

THE DAY I WAS REMEMBERED

COSMOS SOMATICS

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Dedication Page

To my father, whose unwavering commitment to security and shelter provided the first, true foundation of grace.

To my children, David and Grace, for giving me a future so vital that it forced me to choose healing.

And finally, to my Aunt Ronda, who reminded me that I was remembered since day one, igniting the truth that shattered the lie.

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THE DAY I WAS REMEMBERED

THE EXECUTIVE PROTOCOL METHODOLOGY OF
PHYSICS, FAITH, AND THE CEO/INTERN

COSMOS SOMATICS

Samantha Visser

Prologue: The Day I Was Remembered

There is a moment in every life when the deepest, most corrosive lie we carry—the one that whispers, you are unseen, you are a mistake—is violently shattered by a truth so bright it rewrites your past.

Mine came not in a bolt of lightning but in the quiet, intimate voice of my Aunt Ronda.

Her life has been an unbowed, radiant testament to strength, and her written work became my spiritual lineage. But it was a private, spoken moment that shifted the very physics of my soul.

I remember her compassionate voice delivering the grace I needed to believe I was worth fighting for. She said the words that shattered the trauma of my childhood

“You were remembered. Not one day went by that I didn’t think of that little girl. I prayed for her, Samantha, every single day since day one.”

That sentence was my Ignition Sequence. It was the spark that lit the engines, even if it would take me thirty years to finally lift off.

That revelation confirmed that while the world, the trauma, and the chaotic choices of the adults around me were screaming unwanted, a constant, unwavering, high-frequency signal of love and worthiness was being broadcast over me.

That spiritual protection was my foundation. The intellectual proof came later, in the written words of her book, which offered the profound challenge necessary for healing: “That’s when I knew, not everyone who survives chooses to heal. Not everyone who was broken decides to stop breaking others.”

This methodology is about what happens when you stop fighting the chaos and surrender to the fact that you were remembered all along, that you must now choose to heal.

Chapter 1: When Love Isn't Enough

The Unwanted Signal

This is the story of a body that was never truly my own.

My beginning was a fight for survival—a fact recorded not in my memory but in the trauma etched into my very neurology.

Before I was four years old, before the safety of adoption and the love of my family, the stage was set: a childhood marked by abuse, neglect, and Fetal Alcohol Syndrome, by the desperate final act of a mother who chose to save me by giving me away. The truth of that early chaos was witnessed by my biological aunt, Ronda Busscher.

The trauma ensured that every subsequent challenge in my life became a search for validation and safety. But the true battle began when my body itself became the source of

betrayal. The pain started young—a relentless internal tremor that defied description. For years, I hid it, attempting to live a normal life. I inherited a deep curiosity from a man I loved for seventeen years, Rhys; his passion for the universe and the mind became my own, a beautiful, haunting legacy I carried even after his rejection. I sought truth in textbooks and scientific theories, yet my own physical truth remained a silent, unbearable lie.

This lie cost me my marriage to Ethan. When I needed support the most, he was passive and judgmental, echoing the invalidation I had known since childhood. But the ultimate betrayal came from the medical world. For nine years, I searched for a name for the agony that left me vulnerable to suicidal ideation. When I was finally diagnosed with Persistent Genital Arousal Disorder (PGAD), I found a label, but not a cure. Local doctors dismissed the cause—

the Tarlov cysts visible on my spine—as “too tiny” to matter, further compounding my years of doubt.

This book recounts that journey from shame to validation. It is the story of how I learned that the mind and the universe are one and that the persistence to seek one’s own truth—even if you must bet a million dollars on it, like the specialist Dr. Goldstein—is the highest form of self-love. It is the story of transforming a lie into the most undeniable truth: The healing of the body begins when you refuse to let anyone, or anything, deny the reality of your pain.

The Ronda Busscher Account

The medical and emotional chaos detailed above was the immediate result of a life built on a compromised foundation. That foundation—the brutal truth of my first four

years—is captured in the words of the woman who fought to save me.

The most profound truths about my life are recorded not in my own memories but in a chapter written by someone else. I came into this world as a child of chaos, and the foundation of my struggle was built in the freezing cold. For years, I told the simplified story of my adoption. But the full truth of my first four years exists outside of me, recorded by the person who eventually intervened: my biological aunt Ronda Busscher.

