



# Psychic Attack or Psychosis?

Challenging the mental health system – for change

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## *Psychic Attack or Psychotic?*

**I wrote this book (freehand) while spending a month on a psychiatric ward, recovering from a ‘psychic attack’. I had attempted to commit suicide by taking an overdose of 6 boxes of different over-the-counter pills.**

My life didn’t make any sense; how did I end up on a psychiatric ward, with everything I know and had practiced about ‘Positive Thinking’?

I had overcome depression, used Positive Affirmations to build confidence and self-esteem (which helped me unblock as a writer and artist), healed myself from Seasonal Affective Disorder, learned how to meditate to control my negative thinking patterns, and with my new way of thinking, I thought I was well on my way to creating the life of my dreams – but I didn’t know that while I was busy reprogramming my mind for success, I was being RE-programmed for failure again.

By now, I should have already achieved my goals of buying my own home and setting up a successful business that my sons could work in with me. But instead, I had received the *exact opposite* of everything I’d worked towards.

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While I knew what I'd written and talked about was true, it hadn't worked for me. How could this be? Before I had started any 'self-development' work, even when I still suffered from depression, my life was better than this!

During my time on the psychiatric ward as an informal patient, I had plenty of time to THINK, and to try and piece together the pieces of my broken life like a jigsaw puzzle. How did I arrive at this destination in life?

I'd spent the last 15 years working on myself, getting to the ROOT CAUSE of my issues, which were buried deep in my subconscious. I had spent years re-programming my mind for success using Positive Affirmations, learning how to meditate to control my negative thinking patterns, focusing on keeping myself in a 'positive state of bliss', and using Creative Visualization to rebuild my life the way I wanted it to be. My books, art and poetry are a creative expression of my journey, which have helped many others on their journey too. But it seemed to work for others better than it did for me.

Before I go any further, I'd like to say I AM NOT A VICTIM. Looking back on my life, I can see that *everything has happened*

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*for a reason.* I could have died when I took the overdose, but I didn't, thanks to the prayers of family and friends. My herstory hasn't ended yet.

So how did I end up on a psychiatric ward, when I was supposed to be in the Gambia facilitating Retreats?

I know from the video I posted cancelling the Retreats that it looked as if I'd had a mental breakdown. It's true, I was under pressure because I'd run out of money, but it wasn't as simple as that. If it was, I could have used the opportunity to raise the money needed to finish setting up the Retreat Home, and I'm sure my community would have supported me.

I will attempt to explain what was going on in my personal life leading up to me posting the video, and subsequently taking an overdose.

This book may not be in the right order, as I wrote it while in recovery, in bits and pieces. I've put it together as best as I can.

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But still, my life didn't seem to make any sense; the more I progressed in my public life, the more my personal life was going downhill, until eventually I hit rock bottom. Again. Every time I tried to rise, I would get knocked right back to the bottom again.

Mind you, if all this hadn't happened, I'd still be looking at life through rose-coloured glasses, thinking everything was about 'Positive Thinking', keeping yourself on a 'good vibration' and 'following your bliss'. I'd still be thinking it was all about 'Love and Light'.

But something clearly wasn't right; with all the work I was doing on myself, and creating beautiful products as a result, things were getting worse, not better. It wasn't until 2014 that I got to the bottom of it.

At the time I was meant to be publishing a story my youngest son had written, called '*Sam's 10<sup>th</sup> Birthday*'. It had such a lovely moral to it (that love is better than presents) that I decided I would turn it into a children's book for *his* 10<sup>th</sup> birthday. We took photos

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of him acting the main character, and I did 5 of the illustrations for the book from the photos:



One of my illustrations for my son's book

I even took him to the local library for a literary event, where he read his story to the audience. A journalist from the local paper approached us afterwards and said he wanted to write an article

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about my son and his book. We were both really excited about the project – but his dad showed little to no interest.

The following morning I woke up with no energy, feeling lethargic, and no motivation to get up and get to work on the project. I had blocked off two months to dedicate to my son's book, and now I was just lying there, day after day. It wasn't like it was winter where I might have put it down to going into 'hibernation mode' – it was June. My best friend even came and picked me up and took me for acupuncture, took me to the park to get some sun in my skin, and bought me ginseng tablets because he knew this wasn't like me. I prayed to God and asked him to reveal what was going on.

Later that same day my son's father (I was living in his house but had my own room) was rushing around looking for something for some meeting he had to attend (he's the most disorganized person I know). He asked me to help. As I was looking in his briefcase I came across a book called '*The Power of Supreme Influence*'. It had a plain cover and no author. I was curious, so I took it to read.

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The book was an answer to my prayer; it showed the reader how to influence someone on a *subconscious level* without them even knowing, to get them to do what you want. It even showed the reader how to seduce someone who shows no interest in them. I was never in love with him (because I was in love with my twin soul) but I admired him as a 'successful black man' who I thought would be a good role model for my two young sons. I ended up losing my secure tenancy, moving in with him, having his baby, and subsequently failing in my businesses (despite him starting off as my Business Mentor).

There had been many occasions where I'd started projects, but as soon as he found out about them, they would come to nothing. I would often find myself telling him things I had no intention of telling him, and giving him information I was trying to conceal from him. Whenever he learned of what I was doing, it would come to nothing.

It all began to make sense when I read '*The Power of Supreme Influence*'.

I was able to identify all the times over the years where my son's father had used psychic attacks to get me to:

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- Lose my home, a secure tenancy, so I would be in a vulnerable position and more likely to accept his invitation to move in with him (he wanted the 'front' of a family).
- Give up my business ventures already set up in Hackney
- Lose my home for the second time (after I left him in 2006) so I would have nowhere to keep my son. He didn't care that it broke up my family, he just wanted his son.
- Sign my youngest son over for him to have full parental responsibility (something I would never have done under the circumstances)
- Keep me financially impoverished so I would be unable to set up another home, or to take our son away from him.
- Not finish projects I had started with a "don't finish it" subconscious command.
- Make my businesses fail by not having the mental capacity to do what I needed to do.
- Call the police on my middle son, which caused a rift between us for over a year

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- And most recently, to kill myself.

Each attack felt like my head was in a **thick fog**, leaving me **unable to think clearly**; sometimes it would feel as if there was a vice around my head, I would be **unable to complete simple tasks**, I would feel **lethargic**, and I would **make decisions I wouldn't normally make** if I was in my 'right mind'.

When I tried to explain the psychic attacks to the doctors on the psychiatric ward, they totally negated everything I'd said, as it couldn't be proven 'scientifically'. There's no box to tick in the mental health system, so instead they suggested I'd been suffering from a 'psychotic episode', and simply offered me anti-psychotic drugs.

### **I Googled: What is Psychosis?**

- A severe mental disorder in which thought and emotions are so impaired that contact is lost with external reality.
- A mental health problem that causes people to perceive or interpret things differently from those around them. This might involve hallucinations or delusions.

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- A medical term used to describe hearing or seeing things that do not exist, or believing things that other people do not. ...You can experience **psychosis** for a wide variety of reasons. For example it can be due to having a mental illness such as schizophrenia or bipolar disorder.
- **Psychosis** is a *symptom* rather than a *disease*. **Psychosis** is an umbrella term; it means that an individual has sensory experiences of things that do not exist and/or beliefs with no basis in reality. During a **psychotic** episode, an individual may experience hallucinations and/or delusions.

