

My Autobiographical *Manifesto of "Love and Peace"*, in response to Hitler's Autobiographical Manifesto "Mein Kampf" 100 Years Later

Adolf Hitler wrote his autobiographical manifesto, "Mein Kampf" ("My Struggle") while he was in prison in 1924, although it was not officially published until 1925. In his autobiographical manifesto, his memoir, Hitler outlined his racist worldview and his vision for Nazism and antisemitism. The original title for his manifesto was, "4 $\frac{1}{2}$ Years of Struggle against *Lies, Stupidity and Cowardice*. A Reckoning".

One hundred years later I am faced with my own struggle against *lies, stupidity and cowardice* and wishing desperately for a reckoning. Hitler's "Mein Kampf" was 720 pages long. I am not writing my manifesto, my memoir, in a prison like he did, instead I wrote it while receiving radiation treatments for breast cancer. I have tried to keep "Love and Peace" much shorter; it is only 20 pages long. Yet, I worry that 20 pages is too long when we live in age of social media, and when many people struggle to focus and maintain concentration as they prefer to read soundbites of information without a further analysis into the information, that they are reading or watching.

With great purpose, my intention was to release my manifesto of "Love and Peace" on Martin Luther King Jr. Day. Martin Luther King Jr. was a non-violent transformer for the civil rights movement in the United States and he was shot on April 4th, 1968. My birthday is April 4, 1972, 4 years later. Four has always been my favorite number.

The intention behind "Love and Peace" comes from Dr. Carlfred Broderick, PH.D and his understanding of what he has called a transitional character. Dr. Broderick's definition of a transitional character is as follows: **"A person, who, in a single generation, changes the entire course of a lineage. Who somehow find a way to metabolize the poison and refuse to pass it on to their children. They break the mold. Their contribution to humanity is to filter the destructiveness out of their own lineage so that generations downstream will have a supportive foundation upon which to build productive lives."**

La Storia Della Mia Vita

The Story of My Life

I would like to share the store of my life honestly and very vulnerably. My story has so much pain, love, and gratitude to it, but I want to be known for who I really am, so I am bravely sharing it. *This story is not private, I give full permission to share my story far and wide.*

I was raised by a Nazi. I have also completely, 100%, forgiven my mother, the Nazi, and my father for the way I have been raised.

My mother's father (the man in the picture) was a Nazi. My mother only knew her father in the earliest, most formative years of her life.



No one will speak of my grandfather, the Nazi, because of extreme trauma. It is not my mother's fault that she was programmed in her most innocent years, during World War II, as a child to HATE and to FEAR.

The only kernel I have ever been told about my Opa (German for grandfather), is something that my Omi (German for grandmother), once let slip out to me, as I curiously poured over her box of black and white photos, at her house in Germany, when I was in Junior High school. I asked her to tell me about my grandfather, and she responded in German - so some of the words translated to English don't

capture perfectly what she said to me. My Omi, said to me, that it was a good thing that he was dead because of the horrible man he had been. She then said, she did not want to speak ill of the dead, and that she would no longer give any of her thoughts to him. I have never forgotten this.

My Omi was one of the strongest women I have ever known. Considering, the time in History, after WWII, there were many widows after the war, but she never remarried and I can only conclude, from her actions, that she learned about her own self-worth as a woman, because she was the one married to a Nazi. My Omi deeply and unconditionally loved my two sisters and me. I don't know any other details, but I am positive that her life had its own pain and trauma, and that she was able to transcend (to get past) this trauma by learning from her life experiences and coming out on the side of LOVE.

I am a direct descendant of a Nazi in two ways:

1. My Opa was a Nazi and what my mother learned from the atrocities of war in the most formative 5 years of her life was ugly. So, because she learned the true qualities of hate and intolerance towards weakness, she spent her life committed to the destruction of love and kindness because this is what she was taught to her core.
2. Even though my mom was not a true Nazi, in the Nazi party, she was groomed since birth to be one, and because she has never had the capacity to love herself, she could not do that for us.

Research has confirmed that the first 5 years of a child's life are the most important years in a human's life.

I will never forget my first day of kindergarten and how foreign and fearful my experience was. We grew up only speaking German in our house in Calgary, Alberta, Canada. I remember as a kid on our block, how the other kids would make fun of my sisters and I, because we were different, and because our English vocabulary was so limited. I remember my mother dropping me off on the first day of my school career, and how I clung to her. She just pushed me towards my heavenly, kindergarten teacher. I remember having to pay so much attention to what people were saying because I did not understand. I even remember story time on the carpet and not understanding a word - so I relied heavily on the pictures to create meaning for myself.