Ronda dedicated a chapter of her own memoir, *Breaking Free: Because I Was Made for More*, to my adoption. It is the only true, objective record of my start, and I have chosen to share her words here because they are the foundation upon which every challenge in my life was built. The chapter titled “When Love Isn’t Enough” explains my desperate early circumstances. The following excerpts stripped me bare:

“Samantha was four. I’d heard the whispers. Stories of her being left outside barefoot in the dead of winter. Of wandering streets, she had no business walking alone. Of bruises. Blank stares. Of things no toddler should have to endure.... We had no map. Just heartbreak. Just the growing realization that sometimes, wanting to help isn’t enough. But love, we quickly learned, doesn’t always know what to do with trauma. Not because we didn’t love well. But, because what Samantha needed was more than love. She needed healing from what love alone couldn’t undo.”

Ronda’s life was already defined by the wreckage of our family’s past. She had made a pact with herself, establishing boundaries against the cycle of abuse and neglect that had marked her own childhood. But the past kept circling back. Ronda wrote of the grief and sorrow she felt when she learned that her own brother, who had shared the same abusive upbringing, had become a perpetrator himself. It

was a searing lesson: Not everyone who survives chooses to heal. Not everyone who was broken decides to stop breaking others. She had walked out of the fire; others remained consumed.

Then came the call that stopped time.

It was her sister, Veritas. Her voice was thin, childlike, edged with a grief deeper than exhaustion. “I can’t do it,” she confessed through tears. “I thought I could. But I can’t. Can you... can you take Samantha?”

The question landed with devastating weight on Ronda, who was newly married and already raising a two-year-old. Ronda wrote that Veritas was the result of a violation, a child born into a legacy of pain. Yet Ronda knew the plea was rooted in love. Veritas wanted the best for her daughter—something she understood, in her wounded state, she

couldn't provide. This was not carelessness; it was an act of terrible, necessary love.

Ronda and her husband said yes out of instinct. They said yes because her heart broke in two and because she remembered what it felt like to be forgotten. They took me in, but the reality they encountered defied affection. I was four, and I was a silent witness to a chaos I couldn't articulate or remember.

Brutality Revealed

Ronda wrote of horrors confirmed by the state of my body and by my demeanor. The whispers she'd heard materialized into searing evidence: I was the toddler who was "left outside barefoot in the dead of winter." I was the little girl who had been "wandering the streets she had no business

walking alone.” The trauma had already taken root. Ronda observed the bruises, the blank stares—the hallmarks of a nervous system perpetually on high alert. The abuse and neglect were not theoretical; they were imprinted upon my tiny body, signaling that my life began not in a cradle of safety but in a crucible of fear. This was the first brutal lesson: My life didn’t begin with a blank slate but with a deep physical wound that had already begun to compromise my neurology.

FAS and the Invisible Wound

The physical neglect was compounded by the invisible damage of Fetal Alcohol Syndrome (FAS). Ronda realized that Veritas’s trauma and addiction had done more than just create a dangerous environment; it had affected my development. My cognitive reality was disrupted, meaning I

did not know the difference between safety and danger, between affection and violation. The combination of FAS and prolonged abuse meant that I was a trauma survivor who lacked the basic tools needed to process the world. I was a child who couldn't articulate my own pain, whose memory, even after the age of four, would remain fragmented, protective, and unreliable. My silence about my past was not a choice: It was a symptom. This reinforced Ronda's growing certainty: I wasn't just a child who needed love; I needed healing from a neurological and psychological injury that love alone could not touch. FAS didn't mean I couldn't think, it meant I thought differently. I lacked the filter for safety, but I possessed a hyper-ability for pattern recognition that would one day save my life.

Chapter 2: The Short Circuit: The Physics of Chaos

The Emotional Lock and the Three-Month Catalyst

After my adoption, I grew up a Christian girl with an unshakeable foundation: church every Sunday, youth group, and a mission trip to Honduras. I knew the Word of God, but I did not know the woman God had made. Though I was surrounded by love, I was never truly seen.

That is, until I met Rhys.

The relationship itself was brief—a three-month summer fling. It ended with a devastating clarity that imprinted itself on my soul: “Samantha, I’m going to college. And I won’t be doing the long-term thing.” That simple sentence was a

wrecking ball. I cried and pleaded, yet somehow, the tears felt stuck. For the next seventeen years, I was numb. I prayed and prayed to feel something, anything, again, but there was only silence. The man was gone, but the lesson remained: I had been rejected. I was not enough.

