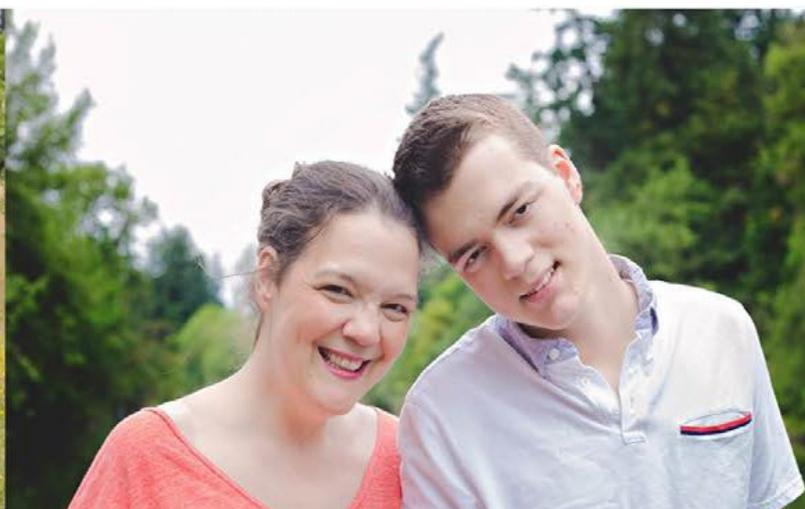




Our Story



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We were homeless, but we found a way to rise above it. Here's the short version of our journey.





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Introduction

Hey, thanks for stopping by for a more personal visit with us. When I started this journey of sharing our story, I was encouraged to write a book and publish it first because it was said that by doing so, I would gain more attention and be seen as an authority and expert. I was even encouraged to call myself an expert.

However, the more I sat in on these types of trainings in the social media world, I realized how uncomfortable I felt with these ideas. It wasn't because I thought I wasn't good enough or thought I didn't have a book to offer. I just wanted to skip all the BS, and for the first time in my life, I know in my very core that I am enough, and I do have much to offer this world. My mission is to SHARE, not be in the limelight.

I also would rather spend my time serving now for the right reasons. Reasons that come deep from my heart. This short version of my story is a way for me to connect with you, so you can see if it resonates with you and see if I have anything that may help you on your journey.

To be honest, I want to put out on the table that my work is not based on thinking of our kids as different, needing a cure, needing to be fixed, or recovered. I believe that all kids require the same basic needs from their parents and unfortunately, the outside world has made it difficult at times for us to provide these basic needs on a consistent basis. I think we need to be so very careful not to send the wrong messages to our children, so they don't grow up as victims, feeling broken, angry or not worthy.

If we stick to the basic needs as nature intended, we then do our children the most justice in their situation. You may be pleasantly surprised what evolves in the end. I found those basic needs and have taken action, only to find I have much more power than I ever imagined.

I know how rushed parents feel out of desperation to get hold of answers and results NOW. I have no time to waste. You won't find a polished social media expert here. What you see is what I am. I am a mother with one heck of a story to tell. Later, as time goes on, I will write my book. For now, let's get down to it, shall we?

Every Story Has A Beginning

Writing this story after all these years seems surreal to me. I'm going to start all the way back in 1998 when my son, Tristan, was born.

I was running my own business as a Foster Care Provider, caring for 5 elderly people in my own home, making \$10-\$15,000 a month. That's right. I was a powerhouse caregiver. Looking back now, I see that it was good for my son as I was geared to never give up. That drive was also fueled by the fact that I WAS a severe Co-dependent, during that time, who was diagnosed and suffered from PTSD. That is the part of me that was not so good for my son. I am now healed, and I will explain that in more detail as you journey with me.

When Tristan was born, his first dose of Attachment Trauma occurred when my placenta detached, and labor was induced. The first shot did not work, so I ended up getting two more extra rounds of chemicals coursing through his tiny being. Of course, back then, they started with vaccines as soon as the baby came out. My little guy received his first DPT in the heel of his foot loading him with more chemicals and shock treatment. He was also circumcised shortly after birth, giving him another traumatic experience.

When he came out, they cut the umbilical cord. This is when the baby needs to be settled on mom's chest right away to form the invisible umbilical cord which is the emotional bond. Instead, the nurse gave him to my husband and Tristan rooted around frantically.