## **Then I Googled: What is a Psychic Attack?**

- A **psychic attack** is the sending of negative energy with the conscious or unconscious intention to inflict harm upon a person or their family.
- A psychic attack is used to harm another person by manipulating and controlling them, by sending negative energy toward them. This mental manipulation is done without your knowledge and it can cause physical symptoms

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similar to an illness as well as depressed mood, anxiety and suicidal thoughts.

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(See links in References at the end of this book)

Many people end up in mental institutions as a result of a **psychic** or **spiritual attack**, as I did. I decided to set out to PROVE that psychic attacks are real, and that people (like my son's father) do influence others subconsciously. If people can be charged with Grievous *Bodily* Harm, shouldn't there also be a charge for Grievous *Mental* Harm?

### **The Devil Comes to Kill, Steal, and Destroy**

I now think he was *sent* to try to destroy my destiny. Looking at the bigger picture, Satan uses people, and my son's father was just a 'pawn in the devil's game'. Maybe he was sent to derail me because I had uploaded (real) 'messages from God' to my Myspace. Or that my business was aimed at promoting LOVE, when the secret agenda is to promote FEAR. I do believe that he secretly works for the government because:

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1. As soon as you step into his house, he has photos of himself on the wall posing with Tony Blair, Gordon Brown, and the likes. He glorifies government
2. He was sexually abused at the age of 10 (by a white man) but he doesn't see it as abuse. I later discovered that this is a form of initiation, which is also prevalent in the entertainment industry, as well as football.
3. He spends most of his time in his office (in the house)
4. He is able to raise large amounts of money from the government and lottery for his projects - to set up a football academy, BMETV, and the school our son goes to.

After I confronted him about the psychic attacks in 2014 (when I found the book), they stopped, for a while. However I came under a different type of attack; in 2016 (not long after returning from my 4 month stay in Ghana) I put out a video of me performing my poem "*I Need a MAN!*" which went viral on whatsapp and Facebook. (see link to watch it on Youtube at the end of this book). When I returned from Ghana my youngest son was locking himself in the bathroom and dressing up in the wigs and makeup that his father had bought him. He would make funny videos of

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characters he'd created. I made light of it and told him that he didn't have to hide, lots of people were like that, and it was accepted nowadays. I told him I would still love him, and if that's what he wanted to do, but he doesn't have to be influenced by his dad, it should be his choice (which I knew it wasn't). I created a Youtube account for him and uploaded a few of the videos. His dad was furious and made him take them down again, but it did the trick, he stopped dressing in wigs and makeup.

Not long after these two events, I was 'zapped' (that's the only way I can describe it): I woke up at 4am one night, as usual. Normally, I would go to the toilet then go back to bed, or if I felt inspired, I would write. But on this particular night I was psychically lured to go downstairs. My son's father was still up, and in the garden (he normally goes to bed around 2am). When I asked him what he was doing in the garden at 4am, he said "the cat got out". I said "Of course the cat got out, you've got the door wide open!" thinking in my head 'Idiot!' as I went back upstairs and went to back to sleep. When I woke up 3 hours later at 7am the ceiling was spinning, and I felt as if I'd been 'zapped' back to about 15 years ago, before I started doing any work on myself. Negative thoughts and feelings flooded me, and to this day, I've never been able to get myself back to how I was before this happened. At the time, I was focused on keeping myself on a

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very high vibration so that the toxic environment I was living in and no negativity could affect me.

Since this night in 2016, I haven't had any 'downloads' or visions (both of which inspire me to create). My eyesight has been deteriorating rapidly over the last two years; writing this book has been a great strain on my eyes, and may be the last one I get to write. Even my facial features changed.

Before I carry on, I just want to repeat that I AM NOT A VICTIM. I think this has all been part of my journey to fulfil my destiny. My work has all been around healing the mind from psychological trauma. If I hadn't gone through this experience, I would still be thinking it was all about 'positive thinking' and keeping myself in a 'positive state of bliss'. While these are good practices, they only work on the *conscious* mind, but the conscious mind only represents around 20% of how the mind works; the subconscious mind does most of the work. In order to get the results you want out of life, the conscious mind must work in alignment with the *subconscious* mind. If you're training your conscious mind to think one way, but your subconscious mind is programmed to think another way, you'll never achieve your goals.

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It seemed ironic that with all the studying I'd done on how the mind works, I still couldn't get mine to work properly.

This is where films like *'The Secret'* and the movement around Positive Thinking has let us down. They don't mention subconscious or subliminal programming at all. If you've never been subconsciously programmed for failure, you can run with the teachings and turn your life around, but if you have skeletons in your closet, they need to be cleared out first before you can renew your mind.

Since leaving 'M' in 2006, I've lost 4 homes, and there seemed to be an invisible block placed on my finances, I've not been able to mother my children the way I wanted to, my businesses failed, and now, my life was at risk.

But why me? All I was doing was fulfilling my destiny of 'Promoting LOVE through Creativity'.

In the weeks leading up to my 'suicide attempt', I was experiencing similar symptoms as I've done in previous attacks; feeling like my head is in a thick fog, not being able to think clearly, feeling lethargic, not being able to do simple tasks for whatever it is I'm working on, or lacking motivation to do them.

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I sincerely apologize to all who had booked to come on my Retreats, or who had invested in the village project; I will be paying everyone back their money, with compensation (I'm not sure how at the moment, but I'm working on it).

At first, I didn't know how I was going to pick myself up from this latest (and most vicious) attack. It seemed hopeless. In the 'madness', I threw away my laptop, mobile phone and SIM card, important books and papers, money, anything that I thought I wasn't going to need anymore. I really thought I was going to die.

### **My Death Wish**

On Monday 24<sup>th</sup> November, I woke up with a splitting headache, a swollen right eye, and a sudden urge to kill myself. I just felt like **'going somewhere far and killing myself so no-one would ever find me'**.

By this time, I should have already been in the Gambia. The container had already arrived, and I should have been there to make sure it got to the house. I had made some bad decisions leading up to this point, which resulted in me running out of money, including undercharging for the Retreats and buying things for the Retreat Home that probably could have been left

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until a later date. I was hoping to have raised the rest of the money I needed through my GoFundMe account, and from sales of my products and services, but nothing much was coming in despite my best efforts. This is something I've battled with for years, as if there was a spiritual block placed on my finances; even when it does come in, it goes straight back out again (I'm not one to spend money frivolously).

I felt like a failure. I was under pressure. Time was ticking, and nothing was coming together. In the past, I'd been very good at organizing large projects. But for some reason, I was struggling to manage. I didn't realize by this time I was already under a heavy psychic attack; thick fog, not thinking clearly, unable to do the necessary things for the project to run smoothly, no energy or motivation to do the work. It started from when I sent the container, as I had also taken my personal belongings from the house.

### **Missing, Found, Then Missing Again**

When I woke up that morning with the sudden urge to kill myself, I couldn't fight it. I took buses and travelled to some place I'd never even heard of before, Redhill. That night, I sent my sons a text each, telling them I couldn't face life anymore and to look out for

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each other. To be honest, the whole scenario is a blur, but I'm going to do my best to piece it back together.

My sons reported me missing, and the police were able to trace me via my mobile phone, to where I'd spend the night in some remote bus stop in the middle of nowhere. I'd taken some tablet's but not enough to do the job. I do remember the word 'vagrant' as I was walking for miles, maybe that was one of the words planted in my subconscious. They took me to the hospital, and once I'd been given the all clear, we were free to go.

