

Chapter 24

The Lovelight Connection

By Colleen Lovelight

I felt the bumper of the massive Pontiac sedan pressed against the back of my head as it vibrated in rhythm with every screech of the tires, pushing my tiny seven-year-old body down the street. As if to fulfill a prophecy, I ignored my gut feeling to not cross our quiet street.

I should have been seriously injured. But when the car stopped, I jumped up like being jolted out of a dream into extreme chaos. Everything was happening all at once. A woman grabbed me by my shoulders and yelled, “Little girl, are you okay?” The man driving the sedan screamed in a different language while other people shouted, “Call the police!”

I ran two doors down, up three flights of stairs, and hid in my bedroom. My parents weren't home, and I

was terrified. I had no recollection of being hit from the side, thrown in the air, and landing on my bum in front of the car. As people witnessed this horrific accident, I was somewhere else. It was unclear for years to come, but I had a vague recollection and called it “the in-between.”

Dad was due to return home from a trip that day, and it wasn't uncommon for my mother to leave me on my own. Mom took my younger brother grocery shopping, leaving me to play outside with neighborhood kids. The downstairs neighbors knew I was hiding in my room and called to me to wait with them until one of my parents came home.

Dad arrived home first and immediately took me to the ER. Doctors and nurses poked, prodded, and kept asking if I had pain. After a full check-up with x-rays, *nothing was wrong!* I did not have a bruise, a scratch, or any pain! They told Dad I was very lucky.

This life-changing event in 1972 placed me on a trajectory of trauma, setting the tone for the rest of my childhood.

My father blamed my mother for putting me at risk, and they split up within a week. He made a life-altering decision for our family. He wanted to marry my mother's cousin, Lori. (Months before their split, we would visit Lori and her husband, Z. The situation

made me feel uncomfortable and unsafe. I witnessed Z abusing Lori and other things that didn't make sense in my seven-year-old brain until days after my accident.) When Dad made his announcement to my mother, he was holding a gun in his hand, telling her that if she tried to take "his kids," he'd kill her.

And just like that, Mom vanished into the night. Throughout my life, I learned she was a voiceless victim. My brother and I went to bed one night with my mother tucking us in and awoke the next morning to Cousin Lori coming out of our parent's bedroom. Her daughter was there too. Abandoned by my mother, a new family of secrets was formed overnight. I was shattered by her disappearance. But no one knew because I remained stoic, and never cried.

Months went by before we finally got to see Mom, but it was not what I had hoped. She was living with Z, and just as he had done with Lori, he was abusing my voiceless mother. I witnessed this nightmare on numerous visits. Another secret I was to keep. When my mother got herself out of that abusive relationship, she went into another for the next 25 years. I wanted to save her, but this painful lesson of acceptance was that I could not save her from herself.

Lori was to raise my brother and me. She was nice, at first, but it only took about a month for that to change. My three-year-old brother and I endured

consistent and horrific mental, emotional, and physical abuse from her while my father worked. Lori threatened me to never tell anyone, or she would make our lives worse by taking it out on my brother and father.

We lived in a home that was full of violence, drugs, and alcoholism. Even after my youngest sister was born, Lori and Dad continued the wild parties and violent arguments while drunk or high. They put on the charade of a happy family for extended family, the church community, and our neighborhood. I did my best to protect my three younger siblings while being subjected to mental, emotional, and physical abuse. I raised my baby sister, shopped, did laundry, cooked meals, and constantly babysat. I lived in fear for my life and the lives of my brother and mother for years.

I refer to my childhood as walking among a sea of the insane and where my warrior training commenced. I learned how to survive by reading energy and predicting outcomes. It didn't take long for me to construct my suit of armor adorned with rage and fearlessness so I could feel powerful and safe. I promised myself I would never be a voiceless victim like my mother. As a teenager, I engaged in physical warfare with Lori or anyone in the streets of the not-so-safe neighborhood where we lived.

My warrior training was useful in my career, where I needed to be aggressive to succeed among the hierarchy of men. Adulthood served plenty more lessons through repeated patterns, financial challenges, and the heartbreaking experiences of emotional abandonment that included two failed marriages. However, I was able to experience profound love with my three children. Their love opened my heart, which had been closed off for so long and provided the most valuable education on my self-love mission.

In my 30s, I embarked upon a self-exploration, starting with my natural ability to read energy and predict outcomes to help others. I took psychic development classes, became Reiki certified, and provided assistance to family, friends, and the executive team I worked with. While the accuracy of the information I offered sometimes frightened people, I found it to be fun. I became more intrigued and invested energy into other ways to expand myself. I incorporated energy healing sessions, therapy, and yoga. I read many self-development and metaphysical books.

This process took years to peel back layers of protection and required that I allow myself to be vulnerable through shadow work, acceptance, forgiveness, and sitting with my inner child to appreciate her strength. I utilized all of life's challenges to understand myself intimately. Life delivers these opportu-

nities to us consistently so we can understand and expand into self-acceptance and self-love.

Through this work, “the in-between” was fully revealed. My body was placed in suspended animation while my consciousness left this 3D world. I felt the peaceful, warm, and loving presence of the divine. I blended into and became one with this immense energy. This near-death experience was where my auspicious and sacred agreement was formulated. I was to be indoctrinated by the ego, learn how it worked, understand it deeply, and remain separate from the divine until I awakened to self-love through healing.

I resurrected as an empowered thriver. I fell in love with my inner divine feminine, a part of myself that I was not familiar with. This newly formed bond allowed me to remove my armor and evolve from unhealthy rage to love. I realized that my human experience brought me to a level of frequency for others who needed my specific resonance in support of their healing and awakening to self-love.

The divine feminine beckoned from the depths of my soul to facilitate her work. I pursued an education in alternative holistic healing, opened a wellness center, and successfully created a divine feminine community of healers for six years. COVID closed the center to free up my time from day-to-day manage-

ment, creating space for me to support more women individually and in groups.

I have been honored to witness the awakening of thousands of awe-inspiring women on their evolutionary process to self-love as they heal and ignite their inner lovelight through divine feminine empowerment. Their lovelight shines into the darkness so others can find their own.

The divine feminine may have been dormant, but I assure you, we are awake. We have fearlessly empowered ourselves, wielding love. We are the new paradigm here to expand consciousness to oneness. As we ignite the world from our inner lovelight, we disintegrate the old paradigm belief system of the ego.

Bio

Colleen Kutcher Ofsanik, CNHP, RMT, CYT, CST, Naturopathic Practitioner, is a spiritual advisor, educator, intuitive healer, and divine feminine community creator.

Colleen has successfully provided education and facilitated healing for thousands of clients on their evolutionary process to self-love. Her lovelight shines brightest when women empower themselves in this

auspicious work through private sessions and sacred gatherings.

Her deepest lovelight connections are her children and grandchildren, who reflect the meaning of true love.

The Lovelight Connection

lovelighthc.com