



WILD  
WOMAN  
RISING

—  
BRAVE WOMEN WHO CARVED  
THEIR OWN PATH

—  
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IT'S OK TO BE ME

**We all have a wild woman inside us, she stays there quietly waiting until she is pushed too far, and then she stands up and screams: “enough is enough.”**

My wild woman has raised her head a number times in my life.

The first time was when I was 18 years old, twenty-eight days after I gave birth to a baby boy and had given him up for adoption, and she didn't just raise her head, she leapt up and roared.

I fell pregnant when I was 17, back then in 1970 it was a very big deal and the worst possible thing I could have done to my mother.

When I refused the abortion she was pushing for, and marriage was out of the question, I was packed off to an unmarried mothers' home 160kms away where everyone was called by their middle name. It was a very disconcerting, disempowering and disconnecting practice made worse for me because I didn't like my middle name.

The assumption was we would all put our babies up for adoption and go back to our lives as if nothing had happened, because we had no idea who each girl was there would be no tracking her afterwards.

There were two nuns at the house taking care of us and a social worker from the hospital who was also a nun. After my experience at boarding

school with nuns who were the polar opposite of nurturing, this was my first experience of nuns who cared. The social worker was the first person who had ever listened to me and who 'got' that there was an issue with my relationship with my mother. I gave my son Martin as a middle name after her.

There was no discussion of pregnancy, no mention of what was happening to our bodies nor what would happen during childbirth, no talk about it and no reading material available. I'm sure the reasoning behind it was, if we had no idea what was happening inside our body and what was going to happen in childbirth, then we would not bond with our babies.

It was a scary, disassociating, discombobulating time I spent there.

I had three days of false labour before an ambulance ride ended with me spending 30 hours in the hospital, alone, flat on my back on a very hard labour table. Hindsight reinforced that the way I was treated in the hospital was abuse. I had no support person, no visitors and I was left on my own for hours at a time, expected to time my contractions when I had no idea that the pains I was getting in my back were in fact contractions.

Twenty plus hours into my labour, I had an out of body experience. I remember looking down on my body lying on the table as the room suddenly filled with people panicking, slapping my face and calling my name to get me to come around. They must have realised I was dehydrated, and their remedy was to give me orange juice. Shortly after, immobilised with my feet in stirrups, the baby came out one end and the orange juice came out the other, and even though I said I was going to vomit the nurse yelled at me. My long hair and nightie were covered in vomit. I was extremely distressed, yet I heard no words of comfort.

The baby was not shown to me after he was born, he was whisked away out of the room and at that point, I was too exhausted to care. I had been given an episiotomy which required many sutures to repair and resulted in three extremely painful abscesses later.

The whole process was so horrific the only reason I had a second child was because I was determined that my son would not be an only child like me.

I signed the adoption papers days later before being released from the hospital and returned home to my parents' house. I was a mess. I was desperately trying to come up with a solution, a way to stop the pain I was in.

A family friend gave me a job at the dental hospital where I think I lasted a week. It was soul destroying because everywhere I looked, all I saw were mothers with their children, whether I was at work, on the train, or at the shops.

One day on the way home from work, I read an article in a women's magazine about girls who had kept their babies and had got work as live-in nannies or housekeepers.

Reading that story gave me hope. But I still had no idea how I could manage it. I had no plan, I had no experience with babies, and my mother had told me I couldn't come home with the baby.

I was heartbroken. I had no words to explain it, just a burning inside, a deep knowing that without my baby I would wither up and die. I became very sick. I knew that if I didn't get my son back, I would have nothing to live for.

It was at that point my wild woman rose up and took over.

I revoked my consent for the adoption to go through three days before the thirty-day consent period was up.

When I went to the hospital, 160kms away, to get my baby, the response from the social worker who I had seen for the last four months of my pregnancy was, 'He's still here in the hospital, I didn't let him go to a family because I knew you'd be back.'

Then everyone said, 'I knew you wouldn't give him up.' Not very helpful after the event. I was shattered. I had been through that harrowing experience with no support. Proving to me once again that I had no one to rely on, just myself. My mother's response was 'I didn't want to make it easy for you,' which pretty much sums up our relationship.