I stayed with my two older 'sons' that day, but that night I told them I was going to stay at a friend's, as there wasn't really space for us all. My middle son dropped me there by cab (it wasn't a real address), and didn't check to see if I actually went into any house, so I made my getaway. All the while I was just thinking "I need to go somewhere far and kill myself".

I took a coach from Victoria coach station straight to Cardiff, Wales. It took over 3 hours, and when I finally reached there, it was about 2am. I had bought 6 boxes of different over-the-counter tablets with a bottle of water, and planned to find somewhere where I could take them, fall asleep, and never wake up again.

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I walked for miles, before coming to (what I thought was) a remote area with bushes. It was pitch black, but I'd already overcome my fear of the dark, so I made myself comfortable, took the tablets, and closed my eyes.

The following morning I woke up in a daze, but still alive. I was disorientated, angry that it hadn't worked, but scared about the implications if it had. As I was clambering out of the bushes, my coat hood got caught on a branch. As I struggled to free myself, a woman walking her dog saw me and came to my rescue. When she realized something was wrong (I'd taken an overdose), she asked another couple across the road to help, and before I knew it, they had called an ambulance. I was taken to hospital where I was put on a drip for 5 days to repair the damage done to my liver.

My two older sons, my two sisters, and my son's friend trekked all the way from London to Wales to visit me, and stayed overnight in a B&B. I felt so bad for the stress I'd put my family through, and embarrassed when I heard all the commotion that had been taking place on social media. I'd forgotten about the video I'd posted cancelling the Retreats, and wasn't aware it would cause such a major fuss. I'd also written a 'last blog post' (which had

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over 600 views) before discarding my phone so the police wouldn't be able to trace me this time.

Looking back, if it was me, I too would have thought it was out of order for someone to take money from people and not turn up to facilitate the Retreats, nor pay them back their money, so I perfectly understand what happened online after I posted the video cancelling the retreats. For all who were against me, many more were for me and praying for me to pull through, and to those people, I say 'THANK YOU'.

If it had just been that I was stressed about money, I could have asked my community at that point to help me raise the funds so that I could complete setting up the Retreat Home. After all, it was for all of our benefit, not just mine. But I was under a psychic attack that was preventing me from leaving the UK, and ultimately to kill myself.

### **HIS Death Wish in 2006:**

While I've been in hospital, I've had lots of time to try and make sense of my life, and join the dots together. I recalled the time in 2006 when I first found out my youngest son's father was secretly having sex with men; he did something uncannily similar; first, he

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disappeared. Then he sent me a text message saying he was on his way driving 'somewhere far' to kill himself because his life wouldn't be worth living if everyone found out about his secret.

I spent the whole night up, sending him messages, assuring him that it's not the end of the world, lots of people are bisexual, he's got a son to live for, etc. (our son was two at the time). He made out he was in such distress, refused to take my calls, and would only reply by text messages. He told me that I would be okay, he'd left his credit card in his office which would see me through until the insurance money came through *blah blah blah*.

But God had my back; he revealed to me that 'M' hadn't driven 'somewhere far' but was actually in *Soho*. His car had been clamped on a yellow line, and now he was texting me to call the clamp company and use the credit card he'd left in the house to pay for it to be removed. I told him the only people I'd be calling was the police.

My Death Wish was eerily similar to his, which makes me wonder if HE had planted the suggestion into my subconscious mind to 'go somewhere far and kill myself'.

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When I met my son's father in 2001, I was just starting my business. A leaflet for his business course came through my door, and I subsequently booked to attend, even though it was in South London and I lived in Hackney. He had put together a 3 day course to help people starting out in business. When I booked, I asked him if I could send my Business Plan ahead of the course start date. He later told me that when he read my Business Plan he thought "*who is this woman?*" He made it sound as if he was in awe, but judging by everything that's happened since, I think it was more like "*who does she think she is?*"

Instead of helping me with my business, he's done everything to destroy me and it.

When I first decided to write this 'tell all' book, I had intended to expose this man and PROVE that he had been using psychic attacks on me, so I could have him charged with Grievous Mental Harm. Now I realize he's not worth my *time* or *energy*, which would be better spent rebuilding my life. I still want to prove that psychic attacks are a real thing however, not just for the sake of my own sanity, but for all the people who have a similar story, or who end up in psychiatric units as a result of psychic or spiritual attacks. I also hope it goes some way into explaining what

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happened, to all the people who believed in me and supported my vision.

### **Mental Health, Physical Health**

I've never denied having mental health issues. If we're all honest, everybody has suffered with mental health issues at some point in their life, and it's time to remove the stigma from it. If you have a dis-ease in your body, you would seek to heal it. It should be the same with the MIND, which is what I've been doing.

My whole journey has been about healing myself from psychological trauma 1) passed down to me through my DNA from the plantations in Jamaica, and 2) from childhood. I'm not ashamed to say I have mental health issues, but I draw the line at being labeled as having a mental breakdown when I know that's not what it was.

What concerns me is being labeled as suffering from psychosis because the NHS doesn't have a term for psychic or spiritual attacks.

Even if we say we can 'hear from God', or 'ancestral voices', we run the risk of being labeled as suffering from psychosis. When

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the doctor asked me if I hear voices I said no. I wasn't about to fall into that trap!

I should have recited my poem *Conversations Within*:

There was a time in my life  
When I was searching, searching, searching  
I was searching for love,  
Searching for the Truth,  
Searching for happiness,  
Searching for peace of mind  
But the more I looked outside of myself for these things,  
The more they eluded me.

Then one day,  
A little voice inside of me said **“Why don't you look within?”**  
I didn't recognize the voice of my own spirit so I asked  
“Who is this??”  
And the voice replied;  
**“It is I, me...YOU!”**  
“But – who am I?” I asked incredulously  
**“You are a soul living in this body  
You are pure creative spirit  
You are the Source  
Everything comes from you,  
and everything returns to you  
You are a triune being; mind, spirit and body  
And you have the power to THINK creatively”.**

Suddenly it was as if I remembered who I really am,

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And the voice inside was no longer a stranger to me  
I realized that after all this time,  
I'd been looking in all the wrong places  
For the answers to my questions  
When all I really had to do was look WITHIN...

I wonder what the doctors would have made of that? But I wasn't taking any chances...

The same day the doctor labelled me as suffering from psychosis, an article was published in the Guardian newspaper (Monday 3<sup>rd</sup> December) which stated:

'Matilda MacAttram, director of Black Mental Health UK, in a submission to the UN special rapporteur on racial discrimination in 2016, said **black Britons suffered from "a history of misunderstanding and discrimination" in mental healthcare. She cited studies that found racist diagnostic methods behind a higher incidence of psychosis reported among black people.** There were problems with overmedication, coercive treatment and use of violent methods of restraint against black patients'.

The reason this is important is because many people (like myself) suffer psychic or spiritual attacks, and if we end up in the mental health system, the result is potential medication which I believe is

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addictive; once you start taking them, they're hard to get off again. From what I observed on the psychiatric ward, the medication doesn't *cure*, it just *manages*.

