

EMPOWERING HEALING
TECHNIQUES FOR ANYONE WITH
HEAVINESS ON THEIR HEART

I
AM
READY

LET THAT ISH GO

SAMANTHA JONES DARLING

EMPOWERING HEALING TECHNIQUES FOR ANYONE WITH HEAVINESS ON THEIR HEART

I Am Ready: Let That ISH Go teaches you the most valuable tool there is: how to let go of your pain, clear your past, and end your confusion.

This book answers: How can I get rid of this grief/pain/heaviness/resentment/anxiety that has me by the throat? How can I live a great life with this hole in my heart?

You will be led into your own heart, put in charge of your own healing, and thoroughly shown how to connect you: to your body, to your natural state of letting go, to experiencing your unprocessed feelings. You will ground yourself, lighten yourself, and inspire yourself.

This book will empower you to heal yourself using simple, instinctive tools that are profoundly effective. So powerful they offer relief right now and freedom from the past within hours. If you are ready to be free, to feel light, and you want a direct path to it, ***this book is for you.***

Over thirty six pages are dedicated to rebuilding the relationship you have with yourself after you have let go.

ARE YOU READY?

To all the warriors ready to let go.

Surrender doesn't mean give up, it means stop fighting.

Stop fighting the pain and allow it.

Stop fighting the time, be in it.

Stop fighting yourself, you are ready.

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Heal yourself, heal your life, heal your lineage.

The most important thing to know about grief.

She is your best friend.

At first she doesn't seem very nice. She comes in uninvited, hot and heavy with emotion, talking about things you don't want to hear, staying longer than you'd like. She brings intimidating walls of water that smack you across your face and fill your choking throat and lungs with drowning fiery pain. Waves of loss that throw you on the hard shore of life like a dead seal. Lying there bloated with sadness, coughing up salty brine, gasping for air, you just know you're dying right here, right now...its all her fault.

Maybe you're begging to die and she wont even give you that! *Dear Lord let me die now, I have nothing to live for. Life is useless, love is a fraud, let me die along side my dead broken heart. End this please.*

And we fall back down into the oblivion of restoration to fight and surrender, to die and be reborn, to wither and break free. To find the new part of ourselves we didn't know we needed, we didn't know we had, to become the next versions of ourselves we weren't planning for. Grief sits by our side the entire time, Grief pushes us to greatness, and we hate her for it.

After a few ass kicking days, weeks, or months being held at our ankles and tossed around by the waves of Grief, when we aren't lying on the shores of our soul wiped out completely, screaming and crying in the night, pleading with the cosmos, a moment of relief finally comes. Grief has gone for a long walk. The stormy waters slow and the sun kisses our cheeks. We can sit up, wipe our eyes of the crust of rebirth and take in the world around us.

Was the sky always this blue?

We get up and walk to the shade of a tree and rest against it. We catch our breath and see a little more clearly. We find and eat a plump oyster, a juicy mango. A fallen sweet banana reminds us that little pleasures in life exist. The sweetness of life has been waiting for us, surrounding us, getting ripe for us all in the right time. Grief was here to show us what we love, what we live for, what truly matters in our heart.

You have heard it before, *grief is love with nowhere to go.*

I loved this quote, I have taught with this quote, I have helped people understand with his quote. *However.* I have lived *in grief, with grief, as grief* for so long, she is my best friend, the one who tells you the truth even when it's hard. The best friend who always puts you first and never leaves your side *until you are ready* to stand on your own. Over our many years as roommates and soulmates I asked Grief every question there is about loss and letting go. We stayed up late talking and laughing many nights. The unfathomable strength I stand on today was built with Grief handing me the nails while I pounded the boards of a new foundation, *one she knew she would not be coming to.* As my best friend she pushed me towards myself every time, because Grief is love.

In the healing rooms I have lived in for eight years, I have listened with my entire body, my body that is designed to listen, and I have felt and heard all the grief there is; my pain, their pain, the collective pain. I have felt every scream's pain, heard every fear's cries, allowed my heart to open all the way to her darkness where she became a trusted friend of truth and empowerment. *There is no higher love than truth.*

Eight years working with Grief on a daily basis, studying it, following it through the other side, asking her over and over *what is your point?* I have listened, I have heard, I have learned everything I know from Grief. I have met her farther and seen more of her and she is so much more than you think she is.

Grief is love. And love isn't always soft and sweet.

Grief rages loudly to burn what no longer is, to push you to the edge of a cliff, turning your life upside down, twisting the truth of your past into a new unscripted world. Grief steps us into the ring, shoving us into the fight to watch while we hang on to the old, wrestle to make sense of this life, to control what cannot be controlled. Grief stands there watching while you take hit after hit, while you writhe in pain, knowing that eventually you will throw in the towel of surrender, you can't win by fighting and that's the point. She tortures you with hits to the gut and sucker punches to the heart until you fall on your knees, your ears ringing. Defeated and deflated, finally.

Upside down Grief holds your feet, stars and flashes of light fill your brain, your perspective finally flips and now finally YOU ARE READY to get up. You tell her, *I Am Ready to let go* and she lowers you gently, kisses your forehead, and walks away. Her job is done, for now.

You choose life, you choose living, you choose letting go. What you are actually doing, what you are finally meeting with, when the bloody towel of surrender hits the mat, is the chance to stand up, take the gloves off, *and love yourself*.

First grief shows you how much you can love, how deeply, how passionately, how devotedly, that is what the broken heart is for, reflection. The everywhere they aren't, that shattered loneliness, all of it is there to show you how much time you actually have to give, to share, to be devoted. That is what a best friend does, shows you the best of your big heart.

Grief shows you your capacity for LOVE.

Then in her last stage of friendship, Grief asks you to get back in the game of life and give yourself that much fight, that much devotion, that much passionate love.

Grief is a calling to come home. . . to you.