

Complete Self-Care

25 Tools for Goddesses

Chapter 9

A SPIRITUAL SOLUTION TO LOW SELF-ESTEEM

Reclaiming Your Inner Goddess Through The Principles

By Del Adey-Jones

Do you suffer from low self-esteem? Are you tired of settling for crumbs in all areas of your life? Do you stay in relationships where you feel disrespected and emotionally abused? I get it. That was me before I came across a new paradigm in Spiritual Psychology known as The Principles. Before I explain what The Principles are and how they changed my life beyond anything I could ever have imagined, I would like to begin by sharing my story.

MY STORY

I was born in 1959 in a pious and puritanical chapel-going community in an idyllic part of the UK, known as North Wales. However, my childhood was not ideal, and my mother was neither pious nor puritanical. It was the fifties, but my mother was not your typical June Cleaver type of housewife. Instead, she was a maverick who danced to the beat of her own drum. I was the product of an eight-year affair she had with my father, a married man who lived in the nearby village with his wife and two daughters.

One of my earliest and most impactful memories was when a stranger came to our home when I was four years old.

"Keep your hands off my husband," she pleaded.

I was sitting on the top of the two steps that separated our kitchen from our sitting room. I could feel the pain of a chipped ceramic tile digging into the back of my chubby bare legs, but I dared not move.

The smell of burnt toast from breakfast lingered in the air. The embers of the coal fire crackled in the fireplace. The morning sunlight shone through the kitchen window illuminating the anguish etched on the woman's face.

Her short-cropped brown hair framed her tear-stained cheeks. She was wearing a floral cotton housedress under a grey wool cardigan. Her slim legs were encased in tan nylons and sensible shoes. She was pretty in an understated sort of way. But no match for my mother.

My mother stood before her, proud and unflinching. Her folded arms rested in defiance against her heavily pregnant belly. Her jet-black hair was quaffed in the bouffant style of the times. The arch of her penciled eyebrows framed her violet eyes. She was known as the Welsh Elizabeth Taylor, and she didn't disappoint.

"Get her away from me," the woman snapped as I reached out to comfort her.

It was at that moment I remember thinking to myself, my mother and I must have done something terrible to upset this poor woman so much. I didn't understand the intricacy of what was going on, but I knew enough to feel an overwhelming sense of shame. I decided at that moment this meant I was bad, and I should never have been born.

Once I turned 5-years old, I attended the local village primary school with my father's real children, as I thought of them. That's where I learned the word illegitimate and bastard. Not just from the other children but from the teachers too. Their obvious contempt and disapproval were palatable. In my innocent young mind, I thought that being illegitimate meant that I wasn't as legitimate as others; therefore, I didn't deserve the same love and respect.

Believe it or not, I never met my father. He would visit my mother once a week late at night while my siblings and I were asleep. At the time, my mother ran a Bed & Breakfast out of our tiny Welsh cottage while she and my siblings and I slept in separate little trailers in our backyard. I shared a trailer with my older sister. We were given strict instructions not to go anywhere near my mother's trailer on the nights my father would visit.

The highlight of attending the local village school was that I would often see my father dressed in his navy-blue mechanics overalls, standing on the front doorstep of his terrace house. He was handsome, blue-eyed, with tousled sandy brown hair. I would stare in his direction in hopes that our eyes would meet, and he couldn't help but fall in love with me. Our eyes never met. Once at school, I would play in the yard near the front gates, convinced that if I just spun around fast enough, I would see him sneaking a peek at me through the chain-link fence. He was never there.

In my innocence, I thought all fathers must love their children, so his rejection of me must mean I wasn't good enough to be loved. I felt that if I had been pretty enough, good enough, skinny enough, or clever enough, he would want to claim me as his child. His abandonment cemented my low self-esteem and made me feel that I wasn't worthy of being loved by him or anyone else. He was the first of a long list of Narcissistic men who would play a pivotal role in my life.

As if life wasn't hard enough, my mother, with no emotional or financial help from my father, found herself in desperate need of money to support us. The bed and breakfast business was seasonal, and she needed to find something else to do to provide a more stable income. During that time, the UK government decided to shut down the enormous mental institutions and pay private citizens to take care of the mentally disabled people in their homes. So, my mother decided to convert our little Welsh cottage into an after-care home for the mentally disabled. By the time I was nine years old, she'd saved enough money to rent a massive old mansion and expand the business.

To say my mother was overwhelmed and overwrought was an understatement. She was often at her wit's end between taking care of fifty mentally disabled residents and trying to raise seven children single-handedly. She was in survival mode and would often lose her temper both emotionally and physically.

While she lived in separate quarters, my siblings and I lived amongst the residents. I took this to mean that she didn't care about me. There were no locks on our doors, no privacy, and no safety. Imagine, "One flew over the Cuckoo's Nest," and you've got the picture.