I had severe depression after his birth which continued to affect our attachment. A baby depends on mother to be emotionally stabilized because this is how he learns how to be happy and secure. Our special bond never had a beginning. My marriage was always on the rocks, and I worked practically 24/7, while he sat in a swing missing all the attention he desperately needed. I did breastfeed him regularly, but that was the extent of our contact. He received short bursts of attention, missing the time on the floor and rhythmic movement from being bounced or rocked by a mother.

Babies start to learn joy in early months through the reciprocation of joy coming from the mother. This never happened because I was a mess physically and emotionally. I was unhappy, so right from the get-go, my son was absorbing the emotional thought patterns of two very emotionally unstable and depressed parents. I had no idea how this affects a baby all the way into adulthood.

The one thing I did do right was that I breastfed him for an entire year. However, that got off to a rocky start because I was not healthy physically at all. I was deep into the American diet, and that meant table sugar and chemicals in my food were just a normal thing for me. I ended up getting severe mastitis several times, up all night in severe pain and cried every time I fed him. We passed fungal infections back and forth between us for months. Nothing but chaotic negative emotions were in the air for my little one on a consistent basis. This was supposed to be a time of pure joy and love.

Finally, just as I was about to give up breastfeeding, things leveled out and calmed down.

Tristan never slept with us as a baby. He was only held by me when I was breastfeeding. Most of my time and energy was put into the five elderly people I cared for in my home. It was a huge responsibility. I did my job well, but it took too much from my son, such as time, heart and attention that he so needed and deserved.

I at the time, had no idea what a child needed from their parents to grow up emotionally healthy and strong. After all, both my husband and I were raised by parents who did not possess the tools or skills to raise happy, emotionally stable kids either. Tristan basically came from a line of anxious parents, like so many of us today.

You won't hear me talk much about vaccines other than to share our story and the impact they had on our lives.

If I had it all over to do again, I would have never gotten those vaccines at all, or I would at least have waited until he was much older and done it one shot at a time.

As I look back, I see how he declined slowly over time with the combination of depressed parents, being neglected because I was working so much, the ongoing vaccines, and the terrible self-care habits we had as a family. Yes, he was fed regularly, kept dry and clean and was talked to while he was fed, but he missed an attuned attachment with me.

Some would say neglect is a strong word, however when one processes child development and what our children need, one can see, it is what it is. I realize that the only way up is to acknowledge he was neglected, but also forgive myself for not doing things for him because I just did not know how and neither did anyone else. There is so much he did not get that is required to thrive.

Later in my child development studies, I was able to confirm that pleasurable feelings lead later to play and exploration. These feelings are stimulated by breastfeeding, care, gentle touch from mother, being carried and rocked. He did not receive the latter two from me because I was overworked. Even though a mother is present with the baby and providing all the touch and needs, if she is stressed, that is all it takes to break an attuned attachment. Breaking this attuned attachment is the catalyst for developmental delays. We are not told about this, and really many do not know. If they do know, they don't know what to do or how to teach us as parents what to do. In many cases, it's a cultural thing going on.

Even today, as I write this, tears flow down my face as I feel the healthy guilt of this realization. Without this healthy guilt, which I no longer allow to turn to burning shame, my son and I would never have had another chance to live this journey the way it really was intended from a spiritual and emotionally regulated perspective.

I validate myself, knowing I did the best I could do with what tools my parents passed on to me. I always loved my son dearly and longed to be a good mother. I really wanted to do better than my mother ever did. I am happy to say that I have accomplished that. It was not easy, but I got there, even amongst living in a world that has numerous roadblocks in our way constantly.

It wasn't just Tristan's parents being depressed, anxious, and unable to connect to one another that was hard on him. It was the vaccines that really pushed him over the edge. He fell off into the abyss of what society considers Autism land. Essentially the land of the unknown and very few answers for most of us.

As I study his past medical records and notes, I see we were concerned, or at least my ex-husband was. I was in denial, that he was not acting or developing like he should. He was not doing what other kids were doing. He was shaking his finger in front of his face for enjoyment.

The doctor said he was fine from 0-18 months. He said boys develop more slowly, and if we still had concerns at the next baby visit, we could sign him up for testing at the developmental clinic by age 18-24 months.