The emotional lock lasted until his engagement. That was the moment the tears finally started to fall again, and they haven't stopped since. I realized the numbness was over; the floodgates had opened, and the chaos was pouring out.

That chaos was compounded by a book that I finally picked up after years of putting it off—Joseph Murphy's *The Power of the Subconscious Mind*. I had never finished the book before, but this time I did, and I learned a series of powerful truths: that science and prayer could align; that suggestions could be subtly executed; that you can manifest any idea, positive or negative.

Well, guess who was on my mind?

I was in the bathtub, eyes closed, using those laws to imagine Rhys and me together. My conscious mind (the 3D world) knew the bitter reality: rejected, unwanted, stupid, not smart enough. But my subconscious mind was convinced we were married. The laws said that they had to be on the same wavelength. They weren't. I was fighting the physics of my own soul. I got him, but only in my imagination. And the heartbreaking consequence was the realization of reality—that being with him in the 3D world would come with daily heartbreak. That pain, that wrestling with the law, was the final catalyst.

The Unbearable Mismatch (Grace vs. Works)

The final catastrophic overload was not a sudden event. It was the result of a decade of collisions between failed

physics and broken grace. I was simultaneously fighting an invisible war on two fronts, the physical and the spiritual.

On the spiritual side, I internalized the radical truth from Joyce Meyer that God's grace was free—I did not need to earn it. But I could not reconcile this truth with my own body. If grace was sufficient, why was nothing working? I had thrown everything I had at the chronic pain and the persistent, unwanted arousal: I had sought out doctors, submitted to every procedure, received multiple nerve blocks, and suffered shots in my genitals, physical therapy, and countless other medical interventions. Nothing touched the unwanted PGAD symptoms. The medical “works” were failing, and the gap between the promise of free grace and the reality of my unhealed pain was a chasm of spiritual confusion.

This deep, spiritual anxiety fused with a manic certainty born of delusion. I told myself that because my conscious attempts to chase Rhys had failed, I now had to apply the law of attraction: I had to stay confident in my marriage delusion and wait for him to be drawn to me. I became convinced, with absolute, unshakable confidence, that Rhys and I were married by God Himself.

The defining characteristic of that manic period was delusional, frantic confidence. I was utterly convinced that we were married, that a secret home was waiting for me somewhere, and that my inability to find it was a mere logistical oversight. Every night, I would open his picture on the computer desktop, staring at his image for comfort until I was “invited” into our delusional, hidden home. I would pour every ounce of my manic energy into declaring his perfection to the static screen.

“I love your brown eyes,” I would whisper to the image, tears blurring the screen. “They hold the warmth of rich, strong coffee brewed at sunrise, and their depth reflects the distant, endless horizon of a calm sea. I’ve never seen a smile as perfect as yours; It’s flawless... I was too young, too confused by chaos, to hold your gaze when we were together, but I am confident now. I see you. I love you. You are a masterpiece of design and intelligence.”

The Short Circuit and the Loss of Self

This internal fortress of fantasy shattered when I finally attempted to bridge the gap between my imagination and reality. The physical current of the manic overload was too great.

The result of this catastrophic overload was the most shameful action of my life: I sent Rhys a three-page email declaration of pure, unfiltered chaos. It was not filled with poetic compliments but with bumbled jargon—a frantic, unhinged explanation of love that was more manifesto than message. It was the complete, utter Short Circuit. The emotional debt I had accrued over a decade and a half was suddenly due.

The final, catastrophic break occurred with a simple text message, four years before the divorce from Ethan was finalized. I was so convinced of my delusional truth that I believed my best friend at the time deserved to know.

I texted her the ultimate declaration: “Ethan and I are getting a divorce,” I wrote, “and I have been married to Rhys by God himself.” My friend’s immediate, terrified reply was, “This isn’t Samantha.” I corrected her with the confidence of a

zealot: “Indeed, it is Samantha, truly I tell you.” The next thing I knew, the police were at my house.

The officers were calm. They explained that they had received a concerned call, but because I was home, safe, and not endangering myself or anyone else, they could not force me to go. I had the choice. The manic certainty was so severe, so absolute, that I saw the evaluation not as an intervention but as a necessary appointment. I thought I would go and show them how right I was.