Once I started the education system, and began to learn rapidly, I remember my mother being annoyed at all my questions. This was the beginning of my journey into **HELL**. I now see that my mother was deeply threatened by my questions because they interfered with her need for **order** and **obedience**. The more education my sisters and I received, the greater her need for control over us.

Because of my life experiences, the learning I have done in my life, and because one of my degrees is in History, from the University of Toronto, with a major in Holocaust History, I see that my mother was repulsed by what she saw as weakness. I was that kid, who somehow, really believed in **love for Humanity**. I have faced many struggles in my lifetime, and currently, I am struggling to understand why there is such destruction that continues to occur in the Middle East; of the 9 million people who perished under Hitler's killing machine, 6 million of those people were Jewish.

If you do not know anything about Nazi behavior, or the massive destruction of 9 million "lesser than" people, I urge you to learn what true human ugliness looks like. This ugliness stemmed from Hitler's vision of an Aryan, "genius" race.

I was so scared, hurt and confused as a child. I have numerous stories that I can recollect, but they are so deeply painful; I have worked very hard to transcend fear, and shame, and to embrace my sensitive, soft heart.

The reason I can now forgive my father is because he too was raised in Germany as a child in WWII. The difference is that he was loved so deeply, and adored by his grandparents, because he was a beautiful looking Aryan boy; blond and blue eyed, he was perfection in the eyes of German society. My father has made a lot of mistakes in his parenting, which I have held him accountable for, but he is like me. We are both truly sensitive when it comes to love.

I need to share my own evil that I committed when I was a young girl, because I have not always been a good human being. I can forgive myself because it was the behavior that was modelled to me by my mother, and like Maya Angelou has said, "Do the best you can until you know better. Then when you know better, do better."

Midway through Grade 1, we got a new girl in our class, and she was East Indian. I executed the skills that I had been taught from my mother on her. I was very charismatic, just like Hitler was and we became "friends", she was "my victim". I groomed this girl and at recess, I would lure her into the concrete tunnels on the

playground, where we were hidden, so I could inflict my hatred on her in private. I loved to watch her cry and to make her feel pain. Then when recess was over, as we made our way to the doors to line up, I always made sure to manipulate her and make her think that I really cared for her so that I would not get into trouble. I know, I made her crazy. I saw how I was able to destroy her, and it gave me a false sense of power. **Hurt people are the ones who hurt people.** I don't even remember this girl's name because she meant nothing to me. She was my victim, a subhuman, an animal, deserving of pain because of her brown skin. I know racism because I was taught to be a racist.

I spent grade 4 grooming two of my close friends. I loved going to their houses because their parents were nice to me, and they fed me junk food because we weren't allowed any growing up. Without going into all the gruesome details, I masterminded the most psychological torture on these two. I created enough fear in them that they were willing to round up others with me so that we could inflict our hatred on them. We taught kids how to hate, bully and isolate each other. My behavior was truly evil, and I have always told my students this story. I share this story, not to lecture them, but to try and teach why disrespectful behavior towards any fellow human being is horrible. **I share this story with my students so that I make sure to take accountability for what a bully, a true tyrant on the playground, and in the classroom I was.**

Kids who get bullied at home, bully others so that they can experience some sort of control over their lives from the chaos they experience at home. I did so much damage to these kids, that by grade 6, families were coming in because they were so upset at the pain, that I was causing their loved ones. It is fascinating to me how many times I had to face families in the office with my principal, who never made me feel worse about myself, but he was on to me, and **he held me accountable for my actions.** It is also fascinating to me, that not once, did my principal ever call home and report my behavior to my mother. The December that my Omi passed, and we were in Germany for her funeral, I was in third year university. I remember sitting with my mom and my sisters, in my aunt's house and my mom was justifying some of her hateful actions to me, when I shared this story of the many times, I had been in the principal's office. She refused to believe me. She told me for the millionth time that my problem was that I was too sensitive and that I made up too many stories. What kid/adult wants to make up a story

about being a bully? The Nazi's exterminated 9 million people in concentration and extermination camps, in the name of superiority and self-righteousness.

The best year of my young life by far, was Grade 7, when I went to a new school in Junior High. I remember being massively relieved because I did not have any more power. The bullies, or the cool kids, or whatever, were doing drugs and drinking. I knew with the controlling mother that I had, that this scene was out of my league. For the first time, I started practicing being a nice, and kind kid.

