

The
BOOK
of
EMOTIONS

Or — how it feels to feel

THIS WORK IS LICENSED UNDER THE CREATIVE COMMONS ATTRIBUTION 4.0
INTERNATIONAL LICENSE. TO VIEW A COPY OF THIS LICENSE, VISIT [HTTP://
CREATIVECOMMONS.ORG/LICENSES/BY/4.0/](http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/4.0/) OR SEND A LETTER TO CREATIVE
COMMONS, PO BOX 1866, MOUNTAIN VIEW, CA 94042, USA.

ALL STORIES AND POEMS ARE COPYRIGHT OF THEIR RESPECTIVE AUTHOR
AND ARE REPRODUCED HERE WITH PERMISSION.

PUBLISHED 2017

ANNA LINDER

EDITOR & GRAPHIC DESIGNER

[ANNALINDER.COM](http://annalinder.com)

Content

| | |
|---|----|
| A HEART PROJECT AND AN INVITATION | 7 |
| ANGER | |
| HELLO ANGER.HOW CAN I HELP YOU? Aimee DuFresne | 11 |
| WHAT'S THE COLOR OF ANGER? | 15 |
| ANGER Tracy Stamper | 17 |
| FREEDOM | |
| CHASING BIRDS Bretton Keating | 21 |
| FREEDOM Tracy Stamper | 23 |
| WERE IN THE BODY DOES FREEDOM LIVE? | 29 |
| FREEDOM Aimee DuFresne | 33 |
| SUPPORT | |
| SUPPORT... A HAND IN NEED Patricia L. Atchison | 35 |
| SUPPORT Amy Barfield Martin | 41 |
| SUPPORT Kristina Johnson | 45 |
| A RECIPE FOR SUPPORT Tracy Stamper | 51 |
| SUPPORT - COMES FROM WITHIN Bretton Keating | 57 |
| LEARNING THE LANGUAGE OF EMOTION Lysa Black | 65 |
| | 73 |

| | |
|--|-------------|
| VULNERABILITY | 79 |
| VULNERABILITY Casha Doemland | 81 |
| VULNERABILITY Heidi Prah | 83 |
| VULNERABILITY Tracy Stamper | 87 |
| VULNERABILITY Kristina Johnson | 93 |
| VULNERABILITY Aimee DuFresne | 99 |
| VULNERABILITY Kasia Lindahl | 102 |
| HALFWAY BROKEN THINGS Bretton Keating | 106 |
| TRUST | 111 |
| WHAT IS TRUST? Aimee DuFresne | 113 |
| DEAR TRUST Tracy Stamper | 115 |
| VOICES AND FACES IN BOXES Bretton Keating & Martin Ferdinands | 119 |
| HOPE | |
| THE RED BALLON Aimee DuFresne | 133 |
| WHEN HOPE COMES HOME Tracy Stamper | 137 |
| HOPE FLOATS Bretton Keating | 143 |
| SHAME | 149 |
| SHAME DOESN'T NEED TO CHANGE Bretton Keating | 151 |
| SHAME'S SECRET Tracy Stamper | 157 |
| HOMECOMING Skyler Mechelle Weinberg | 165 |
| PEACE | 167 |
| MAY PEACE BE WITH YOU Patricia L. Atchison | 169 |
| PEACE Abigail Tamsi | 172 |
| A PIECE OF PEACE Aimee DuFresne | 178 |
| PEACE Kristina Johnson | 181 |

FEAR

FROM FEAR TO TRUST | **Abigail Tamsi** 193

UNCONTROLLABLE | **Patricia L. Atchison** 199

FLY OR FALL | **Tabitha MacGowan** 205

HELLO FEAR | **Mouna Bouslouk** 209

PROCEED WITH CAUTION | **Tracy Stamper** 211

FEAR, WE NEED TO TALK | **Aimee DuFresne** 215

NEXT CHAPTER 219

THE AUTHORS 220

A heart project and an invitation

Sometimes we shut down, turn off our emotions. It might be our way to make it through. Our way to stay sane and keep some parts of ourselves safe.

Almost everybody do it, but some of us have felt the need to tune out for long periods, months or even years.

For me, it became years. The chaos around and within me was too complex to cope with. Without really noticing I pushed my feelings down and away and emotion after emotion was shut off.

