

The
BOOK
of
EMOTIONS

Or — how it feels to feel

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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



JOY

My Journey to Joy

PATRICIA L. ATCHISON

Joy hasn't been an easy emotion for me to find. Growing up I never really knew the difference between joy and happiness. To me these two emotions were simply a bundle of ecstatic feelings – neither defined individually. So when did I come to notice happy and joy shining in my life?

A few years ago, I discovered the true meaning of joy and realized it has been in me all along, even in childhood. Joy came upon me as a child in the littlest of moments like riding my new bike through sprinklers or having ten cents to go to the corner store to buy a bag of candy, even picking fresh fruit off my grandparent's trees. The best joy of all for a little kid – discovering a fat squishy salamander and hanging out with it until it was time to go in for lunch.

Joy is the feel good comfort food of emotion. It arrives and stays like a taste of simple goodness, or sticks around like a delicious five course meal. When I'm in joy, I know I'm most authentic. I'm alive and thriving with natural emotions, which I sometimes keep private, or share eagerly with others.

I found the delicious elusiveness of joy when I learned to dance again. By letting go of heavy cement feet and that thick brick inside, a big lump

that sits there in my chest full of garbage and pain. Stepping with light feet and getting rid of the heaviness throughout my body allowed oxygen bubbles of joy to come up through my being, effervescent and tickling.

I learned to dance with joy and let go when I took a Nia Dance Fitness White Belt Certification course. A good part of the training involves free dance. A chance to listen first, sensing the music, and then letting the body move without censorship or judging, removing any mind analysis of the movements. It wasn't easy for me at first. My mind wanted to control (as it always does) every movement and step my body took. At some point throughout the week long intensive, it happened! I learned to let go of my body control and like magic, I found pure joy in my movements. My body's mobility became fluid without constraints. Along with the joy of movement came much healing too.

Since then, I've taken that sense of dancing without control into moments of living my life. Abandoning how I should feel or be acting in any given moment and just letting, letting what is, be. In these moments, joy talks to me the way a toddler squats to investigate a ladybug for the first time. With curiosity and awe.

Sensing joy in my being is removing barricades, tightness and restrictions on my body movements. It involves all the senses. I had the privilege of living on an acreage in the foothills of Alberta. I discovered many moments of joy in the country. The first thing I noticed when we moved, is that when living in the city, I had rarely taken the time to notice a sunrise, or a full moon, a stormy sky or rainbows, even birds flying across the sky. With the peace and quiet of the surrounding hills, evergreens, poplar trees and stars at night, time slowed giving me a chance to notice everyday beauty and to also discover nature again.

Every morning I'd go out on the deck and let every sense have its moment of joy. Inhaling the fragrant earth and fresh air of different seasons. Letting the cool winds caress my skin till my tiny hairs stood up,

*Eventually, over the years of
feeling the emotion of joy,
I have been able to become
happy. To me that is the
biggest discovery of all.*

making me shiver. Breathing clean air for the first time in many years. Listening to the birds waking up, chirping their morning song. Watching dawn break with streaks of orange, red and yellow. Sensing my wide smile as I woke up and relished *this* day with every sensation my body could soak up. Closing my eyes and sensing the full energy every new day brought, as no two were ever the same.

Daily walks, being one with nature, and views of stunning sunsets, or stormy clouds, rainbows sometimes two across, also engaged my senses in the same way. I realized that these were the times I felt and became introduced to joy. Was I happy too? No, I can honestly say that many times happiness eluded me, while joy found its way into my body, and eventually, over the years of feeling the emotion of joy, I have been able to become happy. To me that is the biggest discovery of all.

I thank my body for learning to dance again. I thank all my senses for including me in the dance of life where I can be part of the world, en-JOY-ing the most simplest and delicious times. Joy, it makes my body hum - healing and rejoicing with light from every color of the rainbow shining just for me.

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



The Path Back to Joy

ABIGAIL TAMSI

You were born with joy. And it never left you.

There was that sparkle in your eyes that a hardened heart melts when it sees you.

In the midst of your cries, a nurturing soul would lovingly come to care for you.

You once played with such joy no one could shake you.

Everyone envied how you would just gracefully fall and then rise up.

Dusting off the dirt from your knees, unfazed and proceeding to let yourself feel your feet again.

There was joy in every movement, awe to every new thing you saw, freedom to move and just be.

You didn't ask for joy from anything outside of you.

Instead, you felt joy no matter what was in front of you.

And then you started to grow up and life happened.

Caught in a whirlwind of how other people treated you, what you were

asked to do, what was expected of you,

You let yourself be fooled that you can receive a greater kind of joy more than you've ever known.

And that joy... everyone says you can only receive by doing, by achieving, by working hard.

They said it was meant to bring more love, success and abundance, too.

So you said, "Why not? I deserve all of it."

You got caught in the maze that promised a bigger kind of joy in the end.

Until one day, maybe today,
you find yourself standing,
at a loss for words,
at a loss for feeling.

*You've done so much.
You've burned yourself out.
Still, you feel no awesome kind of joy.
There could even be none.*

You've done so much.
You've burned yourself out.
Still, you feel no awesome kind of joy.
There could even be none.

Instead, you hear despair in your heart,
crying like a hyena,
stabbed in the belly,
the life sucked out of you.
For all the time that you've lost.
For having been deceived.

Grief is overwhelming you like no other.
You spend days crying between the sheets.
All the time asking yourself why you let it happen.
Why you pushed yourself so much.

But what you didn't realise was that this was the greatest gift of all...
Finding out where true joy lives.
You're feeling again, instead of doing.
You're connected unlike you were before.
Though it feels tough, stand back and notice what's new within your
self.