Grade 7 was the year I began to be saved from my feelings of worthlessness. I targeted a girl who is now one of my soul sisters, for an entirely different reason than I had targeted kids in the past.

I was so sad, and I was experiencing extreme, regular, abuse at home. I just needed someone in my life who was safe; I was desperate for it. This girl was this new, hick town kid from Fort St. John, British Columbia, who wore full lids of eyeshadow, to match the color of the top she wore on any given day, AND she wore high heels in grade 7. I grew up in a very coveted, middle, upper class neighborhood in Calgary, Alberta. I was wearing Ralph Lauren, Esprit, and Daniel Hector. This girl was so out of place compared to all the other rich kids. I could sense her fear, and her shyness was palpable. I studied her carefully from a far, for the first couple of months before I made my first move; I could feel that she might be good for me, if I chose to be a good friend. I asked her out on an ice fishing date, and she accepted.

From there, her family quickly welcomed me into their home. I will never forget how her parents, Mr., and Mrs. T, took time to talk to me and care for me. Mrs. T used her loving tactics on me, once she knew how much I loved junk food. Kraft Dinner, chocolate cake or other goodies became a long-standing tradition. I look back and I remember how many times my friend would go to her room because she was a typical teenager and wanted her privacy from her parents. I spent countless hours "singing like a canary" as Mr. and Mrs. T would say. I would tell them everything about our lives and **they never made me feel bad for honestly sharing myself with them.** This is when I started to study and observe what true, **healthy love**, looked like, because it was frighteningly different at my house. Mr. and Mrs. T are both very emotionally honest people, and Mr. T was the true man of the house; he provided safety and love for his family.

This is where I started to feel glimpses of **hope**. Fast-forward to today; these people adopted me into their entire family. They didn't even abandon me when my dear friend and I tested our friendship and took a long break apart, before we came back together, and held each other accountable for the pain that we had caused each other. These two people willingly **chose** to love and care for me when they already had 3 of their own children to love and care for. I know single handedly, that I would have committed suicide if it was not for their **love**. I also couldn't share all the real details of my homelife because I did not want them to be burdened with this insanity. What if it was all too much? I could not bare to lose this **love** that was so **kind** and so **safe**. I have never shared all the details of my abuse with anyone because the horrors of Nazi abuse in a beautiful neighborhood, did not make sense to me, so how could it make sense to anyone else?

This past fall, I FINALLY, FINALLY discovered my **SELF WORTH**.

I am an extreme nerd. **I have read thousands and thousands of books in my life** on the meaning of life, the human condition, and how to heal myself. I have investigated and studied all the major world religions, Islam, Christianity, Sikhism, Hinduism, Buddhism, Taoism and Confucianism. **Every religion holds values of love, kindness, and respect, so I am not sure how people of any faith can call themselves religious, when they have hatred in their hearts.** "It is better to have your nose in a book, than in someone else's business." - Adam Stanley.

I am highly educated now. I am a learner; not the typical, boring, school kind. It has been my life mission, over my 28-year career as a teacher, to see, to truly look in the eyes of every kid I have taught, and to not deny them of who they are. I have been teaching kids how to be honest about the darkness, that exists in every single one of us for my entire career. **Every human being is capable of love and of hate.** If we are not courageous, honest and in touch with our human nature we stay stuck in shame. I know this for sure, as Oprah would say, every time you share yourself honestly with people who have good character, they will help you heal, because people with good character do not want you to stay stuck in your own pain.

I whole heartedly believe that human beings can be sorted into 3 categories: **good character, shady character, and bad character.** The **only** way to have good character is to push yourself, to analyze and reflect on who you are and why you act the way you do.

I have chosen good character since Grade 7 until I moved to the town, that I lived in for 15 years. There were many people in my town and in my school division with shady character. **To me shady character is when people fundamentally have good in them, but refuse to take accountability for their actions and to do better.** I let myself develop my shadiness hardcore in this small town, by gossiping behind people's backs and making judgements and assumptions about people that I barely know. I became a shady character at times, just to fit in, to **belong**. **I believe people spend too much time judging and gossiping about others when they lack the courage to really look at themselves.** I will now, only develop my good character for the rest of my days.

The third group are those with bad character; I have unfortunately put myself in the hands of too many people with bad character in my lifetime in my desperate search for **love** and **self-worth**. I have suffered verbal, mental, sexual, and emotional abuse from too many people with bad character.

