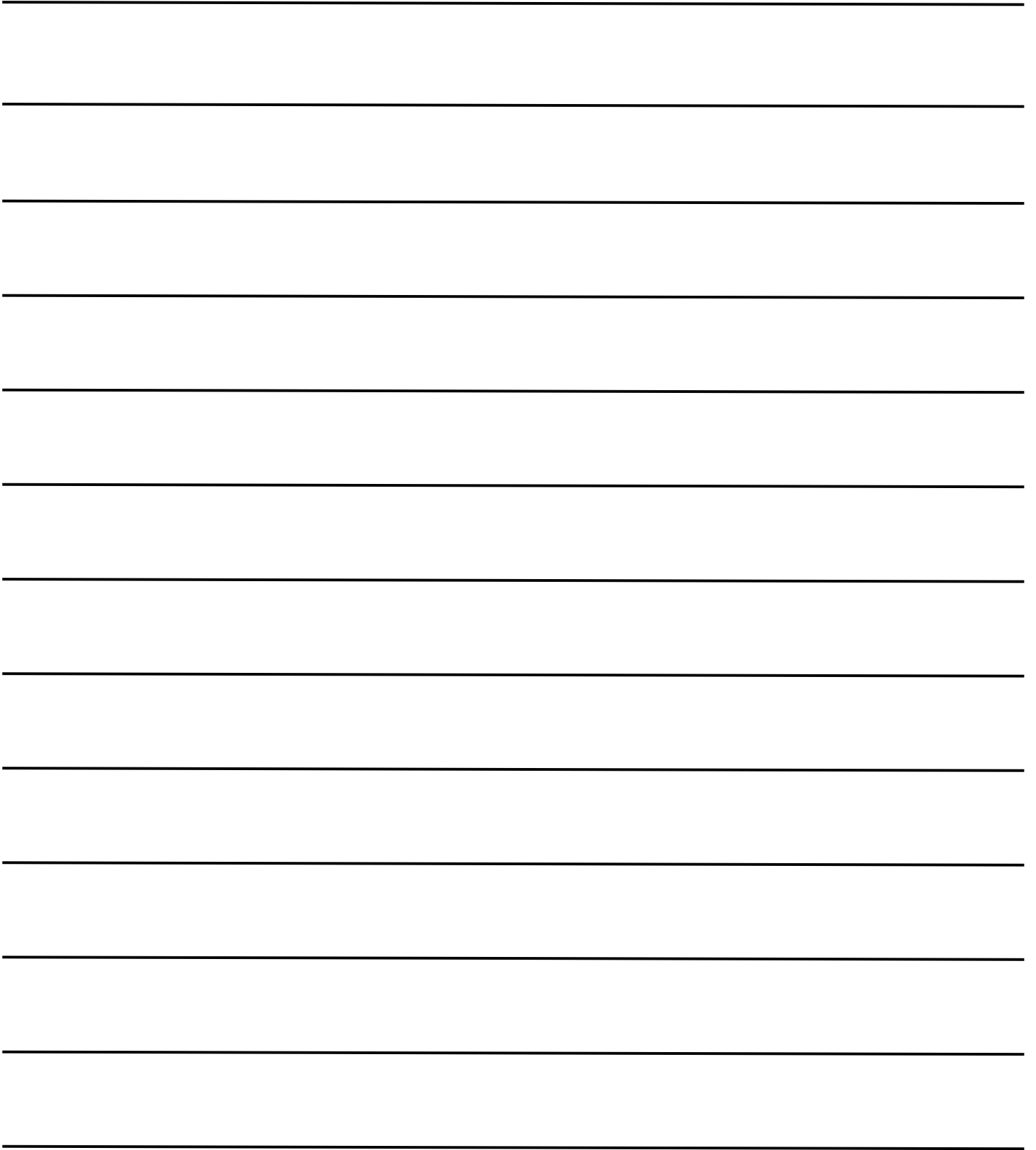
22- 29 years old: Emotionally, mentally, and sexually
abused by my ex

Instructions

Use this space to share your story. Share as little or as much as you want. Just include every moment in your life where you have been victimized.

Take Your time. There is no rush. If you need to walk away, walk away. If you need to take some space, take some space. This is your workbook and I want you to feel safe and good about getting your story out of your mind and into written form.





Instructions

Revisiting the abuse can feel like you are living it all over again. I am sorry for your pain and I am proud of you for your strength. You did it.

You told your story. When telling your story how did you feel, why, and do you still feel that way? Use each page for one feeling.

Demo

Helpless

How did you feel

I felt absolutely helpless when I relived being raped at 3. I was frozen and so confused. I barely remember it. I just remember the pain and him telling me to pull my pants back up while he refastened his belt.

Why did you feel that way

I felt helpless because I couldn't stop it. I did not even understand what was going on. I was so young and alone.

Do you still feel that way

I don't feel helpless anymore. I stopped seeing myself as a victim and I saved myself. I am an adult now and I am my protector.

How did you feel

Why did you feel that way

Do you still feel that way

How did you feel

Why did you feel that way

Do you still feel that way

How did you feel

Why did you feel that way

Do you still feel that way

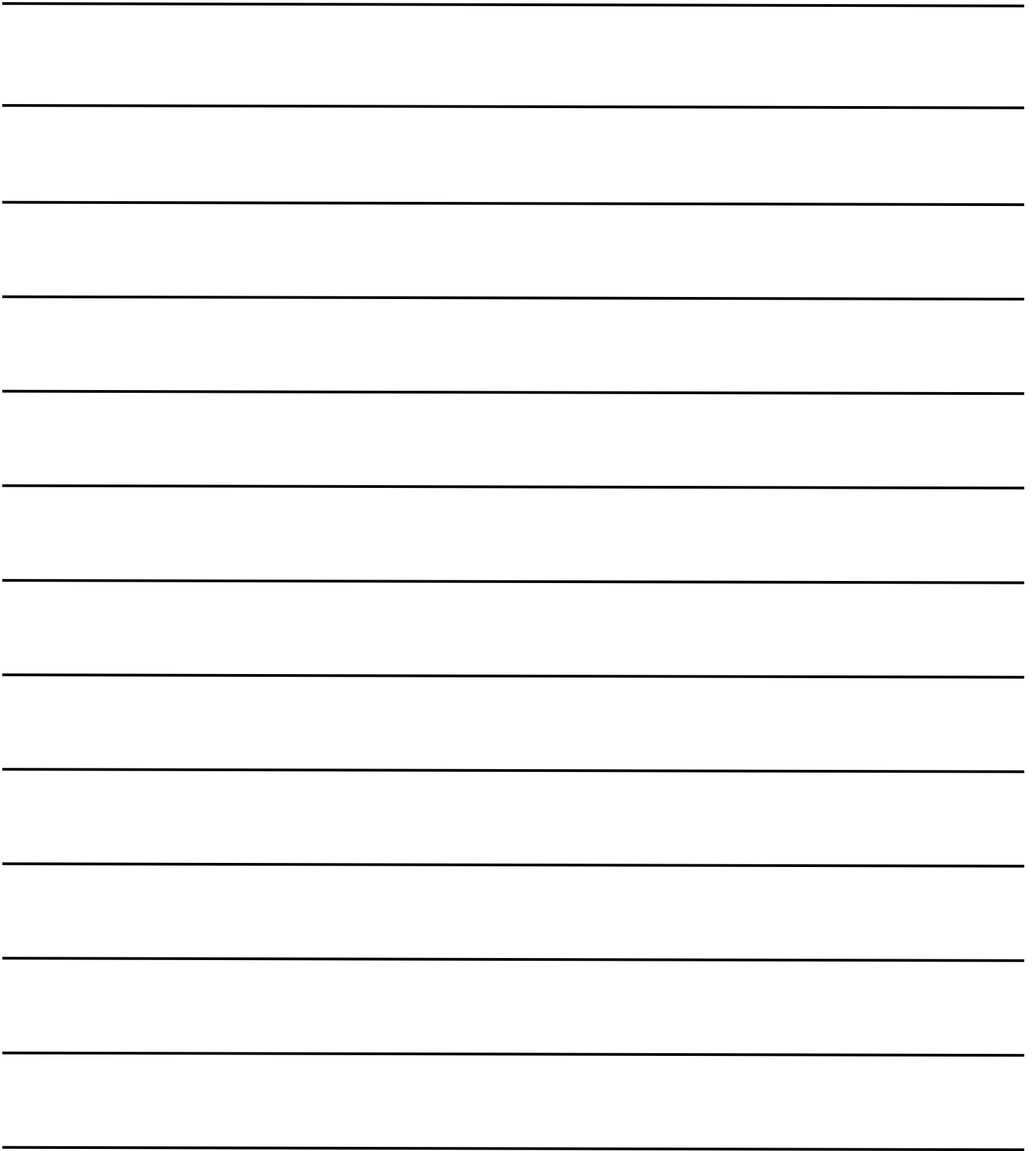
How did you feel

Why did you feel that way

Do you still feel that way

Instructions

After you have finished analyzing how you felt and why I would like you to make a quick note about what you have received from this exercise. You can journal about your current thoughts on your past or you can journal about your experience so far with this workbook. This is a way to take time to really connect with yourself and to align with how you are feeling right now.



Big or small

to the world
It is big

to

you.

Share Your Voice

Sharing your voice emphasizes on how you felt about what happened. Why you felt that way. How it impacts you still today. When speaking for yourself you want to make sure you feel everything and that you are fully present in that moment. This is how you will find the root to your broken mentality and how you will begin to heal.

My voice is shared to help you share yours. I will be going deep into my own past to show how the broken mentality manifests while being victimized.

Thank you for being here.

My Voice

My first memory is of me and my mom.

My mom and I were sitting on her bed after our bath. I had a towel draped over my head leaving most of my body completely exposed. I didn't care. I was filled with so much joy just bouncing lightly on the bed while chewing on my towel.

I look up to see my mom smiling while staring down at me. She had a towel on her head and one around her body. I remember her opening up her towel to expose her body. I looked at her while feeling confused and curious.

My mom then asked me to touch her. I remember her taking my little hand and placing it on top of her lady parts. It felt squishy. I didn't know why but I felt weird and I didn't like what was going on. Next, she tries to explain to me how to finger her. I wasn't understanding so she took it upon herself to show me.

She took her finger and put inside my lady parts. While smiling she says, "see doesn't that feel good?" I immediately shook my head "NO". I remember her then saying "that's okay you do not have too" and my memory ends there.

I remember less this time. I see myself laying on the same bed where my mom molested me at about 16 months old. Now I am maybe 3, I honestly do not remember how old I was. I am laying there with my pants and panties down at my ankles. I felt completely frozen and my thighs and surrounding area were throbbing.

I then see a man, who seems familiar, but I can't see him clearly enough to say, standing right next to the bed where I laid. As he fastened his belt, he coldly said to me "pull your pants back up". I snap out of what ever had me frozen and I quickly pulled them back up. My memory ends there.

At five or Six years old my parents split up. I remember this day because of how it made me feel. My dad had me hiding down stairs at the neighbor's apartment. I could hear several heavy footsteps going up and down the stairs of the complex. I remember there being a little girl with me. She comforted me as I hid inside her closet.

I hung tightly to a stuffed animal or maybe it was a doll as I wait for my dad to come and get me. The next thing I remember is watching my dad be escorted out by a policeman. As I watched I told my dad "Bye I love you". He gave me the coldest glare as he responds with " yeah sure you do". My memory ends there.

At around 6, 7, or 8 years old. I do not remember how old I was. I just know it happened after my parents split up. I was living with my Nana and my mom. During this time my mom was dating some guy who seemed like a promising new dad. I have one memory of him that I still do not understand.

I remember waking up abruptly from a nap. I was napping on my mom's bed. He was sitting at the edge of the bed when I woke up. I shot straight up and made eye contact with him. I remember feeling scared and confused. My mom shortly after walks into the room and says, " what's going on here" the man smiled and said "nothing". The look on my mom's face seemed concerned and maybe even jealous. My memory ends there.

Still living at the same place with my Nana and my mom at this time. I have broken memories of absolute terror. All I recall is begging my mom not to lock me in there. I pleaded with her "mom please don't I will be good I promise I will be good." My memory ends there.

Again, same time area and place I remember my grandpa drinking heavily. He smelt like beer and slurred his words. He took my doll from me and threatened to light her hair on fire. I beg him not too and he reluctantly returns my doll and tells me too not be too sensitive while stating "It was just a joke". My memory ends there.

During this time, I was very neglected. I remember eating pretzels on a regular basis and lots of different people coming and going on our lawn. My dad then shows up one day to "rescue me". His words not mine. At that time, I was young and oblivious to the dangers that surrounded me.

I am now living with my dad and his mom. I remember telling my dad that I didn't want to be with him and that I wanted to go live with my mom. He got really upset and kicked me across the room into an open closet. I was maybe 8 or 9 at this time. I told my teacher the next day and because there was no bruising, they didn't believe me, I didn't believe me. I was so confused as to why there was no bruising and I started to doubt myself. My dad later apologized and told me he loved me.

Eventually my dad let me go to see my mom and that led to her getting custody of my sister and I. I was 10 when I got to go live with my mom. Living with my mom I was very neglected. I remember being grounded for doing my homework instead of the dishes. I remember my mom leaning on me a lot. She would talk about her troubles and I would comfort her. She even once said " I would die if you didn't love me" or something along those lines.

Basically, from the age 10-18 I was emotionally taking care of my mom while being manipulated into believing she would die without me. I do not remember a lot. I have told my story so many times I have let the pain go. I only know that the emotional and mental abuse I went through set me up for adulthood.

As an adult after a few "short" relationships that were just poor timing or horrible chosen I found my ex of six years. We met at Arbys and I was in a relationship at the time. It wasn't going well and my ex was a good listener. He would listen to my problems and tell me that I deserved better. I did deserve better. Once that relationship ended my ex wasted no time stepping in,

We immediately started dating and he moved in with me after like a month maybe. I don't know. It was not long. He was living with his mom and it started out as a favor. The first year we were together was rough, He lived with me but he didn't help with anything. He didn't clean, he didn't pay bills, but he did eat everything I bought. It was like having a teenage son.