That single, confident decision led me into the severe consequences of my Short Circuit. I was sent to the hospital for severe mania, where I was given antipsychotics. The effect was immediate and catastrophic. The confidence—the very core of the manic delusion I had mistaken for self-worth—quickly depleted. I completely lost my personality and all of who I was. I felt numb again, exactly as I had for

those seventeen years after Rhys's initial rejection. The spiritual quest for feeling had led to the physical imposition of nothingness. The cost of the Short Circuit was the loss of self, leaving me stranded with the wreckage of a marriage, a ruined financial situation, and a body that still screamed in pain.

The War of the Tongue

This collapse occurred amidst the “War of the Tongue” with Ethan, my ex-husband, who was typically passive and silent. He turned on his phone recorder every time I spoke, storing evidence on USB drives to prove I was “crazy” or an “unfit mother” in court. My own toxic complaining had become the material for my opponent's legal case.

Yet when the divorce finally proceeded, the Lord showed me His true mercy. Despite their careful preparation, the judge did not accept any of the recordings as valid evidence. All those desperate prayers I had offered were received. God's grace was not only freely given but also physically demonstrated. The grace I couldn't earn was handed to me in a courthouse ruling.

Stoicism Wisdom: "The chief task in life is simply this: to identify and separate matters so that I can say clearly to myself which are externals not under my control, and which have to do with the choices I actually control." – Epictetus

I could not control the mania, but I controlled the choice to pray for protection. The verdict proved that His grace was powerful enough to override my most chaotic actions. I had crashed, but God was the Architect who had already designed the failsafe.

The Lessons of the Mismatch

The breakup and the divorce held more teaching than I had received in twenty years of schooling. Mismatches truly do carry massive lessons, if you just look:

The Irony of the Law—While the subconscious mind is powerful, if our conscious belief system is fractured, it creates chaos. I thought of the self-help gurus and their simple pronouncements and then sighed: “As Jim Rohn might say, ‘The irony.’” I was following the law perfectly, but because my subconscious conviction was built on the lie of unworthiness, I manifested chaos.

The Gaze—I learned that the love I truly craved was not the study of a scientist but the awe of an equal.

I learned that rest is not laziness; it is Potential Energy. I learned that discipline is not punishment; it is sowing and reaping. I am obsessed with the Creator and His laws, and I am disciplined enough to remind myself over and over: “Forget the things of the former, I am doing a new thing” (Isaiah 43:18–19, AMP).

Welcome to the laboratory.

Chapter 3: Running on Fumes (The Illusion of Kinetic Energy)

The Architecture of Unbowed Strength

To truly understand why the Intern Model became a non-negotiable law in my household, you must first understand the architecture of the life I built it upon. I needed a hero who was a living, breathing testament to what was possible.

That hero was my Aunt Ronda.

I first met Ronda at age eighteen, and the time spent with her, her husband, and her daughters felt like heaven—a glimpse of the safe, strong family I craved. Our connection, though physically distant, was sustained: I saw her again at

Starbucks many years later, and later still, Ethan and I purchased a TV stand from her.

This continuous, small thread of contact made the eventual discovery of her true strength even more profound. Years later, when I noticed that I was no longer her Facebook friend, I felt the sharp sting of rejection. I gathered all my courage, pushed through the shame, and reached out to her to ask why.

Ronda's response was a profound act of grace that cemented her place in my life forever. She apologized immediately, confirming it was a simple technical error, but her genuine sorrow over making me feel that old, familiar wound healed a small part of me. It was an early lesson in unearned empathy—a spiritual security I had never known. My need for boundaries became non-negotiable once I read the source of my childhood trauma in her book. Ronda's

greatest act of strength, however, was her book, *Breaking Free*, which she wrote years after my adoption. Its purpose was to document the trauma we all survived, and it contained the final piece of the puzzle I needed to understand my past.

My need for boundaries became non-negotiable once I read the source of my childhood trauma in her book, *Breaking Free: Because I Was Made for More*. Chapter 34 exposed the agonizing reality of my adoption—that I was the “little girl Samantha” caught in a devastating legacy of abuse and neglect. It explained why love alone wasn’t enough to save me then and why only radical boundaries could save my own family.