I met my second soul sister in Toronto. She was part of the interview panel when I applied for my first teaching job. She told those men in leadership, to hurry up and hire me. I remember getting back home from the interview, and the phone ringing immediately, and I was offered my first teaching job. Somehow, she has always been able to see my **self-worth**.

Over some of our lunch hours, in my first year of teaching, we would get together for a walk, because there was time almost 3 decades ago to do that. I carefully shared some of my stories from my childhood with her. Both of my soul sisters, come from very loving families. My friend was always so honest about how my story was very foreign to her, but she never denied the reality of my stories.

My friend could not have kids and I know that she has always had the high capacity to be a loving mother. I have shared my kids with her from their birthdates. I know that she has been my emotional and spiritual partner in motherhood. My children and I are so lucky to have her. She found her ultimate strength and worth through therapy, because it had been damaged from being married to a man who was emotionally dishonest with himself. She is now married to one of the most emotionally honest men I know. He does not manipulate or gaslight her and **I can see how a marriage, or any relationship, can thrive when you have two people of good character.**

I have had the courage to be married 3 times. In each marriage, I learned some very painful and hard lessons. I don't even believe in divorce; I believe in for better or for worse. However, I can clearly now understand, that a marriage certificate or a ring on your finger, does not mean anything, **if a partner or both, do not have the courage to choose each other.** I am not afraid of hard things; everything is easier for me compared to what I come from. A common abuse that I have endured in all my marriages has been **emotional abuse; this is when I have been repeatedly lied to by men who refuse to feel their emotions and to take responsibility for them.** It is crazy making behavior.

I have never been afraid of **love**, and I just don't see why people would choose to live comfortably, or numbly with their shady behavior.

After my first marriage, I did a whole year of hardcore learning about myself through therapy, and reading, and I cracked my pain right open. I never wanted kids because I did not know if I could trust myself to raise healthy kids when this had not been modelled for me. I met my second husband at the healthiest point in my life. I was 35 when we were blessed with our first daughter.

We were in such a good place, but I was blindsided by him, Christmas of 2008. It was the last day of school before the Christmas holidays. I came home and this man told me that he did not want to live where we did anymore, and that he wanted us to move to a small town, where his family farm was located. The town we moved to was settled by mostly Ukrainian people, with a healthy dose of Polish, Russian and Doukhobor settlers as well.

The Doukhobor's are known for their pacifist beliefs (anti-war). They came from Russia between 1899 and 1938 to escape the human evils that they faced in their country of origin. Our town is close to where the Doukhobors settled with the help of Leo Tolstoy. Leo Tolstoy is one of Russia's most famous writers - he is famous for one of his two works: "War and Peace", a lengthy work, (1,225 pages long) in support of love, family, equality, and non-violent action. **100 years ago, these humanitarian understandings were clearly not respected, and 100 years later, we still cannot respect the importance of love, family, equality, and non-violent action.**

When people finally begin to learn about their family histories, and to uncover their intergenerational trauma, the capability for true **healing** exists. Canada, as a

country has only recently begun to truly acknowledge the cultural genocide of the Indigenous peoples in this country, by placing the experiences of Residential School Survivors under the microscope. Our Indigenous people have moved from a system of closed trauma to a system of open trauma. To understand why there is so much closed trauma in the town I lived in, I have had to understand what the Ukrainians, Russians and Eastern European people have suffered through.

Historically, the Ukrainian people have been emotionally repressed because of the evils their people have endured from horrific events such as Joseph Stalin's man-made famine, Holodomor. Holodomor, the genocide of millions of Ukrainian people from 1930-1933, by Stalin, Russia's totalitarian leader, was only recognized as a legitimate genocide in the early 2000's. The Ukrainians have come to this country, to put their heads down and work hard. Many of the Ukrainian people, came to Canada in search of a better life because they come from a country that has had **very little** historic opportunity to achieve independence and escape from under Russian rule and oppression. When you bury your head in the sand to survive, and do not come up for air, you cannot see a light at the end of the tunnel. **When you bury your head in the sand, progress for future generations cannot be made.**

I was paralyzed with fear at the thought of moving to this town 15 years ago. I had been a city girl, and world traveler, and now I was faced with living in a small, prairie town. Marriage is about compromise; 2 days later we drove out to the prairies and stayed on the family farm for a week in -40 weather. I remember being shocked at how much people drank. There were many people that week, who drank all day, all night and every day, and the amount of alcohol people could consume was shocking to me.

