Honorable Judge Susan Oki Mollway
Judge of U.S. District Court of Hawaii
300 Ala Moana Blvd C-388
Honolulu, HI 96850

Your Honor,

I submit to you the following statement about how the work of Liana Shanti (Liane Wilson) has helped me change my life. I submitted this story of my own free will, uncoerced, with no conditions or promise of financial gain, compensation or other reward, directly to Aaralyn Shiri, who is the moderator of a page called, "Liana Shanti Saved My Life" on Instagram..

Aaralyn Shiri is a 10+ year student of Liana Shanti, having had weekly one on one phone consults with Liana for many years. Aaralyn started the instagram page to serve as a space for the women and men who have benefitted from Liana Shanti's work to share their experiences and testimonials. I now wish to submit my personal story, in my own words, on behalf of Liana Shanti (Liane Wilson).

My submission to the “Liana Shanti Saved My Life” Instagram account:

The very fabric of humanity is woven with individual stories. Stories of pain, trauma, grief, joy, miracles, and love. Mine is but just a single thread that’s been kept hidden for 38 years. Hidden in part because I didn’t know how to make sense of it myself, let alone share it. But also hidden under a massive abandonment and rejection wound.

What will people think? Will it make them uncomfortable? Will it make them cringe to hear some of the things I needed to say? Will every single person I know abandon me to leave me standing alone. THAT was the real fear. Not calling people out. Not being gossiped about. Not even being called a liar.

Standing alone.

My entire life, I believed to my core I was never worthy to stand alone. Worthy to take up space. Worthy to receive love. Ironic, as the ‘Amanda’ carries the Latin meaning “loveable, worthy of love”.

Growing up with this belief, I had always believed I had to give more of myself in order to be deemed worthy of inclusion. They’ll have to invite me if I offer to bring the snacks. They’ll have to include me if I offer to drive my parents vehicle that we all fit in. All the while, reinforcing subconsciously to myself that as I was, I was not enough.

I had no voice. Ironically, early on in school, I won awards for Oratory – for speaking on stage. I had a strong, clear voice. When it was someone else’s words. My own? Completely failed me at times I needed them most. I would get these waves of courage to speak up about the sexual abuse I was enduring but then would revert back to that very same fear of standing alone, because I was told “nobody would believe me”.

I have carried the memories of the abuse, and my abusers for my entire life. An older cousin shoving his tongue down my throat repeatedly and making me touch him, my babysitters’ boyfriend raping my then 6 year old self repeatedly, a school teacher forcing himself upon me during a field trip where

I was too sick to sleep outside in the tent, so I had to stay in the cabin. There's more. A lot more, actually.

These traumas shaped who I became as a person, my relationship with myself, my relationship with sex and intimacy, my relationship with food, and in a sense severed my vocal chords. I was seething angry at my parents for not protecting me. I was buried under a cloak of shame, of guilt, and wanted NOBODY to see me. From as long as I can remember, I just wanted to hide. Enter being overweight almost my entire lift. LITERALLY hiding behind fat.

I wasn't modelled body positivity as a child. I wasn't really modelled much, actually. Sure – my parents provided a lot for us from a physical and material need. Good Lord, see what I'm doing here, I'm trying to soften this. This shit runs deep.

Yes, we had a home, and food, and my parents both worked really hard. But man, did they fall short when it came to communication and offering up unconditional love. I always felt SO guilty being upset about what I was missing from them because somehow it was taking away from the physical things they did provide. All I wanted was to be acknowledged. Even during the big moments in life. Getting my period for the first time? BARELY a conversation. Talk about sex? FORGET IT. How to handle conflict and the touch stuff? You guessed it, silence. No wonder I hated myself. And no wonder I started resenting my own kids when THEY started needing those things from me. Kids are such a fucking wake up call.

Fast forward to 2015 or so. I was up to my eyeballs in the new age world and couldn't get enough of it. I THOUGHT I HAD THE RIGHT PEOPLE, THE RIGHT FRIENDS, I WAS MANIFESTIG MY DREAM LIFE according to Louise Hay. EXCEPT IT WAS ALL THE DREAM LIFE FOR THE PERSONA I HAD CREATED TO HIDE ALL THE PAIN. And unbeknownst to me at the time, I was just recreating the same cycle of pain in different forms from different actors out of the same screenplay.

Enter Liana Shanti - I know a lot of you know "of" her through various shares or things I've posted, but I haven't ever done a great job of outlining exactly who she Is to ME. She is my teacher. A word that seems so simple, but yet embodies so much.

The Mother Wound program was the first course of Liana Shanti's that I enrolled in. I had heard about her from a few friends that followed her on social, and another friend who was already taking a different program.

The first call of Mother Wound coincided with the birth of our youngest son. It makes me smile to this day going back to that first live call because it serves as a very pivotal, tangible moment in the changing trajectory of my life. I fully realized that I couldn't meet any of my own kids needs if I didn't meet the needs of my own inner children and gain their full trust.

