



Maiya Kenny

It's Ok to be Me

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I always knew there was something missing.

I had no idea what it was.

All I knew was that something was just 'not right'.

I felt as if I just wasn't good enough.

I am an only child, and from the time I was a little girl, I knew that I was a disappointment to my mother. I also knew it was my responsibility to make her happy. I was very aware of my mother's moods and tried to do whatever I could to keep her happy. This included saying what I thought she wanted to hear because I was trying to stop her from getting angry.

So, long story short, in case you are in a hurry and want to speed read...

.... I led my life for fifty years, functioning and seemingly happy to the outside world, or so I thought, but inside, I felt hollow and anything but happy.

For years, I devoured books and studied many different modalities, and I even completed a Diploma of Holistic Counselling, searching for the answers to 'fix' myself.

It was when I finally stumbled across ThetaHealing® and did the three-day Basic course that the relief was tangible. At last, I had found something that gave me the tools to deal with the pain, the anger, and the overwhelming emotions that had been with me my entire life. Instantly, my life began to change and continued to change. Now, when I think of my mother, there is no anger or resentment, and I can thank her for the things she taught me. Not in a facetious way but with unconditional love.

If you wish to continue reading, and I would be delighted if you do, here is a potted version of my story...



Age 4



Age 6



My family, aged 27.



Dad & I on my wedding day, age 19.



Age 40



Age 50

I was born in England, and when I was seven, my mother, my father, and I immigrated to Australia. Three months after we set foot in the country, I was sent off to boarding school, 6 km from where we lived.

As my mother had threatened me before with sending me to a 'naughty girls' home, I assumed I had done something wrong, although, for the life of me, I couldn't work out what it was. I remember crying as the nun dragged me away from the front door and screaming, 'I promise I'll be a good girl', having no idea what a good girl was or what I had done to cause my mother to send me away.

At 17, I fell pregnant. Which, way back then, was a very big deal and just about the worst thing I could have done to my mother.

Once again, I was sent away, this time to a home for unmarried mothers, 160 km from home, so that no one would know. There, we were all called by our middle names (supposedly to maintain the secrecy), a very surreal experience for each of us. We were given no information about pregnancy or childbirth, and there was an expectation that the babies would be put up for adoption.

I did what was expected of me, and I put my baby up for adoption. Then, three days before the thirty-day 'cooling off period' was up, I revoked my consent.

When he was thirteen months old, I married his father, and we went on to have three more children... and we are still married today!

When I was 23 and pregnant with my third child, my parents went back to England for a holiday. As my father was getting the suitcases out of the boot of the car parked in front of a house in Wales, he and his friend were hit by a drunk driver.

The friend he was with died twelve hours later, and Dad was in a coma for ten days before he passed away.

Because of my advanced pregnancy, I could not travel, and I never got to say goodbye to my father, who I felt was the only person in the world who loved me unconditionally.

These are the three major events in my life. I was well aware of them, but I was unable to let go of / get over / move on from them.

No amount of counselling (even three visits to a psychiatrist when I thought I was going mad), NLP, Reiki, meditation, all manner of healing, and countless workshops and courses helped to remove the overwhelming grief I felt. I couldn't even talk about Dad because I would start sobbing.

I was eight months pregnant at the time of Dad's accident, and each time I cried, the contractions would start. The doctor had threatened me with hospital if the contractions continued. As I had spent ten weeks confined in the hospital on complete bed rest with my previous pregnancy, I was determined that wasn't going to happen again. I was given Valium to take, which did stop the contractions, but in doing so, it also froze my grief – before my father had even died.

My mother had suffered from depression for most of my life, and I was not sympathetic at all. I saw it as such a self-indulgent thing. I wanted to shake her and tell her to look outside of herself. I made a vow that there was no way I was going to be like my mother or like her mother before her. There was no way I was going to be depressed. (I can see how I set myself up big time there!)

My resentment and anger towards my mother were what motivated me, what kept me going. In hindsight, I just needed her to acknowledge me I was waiting for her to tell me that I was okay.

The children grew up. My fourth baby came along after I had my tubes tied, and he was 11 weeks premature ... but that's a whole story in itself!

Money was tight, but other than that, I had what looked to be a good life and to the outside world, I appeared to be coping. People used to tell me

how patient I was, how strong. My elderly neighbour used to say to me, 'You're so calm', and I said, 'You obviously don't hear me yelling'. I yelled because I was so frustrated. But it took me a long time to work that out.

I was a Teacher's Aide at a Special Needs School for twelve years while my children were young. I worked school hours and had school holidays off. It was the perfect job for me and close to home. If my kids had a day off school, they could come into work with me. An experience that I believe has had a profoundly positive effect on them. It helped them to understand and appreciate that not everyone is the same and that everyone deserves to be treated with respect.

My next job was as the manager of a group home for teenagers in wheelchairs. I knew I was a little out of my depth, but I continued on undaunted. I worked hard and read all the day books and files, so I had a good understanding of how the place ran and how things fell into place. I had a great time. I was studying at Uni; I started this job near the end of the year, and I was stunned when I passed my exams while juggling the demands of a new job plus the change to our routine at home.