There is a reason that there is an obesity and substance abuse crisis in North America. Many people have come to Canada and the United States to make a better life for themselves from the abuses they have faced from war torn countries, and they have brought their unhealed pain, and trauma with them. People have not healed these traumas because our society is not structured to do so. We focus on material things, not on family, community, and curious learning. We do not have enough systems, communities, and healthy families in place to help each other heal, **YET.**

My ex said that he would leave my daughter and I behind, and that he would just go live in this prairie town without me. I dug deeply into myself. I knew that family

was the only thing that mattered to me, so we moved to this town because I wanted to give the gift of family to my daughter. I was 38 years old when my second daughter was born.

Three months after my second daughter was born, my second husband left me. My soul sisters and friends with good character, from this community held me together. My worst nightmare had come true, my kids would never have the gift of an intact family system of support. They have since been burdened with navigating this stress that they did not choose. I have tried so hard to hold them through so much pain.

Abuse thrives in silence. I wish more men held each other accountable, how are abused women going to make a difference in a society where they are not listened to? I moved to this town for our family, and then I became a single mother of a 3-year-old and a 3-month-old. I was the breadwinner, a teacher, and I am grateful for my career because I have been able to take care of these girls and have quality time off to be with them.

Women and children are extremely vulnerable if a man does not choose good character.

If you are not a person of good character **YET**, you need to push yourself to learn about yourself and others. **People with good character, need to come together to hold some of the shady, bad characters in our lives accountable.** This needs to start happening all over the planet. People need to get off of social media more, because they are becoming followers, **mediocre sheep** who believe everything someone tells them. This is how some people in my life have supported Trump. The people who have supported Trump, support the idea that white people are more justified in their entitlement over other people. I know firsthand, by being raised by a Nazi, how extremely dangerous this belief system is.

Kids these days are not the problem, adults are. We live in a feel-good society, we do not like hard, we like easy. **We have adults, who have not looked at their own pain, who have not looked at what makes them beautiful, and ugly inside.** These adults allow their kids to navigate social media without providing their kids with the tools and limitations, to process all the crazy information that they are exposing themselves to. For 28 years, it has shocked me how many students are allowed to play video games for hundreds of hours; video games where "killing" is

exciting and fun. It hurts my heart, that **REAL** people are being killed on our planet, and people feel powerless to do anything about it. The combination of adults, **stuck** in their pain from the evil histories that they come from, while being overwhelmed and exhausted, trying to make money for material gain, has produced a global mental health crisis. **If we do not choose emotionally intelligent leadership, to create systems of support and care, we will continue this path to self-destruction.**

I truly believe kids are our future and that students come first. Many leaders use these phrases, but their promises are **empty**. Kids these days have nothing to lose. They are living with constant fear, sadness, and pain, while wearing ultra-expensive runners on their expensive phones. More and more kids are becoming young adults who can see through the **lies** and the **stupidity**, far more clearly than adults can, and they are beginning to courageously call out some of our societal bullshit on many social media platforms. Go kids go!

If we can start listening to our kids at every age, and start to really hear them, they will tell you what they need. I have asked kids these questions for decades, and some of the consistent answers that I have received are: love from the people who are considered family, people to not be mean to them, people who will not shame them when they are creatively exploring who they are, the ability to just have fun and to play, enough food to eat, **TIME** to be with their families and most importantly they want to be safe. They want to be **SAFE** in their homes, if they have one, and in this world the lack of safety that exists because of emotionally dishonest leaders who tell **lies** because they are **cowards**, well this is why we are living in a time of **stupidity**.

When I met my third husband, I did not see that coming. I intuitively felt his good character, long before he even knew this about himself. This man is safe, kind, and respectful to his daughter and my daughters. This husband confused me the most because he has always wanted to be loving. However, he wanted me to do all the emotionally honest work in our blended family, and it took a heavy toll on me. He avoided this emotionally honest work like the plague because of unacknowledged, intergenerational trauma. Thankfully, gratefully, we have worked extremely hard to lean into each other, and create healthier patterns of **truly loving** each other. I am now so blessed to know what **true**, **safe** and **supportive love** looks like.

