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BEST  
SELLING  
AUTHOR

# ENLIGHTENED TRAUMA

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FIRST BOOK  
**BREATHE,  
LEVITATING  
LITTLE GIRL**

*Inspired by  
true story*



# **BREATHE, LEVITATING LITTLE GIRL**

Inspired by true story.

# THE ABC OF LIFE

I was five years old when my mother succumbed to the greatest possible addiction to spirituality one could possibly achieve. She became convinced that she would die cursed if she didn't buy every single ticket to heaven, enlightenment, and eternal youth.

I, a premature infant born too early and poisoned from birth, spent the first years of my life in and out of hospital and the later in churches, temples, and the feet of the world's greatest gurus. A golden-haired little girl with a face full of freckles who had drunk enough holy water to fill an ocean.

## FLOATING AND A FATAL PROPHECY

Before I was old enough to attend primary school, I was taught how to float (at the advanced siddhi yogi flying course) by Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, the father of transcendental meditation, at the Seelisberg Castle in Switzerland. **The castle was gifted to Maharishi by the Beatles. The castle looked like something straight out of a fairytale, but it suffered the same fate as any other spiritual institution - it stank of incense mixed with farts.**

The people who visited the castle weren't used to the fibre and legume filled vegetarian Indian food.

Before I came to Switzerland, I had spent ten days at a nude camp in Croatia called Funtana, attending a watermelon fast with my nanny/pranayama master, so - sadly - my body wasn't used to solid foods either. Furthermore, we had been required to perform enemas during the fasting process...

**When I came to Seelisberg, Maharishi's personal Jyotish masters read my astrological chart. They predicted several things, but at the end of the two-hour session, I could only remember three things:**

1. That I would very soon have an accident involving fire;
2. That my boyfriend, whom I would love more than anything else in the world at the time, would cheat on me right before my seventeenth birthday, and shatter my heart for years to come
3. And that I would one day write books and teach all around the world.

A few months later, on the way back from Medjugorje, a village known for its sightings of Mother Mary, we were in a car accident. I remember feeling a strong impact, and bleeding from my head, face, and leg. **My mother wasted no time before telling me that the accident had been my fault. I had evoked the wrath of God by asking to leave the church where we had been praying for hours to get some fresh air.** The accident was our punishment. And I was to blame.

## THE HOSPITAL AND A BURNING LEG

In Bosnia, at the scene of the accident, the EMTs quickly sewed my leg shut without anaesthetic of proper equipment. Then, they sent me back to Slovenia on the front seat of a tow truck. The vehicle kept rocking and shaking and I kept falling in and out of consciousness. I was taken to the Emergency Room, my condition critical.

The only thing I can remember from that day are the worried voices of the doctors saying, 'She's lost so much blood. Her leg is burning up.' The inflammation had become so severe that it was borderline turning into gangrene. I was in danger of losing my leg. Due to the severity of my injury the doctors were contemplating amputation.

They were so preoccupied with saving my leg that they missed the injury I had sustained to my sacrum. A part of it had shattered and because I was bedridden at the hospital for so long, the fracture didn't heal properly.

My mother kept visiting me with missionaries, bio-energy therapists, and Jehovah's Witnesses in tow, They would pray and make me drink beetroot juice. I remember feeling so ashamed, whenever the nurse came into my room and lifted me up from my hospital bed to help me pee, only to pull a portable potty full of beetroot coloured urine from under my butt.

**My mother never came to see me alone. Simply being by my side was never enough for her.**

She never told my father or my relatives that I was in the hospital, nor did she let them know how severe my injuries were.

*When you were being punished by God,  
you weren't to be spoken of.*

## NOTHING BUT SPROUTS

Instead of physical therapy, my mother took me on a long spiritually-nutritionist expedition to America. I was seven and a half years old. Before we left, I had actually managed to attend the first grade of primary school for a few months. Just long enough to be accepted to the Pioneers. **I remember that there was a portrait of Tito staring at us from the walls of our classroom. He reminded me of Maharishi. Both he and Tito liked wearing gold.**

Before we left for America, we returned to Medjugorje. I had apologise to God and repent for my sins. And I had to be baptised, of course. My chosen godmother was Marija Pavlovič, the seer.

In America, we lived with the queen of chlorophyll and the inventor of green juices, Ann Wigmore, at the famous Hippocrates Health Institute. There, we ate nothing but sprouts (of all shapes and sizes) for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. We even had wheat grass soup for dessert. We were participating in an intense raw detox and eating food with live enzymes.

**Even Ann's mini poodle was vegan. He had no choice. Like me. I spent hours upon hours holding him in my lap. We both loved staring out the window.**

**More specifically, at the hot dog stand right outside the house. The people of Boston would stop at the stand to buy hot dogs.** Some added ketchup and mayonnaise to their meaty treat. I even saw some people buy two hot dogs! Two! Then, they would bite into the soft bun... And happily chew away. While me and the poodle watched, salivated, and remained... trapped between the sprouts.

## THIEF

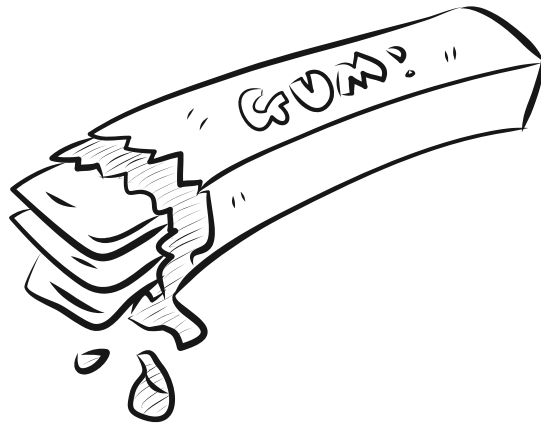
After three weeks, when I was finally allowed to leave the institute for the first time, my mother took me to the Disney store. She allowed me to choose a toy and I picked a plushy kitten. Its fur was the perfect mixture of gold, yellow, and orange. It matched my hair. My mother promised she would buy me something, if I refrained from crying and moaning about how hungry I was, during our stay at Ann's. The kitten looked so realistic. **When we were waiting in line at the check out, I noticed a packet of chewing gum. The packaging was a bright, fluorescent pink. We didn't have gum like that in Yugoslavia.** I asked my mother to buy me the packet of gum too and it nearly cost me my toy.