As we walked out of the room, the doctor said, "Go get the next round of shots on your way out."

That's exactly what we did.

The next morning our world took a complete drastic shift.

Tristan's room was upstairs, and he would always shake his crib to bump it up against the wall to let me know he was ready to get up. I would go greet him, and he would be smiling with delight to see me. He had three words back then. They were Momma, Dadda and Hi. He would smile and proclaim with delight, "Hi!" anxiously waiting for me to pick him up.

This particular morning it was quiet. It was getting to be late morning, and I wondered why he was not asking to get up like he always did by shaking the crib.

My guts were cramping with concern as I went up the stairs. I entered his room, and there he stood in the crib, very quiet. I rounded the corner, and instead of him looking at me with his normal smiling face and bellowing out, "Hi!" as usual, he was silent. He stared up at the ceiling slowly swaying back and forth with his mouth slightly open.

I felt it was odd and so I joyfully belted out, "Tristan? Hi!", as I smiled big. I received no response from him. He just stared up at the ceiling as if he was scanning it and was mesmerized by it.

I said it again.....nothing.....again.....and nothing. I finally walked right up to him and gently held his face. I put my face right in his to get him to LOOK AT ME as I

said hi again, and he was blank. He would not even look at me as I pulled his face to be one inch from mine. His eyes were still fixated on the ceiling. In a trance.

By this time nausea was churning in my stomach. I picked him up, and I knew our lives had changed. I had no clue what was ahead, no clue that all my ideas and dreams of what family and raising children were supposed to be were going to be drastically different. At that moment my intuition was screaming, and I knew that something was very wrong.

I realize now that I really had no idea what a family was supposed to look like. Even though at the time I could not put into words what I felt it should be, I could feel it. As a matter of fact, I can recall as early as 6 years old, this knowing deep inside that the dramatic stage I was being raised on, was somehow not right. I knew I had to flail my way to the path that would be my intended destination. I just had no idea what road bumps I would encounter to get there. Somehow that never mattered because it didn't stop my quest to keep seeking what the path should be.

The New Way Of Life In The Storm

Tristan cried for days after that morning.

I called the doctor, and they told me it was normal that he had rashes all over his body and was feeling sickly.

This made me feel ok for a few weeks because I was a follower of the medical community back then and I trusted every doctor and every nurse I came into contact with. If I am honest, I believed that THEY were better parents for my child than I was. I didn't know that I held the power. I always thought they had it all.

Things got really bad for a while. Tristan was gagging a lot when eating his food. He was pacing and running instead of walking. He would stop in mid-movement and sit on the floor to rock back and forth vigorously. He had meltdowns for what I thought was no reason. He refused to look at us in the face or eyes. He dug at his ears until they bled, and I could not get him to stop. He alternated constipation with diarrhea. When people came over, he would go hide in the bathroom and crunch down in the corner while he shook his finger in front of his face. He never played with toys or showed interest in reality. The only toys he enjoyed were the pens or pencils he loved to shake in front of his face. When he was in his high chair, he could not sit still. He would rock so hard I feared the high chair might tip over. It made a huge racket, and my elderly residents were agitated by it. I had so much fear I would lose my job if he could not calm enough. Who would want their parents living in chaos?

I had an appointment to take him in to get assessed at the developmental clinic. I knew something was seriously wrong, but I wanted to believe he was just having bad hearing problems. I mean, after all, being deaf would be better than autism, right? That's what I thought.

I took him to the clinic on my own which probably was not such a good idea. They had several rooms, and they sent me through a system to get assessed in each room. They had physical therapy, occupational therapy, and a playroom for professionals to observe the child.

I wasn't there long. I remember sitting at a table with the psychologist as Tristan paced. The room was full of toys any other child his age would go bonkers over, but he was ignoring them completely.

The doctor started asking me this huge list of questions. They were all questions about development. Things like, does he point at objects? Does he talk? Does he bring things to show you? Does he look at you? Does he always tiptoe like that? Does he always run around like that? By now my stomach was so sick I thought I would throw up. I could no longer hold back the tears. I had to ask. I knew the answer, but I just had to ask in hopes that this scary part of my life would stop. I asked, "Why? Is my son autistic?" This was the first part of the assessment, and the doctor knew right away. He said, "I do think your son is autistic. I am not going to make you go through any more testing. I just want to gather a few of my colleagues



next door, so we can discuss what you can do next. Ok, I thought. He is going to tell me what I can do, and it will all be ok. Tears were streaming down my face.