I tried to break up with him after the first year. I tried twice. He was insisting on trying and promised to help more. At this time, I already had a friend inside my head telling me my ex was neglecting me and taking advantage of me. I wanted out of the relationship, so I chose to cheat on my ex with that friend. I kissed my friend and we got close to doing stuff but I could not go through with it.

I go home and I immediately tell my ex what I did. He leaves and I go to bed. At this point I was numb. I hear him come back in and I go downstairs to give him the opportunity to tell me off. I was in the wrong and he had the right to express himself.

To my surprise he didn't tell me off. He instead said he had nowhere to go and he then confessed his love for me. I in the moment felt like I had made a huge mistake and that he really did love me. I didn't really know how to love or how to be loved. I trusted him and I apologized.

That next year was better. I do not remember much of it. I just remember being happier. Year three comes around and I am ready to marry this man. We get engaged because I pressure him into it. At this time, he was lying to me and stealing from me. I do not know why I needed that ring or why I even wanted it. I just did.

Fortunately for me we got pregnant. After finding out I was pregnant we decided to not get married any time soon. My pregnancy was rough. I had been in a car accident in 2011 that fractured my pelvis. This caused a lot of pain. I was even told by a doctor that I could not carry full term. I did it anyway.

During my pregnancy I felt loved. My ex showed up for me in the most minimal ways. He would grab my tylenol pm when I asked and he would lay with me as I fell asleep. Looking back that was the bare minimum. My pregnancy was a scheduled c-section so when the day came we went to the hospital.

At the hospital I remember answering a series of questions. One question in particular still sticks with me. "Are you being abused?" yes or no. I laughed. I couldn't imagine a woman that was about to give birth being in a toxic relationship. I had no idea that I was a woman in a toxic relationship. I didn't ask for help. I didn't know I needed it.

It wasn't until after my son was born that I realized I was being abused. The realization did not come to me immediately. It started with the first time he raped me. It was maybe 6 weeks after I had the surgery. He had been feeling neglected for so long, so I agreed to try anal. I was in so much pain and I asked him to stop. He replies back "hold on baby I am almost done" as he continued to serve his needs.

In that moment I felt so helpless. I just laid there in pain while soothing my newborn baby with one hand. My son held onto my finger while I waited for the abuse to end. I didn't call it rape then but looking back what else can I call it.

Time goes pretty fuzzy after that. I remember being with my son alone on our bed. He was having tummy time but he was way too young to hold himself up for long. I noticed he had fallen face down and was struggling to lift himself up. For an instant a single moment I thought "what if I don't help him. It can all be over". I immediately snap out of it and I continue to care for my son.

After I picked up my son I went to go speak with his father. I told him how I for an instant I thought about not helping our son back up. My ex said something along these lines " Thats pretty fucked up. I understand you are going through post pardon depression, but you wouldn't hurt our son, right? I responded "no, of course not it was just a thought and it lasted for an instant.

The post pardon depression was rough. I identified my son as the devil's spawn. I was convinced he was evil. I eventually just accepted that I thought he was from the devil and I decided that it didn't matter, He was my son and I was going to love him anyways.

At that time I didn't understand what I was going through. My ex was the "devil" because he was hurting me and my son was his child. I understand it now. Then I felt like I was going crazy. I struggled to show up for my son in any way that wasn't the bare minimum. I made sure he was fed, clean, and well taken care of but I missed out on just enjoying his little smile, his tiny hands, and his precious giggles. I didn't get to enjoy being his mom.

The next thing I remember was me contemplating how I would end my life. My son was probably almost two now. I just sat in complete silence. I would go over ways to do it in my head while staring out my son's bedroom window. I finally settled on overdosing on pills while in a bathtub. I figured that was a peaceful way to go.

I didn't have any pills to overdose on and my ex caught me during this brief contemplation. He asked me what was wrong and I told him. I told him I wanted to die. At the time I didn't know why. I still didn't know I was being abused. I just knew I was so unhappy and that my son deserved so much better.

My ex responds by saying something along these lines " how dare you. How dare you leave me alone with him. I cannot do this alone." I apologized and I tell him it was just a thought. It was just a single thought in a single moment and I never felt like that again.

After that I started to make changes. I realized that my son does need me and that I can be good enough. I just have to figure me out first. I knew I was sad, over worked, and exhausted so I did what I thought was best I quit my job. My ex wasn't thrilled but he wasn't to my understanding unsupportive.

I went some time unemployed until I got a new job at Hardees. This job was okay, but I eventually got a job at Bender Lumbers, and I did love that job. While working at Bender Lumbers I was able to be home more. I spent more time with my son and I started to enjoy being a mom.

While changing jobs I also went back to college and I picked up a new hobby. I was really trying to create my own happiness. That's what Google told me to do. I didn't know what that meant I just knew I had to try.

The hobby I picked up was making things out of resin. I loved making things out of resin. I was so passionate about it that I even attempted to create a business. I was designing earrings with inspirational sayings. I also made keychains using photos.

Naturally I got burnt out. School was not what I expected and my hobby was demanding a lot of time that I did not always have. Even so I loved that I was trying and I was happy with me.

Now that I had found some happiness with myself I thought I would be happy. I still felt miserable. I didn't know why so I started researching. My research led me to self-love. I learned about self-love from google. I had no idea what it was or how to feel it. I did more research and I discovered meditation, crystals, and tarot.

While using all three I started to learn how to love myself. After I did that I still felt miserable. After exhausting all possible outside factors, I finally accepted that maybe my ex was part of the reason I wasn't happy.

I began to analyze our relationship. I looked at how he was treating me, how I felt about it, and then I started to ask myself why I felt that way. I eventually came to the conclusion that my ex was abusing me.

Once I realized I was being abused my first thought was "does he know that he is abusing me?". My first assumption was he couldnt possibly know he was hurting me. If he knew what he did was hurting me he would stop. So, I told him.

I went to my ex and I told him everything. I told him how bad I felt, why, and how what he was doing felt like abuse to me. I expected him to explain himself. I expected to him to say he wasnt abusing me and that I had it wrong. That is not what happened.

Instead, our conversation consisted of him admitting that he abused me and that he doesn't know why. He tries to use his last relationship as an excuse for his toxic behavior. I empathize with him but I also tell him it has to stop. I deserve better.

Nothing changes. I am still feeling abused and unloved, so I decided to break up with him. I tell him I am okay with sharing the house and taking care of our son together but I do not want to be with him anymore.

He lost it.

My Ex got extremely emotional and started going off. "I can't stay here if we are not together. I do not want to! You can have the house and the car. I am gone." In that moment all I could think was "I cannot do this by myself."

My fear kicked in. At this time I felt like I didn't have any support. If he left who would watch our son while I worked. My job didn't pay enough to support myself and our son. I didn't want him to abandon me. I tell him to calm down and we will try again.

24 hours, for 24 hours he changed. He was attentive, affectionate, and loving. He went out of his way to cater to me; not that, that was what I wanted, but it did feel nice. I thought maybe we could work out. I thought maybe the abuse was really over.

I was wrong. The next day we went to CVS to pick up his medication. He goes to pay using his card and it gets declined. I immediately feel sick. I knew he expected me to pay. I remind you this man lies, steals, and sexually abuses me. This did not feel good to me.

I pay and I hate myself for paying. Even so I am still committed to working through this. It was only one day. He couldn't possibly change everything in one day. I forgave him and continued our day. What happened next was the last straw for me.

After paying for his medication for the hundredth time (*I don't know the number it was a lot*) we waited in the car until it was time for him to go to work. As we waited he gave me his phone to play on. I rarely played on his phone. While playing he received a text message. I go to open it out of curiosity, I never thought it was something he would want to hide.

I was wrong.

He snatched his phone out of my hand. He then says the text was from his dad and he didn't give me the phone back. I saw the screen and when he said it was from his dad, the screen was not fully loaded yet. He lied to me.

I felt sick again. I was so angry and hurt. I did not know if that message was from a girl or about drugs (*oh yeah, he is a recovering addict*) all I knew was he lied to me again. I waited for him to go to work and then I started to plan.

I do not know exactly when or how I managed to but I started my plan to leave him. After trying to break up with him once and his reaction; I felt like I had to leave in secret. I didn't want him to convince me to stay nor did I want to risk him getting angry.

At this time, I did not know what to do or how to feel. I decided to reach out to a local woman's center where they help women heal from domestic abuse. I told them my story and they validated my feelings. They told me I was being abused and that I should get out. With that validation I felt empowered.

Even though I knew I was being abused I didn't know I could leave. I didn't know I wasn't overreacting or that I even deserved to be happy. I needed that message in order to take my next step. My next step was finding a place to stay.

I called the local shelter for women with children who have been abused. I tell them my story and they give me the okay to stay there. I call my dad, I don't know why, I just felt like I should let him know what was going on. He tells me to call a family friend.

This family friend was my dad's ex girlfriend and mother to some of my siblings. I called her and I told her what was going on. Without hesitation she offered to let me stay with her. We picked a day and a time; and I mentally prepared for the next couple of days.

The next couple of days were rough. I had to pretend I was still in love with him. I had to keep all of my intentions, feelings, and plans a secret. I hated lying to him. I also hated being with him.

Friday comes and I am nervous wreck. What if she doesn't show or what if she changed her mind. I texted my dad to reassure myself she was still coming. I thought I texted my dad. I had actually texted my ex. I realized this instantly. My heart sank. I prepared for the worst.

I was praying it didn't send and by some luck he would not get it. He got it. I saw the look on his face as he read the text "hey dad is she still coming today?" He looks up at me feeling confused and asks "what's this? I didn't know she was coming today. Why didn't you tell me?"

I quickly responded with "Oh yeah she is coming today. I didn't tell you because you will be at work and I didn't think you needed to know." He accepted this lie as the truth. I felt sick. I almost got caught. I couldn't imagine what would happen if he knew. The next hour or so was brutal.

Before he left for work, I remember him giving me the most romantic kiss. At the time I thought he knew and he was saying good bye, he was letting me go. I felt at peace with my decision in that moment.

As soon as I saw the car leave the driveway and on to the street I began to pack. I packed everything in what felt like an instant. As I packed, I was strong. I didn't cry I just got it done. Finally, she gets there and we load up both cars. Right before we left, I texted my ex's mom and dad. I felt empathy at the time and I didn't want him to be alone when he got home. I hoped they would have kept it to themselves but they immediately messaged my ex, and he knew.

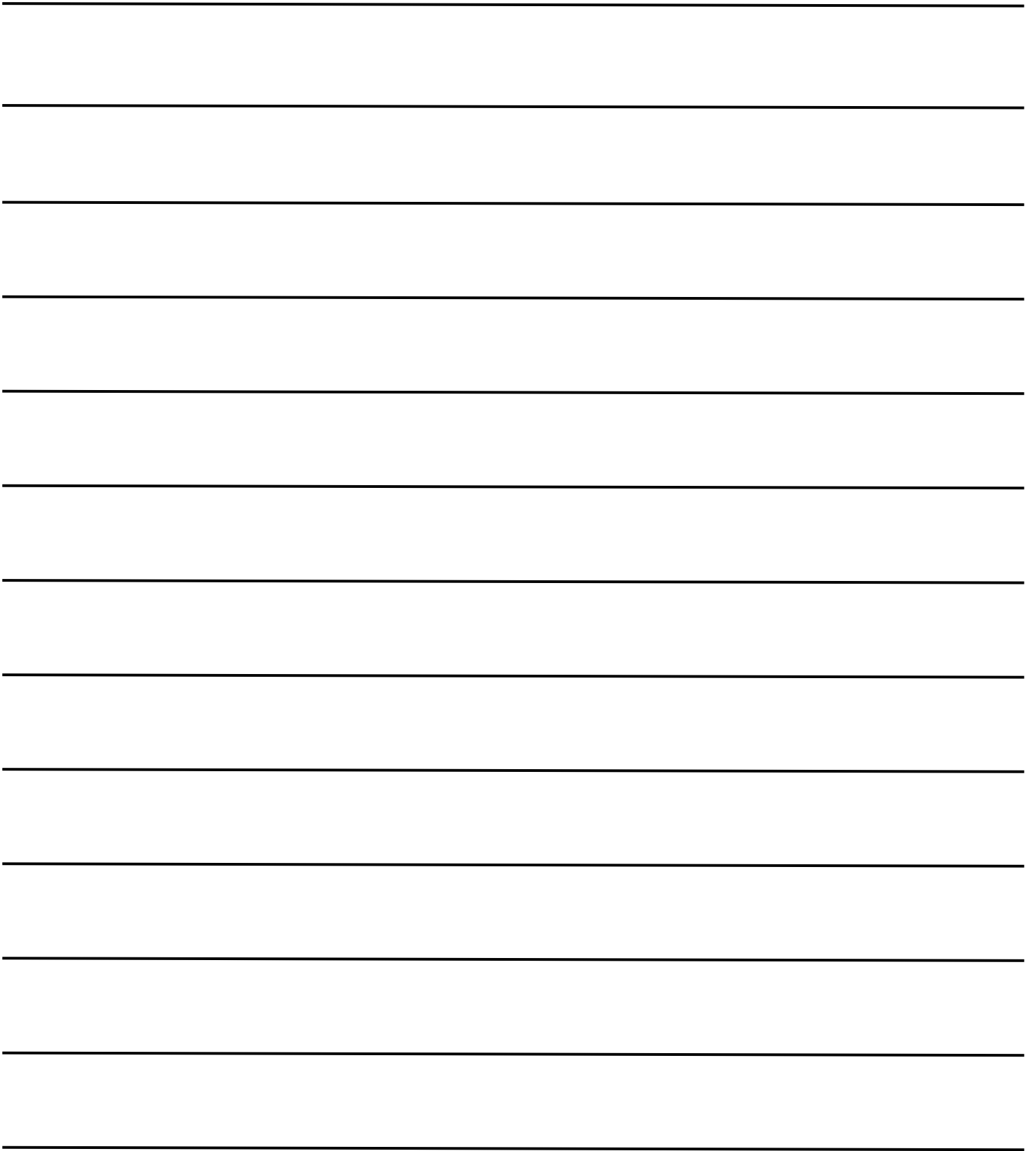
I was already on the road at this time. I think my phone was Wi-Fi only because I do not remember texting him until after I got to her place. Once we arrived and I connected to her WI-FI the messages started flowing in. We messaged a lot but it ended with him getting our son for the weekend and it reassured me I did the right thing by leaving him.