And then the day came when I felt safe and secure enough to want to smile and I noticed that I lost the ability to freely feel.

THE BOOK OF EMOTIONS

My wish is to create a book on emotions and feelings. A guide to everybody or anybody who have shut down or lost their own system of navigation.

It would give me, personally, a greater knowledge and support in my journey and I hope it can be of help to others.

THE INVITATION

Each month during 2017 the door to explore one emotion will be opened. I will do it with my craft – graphic art and book design. But a books is nothing without words and I am not a writer.

My invitation goes out to all heart leaders, highly sensitives, empaths and survivors that feel called to write and contribute with their perspective on feelings and emotions.

Coming together we can create a small encyclopedia on emotions for anybody and everybody who needs guidance.

If you feel called to contribute you will find information on the website for the project: bookofemotions/annalinder.com

ANNA LINDER is a Swedish based graphic artist supporting heart leaders and soulful women to craft beautiful brands, books and web designs that align their vision and story. The Book of Emotions is her heart project. Website: annalinder.com



FEAR

From Fear to Trust

ABIGAIL TAMSI

I remember the time when fear first gripped my psyche, a grip so strong it ruled me for almost two decades.

I was in University and though I've always been one of the smart students, I suddenly came face to face with the fear of failure in a school subject that I assumed was beyond my intellectual capability.

Being a student on a financial scholarship, it had become a threat in my mind to losing a good education. Losing my education meant also losing my ticket out of my middle-class economic situation.

Fear took such a hold on me that I switched courses to take on "easier" subjects and not lose my ticket out.

When I became a mother, fear would sneak in almost consistently.

Being a working mum, I feared I wasn't spending as much time as I should be with my daughters. I feared I wasn't helping my daughters enough to help them succeed in school. Especially when they fell sick, I would really fear for their health, sometimes to the point as if I was worrying for someone on their deathbed.

Yes, I could be labelled as overreacting in all these circumstances. But that's how fear ruled me back then.

I let fear keep me safe in terms of the job opportunities I would take. I let fear of losing my romantic relationship stop me from *going* for my career. I succumbed to fear's belief that it will be too hard to do anything I really wished to. And most of all, I feared losing "love" from everyone close to me.

Fear was that tightness in my chest that saw all the negative consequences. Even if my body didn't visibly shake, I knew I was always shaking inside. Because at the forefront of my mind, fear looked like an ugly three-legged gray hairy creature I didn't want to face.

I could hear fear telling me I wasn't good enough to make it through that hard course or that I wasn't a good enough mother. Fear was always just shouting to me one side of every story, the shitty one.

I couldn't breathe until I found a way to feel safe. So there came this undeniable urge to do something, anything, to make fear leave.

I let fear make the decisions for me, which made me feel separated from my truth. I let fear rule my actions, which made me become the mother I didn't want to be.

What I realised when I looked back was that behind my fears were my most basic and core desires. By letting fear rule me, I have gone the longer route to achieving what I truly want most.

As a student, I desired to succeed and be able to make a contribution to society. As a mother, I desired nothing more but to have healthy and happy daughters.

And behind all that was this underlying desire to truly trust myself, the deep part of me who knows I am the person who could be all that and more.

Marianne Williamson's words in her book, *A Return to Love*, clearly articulate this part of me that was longing to be expressed in reality.

"Our deepest fear is not that we are inadequate. Our deepest fear is that we are powerful beyond measure. It is our light, not our darkness

*I let fear make the decisions for me,
which made me feel separated from
my truth. I let fear rule my actions,
which made me become the
mother I didn't want to be.*

that most frightens us. We ask ourselves, “Who am I to be brilliant, gorgeous, talented, and fabulous?” Actually, who are you not to be? You are a child of God. Your playing small does not serve the world. There is nothing enlightened about shrinking so that other people will not feel insecure around you. We are all meant to shine, as children do. We were born to make manifest the glory of God that is within us. It is not just in some of us; it is in everyone and as we let our own light shine, we unconsciously give others permission to do the same. As we are liberated from our own fear, our presence automatically liberates others.”

I knew this light was (and still is) within me. I was just really struggling to get her to come out.

I was snowed under the piled up memories that showed me what I want isn't possible, that made me remember when I tried to but failed, when I heard the different ways I was put down and shut down.