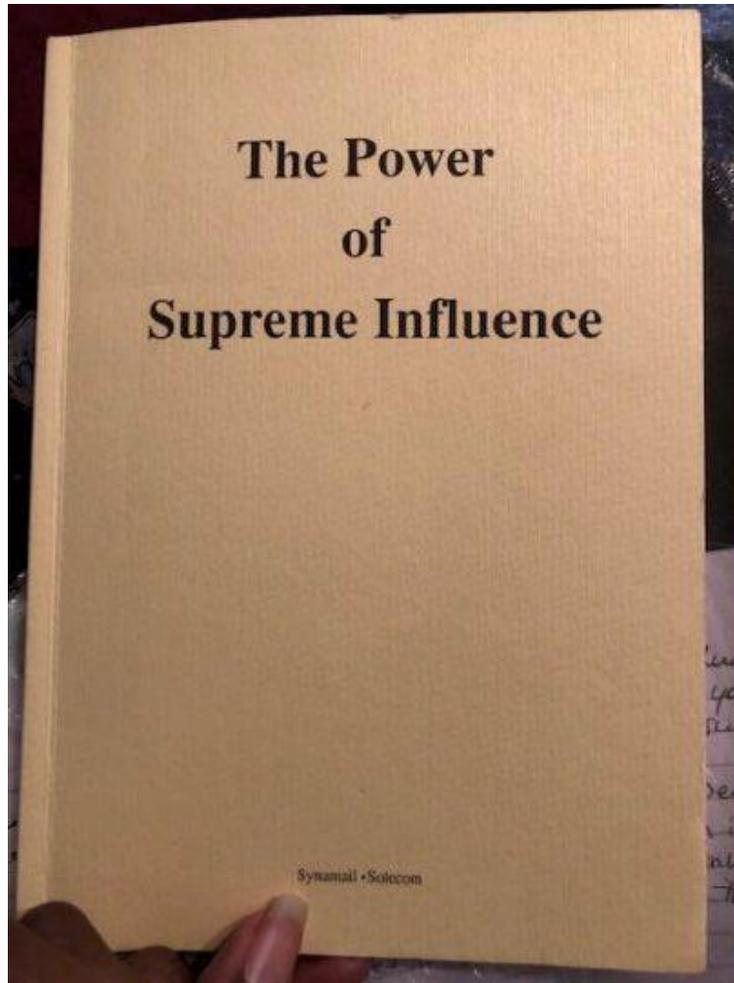
I was offered an anti-psychotic drug called *Aripiprazole Zentiva*. I asked for the information leaflet so I could read up on it before starting 'treatment'. I was shocked and horrified at the list of side effects, which included muscle stiffness, uncontrollable shaking, altered mental state, irregular heartbeat, and **suicidal thoughts or behaviours!** (It also contained lactose).

They offered to start me off on a 'low dose' and said I would be entitled to more support and services if I was on medication. I refused to take any; because I was there as an informal patient for observation, they couldn't force me.

So how am I going to prove that psychic attacks exist?

My first piece of evidence is the book I found in my ex's possession, '*The Power of Supreme Influence*':

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The book used terms such as 'psychic attack' and 'psychic assault' to describe how to send *suggestions*, or *commands*, to someone's subconscious mind ***while they're asleep***, so that they would consciously, while they're awake, do what you want.

Here's a page from the book:

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about the reality of telepathic influence, or reject it up front, be sure to think twice about it.

### **Have you ever tried to develop telepathic power?**

Probably not, otherwise you wouldn't fall victim to this type of psychological block. It could also be that you wound up with a limited technique or the deceptive advice of a charlatan!

Whatever your case, I ask you just one thing: test the first simple techniques and see if they work (I'm taking no risk in suggesting this to you because they are 100% effective). Then, once you have made your observations, draw your conclusions, but after having waited until you try! I think that this way of seeing is sufficiently scientific to convince you to push your discovery further, without taking any risk. In fact, the power of supreme influence is not based on a magic gift reserved only for enlightened ones, but on precise techniques destined to awake this fabulous power in you. If you haven't already used this powerful faculty, this is the opportunity to try the experience. It is now or never. Take advantage of it because you may never get a chance like this again!

We all possess hidden potentials that modern science has hastily classified as paranormal:

### **Telekinesis, telepathy, clairvoyance, mediumship, astral voyage and distance influencing!**

We can all, and I mean all, develop these potentials, scornfully labeled supernatural, even though they are actually our most natural powers. First of all, cease to consider distance influencing as an extraordinary capacity, and you will have taken a considerable step forward in mastering the Power of Supreme Influence. This power is rigorously scientific in its definition and practice. It even fulfills the principal condition science demands in order to consider a phenomenon real: repeatability, or the ability to repeat an experience at will. That's the

It's not my intention to promote this book as I don't believe in using unethical methods such as mind control to make progress in life (plus it's gone up considerably on Amazon). Only a mediocre person would stoop to such levels. The book also has

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so many discrepancies, but what should I expect, it must have been written by a psychopath!

Secondly, neuroscience seems to have moved along much faster than the NHS system, in their studies of the mind. They understand that thoughts don't only come from your own mind; our brains are like a radio transmitter, sending and receiving thoughts.

Thirdly, there are films that suggest that subconscious programming is real, such as *Inception* and *The Matrix*. My middle son also showed me a film called 'Birdbox' which is about people suddenly getting the urge to commit suicide after coming face-to-face with some invisible force. The 'powers that be' always put what they plan to do in movies, which is a form of lesser magic.

And lastly, the fact that someone can be *hypnotized* to act in ways that they wouldn't normally act proves that it is possible to influence someone on a subconscious level. The difference between hypnotism and psychic attacks is that the person gives their *consent* before being hypnotized, whereas with a psychic attack, they aren't aware they're being influenced subconsciously.

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The reason I've decided to publicize my personal challenges is;

- 1) After writing my blog '*I Did NOT Have a Mental Breakdown*', other people have come forward who also felt that they have been under spiritual or psychic attack.
- 2) Many people who go through these experiences and seek help from their doctor end up being diagnosed with psychosis and offered anti-psychotic drugs, as I was. Once on these drugs, it's hard to get off again, and you could end up being a 'service user' for the rest of your life, as the drugs don't *cure*, they only *manage*.
- 3) It's a form of self-defense; by publicizing it, I'm hoping that 'M' will be forced to stop. It worked for another situation (when he was influencing our son to cross-dress and I published some of the videos he'd made in 'drag' on Youtube – they were funny!)

One of the nurses on the ward told me that she could tell the difference between when people have a mental illness, to when they are under 'demonic attack' (as she put it). She gave me the address of her church which does a deliverance service once a

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week, and also gave me a book written by the pastor's wife called '*Prayers for Deliverance and Restoration*'.

I went for the deliverance service.

They were the same Nigerian tribe as my son's father; Igbo. If anyone knows about deliverance, it's Africans, because they practice witchcraft the most. The praise and worship was like torture to my ears, but when they finally got into the prayers, I did learn how to do 'back to sender' prayers, which I found helpful. I left before the service ended – I'd already been there for 3 hours, and I had to get back to the hospital. To be honest, it wasn't my cup of tea.

**“But wait – witchcraft? I thought you said it was a psychic attack?!”** you might ask.

It has been a combination of both, I'm just trying to stay on track with the psychic attacks, as this book would be much longer than 60 pages! While I was in hospital, I was able to identify which attacks over the years had been *psychic*, which were *spiritual*, or both.