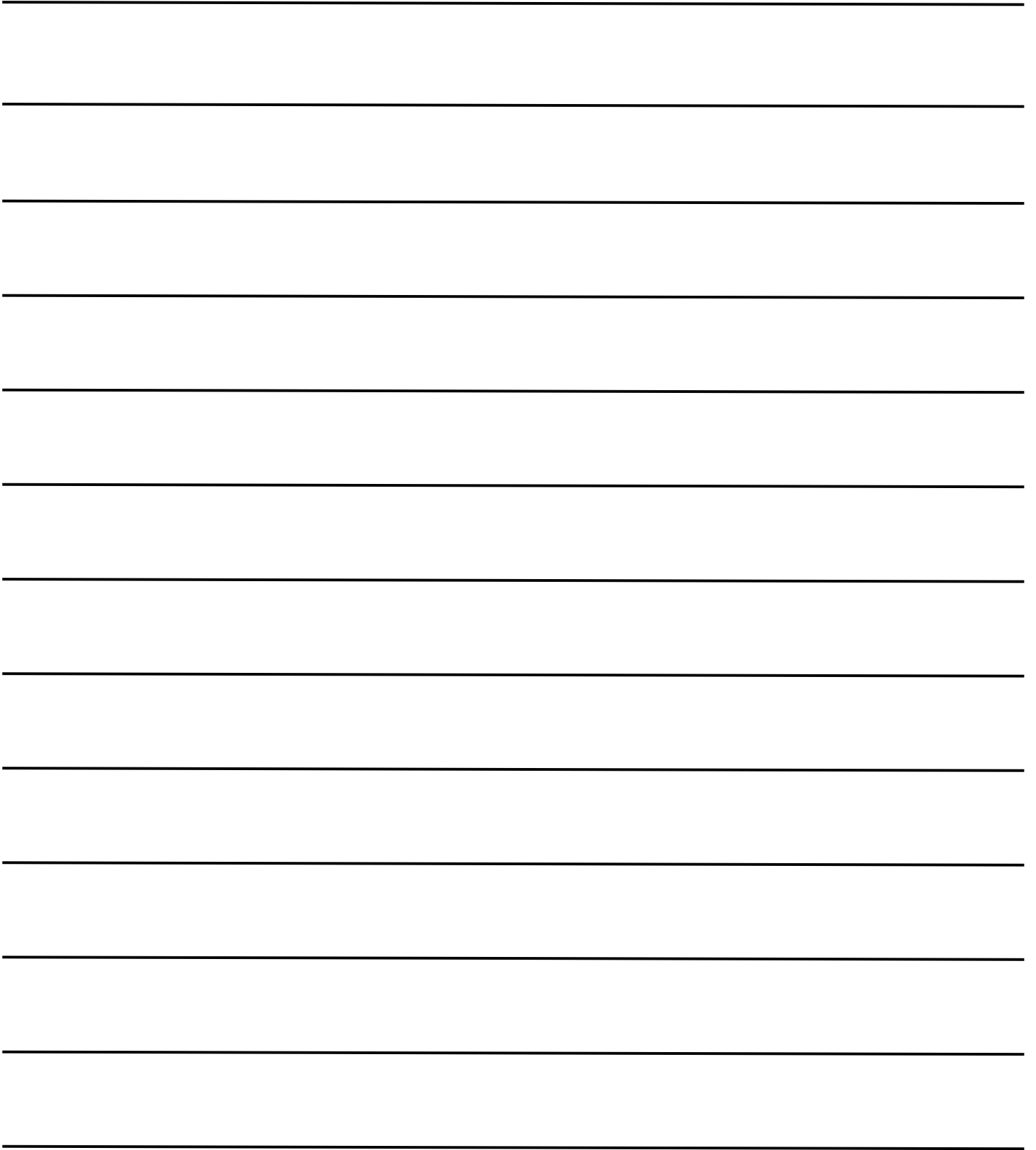
My toxic relationship ends there.

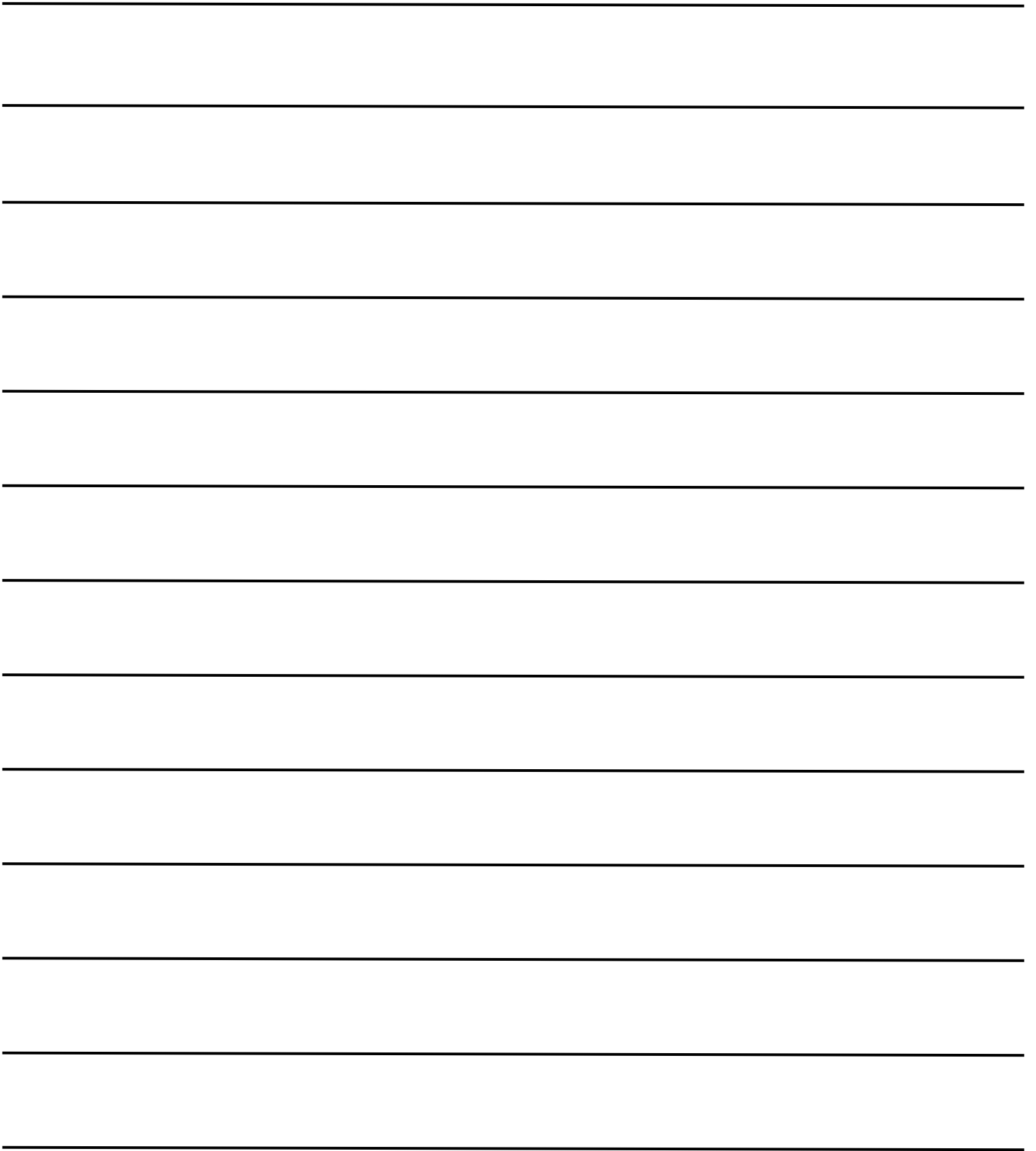
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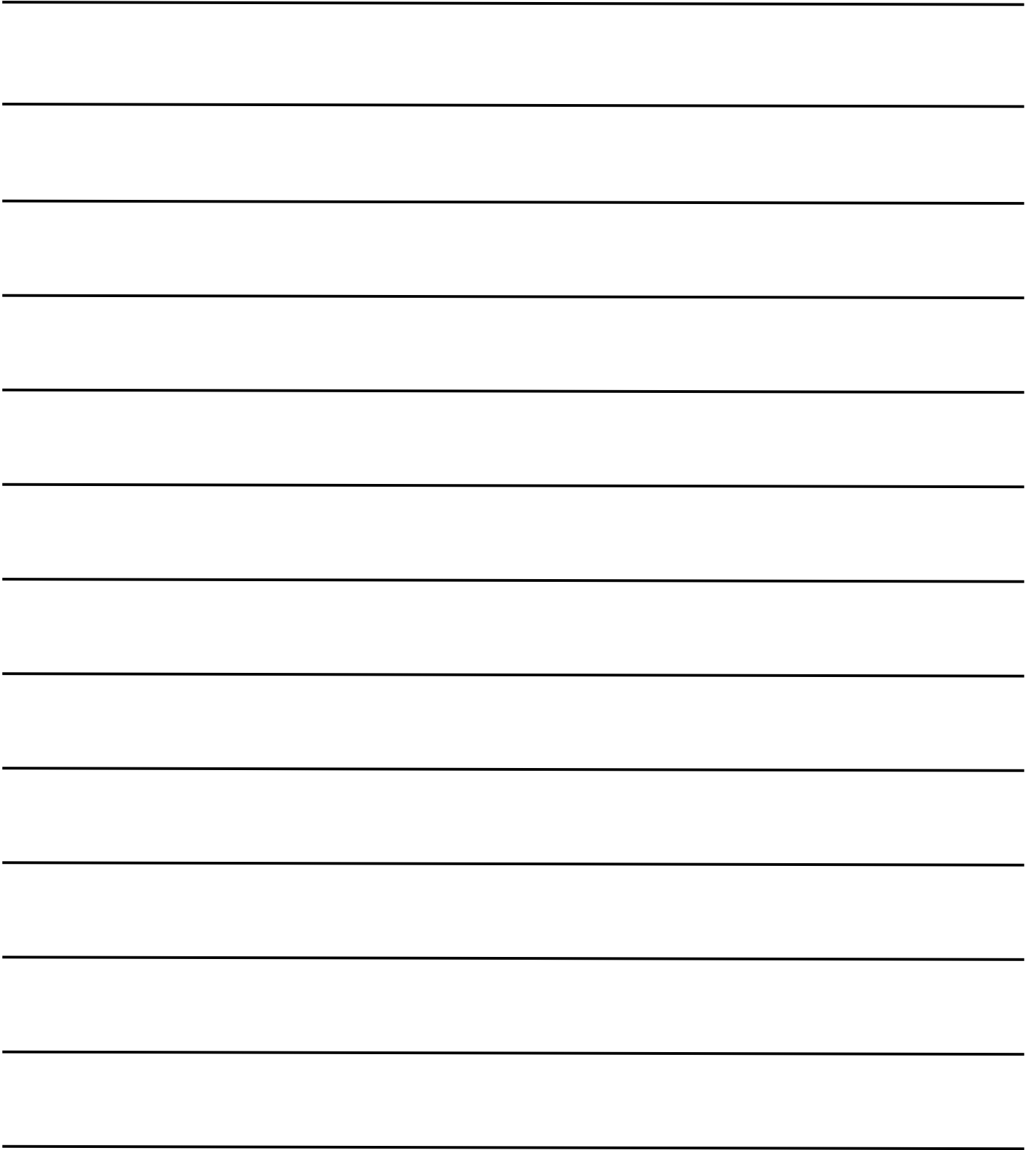
When sharing my story, I feel less helpless. I feel like I am doing something now. I cannot change what happened. I cannot save little me. I can be little me's voice and sometimes that is all we need to heal. We need to be heard, seen, and our feelings to be validated.