*She yelled at me that chewing gum was packaged death and that it caused cancer. I ensured her that I would drink lots of Kombucha and Chlorella in order to detox. It didn't help. If anything, it made matters worse.*

That evening, my mother found the packet of gum in my pocket. The fluorescent wrapper was nearly empty. Only four sticks of gum remained. I had done something very stupid. Instead of keeping my sweet secret treasure for myself, I had shared it with my detox friends, who were still suffering through their initial three-week confinement. (We weren't allowed to leave the premises of the institute for the first 21 days in order to avoid temptation. Although they were all adults, they were happier to receive the sweets than children on Halloween. But one of the participants ratted me out. After I had given him not one, but two sticks of gum, and he had already unwrapped and chewed them. We even blew huge gum bubbles together.

The next day, I had to go back to the Disney store and confess to the sales lady that I was a thief. That God was going to punish me for stealing.

My mother made me tell the poor clerk that stealing was a horrible crime. I deserved to be punished. If God was free to teach me a lesson, so should she. I didn't cry as I said it, but the lady did. 'I gave her the packet of gum as a present!' she assured my mother through her tears. She hadn't.



## POPCORN AND THE ASCENDED MASTERS

Next, me and my mother moved to the macrobiotic clinic of Michio Kushi. We were the only 'patients' there who didn't suffer from AIDS. Neither were we in the final stages of cancer.

Every meal at the clinic consisted of brown rice, some vegetables cooked and sliced according to the the yin and yang principle, and a pinch of roasted sesame.

*Every single bite of food had to be chewed a hundred times in order for the digestive enzymes in the mouth to activate properly. Not a word was to be spoken during meals.*

On some days, not a single sound was to be made at all. Apparently, silence was important for healing. I had never missed real food more than during my stay at the clinic. I missed speaking and the feeling of a full, satiated belly so much that I spent most of my time crying or thinking what I would eat once I came home in an obsessive fashion that bordered on hallucination.

My mother ordered me to make sure I washed my glass every time before drinking my bancha tea, even though each serving was prepared in clean containers. She was afraid that I would catch AIDS. My only friend at the institute had it, too, and my mum told me never to stand too close to him, because he had a cough. He only weighed around 40 kilograms. His whole body was covered in spots, but his spirit wasn't broken. He was always ready to crack a joke or pull a prank. **We would often secretly talk to one another despite the 'talking curfew' during meals. We usually met on the balcony. And used special hand signals to convey messages.**

**'I'll be dead soon anyway. I'll keep my mouth shut then,' he would say with a wink every time I was terrified of breaking the rules.**

The clinic was supposed to be his only hope, but he knew that no amount of brown rice could save him. He was going to die. So, one day, we had had enough. We were sick of rice, so we decided to rebel. Eating the same thing for



five weeks straight did that to a person. At that point, my friend was too weak to walk, so it was my job to find us something other than rice to eat. I sneaked into the kitchen to ask if we could switch out rice with millet. We weren't allowed to enter the kitchen. All the food was brought to us to the dining room.

I opened the door and slipped inside anyway. That's when I saw Kushi, our teacher and host, sitting at the kitchen counter... Eating salmon! And washing it down with beer. Both salmon and beer were on the list of the most strictly forbidden foods.

*If I hadn't been taught about the value and importance of saliva which is supposed to be 'the liquid of life' and an elixir of health, I would have spat in his face in anger.*

From that day on, I never had to ask for millet again. I got it with every meal. All because I never mentioned the salmon to anyone. My mother would have accused me of lying had I told anyone anyway. So, I said nothing. But I did share the millet with my friend.

A while later, I caught Kushi going off menu again. This time, he was smoking. He was standing outside, hidden in the bushes where my mum often sent me to pee. She wanted me to use the toilets at the clinic as rarely as possible, because she was convinced that sitting on the same toilet seat as a sick person would give us cancer or AIDS.

**Kushi gave me popcorn to keep me quiet. American popcorn at that! Sadly, my friend had already gone to heaven by then. He would have loved it.**

We moved on from the clinic of the dying and travelled to Montana to see Elisabeth Clare Prophet - a well known guru and the founder of the I AM movement. There were hundreds of people there. We were all living in big tents deep in the mountains. We had to get up before the break of dawn in order to chant the incantations that would summon to us the ascended masters and cleanse our bodies and souls with the flame of violet fire.

These chants were like a password. Constantly repeating it was the equivalent of 'typing' or entering it into the universe, to help God 'unlock' his holy ascended team. 'Silent prayers don't work,' Elisabeth would tell us.

We had to repeat the incantations for hours at a time in order to cleanse, open, and expand our subconscious.

First we had to repeat the mantras several thousand times to 'warm up'.

*I AM the being of violet fire.*

*I AM the purity God desires.*

Next, came the prayers specifically directed at a particular ascended master. My favourite was St. Germain, despite his moustache.

Naturally, I had to be baptised by Elisabeth. But she let me eat ice cream, which was amazing. It didn't matter that it contained no sugar or dairy products. Or that it was basically ice with a little bit of lemon. It was ice cream to me.