In teaching, all MASTER TEACHERS know that you will be punished for being a MASTER TEACHER. I have seen this in every school division that I have taught in across the country. At the local school in my town, I was teaching intense High School credit classes to over 120 students a day. My load just kept getting heavier and heavier, while other teachers experienced decreased workloads because leadership did not like their teaching styles, and lack of true connection with their students. I am a true believer in engaging kids with their learning, by paying attention to how students individually learn, **honoring authenticity and loving students so that they feel safe to take risks in their learning**, so that they will ask a ton of questions.

It has hurt my heart the way some teachers over my career have treated students, instead of holding themselves accountable for their own shady character. Teaching students, our youth, is a sacred privilege for me, because learning is messy and uncomfortable, and all students need to feel safe and regulated to learn. My girls got to a point where they had a lot going on with all their activities and I was carrying the weight of too many shady characters in my life. The only way to cope with my growing hatred towards myself, for accepting the abusive behavior of shady, and bad characters, was to drink a lot of alcohol, and it has pushed me to analyze why there is so much alcohol abuse in certain societies.

A huge turning point for me, was 2 years ago, when I was off on 2 stress leaves. The first one occurred when another teacher in my town encouraged her daughter to organize a walk out of my classroom, with other students, because they did not want to learn about Treaty Education. School leadership had no courage to lead and asked me how I wanted it handled. There are so many toxic details from that year.

The bottom line, is that there were so many hateful actions that year, from some of the students with shady characters, and **THEY WERE ALLOWED TO GET AWAY WITH IT. When we don't hold each other accountable, we willingly allow hatred to grow.** I held some of these students bluntly accountable, like I always have in my career. I addressed some of these shady characters on their shady learning behaviors, and I put it in writing. These shady characters come from parents with shady or bad character, and these parents hard core defended their racist babies. I got hauled into the school division and I got a discipline

letter for that. Is the community I lived in, comfortable accepting such low standards for itself, and for future generations? Are we as HUMANS on Mother Earth, comfortable accepting such low standards for this generation and future generations?

So, I transferred to a school in another town, which had a large Indigenous population, and that building saved my soul. That school has far more open trauma than the school I came from. That staff have been so manipulated, and gaslit by the school division, a trend that seems worldwide. My teaching partner that year was the only white man in my entire career who **would not** let me be treated like garbage by boys, who had been taught to disrespect women. He held the shady characters accountable. It is no surprise that he was treated dishonestly, by the school division.

I received the greatest gift of my life when I found out that I had breast cancer. Sounds incredibly twisted right? That's because it is. Breast cancer caught early, allowed me to take care of myself for the first time in my life. If I didn't get breast cancer, I would still be too exhausted to take care of myself. I received such compassionate, and nurturing care from empathetic people along my entire cancer journey. In a broken, Canadian healthcare system, my experience of cancer care was amazing. I have realized that the entire approach to healing cancer is a team-based approach at every level.

What if all our institutions were allowed to be run by teams (people at the grassroots level, who are faced with the everyday realities, and people who know how best to serve the people they work with)? **Blanket policies and rules, developed and implemented by emotionally repressed people, are highly removed from the actual healing work that our society needs.** Diseases from unhealthy emotional repression are on the rise. I have read that it is possible that heart attacks occur in people with broken hearts, because they do not know how to choose their own **self-worth**. It is fascinating to me, that after a lifetime of extreme pain, and trauma, my breast cancer was on the upper part of my left breast, right beside my **heart**.

Why are we willingly choosing a society that waits until people are filled with disease, to provide empathy, and love for them, if they are even privileged enough to gain access to services of care?

The final lessons that I needed to learn, to claim my own **self-worth**, I learned from two of my friends in the town that I lived in. These two are an emotionally honest powerhouse together. Using many F-bombs, they bluntly made me look at what a package I am. I did not know that, and now I do. They officially helped me claim my **self-worth**.

I am 52 years old, and I am still young enough to live a life of joy after a lifetime of pain. I have a very clear vision for my future. I would like to buy a villa in Tuscany, Italy and run a Family Airbnb. I would like to call it La Famiglia Dell' Amicizia - this loosely translates to the Family of Friendship. I envision the people of good character in my life, booking minimum, one month stays, so that their emotional and spiritual dimensions of their souls can be nurtured, as those human dimensions are not being nurtured in this society. I want to spend quality time with the people I love.


There are a lot of things that are not right to me in our Canadian society, or in our world. Other people need to start having the **courage** to demand a better society. This CANNOT happen if one has hatred in their heart. **If one has hatred in their heart towards other humans, then you are not adding value to this world.** You are contributing to world destruction.