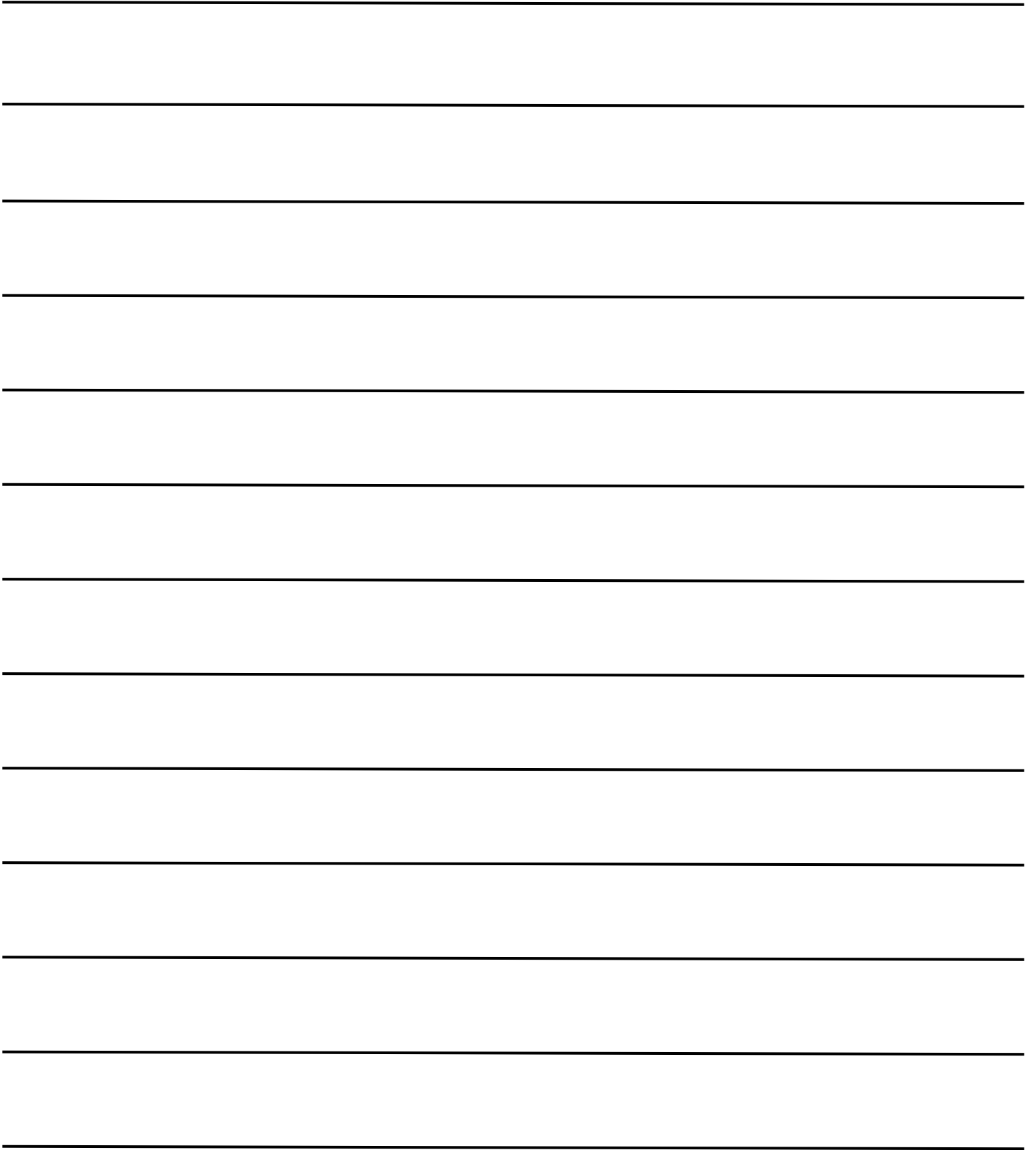
Using the space provided I would like you to be your voice. Be the voice for the one who never felt heard, safe, nor seen. This is your time to connect with yourself. Listen to you and journal what is shared. You deserved to be heard and you have the right to be here.