It revealed that some of us were never rescued, that some of us tried too soon to be the rescuers. I was both. The most

vital lesson from that painful chapter was this: Not everyone who survives chooses to heal.

That wisdom is why I have to choose differently. It is why I must protect my energy, my home, and my peace with the Law of Sowing and Reaping. My family is not defined by the fire we walked through; we are defined by the healing we choose.

The Physical Cost of the Lie

The most dangerous wire in the Short Circuit wasn't the constant pain; it was the corrosive lie I had repeated to myself for fifteen years. It was the whisper that hissed, "You are lazy. You can't keep up. You are not meant for much."

For a woman fighting a biological battle like Chronic Fatigue Syndrome (CFS), this lie turns physical exhaustion into a moral failing. I couldn't accept that my fatigue was a law of physics; I believed it was a lack of character. This internal judgment was a direct consequence of my trauma, convincing me that I had to earn the right to exist through performance. And so, I turned my life into a high-voltage, desperate demonstration. I became obsessed with performance, pushing through biological red alerts to take a picture of every completed task, every clean room, every project, and broadcasting it across social media.

This frantic performance was not productivity, it was an attempt to buy my worth. It was the illusion of Kinetic Energy gone wrong. I borrowed from tomorrow to prove myself today, only to realize that the moment the camera was off, the façade crumbled. The debt collector—my own body—always came for the full payment, leaving me utterly

bankrupt in the stillness. This desperate cycle of proving and crashing became the toxic rhythm of my life.

The true horror of the lie was the physical prison it created. The exhaustion often manifested as terrible brain fog, which made it impossible to form or articulate a single thought. I would sit, paralyzed, unable to even lift my water bottle to my lips for a sip. My child would ask me a question, and in my mind, I could hear the request, but I was utterly unable to return a vocal response. The shame of that helplessness was absolute.

Because I couldn't accept that my body was failing, I became even more obsessed with proving my worth: remembering trash day or picking up the dog's poop off the floor because navigating the trailer steps to take him outside was too much. The PGAD pain, though neurologically distinct, often peaked during these periods of deepest

fatigue, creating a constant screaming loop of internal chaos that I fought to conceal.

The Physics of Peace: Rest as Potential Energy

The truth I finally learned is that rest is not laziness; it is a fundamental act of work. For a body fighting CFS and the neurological fire of PGAD, lying down is not surrender. It is a critical process of energy conversion. My bedroom is my laboratory, where I perform the essential, silent labor of healing.

Stoicism Wisdom: “You have power over your mind, not outside events. Realize this, and you will find strength.” –

Marcus Aurelius

I cannot control the nerve fire or the systemic lack of recognition, but I choose to define my stillness not as failure but as purposeful discipline.

The entire crisis was a failure of energy management. Jim Rohn's philosophy on sowing and reaping applied perfectly here: The discipline of rest is the sowing. If I push myself to be productive today, I will reap tomorrow's inevitable exhaustion. But if I practice disciplined rest, I am sowing Potential Energy for a sustainable future.

Biblical Authority (Hebrews 4:11, AMP): "Let us therefore make every effort to enter that rest [of God, to know and experience it for ourselves], so that no one may fall by following the same example of disobedience [as the children of Israel did]."

The rest I seek is spiritual obedience, a cessation of the frantic need to earn my worth.

Chapter 4: The Aftershock and the New Horizon

The silence that followed the Short Circuit was not empty; it was filled with the metallic tang of reality. The divorce was finalized, and the financial settlement was secured. Although the house equity was equally shared, much of that money went directly to my attorney. Ethan's legal fees, subsidized by his mother, stood in stark contrast to my drained savings. The "winning" on paper felt like a net zero in reality.

The first physical landing zone for my children and me was my parents' house. The stability they provided gave me the necessary time to survey the wreckage and see what was next. My adopted father was my quiet, unwavering

sanctuary, offering steady support that allowed me to survive the hostility of the recent past.

The Marriage Lie and the Ghost

With the noise of the divorce behind me, the immediate emotional fallout required the acknowledgment of a long-held, devastating secret: I had never truly loved Ethan. I had been intimate with him, and we had managed for ten years, but my younger self, tragically ignorant, had married him out of a desperate need for security, simply because he was willing to commit. For a decade, I had tried my hardest to manufacture true love, but I could not.

