

WOMB TWIN HEALING

by Althea Hayton

Wombtwin survivors carry a burden, all their lives, of unexplained emotional pain that seems to have no foundation in reality. When I discovered my twin it was like a wake-up call. I didn't realize how low I was, and always had been. It was as if I had spent my life sitting helplessly in a black hole. It was like the end of denial, but of something I had no idea I had been denying: the existence of my twin. I realized how isolated and lonely I was - how much I needed a support group - but I felt that there was no one there for me.

I made my discovery in the process of chiropractic treatment and I recognized the extent to which I had somatised my emotional pain. It was locked into almost every muscle of my body as muscular tension. I had spent my entire life in a state of anxiety but had come to think of this as "normal". Through kinaesiology I found the pain - it was excruciating at first but gradually the muscular tension eased and with it the pain.

I realized the harm I had been doing to myself all my life in my attempts to re-create life with my twin. I had always expressed my energy in male ways and had thus sacrificed the more delicate aspects of my femininity. People found me far too bossy and managing to get close to me and so I was isolated even more.

The first thing I did was forgive myself for being alive. In that single moment I ended a lifetime of survivor guilt. I then began a long process of rebuilding: I rebuilt my shattered sense of self; I changed my diet and rested much more, which ended the perpetual exhaustion I felt. As I entered into a regular regime of self-care, my bodily health and my spiritual strength both improved. I reached out to others for help and friendship and created a new personal support group of friends who I could count on to care for me as much as I cared for them.

Then I had to let my twin die. I spent weeks planning a funeral ritual, which sent me back again and again into the nightmare that had always haunted me. Then I learned to close the door on that nightmare and I just don't go there any more. If I do, in order to speak about it, I find the feelings of grief are still very strong, but I understand them now and I know where to keep them in my mind.

As months passed after the funeral, I realized that I was in a sense "coming into an inheritance." I recognized so many unfulfilled gifts in my self and sabotaged chances in my life. At last I allowed these things to be mine. The sheer abundance of my life was at times almost overwhelming and I was filled with a deep sense of humble gratitude, which began to replace the guilt.

As I began to grow as a person I became calmer, less driven - more free. I now have new friends and have a new purpose, to spread this healing to others, using my own story. I wish you healing, with all my heart.