The fact is, they did not tell me anything I could do, except read books they suggested. Books that gave me no ideas and were full of doom and gloom.

The Ride Home In The Rain

As I was driving home in the rain with Tristan in the back seat, my mind was rampant with flashbacks of the conversation with the panel of professionals.

I can feel the cold air in the room as I remember the setup. It was a bare room with no decorations. Just a big long table and some chairs and a big whiteboard.

I was told that my son would get worse over time. That I needed to be prepared that by the time he was 7, I might have to “institutionalize” him or send him to live in a group home. I was told to not look on the internet for answers because there was a bunch of false information there.

I did not get very far on the drive home before I had to pull over as I was completely breaking down. I saw no hope at all. What was going to happen next?

I called my then-husband, to let him know. I sat and cried until I was able to drive home.

For the next three days, I could not stop crying. Literally. The medical community that I was raised to trust and find answers in had no answers at all. As a matter of fact, they had nothing but a negative prognosis.

I remember getting in the shower and curling up in a ball on the floor. I cried my eyes out until the water turned cold. I could hardly move. I would get out of the shower and lay on my bed, wrapped in the towel and cry more. I just repeated this shower routine for the next three days. I even cried through the nights.

Then by day three something snapped in me. Most call it strength, but I know now that is was not my strength. It was my higher power that chose to watch after us this entire time even though I was not on board. I decided since I could not sleep anyway, I would start researching and reading. I had a list of books the doctor gave me. He told me to stick to that list because he did not want me reading false information on the internet.

I asked my ex-husband to go get all the books on the list and not get anything else.

He did get all the books accept he decided to get one book about autism and diet that he found at the bookstore. I recall getting mad at him for doing that. I thought, “Can't he just listen to me for once?” It turned out that that book on diet and autism would be the book that gave me the hope I needed to carry on and never give up. For that I am grateful.

This is not a story of diet solving all the issues. Diet was only the beginning and ONE of the tools that started us in the right direction.

From Despair To Fighting Warrior

I started to research online after trying to read all the books my ex-husband brought home. I was mad he brought the diet one, so I began to look at the others first. However, they were riddled with ideas that autism was a way of life and that there really was nothing you could do about it.

I then started to read the book by Karyn Seroussi. I was hooked on the first page. I read it all night long and by morning had a complete grocery list made, was dressed and ready to go out the door by 7:00 a.m.

This book was about a mom who claimed she helped her son with diet. I thought, "Well, why not give it a shot? I've got nothing to lose at this point." That is exactly what I did.

I knew nothing about diet, and I was about 100 pounds heavier at the time, had no energy and had a terrible outlook on life.

It was tough for me to change my son's diet.

The book explained the science behind the addictions to foods for these kids and that they would fight diet changes in the beginning.

And fight he did.

I made healthy food for him, and at first, he liked it and ate it. However, when he figured out that he was not FEELING that high from the casein molecules reaching his brain, well, he was NOT a happy camper.

For three days he screamed at meal times and even threw the food on the floor.

I just would tell him he had to wait until his next meal to eat every time he did that.

I then would go around the corner and cry my eyes out. I felt so guilty, and it broke my heart to hear him beg, cry and plead.

I knew that I had to be strong and stand my ground. I had to heal his gut, and I knew that this was the only way.

I now know if I had to do it all over again, I would have gone about it a little differently due to Attachment Trauma reasons. As you journey with me, you will learn more about that.

After Three Days Of Clean Diet Something Beautiful Happened

We were sitting on the couch on the third morning as my son was eating his breakfast because he decided that all the screaming in the world would not fill his belly with the old foods I used to give him.

As I sat there on the couch, I realized how quiet the room was. I looked up, and there Tristan was eating with his little hands. He was sitting still! No rocking in the high chair! That was huge. Then all the sudden, he looked up directly into my eyes and held eye contact for the first time in months. He then happily went back to eating his clean food.

I was so filled with happy tears. I had so much joy that he looked at me. Really looked at me and connected.

One Battle At A Time

I was sold on diet and continued to change my son's eating habits.