Uncannily, when fear became too much to bear, it also became my guide out of its misery. When it felt too much to bear on my shoulders, when I could hardly smile that my face felt rigid, when my chest started to hurt from carrying all the self-hatred, I started to get angry at why I let fear rule me this much.

I had everything anyone could want in life. I was married, had two children, a stable job, and was living a comfortable life.

But I was living at the effect of all the circumstances I let stumble through the years from one decision to another, decisions that were ruled by fear, and feeling rather empty it ached more than any fear could make me feel. It was a deep soul ache, a longing to be heard, a longing to be seen, a longing to be expressed.

That's when I started to give fear a hard look.

Even if I asked the questions, "Where was the fear coming from?," "What is right in front of me in reality?," "What are the chances that my worst fear will happen?," fear was just going to throw lots of evidences back at me.

What I needed was to let fear subside and use the energy behind my anger to take back my power.

It was Albert Einstein who said, "*We cannot solve our problems with the same thinking we used when we created them.*"

So I threw back different kinds of evidences at fear.

I wrote down a hundred good things about me. I wrote about my innate strengths and positive traits. I wrote the good things I've done and still do on a regular basis. I wrote what I'm good at.

I showed to myself that what fear was presenting me was just one small part in the larger scheme of things. Against every rebuttal fear would throw back at me, I'd have ten that showed fear is inconsequential.

I started to let the light within me to shine. And let it shine for me first. I had to let it slowly warm up my contracted self and recognise the

inherent goodness within me. I had to make myself see and feel that I'm also enough.

I learned to give myself the kindness and compassion that I wished I were given more of. I learned to give to myself daily and let it become my innate way of supporting myself.

As I let this love from within me grow through time and perseverance, I eventually felt space grow between the ugly three-legged gray hairy creature and myself. Fear was no longer in the driver's seat, let alone inside my vehicle.

When I would start to see fear in my rear view mirror, I would take deep breaths to ground myself and take control. I wasn't scared of what fear is presenting to me anymore.

I started to understand that there must be something great around the corner that fear was trying to warn me about. It was going to be wonderful that I wouldn't want to mess it up.

After having cultivated a lot of compassion for myself, I accept now that life can be a mess and its ok if I do mess up. I wouldn't truly be living my life if I consistently hid behind my fears.

After having cultivated a lot of compassion for myself, I accept now that life can be a mess and its ok if I do mess up. I wouldn't truly be living my life if I consistently hid behind my fears.

The skills and the achievements did not matter as much as living in my truth, trusting in myself, and being alive in my body did. I welcomed the unwavering fact that love has always been available, starting from within, and I only have to open my arms to receive it. There really wasn't anything to fear at all.

ABIGAIL TAMSI is a self-proclaimed courageous woman and soul-writer. She loves and lives courageously, always aiming to step through the barriers that stop her from living and loving fully. Her life adventures pour out in her writing, which have been featured in Rebelle Society and The Urban Howl. Website <http://www.abigailtamsi.com>



Uncontrollable

PATRICIA L. ATCHISON

Fear rolls throughout my body, a prickly tumbleweed out of control. Depending on the circumstance it starts slow and gains momentum, or its blast is instantaneous, an eruption which sends me fleeing in the opposite direction. Having many upsetting, unpredictable circumstances while growing up, I've learned at an early age what fear entails in my body and to this day, it is an emotion that I tend to avoid as best I can.

Some people thrive on the fix of adrenaline that pumps through the body in a situation where fear is present. Horror movies are perfect for this response. Sitting in safety, yet allowing the body to sense fear, and letting it open to the heart-thumping, adrenaline-racing punch of emotion. Exhibitions and fairs get thrill rides filled with people bent on gripping their seats, sending screams into the air, offering the perfect way to release fear and anxiety. Both situations offer a fearful experience, but within a relative safety zone – eventually the thrill is over and it's time to go back to a safe reality of home and life.

I avoid thrill rides as much as horror movies. It's not in my system to allow fear in, to loose control of emotion and vibration. Sometimes it can't be helped, especially with dreams or nightmares. One night I awoke,

startled out of a deep sleep. My body's first reaction, with arms flying was to throw the covers off and make an instant dash out of the bedroom. The logical part of my mind became lucid enough to stop my body from fleeing, so I breathed deeply, sucking enough air in to settle my heart rate, and wiped my wet palms against the bed sheets. I lay there, my quivering limbs shaking against the mattress, waiting for calm to prevail. It's these uncontrollable, highly emotional experiences which I rebel against.