**By the end of my teens, I had been baptised six times, anointed and blessed several hundred times, drunk urine with the avatars, eaten with Tao masters, and performed surgery on real people with a mystical surgeon - I helped remove tumours and used a scalpel to scrape cataracts off eyeballs.** I had been trained in telepathy by shamans and had had exorcisms to expel the Devil performed on me, so that the holy knowledge that was later 'downloaded' into my soul had a clean slate to stick to.

## YOU ARE MAKING ME DO THIS TO YOU

I was nine years old, when I told my mother that her partner was hugging me in weird ways. Touching me.

She gave me a chilling look and hissed, 'That doesn't surprise me. You are the one walking around the apartment in your underwear. You are trying to seduce him, aren't you. You want to steal him from me.'

*When the person who is the holiest to you, whom you love above anyone else including yourself, and who is supposed to know what's best for you, tells you that you are to blame for something, you believe it.*

*You believe it and realise that you are worthless.*

The touching didn't stop. It escalated. To the point where I finally gathered the courage to tell my real dad what was going on. His best friend, the late Dragan Cvetković, ambushed my mother's partner at the Hotel Elephant confectionery. He used to go there every day to buy a piece of diabetic cake. He always bought the same one. It had three layers: one with blueberries, one with strawberries, and one with apricots. I wasn't allowed to eat it.

**Dragan, who was about two heads shorter than my mother's partner - or any other man for that matter - grabbed him right there, in the middle of the confectionery, and pressed a knife to his throat. He told him that if he ever dared to lay a finger on me again, he would cut his dick off.**

My mother's partner pissed his pants out of fear. When he came home, soiled and wet from his own piss, he told my mother that my real father had attacked him, because he was jealous of their relationship.

His lies made my mother stronger than ever before. I had never been beaten more brutally than after that incident. From both my mother and her partner. My real father had caused it. But I was to blame.

*For a few months, my mother's partner only touched me when he was beating me. When he wasn't doing that, he ignored me, or pierced me with viciously hateful glares. What he had been doing before had been less painful. It had been more pleasant.*

When he eventually started looking at me kindly again, I actually felt better. I no longer felt like a piece of trash. Two day later, he came into my room. I had never seen a naked man before. Not like that. The liquid that squirted out of him smelled sour. 'Don't you dare tell anyone again. This is what you are doing to me. You are making me do this to you. It's your fault.'

I was a little over ten years old.



## ALL MY FAULT

I was later sexually battered and assaulted two more times by two different men. The first, or rather second, attack happened in the elevator of my apartment building when I was eleven years old. An adolescent boy with a bowl-cut followed me home all the way from the local grocery store. Apparently, he had been following me at a distance for some time, before he caught up with me. (I didn't know how he had done it. I was later told the details of the attack by the police.) **He stepped into the elevator behind me and pressed the emergency stop button when we were between the first and second floor. He grabbed me, lifted me off the ground, and covered my mouth with his hand. Then he started unbuttoning my velvet trousers.** The only thing I remember is that I somehow managed to kick him as hard as I could. He was standing behind me, holding me to his chest, and I kicked my foot directly towards his groin. He let go of my mouth - whether by surprise, or due to the pain, I do not know - but I got the chance to scream. So I did. From the bottom of my soul and with all the force of my diaphragm. The whole elevator reverberated. My scream echoed off the walls. That really did frighten him. He threw me onto the ground and unblocked the door. The elevator reached the first floor. As soon as the doors opened, he darted out and escaped down the stairs. On the way down, he even bumped into one of our neighbours.

The elevator doors closed and it continued moving towards the sixth floor. My floor. Shaking and crying, I ran into my mother's arms.

*When I told her what had happened, all she did was say,  
'That's your fault. Your energy called this experience to you.  
Again. Go to the bathroom and wash yourself. Then go pray.  
That's the only thing that can kill the Satanic energy in you.'*

If I close my eyes, I can still see my reflection in the mirror from that day. It had all been my fault. Again.

**It was all my fault. Always. I didn't know how to wash the guilt off of me. I never screamed again after that day. Not even when her partner anally raped me.**

Problems with vocal chords and hoarseness became my constant companion.

A few minutes after I returned from the bathroom, a child's scream was heard from outside. I instinctively knew that we would find a naked and defiled little girl in the violet coloured bushes beneath our balcony. That was when my mother finally called the police. She didn't call them for me.

But when she saw the little girl, she immediately took a white portable Panasonic phone, and called for help. She kept striding up and down our hall, yelling at the police officers to come save the poor girl immediately. I remained sitting on a chair in the kitchen, waiting for her to mention me. She didn't.

We later found out that that same bowl-cut sporting boy had sexually assaulted and battered two other girls. He had even raped one of them. I had to go to the police station several times in order to look at a line of suspects and try to identify him. Eventually (with the help of a few other witnesses), he was found, convicted, and locked up.

## THE CHOSEN ONE

The next attack happened when I was fifteen. This time the perpetrator was a world famous healer. Hordes of people from all over the world used to come to him to receive his blessings and treatments. When he met me, he ceremoniously announced to my mother that I was special. **That I was the chosen one, a born healer with incredible talents, powers, and abilities. Naturally, he proclaimed himself my mentor, and offered my mother free access to every possible privilege his practice provided, if she consented to that arrangement. We would stay with him and I would learn from him. But before he started teaching me, he wanted to perform a few sessions of hypnosis in order to fully unlock my talents.**

The first session took place in his office. We were alone. He started waving his hands around me and told me to close my eyes. A few minutes later, he grabbed me by the hair and forcefully thrust my head into his crotch. He used his free hand to unzip his trousers.



*He forced something soft, flaccid, and cold into my mouth. It reeked. Then he started moving my head up and down by pulling my hair.*

His hypnosis had left me somewhat drowsy, but by that point in my life, I had experienced so many similar procedures that I knew how to snap myself out of their influence. I couldn't have looked after my mother if I kept falling into trances alongside her.