I was a frightened, scared, and unhappy child who grew into a fearful, timid, and sad teenager. Like many fatherless girls, I grew up looking for validation from any man that would pay me attention. As you can imagine, I attracted some unscrupulous men willing to pay me the attention I craved, just not in the way I needed. By the time I reached twenty, I was contemplating leaving the planet. I didn't feel I had the skills necessary to survive life.

Luckily for me, at the age of twenty-one, I went on holiday to California and never left. During my visit, I discovered a metaphysical bookshop called The Bodhi Tree. It was a lovely old cottage, barely visible from the street, hidden by large trees and foliage. Inside was a network of tiny rooms linked together. Each room had bookshelves and tables piled high with every conceivable book one could imagine on spirituality and self-improvement. I felt like a kid in a candy store. As I meandered from room to room, I discovered more hidden treasures. Desperate to make sense of my tumultuous childhood, I devoured everything I could get my hands on.

That was the beginning of my 30-plus year search to find the answers I was looking for. In addition to my years in conventional therapy, I studied everything from Buddhism to Hinduism and Kabbalah to Kundalini Yoga. I sweltered in sweat lodges and drank Ayahuasca in the desert. I participated in dozens of workshops, from "Healing the Shame that Binds" to "Reclaiming Your Shadow." I must have spent hundreds of thousands of dollars over those years trying to fix myself and find the confidence that seemed to elude me.

Despite all the work I had done and all the money I had spent, I still felt broken and inferior. I was always on the lookout for the next best thing to improve myself and rid myself of my low self-esteem.

I had a library full of self-improvement books that could rival the self-help section of Barnes and Noble. Like Band-Aids, my walls were plastered with certificates and qualifications I had gained in hopes of covering the gaping wounds of my insecurities.

My chronic low self-esteem had me settling for crumbs in all areas of my life. I stayed in emotionally abusive relationships long past their expiry date. I was a people pleaser who pretended to be needless and wantless so as not to bother anyone. I hid in the wings of life, afraid of being found out, criticized, and ridiculed.

On the outside, I looked confident and capable, while on the inside, I lived with the constant chatter of negative self-talk. Despite my inner demons, I managed to carve out a career as a costume designer and an artist. My crowning glory was getting married and the birth of my two beautiful sons. For a while there, I thought I'd made it.

Fast forward to 2009. As the Universe has the habit of doing, during one of the most painful periods of my life, I found the answer to my years of suffering from low self-esteem. My dark night of the soul came when I discovered that my marriage of eighteen years wasn't what I had thought it was. Against my will, I found myself amid a whirlwind of painful discoveries and humiliating revelations. My marriage was ending, and the fantasy of providing my children with the stable two-parent family I had wished for as a child was unraveling around me.

The answer to my problems happened while I was returning home to California after visiting my sister in Spain. The two and a half-hour flight from Barcelona to London had been excruciating. My mind was in overdrive with painful memories of the past and fear of what my future would look like as a fifty-year-old divorced mother of two young sons. I was exhausted and in a state of panic, not knowing how to escape the incessant horror show playing out in my head. My thoughts were driving me mad.

As my plane landed in Heathrow, my anxiety mounted to the point of a full-blown anxiety attack. Somehow, I managed to disembark the aircraft. Then, desperate for something to calm me down, I headed for the airport bookshop. I was standing in the self-help aisle, searching the shelves for the latest book that would provide me with the magic pill, when it happened. A book jumped off the shelf and knocked me on the head.

Well, maybe that's a slight exaggeration. Let's just say the title of the book figuratively knocked me on the head. The black letters "Stop Thinking.... Start Living" jumped off the yellow book cover and caught my eye. This is precisely what I need, I thought to myself. I bought the book and just about made it to the gate to board my next plane home.

I didn't take my usual nap on that portion of the journey. Instead, I read that book from cover to cover. It was life-changing. Not because it shared tools and tricks on how I could improve myself, become a better person, be more confident, and be less riddled with insecurity. On the contrary, the book seemed to suggest that I was perfect just as I was. Nothing broken, nothing lacking. Apparently, I'd been a Goddess all this time; I just didn't know it

THE TOOL

The tool I would like to share with you is a new paradigm in Spiritual Psychology known as The Principles. The Principles are a description, not a prescription. They describe the system behind how we humans experience life. The following is a brief overview of the teachings of The Principles.

WE ARE SPIRITUAL BEINGS HAVING A HUMAN EXPERIENCE

The Principles teach us we are Spiritual Beings Having a Human Experience, and as such, we are all Gods and Goddesses at our essence. We all emanate from the same spiritual energy that creates all living things.