For example, in 2009 when I lost my home for the second time and was forced to send my sons to live with their fathers, a friend

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brought someone round to do a spiritual reading, because he said “What you’re going through isn’t normal”. The person doing the reading first identified that where I was staying wasn’t my home, and then said “If you have your children with you, you’re lucky”. I asked him what he meant, to which he replied “Where are your children?” I told him they were with their dads. He responded exasperatedly “So what are you going on like you don’t know what I’m talking about?” He then proceeded to inform me that I my photograph had been sent to Africa, and my name put on parchment paper and placed under a mat to stop me from making progress in life etc. I was laughing because I was thinking ‘who would do that to *me?*’

He told me sternly that I’d better start taking it seriously because – “look at your life!” he said. From the information he gave me, I identified my youngest son’s father and his mother were behind it, all because he wanted his son.

He then asked with a shocked look on his face who Carol was. Carol is my birth name, but my friend only knew me by the name Cezanne. When I told the psychic that my birth name was Carol, he informed me that the reading said I was supposed to die. At the time, I was experiencing some abnormal pains in my groin area, and had visited the GP for a blood test. (For me to visit my

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GP, something must be seriously wrong!) I had also visited a private doctor who does live blood tests, and the two had come back completely different; while the GP said my blood was 'normal', the private doctor said it showed the early signs of cancer. I had to flush my system with four litres of green juice a day, cut all sugars out of my diet (even natural sugars found in honey and fruit), and all wheat. **Cancer cells cannot survive in an alkaline body.**

I also had to do a whole series of spiritual cleansing to reverse the witchcraft. I was also under a psychic attack, which forced me to sign my son over to his father to have full parental responsibility – something I would *NEVER* have done if I was in my 'right mind', especially under the circumstances.

### **Psychic Attack vs Spiritual Attack**

The difference between a *psychic attack* and a *spiritual attack*, is that a **psychic attack** is virtually **undetectable**. Any errors you make appear to be coming from **you** (because the suggestion or command is planted into your subconscious). With a spiritual attack, it's coming from outside sources.

For the past few years my son's father has been trying to get me labeled as having mental health issues. He's read everything I've

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ever written about the power of the mind, and it seems he's been doing his best to ensure that I get the *exact opposite* of everything I've written about and practiced, in order to discredit my work.

I don't do anything mediocre, but when mediocre people are jealous of your potential, they will do anything to make you look bad, in order to make themselves look good. My son's father has no special gifts or talents apart from knowing how to influence others subconsciously to get what he wants. He has raised large grants to set his own projects up, including a football academy, his BMETV internet channel, and £20,000,000 (20 million pounds) for the school our son goes to. Even though he started off as my Business Mentor, he's never done anything to help me raise funds for mine, despite always commending me on the quality of my work.

## **Forgive...and Forget?**

When I first had the idea to write this book, my intention was for it to be a 'tell all' book exposing a certain individual's covert practices in terms of psychic attacks. But half way through writing, I woke up one morning and was led to write down the *Lord's Prayer*, and especially to focus on the line '*Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who have trespass against us*'. I

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immediately rebelled at the prospect of forgiving this person, as I argued that I *had* forgiven him in the past, but this hadn't stopped him from continuing his mental assaults against me. I was reminded of one of the workshops I had developed for my Retreats called '*Self Healing Through Forgiveness*':

**Forgiveness is never about the other person, it's always about YOU.**

From the Lord's Prayer, I realized that certain blessings are blocked when you have unforgiveness in your heart. On top of that, the only person who is affected by your lack of forgiveness is *YOU*; you're the one who ends up all bitter and twisted. So I had forgiven him for my own good.

**Forgiveness is a sign of strength, not weakness**

But forgiving this person hadn't stopped him from psychically attacking me, I argued. Spirit began to show me the bigger picture; this is all part of my Life Path. It had to happen.

The morning I was being led to 'forgive', I was also reminded of the scripture: '*For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but*

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*against principalities, powers, rulers of darkness, and spiritual wickedness in high places’.*

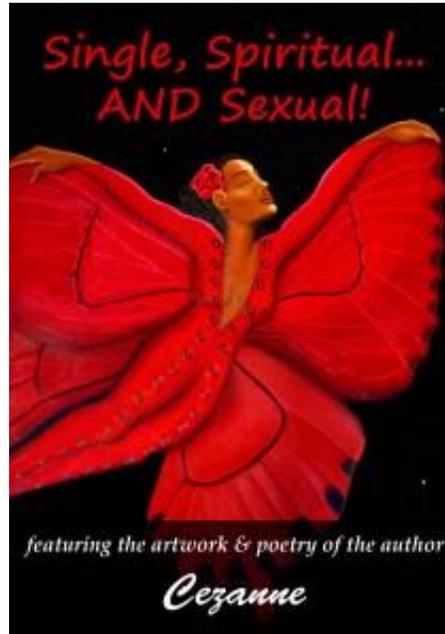
I decided that on this occasion, I won't forgive him before publicizing what I have to forgive him FOR.

If you're familiar with my work, you'll know that it's all been about 'the creative power of our thoughts'. I threw myself into the teaching that if you have **positive thoughts**, they will lead to **positive actions** which will produce **positive results**. When 'The Secret' DVD and book came out, I threw myself into it. For 3 years solid I practiced Positive Thinking, and during this time I also learned how to meditate. It had a *positive effect* on me; I wrote numerous poems, painted 11 paintings, and wrote two books, which were all creative expressions of what I was learning. I also healed myself from Seasonal Affective Disorder with the Colour Therapy in my paintings, and became well known for my poetry, even winning an award in America. I held my first exhibition, and started my business selling inspirational greeting cards and prints using my artwork and poetry. My artwork and poetry also featured in my novel, which was getting rave reviews.

When I first published it under the title '*Single, Spiritual...AND Sexual!*' it was selling like hotcakes, not only for the title, but for

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the image I used on the front cover of my painting 'Black Butterfly':



There were over 60 people at the book launch, and I sold out of books, as some people bought more than one. My son's father was there. He kept commenting on the potential the book had, but within 3 months, everything dried up. I went from receiving cheques from Amazon for £150 a month to less than £10 a month, which it's been ever since. It felt as though spiritually, a block had been placed on my finances. Everything just stopped all of a sudden, despite me doing the same promotions.

So a few years later I decided to change the title of the book to 'Journey of a Sister' and set up a new website. I wasn't going to

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stop until this book had reached its full potential. But I ended up telling my son's father about the new website, even though I hadn't intended to. He had a way of getting information out of me even if I tried to conceal it.

When I decided to write a novel, my intention was for it to be a bestseller. 46,000 words were 'downloads' (where I don't have to think about what I'm writing). Sometimes I would wake up in the middle of the night and it would be like I'm watching a movie, the scenes were so clear; all I had to do was write what I was seeing. I didn't sit down and come up with a beginning, middle and end for the storyline, as they teach in creative writing classes, I let the story unfold by itself. Much of my artwork came that way as well; I could see them in my mind's eye before I created them.

After 3 years of practicing 'Positive Thinking' during which time I produced a beautiful love novel, an award-winning poetry CD, and a set of paintings featuring Colour Therapy, I had made little progress in my personal life. I wasn't earning enough money from what I'd produced to set up another home, my children weren't living with me, and I had failed in my goal to set up a business which my sons could work in with me (unlike Suzanne and Charles in my novel).

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I remember when I registered for M's (my youngest son's father) business course in 2001, I asked him if I could send my Business Plan ahead of the course start date. He later told me that when he read it he thought "Who is this woman?" He made it sound as if he was in awe, but judging by everything that's happened since, I think it was more a case of "*Who does she think she is?*"

My life has been a mess since meeting him. Despite all my best efforts, nothing was working out for me.

