

Growing up, I had D.I.D.

It was something I wasn't aware of until after a near death experience where I nearly froze to death on December 5th 2014.

Because of that trauma, along with many others I faced over the years of growing up, my brain decided to expose me to the reality it had been hiding from me with near perfection.

Sure, I would notice sometimes how I wouldn't be allowed into the same school after an alter got me kicked out, or when said particular alter would lash out against the oppressive school system due to his own natural rebellion and rage against the world.

But, not remembering his deeds, and occasionally feeling his influence, I didn't fully piece it together as a child what was happening.

So, consider me surprised when, in 8th grade, I'm given this revelation about myself!

Hahah!

Anyways, there was a solid amount I was revealed to.

Sure, the year prior my brain had tried introducing me to them, but I just thought it was my imagination, I hadn't considered the psychological aspect to what was happening to me at the time.

Now, at this point, I'm making a Minaite reference, not because there were alter introjects based off the series (there were), but because of a speech Andor gives in early season 2.

Something about how if someone's armor has even the faintest crack, an enemy will take advantage of that.

Well, D.I.D. is like a crack in one's spiritual armor.

I found this out the hard way, so, I'm writing to any systems out there to strengthen their armor, because the world is uncaring.

And yet, the universe cares.

Let me explain.

So, the universe was created by the creator of all things, it doesn't have to be about religion, it's about facts, as something can't come from nothing.

So, every atom, to every mountain, was made for its specific purpose.

Some purposes are kind, some aren't.

Anyways, back to the point.

I mention the armor analogy because it's true.

Physically, and spiritually.

If your spiritual armor is damaged, like D.I.D. is, then you're at risk.

So, how do you repair it?

Spiritual wellness, of course.

This is why I've been on a spiritual wellness kick, I want to repair my armor, as I hope anyone would.

When I first went to Ayahuasca, she forced my system to fuse in order to easily point out what was intruding on my mind.

Demons are very real and will want to halt your progress by any means they deem as necessary, head this warning or suffer.

Hell isn't real, it's a state of mind, but if you allow yourself to fall there, good luck climbing out on your own, you poor weary soul.

I have delved deeper than Hell, and prayed my way out of it, not because of arrogance, but because of a twisted belief that in doing so I would somehow find closure for the pain I went through as a child.

You want to know what I found?

Possession.

Something I had to fight to combat a prayer out in order to be me again.

Do you know how estranged it feels to actively know something hostile wants your body to do awful things to, or to make you do awful things to others?

When Yeshua came, when he helped me, he instructed me to go to my mom.

The Demon, I don't even know it's name, told me along the way to kill her, tried to tempt me to go back into the twisted method of closure, anything, but, Yeshua led me to my mom, and I cried to her that morning, not because of what I had done, but because of what I almost did.

So, take your spiritual health seriously, or suffer the consequences, your choice, I can't choose for you.

So, you're probably wondering:

"EFG, you said you did that weird stuff for closure seeking, but didn't Ayahuasca take away closure in a way through forced integration?"

The truth?

Yes, and no.

She aimed to give me as much closure as she possibly could, but as the retreat was only a weekend long, we couldn't get much work done compared to the amount of held in tears I had yet cried through my life and instead kept to myself for the sake of not being as much of a burden.

Yeah, I was that level of self guilt tripping as a kid.

So, because of that, I've had a tendency to go back to that estranged fucking closure method.

Did I enjoy it?

No, not if I'm being honest with myself.

It's self destructive and borderline self harmful.

But, it's the only thing I could think of since I don't have a therapist due to previous therapists telling me I was a "beyond help schizophrenic".

I never agreed with that diagnosis, since they never even considered disassociation as a factor until that particularly rowdy alter from my younger years let it slip as something for them to consider before demanding being released early from the inpatient facility I had willingly put myself in, and, according to the law, they can only hold you against your will if you're put in by someone else's order, not your own, so, they let me go.

Still, the point stands, that no one should be told they're "beyond help", it's just a cruel thing to be told by a professional.

So, ever determined to win the spiritual war in my body and mind, I prayed, and it was in prayer where I earnestly reached out to the universe for direction, and I was reminded of the call to Ayahuasca I had that started when I was 16.

So, some months ago I looked into it, even been to a couple ceremonies.

“So, then what’s holding you back from going to therapy, EFG? Shouldn’t you be chill with the idea of going now?”

And, you would think so, but, I haven’t yet tackled that issue with Ayahuasca, woopsie!

Ok but for real, how the sessions go is a blend between intention and her guidance, so sometimes, we go over things that I wasn’t even necessarily thinking of going into it, but she helps shed light on the situation, metaphorically, (in the literal sense, the room is actually pretty dark).

But also, up until now, that’s not really been something I thought of getting her help about. I mean, I wanted to focus so much on old wounds, that the idea of healing new ones seemed silly to me.

But, as anyone with D.I.D. knows, even if you go through final fusion, alters can still break off.

And returning to the estranged closure, definitely did that, probably because the brain thought of it as a repeat of the practically self harming tendency and wanted to get back up on my ass.

“So, why’d you do it, EFG? You knew the risks!”

And, that’s true.

But, as the one who knew the risks, I wanted to be the one to tackle every possible Demon in the house I live in by proving to myself and them that no matter how much such a method is used, I could overcome it, and so, somehow, that would prevent them from attacking my family.

I realize this method of thinking is incredibly prideful, unproductive, and self destructive of me, and I’m stepping away from it.

I don’t expect it to be easy, but I have my reasons.

“What finally got you to smarten up then, huh?”

Honestly, I knew recently that my mind had started splitting again, some alters that seem new, and when I first noticed this, 1 was familiar, like my mind hoped bringing in old faces would help me see what’s going on, then 2, now 3.

The 3rd familiar one is a little, technically speaking, but she’s always been the kind of kid that’s wise beyond her years since back when I met her, even if she had always placed her age around 6-to-8 years old.

Take a wild guess what she represents for me, and the truth has become more convoluted over time.

Back when I had gotten possessed, she was the one in control, she was scared, alone, a child, and at the time, tricked into trusting entities who didn't care truly how she felt.

But, I saw her tonight, when I finally decided to try to start cleaning out my mind of the junk after fighting with all my might for some control back of my body, honestly, the amount of times I kept falling in the process felt like a joke, and my body didn't almost listen to me, but, I did it in the end.

She wasn't mad at me.

She only wanted to know why I was doing that stuff again.

And all I could do was apologize, crying, telling her how I was sorry she had to pay for the consequences of my actions, that she was just a child and deserved so much better than being part of me.

Because it was true.

And she stayed calm, stayed kind, as she told me:

"So were you"

3 words, is all it took to make me cry harder.

Because they were true, too.

Anyways, I haven't been out of my room much these past couple months
What did I miss?

-EFG

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