I often suffer from fearful anxiety too if I allow my imagination to delve into thoughts about different uncontrollable situations. While waiting for my spouse who's late, watching the evening news, and learning about an accident on the highway. When she was a toddler, losing sight of my child for a couple of minutes at a grocery store. Sitting in a doctor's office wondering what the test results will show. These few moments seem like hours to me, as my mind circles with 'what if' scenarios over and over again. I fall into traps of fear like a bird accidentally flying into a glass window mirage of leafy green tree limbs. Always my heart lurches, sending a shaky vibration everywhere throughout my body. My trembling hand flutters to my closed throat or open mouth. I fight to hold back tears that threaten to come streaming down my cheeks. Words often escape my erratic mind. I become mute, unable to speak, coherent thought patterns disappear. All this happens in mere seconds.

What gives me the most fear though, lies in the unknown of an uncontrollable circumstance. The truly scary moments in life that leave me shaking with horror of what is going to happen next. I think everyone has their own 'fear' button. That one incident or experience where when the button is pushed 'all hell breaks loose'. When writing this article, I delved deep within my past to remember a situation when I've been most fearful and how my body reacted.

I was thirteen-years-old when my brother (a year older) and I were visiting my biological father for the summer (my parents were divorced).

I think everyone has their own 'fear' button. That one incident or experience where when the button is pushed 'all hell breaks loose'.

As much as I loved my sibling, in my new teen year, I really didn't want much to do with him. Staying in a house with alcohol in abundance, and a blended family which we had just met, made for some interesting times. I became friends with the two girls who lived there. With little supervision, we'd go out every night and do crazy stuff. To this day I don't think I could drink lemon gin ever again. We were all the same age, but they seemed so much more mature than me, having sixteen-year-old boyfriends with cars and access to alcohol. It was a glorious time for me trying to fit in. I enjoyed the freedom and I guess we got a little wild.

During the first few weeks, I always invited my brother to come with us. Eventually though, with the excitement of new adventures, I forgot about him, taking off every night with my new pals and their boyfriends to go cruising down the highways until well after midnight. We came back to the house late one night, riding a high of excitement and freedom, from new and glorious experiences. I learned then how my world could change in an instant.

We came into the kitchen giggling, although tired and ready for bed. My brother sat at the small table, his hands wrapped around a glass of coke. My biological Dad flashed a glare over his shoulder as he leaned against the counter ready to cut a sandwich with a long pointed knife – the kind you would slice roast beef with. I knew he'd been drinking, because in a sober state he'd be sleeping or sitting alone somewhere with a smoke and coffee. He asked what we had been up to all night. The normal interrogation a parent quizzes a teen about started. Where were you? What did you do? Of course we answered with evasiveness. With increased drilling and comments, I began to sense deep animosity and undercurrents of anger flowing from him.

When I get scared I often laugh. I hate that about myself. In the worst of times when one should be absolutely still with shock, I laugh like a nervous hyena. I think it's because I don't know what else to do in the moment. I get nervous, scared, and laugh. Hearing my laughter, he turned away from the counter, knife in hand, and came toward me. Unable to leave the kitchen because of where I stood, I leaned back wishing I could disappear.

As he approached, I eyed the knife still in his hand, now pointed at my chest. He lifted it an inch away from my throat, shaking it, demanding to know why I hadn't included my brother on our nights out. Why I kept leaving him out? Was I ashamed of him?

With my fingers glued to the counter behind me, and my eyes on the knife glinting in the light, fear immobilized my limbs. I knew if I had a clear way out of the kitchen I would flee. A strange sudden reaction baffled me right then. A part of me wanted to react to the fear by pushing into that knife, to end the pain the fear inflicted so harshly. Anger, hurt, shame, fear, all these emotions bounced around the walls of the kitchen that night.

He diverted his attention away from me and circled around to each of my friends asking the same questions and brandishing the knife towards

them. Fear clawed its way down my dry throat and circled my heart with icy tendrils, making it beat erratically, threatening to explode out of my chest cavity with anxiety. My breathing couldn't catch up to my pulse and my silly misplaced laughter turned into sobs that wrenched themselves uncontrollably from the deepest darkest parts of my soul. His tirade ended with a harsh glance my way. He returned to his sandwich, slicing it with ease and then placing the knife in the kitchen sink full of dirty dishes.