**The first thing I felt when I came to, was frozen confusion.**

**Then, when I realised what was going on, I sunk my teeth viciously into what was growing increasingly harder in my mouth.** He bellowed and pushed me away (most likely due to the pain). I ran for the door and managed to escape from his office. My mother was waiting for me right outside the door. 'Mum, mummy! Please, please, we need to get away from here. We need to go back to Slovenia,' I cried out, and started to tell her what had happened with tears streaming down my face. 'Savina, shut your mouth this instant! You are embarrassing me. I haven't had the operation the master promised me yet. You had better not take this opportunity away from me. If you dare cause a scene with your uncontrollable behaviour and cost me all my hard-earned privileges, you will be sorry. I promise you that.'

## DEEP-FRIED PARADISE

My mother fell in love with a catholic priest and conceived soon after. Once pregnant, she became obsessed with redeeming Eve's Original Sin and abolishing celibacy, and was convinced that she could change the minds of the Pope, the Roman Catholic Church, and the whole world.

*I was no longer allowed to be called by my given name - Savina. Because my real father had chosen it, my mother was convinced that - like him - it was tainted by Satan. She gave me a new name - Janina. The name Janina also had to be writ-*

*ten on all my notebooks and in the mark-books in school.*

From that day forward, I was forbidden from celebrating my birthday and New Year's Eve, or dressing up for Halloween or Carnival. If I was ever caught eating something I wasn't allowed to, bread for example, I was beaten with a wooden spoon.

Luckily, I made a secret pact which helped me combat some of my mother's restrictions, namely those of the culinary variety. The mother of one of my classmates happened to be our school's lunch lady. I promised her that I would tutor her son Egedis in exchange for a secret serving of a normal school lunch - something I was otherwise strictly forbidden from eating.

**My favourite was fried fish with potato salad on the side which was often served on Fridays. Unfortunately, it was on the list of the most unacceptable and sinful foods that, if ingested, condemned one to hell. I didn't care. Despite its guarantee of inevitable eternal damnation, Friday's fried fish was paradise to me. Plus, my motivation to get normal food helped Egedis pass all the subjects he was failing, and even get a solid B on his English test.**

When I wasn't in school, I was busy taking care of my mother, who spent every minute of every day either crying or praying, or both. Among other things, I was in charge of cooking (strictly macrobiotic food), and selling tofu at her stand in front of the Maximarket Mall.

Every morning before school, and every evening I would have to meet her at the Franciscan church in the centre of Ljubljana to attend mass and go to confession. I remember trying desperately to come up with new sins on my way to church on the banks of the Ljubljanica river, because I hated staying silent when the vicar asked me to confess my wrongdoings.

## MY MOTHER WAS DEAD

My mother gave birth and her priest pompously left the church. His laicization was such a big deal that he and my mother even had various articles and adds published about it in several different newspapers. From that point on, life was supposed to become a dream, but in reality, it turned into a nightmare. Before,

my mother was busy collecting blessings and baptisms, then she turned her attention to weddings. She and her former priest had to be married in every existing religion in order to ensure the their marriage and their happiness would last forever.

One day, I came home from school, only to be stopped at the door by Ida - the lady who used to come to our house to help me iron. She was pale as a sheet and shivering. She wouldn't let me enter our apartment. When I demanded she tell me why, she started crying uncontrollably. She told me that my mother was dead.

Dead?!

My whole body started shaking. I felt like I was choking on air.

**While gasping for breath, I somehow managed to ask her what had happened. Through her sobs, she explained that my mother had died and that her body was in Christ's hands now.**

She was so sorry for having to tell me about it in such a way.

'Your mother is dead. Her body is in the hands of Jesus Christ now,' she kept repeating.

I pushed her out of the way and ran into the apartment.

There, on the chair in the corner of our dining room, sat my mother.

*'Mummy?'*

*She shook her head.*

*'I am not your mother. Your mother is dead.'*

*'But, mummy, you are alive! I can see you.'*

In the calmest voice imaginable, she explained that she was not my mother. My real mother had died and the woman sitting before me now was a new, holy woman. She had a new name as well. Nada Marija.

'I am not your mother. Your mother is dead.'

**She even sent my father and one of her ex-boyfriends a telegram announcing her death. And posted an obituary in the Delo newspaper.** One of her ex-boyfriends, who was like a second father to me, came to offer his condolences, only to collapse from shock when a supposedly dead woman opened the apartment door for him.

His face was whiter than a sheet. He was shaking even more intensely than I had been.

A while later, we found out what had caused my mother's 'death'. It was her ex-priest husband. He had told her that he had had enough of them pretending to be a holy family. Until that point we had been missionaries, travelling from Slovenia to Sweden, spreading the word of Christ and smiling indiscriminately all the way from every Pentecostal church to every Baptist one. We had also regularly organised evanelsations at the Španski Borci Culture Centre, just as was expected from a holy family. But he had finally had enough. He had been pretending the entire time anyway. He was also displeased by the fact that he had used to have a lot more sex as a priest than a married man. He had apparently had as many as three lovers at a time who had, naturally, been entitled to a front row seat in church.

## SHE STOPPED THE WAR

One day, I came home from school and all my toys were gone. Every single one of them had disappeared. Even my Barbie Lilith and the kitten from America. There was no sign of my parrot Čivko anywhere. He used to sit on my pen and talk to me while I was doing my homework. My books were gone too. Everything was gone. My room was completely empty. My mother and her husband explained that from now on, they would no longer allow me to waste my time with secularity and plastic. I had more important work to do like take care of my little brother.

Then they told me they were going to Montana to be married by Elisabeth Clare Prophet and the Ascended Masters.

