



MAIYA KENNY



THE QUIET DISRUPTOR

I never thought of myself as a rebel; I was too busy trying to be a good girl.

As a child, I worked hard at flying under the radar and not drawing attention to myself. Attention meant getting into trouble, and I wanted to avoid that at all costs. I had no siblings so there was no one to get into mischief with, no one to conspire with, and no one to take the heat off any misdeeds that were done.

I have a memory from when I was very young of trying to work out how I needed to behave that day in order to make my mother happy. As young as I was, I knew I was responsible for her moods.

I tried so hard to fit in, but I always felt different, as if something was wrong with me. I assumed it was because I was an only child and I was tall for my age. It took a long time for my hair to grow, and I remember being told that people thought I was a boy.

Then at seven, I was transported to another country. Three months after arriving, I was sent to boarding school with the nuns, where nothing made sense. I felt different, not good enough and my accent made me stand out as well. When I was younger, my mother had threatened to send me to a 'naughty girls' home', so I assumed that's where I'd been sent, and I had no idea what I had done wrong to make my mother send me away.

SACRED REBEL: WOMEN WHO DARE TO DISRUPT

Nobody who knew me at school would have said I was a rebel. I never talked back to the nuns or incited others to break the rules. I was a good girl, doing everything possible to avoid drawing attention to myself.

Looking back with the wisdom and perspective I have gained over the years, I realise I wasn't an outward rebel; I wasn't loud and showy, but I certainly was an inner rebel. The loud voice in my head would say, 'You might be able to change what I do but you can never change what I think!' What has gone on this past year has reinforced strongly that this still to be the case.

I was told once, years ago, that I was gullible, but I knew this wasn't true. I have always made decisions based on what felt right. At the time I had no idea it was my intuition I was using. I had never even heard the word. Now I trust it implicitly and I always ask for Creator's perspective and discernment on what I see and hear.

I remember at the age of eight, in the middle of my Catholic indoctrination, having a 'knowing' that I didn't believe in the infallibility of the Pope, even though I didn't fully understand what the word meant.

I knew the nuns were lying, saying one thing and doing another. I also didn't realise at the time that I was reading people's energy, I just knew that what was coming out of their mouths was not the message I was receiving. It was not what their body and their energy were telling me.

I did my best to keep my mother happy, but that never worked. It wasn't until her last few years that I came to the realisation that she had no idea how to be happy. And as I teach now, nothing and no one can make us happy. Happiness comes from the inside.

SACRED REBEL: WOMEN WHO DARE TO DISRUPT

When I fell pregnant at 17, it was the worst thing I could have done to my mother, the ultimate rebellion. Her biggest worry was what people would think and say, there was no concern for me. Her response to fixing the situation was to send me away to an unmarried mothers' home, put the baby up for adoption, then come home and forget it ever happened.

I put the baby up for adoption, then revoked my consent 27 days later, three days short of the deadline for him to be adopted out.

Keeping my baby and becoming an unmarried mother in 1971 was not just rebelling against my mother it was deeply frowned on by society in general. Although I was doing what felt right for me. I knew on such a deep soul level that without my baby I had no reason to be here.

I joined a group of other unmarried mothers and lobbied the government for change. I even made it to Page 2 of *The Women's Weekly* in a three-page article on the subject. My mother was horrified and made me promise I would never tell my father. I have no way of knowing if he ever found out; he was killed by a drunk driver five years later.

When my baby was thirteen months old, I married his father, and we went on to have three more children. We are still married and now have eleven grandchildren.

In the years I spent raising my children, I once again tried to conform and be the 'good wife' and the 'good mother', knowing deep inside that in order to do that I needed to be different from my mother. However, that old belief of 'I'm not good enough' kept raising its head. It's tough being a perfectionist when the truth is perfection doesn't exist, but I didn't know that then. The perfectionism stemmed from reducing as many things as possible that my mother could criticise and also needing to have control.

SACRED REBEL: WOMEN WHO DARE TO DISRUPT

I was a stay-at-home mother while my husband worked two jobs. Finances were tight. I was much younger than all the other mothers and I never felt like I was on an even footing. I was surrounded by women who had qualifications. They had a piece of paper which to me signified that they were enough. I craved that piece of paper.

My journey through life has taken a long, winding, hilly, circuitous route with plenty of large potholes along the way. I certainly haven't made life easy for myself. I believed what we were fed, that 'life was meant to be hard', and 'you have to work hard to get anywhere in life'. If that wasn't enough, we even had the Prime Minister telling us, "Life isn't meant to be easy."

It's interesting to sit here and look back, knowing that everything I did has brought me to where I am now and has given me a broader worldview and all the tools I have in my tool kit.

I left school in Year 11, the year before gaining my HSC. I had found my dream job at The Children's Hospital as a trainee radiographer and that was as much schooling as I needed then. I remember sitting at the kitchen table, putting my case to my father as to why I should leave school, that this dream job would not be there in a year's time.

The job was full-time and classes were in the evening. A few months into working, we were expected to do on-call work as well. Ten months after I started, I became pregnant. Pregnancy and x-rays don't mix, so I did office work until I was sent away to the unmarried mothers' home. Once I had my baby, working there was not an option. It was impossible to juggle both, so there went my first career.