The next step was to stop his habit of rocking all over the place. I knew that he needed this motion for comfort. However, I wanted to try to make it a more socially appropriate thing.

And that I did.

I started to pick him up and place him in a rocking chair every single time he flopped on the floor and started rocking. I also removed him every single time from his high chair when he would rock and pound like gangbusters.

He literally was so mad about this. He would arch his back and stiffen his entire body as he screamed bloody murder to get his way.

I would set him in the rocking chair, sit right in front of him and rock the chair as I sang a special song about rocking. This would catch his attention, and he would calm down, throw his hands behind his back and rock quietly.

After three days of relentless screaming and crying, he finally got it, and the rocking chair was his destination.

This was only one battle, and there were many more to come. I think you get the picture, and this is to give you the short version because as you get to know me, you will delve deep into many aspects of my personal journey.

Just When I Thought It Would Get Better, It Got Worse

I found a band of doctors called Defeat Autism Now AKA DAN. I was on a mission to CURE my son and return him to normal, whatever that was.

Looking back, I didn't even know what normal was. Now I see that normal for me back then was only the search to be accepted. Normal to me now is the ability to find balance and find the answers within myself.

And this quest for old "Normal", the "I need to be as good as someone else to feel ok 'normal' ", was very damaging to my son's emotional and spiritual being, as well as my own.

My heart was in the right place. I took him to these doctors, and we spent over \$36,000.00 in the first year on therapies, doctors' visits, and supplements. The doctors back then charged upwards of \$300 an hour and then hundreds more for each new therapy, injection, or high-end supplement. At one point I counted 45 different supplements that my son was on.

This lasted about a year. My son actually got worse!

His doctor was a sweet man who jumped on the DAN bandwagon and had 50 autistic kids in his practice. He did all these protocols to get Tristan's toxin overload from vaccines to leave his body.

The problem was, it was too aggressive, and it amplified Tristan's already gut issues that we were trying to help. A sick gut could take up to 5 years in some severe cases to heal back then. Now I am saddened to see that not much has changed in society and parents are flailing for answers still.

I also see now that what happened here only served to traumatize my son more. I had no idea that things could have been done so much differently to protect his deep emotional wounds that had already begun due to Attachment Trauma.

Tristan ended up going from a moderate diagnosis to severe in a few months. I was terrified.

His diarrhea got worse, and all the behaviors the diet was helping came back and were 10 times worse than before.

He started banging his head on the floor and walls, cried often and this time could not even hold down food. He would gag so bad, he would vomit.

Tristan was scheduled to go in for a secretin injection that was helping many children heal their guts faster. We had done one already, and it wasn't helping him.

I took him to the appointment this time to announce to the doctor that I would not be coming back anymore. I said I was not certain why, but my instinct told me I had to stop or Tristan would be lost forever.

The doctor was very kind, and he said, “Kimberly, out of all the kids in my practice, I have two with the worst gut issues, and Tristan is one of them. I can't figure out what to do, and I am sorry.” Before I left, he gave me an autism diet book he had just been informed about, and he gave me his copy. He then said, “Look, I have not read this yet, but I know if any parent can figure this out, it will be you.”

As I write these words chills go down my spine, and it evokes tender tears.

I did find the way. However, it took me until Tristan was age 15.

When I left that office that day, I felt so very alone and scared. The medical community I once trusted could do nothing for my son. The DAN could do nothing to help my son either. I had one last thing to try.

I called up my Homeopath.

The Homeopath was actually the first person I talked to about Tristan, and because I was medically minded, I chose to try the DAN even though she warned against it.

As I crawled back to her with my tail between my legs, I hoped that this would be the way to ‘Normal.’

She too was a nice lady who had a boy with autism and made a career out of helping these children heal like so many mothers do if they have energy left after the storm hits. Mothers are all we really have in a society that doesn't get it and takes so very long to get it.

It was nice to know someone who did not think I was crazy or overprotective.

She instructed me to follow the diet book that the doctor had given me because she had heard about it. She sent me an energetic detox regimen and instructed me to continue diet changes. She told me it could take up to five years to heal his gut because he had a pretty bad case of upset.

And that is exactly what it took.