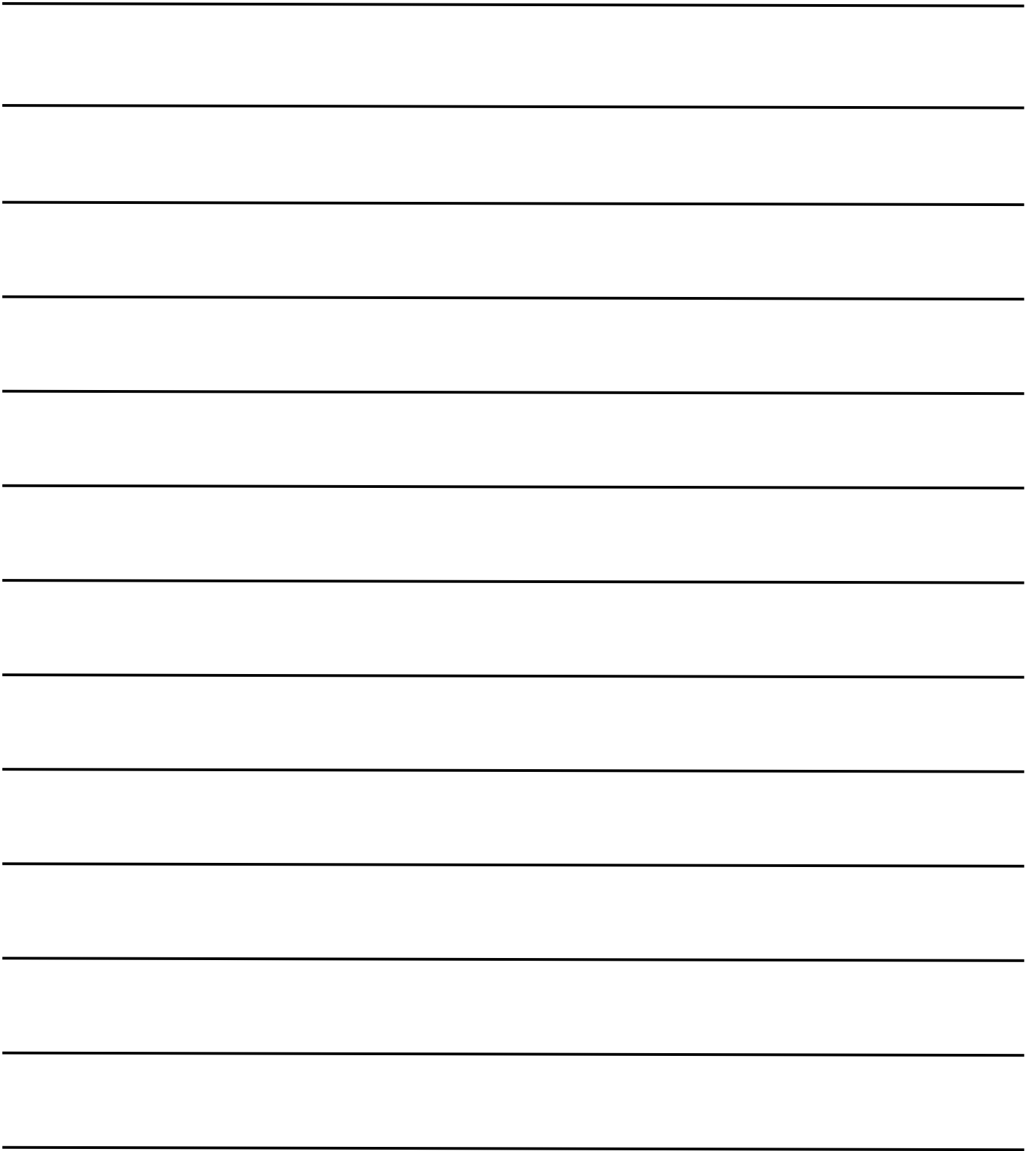


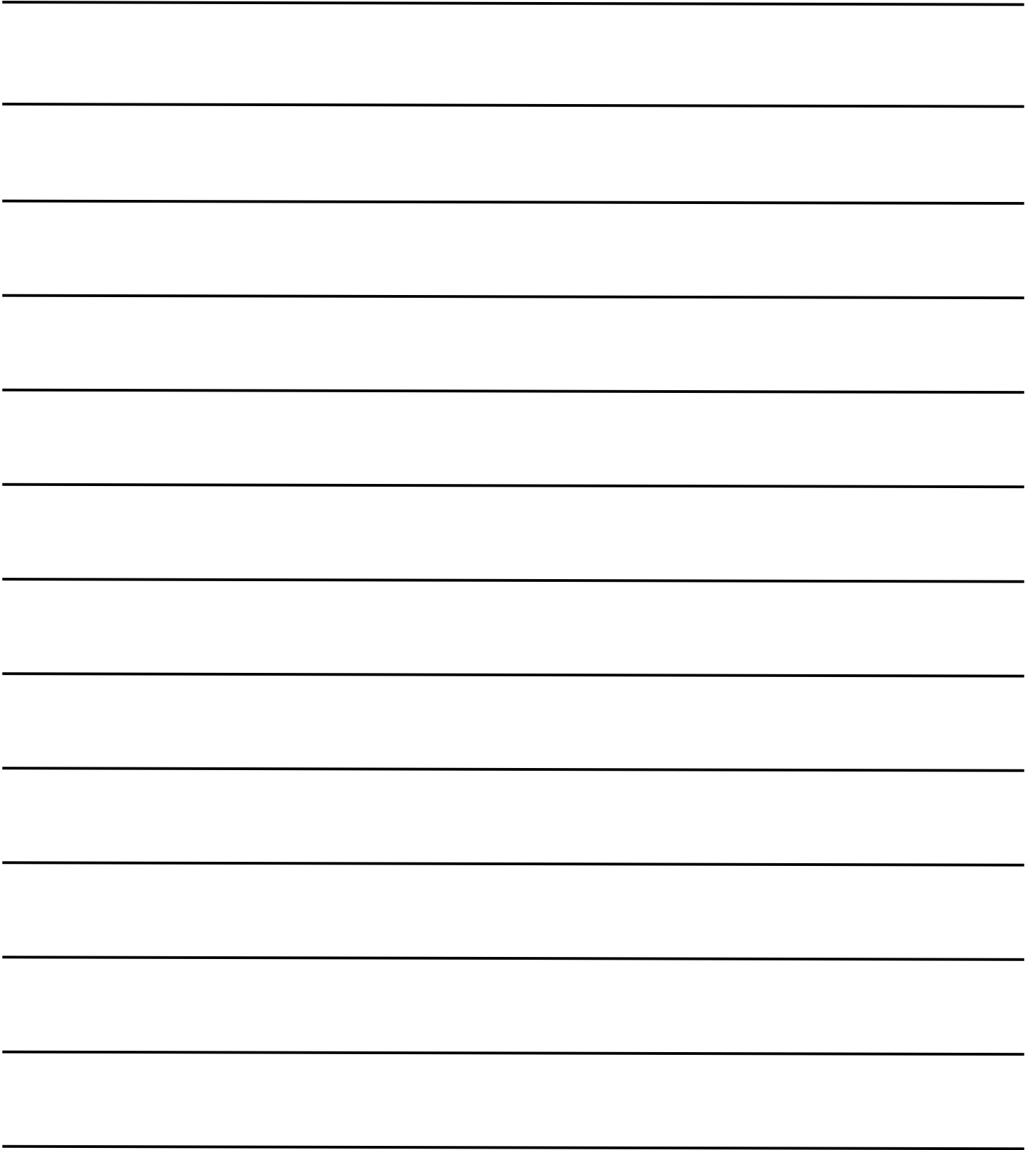


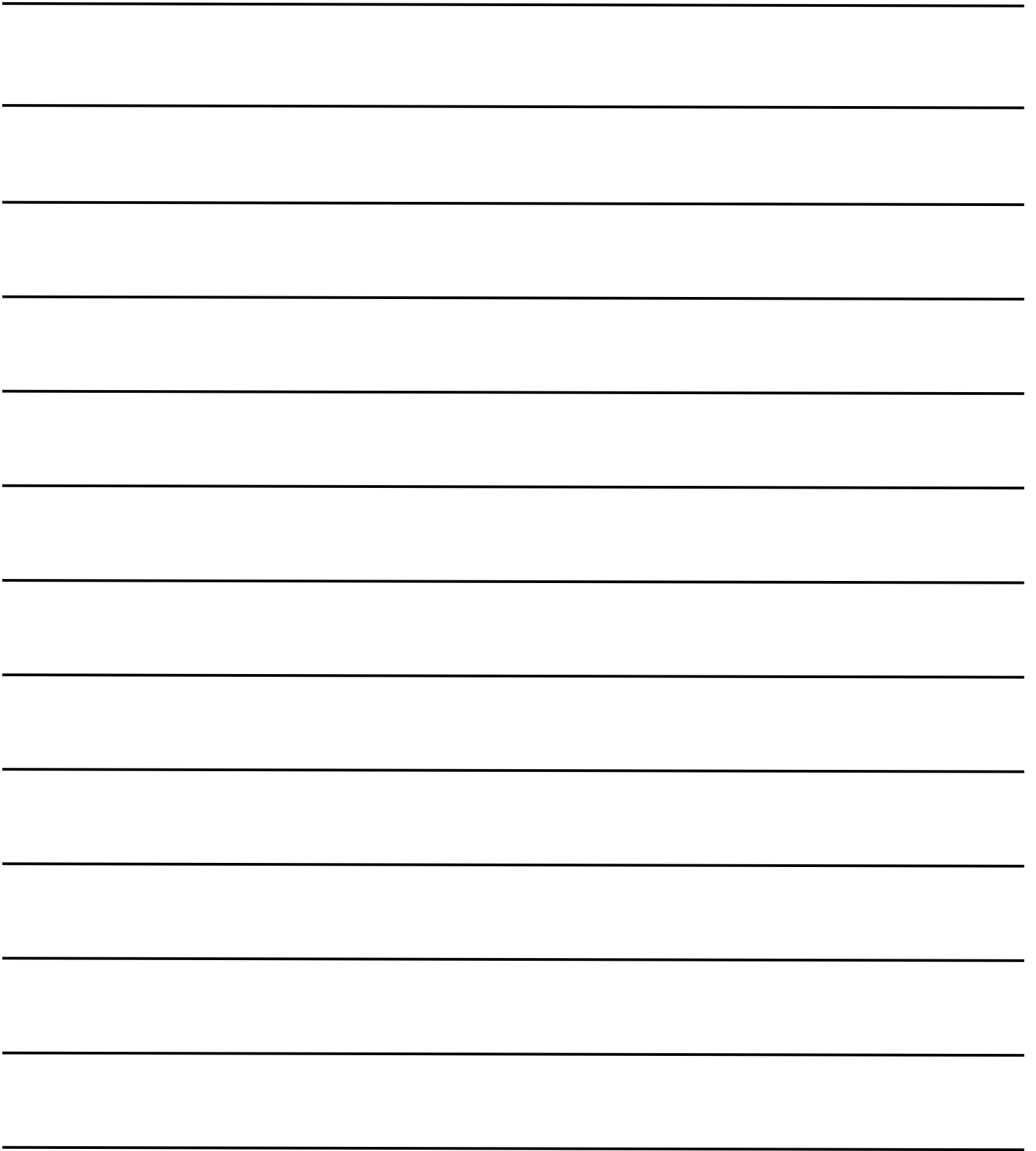


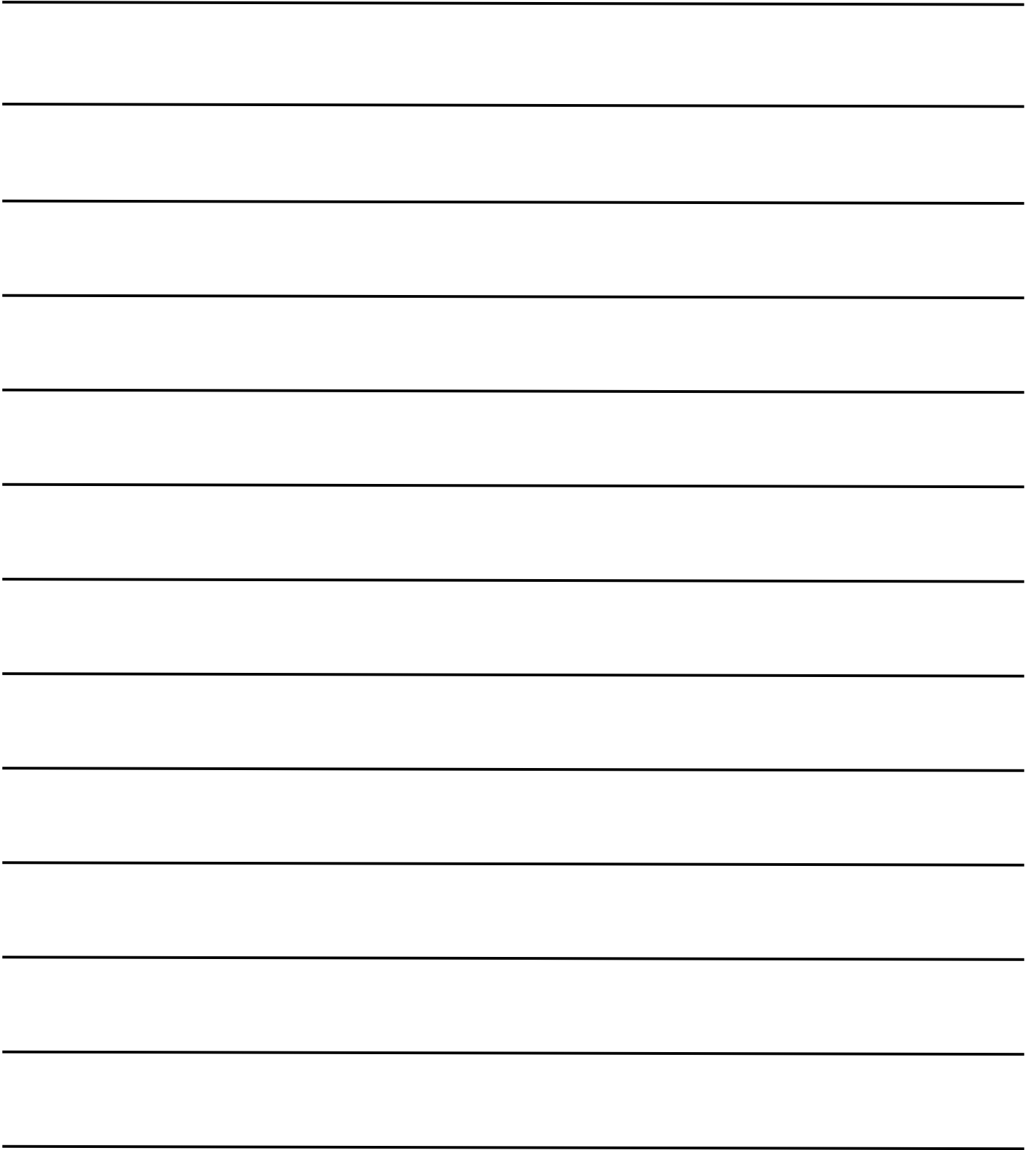


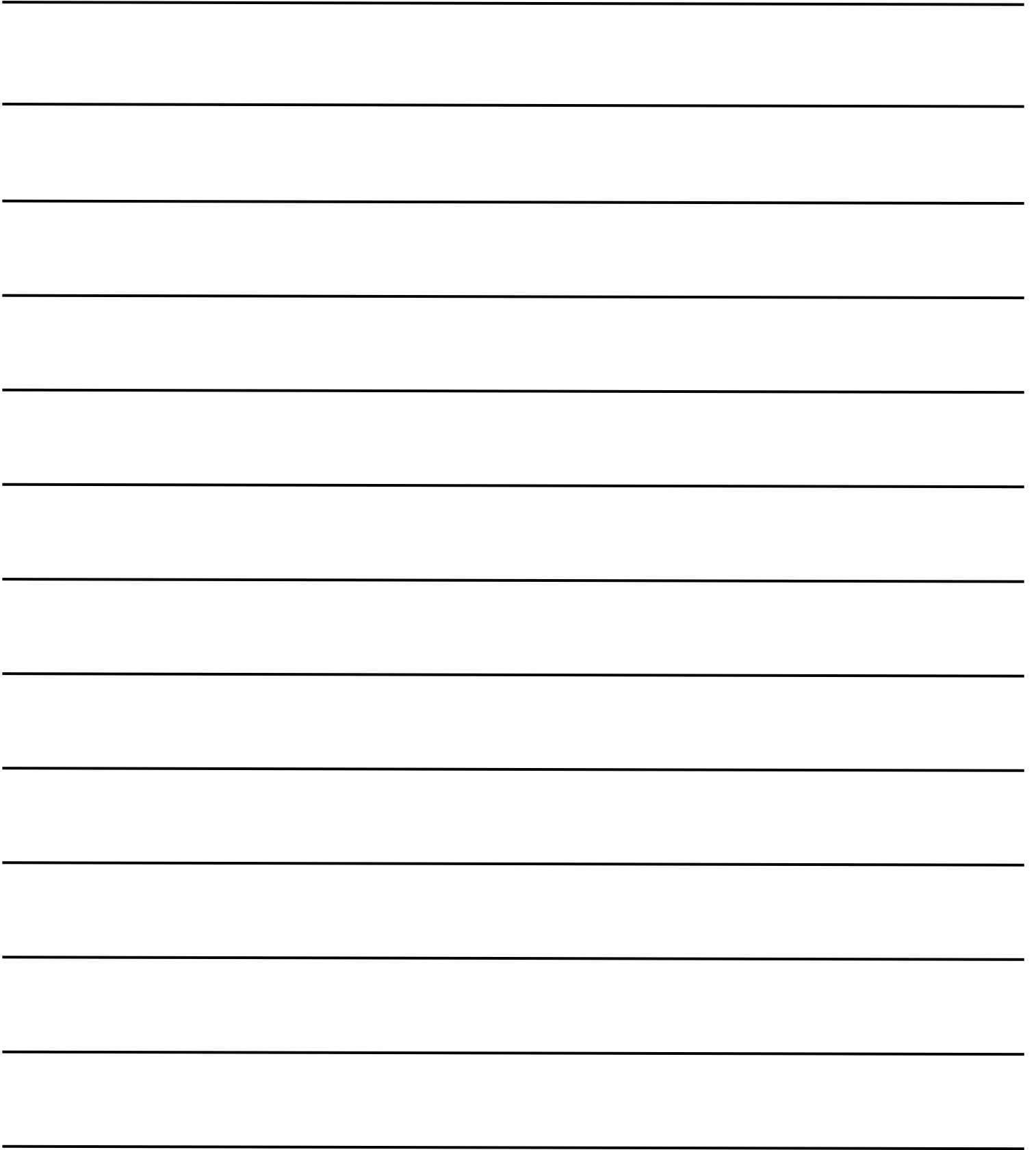


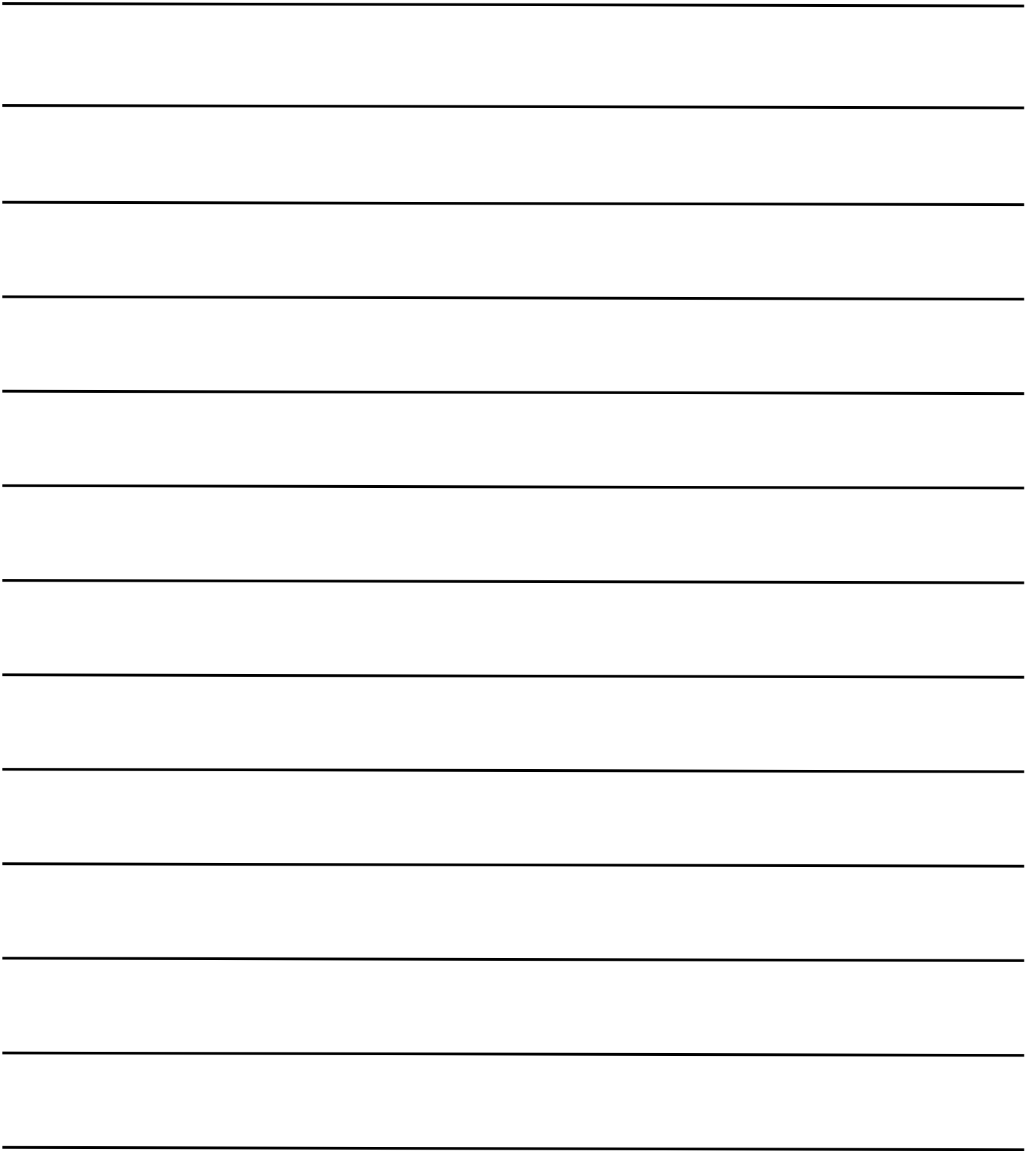












Instructions

I am so proud of you. You finished the hardest part of this workbook. You were your voice. You helped little you, past you, and present you heal. Now that the hard stuff is out of the way it's time to analyze, dig deep, and to get to the root of you.

The next part of this workbook we will be facing those emotions or feelings we have been denying. Together we are going to face our fears by tackling the toxic three.

Shame, Guilt, and Blame

Looking back at your voice where do you see yourself feeling shame, guilt, and self-blame? How old were you? Why did you feel that way? Who was a part of this feeling. Are you still feeling shame, guilty, or are you still blaming yourself?

The following worksheets will help you identify your shame, your guilt, and your self-blame. They will also help you release it.

**Start this exercise by listing
anywhere that you feel shame,
Guil, or blame.**

Shame, Guilt, or Blame

Shame, Guilt, or Blame

Shame

**"I will never forgive
myself."**

Feeling shame for past mistakes

My shame

One moment where I felt shame was while I was with my ex. I carried this shame with me up to the creation of this workbook. I had no idea how haunted I was by this until I started to share my voice. While sharing my voice I discovered that I still carried the shame of my thoughts about my son. I felt ashamed for even thinking of not helping him and I felt shame for being absent as a mother.

As I wrote that part of my voice I fell apart. I cried so hard and I felt consumed by the shame that I had been denying all of these years. I needed help. I needed someone to talk to. I talked to my best friend over the phone. I told her what I had done and how ashamed I was. She helped me release that shame by listening and by understanding how bad I felt.

I carried that shame without knowing it. I knew that I was not a bad mom but I felt like one. I knew that it was just a thought with no intention behind it but I still punished myself. I made a mistake in a moment where I was being abused and when I was experiencing PPD. I had no right to punish myself like that but I did. I carried that shame up to this very moment where I am now releasing it.

Instructions

Using your list of shame, guilt, and blame. Fill out the next worksheet for each listing where you felt shame.

Be generous with your thoughts and be honest. This is for you.

Guide

When, Why, Who

When

When did you feel this shame? What were you doing? How did you feel?

Why

Why do you feel ashamed? Is it your shame or others shaming you? Is this a real reflection of who you are?

Who

Who was with you when you felt this shame? What happened before and after this moment of shame?

When, Why, Who

When

A large, empty, rounded rectangular box with a light orange or peach color, intended for writing the answer to the question 'When'.

Why

A large, empty, rounded rectangular box with a light orange or peach color, intended for writing the answer to the question 'Why'.

