

# How People Should Behave

I understand that I'm carrying around a mountain of unforgiveness. I ask to be lifted above any and all judgments, critiques, assessments, perceptions, beliefs, and habitual patterns of thought in which I see and hold my mother as anything less than Your perfect child. I ask that You fill me with Your compassion, Your truth, Your knowledge that allows me to see my mother as Your daughter whom You love and in whom You are well pleased. Lift me beyond my intellect and ego that I may behold my mother with all my heart as You do. Give the issue a name. Now on a scale of 0 to 10, where 0 represents complete freedom from disturbing thoughts and 10 represents these thoughts are driving me crazy, rate the intensity of the thoughts, judgments, and beliefs you have about your unforgiveness of your mother. It acknowledges your resistance and moves you forward anyway. Even though there is a part of me that is resistant to forgiving my mother, and no one can make me change my mind, I deeply and profoundly love and accept myself. Shake your hands out and have a few sips of water. Take a deep breath in through your nose. Release the breath slowly and softly through your mouth, making the sound Ahhhhh as you do so. I refuse to let it go, because it is my anger, my resentment, my bitterness, and I still love myself and respect my feelings. Even though there is a part of me that believes that my mother has no right to expect my forgiveness, I sometimes want to let her off the hook for some of the horrible things she has done, but I can't. Nevertheless, I still deeply and profoundly love and accept myself. Even though withholding my forgiveness is keeping me stuck in anger at my mother, there's a part of me that doesn't want to let it go. I want to love and accept myself anyway. Shake your hands out and have a few sips of water. Take a deep breath in through your nose. Release the breath slowly and softly through your mouth, making the sound Ahhhhh as you do so. I feel really, really angry with my mother. I feel really, disgusted with my mother. I feel really bitter about some of the things my mother has done and not done. I absolutely resent some of the things my mother has said and not said. I feel really, really exhausted by my mother. I feel angry, bitter, resentful, and damaged by my mother. I feel that she does not deserve my forgiveness. Even if she does deserve to be forgiven, it need not come from me. I am so profoundly angry with her that I have no other choice. I keep beating my mother up about the past. I'm not going to let her get away with the damage she's done to me. What if forgiving my mother could eliminate the pain and hurt from my life? What if I just open my heart to releasing a little bit of this rage? What if I acknowledge that my mother did the best she could? I don't believe that. She did not do the best she could in my life. What if I just choose to forgive my mother, just as I would forgive anyone else? What if what she did was the best she knew how to do at the time? What if forgiving my mother, showing her some compassion, takes me into a state of peace and freedom, joy, and happiness? What if I forgive her and nothing happens? Forgiving my mother doesn't mean I am not entitled to my feelings. What if forgiving my mother opens my heart to more love, more joy, more of everything I want? What if forgiving my mother is the path to what I really want? What if forgiving my mother also means forgiving myself? I'm not going to forgive her. Well, I am willing to forgive myself, and perhaps I will forgive her. In fact, just thinking about feeling better makes forgiving her worth it. Perhaps I can find some other reason to forgive her. I am at least willing to consider forgiving my mother. Better than that, I am choosing to forgive my mother if it is a good choice I can make for myself. Have

a few sips of water. Take a deep breath in through your nose. Release the breath slowly and softly through your mouth, making the sound Ahhhhh as you do so. Even though I still have some stubborn judgments about myself and some resistance to letting them go, I am willing to let them go, and I love and accept myself totally and unconditionally. After you complete the Tapping Sequence on your Forgiveness Statements, recheck your intensity level on holding unforgiveness about your mother. Depending on your level, continue to repeat the sequence described above until you are at a 0 level of intensity. Only by forgiving my false ideas and beliefs about others and myself can my mind recognize the truth that I am still in Love's presence, safe, healed, and whole. For some reason that still is not clear to me, as a very young girl I was terrified in my father's presence. As a black man, born in the midst of the depression in 1920 in the segregated South, my father was a study in contradictions. His opinions seemed to keep him boxed in and limited, yet he had a broad view of the world. He read The Washington Post daily and quoted Aristotle. He walked to my aunt's, his older sister's house, every day to visit and make sure she had what she needed. He had very particular opinions about how things should be and how people should behave. When things did not go the way he insisted, we paid the price for it. When I did not meet his standards or follow his advice, he just wouldn't speak to me.