I went back to my spiritual Father and asked what was going on. I was sure I was on the right path with the positive thinking, but it wasn't working for me financially. One of my affirmations based on the bible was '*I will live off the fruit of my labour, and my work will bring good fortune to me; my name will be known because of my work, and I will always remember to give God the praise*'. I reminded Him of this promise.

It was almost as if He said "Ok, now you're ready for the other stuff", because then, I began learning about Mind Control. I'm not going to go deep into everything I learned, but I realized that your conscious thoughts are only the tip of the iceberg. To truly make lasting change in your life, you need to find out what's going on in your *subconscious*. Most people don't realize they're under mind

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control, whether it be from others, the media, religion, social engineering, parents, education, or even partners. It's part of every day life. But there are also covert operations taking place to keep certain people in place, especially people like me, who have the potential to influence the masses to break free from mental slavery.

I remember a woman from the USA contacting me on Facebook after reading my novel in 2016. She said what I had written about IS how life is supposed to be; you ARE supposed to be able to think your life into existence, but because of the level of mind control taking place on the planet, especially through subliminal programming, many of us are creating what THEY want us to create, not what WE want.

Now getting back to how I ended up in a psychiatric ward.

I spent last winter in the Gambia, and while there I facilitated 3 Self Love Retreats and edited two books. Before leaving, I found a lovely 6 bedroom house which I planned to use for my Retreats this winter. From past experienc, I've learned that if I'm going to travel abroad I could only tell my son's father a day or two before I was due to leave, otherwise I wouldn't end up going for whatever reason. For instance, on one occasion I'd been invited to

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facilitate poetry and art workshops at a friend's Academy in Grenada. We printed the flyers and everything, but for whatever reason, I never ended up going.

On another occasion, I'd been invited to America for the launch of William Frederick Cooper's book 'Unbreakable'; my poem "*I Am What I WILL to Be!*" featured in it (there's a part in it that says 'I bend, but I don't break') and I also had the opportunity to perform the poem. Again, I had everything packed and ready to go, but never got on the plane. So the last two times I'd gone to the Gambia I hadn't told my son's father until the day before I was leaving.

On this occasion, I was sending a container, and was shipping my belongings over to the Gambia as well. From the day I took my things from the house, things started to go downhill. Nothing was coming together. Money would seemingly disappear (this had been happening a lot over the years, as he wanted to keep me financially impoverished). I can't even explain it properly, all I know is that in the past, I have always managed big projects, and never had a problem before I left this man in 2006. When my youngest son was 8 months old, I set up 'Mums in Action' in Croydon because I didn't know anyone. I raised £20,000 in

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funding to organize mother and toddler groups, outings, and workshops for mums.

I am not new to doing big projects.

I think this latest attack wasn't just an attack on my *life*, but also on my reputation and credibility, to make it very difficult for me to bounce back from, even if I survived. In the 'madness' I threw away my laptop, smartphone, bank card, sim card for my phone, books with my passwords in, and more.

### **The Story of Job**

One morning I woke up on the ward, and that little voice inside of me whispered one word: "Job".

Not as in "you need to get a job", but the *name* Job, from the bible.

Later that day, I was speaking to a sister on the phone and she was encouraging me to 'keep the faith' and said I should read the story of Job in the bible, saying our stories were similar. I found a bible on the bookshelf in the Occupational Therapy room, and lo and behold, when I opened it, the string bookmark opened in Job! This was definitely a sign. I hadn't read the bible in years, so I

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was now reading it with a new perspective, with my third eye open.

The story is of a man found blameless in God's sight. As a result, God had blessed him richly. Job was the greatest man in the East; he owned 7,000 sheep, 3,000 camels, 500 yoke of oxen, 500 donkeys, plus a large number of servants. God had also blessed him with 10 children.

Satan went in God's presence (among the angels) and said to the LORD "If you take away everything he has, he will surely curse you". God was so confident in Job, that he told Satan to give it his best shot, only he mustn't take his life.

Satan took full advantage; in one day, Job lost everything he had, including his 10 children.

But Job did not curse God.

Satan went back into God's presence (among the angels again), and God taunted him saying "I told you he wouldn't curse me!" Job had still maintained his integrity and hadn't cursed God, even

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though God had incited Satan to ruin his life, just as a bet between them both.

Satan replied “skin for skin!” saying “a man will give all he has for his own life, but **STRETCH OUT YOUR HAND** and strike his flesh and bones, and he will surely curse you to your face”.

At this point I stopped and took note that Satan was telling *God* to strike Job’s flesh, not asking God if HE could strike Job’s flesh. Could God be having a conversation with HIMSELF? We all have two sides to our character, light and dark, and since we are made in God’s image, he must too.

On with the story: The LORD gave Satan permission to afflict Job again, only on condition that he spared his life. So Satan afflicted Job with painful sores from head to toe. He was an eyesore (pardon the pun). Even his wife told him to curse God so he could die. But Job told her she was talking like a foolish woman; **“shall we accept good from God, and not trouble?”**

When Job’s three friends heard what had happened to him, they agreed to go and comfort him together. When they saw the state of him, they began to cry out loud, tore their clothes, and sprinkled

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dust on their heads. They sat with Job for 7 days, no-one saying a word. Finally, Job spoke. He cursed the day of his birth, wishing he'd never been born. His friends tried to encourage him saying "Think how many people you've instructed, how you have strengthened feeble hands. Your words have supported those who stumbled, you have strengthened faltering knees. But know trouble comes to you, and you are discouraged; shouldn't your pity be your confidence, and your blameless ways your hope?"

They did their best to encourage Job, but he couldn't be comforted. They even told Job that he wasn't as blameless as he thought he was.

I took note that at no time did Job or his friends mention or blame Satan; "**the LORD gives and the LORD takes away**", they said. (Job 1:21)

Eventually, God spoke. He rebuked Job's friends for the way they had spoken to him. He told them they needed to make a burnt offering sacrifice, which Job would need to pray over. **After Job prayed for his friends**, God restored everything back to him twice over.

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I saw myself in Job's story, especially when he said *"do I have any power to help myself, now that success has been driven from me?"* I had spent years on this 'self-development' journey, only to end up worse off than before I began. Do I really have the power to 'help myself'?

After asking God for 'the Truth' I was sent on a 'journey of self-discovery' where I learnt about my history, the history of the religion I had been indoctrinated into (how Christianity had been used as a weapon of psychological warfare to enslave my ancestors), that I had the power to create with my thoughts, words, and actions, about my power as a (black) woman, and why women in general had been subjugated lower than men. I learnt about the power of Melanin, and even of sexual energy. Everything I learnt, I shared it in story form in my novel.

But after spending 3 years practicing Positive Thinking and Creative Visualization, I ended up worse off than when I suffered from depression! Why, after embarking on this journey had I reached a place where I could no longer hear from God?

Anyway, back to Job's story; he had reached a point where he no longer cared if God struck him down dead. He asked God what

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charges he had against him, or if it just pleased God to see him suffer. I could relate; in my hospital bed I would say out loud “I HATE my life! I refuse to say I love my life anymore until I actually do!”. No more Positive Affirmations to try and force the universe to deliver what I wanted. Supply my needs, *then* I’ll show my gratitude!