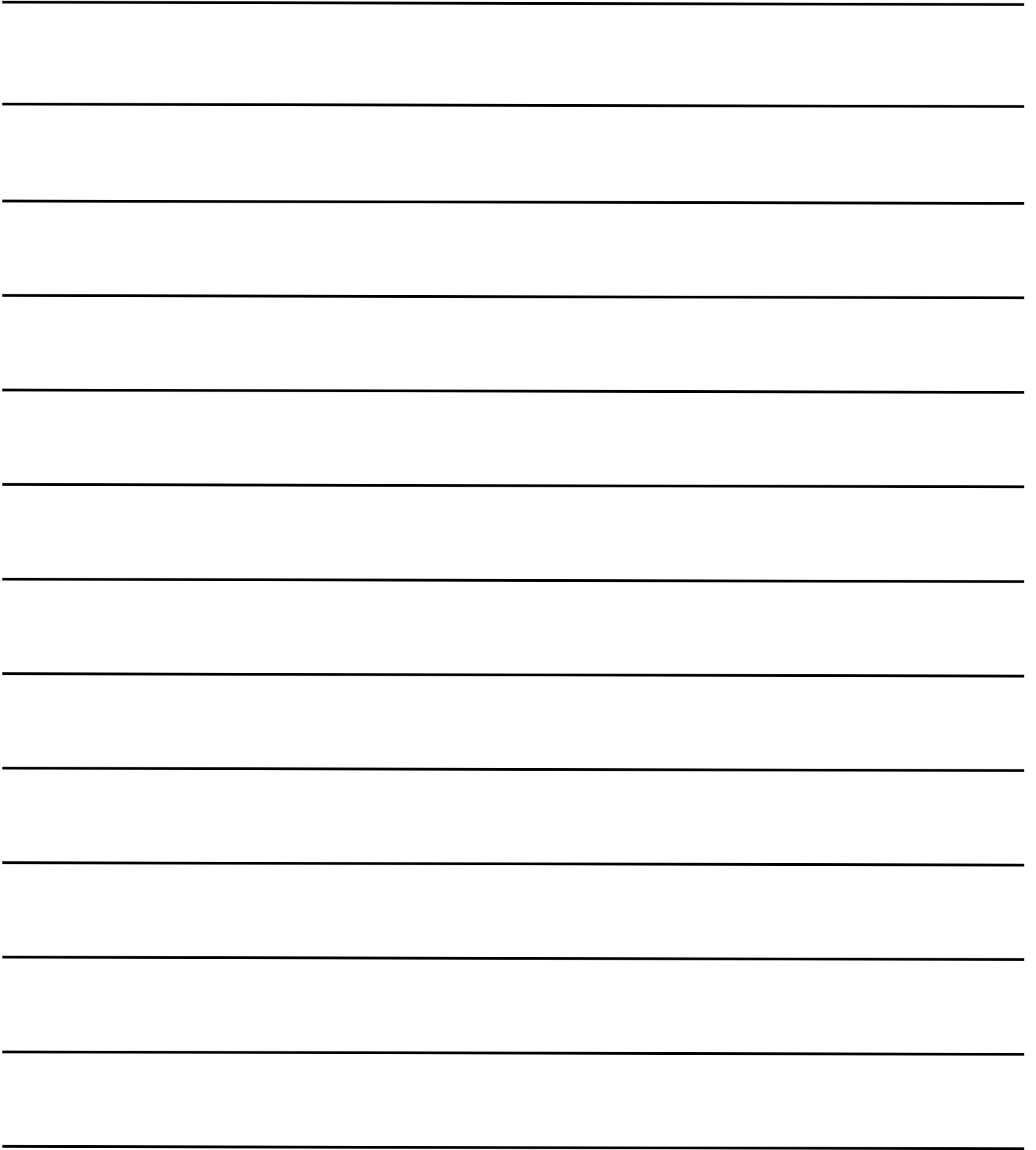
Who

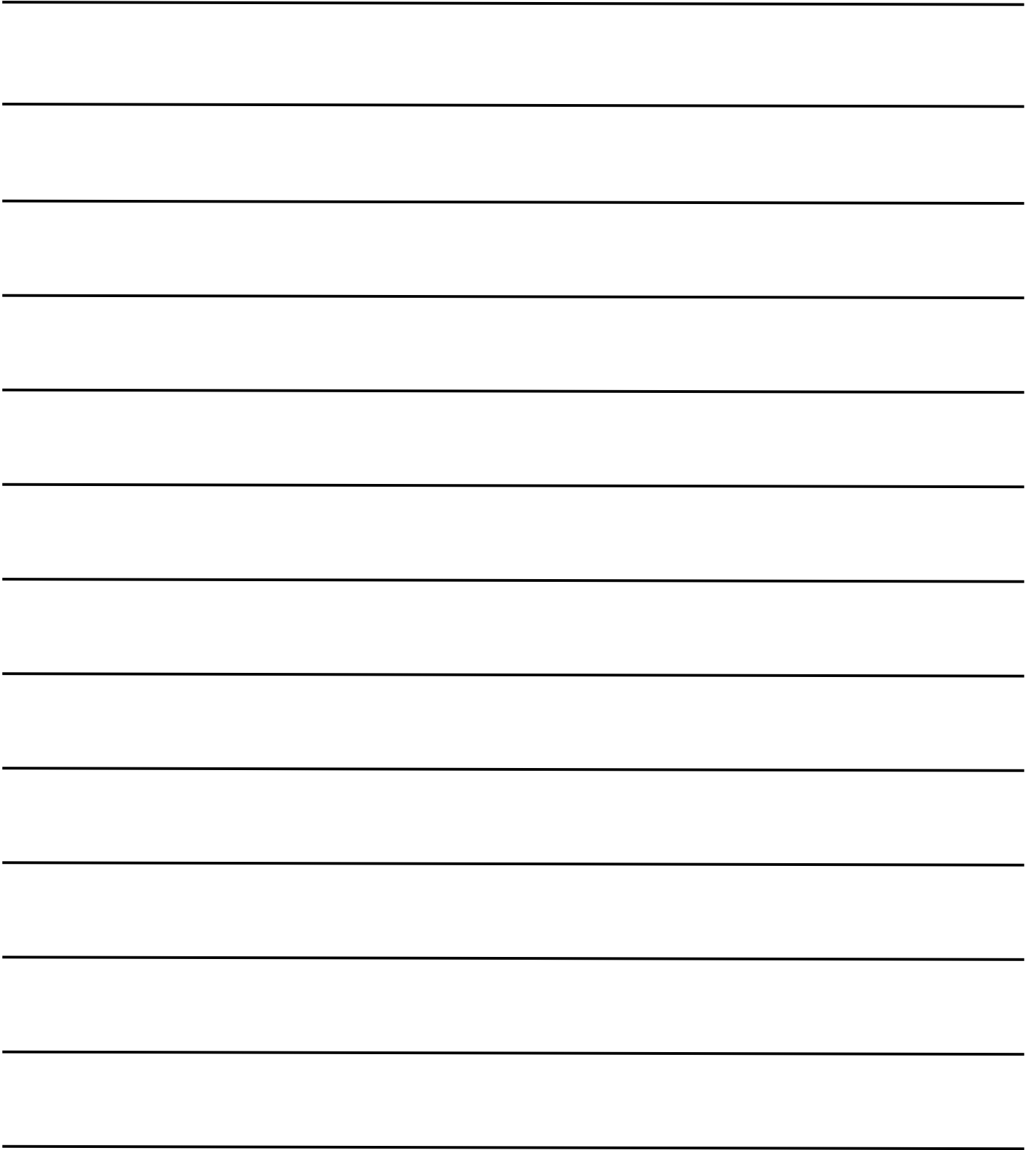
A large, empty, rounded rectangular box with a light orange or peach color, intended for writing the answer to the question 'Who'.

Journal it

My Shame







Guilt

**"I feel so bad.
I never
should have
said that."**

Feeling guilty and not letting go

My Guilt

What do I feel guilty about...

When I think guilt, a lot comes to mind. I feel guilty for not showing up for my son even though I was struggling to show up for myself. I still know

I could have done better. I feel guilty for committing myself to a person and then giving up on them. I know I did my best and it wasn't my place to save him. I still feel bad for leaving. I know I was being abused but I still feel bad for leaving. I promised I would help him but he didn't do his part in helping himself. I know this but I still feel bad for leaving.

By giving up on him I did finally choose me. I feel bad for not choosing me sooner. I feel bad for even taking that journey. I chose pain time and time again because it's what I thought I deserved. I feel bad for not loving myself.

My journey led me to hating myself subconsciously. I didn't start loving myself until the end of that six-year relationship with my ex. I feel bad for not loving me. I feel bad for leaving my mom. She taught me to be selfless and it led me to hate myself. I still feel bad for not seeing her. I still miss her.

I feel bad about not seeing my dad. I feel bad about him missing out on my son's childhood. I feel bad even though I know he is toxic and hard to be around. I still miss him.

I feel bad about not telling my story about my stepdad. It just seems so small and insignificant to me now. It did ultimately end up with me being pushed out of my mom's house and I needed that push.

I feel bad about doing what is best for me. I am slowly feeling better about myself and my choices. I know it's better to hurt without them, than it is to have them in my life actively hurting me.

Instructions

Using your list of shame, guilt, and blame. Fill out the next worksheet for each listing where you felt guilt.

Be generous with your thoughts and be honest. This is for you.

Guide

When, Why, Who

When

When did you feel guilty? What was going on around you?

Why

Why did you feel guilty? Was someone making you feel this way?

Who

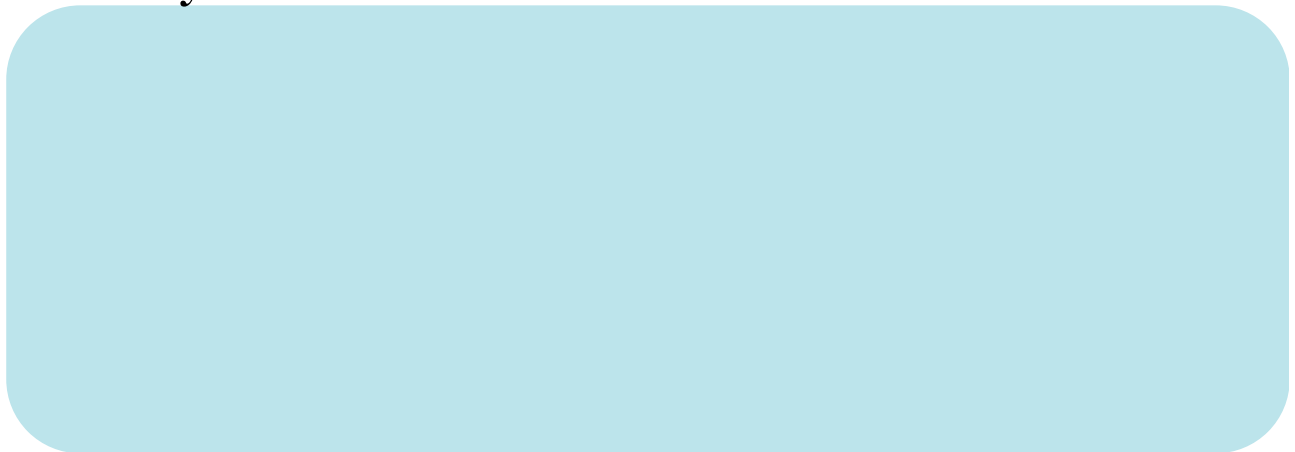
Who was with you when you felt guilty?
What was their reaction to what had happened?