This incident, similar to a tornado, circled and swirled around us all, and silenced itself just as quick as it started. Each of us were left with shattered bits to pull back together again in the wake of that angered storm. Like a town decimated, I don't believe the rebuilding in the quake of that fear remained successful for us all or not.

When I found the right moment, I fled that small enclosed kitchen space to the bedroom I shared with my brother. I stayed there for much of the duration of our stay. The summer adventures, laughter and fun didn't carry the same glow after that evening. Now, in addition to fear, claus-

*Sometimes I just stand there and
face fear. Afterward, I tend to
the shattered pieces, pulling
them together in some shape
that once resembled myself.*

trophobia is also an enemy. In a crowded room, restaurant, or theatre I always sit where I can easily escape. I never embed myself within a crowd.

And fear... I still avoid it with all my might. When I sense it coming – uncontrollable, a train ready to derail, I bolt, or step out of harm's way. Sometimes I just stand there and face it. Afterward, I tend to the shattered pieces, pulling them together in some shape that once resembled myself. In the end, fear and the emotions it evokes will ultimately help me forge ahead and create a new, different and if I am lucky, a stronger me.

Author's note: Speaking from my heart and a place of healing, the example of fear in this story is not intended to incriminate any one person. My biological father, mother and brother are all now deceased. The friends, like the summer memory, simply faded over time.

PATRICIA L. ATCHISON shares a love of writing, dancing Nia (Holistic Fitness), and making doll and teddy bear creations. Her children's books, Little Blue Penguin and McKenzie's Frosty Surprise have delighted many youngsters. She blogs and thinks of new books to write while living passionately. Website: patriciaatchison.ca



Fly or Fall

TABITHA MACGOWAN

I once believed I could fly,
 But fear nudged, *What if you fall?*
I once believed I could dream,
 But fear whispered, *What if it doesn't come true?*
I once believed I was joyful,
 But fear wondered, *What if it doesn't last?*
I once believed I was strong,
 But fear asked, *What if you break?*
I once believed I was powerful,
 But fear questioned, *What if you're weak?*
I once believed I was good,
 But fear beckoned, *What if you're not?*
I once believed I could try,
 But fear called out, *What if you fail?*

Another voice tried to get through.
 It said, *Wait. Listen.*
 But fear pushed it aside, *Shhh. Stay with me. I'll keep you safe. I'll*

protect you.

And I stayed.

But after a time, I felt empty in my cave with fear. It was a hollowed out hovel that held no comfort, no warmth.

Its safety was a sham. Its protection, a shackle. It owned me, and I didn't want to be owned.

I needed fresh air.

I longed for light.

I wanted to run with the breeze in my face, to feel the strength of my legs.

I wanted to sense the power in my voice as I sung my song, not caring who heard, not caring who saw.

I wanted to witness joy, not needing the rest of the world to affirm my delight.

I wanted to risk my dreams bursting into being, or even into flames, understanding that both needed oxygen and spark to ignite.

I wanted to trust that fly or fall only differed by the faith I had in the winds that lifted me.

I wanted to live a stunningly, blissfully, captivatingly, astoundingly, magically alive life.

And that's when the other voice spoke.

Do it anyway.

“But what if I fall?”

You'll learn to land. Do it anyway.

“But what if it doesn't come true?”

You'll learn to trust. Do it anyway.

“But what if it doesn't last?”

*Fear's safety was a sham.
Its protection, a shackle.
It owned me, and I didn't
want to be owned.*

You'll learn to let go. Do it anyway.

"But what if I break?"

You'll learn to mend. Do it anyway.

"But what if I'm weak?"

You'll learn to rest. Do it anyway.

"But what if I'm no good?"

You'll learn to practice. Do it anyway.

"But what if I fail?"

*You'll learn that it was only one stone on the path of your stunningly,
blissfully, captivatingly, astoundingly, magically alive life. Do it anyway.*

It continued,

I am louder in your silence than fear is in your noise.

I've got you, Love.

I've always got you.