Then I got to Job 22:21-28:

**‘Submit to God and be at peace with him; in this way prosperity will come to you. Accept instruction from his mouth and lay up his words in your heart. If you return to the Almighty, you will be restored; if you remove wickedness far from your tent (house)...surely you will find delight in the Almighty, and will lift up your face to God. You will pray to him and he will hear you, and you will fulfill your vows. What you decide on will be done, and light will shine your ways’.**

“Dear Lord, help me to be fully committed to you and to walk in your ways wholeheartedly. Forgive me for turning away from you and turning to the *false light*; for all who followed me, may they return to you as I am, and many more with them. Draw me close to you, as I’m too weak right now to find you myself. Help me never to be deceived again, forgive me from the error of my ways,

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as I forgive those who have trespassed against me. You are the author and finisher of my faith; I know that you who began this good work in me is faithful and just to see it through to completion. As I return to you, may others also discover how beautiful it is to have a deep, intimate relationship with you.”

While I was never as rich as Job to begin with, I desired riches. I had so much I wanted to do for myself, my children, my children’s children, and my community, even down to the Build a Village project in the Gambia. I wanted to create a healing village where people could come and be restored from psychological trauma, for the sake of future generations, starting with my own grandchildren (to come). But maybe building a village was not part of the plan for my life. I got carried away by what I thought was ‘ancestral guidance’.

### **Repent, and Live!**

‘If men are bound in chains he tells them what they have done wrong – that they have sinned arrogantly...if they repent, obey and serve him, they will spend the rest of their days in prosperity, and their years in contentment’ (Job 36:5-12)

What had I done wrong?

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In trying to get to the bottom of where all this ‘affliction’ had started, I pinpointed it back to when I wrote the letter to God in 2002 (somewhere around that time). I don’t remember writing it, I just found it on my computer. I must have woken up in the middle of the night and typed it, then went back to sleep. It was so articulately written, and it was obviously written by me, but I never sat down and constructed it consciously. When I found it on my laptop, I didn’t know what to make of it at first. Even though I knew it could be considered as blasphemous, I decided to record it and upload it to my Myspace. I don’t think it was the letter, but the spirit *behind* it that was the problem.

Only recently, in the last couple of months, I learned about the spirit Leviathan. Leviathan is ‘king of the proud’, or pride. His aim is to destroy ministries. This is why I say, looking at the *bigger picture*, my son’s father was just ‘a pawn in the devil’s game’ (even though he professes to be a Christian). Leviathan is a kind of sea serpent (see References for more info). I didn’t learn about **marine spirits** until a few years ago when I went to an African church for deliverance.

I had allowed myself to be deceived, and strayed from the path.

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I repented for being deceived, and for turning people towards the 'false light'. Maybe this was the cause of all my affliction; it seemed to have started when I wrote the letter to God, but when I published it, so many others could relate too – and the worst part is, I still relate to it – nothing much has changed!

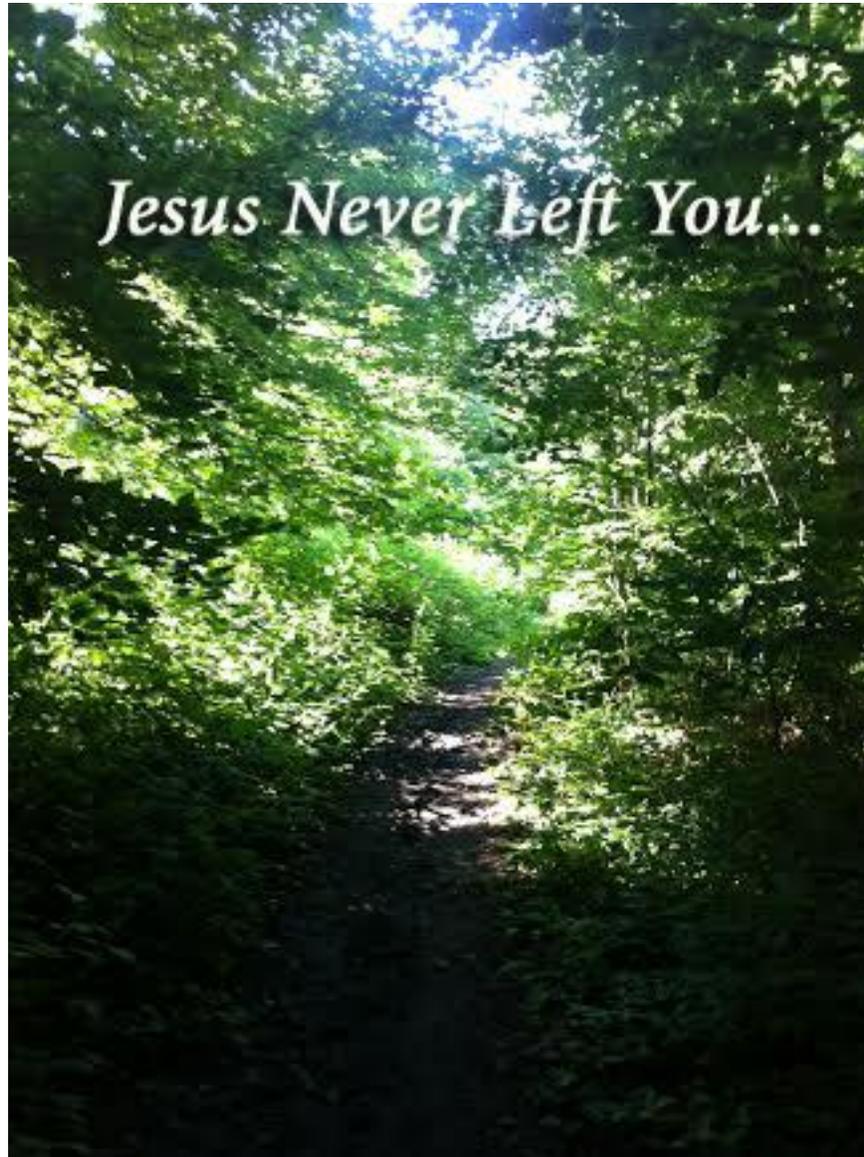
On my quest for 'the Truth' I strayed so far from God to the point where I could no longer hear his voice, feel his presence, or be inspired to write beautiful poetic messages such as '*Call Me By My Name*' and '*Look to Me*' (*links to listen at the end of this book*). How did I go from writing beautiful love poetry from God, to writing 'The Rebellion'? I didn't *consciously* seek to rebel against God, but in my letter I was judging him and questioning his decisions. Who am I to question the Almighty?

Still, if I hadn't QUESTIONED God, I wouldn't have gone on this remarkable journey of finding 'the Truth!'. Now I know the Truth: NOTHING ELSE MATTERS BUT MY RELATIONSHIP WITH MY CREATOR.

I want to lead people back to God, but I need to find my own way back first.

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Before I went off track in 2002, God sat me down and made me write the poem '*Jesus Never Left You*', letting me know that I was going to leave the narrow path, and that whenever I was ready, he would be right there waiting to pick up where we left off. (link to listen at end of this book)



(photo taken by Cezanne)

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I'm not preaching 'go back to church' as I don't think *organized religion* is necessarily the way to God. I hope to be able to direct people into an intimate, personal relationship with their Creator, like I once had, and which I am seeking to restore.

The story of Job has really helped me to identify my wrongdoings, and to know what to do to get *my* life back on track;

Unlike Job however, my relationship with God was developed through his unconditional LOVE; he showed me what True Love is. He wasn't going to strike me down dead if I did something wrong. He was the loving father I never had. In the catholic religion, they try to replace going into Father God's presence to 'confess your sins' with a fake type of reverence – they put mere man in place of the Almighty.