My next career was full-time motherhood, with part-time swimming teaching and volunteering at school until my fourth child was two and I started casual work as a teachers' aide at a special school near home. It

SACRED REBEL: WOMEN WHO DARE TO DISRUPT

fitted in perfectly with school hours and school holidays and if my kids had a day off from school, I could take them to work with me. I worked there for twelve years.

I left there and worked as the manager of a group home for teenagers in wheelchairs.

It was four challenging years for me. Here, I was exposed to people who would not normally come into my world. I was seeing the dark side of life and realising 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'm fixing battered and broken children.' It took me a long time to realise that I was talking about myself. I had been dragged there by the universe to realise it was me I was trying to heal. I stayed until the day I realised I had learned what I went there to learn. They didn't want what I had to give. I kept holding myself back. I couldn't be *me* there.

My study journey reinforced my beliefs that life wasn't meant to be easy. While working at the school, I decided I wanted to be a teacher. I was doing nearly everything but lesson plans, so I figured I might as well get the pay packet.

Twelve years after I left high school, I started at what was then called a teachers college. I studied four days a week and worked for one day. I absolutely loved it. I had been so concerned about being able to do the course work, but I thrived. I lasted one semester before having to leave to go back to full-time work at the school because we couldn't survive on my one day a week pay.

I spent the next year very angry, frustrated, resentful and depressed as I slipped into a dark, slimy hole. I was deep in victim mode.

SACRED REBEL: WOMEN WHO DARE TO DISRUPT

By the end of that year, I decided to do a limited HSC purely to get into Macquarie University to do a part-time Bachelor of Arts degree, which would mean I could work full-time and attend lectures in the evenings.

Two years after teachers' college, I went to TAFE three nights a week and began the year-long study to gain the limited HSC. I did the exams at the end of the year, came top in two of the subjects yet was two marks short of the requirement to get into uni. Life experience held no weight; it was purely on marks. Nothing would make them change their minds.

Back down into that familiar, dark, slimy pit I slid. It was another year in which I was depressed and angry, frustrated and railing at the world that everyone else got to do what they wanted, so why couldn't I? I must have been a very unpleasant person to live with.

I clawed my way out and decided to do a Bachelor of Social Science at the University of New England in Armidale via distance education, majoring in psychology. By then, I'd decided I wanted to be a psychologist. I wanted the piece of paper together with the kudos of the qualifications, and then I was going to do it my way.

It took me five, long, hard years to realise that I was indeed intelligent enough to study at university. But, like everything in my life, I needed to learn the lesson the hard way.

I stuck it out for two years. I was studying at home while working full time, running a household of six and travelling 600kms for the residential component of the courses. One day I realised I no longer needed to be there. I was working to appease the system, but it was a system I didn't want to be part of. So why continue? A friend's husband committed suicide and something inside me shifted.

When I announced I was quitting, my eldest son said, 'You can't give up uni. You're the reason that we're going.' I decided that instead of focusing

SACRED REBEL: WOMEN WHO DARE TO DISRUPT

on the belief that I never finished anything, maybe motivating my kids was the reason for it.

The subjects I studied there included Philosophy, Aboriginal Studies, Sociology and Psychology. Everything I have learned through work and life have impacted where I have ended up, the place I am in and the person I am today. I see things differently and from different perspectives now.

After leaving full-time employment and my journey of training in 'alternate' therapies began, I started seeing an amazing counsellor named Ann. She was a psychologist, a hypnotherapist and very spiritual. I went to see her for one thing and we opened up Pandora's box, and began a journey to uncover some of the things I had hidden deep down. I had finally found someone who really 'saw' me. I have such gratitude for her setting me on this path to the work I do now.

It was through sitting in sessions with her that I realised what I wanted to do. I saw how I could incorporate all of the things I had learned to enable me to help clients. It's the reason I enrolled in a Diploma of Holistic Counselling which set me off in the direction that led me to where I am now.

By this stage I had quit uni, realising that I no longer needed their piece of paper to give me an identity and that the road would be lengthy and expensive and not really get me to the place where I wanted to be.

My quest to find how to fix myself and find meaning in my life led me to train in massage, Reiki, Bowen Therapy, Emotional Freedom Technique (EFT now known as Tapping), Australian Bush Flower Essences, Neuro-Linguistic Programming (NLP), The Sedona Method, meditation, and many other courses and workshops. All this training and the copious amounts of books I have read have all added to my tool kit.

While studying for my diploma in Holistic Counselling, I also decided that doing a two-year Spiritual Healing course simultaneously was a good idea.

Once I qualified as a holistic counsellor, I started seeing clients for sessions. I was determined to not be a counsellor who cultivated co-dependent relationships. I had danced that jig with my mother and I had no intention of doing it again, ever. I didn't want to lock people into coming to see me for weeks, even months at a time. I also didn't want to work the 50-minute hour and say, 'We will pick it up here next week.' I had no intention of sending clients out while they were still heavily processing. I didn't want them to sit in the pain of their story, reliving the trauma repeatedly with no way out. I wanted to give them tools they could use themselves.

