

The admission

«The one who falls and gets up is so much stronger than the one who never fell»

What if all you had to do in this life was taking care of your wellbeing? Of your own inner state and your own wealth and health, both physically, mentally and emotionally?

What if every day is an opportunity to re-explore your own life and senses?

What if all you were ever taught about taking care of your body, your mind and your emotions was nothing but a lie? At least wrapped up like one.

What if, to discover the truth, your truth, you had to unlearn certain things about life, expose certain secrets and burst certain bubbles? To create a whole new vibrational bubble, one that serves you, one that nourishes your wellbeing as a whole.

At least to me it has been.

The secret to reclaim your life is to discover what really turns you on, what really gives you goose bumps or that creational flow you always wanted. What gives you joy?

Unconditionally.

Say that your life was immediately put on pause.

Mine was, and thank goodness it was, for that was when I discovered my true being, that was my eyeopener on this journey to reclaiming my life and health, on all levels.

My first reaction to this immediate and abusive-like «STOP» in my life, at the age of 18, was that I was terrified.

Even my admission itself was frightening.

I was burned out, depressed and totally confused. My mind was on high gear and my body was exhausted. My earlier positive drive and energy was long gone.

In the beginning, weeks passed by and nothing happened. I talked to people, I ate, I slept, but it was like I was a walking zombie.

The sparkle had disappeared.

My best friend came to visit, and all I managed to do was cry. Sob.

She must have been worried, I felt helpless and it was all a big blurry mess.

As the weeks kept coming, I started functioning, at least at some level. I gained my energy back and started working part-time at an office. Gradually I regained my powers, my laughter and mood.

But I was hungry for more.

Not in the literal sense, but in a symbolic one. Ironically, this was about the time I decided to change my diet and lifestyle.

As I turned more and more into my old self, I also had this emotional trauma with me to remind me what I had just been through.

It kind of pushed me forward.

What could possibly have gone wrong that year when I simply crashed? Why did my body and mind just quit working?

As time has later passed by I have come to learn more about myself and why.

The great thing about falling down is that you are given an opportunity to learn how to get yourself back up again.

I was pushed forward by this new curiosity and eagerness to learn from my mistakes. It would still take me three attempts to remember it though, to really grow from my earlier experience.

The solution was letting go.

You're probably wondering: «Letting go of what?», and in reply my answer is fear. The first two times I was hospitalised, I had this drive, but it was fear of going back to that emotional pain I had once experienced that was my biggest pusher at that time.

This of many reasons, but the essence was that I now accepted a lot more.

Initially, I ended up in the section where I was first hospitalised, and that I finally got to get that first-time-experience-of-an-admission out of my system. I learnt that to fully release things out of your system, you got to really feel it, and then, let it go.

The key to heal from past life traumas, have I learnt, is to use time, obviously, as a heart takes time to heal according to inspirational quotes literally everywhere. And in some cases also go back to the place where it all first happened, given that you are in a better state of being this time than you were the first.

At least to me this was essential.

In that case I could really take on the emotions and feelings from my past experience, but in a more stable body and mind.

Healing emotionally and mentally craves time, but also the acceptance that comes with letting go. The acceptance of what has been and the eager to let go of your negative emotions attached to it and move on.

So, in order to fully heal my first-time-put-in-a-hospital-trauma in addition to my poor emotional and mental state that I had while being there, I saw visiting the place I feared the most, the psychiatric section at Ullevål hospital, as a part of the process.

So, what I've come to learn on my way to finding wellbeing and peace of mind, in addition to inspiration and love from other people, certain tools and my own curiosity for health and feeling good about oneself, is that no matter what struggles you have been through, and no matter what kind of crap you have been dealing with, there's always a way back to feeling happy, confident and positive again.

And who knows, maybe going through all that crap actually made you stronger, more powerful and a better version of yourself?

As I already mentioned: When you have a breakdown, in any kind of way, you have the choice to learn how to build yourself up again, to regain your your powers and this time with the knowledge of what brought it back again.

That is an opportunity I wouldn't miss for the world, and at the end of the day I'm so thankful that it happened to me.