Regardless of the environment, we grew up in, the circumstances of our birth, the color of our skin, and our socio-economic status, we are all equal, which means that none of us is more than or less than anyone else. Of course, in the physical world of form, we might appear to be different, but we are all one and the same at our spiritual essence. Understanding this one aspect of the Principles was pivotal in helping me overcome my feelings of inferiority. Feelings of lack and comparison come from the personal mind, full of insecure thoughts and negative chatter. However, when I settle into my true spiritual nature, ideas of less than and not good enough melt away.

WE LIVE IN AN INSIDE-OUT WORLD

The Principles teach us that we live in an Inside-Out world, not an Outside-In world. In our culture, we've been raised to believe that the way we feel directly results from our circumstances or the people in our lives. The truth is our experience of life comes via our thinking about our circumstances and the people in our lives, not directly from the outside world itself. Every second of every day, we are living in the feeling of our thinking. Once I saw this, I felt more empowered and less of a victim of my circumstances or toxic people in my life. I recognized that I was in charge of how I experienced my life. Nothing or nobody could make me feel anything without my permission.

WE ARE NOT OUR THOUGHTS

The Principles teach us that human beings have anywhere from 60,000 to 100,000 thoughts a day. These thoughts are nothing but energy running through us. They are not personal to us. They are not informing us about who we are. They are up for grabs by anyone. Unfortunately, many of the thoughts we have about ourselves have been with us our whole lives.

They are so familiar we believe they are telling us about who we are. We have no power over which thoughts pop into our heads. However, we can control which thoughts we want to indulge in or where we choose to place our attention. Understanding this helped me see that I didn't need to believe or identify with my insecure thoughts. Furthermore, I didn't need to change my thoughts. All I needed to do was change my relationship to my thinking. So instead of fighting my insecure thoughts, I ignored them. Before long, they lost their intensity and stopped showing up.

INNATE WISDOM

Each of us is born with innate wisdom. It is an integral part of us. Our wisdom is specific to us. It guides us every moment of every day. It is always available and always has our back. Life becomes so much easier when we take our hands off the wheel and let our inner wisdom guide us. When I learned to tune out the constant chatter of my insecure thoughts, I heard my inner wisdom. Following the gentle guidance of my wisdom has been liberating.

INNATE WELLBEING.

Each of us is born with the gift of innate wellbeing. Innate wellbeing is our default setting. Regardless of our circumstances, states of mind, or moods, we bounce back to our innate wellbeing when we are not focusing on our negative thinking. I am no longer afraid of my low moods or feelings of anxiety and depression. I know that no matter what I am going through, I will return to my innate state of wellbeing in time.

INNATE RESILIENCE

Each of us is created with innate resilience. It doesn't matter what has happened to us in life; at our core, our spiritual essence, our inner Goddess, we can never be broken or damaged. Therefore, there is no need to fix ourselves. We may get bumped and bruised, but we are resilient. Knowing that I was never damaged was very helpful as someone who suffered from abuse of all kinds. Was I impacted by what happened to me? Yes. Was I permanently damaged by what happened to me? No.

SEPARATE REALITIES

The Principles point to the fact that each one of us is living in our own separate reality. Our own individual thought-created-Universe. Someone else's behavior has nothing to do with us; it has to do with their thinking and level of consciousness in the moment. This was so helpful to me when I needed to forgive the people who hurt and abused me. I stopped trying to understand why they did what they did. I saw that it wasn't personal. They were doing the best they could, given their thinking and level of consciousness at the time.

LIVING IN THE PRESENT MOMENT.

Lastly, The Principles teach us to live in the present moment. We feel fear and anxiety when we listen to our insecure thoughts about the past or the future. We have no control over the past. It's gone, over, and done with. We cannot change it. And the future is an illusion. The only thing we have is the present moment. When we live in the present moment, we are connected to the truth of who we are at our essence, divine Gods and Goddesses.

I hope you enjoyed the story of my transformation from dysfunction to a joyful and fulfilling life. If you are interested in learning more about my work as a Codependency and Narcissistic Abuse Recovery coach, please reach out to me at <https://www.deladeyjones.com>



Del Adey-Jones is a Codependency and Narcissistic Abuse Recovery Coach, Youtuber, Blogger, and host of "Insightful Conversations". She is also the founder of A Spiritual Solution to Codependency and Narcissistic Abuse..... through understanding The Principles.

Del's passion is helping people find freedom from the debilitating condition of Codependency and Narcissistic Abuse. Thanks to her unconventional and dysfunctional childhood growing up in the UK, and her personal challenges, including divorce and raising children as a single parent, her work is informed by the empathy gained from real-life experience and her deeper studies of Spirituality and Psychology.

Using her down-to-earth, relatable approach to coaching and her commitment to creating a safe space for her clients to explore the Inside Out Understanding, she continues to serve a wide range of clients worldwide.

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