I would see clients for a session and then suggest we have a Bowen therapy session to move the emotion out of their body. I would teach them Tapping and meditation techniques, so they could use it at home and also gave them Australian Bush Flower Essences to help them move through their pain.

But it wasn't until I discovered ThetaHealing® that I found the answers I was searching for to heal myself, it was also the way to disrupt counselling. It was easy, fast and permanent. No more sitting in their pain, reliving the trauma and causing them further PTSD. I could find out what was at the bottom causing the pain and we could remove it without them even having to tell me what the trauma was. It was brilliant!

With the tools of ThetaHealing, I began the healing process on myself. The 7-year-old that was sent to boarding school, the 17-year-old who was sent away to the unmarried mothers' home and everything else that went with that time, and the 23-year-old who never got to say goodbye to her father who was killed on the other side of the world. These were the main

SACRED REBEL: WOMEN WHO DARE TO DISRUPT

wounds I had festering away inside me. By the time I stumbled on ThetaHealing, I was 55. Such a very long time to carry all that trauma.

While I had done heaps of work on my relationship with my mother before she passed away, there was still much to heal and I'm here to testify that you can work on your relationships with people after they have died. ThetaHealing was what helped me to do that.

Once I cleared the resentment, rejection, anger and blame I had for my mother I was able to come to a place of peace and acceptance, a realisation that boarding school was a good thing for me, and an understanding of how much pain my mother must have been in for her to behave the way she did. It became so much clearer when I realised that she was a narcissist. I had also come to understand that I had some soul contracts with her, one of which was to feel her feelings. Most importantly I was able to forgive her.

When my healing centre opened, here in Kiama, and the time came for me to stand up and give a speech, what I had written went out the window. Instead, I ad-libbed. I spoke about how poignant it was that everything I had done and studied had brought me here, to this place in time. That over the past ten years I had gathered all of the tools I wished I had had when I was working at the school and the group home. I had connected to my spirituality, and I was doing my soul work.

I no longer needed to fit into a box defined by other people, I was free. I was able to do things my way. I could use all the knowledge I had collected over the years. I was able to claim my spirituality and share it with others. Everything in my tool kit has been used at one time or another. Proving the saying *no learning is ever wasted!*

I want to make sure that no one goes through what I went through. Life doesn't have to be hard or take as long as it took me. It can be as easy or

SACRED REBEL: WOMEN WHO DARE TO DISRUPT

as hard as you decide. The vibration of planet earth and the group consciousness of the inhabitants has raised so much that the old paradigms are no longer relevant, they no longer work. Things happen so much faster now. This new generation doesn't believe things are hard. They have no time for that hard stuff, or 'you have to work hard to get anywhere.' They snap their fingers and things happen.

We all have limiting beliefs. We take them on when we are little, under the age of seven, from what we hear people say to us and about us as well as how we interpret the world around us. Some of these beliefs are passed down from our parents, grandparents, and ancestors. Some are absorbed from society. However, no matter where they come from they are hidden away deep in our subconscious. Our subconscious runs 95% of our life, it's incomprehensible that only 5% of what we do is run by our conscious mind.

ThetaHealing helps to uncover those unconscious beliefs, remove them, and replace them with beliefs and feelings that are for our highest and best good. When I found ThetaHealing, I was able to remove the resentment I had towards my mother. I was able to resolve the frozen grief around my father's death and heal all the emotions around my teenage pregnancy.

Finally, I felt free. I could take back my power and begin to create the life that I wanted. I forgave myself and others, and I was able to change my reactions to people and things.

Unlike my mother's generation, I no longer need to put all that happened in the past into a box secured with a very heavy lid to be forgotten about. I have been able to take them out of that box, look at them and then deal with them. Once I discovered what they were and released them, they no longer held any power over me. The story is still there but in telling the story, it's like talking about a movie with no emotions attached to it.

SACRED REBEL: WOMEN WHO DARE TO DISRUPT

Writing my story here, and the chapter I wrote in the book *Wild Woman Rising: Brave Women Who Carved Their Own Path*, has confirmed the healing I have done. There is no emotion on my past and I am happy with who I am now. That little girl who thought she wasn't good enough and didn't know where she belonged has taken back her power and created a life that she loves. I am living a life that is deeply aligned with my authentic self, I have a wonderful connection with the Creator / the Divine / Source / All That Is, whatever word resonates with you, and I am blessed and humbled to be doing my sacred soul work.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR MAIYA KENNY



For over 20 years, Maiya has guided and helped women who have had enough of sacrificing themselves and are ready to do the work to reclaim both themselves and their power so they can create the life and relationships that they choose. She helps them rediscover their connection to their intuition, their superpower, and to connect to the Creator. She facilitates this with sessions, courses, workshops and retreats. Is it time for you to take back your power?

Website maiya.love

Email maiya@maiya.love

Facebook [@iam.maiya.love](https://www.facebook.com/iam.maiya.love)

Instagram [@iam.maiya.love](https://www.instagram.com/iam.maiya.love)