Unfurl your wings,

*Trust the winds that lift you,
You are made of magic,
And you were meant to
Fly.*

TABITHA MACGOWAN is an author, autism parent, and advocate of acceptance, compassion, and love. She delights in life's quirks, belly laughs, smiles that light up, epiphanies, meditating, snuggling under her favorite quilt, campfires, coffee, and stargazing with her son in the early morning. Website: tmacgowan.com



Hello Fear,

*I know that every day you are here,
I can't remember the day we've met,
Was it my Birth? Was it the Death?
Fear to die, fear to live,
Fear to let go, fear to receive,
Fear to love, fear to be loved,
I see your blue when I am scared,
I feel your light when it is bright,
I feel your darkness when there is sadness,
Fear to not be seen, fear to be visible,
Wild Fear, learned Fear,
When you give me the strength to run,
When you block me so I cannot move.
Hello Fear,
I know that everyday you are here*

MOUNA BOUSLOUK is a consultant and coach. She empowers entrepreneurs in/with technology using her technical skills and her intuition. She loves writing, reading, watching flowers bloom and walking in the forest. Her motto : "All the flowers of all the tomorrows are in the seeds of today" Indian Proverb. Website: mounabouslouk.com



WHAT IS THE OPPOSITE OF FEAR?

*bravery
trust
harmony
relief
security
perseverance
discernment
an inner calm
acceptance
reliance
denial
to feel calm and safe*

Proceed with Caution

TRACY STAMPER

I'm afraid that Fear gets a bad rap.

Fear is vilified. 'Be Fearless' is a popular slogan emblazoned on tank tops, mugs, phone covers, etc.

Do I wish to be brave? Yes.

Courageous? Absolutely.

Do I wish to be fearless? Absolutely not!

I thank Fear for being here.

Fear is biologically encoded into us for the vital sake of keeping us safe. I have a very healthy fear of heights, for example. I don't even wish to imagine not having this fear. It keeps me intact and alive.

By vilifying any emotion or judging it as negative or bad, we cut ourselves off from its essential messages. There is a reason for and much to learn from every emotion we feel. They visit us for a reason.

Our biological fear response is hardwired into us so that we can respond to threats. Fear trips the fight or flight response, ideally mobilizing protective responses to threats. If I am on a hike and see a bear, it is biologically wise for me to shift into hyper-vigilant mode. My body diverts its energy from processes that are not immediately essential, such as digestion, into

functions designed to keep me safe. If I am close to shelter and the bear is far enough away, the adrenaline pumping into my system will give me an extra boost of speediness as I run to safety. Fear is biologically designed to enhance the keenness of my response.

Taking this lens into the more commonly-experienced realm of human interactions, we can look at Fear as it is more likely to arise in our daily lives. Fear leaves calling cards alerting us to red flags inviting us to seek shelter.

Fear speaks to me through locked knees.

Fear lands with a thud in the pit of my stomach.

Fear makes me sweat.

Fear is wide-eyed. Trembling. Tension in the neck. Gripping. Soles of feet arching up and away from the earth as a clue that I don't wish to be standing where I am standing and experiencing what I am experiencing.

These are signs to proceed with caution.

Fear is an invitation to pay heed.

By vilifying any emotion or judging it as negative or bad, we cut ourselves off from its essential messages. There is a reason for and much to learn from every emotion we feel.

If a conversation with someone leaves me with locked knees, my body wants me to know that I am experiencing Fear. When I am fearful, there is always a reason. As my body's dance partner, my role is to trust the Fear and follow my body's lead into the vast wisdom held in the body.

Why am I feeling fearful? Is this something that is internally sourced, for example, an association with a past situation that actually has no present correlation? Or am I picking up information from and about this other person that is a flashing red flag?

Every red flag that we have ever looked back on and wished we had paid more attention to landed in our body~mind in an attempt to alert us that something was amiss. There was a sound reason for that flicker of Fear we felt.

Three common acronyms have helped me navigate Fear's terrain.

F.E.A.R. FALSE EVIDENCE APPEARING REAL

Is this Fear real? Asking this question allows me to work to shed Fear that does not pose a threat, or to mobilize so as to distance myself from a present threat. If a car cuts dangerously into my lane in a near miss, I feel Fear. Once that erratic driver speeds off, that threat is gone. Though I am still feeling white-knuckled and fearful, there is no evidence that I am currently in danger, so I breathe to release the fear response. The Fear was real, but no longer is. If I am walking down the street alone and notice that I am being shadowed by a stranger, Fear motivates me to make a game plan for safety. This Fear is and remains real, alerting me to proceed with caution.