I look back now at that 18-year-old in awe. She was determined and resolute. She knew what she wanted, and she doggedly worked out how to go about getting it. Her wild woman came to the rescue.

I had always felt alone. I am an only child and grew up with no aunts, uncles, cousins or grandparents around me. I had one aunt and two cousins who lived in Africa. My mother was 'difficult' (I discovered years later she was a narcissist) and my father, who I knew loved me unconditionally, was closed off emotionally due to his childhood, which I didn't understand at the time. He had no idea how to deal with my mother.

When I was seven my family emigrated to Australia and three months later, I was packed off boarding school 6 kms from where we lived and came home one Sunday a month just for the day.

My mother had threatened me when I was much younger with sending me to 'a naughty girl's home,' so I assumed I had done something wrong, although I had no idea what that was. I remember crying as the nun dragged me away from the front door screaming 'I promise I'll be a good girl,' having no idea what a good girl was or what I had done to cause her to send me away.

So, here I was, stuck and feeling very isolated. I spoke differently to all the other girls and I had to work out what these nuns were talking about and all these new and seemingly ridiculous rules that I had to obey. We used to have to get up, make our beds, get dressed, clean our teeth, go downstairs to Mass, then to breakfast (with hand signals, our only communication for meals), and not be allowed to speak until we had finished breakfast and were off to 'school' for the day.

Can you imagine your seven-year-old child or grandchild having to experience that? I remember being horrified when my children were that age and I noticed how young they were and how much I still did for them.

I had no idea how I knew that the words that were coming out of people's mouths were conflicting with the messages I was getting. It was years later that I found out I was reading their energy. I knew the nuns were lying, they were hypocrites, but there was nothing I could do about it. They used to make us stand there in silence while they told you what you had done, poking you in the arm in time to their speech, and you just had to stand there and take it. You weren't allowed to speak up and defend yourself, you just had to put up with whatever punishment they dealt out.

The years I spent at school gave me a lifelong aversion to being told what to do and a complete abhorrence of injustice of any kind, especially when aimed at me. I learned early on that I could rely on no one, there was only

me, which has caused an issue for me around letting my guard down and trusting people.

When my son was thirteen months old, I married his father and went on to have three more children. We are still married and now have eleven grandchildren. Once I had some distance from my mother, some independence and our parents had loosened their control we were able to work it out ourselves.

When I was 23 and eight months 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, which was parked in front of a house in Wales, he and his friend were hit by a drunk driver. The friend he was with died 12 hours later. Dad was in a coma for ten days before he passed away.

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

Each time I cried contractions would start, the doctor gave me Valium which stopped the contractions, but it also stopped my grief while Dad was still alive and on life support. That is what is known as frozen grief which I did not begin to address until 20+ years later.

There was no time or opportunity for me to grieve. I gave birth to my baby, a second daughter, a month after Dad died. I was juggling the needs of a new baby, my mother, my two other children and my husband. I automatically flipped back into the familiar caretaker role that had been mine since I was little. I knew from an early age that I was my mother's emotional support. I can remember walking into the kitchen when I was

three or four seeing the back of Mum with her head in her hand and wondering who or what I needed to be today in order to make her happy.

I moved through life in a daze for many years, getting up each day and going through the motions. I just got on and did it. I was resentful and frustrated and had this rolling anger inside. Not that I was aware of it at the time.

I had my tubes cauterised after my third baby, so I was extremely surprised to find myself pregnant three years later. Money was extremely tight. My husband worked two jobs and was exhausted. The deal was that when the third one went to school; I would get a job and take the pressure off him.

My miracle baby decided he couldn't wait to join us and arrived in the world 11 weeks early.

What followed was an extremely stressful and worrying time.

I look back at that time and wonder how on earth I managed. I had three children to juggle and a preemie baby in a hospital 27 kms away with one car during a petrol strike. This was long before mobile phones and a time where people didn't get special leave from their jobs.

Once again, I just got on and did it, because I knew I had no other choice. With two children at school and one at home, I had to rely on help from friends with picking up and dropping off the children. Something I found difficult as I hated asking people for help.