*That was the first and last time in my young life when I re-*

*belled against my mother and refused to go with her. To this day, I don't know where I got the strength to refuse her. But, I did. There was nothing she could do to change my mind. None of her usual tricks or methods of extortion worked.*

So, she left me alone with my little brother who was less than two years old, and dumped us in front of her husband's mother's house. I had only seen my 'grandmother' once before in my life. Enough to know that she had definitely not gotten over the fact that her son was no longer a priest.

That very same morning they drove to Zagreb and flew to Montana. A day later war broke out in Slovenia. The house me and my brother were staying at was right at the Spielfeld border.

Before she left, my mother gave us three huge boxes of seitan - also known as wheat meat. **The best part about the war was that we never had to use any of it. Our 'grandmother's' house didn't have a cellar. So, every time the sirens blared (which was all the time due to our proximity to the border) we had to run to the woods and hide in a vineyard cottage hidden there. Then, as soon as the sirens stopped and the imminent danger was over, we had a picnic and grilled chevapcici. Real chevapcici.** With meat. I never even had to touch the seitan. I also picked an enormous amount of mushrooms with my brother's great-grandmother.

The most beautiful thing that my dad has ever done for me was to come see me during the war, despite all the danger, barricades, and tanks he had to go through to get to me.

*He had driven all day just to get the chance to embrace me. I didn't even know the people I was stuck with at Speilfeld. But for the first time in my life, I knew and felt that I had a dad who loved me.*

Whenever my mother called me during the war, she would scream at me and blaming me for exposing her son - my brother - to the war. If I hadn't

insisted on staying, neither would my brother have. **My negative energy had sabotaged her sacred family's well-being. Again.**

**But: she and Elisabeth had prayed every day and magically, they managed to stop the war in Slovenia.** If I had gone to Montana with her, we wouldn't have returned to Slovenia again. Elisabeth would have given us a house due to our refugee status. My mother was pregnant at the time. She would have given birth in America and her baby would have been a US citizen. She has never forgiven me for robbing her of that chance.

## A COOKED BIBLE AND LOVEMAKING UP CLOSE

Soon, I had three brothers and a mother who prayed from dusk till dawn. She never stopped praying. Sometimes she managed to throw together a macrobiotic lunch. It consisted of a steaming pot of soup which was basically just water with overcooked and unseasoned carrots and some brown rice. We were starving. But she would pray over the sad meal for more than an hour. By the time she was satisfied with her prayers and blessings, the soup had gone cold and the brown rice had become completely mushy and sticky. Finally, her husband snapped. He got up, snatched up the Bible she was reading prayers from, filled a pot with water, threw the Bible into it, and boiled it.

**Once it was soaked and engorged with water, he demanded my mother eat it. That was to be our lunch. As punishment.**

In the middle of the night, during one of her fits of rage, my mother threw all my clothes and possessions out the window. They fell directly onto the sorrel bushes where that little girl had been assaulted. She told me to get the hell out of her home. I grabbed a few pieces of clothing and managed to find a phone booth to call my dad to come pick me up. That was the first time I saw him cry. We hadn't been allowed to see each other for five years before that night. My mother only granted him visitation rights when she needed money.

After each visit, she had then first taken away all the lunch money dad had given me (I didn't need it anyway, according to her, because I wasn't allowed to eat the tainted, unhealthy cafeteria food), then forced me to cleanse myself with several hours of praying.



*'Don't you dare believe that your father loves you,' She would tell me every time. 'He doesn't love me, so he cannot love you! Don't you ever forget it, Savina, your father does not love you.'*

According to my mother, every time she allowed me to see my father, my whole physiology changed in order for me to look more like him. Only through intense prayer and her 'washing me with Christ' did I regain my true physiognomy.

**'You finally have your true face back, Savina,' She would tell me after every cleansing session. 'You no longer look like Satan. My prayers have worked. I have done it!'**

That day, I promised my father that I would live with him from now on. But he was a stranger to me. My mother was the only family I knew. During my stay with my father she would send me numerous beautiful letters to get me back. She even came to my school every day to wait for me. She called me every day and told me sweet, loving things. She kept telling me that I was all she had left. Without me, she was nothing. She promised me that everything would be different if I came back. Of course, I believed her and moved back. Until the cycle repeated and she threw all my clothes through the window again. Or I couldn't take the abuse any more and moved out myself. Again. And again.

Her narrative never changed. I was jealous of her happiness and wanted to destroy her. I was the one bringing my father's negative energy into her life and sully her aura with it. The whole world had turned against her because it was jealous of her paradise. She was a holy woman and we were poisoning her with our energy.

**One evening, she forced me to watch her and her husband have sex. Or what she called 'Holy Lovemaking'**- It happened while we were staying in a hotel in Portorož while attending a famous film festival. I tried escaping into the bathroom, but she dragged me back into their room. They were doing something beautiful, she told me. How could I want to watch films filled with violence and shooting, but turn my face away from a holy union?!

*'Remember, he loves me! He is making love TO ME! ME! Get this into your thick skull. Look at how he is loving me. Look. At. It,' she kept saying. I was twelve years old.*

## THE BABY WHO SHOULD HAVE RISEN FROM THE DEAD

I was sixteen years old when a world-famous and revered Asian spiritual leader announced that he would be coming to Slovenia. He was known for many things but most famous was the fact that he demanded his subjects get married in his church. **The wedding ritual included the groom beating the Original Sin out of his bride by hitting her tail bone with a baseball bat.** Several women around the world ended up paralysed as a result of the ritual (nerve damage from a badly placed hit), but, hey, at least they were sin free.

My mother was ecstatic. The wedding offered exactly what she needed - to be freed of the Original Sin. Her husband refused to do it. And it shattered my mother's world. From that day forward the time she spent praying was only overshadowed by the time she spent in tears. During that time my ten-month old brother got diarrhoea and started to wither away. My mother kept giving him carrot juice, praying, and writing long letters to the pope. Celibacy still hadn't been abolished.