F.E.A.R. FORGET EVERYTHING AND RUN

Imagine a co-worker constantly undercutting you, eliciting Fear of continued unfounded attacks, slander and loss of trust within one's professional network. Is the Fear real? If so, and if direct communication does

not shift the dynamic, sometimes the wisest choice is to extricate oneself from the situation. Seek safety. Run towards a healthier environment.

F.E.A.R. FACE EVERYTHING AND RISE

If the Fear is registering as real in my body, but is actually coming from another time and another place, this is my invitation to Rise. These are the moments of growth, inviting me to heal old wounds and strengthen through the process.

Fear allows me to become brave and courageous.

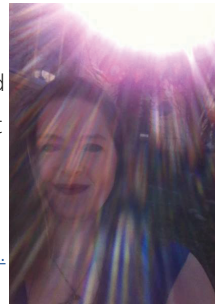
Fear shows me where to dance with my growing edge.

Fear teaches me how to honor self by keeping myself safe.

I am grateful for Fear as a guidepost.

Once I stopped fearing Fear, Fear became a trusted ally.

TRACY STAMPER is a dancer at heart, in mind, of body, and with words. Her writing has been featured in Rebelle Society and Elephant Journal. Her current favorite colors are purple, orange and glitter. She likes her chocolate dark, her inspiration flowing and her car dances to be uninhibited. Website: [facebook.com/DancingPenTracyStamper/](https://www.facebook.com/DancingPenTracyStamper/)



FEAR, WE NEED TO TALK:

A Note To You From My Heart

AIMEE DUFRESNE

Fear, it's time we had a talk

You've kept me gagged and bound for far too long

Your whispers have seeped into me

And succeeded in silencing me

Fear, you talk a big game

And pretend to be my friend

This is for your own good, you say

Stay away, don't try, you'll only get broken

And it will hurt

Oh it will hurt so bad

Fear, you claim to keep me safe

And I've never thought to question you

I trusted you, even though my soul ached

Even though I felt lonely and longed to try

Fear, what about those rare occasions
When I acted out from under your interest?
Following the call deep within
You had no words for a moment, and I was free

Fear, remember when I failed?
And you couldn't help but gloat
Don't you see? I told you so
Bet you won't try that again

But here Fear, is where you are wrong
Because I realized that reaching out in spite of you

*Fear, you are no longer
in the driver's seat
I am.*

*And I am fueled with love,
compassion, patience,
Joy, enthusiasm and forgiveness*

Made me feel more alive than ever before
Even when I failed, fell and was indeed broken

Fear, you will never leave me
This I know, and it's okay
But when you grip me now
I will no longer let your talons
Pierce me, your venom seeping into my soul
Keeping me from all I long to be, to do, to have,
To experience, to express
I'm evicting you, Fear
This heart is no longer your home

Fear, from now on I'll be calling the shots
Leading and forging the way forward
Say what you will, I will hear you
But I will no longer heed to your will
Now I'll take your advice only when it is necessary
Those rare occasions when real danger actually exists

Fear, you are no longer in the driver's seat
I am.
And I am fueled with love, compassion, patience,
Joy, enthusiasm and forgiveness

Fear, I forgive you
You have done your best
You gave it your all
You never meant to hurt me

Dear Fear, take your rightful place
Get comfy in the backseat
Hold on to your hat
Know your whispers might fade out the window
As we embark on uncharted territory,
Navigating these winding roads
No longer with a yelp of dread
Now with a squee of excitement

AIMEE DUFRESNE is a Joy Catalyst and soul-shifting creator, writer, and traveler. She is the proud author of *Keep Going: From Grief to Growth*, a memoir about love, loss, life's journey and the power of perseverance. Aimee is currently writing her next book, *52 Lessons I Learned From My Father*. Website: aimeedufresne.com.



Next chapter

The Book of Emotions is an ongoing project and every month will be focused around one feeling and become one chapter in the upcoming book. Each month a digital sneak peak of each chapter will be released – free for everyone to share with the world.

