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This article first appeared in Gary Craigs original Emofree site.

A year ago today I lost my beautiful mother after a long struggle with a very rare form of early onset dementia called Picks disease.

Picks disease affects the frontal and temporal lobes and typical symptoms are that the sufferer cannot connect to their emotions in a visible way so it would appear they are cold and uncaring. My mother had become a full time caregiver for my father who also had an equally rare form of vascular dementia called Cadasil which caused him to become mute and paralysed. His dementia really kicked in when he was about 50 and the brain damaged caused by many mini strokes had caused mental illness prior to this.

So to cut a long story short, my mum spent most of her life looking after a very sick man, 5 kids who didn't cope very well with what was going and towards the end, when I dreamt of getting my mum back when she was free of her role as 24/7 care giver, we were devastated to discover she too was terminally ill. This was exactly one year after my dad died.

We had a very difficult time when my sister committed suicide around about the time that we had to enter my mum into full time nursing home care when she was only 57.

My mother had always been a very reserved and non demonstrative person, and it is unclear to us how long she was ill but we have put the pieces together and think it is probably most of my adult life as symptoms can start many years before but go unnoticed as just slightly odd behaviour.

As the disease progresses towards the end they lose the ability to recognise people and communicate. Or so we had been told. As you can probably imagine this was an intensely difficult period for us all emotionally and I am so grateful that I already had EFT at my fingertips plus a solid support system of people to turn to when I was swamped.

One of the biggest challenges I faced as I tapped my way through her declining months was the fact that she seemed very uneasy in my presence. She had lost the ability to speak but when she saw me she would run away. However she didn't do it with anyone else. I remember standing in the hallway watching her scuttling away at high speed and thinking 'I HATE YOU, I HATE YOU!'

The doctor suggested I was a powerful communicator both verbally and nonverbally and she was picking up on my strong emotions and not able to handle it. He suggested I stop visiting. That was an unacceptable solution to me and I knew that if my emotions were the problem I had the acceptable solution. So I got to tapping!

*Even though I am so angry you are leaving me...*

*Even though I hate that your taking the easy way out, you have escaped all this pain, gone into your own world and I am left to deal with it all...*

*Even though I cannot believe this is happening to me again... I thought I would get you back and you won't stay, I can't make you stay.*

*Even though your still choosing dad not us...*

*Even though I never knew you and it's NOT FAIR ... how can this be happening to me again, I have been through enough already.*

*Even though none of this is fair... I hate it, I DON'T WANT to accept this.*

*Even though I don't know how to let you go, you want to go and I can't don't know if I can do it...*

*Even though I don't know how I will cope without you...*

*Even though I don't know how I will live without you...*

*Even though I miss you so much, I have missed you for years, I just want you back, please don't leave me...*

There was a lot more along these lines and I tapped and sobbed until I came to a place of peace eventually. A place where I realised that I needed to be there and she could be and do whatever she needed to do, she was the important one right now.

I went to visit her and sat in the car outside the nursing home tapping on my fears of rejection and my fears I would scare her. I entered the room and she was in bed. She smiled at me. I sat down beside her and took her hand and gently tapped round her points,

*I love you, you're going to be ok, you're safe.*

She relaxed, smiled and then she opened her mouth and clearly said, 'I love you'.

She had been unable to speak for over 3 months in any way so I actually thought perhaps I had imagined it. I came out in shock and I could tell the nurses didn't believe me. I even convinced myself that even if she had said it she was probably just copying me. However the next day I visited again with my sister. As we entered the room, she gazed at us and she said it again over and over, 'I love you, I love you, I love you'.

We both sat with her, assured her of our love for her and acceptance that this was how things had to be and we gave her permission to go.

She died in our arms just a few days later and the room was full of love. During those few days we sat with her she communicated to us so powerfully not with words, her love for us. In fact, the feeling was so strong that I had the thought 'I could just sit here forever'.

The funeral came and went and a few weeks later I found myself in a depression so dark I could not move, and didn't even react when a very large spider ran across my face as I sat on my bed. So I decided perhaps I needed some help. I was at least able to pick up the phone.

I phoned a colleague and together we worked on my feelings about the fact that the first time my mother had ever used the words 'I love you' was just before she died.

I tapped on my anger with myself for having been so angry with her for so long that I had blocked the love from her and spent years convincing myself she had not loved me. And angry she had had a disease which meant she could not communicate that verbally to us. I had to tap on:

*Even though I wish I could be with her to hold on to that feeling I got when she died, part of me wishes I had died too...*

The result was that the depression lifted, and I have been able to use EFT to move gracefully through this grieving process. Although there have been very painful moments and quite traumatic memories, I trust EFT and the process so much that it has not been difficult for me to move through them.

As I stand at the grave and look at my father and mother's headstone (both died aged 60), I shudder to think what could have happened if I had held on to this anger and belief that I wanted to die to be with her. If I had not had this beautiful experience I don't know how I would have felt and it really is simply one of the most precious memories I have.