I was the perfect weight for me, everything in my life was fabulous and I felt as if I was flying. I was coordinating a large budget, managing six staff, organising rosters, and dealing with different personalities. I look back now, and I'm amazed at how I achieved it all.

Then, the rug was pulled out from underneath me.

They told me they were closing the house. The other staff were being made redundant, and I was offered another job as assistant manager in a home 10 km away with teenagers who, if they weren't in wheelchairs, would have been in remand centres. They terrified me. I was used to working with kids who liked me. I had even been a swimming teacher and the kids liked me. There was no way I was going to work at that house.

So here I was, dealing with staff who were angry and grieving, kids who were unhappy because they had to move, and all the while dealing with my turbulent emotions.

I started going for jobs interviews, and I was appalled by the rubbish that would come out of my mouth. What was I doing? This happened a number of times before I woke up and realised that I was sabotaging the interviews. So, with my tail between my legs I accepted the job, thinking to myself, 'just until I find another one'.

I was in that assistant manager's job for three and a half years. That was how long it took me to learn the lesson I was sent there for!

They were three and a half very difficult years for me. I had never experienced such open hostility. Here, I was exposed to people that would not normally come into my world. I was seeing the dark side of life. I was seeing just how cruel some mothers could be to their children.

I used to say: "If your mother doesn't love you, what hope have you got?" And "I am fixing battered and broken children."

I was v-e-r-y slow back then. It took me a long, long time before I realised that, OMG, I was talking about myself. I had been dragged there by the Universe to realise that it was me I was talking about.

I went into that group home thinking that if I threw enough love around, I could fix it. How wrong I was. I tried to make that home my own, but eventually, I came to the realisation that they didn't want what I had to give. I had made a difference, but I couldn't be me there. I had to keep holding myself back. I felt as if I was hitting my head against a brick wall. I had had an impact on the kids, but I couldn't change their world in the way I wanted, and I didn't relate to the other staff there.

The youngest boy in the house had won my heart. I wanted to take him home, which I knew was an impossibility, and by me leaving, I knew that I was letting him down, I was emotionally torn. One night at work I made the decision, and the next day, I typed up my resignation and dropped it off at head office on my way to work that afternoon.

That night, on the way home, my car broke down.

I rang my husband, and as we were sitting in the car waiting for the NRMA to arrive, I thought, 'I'd better tell him I've resigned'. I did, and as I waited, he just said, 'Wouldn't you find another job first?' No, I thought, I just have to get out of there now! As I watched my car being towed away, I didn't get that sick feeling in my stomach that I would normally get after making such a huge decision.

My car sat out the front of our house for two weeks because we didn't have the money to get it fixed.

For the next two months, I sat at home. I would get everyone out the door in the morning, then I would sit and do cross-stitch in front of the TV. One day the doorbell rang, and when I looked at the time, it was 1 pm, and I was still in my pj's. At the door was my elderly neighbour, and when she saw me, she asked if I was sick. I assured her that I was fine, but realised I must have looked terrible!

Friends would ring up and tell me they had found me a job and I would think, 'but I don't want that job'. I was intrigued at how invested some people were in me having a job. My youngest son, who was 15 at the time, was also pushing for me to get a job. Christmas was looming and I'm sure he was concerned that he wouldn't be getting a present!

When the last stitch went in to complete the piece I was doing, I knew that was the last cross-stitch I would do, and I haven't done one since. That cross-stitch, by the way, is an Irish Blessing, which hangs above the stairs in my home now.

Once I picked myself up off the sofa, I thought, 'Okay, what do I want to do?' I had always wanted to do massage, but because I had an issue with my neck & lower back, I didn't think I would be able to. So, I spent \$70 on a course at the community college, loved it, and there began my journey with natural/alternate therapies.

I loved the massage course and went on to study in more depth and then began to work from home while I studied other modalities. Next came Reiki, Bowen therapy, Australian Bush Flower Essences, E.F.T. and lots of other workshops.

Fortunately, two of my kids had left home by this stage, so finances weren't quite as tight as they would have been. The smallest bedroom was now available for me to use. It just fitted my massage table in on the diagonal.

My husband was supportive in his own way. And I'm embarrassed and sad to admit it, but at the time, I was unable to see and appreciate his support. Because, without his financial support, and a small inheritance from my mother, I would not have been able to study and see clients on a part-time basis, something I am eternally grateful for.

I want to publicly acknowledge my gratitude to him because, without his support, I would not be where I am today, doing what I love.

All of the courses, workshops and books that I devoured were because I was trying to heal myself. I was well aware of the main cause of my pain. Those three things were still affecting me all these years later. But in all the searching, I didn't find the answers that would help me. The saying I hated most was, 'Build a bridge and get over it!' I simply had no idea how to do that. I had no idea how to resolve my pain.