When, Why, Who

When



Why



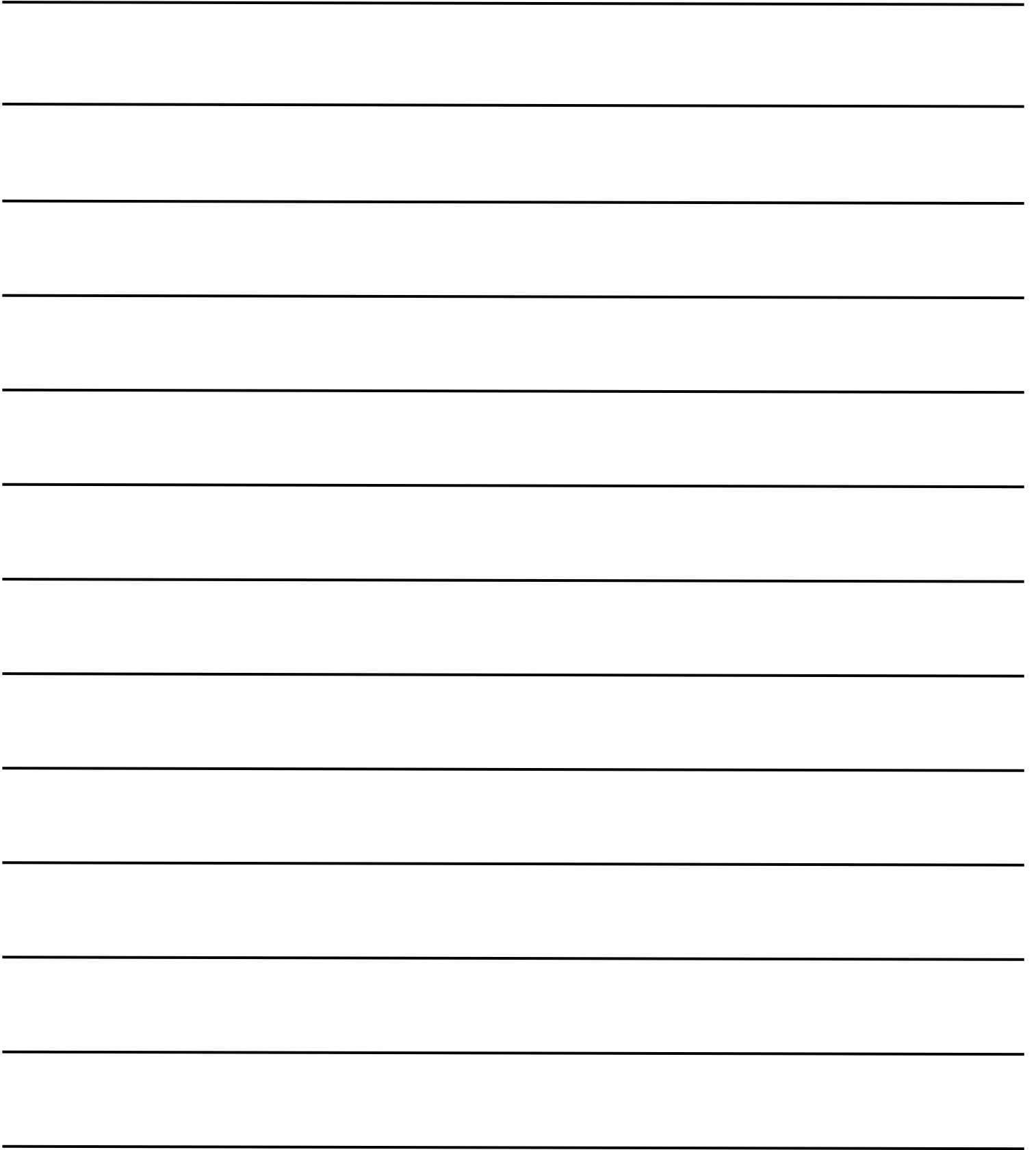
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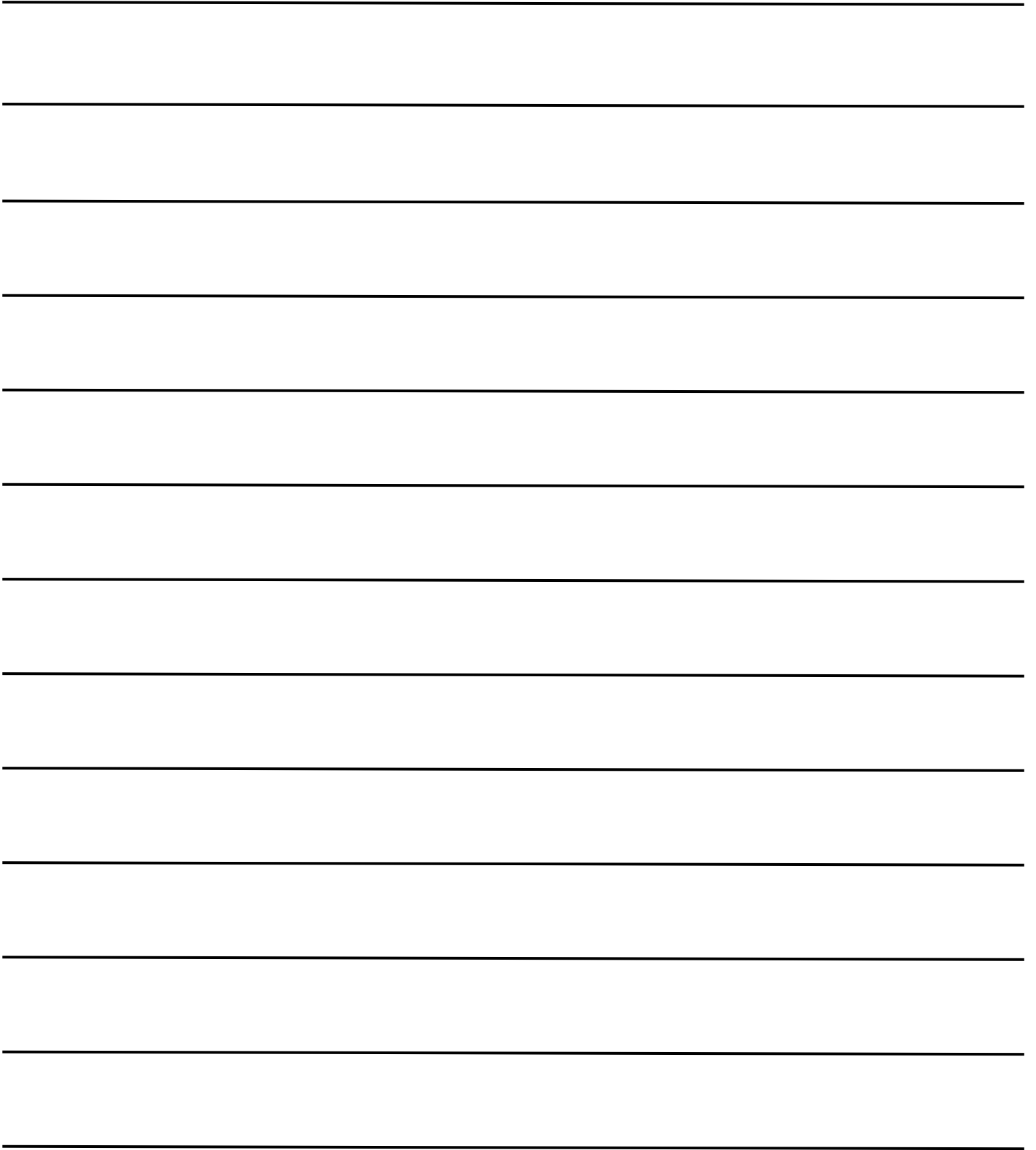


Journal it

My Guilt







Blame

**I should have, I could have,
But I didn't."**

Who is really to blame?

My Blame

Who do I blame and why?

For the longest time I blamed myself. I blamed myself for not being good enough for my mom to love. I blamed myself for being pretty which caused my mom to feel insecure. I blamed myself for being too loud or to present every time my dad would lose his temper. I blamed myself for being too kind and attractive which caused my stepdad to fall inlove with me.

I blamed myself for being too trusting and too patient while spending six years waiting for my ex to be the man that I thought he was. I blame myself for not knowing what love was and for choosing so many toxic relationships. I blame myself for existing and for taking space. I hold myself accountable for all of the abuse I experienced.

My rapist at three years old. What was I wearing?
What signs did I give him to make him think I
wanted it? Why did it happen? How did it
happen? Where were my parents?

My mom had no right to touch me or to expect
me to touch her. What was she thinking? Why
would she do that? Does she know that's my very
first memory?

My dad. Why was he so angry? Was I that much of
a burden? Did I deserve to be yelled at and
physically hurt? What did I do wrong? Was I really
being too sensitive?

My ex. Did I try hard enough? Was six years long
enough to wait for him to stop. Would he of
stopped if I would have given him one more
chance? Were the drugs to blame or does he take
responsibility for his actions?

When I think of Blame, I don't know who I blame anymore. Do I blame the rapist or do I blame the past that created him. Do I blame my mom or do I blame her mental illness? Do I blame my dad or do I blame his abusive father. Do I blame my ex or do I blame the drugs?

For so long I just chose to blame me. I was in the wrong place at the wrong time. I was too pretty so my mom had the right to hate me. My existence was a burden, so my parents had every right to remind me every day. I was born. That's what I did wrong.

I cannot blame someone for not knowing better, for being sick, for being emotionally weak, or addicted to drugs. I also cannot continue to blame me. I don't deserve to carry this blame. I didn't do anything wrong. I existed in the wrong place at the wrong time. I was a child I should have been allowed to be heard. I was a kind heart who loved hard and believed in the best version of people. I didn't do anything wrong. I release this blame. I blame no one.

Instructions

Using your list of shame, guilt, and blame. Fill out the next worksheet for each listing where you felt blame.

Be generous with your thoughts and be honest. This is for you.

Guide

When, Why, Who

When

When do you feel blame during your journaling of your voice.

Why

Why do you feel blame? what happened?
Why did it happen?

Who

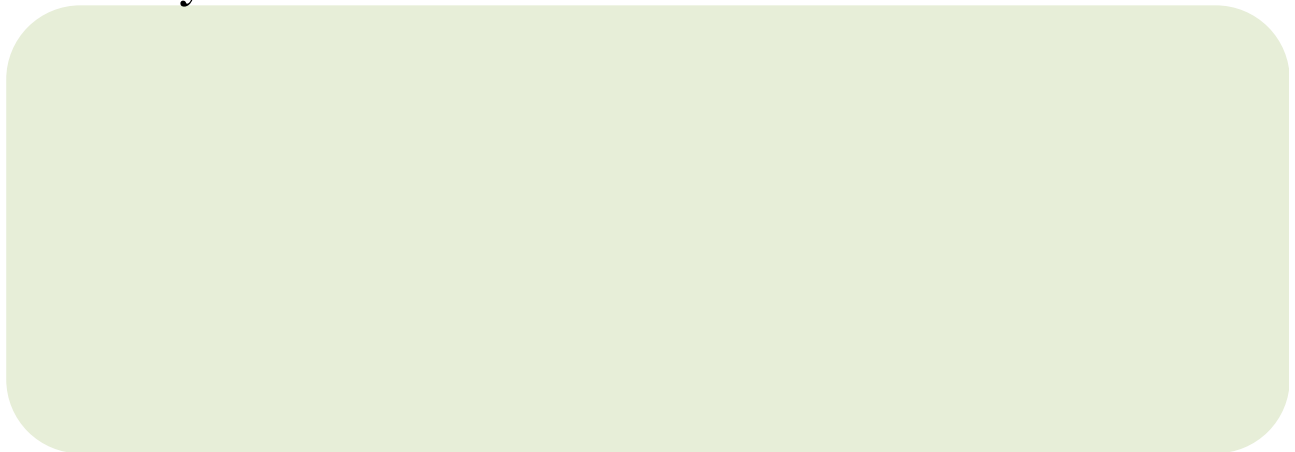
Who do you blame? What do you blame?