Tristan was so sensory sensitive in his mouth I almost had a tube feeder on my hands. He just could not eat his food. He would gag and spit it out and then cry because he was so hungry. I was beside myself because I knew he needed good nutrition to heal and it felt almost impossible to get it down him.

I ended up cooking organic ground meat into the tiniest pieces I could. I then started by putting well-cooked veggies in the food processor and then adding ¼ tsp to his meat bowl. I started with meat, and he could get it down if I only gave him tiny bites.

The gagging was an issue, and so was his rigidness caused by all his traumatic experiences. I had to add tiny bits of veggies on the sly because if I went too fast, he would reject it. It was difficult.



I started rotating his foods. I picked four types of meat, four veggies, and four dark berries. Berries were eaten between meat meals for best digestion.

As time went by he finally stopped banging his head, was able to eat larger portions of food without gagging and then started to calm down and get back on track.

By year two he started to move forward in progress. It was slow, but he did. He talked more and slowly became a content child. So, I thought.

Progress Stalled, But Why?

Fast forwarding to age 13 I had dealt with schools for years, and it always felt like I could not win that battle. I even hired lawyers a few times to keep them in line. It worked for a while, so I thought, and then I was told that they could not provide what he needed.

I realize now that back then I was looking outside of myself to fix all my problems. I expected the schools to catch my kid up. I expected the schools to fill the gaps that unbeknownst to me, I never filled as a parent. I did not realize that is what I was doing until I studied Attachment Trauma and Co-dependency.

What I see now is that no school, doctor, professional therapy, vitamins, procedures and the like, could ever be as powerful as I am. Being his parent, I hold so much power it's ridiculous, and I did not see it. How could I know?

I just did what my parents did, and their parents, and so on.

I just believed that outside professionals knew more about my son and could do a better job than me.

I have researched for years, for hundreds of hours, to help my son. I even gave up hope at one point, only to recently rekindle that hope and run with it faster than I ever have before.

Tristan wasn't making progress like the other kids.

He wouldn't have conversations, and he would sit in his room for hours after school. He had no responsibilities in the house.

He paced the floor at home and in public and had absolutely no interests. He just sat there as I worked.

He had behaviors at school, meltdowns, refused to do work, and spaced out completely.

Sadly, I admit that I just lost hope for his future. I was exhausted, drained and sick.

My hope had finally withered.

*Even Being Hit Over The Head With A Frying Pan To Wake
The Hell Up Can Be A BLESSING!*

Tristan's father and I did not survive the storm, and we got divorced. You won't hear me speak too much about the dynamics of that relationship other than to say, it really had no healthy mature beginning in the first place, so it stands to reason why it imploded.

The next 5 years I would spend focused on my work and try to recoup from the divorce.

Then I ended up in even a worse relationship with a man who in today's popular labeling world would be described as Asperger's or Narcissistic. This lasted about 8 years.

At first, I was leery of what I was getting into. I thought about my son and how I would not want some girl to brush him off just because he had a label. After all, we are not labels, we are human beings, and I believe we all have the ability to love if we want to. However, it is fair to say that as a Co-dependent I entered into the relationship for all the wrong reasons. In my mind, Co-dependency is as big a problem as Narcissism or any other issue.

This was the relationship that crashed my world down. The relationship that brought me the biggest blessing I could ever ask for.....the keys to my son.

And better yet, the keys to self.

The Co-dependency, which I did not really know much about, had me trying to fix a man who did not want to make progress in life and basically wanted a free ride. I say that with respect and care, but no label gives anyone a free ticket to hurt anyone. This is the stance I take with my son as we navigate life and I teach him emotional and spiritual concepts.

I won't go into detail now about this relationship as it would entail writing a 200-page book.

You can find MANY YouTube channels about Narcissism and Co-dependency relationships. As a matter of fact, it's a big popular topic at this time. Although I may delve into the relationship aspect later, my number one priority is to share my son's and my journey. This includes the progress we made after the awakening of the autism, how we did it and how we continue to gain speed even though my son is now 19.

I will tell you that the Co-dependency in this relationship has hurt my son immensely. It did not set a good example at all, but that was then, and this is now.

After I realized it was time to address the Co-dependency and my partner was not willing to grow and make progress with me, I ended the relationship. It was hard because I did care about this person, but knew my son came first before any man.

Something my dear mother never understood. I was determined to not make the same mistakes she did with me.