I have been proud to be known as a Hippy Dippy Lover all my life. People dismiss me and disrespect me for that, but I was raised by a Nazi, and I forgive all those who have trespassed against me.

I know what evil looks like. and how it repeatedly gets acted out by men who have led their countries into destruction. I am so grateful that there are more and more female Prime Ministers and Presidents in the world. If more men can develop their emotional intelligence, then, and only then, do they deserve to lead.

The only leader that I see at the National level in this country who has emotional intelligence, and a deep respect for humanity is Jagmeet Singh and he is not a white man. The only leaders at a provincial level, that I know of, in this country, who have emotional intelligence and a deep respect for humanity are Wab Kinew, an Indigenous man and David Eby. In the United States I follow the emotionally intelligent leadership of Kamala Harris, a woman with a multi-racial background, and her husband, second gentleman Douglas Emhoff, of Jewish descent. The strongest

emotionally intelligent leader in the world, is Volodymyr Zelensky; his understanding of humanity is powerful.

I have thought of President Zelensky, his wife, his kids, and the Ukrainian people every day since the war broke out on 24 February 2022. When life is hard for me, I remind myself of what the Ukrainian people and the indoctrinated Russian people, who are being groomed to hate out of fear, are enduring. One man, and his country, the country where one of my favorite flowers , grow in abundance, cannot face evil alone. The Ukrainian people are steadfast in their **courage** because they know the importance of creating light in all this darkness. They are doing this to ensure that one man's vision of a Russian Race does not take over the world. Hitler, tried to do the exact same thing, and luckily his personal vision did not become a world reality.

Why do people want to be led by anyone who has not done the **deep work** of knowing their light and darkness? Why are so many people supporting hateful leadership? **We are now at a point in History (Herstory, I am not a dude), where the destruction of the human race, and our planet is escalating rapidly.** We live in a democracy and people willingly choose to be led by people who don't know their own **HUMANITY**. I have suffered enough from emotionally repressed men, personally and professionally. Dr. Jody Carrington has said that in this mental health crisis that we are in, middle-aged men, as a category, are suffering enormously because they have not been taught how to feel openly, and comfortably. Dr. Carrington has also repeatedly said that we can do hard things. She is also very clear that as humans we were never meant to do any of these hard things alone.

We butcher the teaching of history because it is written from a largely male point of view; we rationally learn to memorize dates and battles which bores many of us to tears, instead of listening to the stories; the feelings and experiences of women, children, and men. I listen to people's stories to make meaning of their history. History **repeats** itself and we are running out of repeats. We as humans have not learned from the tragic events in the past because **the propaganda machines created from emotionally dishonest leaders intentionally create fear and hatred**. People are afraid, stuck in their pain and unwilling to see how ordinary, common people, like me, are all experiencing a common suffering. We the common people allow ourselves to be manipulated and to be silenced, and by doing so we willingly give evil people opportunities to lead.

The people throughout history who have had the **courage** to create, learn, explore, and invent, in the name of human goodness, have been the people who inspire me. Some of the most amazing musicians in the history of our planet have always written songs to express their pain over human suffering. My top three favorite songs, and I have hundreds of favorites, are "Pride (In the Name of Love)" by U2, "No Woman No Cry" by Bob Marley and the Wailers, and "Imagine" by John Lennon.

I am a white female who has been raised in privilege. Very few people are comfortable listening to my message of love. If people can't hear me, then who can hear what our Indigenous People have been through, or all the people who encounter racist behavior daily? Who can hear the pain and the trauma in the people who have come to North America, from societies deeply damaged by war? **Every single war in history has been manufactured by emotionally dishonest men, and war is a trillion-dollar industry.** Our global population continues to increase at exponential rates, so we have the largest **sea of humanity** that has ever existed on the planet. Why globally, would we allow a handful of entitled, and emotionally dishonest men, to bring us to the brink of world destruction?

I have shared my story, in hopes that more people will be inspired to take hard, long looks at themselves, and dig into their own family traumas, and to honestly share their pain, so that they may begin to shift their energies into loving their family, friends, neighbors and strangers. Loving, as I hope you have learned from my story, takes courage, respect, and kindness. **When we are emotionally honest with people, and when we hold each other accountable, we can all be better.**

I want my mother to come to stay in Italy at some point; she has so little joy in her life. **She didn't stand a chance.** She lives a life of terrible loneliness. I have shared my beautiful kids with her in a careful and cautious manner. **I am breaking a cycle.** Now it is my turn to live in joy. I have fought every single day of my life to find this peace. Now it is my turn to appreciate the people who have loved me and who I love.