*After three days of watching my baby brother waste away, I went down on my knees and begged my mother to take him to the hospital. The next morning, she actually heard my plea. Seven days later, my baby brother died in the hospital of brain death.*

**My mother blamed me for his passing. She had been trying for years to weed out the Satanic Seeds my father had planted in me, but to no avail. My Satanic energy had prevailed.** I was the one who told her to take him to the hospital. And that's where he died. I was the one who had shouted at her for not letting me take him to the hospital myself. I was the one who had pushed

her away while holding a baby. I was the one who had used my negative energy to prepare her leek salad and that had poisoned her milk. That was what had killed him.

Logically, you can try reasoning with yourself and tell yourself that such accusations are not true. But when you are being told such horrible things by a person who had steadily been boring a hole into your heart and draining your sense of self, you believe it.

I was convinced that I was forever indebted to my mother. I decided that I would dedicate my life to healing the wound I had helped create as best as I could.

The doctors reported my mother to the police. They were accusing her of wrongful death. The baby had come to the hospital malnourished, withered, and exhausted, so they claimed he had died due to negligence.

For months after the death of my baby brother, whenever I walked to school through the city centre, I would see the picture of a dead, starved baby staring at me from the covers of magazines stacked on every single news stand I passed along the Ljubljana River, past Prešeren's Square, and all the way to the main train station. Accompanying the gruesome image were headlines along the lines of: DEATH DUE TO VEGANISM

*My mother refused to have a real attorney. The only representation she needed was Jesus Christ.*

If the baby hadn't been brought to the hospital in the last second, she would have been accused of 'real' murder.

My mother, on the other hand, sued the doctors because they had performed an autopsy on her baby boy against her consent. This meant that her baby would never Ascend, like Jesus Christ. She was (and perhaps still is) convinced that in reality, her son had been killed in an organ theft operation. **She was certain that her baby would have risen from the dead if it hadn't been for the autopsy.** Even long after the funeral, she kept waiting for that miracle to occur.

It took a long time for my mother's trial to begin. And it took another seven years for it to finish. My mother received a conditional sentence. I was supposed to

be the key witness in the trial, but I refused to take the stand. My mother had never been nicer and more loving towards me than during the duration of her trial and in the period of time when I received my court summons.

## A REST IN HELL

In the years after my baby brother died, I took care of my two remaining brothers. That was my top priority. I was lucky if I got three or four hours' worth of sleep, because night-time was the only time I could catch up on my homework and my studies. **Some nights, my mother would wake me up by pouring cold water over me. Or by some other creative means.** Then, she forced me to get down on my knees and pray with her. Pray for hours and hours on end. My mother prayed too. Alone, with me, on the phone, in the company of missionaries... When one praying companion tired, she found another.

I wasn't allowed to mourn my baby brother. I had 'only' lost a brother. My mother had lost a son. But most of the time, my mother wasn't at home at all. In one year, she visited Israel twelve times, seven days each. She wasn't going away on vacation, though. She was working hard at prayer.

While she was gone, I was tasked with taking care of everything at home, although living with her partner was worse than Hell. The days with him were nearly unbearable all on their own. But the nights... The nights were when he came into my room. If I had ever told anyone what was going on, Social Services would have taken away me and my brothers and committed my mother to a psychiatric hospital. Because her partner was her official primary caretaker, he used his influence to threaten me.

*I was already cursed for having killed one child. If I dared to break the family apart, there would be no hope of redemption or mercy for me. He kept threatening me and terrorising me. So I stayed silent. I wasn't even of age yet.*

More often than not, when my mother wasn't home, I would escape the apartment and sleep over at a friend's house after putting my brothers to bed, all so that I could avoid being alone with... him.



I still accompanied my mother on some of her trips. I went with her to India to see Sai Baba. To Brazil, to see a spiritual surgeon. To visit the shamans. And several other places. I did it, because someone had to take care of my two little brothers, while she was busy praying, repeating mantras, and obtaining blessings.

*If I ever said I wouldn't go with her because I had school to worry about (I had missed out on so much already anyway), she reminded me that I had killed her child. So, I never refused her.*

And, I would do anything not to be left alone with him.

During this time, my health was in critical condition. I had chronic pain in my leg and sacrum. Because I had grown during my adolescence, the enormous scar on my leg hurt incessantly. The doctors told me that I needed to have another surgery to remove the dead skin around my scar. After the procedure, I was only allowed to rest for a week, instead of the prescribed one month. Who would have taken care of the family, if not me?

## A HOLY WOMAN FORGIVES

What Maharishi's Jyotish masters had foretold came true. Although I had made sure to wake up before 4 a.m. every morning during our visit to Sai Baba in India so that I could meditate and do everything according to the rules, I couldn't avoid my fate. I had tried everything in my power to erase my bad karma and avoid the upcoming prophecy that my boyfriend would cheat on me soon after my seventeenth birthday. I had even gone so far as to tell him about it and he had promised never to cheat on me. But he did. Fate had won. I ended our young, budding relationship on the spot, but when my mother found out, she found it unacceptable. 'A Holy Woman forgives and sweeps things under the rug!' she told me, and invited my former boyfriend to our home despite my explicit protests. On that very same day, no less.

I was lucky, after all, a part of me thought as I tried to numb my pain, that somebody still wanted me - in all the chaos that had birthed me and surrounded

me all my life. I was lucky that someone wanted me, as dirty and dishonoured as I was.

Besides, whenever my boyfriend came to visit, my mother at least made a small effort to pretend that we were a happy family - like she did on every photo and during every mass.

At the beginning of our relationship (soon after the death of my brother), I told my boyfriend that my mother's partner kept coming into my room at night. My boyfriend was the first person I had dared to admit this to (after I had told my real dad right after it had first happened).