After Mother Wound came Life Path, where Liana said to me "I thought for sure you were going to check out and not complete the program after the first call" and ALL of the rejection and abandonment wounds just came flooding through – Oh, not you too. I'm HERE and I'm fucking committed.

After Lifepath came Father Wound and learning how to offer to my inner children what they didn't receive. And to let go truly of the anger and resentment I felt. What a peaceful feeling to not harbor blame any longer.

Then came the Narcissism course.

Breaking down on the floor during the first call. Holy Fuck, I do ALL of those things. I am a narc. That's what I Do in relationships. Liana confirmed for me that I was not actually narc but had adopted a lot of narcissistic tendencies as a coping mechanism. Another unravelling, peeling back another layer of the onion, re-living trauma in order to heal it for good. At this point, I almost walked away. This work is HARD.

I decided instead, I was taking my piece off the board. I was no longer playing that game. I didn't know making that choice was even an option until Liana's work.

Being a part of Liana's community has been a massive blessing in my life. To offer unconditional love through all of the messy work. To patiently answer question after question, waiting for my to come to my own understanding of whatever it was I was working through. To lovingly remind me that the answers are always within myself whenever I would say " can you just TELL ME WHAT TO DO"

But the best part? She brought me to my relationship with Jesus. I didn't realize that you could have that outside of the church. I don't know how many times over the years I have heard her say YOU ALL HAVE YOUR OWN DIRECT CONNECTION TO JESUS before it clicked. Now, I chat with JC every day. I FEEL him with me and I send gratitude to Liana every day for helping me to make that connection.

I send gratitude every day to my kids for showing me what I need to see. It's not their job to provide us with perfect behavior. It's OUR job to give them what they need, when they need it. Make sure they know they are worthy and loved. This, by far, is the hardest work I've done to date – as I'm constantly being reminded where I'm falling short. But instead of sulking and coming at it with a sense of authority, I have softened so much that some days I don't even recognize myself. I am still a work in progress, yes – but I don't even recognize the parent I was even a year ago.

I send gratitude every day for my work. Because in all of this mess, designing has been my safe place. It's how I can truly express myself without fear of judgement. I don't know how to explain this clearly, other than, when I couldn't BE myself truly, I poured my true self into my design work and it comes out that way. Maybe that's why I adore our clients so much. Because quite possibly they're drawn in by the real me?

I'm not sure where my life would have ended up had I not fully surrendered, and simultaneously dove into the trenches to do this self work. It is NOT for the faint of heart. I do know that it would have headed straight down the track towards another divorce. Shit relationships with my kids. Shit bank accounts. More drinking, probably some weed thrown in there too. A serious illness diagnosis from carrying so much stress.

A while ago, Someone sent me a conveniently timed post by an old friend that was alluding to the fact that I was making up my abuse. That it wasn't real. That the memories were being planted by teacher. Citing "false memory syndrome" which, by the way is actually NOT a thing, and has been debunked. And, as a side note, if you ever feel the need to discredit a victim's abuse story – you've got some deep work to do there.

Seeing that post made my entire body immediately constrict and go into fear – and thank goodness I have the tools now to release that. It doesn't matter what others say – our story is OURS to tell from our own lens.

We are free to be exactly who we are and we ARE worthy of unconditional love, no matter the opinions of others.

Very recently, I was tested on this exact thing. Thrown right into the fucking fire. Do you REALLY not care what people think? Let's find out. I watched as myself, my husband, Liana, and several friends got defamed, slandered, and accused of all sorts of ridiculousness including orchestrating and running a cult.

I watched long-time friends run towards the sensational gossip instead of towards us in support. Send in their own "juicy details" of what they thought they had on Me. I watched long-standing work relationships worry more about "how it made them look". I watched family members unfriend me on social media, embarrassed to be associated with me. I waited for calls and check-in texts that for the most part, never came. I cherished those that did come in as at that time, they were a bit of a life-raft of sorts.

That entire situation in and of itself is a story for another day – and trust me – it's a good one . But, the point of bringing it up here and now, is to highlight two of the many silver linings that have come from going through that entire situation. The first was that I was clearly shown who I can let go of for good, who isn't allowed to take up space on my raft. And more importantly - I can truly say, after 38 years - without any shadow of a doubt that I DO NOT CARE WHAT OTHERS THINK OF ME. I AM ENOUGH. I AM WORTHY. I AM UNAPOLOGETICALLY ME.

And, I am just getting started. Oh, and I'm down 45 pounds.

At the end of the day, we all have our threads. Our personal stories woven into the fabric of life. The difference between a frayed thread ready to completely break, and one that's strong enough to provide strength and integrity to the entire fabric? Finding yourself a teacher, a relationship with Jesus, AND DOING SOMETHING ABOUT IT.

Thank you for your time.

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Amanda Brady

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Date

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Location