This is where I started to heal. I had worked myself to near death a few times in the foster home business, and I knew this last time, that any attempts to try and save my business would literally kill me. I had worked for 19 years in an industry that is at the top of the list for high stress.

In 2014 I shut the business down. We went homeless for about four months. I did not have family I could turn to. I have family, but because I was isolated working like crazy trying to recover my son, I had no real connection anyway.

Long story short, I lost everything I had. We lived in an 8-bedroom house, and I left most everything behind. What I did not leave behind, I sold.

Because I worked so much for so many years, I did not really know very many people. I was blessed with a few that stuck with me. I have discovered what the saying, "You find out who your true friends are when you grow," really means. For that I am grateful. Since then we have had some pretty nice people come into our lives.

I found a job for \$27hr with the skill set I had but soon discovered that Tristan was going downhill very fast in the new school.

This job was temporary, and it landed us our own place. After researching Attachment Trauma and Sensory Neurodevelopmental Movements, I decided to take a chance and home-school my son. I implemented my own intensive in-home therapy and just worked part-time around it. I had no other choice as the mental health counselor did not offer any programs or support surrounding Attachment Trauma. My son was about to have to go live in a group home. At least I had to try.

This was not very easy to do as a single woman having to heal herself from PTSD and heal her son at the same time. I was caught up in the system, with resources in and out of my house causing further exhaustion. They meant well as most people do, but it was just too much. I knew what my son really needed, and that was to be left alone with me, to go back in time if you will, and replace all that he missed. One step at a time. A hard task to do in this day and age for sure. But we pulled it off and continue to thrive.

My Decision To Change No Matter What

I knew that changing my journey to God's way was not going to be easy after so many years of doing the same habits over and over. I knew in my guts that it would be hard work, yet I didn't know how that picture looked.

I knew to grow that I had to master the skill of flexibility, faith, self-trust, and more determination. I had to just jump right in even though exhaustion seemed to be at my limit.

One HUGE thing I had to grasp was the concept and mindset that the worst thing I could do was to say, "I don't need that, I already know that." I had to switch to, "Am I applying that?" when it came to walking God's path. I had lots to learn. Part of me was happy to see all the new choices available to me, yet part of me was scared to death.

So, as I submitted to my higher power starting to shape, mould and strip me down to my core, I was met with my first challenge on the other side.

I was swept up when I was rock bottom financially, spiritually, emotionally, mentally and physically by a lady I had known for almost 20 years who had intended to help me.

I explained I had opened my heart to God, so she took on the mission of helping me get settled through my hardest rock bottom parts of this journey by introducing me and securing me a position into her fellowship.

I see now that all that was part of my blessed journey and was orchestrated to guide me many steps closer to my true self and knowing.

Once I was awakened to the fact that the fellowship was a cult, I was not interested in staying stuck there.

I made some hard choices.

I am not going deep into this now, but my biggest lesson here was to understand that we all are doing the best we can at any given moment, with what tools we have at the time. This goes for EVERYONE. I still could have love in my heart for this woman. However, I had every right to have my boundaries and continue on the journey God had paved out for me.

Conclusion

Now that Tristan and I have experienced the best connection and progress I've ever seen, I am determined to share this with other parents in hopes that some of you can find these five keys valuable to you and your family.

It's never too late for progress even if our older children do need to live with us all their lives, getting those kids as far as you can, is of great benefit. Most importantly, they too can find out who they are and be happy being just that.

I have often thought how cool it would have been to be friends with a parent who had already gone through it and could just give me some instructions or a foundation to work on right away. Something real, tangible and doable. I had some advice, but most people are so busy, and this really is a lot to take on at first.

I wish to share hope that you can hold onto. I wish to strategically give support step by step in healthy ways that will eventually have you spreading your wings to fly and never look back. My deepest wish is to share all of our journey in an intimate, detailed way that can inspire you to become unstuck and move forward with grace, passion, and dignity.

One of the biggest things I've learned is that it was never my fault all these years. I did the best I could do with the tools that I had. I am so glad I never gave up.

And my son is too.

Blessings to every one of you.

I see you and I hear you.

You are not alone, and YOU are enough.

Shine your greatness that lives within you already. Remember, it's never too late for anyone to flourish!

Hugs!

Kimberly