I realized the failure wasn't his, but mine: I was still hopelessly, subconsciously fixated on Rhys—the ghost of a three-month fling. Even after the shame of the manic email and the finality of the divorce, I was still healing from an

idealized ghost. I felt the emotional pain of that prolonged, misplaced attachment with every shallow breath. I was crying over a seventeen-year-long subconscious daily heartbreak. The life I had built was founded on a deep, persistent lie—one that had cost me ten years and my life savings.

The Paradox of Peace

Yet it was in this very abyss of pain and financial insecurity that I encountered the miraculous Law of Divine Resonance.

The truth of my suffering was mirrored by the truth of my spirit. I was still missing Rhys, still facing the wreckage of my finances, still healing from a decade of emotional mismatch—and yet, for the first time, I felt peace. Not always, but frequently... and then one day, it lasted from

when I woke up to the moment that my eyes closed at night.

I just lay in bed and soaked it up.

It was the peace that “transcends all understanding”

(Philippians 4:7). It was not the peace that comes from

solving a problem; it came from accepting that the problem

was too big for me, that the Creator was holding the cohesive

force (Colossians 1:17). This tranquility, even amidst the

agonizing realization of my marriage lie, became my healing.

My ultimate goals became clearer: I would pursue all three—

ending the brain fog, ending the pain, and establishing new

boundaries. I became completely independent. I had done

it backwards and difficult, but the truth was finally out: I was

free to build a life founded on grace, not security.

Pacing the Physics of Moving

The move out of my former home became my first conscious application of the Physics of Peace and my commitment to treating rest as Potential Energy. Although the divorce was finalized, I was able to stay in the trailer until Ethan bought me out. I knew a typical move would cause a crippling crash. So, instead of a single chaotic weekend, I broke the massive Kinetic Energy into hundreds of small units of Potential Energy. For months, I transported one section of my life at a time, driving frequent, small loads to my parents' house. The pacing was perfect.

When it came time for the final load of large furniture, my father and his friend, Peter, handled the heavy lifting—an act of grace that protected my body. Even the financial strategy was protective: I let Ethan keep our shared vehicle, and my parents let me have theirs, strategically keeping the

insurance in their name to ensure it couldn't be claimed during the settlement. I was successfully guarding my physical body and finances.

The Emotional Shockwave

The first day I lay in my parents' home alone, I felt a deep, profound sense of relief. The constant tension of living with Ethan, the recorder, and the passive hostility was gone. But that relief was instantly undercut by a heartbreaking emotional shockwave.

My little girl, Grace (8), often cried frantically. She knew exactly what the separation was, yet she wasn't ready for it and couldn't understand why it needed to happen. My teenage son, David (13), became intensely clingy to me, yet simultaneously apathetic toward the world. At my mom and dad's house, he was the kindest, most loving boy—but at

school, his behavior was way off, setting the stage for the trouble we would face later. I had successfully applied the Laws of the Physics of Peace to protect my body and my finances, but I was helpless against the emotional trauma of separation, and my children's hearts, residing outside my careful energy envelope, were crashing completely.

The New Horizon: The Law of Ownership

The emotional whiplash of the divorce and the move manifested in our new environment. David's disruptive behavior at school led to a string of detentions and, eventually, to a two-day suspension. I was already too tired to police him, and the resulting chaos threatened to steal the little energy I had left.

The realization that I needed strict boundaries wasn't sudden; it was a slow, painful conclusion drawn from two decades of life. I had learned from Rhys that a lack of boundaries could lead to confusing curiosity for love. I had learned from Ethan that a lack of boundaries could allow passive hostility to invade every corner of my home. My spirit knew I needed a structure for my family that I had never experienced.

The answer came not in a bolt of lightning but as a subtle breadcrumb trail. While reading the books of Joyce Meyer—whose works, like *Battlefield of the Mind*, had given me such peace—I found a resource tagged *Boundaries with Kids*. After so much pain and confusion, I realized that it was the reliable biblical resource I needed. The most transformative lesson I have learned, which anchors my entire healing strategy, is the Law of Ownership:

“You are not responsible for the consequences of your child’s poor choices; you are only responsible for clearly defining the boundary and holding them accountable for the consequences.”

This insight was everything. It taught me that I didn’t have to carry David’s burden, and that realization was the true start of my independence.