I think everything that's happened over the years has led me to the place I'm at now; a place of true repentance. But where do I go from here? Back to church? I don't think so. Back to being in God's presence? I would love to be in God's presence once again. He inhabits his praises.

I'm not preaching Christianity, or Islam, or any religious pursuit. I'm talking about a personal one-to-one relationship.

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We're living at a time where Satanism and worshipping Lucifer are no longer hidden out of sight. Symbols God created to promote his Love (such as the rainbow) are being used to promote things the bible says are an abomination to him. Satanic practices are being pushed on our children as if they are normal, such as witchcraft and wizardry. Celebrities and pop idols are openly admitting to selling their soul to the devil for fame and fortune. There are two forces; dark and light. The God in the bible is not the one I developed a personal relationship with; he has a split personality, a huge ego, and has fits of jealous rage. The God I know is Pure, Unconditional Love. This is why I ended my letter to God asking why he was allowing people to get away with depicting him as a Jekyll and Hyde character, and that I believed he is mightier than the devil, even though he sure seems to have given him a lot of power!

In this time we must choose which side we're on; there's only black and white, no grey areas.

This is not about religion, let me say this again. It's about two forces; *love* or *fear*.

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God wants us to serve him out of our *love* for him (and his love for us), not out of fear. Those who worship Satan live in fear; I read recently that Lady Gaga was so afraid to close her eyes at night, she made her PA sleep in the bed with her! I've seen videos of Beyoncé openly admitting to being 'possessed' in order to be able to perform the way she does. And there's a lot more I know but can't share in this book. I think I know too much, and now understand the metaphor of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil in the bible; more knowledge only leads to more problems! Sometimes it's best to remain in ignorant bliss. Like Neo in *The Matrix*, once you swallow the red pill, you can't go back. I swallowed the red pill when I asked God for 'the Truth!'

You're probably thinking after everything I've just been through, I should probably just keep quiet. But the way I see it, if I'm under so much attack, I must be doing something right!

One day I asked God "Why me?" (why I have been chosen to do this work) and he replied "Because you're fearless". I was like, "Oh, yeah."

My challenge from here forwards will be to obey and serve God out of my love for him, not because I fear him. God knows, I will

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always ask questions, but I think that's why I was chosen for the job in the first place. If I didn't ask questions, I'd be like the majority of the population, just going along with everything they're told to do by corrupt governments and church pastors.

**God is exalted in his power. Who is a teacher like him?**

(Job 36:22)

*“Father God, Creator of the heavens and earth, teach me your ways, so that I may serve you in spirit and in truth. Teach me true humility, that doesn't require me to adopt a slave mentality. Fight my battles for me; your words says when I am weak, then I am strong, because your strength is made perfect in my weakness...”*

The story of Job ended with God telling his friends off for not being able to give him the encouragement he needed. They were ordered to make a burnt offering for their folly, which Job had to bless. **After Job prayed for his friends**, God restored everything back to him, and 'his latter days were greater than his former days'. God used the story of Job to minister to me while I was on the psychiatric ward, so I could see the error of my ways and correct them, before moving forward. I could write a whole dissertation just on the story of Job!

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*“Almighty Creator and Loving, Heavenly Father,  
I pray that all who read this book will come to know you personally, and serve you out of LOVE, not fear. As you draw me back to you, I pray that thousands of others will also come to **ins**perience a deep, intimate, loving relationship with you as I have had, and which I seek to have again. I long to be in your presence, to feel you envelope me in Pure Love. May everything I do from this day forward glorify you, and lead others back to you. For every person I led astray, may thousands more find their way back to you because of me. Thank you for sparing my life, so that I can continue fulfilling my purpose – to Promote LOVE through Creativity. In Jesus’ name, amen.”*

If I’d known I was going to walk this path, I would never have started the journey. But somehow, I know I’m on track in life.

Just before all the ‘madness’ happened, I met a man who came over to fix my son’s computer. We got talking, and it turned out he was a minister. He asked me if I’d had any dreams lately, and it suddenly dawned on me that I hadn’t dreamt in a while. He told me “they’re trying to steal your dreams” and said he would pray for me. Over the next two nights I had two terrifying dreams; in

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the first one, I was being chased, and reported back to him that I literally had to 'run for my life'. In the second dream, I was lying in bed, and this long, greeny-grey claw-like finger kept poking me in the side of my left breast. I woke up and rebuked it in Jesus' name. The first dream came true, and while in hospital I started to feel an ache in the side of my left breast, exactly in the place where the finger had been prodding me in the dream. But if it was my time to go, I'd be gone by now.

I've been under so much spiritual attack over the years, but I've battled through them to create books, poetry, art, events, workshops and retreats.

From here on, I won't be publicizing my activities on social media until after they're done. I will be working hard out of sight to re-establish myself, and will be back soon with whatever I'm led to share with you.

Like a caterpillar, I'm crawling into my cocoon and hope to re-emerge as a beautiful butterfly, or like a Phoenix rising from the ashes... feel free to contact me by email: [cezanne@journeyofasister.com](mailto:cezanne@journeyofasister.com) especially to give me feedback on this book, or to share your own story in relation to it. If you are

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a medical professional who can back up anything I've said herein, please get in contact with me.

With an abundance of gratitude,

A handwritten signature in blue ink that reads "Lezanne". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style.

To support me in my work, please make a contribution to my [GoFundMe](#) or [Paypal](#). If you haven't read my **books**, downloaded my **art**, or listened to my **poetry** visit [journeyofasister.com](http://journeyofasister.com)



Touching the Heart...through Art!

Listen to my 'messages from God': ["Call Me by My Name"](#), ["Jesus Never Left You"](#), and ["Look to Me!"](#) (God's Reply which features in Year One of Journey of a Sister). Also, ["Silent Holy Knowing"](#), a

## *Psychic Attack or Psychotic?*

collaboration with a German writer and musician who I never met in the flesh. His music and my voice combined takes us into the presence of God...

### **References:**

[Are you under psychic attack?](#)

[7 Signs of Psychic Attack](#)

[How to protect yourself from psychic attack](#)

[The Spirit of Leviathan](#)

[Cezanne performing "I Need a MAN!"](#)

Read the 'speech' I wrote while in the Gambia: [Use Your Subconscious Mind to Create the Life YOU Choose!](#)

### **It is You!**

It is You Lord, it is You!

It is You Lord, it is You!

That creative energy burning within me, it is You!

*Psychic Attack or Psychotic?*

That Life Force racing through me,  
That Pulse flowing through my veins  
It is You Lord, it is You!

For You are the Great Creator  
The God who made everything  
The heavens and earth You formed  
In simplicity and complexity  
Intricately painting designs on the fish in the sea,  
And the fowl of the air  
From the smallest insect to the greatest mammal  
All were made by Your hands for Your glory

Then, You made me.  
You formed me delicately,  
Every cell in my body; my organs,  
muscles, nerves, veins, skin –  
You even numbered every hair on my head!  
Then, you breathed your life into me...  
You continued forming me even when I had left the womb  
You developed my spirit, character and personality  
You put Your spirit in me,  
And made me in Your image and likeness  
You made me just like YOU;

*Psychic Attack or Psychotic?*

A creative being that speaks everything *into* being –

And it is so.

Your creativity flows through me like blood

Flowing through my veins

YOUR life, YOUR power, YOUR creative energy

It is You Lord,

Yes, it is You!

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