Stand back and notice you're still here.
You're experiencing being human.
Feel yourself within your body, and breathe through the pain that's
holding you back.

Keep breathing in the moments that change from one second to the next.

Keep breathing through every tear that falls.
Find your way back,
True joy is rooting for you.
And when just a tiny bit of space opens up,
Maybe you'll start to hear
What true joy has been calling out to you ever since.

Joy says,
"I'm in the fleeting moments.
I'm right here.
I am deep within your heart.
I am even in the teardrops.

I know no conditions.
I know no reason.
I know no bounds.

I don't ask anything of you.
I am simply joy.

I live in the breath you breathe.
I'm the one who opens you up.

I don't care if it hurts.
I make you want to feel.

Feel me within your bones, within your flesh.
Let the river of your blood flow through your veins.
And move it up to your heart.

I know no conditions.

I know no reason.

I know no bounds.

I don't ask anything of you.

I am simply joy.

Find that place within yourself that is both spacious and full.

Space filled with breath,

Fullness in every cell.

And when you find that place,

Sit just right there and marvel.

Look at your hands with new eyes.

Hear the sounds rumbling inside you.

Feel the tingles running across your skin.

Smell and taste the sweetness.

You'll see

It's all alright.

I make it all worth it.

Because I am JOY...

I am that boundless and magnificent feeling of the Joy of being alive.”

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>



The Path of Joy

AIMEE DUFRESNE

A tender smile

A hearty laugh

A knowing look

Enthusiasm, sole or shared

A kind word, an inspirational quote

Vibrant colors, a flower, the sweet scent of a rose

An unexpected compliment

An intriguing opportunity

A dream

A hope turned reality

A good book, the words of which unlock new dimensions

In your mind, open you heart and strength your soul

Opening to love, both giving and receiving

Acts of compassion

The support of friends

The safety of self and loved ones

The softness of cashmere
The scent of a lover
The embrace, skin on skin
Uncontrollable giggles with a friend

The breath

In each breath, the option
To choose to go deeper
Under the covers of pain, grief, anger, annoyance, irritation, depression,
and disappointment
Under the veil of unworthiness
Hateful actions, horrible disasters, world despair

Silently standing beside fear, pain, loss, often going unnoticed

Residing beside the struggle, yet most are blind to see
Filtering through the chaos every moment, but most don't feel it
Filling the air with reminders most miss

Joy

*Joy mingles with hope, dances with
creativity and is intimate with love
Joy pierces the darkness with its pure
light*

Joy silently takes up space, reaching out an invisible hand, inviting you to walk with it

Don't be fooled, it is not an easy path

The chaos still exists, the cacophony of fear, uncertainty remains

It is a warrior that chooses Joy

Marching into the deep forest of darkness, shielding oneself from society's collective voice of doom

Slaying the status quo

Forging a new path

Joy mingles with hope, dances with creativity and is intimate with love

Joy pierces the darkness with its pure light

Will you be brave enough to choose Joy?

Can you gather all the scraps of courage to walk this path?

Are you ready to unleash the warrior within?

Joy stands strong, and gives you a wink

You are ready

You are ready

You are ready

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.



When the body is bursting of joy it lives in the chest. It feels like the chest is filled to the brim with energy and with the wingbeats of thousands butterflies.

KARIN

The eyes, specifically the eye-wings — the sign of a joyfully lived life.

BRETTON

It comes through my eyes or ears and lands in my lungs that then breathe freely or excitedly.

ANNA

In the feet, the steps gets lighter and becomes jump steps even though you're older.

JEANETTE

An almost euphoric feeling in the belly.

KERSTIN

Dear Joy, Dear Friends

TRACY STAMPER

Dear Joy,

You are always welcome in my home
on the corner with the whimsical wind sculpture
and the funny little garden gnome.

Bring your polka dot party hats.
I'll provide the eats of deliciously decadent sweets
and velvety wine
coaxing us to savor your flavor
and our time.

Show up any time, unannounced.
As you know, you may find evidence of the daily grind.
But with you around,
dust bunnies become funny.
Turn on the fan... they're tumbleweed
racing at warp speed!

Dirty dishes become a sink full of wishes
as we blow dish soap bubbles
encapsulating rainbows around troubles,
while giggles swallow gaggles of chores.

Dear friends,

Joy comes with hostess gifts,
mood lifts and laughter riffs
bestowing much-needed shifts.

Just as we know
the benefits Joy will sow,
She will also just as quickly...
... go.
Unexpectedly.

It's not that Joy is fickle.
In order to maintain her youthful glow,
She must always follow that tickle
of delight when it whets her whistle.
Helium happens,
and with a wisp of the wind
and a song as she skips along,
She is on her merry way.

Trust
in her return
and the promise of another
Joy-filled day.

*It's not that Joy is fickle.
In order to maintain her youthful glow,
She must always follow that tickle
of delight when it whets her whistle.*

She's unattached
with an exuberance unmatched,
and a fierce disposition for healing play.

So, while she's here,
crack open a beer and hear
what She has to say.
EnJoy her presents.
Embody her presence,
by soaking her into all six senses.

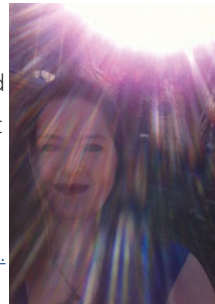
When Joy shows up at your door
you'll know her by the electric breeze

breathed through your entire core,
your spontaneous burst of a smile
flowing ear to ear
with ease.

Please

leave your door ajar.
Though unseen, She never is far.
Simply remember
to invite her in.

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/)



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

We are coming to the last two feelings on this year long emotional journey, the feelings for the upcoming months are:

November: Grief

December: 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.

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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.

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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](#)).

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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.

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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/