What I did realise, when I was writing my speech for the opening of my clinic, Healing Steps, was that I ended up with all the tools I wished I'd had when I was the assistant manager working with those broken teenagers. Hindsight has always given me the greatest clarity.

These are the skills I wished I had had at the group home:

- Counselling skills, so I would know how to react to a teenager sitting naked and helpless on a shower chair talking about the abuse that had happened to them at home.
- To know how to react when the only girl in the house talked about the abuse she had suffered from her mother's many boyfriends. Then, when you thought there was nothing else that could shock you, she would tell you something worse.
- To have dealt with my grief around Dad's death so I would know how to talk about death and dying without becoming a blubbing mess.

- What to say when one of the respite boys died – he was the best friend of the youngest boy in the house, who had the same condition.
- How to cope with the funerals I had to attend.
- To know what to say to the adolescent with the tough exterior who made so many calls trying to find his mother when she had moved and not told him.

In 2000 I started a 2-year Holistic Counselling Diploma. It was very much an experiential course. We had to see a counsellor and we had to take part in group sessions each week. That entire two years for me was about explaining my relationship with my mother.

There were light bulb moments galore.

Suddenly I was able to step back and see what was happening and unravel where she ended, and I began. Slowly, I started to understand it, but that didn't help me to extricate myself from it.

My mother ended up in the psychiatric ward at Westmead Hospital. While it was horrible for me to go through it, it turns out in hindsight that it was indeed a gift. I would visit Mum, and as soon as I started to feel like a child, I would get up and leave. The adult me was taking care of my inner child. I got so much clarity, I remember thinking, 'You used to do that when I was little'.

I slowly began to see what had taken place in my childhood.

Now, I would like to point out here that by the time Mum passed over, I had worked through a huge amount of 'stuff', and I had come to a place of forgiveness. I had empathy for my mother. I realised that she was a product of her childhood, her mother was worse than Mum. But I still had heaps of unresolved emotions running around in me.

My mother never told me she loved me (I know that was her generation and her upbringing), she never said she was proud of me, she never really acknowledged that I had done an okay job with my kids and the list went on.

The little girl inside me was still crying out to be noticed in order to feel she was okay.

It wasn't until years after she had died that I realised my mother was a narcissist, and I understood the full impact that had had on me. I am an empath, which explains why I knew just how she was feeling. My grandmother was also a narcissist.

All my life I have had a negative soundtrack running in my head. I used to conjure entire plays about what might happen, and I would find myself becoming very angry. Slowly I would realise that it had not happened, it was just a figment of my imagination, but it would take a while before the heat and the anger dissipated. My mother together with the nuns were fuelling the voices of that soundtrack.

Even with all the knowledge I had gained, I was still not happy. Something was just not right.

Then, in March 2008, I discovered ThetaHealing®. I signed up for the three-day Basic Course, and it turned my life around. Suddenly, I had tools that could take the emotion out of events that had happened to me. I was able to talk about things without having anger come up, which was a very unusual feeling. I could talk about Dad without sobbing.

95% of our life is controlled by our subconscious mind. ThetaHealing helps to access the sub-conscious mind and then enables us to remove the beliefs that are sabotaging our life, teaches feelings that we may have never before experienced and give us strategies to deal with our everyday life.

In September that year I did the Advanced ThetaHealing course. Now I had tools and techniques to help me and to help my clients. I stopped giving 'counselling' sessions and replaced them with ThetaHealing. It was fast, it was effective, and it lasted! No more sitting in their story, in their trauma or in their pain.

I continued to do more courses because I loved what I learned; I loved being able to get rid of more and more of the old beliefs that

had been causing me such pain and I loved learning more tools and techniques to help my clients.

In 2011, I was drawn to do the ThetaHealing teacher training. It would enable me to reach and share this amazing technique with more people in a shorter time. ThetaHealing is for everyone. Not just for people who want to sit in a chair across from someone in a session. Everything you learn in the three days you are able to use in all areas of your life.

I just love ThetaHealing. I love how simple it is. I love how powerful it is. I love how quickly it changes people's lives.

I can have someone sit in the chair opposite me. They can relate traumatic events that happened in their lives, we do some 'digging' on it, and less than an hour later, they can retell the story with no emotion at all. Now, that is truly miraculous! I feel so honoured to be able to help people reach that level of calm about trauma in their lives.

I love teaching the skills of ThetaHealing and watching the change that comes over people during the few days of the course. They can feel the change in themselves and the others in the class can see the changes in each other.

People who have suffered depression and anxiety all their lives can learn the tools to turn that around. They become empowered, and they then go home and have a positive impact on their family. These same people have spent years and thousands of dollars and have not reached that level of freedom. I have heard it over and over again.

ThetaHealing taught me that it's okay to be me... and, finally, that I'm okay!

****Edit March 2024**

This eBook was written in 2015. So much has happened for me and the world in the past nine years. Although I no longer teach ThetaHealing courses, I still use the tools and techniques with my clients and in my daily life.

I have been guided to use my skills in a different way. You can check out the website to see how.

I am currently writing a second eBook to fill in the past nine years.