UPCOMING EMOTIONS

Anger and freedom was the focus for Janaury and Feburary. March was about Support and April gave us Vulnerability and this chapter is about Trust. The feelings for the upcoming months are:

October: Joy

November: Grief

September: Courage

CONTRIBUTE

If you feel called to contribute you will find information on the website for the project: bookofemotions/annalinder.com

The Authors

ABIGAIL TAMSI is a self-proclaimed courageous woman and soul-writer. She loves and lives courageously, always aiming to step through the barriers that stop her from living and loving fully. Her life adventures pour out in her writing, which have been featured in Re-belle Society and The Urban Howl.

Website <http://www.abigailtamsi.com>

AIMEE DUFRESNE is a Joy Catalyst and soul-shifting creator, writer, and traveler. She is the proud author of *Keep Going: From Grief to Growth*, a memoir about love, loss, life's journey and the power of perseverance. Aimee is currently writing her next book, *52 Lessons I Learned From My Father*. Website: aimeedufresne.com.

BRETTON KEATING is a yoga instructor for adults and children, barre instructor, Reiki healer, writer, and artist. For her heart-centered writings, please visit her blog (brettonkeating.com). For creative work, including poetry and your fairy tale within, here is her website (whitecottonrose.com).

CASHA DOEMLAND LA-born, Georgia-bred and one-half of a set of identical twins, Casha spends her days writing poetry and prose and exploring the world. She's a classic film enthusiast, runner, dog walker, and collector of quotes and tattoos.

Website: cashadoemland.com

HEIDI PRAHL is a Chicago based writer and photographer who appreciates and cultivates honest conversation around difficult topics. She is a lover of Jesus, her family, beach glass, good coffee, exceptional books and is an absolute foodie at heart. Website: heidiprahl.com

KASIA LINDAHL An explorer of the human being, with all too long experience of human doing. Practising awareness and connection of the physical body and mind with help of yoga, meditation, plant based mindful cooking, writing, breathing, observing the nature, anything basically.

Website: zebrazone.se

KRISTINA JOHNSON is a lover of all things that inspire creativity and invite happiness. In addition to teaching Vinyasa Yoga and whirling her cares away on the dance floor, she makes time to travel the world, create art, do cartwheels in the grass and make play and laughter a priority.

LYSA BLACK is a Heart Healer who uses her gifts to help you return to the magic of your own heart. The more we can trust ourselves the more we can trust our gifts: the gut knowing, inner wisdom or intuitive guidance we all receive.

Website: heartmagic.co.nz

MARTIN FERDINANDS climbs trees, practices yoga, meditates and writes in his journal. When he is not doing any of those, he reads and translates texts from various Asian spiritual traditions as part of his graduate studies. So far, none of his creative writing has been published, except for a Dutch piece ([found here](#)).

MOUNA BOUSLOUK is a consultant and coach. She empowers entrepreneurs in/with technology using her technical skills and her intuition. She loves writing, reading, watching flowers bloom and walking in the forest. Her motto : “All the flowers of all the tomorrows are in the seeds of today” Indian Proverb. Website: mounabouslouk.com

PATRICIA L. ATCHISON shares a love of writing, dancing Nia (Holistic Fitness), and making doll and teddy bear creations. Her children’s books, Little Blue Penguin and McKenzie’s Frosty Surprise have delighted many youngsters. She blogs and thinks of new books to write while living passionately.

Website: patriciaatchison.ca

SKYLER MECHELLE WEINBERG After enduring over 17 years of incest, physical violence, and sex trafficking through and by her immediate family, Skyler escaped at the age of 18 and has and has since sought to redefine what it means to live life after abuse. She has built a movement that not only seeks to educate and destigmatise a very prevalent issue in our society, but refine and modify the support that is already in place. Focusing heavily on the systemic oppression, racism, ableism, and segregation that further impacts the poor trauma after care and mental health fields globally, she has set out to break the silence and reform abuse care by believing all survivors.

Website: skyler-mechelle.com.

TABITHA MACGOWAN is an author, autism parent, and advocate of acceptance, compassion, and love. She delights in life's quirks, belly laughs, smiles that light up, epiphanies, meditating, snuggling under her favorite quilt, campfires, coffee, and stargazing with her son in the early morning.

Website: tmacgowan.com

TRACY STAMPER is a dancer at heart, in mind, of body, and with words. Her writing has been featured in Rebelle Society and Elephant Journal. Her current favorite colors are purple, orange and glitter. She likes her chocolate dark, her inspiration flowing and her car dances to be uninhibited. Website: facebook.com/DancingPenTracyStamper/