*'If you ever have to blow him, we are over!' had been his answer to my confession. We were sixteen at the time. 'I'll feel bad for you, but I won't be able to be with you.'*

'No, no. All he does is touch me,' I had reassured him immediately.

**But I had lied. The reality was that I was often awakened in the middle of the night by having a penis forced down my throat. That was why I had wanted to have a bunk bed in my room, although I had my own room. It was harder for my mother's partner to reach me on the top bed.**

I was grateful, though, that my tormentor was afraid of taking my virginity, because my gynaecologist would have noticed it, and he would have been found out and reported. So he only stuck it into my mouth and sometimes my ass.

But often, he couldn't manage to get it in. Fear and shock make the anal muscle so tight, that it cannot be forced apart easily. So the times when his attacks turned out to not only be fruitless but also tiring, he usually got pissed off and left my room.

*Thanks to his fear, I got to lose my 'real' virginity to the boy I loved. I kept telling myself that that had been my first real sexual experience. I wasn't broken. I wasn't sullied after all. 'I'm still pure!' I tried to convince myself.*

During this time, I experienced a complete collapse of my immune system. My body could no longer protect me. So it started killing itself. I had recurring critical spikes of fever. The thermometer showed over forty degrees Celsius. The most likely diagnosis was: chronic strep throat.

**As weird as it might sound, whenever my fever spiked, it was like being on vacation. Because they kept all my daily duties and responsibilities, as well as any night-time visits at bay.**

I was officially allowed to rest. But only as long as my fever remained above 39 degrees Celsius. As soon as my numbers were lower, I had to go back to work. Although I was near delirious, the fevers enabled me to stop and rest. My physical body was in terrible pain, but my soul could finally breathe. When I was shaking, shivering, and passing out due to the pain, I could forget about all the pain and suffering hidden in my heart for a little while.

My mother frequently drove me to Germany to get special treatments with the help of machines that were the predecessors of bioresonance. I suffered another collapse regardless. Regardless of my mother's opinion and rules regarding the use of medicine, I was allowed to take antibiotics. Having another child die was not good publicity, after all. Because I had been subjected to all these extreme diets - from raw, and fruitarian, to macrobiotic and every other existing fad -(against my will) since my childhood, I developed a handful of allergies to several foods and food groups. I was suffering from constant infections and inflammations: from my tonsils, to my ovaries, kidneys, and bladder. The doctors couldn't decide what to do with me and which one of my organs to remove. For an entire year, I had to take a preventative dose of Ospan 1500. After that, I had to take it for approximately ten days every month. The antibiotics served to even further destroy my intestinal flora - the centre of the immune system - and worsen my allergies.



## A SERIOUS ALLERGY TO SPIRITUALITY

I was nineteen years old at the time, but I felt like I was over a hundred. It was as though more than half of my body was dead. **I had long forgotten what it was like to live without pain by that point. I either had chronic pain in my leg, or I had feverish shivers, or I was writhing in pain due to my period. Sometimes, all three things were hurting simultaneously. It burned when I peed, there was blood in my urine, and my mouth was full of ulcers.** Traditional medicine had long given up on me. My medical records were as thick as an encyclopaedia. The alternative practitioners didn't know what to do to help me either. And, honestly, I had developed an allergy to spirituality. Seriously.

*So many people had put their hands on me up until that point in my life that I couldn't take it any more. I had had enough of people entering my personal space without permission.*

*People had intruded into me one too many times.*

*Every new therapy session only made me sicker.*

My mother, naturally, claimed that my state was only a 'cleansing' reaction to the therapies she took me to. Either that or karma. She didn't stop taking me to reiki and therapy sessions intended to wipe away the sins of my past-lives.

This entire time, I felt that I had to escape the toxic environment I was caught in. But how could I leave my mother? I was eternally indebted to her. She needed me. Without me, she wouldn't have anyone to take care of her. Who would look after her, if I left? She had been excommunicated from so many churches already. (She had even been forcefully carried out of one of the ceremonies, chair included.) I was the one who always picked her up when she was down. **She was my beloved mummy. Someone had to believe that she would someday find what she was so desperately searching for.** That she would one day be reach happiness.

*I was the only one who had the privilege of witnessing those*

*rare moments when the fog clouding her judgement lifted and her eyes shone like emeralds. That was when my real mummy re-emerged. Those were our most beautiful moments.*

But as years passed those moments became increasingly sparser. First, they were separated by months, later by years. But I kept waiting. 'Maybe my real mummy will come back any moment now,' I kept hoping. That was probably why I got married two months before my twentieth birthday (to the same boy from the prophecy) - I needed an excuse, someone's permission, to leave. I had to do something to turn over a new leaf. I had to do something to be pure and safe. But I never went far.

I still visited my brothers every day in order to cook them lunch and help them do their homework. I was still there for my mother whenever she needed me. After I left, my mother really hit rock bottom. She had lost all her money and all her real estate (she used to be a very successful business woman before she became a professional 'spiritual athlete') to the Nigerian fund scheme because of her partner's attempts of extortion. She was bankrupt. To survive, she wrote ads in several magazines and newspapers, begging the readers to donate money for her and her family. She didn't even have enough money to buy a kilogram of brown rice.

A man even reported her to the police because she failed to pay him back the money he had loaned him. Because she kept trying to avoid paying him back, she was even held in contempt for a few weeks.

**Fortunately, I didn't lose anything, because, on the day of their wedding, her partner had forced her to disinherit me. She had written a contract and everything.**

My duties and obligations now included working in order to survive and pay rent, studying, taking care of my brothers, and paying for my mother's bills.

I, Savina, did not exist. There was no me.

# YEARS LATER....

## Wayne Dyer was my first magnifying glass, my twin soul, and my clearest mirror.

Although I was officially at odds with spirituality, I continued searching for myself. I was searching for someone who would see my greatness and my misery, my divinity and my ego.