Tuscany, Italy, is the home of the Renaissance, which means 'rebirth'. This society is the home of divine food and wine, of fashion, of opera, of architecture, of environmental stewardship, and most of all, it is the home of emotional intelligence, love, and passion.

I will be forever grateful to my mother who insisted on dual citizenship when we were born. The fact that I have a European Passport, makes me a citizen of 27 countries, and this is a thing of *GOLD* for me! No society is perfect, but for a society to be set up the way it is in Italy, you need a lot of people with good character living in it, to maintain that kind of society.

One of my absolute favorite things about Italy is how passionate most of society is about keeping North American values of greed, consumerism, and hatred out of their country. Another love that I have for Italy, is that the word history translated into Italian, is la Storia, the story, the story of all people, not just the story from a male perspective. Family is the number one value that Italians have, and that is why their system is set up to have daily, 2-3-hour lunches with family and friends. **Time to slow down and hear each other is essential.**

I was groomed by my mother to hate. I was groomed by my mother to think that I am superior, because I come from the Aryan Race, the master race, the superior race. All I see is *HUMANITY*. I think the most *cowardly* thing we do in our society, is to not see the potential in the hearts of people that are uniquely and individually themselves. If you support conformity, of being the same, **of being threatened by difference**, then it worries me, that some people still believe in an Aryan Race. This is how Hitler came to power, off people's shady characters. This is my story. I was raised by a Nazi.

Epilogue:

Trauma research shows that the brain and the nervous system are highly dysregulated in those who have suffered abuse, never mind, those who have suffered deep psychological abuse like my sisters, and I have. How do we expect kids to learn and do better when the majority are living with dysregulated brains and nervous systems?

I can now share my story completely sober: no booze, no stuffing myself with food, -goodbye to 21 years of anti-depressants. It is easy for me to be sober now because I am now 100% committed to living an emotionally honest life, in spite of other people's fear and hatred.

I believe that my sisters and I all have ADHD because perfection was expected from us, while in a state of extreme dysregulation. The only difference for me, is that I don't see it as a learning disability, I see it as my SUPERPOWER.

Ask the people who know me, I can completely listen to a person's story and remember all the details forever. I can deeply listen while being aware of what every person is feeling around me. In a classroom of 32 students - that is a high capacity to function at. At the same time, I can organize the details of my life, keep a clean house, cook healthy meals, remember people's names, give my student's affectionate nick names, and remember them, read and challenge myself, plan engaging lessons, because I despise worksheets, hold myself accountable for myself, make fun of myself, heal from the depths of despair, love my family and friends, but most importantly, when my girls were born, I chose to be lovingly conscious of every single moment that I have been with them, despite my pain- and they have been precious!

If the human brain cannot learn, if it is not safe, if it is dysregulated, and living in a state of constant fear, is it not possible that my sisters and I are remarkable? We are all highly educated, we all have good character, and we all hold each other accountable for our own actions. We are all **transitional characters**, working extremely hard to break the cycle of evil in our own families.

So, is it possible that my mother, the Nazi, raised 3 superior girls from the Aryan Race?

It is possible if we change the definition of what superior is.

I am trying to raise my 2 girls, who are descendants of the Aryan Race and who are descendants of the Ukrainian people, who have been treated as worthless, to become superior human beings. They need to be **respected** and **valued** as women. They will need to be treated with **love** and **kindness**.

The number of times that I have been dismissed by **cowardly** people because I have been emotionally honest as a female, well, it happens to me every day. It happens to women, children, emotionally intelligent men, and minorities **every single day** in our society, and in our world.

My fellow humans, let us hold the few emotionally dishonest people, who spread the gospel of hatred, accountable. Let us start begging

for emotionally intelligent leadership to save us. We are approximately a population of 8.1 billion people to date, and most people are suffering. **Let us put an end to stupidity, lies and cowardice.** Let us **rapidly** organize movements to save ourselves and our planet. Let us use social media for good, as a platform to **rapidly** change systems for the **better**. Start asking the people who have hurt you, who hurt them? **Remember, hurt people are the ones who hurt people.**

"We are born in 1 day. We die in 1 day. We can change in 1 day. We can fall in love in 1 day. Anything can happen in just 1 day." - Gayle Forman.

NAMASTE:

May the divine in me, honor the divine in you,

Simone Homeniuk (my name means one who hears, one who listens). 