

One of the greatest gifts my mom ever gave me was eleven more weeks to get to know her on a soul level before she made her transition to the other side.

Like many families, we had our discords. We may not have always gotten along but when it really mattered we knew how to step up to the plate to support each other.

About a year before my mom got sick I went through a deep spiritual transformation which some call the dark knight of the soul. That quest allowed me to dive deep into personal discovery and transformation which allowed me to get really honest with myself and look at some hard truth I didn't want to see.

As my awareness rose, I could feel I was up against another obstacle. Financially nothing had been working out for me. I was doing everything I knew how to do. Yet nothing seemed to be moving.

I knew this was an ancestral patterns that needed to be explored on a deeper level. Which inspired me to drive to my parents' house. I was feeling extremely emotional that day. As I opened my mouth the tears fell down my face. I took a deep breath and told them I needed there to help with something.

By this time in my journey watching me cry was not unusual for them. I said you are my parents and I know you love me and are willing to help me when I need it which is making me wonder why this is so hard to do. I said, "mom, when you were younger were you able to ask your parents for financial help?" She replied, "No, we didn't dare ask for that". Then I said dad "could you?" He said "no". Then my mom said, "Steven, on your side of the family your father has no problem helping certain kids vs other ones". Which was exactly what you do too.

Next, we started checking for all the inherited trapped emotions we were carrying around money. Guilt, shame, fear, control, the list went on. We were able to release them from all of us at that time.

My parents did their best to understand what I was going through at that time and was open to the process which I am forever grateful for.

A couple of months later while visiting with my parents I could tell there was something bothering my mom. I asked her if there was something she wasn't letting for of? She brought up two traumatic incidences from when I was a child.

Now, before I share this with you it is very important to me that you don't judge her, she was an amazing mom who did the best she knew how to do with the tools she had.

The first incident my mom brought up was when I was about 13 years old. I was mad I had to clean the house for my older sisters' party. While cleaning I threw a towel down to the laundry room; which accidentally knocked over my dad's eagle that shattered on the ground.

My mom lost it. She wasn't very good at handing her stress back in those days. She continuously slapped me across the face asking me why I did it. Every time I opened my mouth to speak tell her it was an accident she kept screaming at me "you're lying" followed by another slap. That summer I saved all my babysitting money to buy my dad a new eagle.

As my mom brought up the incident she said, "I shouldn't have made you buy your father a new eagle." I looked at her and said "is that what you think this is about? It's not that I had to pay for the eagle; it's about you made a "thing" more important than my well-being."

I reminded her how she continuously kept slapped me across the face screaming at me. She said "I don't remember doing that to you. I am sorry." "I told her it was okay, that I loved her".

A couple of hours later she said: "you know, what I do remember? The time when you were 16 years old and you hit a parked car. When you got home I slapped you so hard you flew over the laundry basket and onto the ground."

I looked at her and I could see her energy change as if that incident was happening right then. She was so angry and bitter. That incident and emotions were deeply buried within her subconscious and cellular memory.

I thought to myself; again a thing was more important than my well-being. It seemed to be a common theme that played out in my life. I realized in that moment I too was carrying subtle energy of emotional pain that needed to be released. I went into the bathroom and cried.

That night, I stayed at my parents house. The next morning my mom got up to go get her haircut. She wasn't feeling the best as she had been healing from a tooth infection.

I told her I would meet her at the store after her appointment so we could do some grocery shopping together. When I got to the store my mom seemed different. A bit disoriented. I couldn't tell if this was from her tooth infection or if something else was going on.

I kept asking her if she was okay. She said, "yes" but something still seemed off. I told her to go home and that I would finish the shopping.

When I got back to my parents place she was standing in the kitchen and I heard spirit say she is having a stroke. I said mom something doesn't seem right. She kept saying she was fine and went to lay down. I called my dad and said I think mom is having a stroke. He was in disbelief that, that was even an option. He said she probably just needs to visit the doctor.

Spirit kept saying she is having a stroke. So I called her doctor and said something is wrong with my mom and I think she is having a stroke. They asked me have her put her arms out in front of her. She was not able to hold the left arm up high. I told the doctor and they said yes, she's having a stroke get her to the hospital.

My mom was so cute wanting during that time. She kept wanting to make sure she had everything she needed while being at the hospital. Finally, I yelled "mom, we have to go, get in the car".

Once we got on the road I called my dad back and moms having a stroke meet us at the hospital. Then I messaged my sisters. She kept searching in her wallet for her insurance card. I said mom it's okay. We will take care of everything. You just relax.

When we got to the hospital they started doing all these test on her. Again I heard spirit say she was having a stroke yet the doctors were ruling that out at first. I just kept my mouth shut and let them do what they do.

Later that evening we got back the MRI test results and it turned out she had six mini strokes in her had that day. Even though things were clearly not okay she was still thinking about everyone else. My little sister and niece's birthday was coming up. She would talk about the cupcakes we had to pick up

and brownie bars she was going to make.

The stroke impacted her speech and reading capabilities. But there was something even more noticeable to me. It was like a veil had been lifted. Her ego left and she was an innocent silly child with a sparkle in her eye. She was no longer angry and bitter.

I ended up moving in with my parents to help my dad care for my mom. Being able to be with my mom without the anger and bitterness as a divider between us was one of the greatest gifts I could have ever received.

She appreciated me and I appreciated her. We laughed like two little school girls... it was wonderful. I can hear her now, Nicky, I bet you never thought you'd be doing this with me as I glided the enema tube up her ass... followed by a "don't make me laugh, my belly hurts" as we giggled.

My mom was and still is a beautiful soul. She had a hard childhood and didn't know how to transform her pain in a healthy way. What I've learned from my own healing journey is we either continue the pattern of what was taught to us or we go too far the other way. The goal is to meet somewhere in the middle.

I could see her inner child that was still so deeply wounded. I helped me be more compassionate and understanding to our own situation.

Looking back I also now understand that she also had a chemical imbalance. It wasn't until she started taking B12 on a regular basis that she was able to react more calmly.

My mother ended up having a second stroke a few weeks later. It was then when we found out she had stage four cancer.

All I kept thinking was I wish I would have understood the power of forgiveness sooner. I always wanted a different relationship with my mom and I knew that these last few weeks with my mom were divinely orchestrated. Our relationship was transformed from a superficial one to one of true compassion, unconditional love, and understanding.

It is priceless.

That experience helped me understand the importance of the quality of love I bring to the people I care for including myself.

A few months after my mom passed I went to a healing session. I sat down in front of this girl. She said your mom is here. I felt deep regret. She said she wanted to start over recreate a new relationship with me. I saw myself in her womb and instantly bursted into tears. Together we were overriding the deep hurt that we were both suffering from. When we learn to let go of our pain and suffering the universe brings us gifts that are magical.

How do you show up for the people you love? What family patterns and emotional blocks are you carrying? Where are you making a "thing" more important than someone else's well-being?

We cannot heal what we are not willing to acknowledge. We cannot heal what we are not willing to express.

If more people understood the pain, patterns and emotional trauma they are carrying will continue to be passed down to their children and grandchildren they may work a little harder at healing on the inside.

What is your souls asking you to look at? Where are you stilling needing to forgive? Are you willing to heal for yourself and the people you love?

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