When, Why, Who

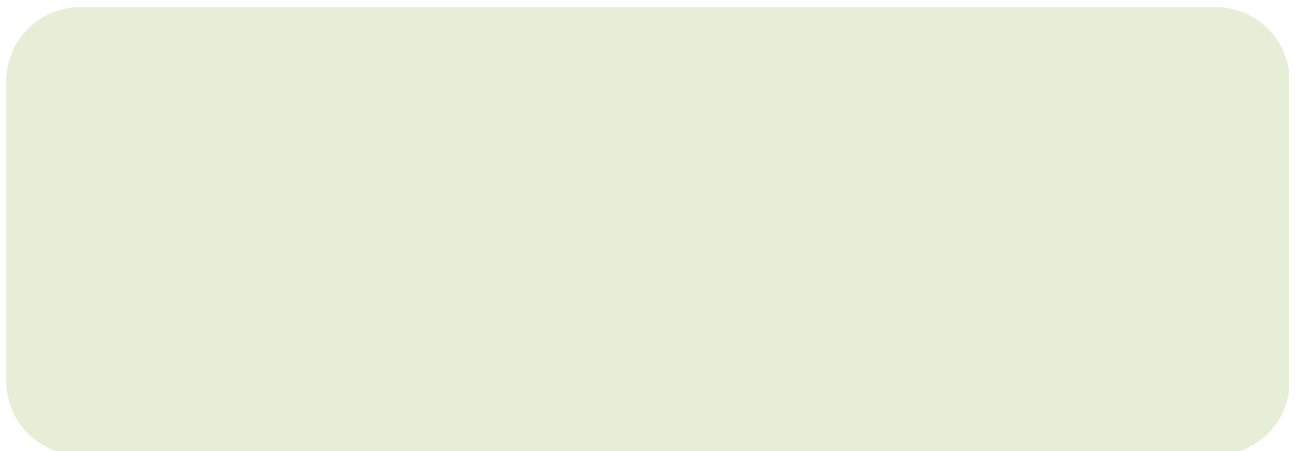
When



Why



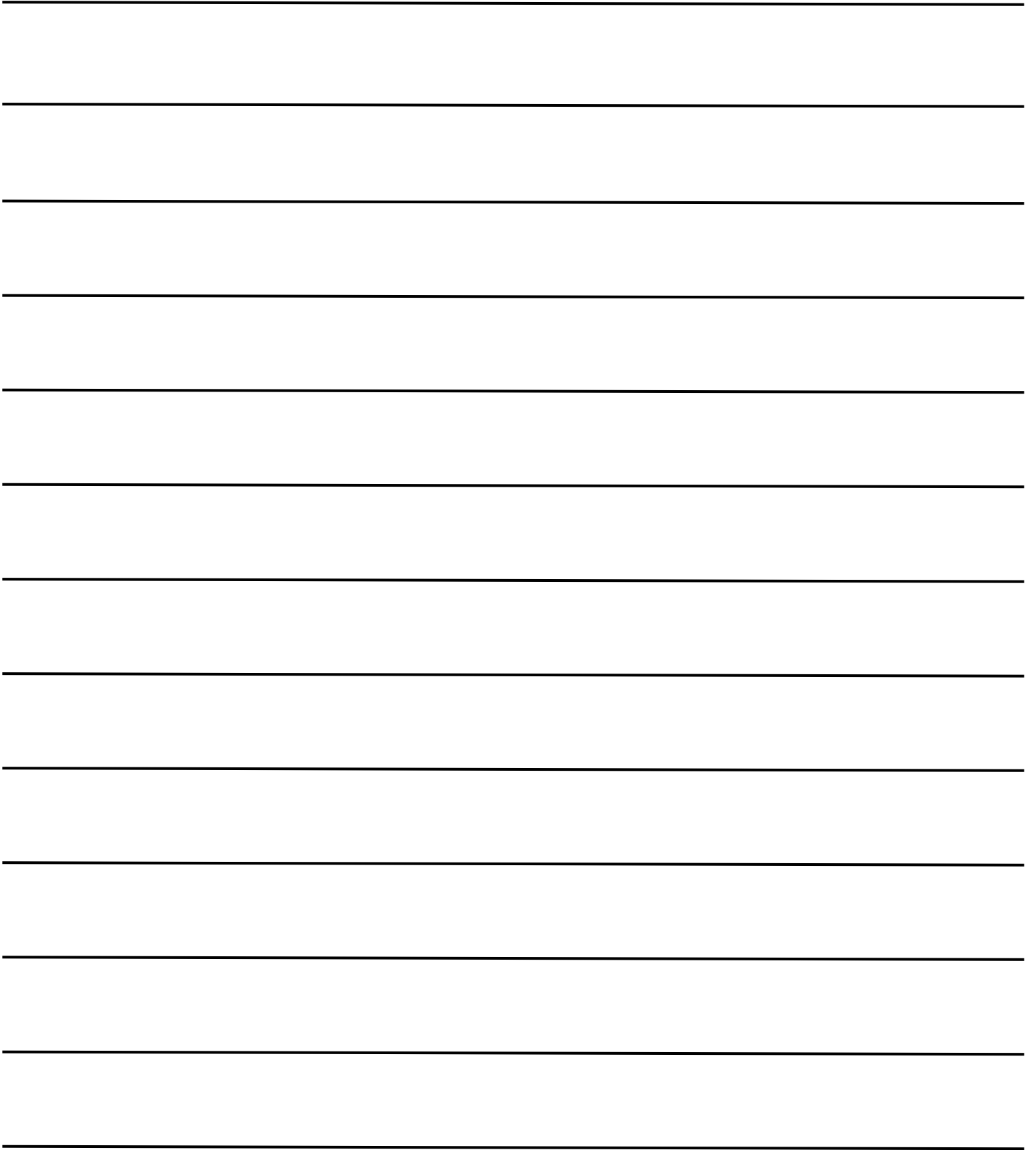
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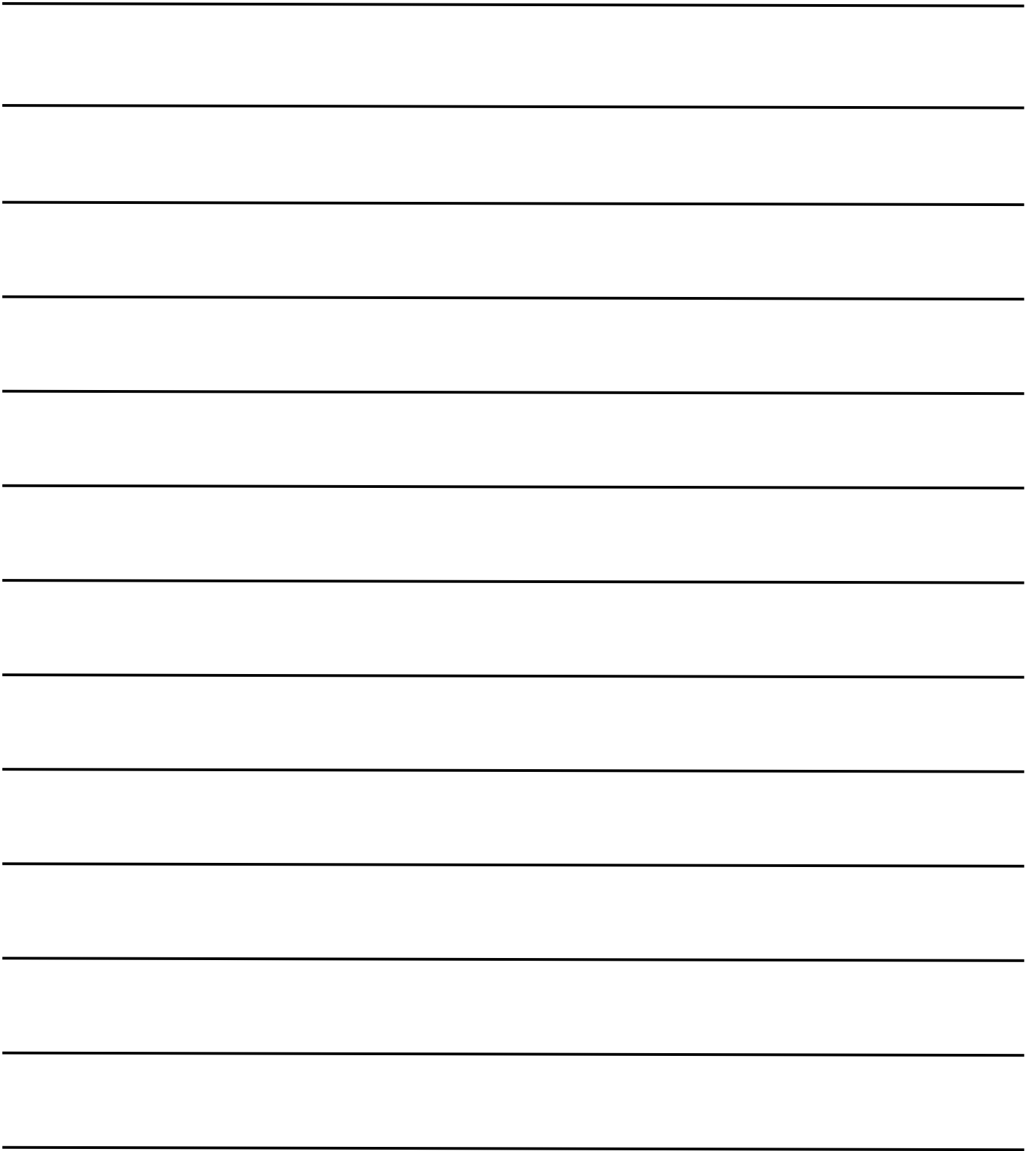


Journal it

My Blame







Dear Me,

Looking back on all we have been through all I can say is I love you. I am so sorry for forgetting that. I am sorry for not standing up for you. I am so sorry for not putting you first. I thank you for, forgiving me. I thank you for our present. I thank you for our future. I am so proud of the woman we are now. I am so thankful for everything you did to create this version of us.

I forgive you. I forgive me. I also forgive my mom for not loving me the way I needed. I forgive my dad for not having the ability to love and for not being able to control his anger. I forgive my stepdad for unintentionally conditioning me and breaking my trust. I forgive my ex of six years for being the one who shattered me. I am thankful for being shattered. I forgive all of them for me. I understand that carrying anything less than love attracts less than what I deserve.

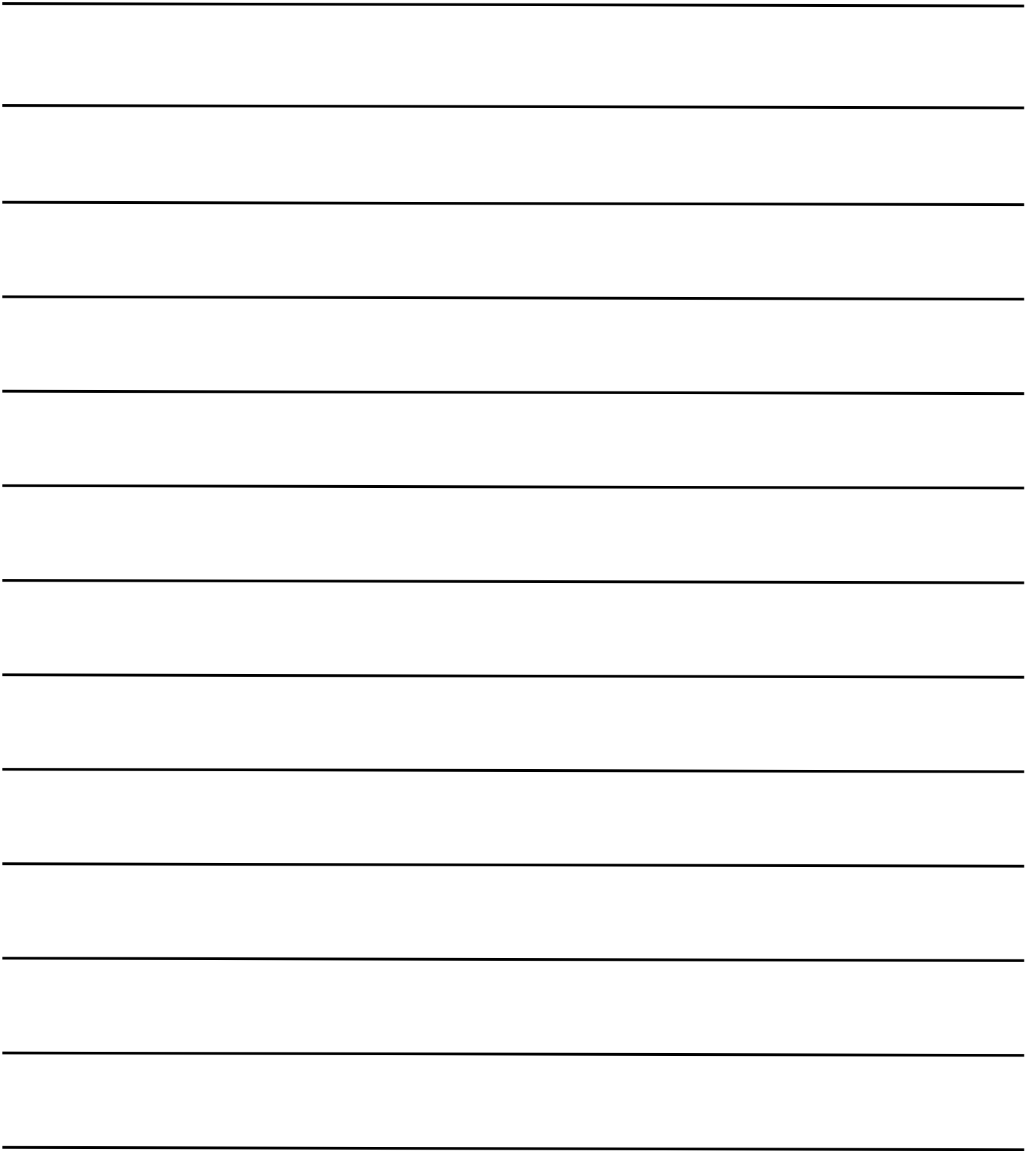
Nichole Jamie Smith

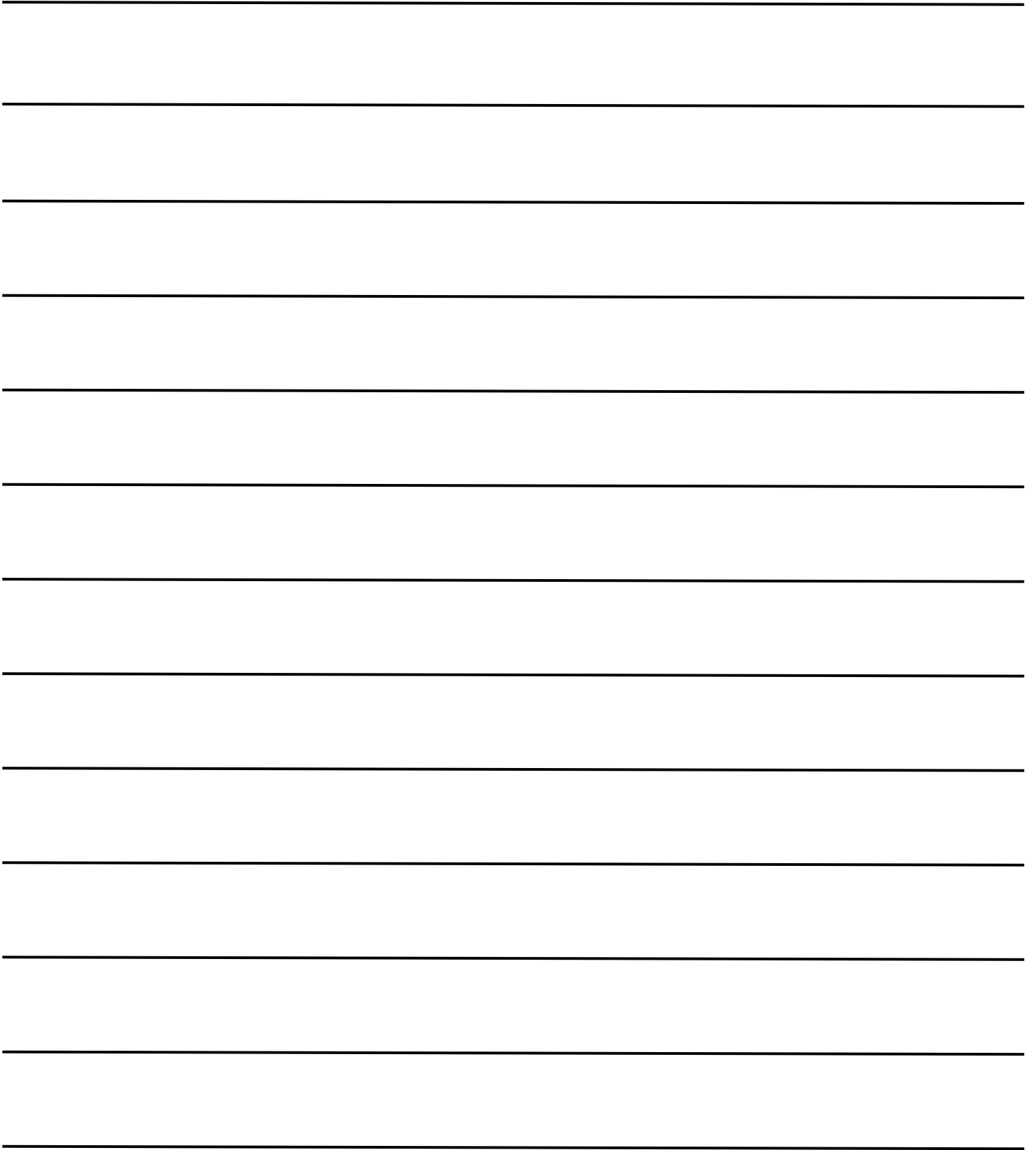
Now it is your turn.

This is a letter to you. Write to your past self, present self, and your future self. Express your true feelings about what you have learned and how you feel now. Get all of your feelings out as you write to you. Are you thankful, sad, angry, or something else?

Also use this time to forgive where you feel ready to. Forgiveness is for you, not them. Understanding what happened does not make it okay. Understanding what happened allows you to move forward and away from that pain. You are taking your power back. You are choosing to feel good right now.

This is the final step of this workbook. I am so proud of you. I am so grateful to be on this journey with you. I look forward to connecting with you again in the next one.







Thank you so much for being here

Nichole Jamie Smith



Aquarius

February 2, 1991

Mom of 1

Nichole is a spiritual life coach who dreams of being a public motivational speaker. She shares her stories with the intention of helping others heal so they too can live their dream life.

Join me on a journey of self-discovery through pain. We all have all been there and we all deserve to heal. Your healing journey began the moment you were victimized. Share your story, speak your truth, and reclaim your power.

No one said this would be easy and no one says you have too. I applaud you and your courage to change the world. We were born from abuse and we will be the ones to end it.

-Nichole Jamie Smith