The epilogue of that story is that baby boy is now six foot tall, has two university degrees, is married with two children, and run marathons. I am



so grateful as I'm well aware the story could have had a very different ending.

I didn't work when the children were young and for some reason I had a belief that the person who earned the money had the power. Bizarre I know, and I'm not even sure where that particular belief came from because my mother worked. I understand how I gave away my power in order to be the wife and mother I thought was expected of me.

When my youngest was two years old, I started doing casual work and once I started earning and contributing to the household income, I felt my power slowly come back.

Money was tight but other than that I had what looked to be a good life, to the outside world I appeared to be coping. People used to tell me how patient I was. 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 worked at a special school for twelve years which I loved. I then got a job running a group home for teenagers in wheelchairs for four years. Those were difficult years for me, I was exposed to people that would not normally come into my world. I was seeing the dark side of life, 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 the epiphany hit. 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 all. How wrong I was. I tried to make that home like 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.

My wild woman had had enough and one night at work made the decision I had done what I came here to do, I had learned the lesson and it was time to leave. The next day I typed up my resignation and dropped it off at head office on my way to work that afternoon.

Once again hindsight would show me what a gift that four years was, but that would take some time to drop in.

I was burnt out and emotionally spent. I sat at home for two months doing cross-stitch in my pj's and when the last stitch went into to complete it, I knew that would be the last cross-stitch I would do, and I haven't done one since.

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

I finished my massage qualifications, then went on to study Reiki, Bowen therapy, Spiritual Healing, Australian Bush Flower Essences, Meditation, EFT, NLP, plus many varied other workshops.

All the courses, workshops, and books that I devoured was me searching for the answers to heal myself. I was well aware of the main cause of my

pain, there were no hidden surprises. Those three things, boarding school, pregnant, Dad's death, were still affecting me all these years later.

But the searching didn't give me the answers to those important questions I had, not even studying a two-year Diploma of Holistic Counselling. That entire two years helped me understand my relationship with my mother and there were light bulb moments galore.

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

Towards the end of her life, my mother ended up in the psychiatric ward. Whilst it was incredibly difficult and painful for me to go through, in hindsight it was the greatest gift. I would visit her 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. It was so painful, but I got so much clarity, I remember thinking 'you used to make me feel that when I was little.' Slowly I began to understand what had taken place in my childhood.

By the time Mum died in 2004, I had worked through a huge amount of stuff and I had come to a place of forgiveness, a place of empathy, understanding that she was a product of her childhood; her mother was worse than she was. Yet I still had heaps of unresolved emotions running around in me.

In 2008 I stumbled across ThetaHealing® and finally found the answers I had been searching for. I learnt how to remove the emotion off my father's death and my relationship with my mother. Everything I had studied before was all encapsulated in the three days of the course plus so

much more. I was so impressed with the simplicity, diversity, and power of the modality that besides using with my clients, I decided to teach it.

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

My mother never told me she loved me, she never said she was proud of me, she never acknowledged that I had done a good job with my kids, and the list went on.

It wasn't until years after she died that I realised my mother was a narcissist and I began to understand the full impact of that on me. I am an empath, which explains why I knew just how she was feeling. My grandmother was also a narcissist. Armed with the tools I learned with ThetaHealing I was able to complete the healing on myself after my mother died.

Everything I learned on my long odyssey to heal myself I now use to show women how to take back the power which they have unconsciously given away. I show them how to heal their inner child, heal the trauma from their past, tune into their psychic senses, improve their relationships, create the life they crave, and remind them that like Dorothy they had the power all along.

With my sixty-eighth birthday looming I can honestly say that I have healed what happened in my past, writing this has confirmed it for me. The pain of my past that kept me in victim mode has been transmuted into empowerment. I have gathered all the tools I wished I'd had when I was younger. I have come to a place of peace, a place of acceptance. It is OK to be me.

Life has taken me on a long and winding trek with many steep hills, detours, and deep valleys but I made it. My wild woman doesn't hide anymore, these days she is with me all the time empowering me, showing me how to live my best life and how to help other women live theirs.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR  
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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?

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