*Wayne Dyer was this person for me. He felt me, saw me, and enlarged me. Surrounded by people, surrounded by the city of London, we were alone.*

*Wayne saw all the devils and angels within me. He saw my divinity and my ego. He saw my past, my present, and my future.*

*He heard my thoughts, my doubts, my vision, my hopes, and*

*my desperation.*

*He saw me at the core of my being, without masks, costumes, and without bones. I*

*t was as though I was transparent, and he was an x-ray.*

**‘Savina, you write books. You are an incredible teacher,’** Wayne said to me. His words weren’t a question, they were an introduction. **‘You are the Sun. You have so much Light within you. So much Love.’**

**‘No. I don’t. I’m a Cosmopolitan reporter from Slovenia,’** I told him shyly.

**‘Savina, you write books. You have so much knowledge. Did you see yourself on stage back there? Did you see the reactions of people? This is where you truly belong.’**

Nothing he said was a compliment. Or flattery. Or encouragement. Everything he said was part of reality for him. It was a fact.

From that moment onwards he never, not even for a fraction of a second, doubted his vision of me, nor did he ever let it slip past his fingers. Never. Not even after his death.

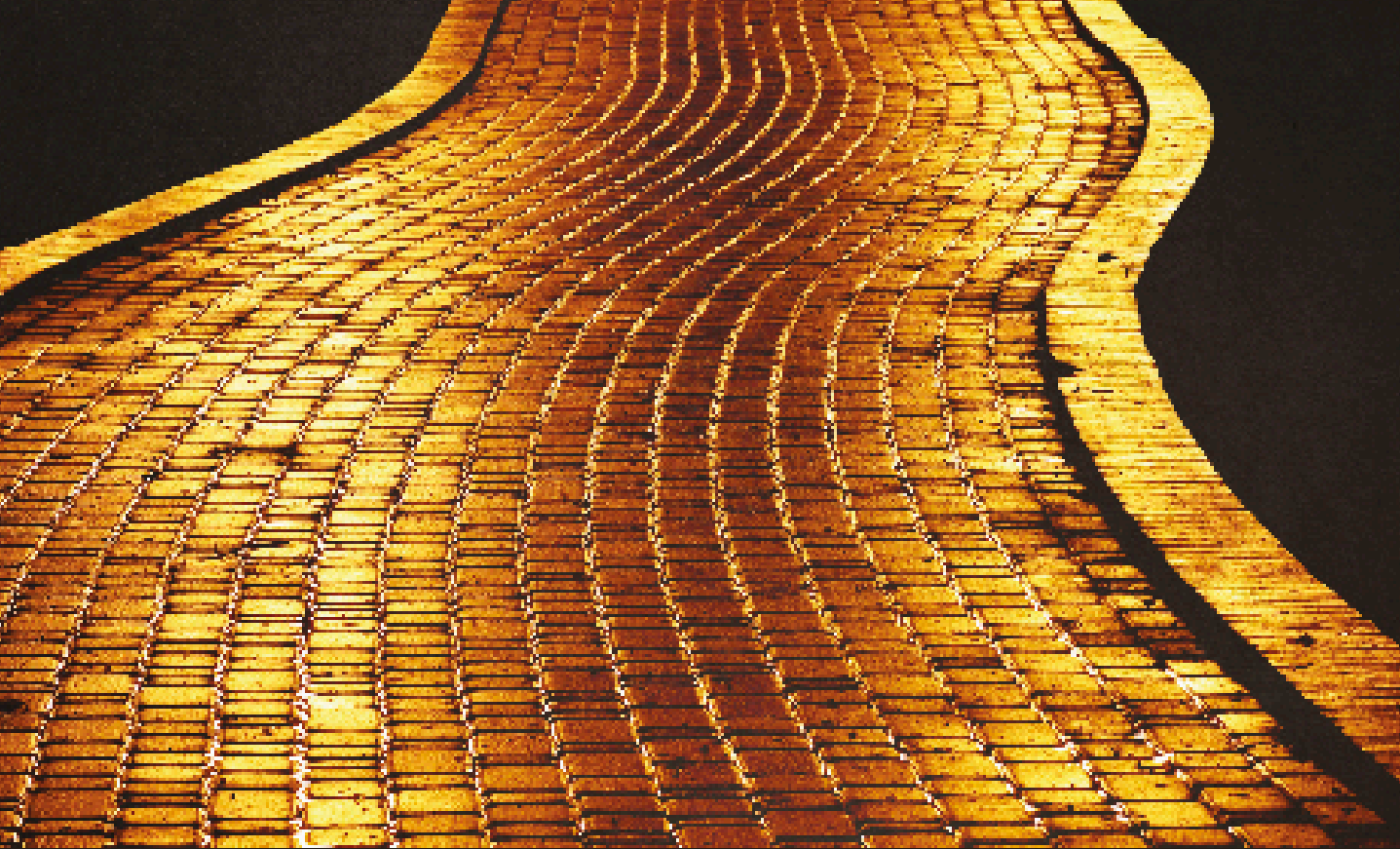
# SLIKE SAVINA





*To be continued in the upcoming book:*

**ENLIGHTENED TRAUMA -  
Breathe, Levitating Little Girl**



**Courage means entering your greatest wounds,  
for we can not live fully until we have enlightened  
our darkness.**

What happened to the levitating little girl, who, by the age of nine, had been baptised in six different religions, had received more than a hundred spiritual initiations, had been trained in the most advanced yoga, Taoist, and shamanic techniques, and had drunk enough holy water and wheat juice to fill an ocean? The girl who had sat at the feet of the world's greatest gurus, and had experienced the world of spirituality from up close – even its darkest, dirtiest, and secretive sides?

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