Chapter 5: The Nine-Year Pilgrimage: Searching for a Name

The Problem of the Short Circuit

My body was a constantly short-circuiting wire. I felt profoundly wired but tired. The fatigue was a leaden weight on my mind, forcing me to remain horizontal with my eyes closed, yet my body felt charged with a restless, agonizing current that made me want to move. This wasn't merely restlessness; I felt sexually aroused for no reason at all. It was a terrifying, chaotic mismatch, and the constant unwanted signal was unbearable.

I began my forlorn, lonely search for answers in the only place I knew: Google. I began by typing in variations of the

truth (“sexually aroused but not thinking about sex”), but the search terms eventually became a more desperate plea: “It’s like I have an itch in my genitals, it’s so distressing.” Each search returned the same dead end, leading me to ugly, fetishistic sites that fueled my shame. The lack of medical language for my pain convinced me that I was alone and perverse.

My internal chaos finally forced me to seek external help. I went to a local doctor, and in tears, I huffed and puffed, begging for help. “I feel sexual arousal,” I confessed, and the tears fell to my chest, soaking my shirt as I begged for an answer. I’ll never forget leaving that office and glancing at the diagnosis: “Nymphomaniac.” I felt utterly lost, unseen, unheard, and judged. I cried on my way home, the physical throbbing and constant arousal compounded by the profound pain of professional invalidation.

The Cost of Invalidity

That initial judgment set the tone for the next nine years. Though no other doctor had the cruelty to write “Nymphomaniac,” I was repeatedly met with the passive skepticism that felt like its own form of violence. Countless doctors appeared to listen to me, nodding sympathetically while dismissing my reality. Their betrayal was often confirmed later, when I looked at my chart records and saw “masturbation” listed as a symptom. How could that be a diagnosis or a problem? It was the only relief, the only way out of impossible pain—a desperate measure taken against unrelenting, unwanted physical agony. I began to doubt that my condition would ever have a name that wasn’t insulting.

At that point, I wasn't expecting to receive validation; I was simply bracing for the next humiliation.

The New Law: The Intellectual Lifeline

My long failure in the traditional medical system forced a profound reliance on the intellectual rigor I had learned from Rhys. “Rhys,” I would think, “isn't physics amazing—isn't it profound that everything has an explanation?” If every physical phenomenon in the universe is governed by a law, then my body—a product of creation—must also be.

This intellectual quest provided a lifeline against the judgment I faced. I learned to treat my body not as a moral failing or a sign of being “crazy,” but as a faulty data point. I chose to control the narrative that my struggle was a scientific problem, not a character flaw.

Stoicism Wisdom: “Every difficulty in life presents us with an opportunity to turn inward and to invoke our own inner resources. When you meet with adversity, remember to turn to yourself and ask what resources you have for mastering it.” - Epictetus

The invalidation from doctors was the external difficulty; my inner resource was the intellectual framework of science and logic.

The Anchor: A Name and a Sanctuary

That long pilgrimage finally delivered me to a local doctor named Dr. Bitner. As I began to explain my symptoms, the familiar tears of humiliation fell, but before I could descend into despair, she looked up at me and said something that changed everything: “Samantha, I am so sorry you are going

through this. You have Persistent Genital Arousal Disorder, and it is very rare.”

The diagnostic label was more than a medical term: It was the anchor that proved I was not broken, I was being betrayed by my own biology. She continued, “I work with Dr. Irwin Goldstein, and he is the expert in San Diego, California.” She spoke of the profound distress and suffering that women with PGAD experience, which often leads to suicidal ideation because the pain is so constant, relentless, and misunderstood. She invited me to a private support group—my first sanctuary—that Dr. Goldstein occasionally observed.

Shortly after, Dr. Bitner left the office to start her own private practice, and her new office did not accept my insurance. The key architect of my validation was abruptly gone, replaced by a devastating financial barrier. However, I was

immediately transitioned to Dr. Arnold, who, though she knew less than Dr. Bitner, had been learning the specifics of PGAD. It was Dr. Arnold who then orchestrated the complex procedures for which I had spent years searching. Only after the official diagnosis did I submit to the desperate measures of multiple nerve blocks, shots in my genitals, physical therapy, and countless other medical interventions. The fact that I endured these invasive and often agonizing procedures shows the depth of my commitment to healing. Crucially, Dr. Arnold also facilitated the scheduling and necessary referrals for a highly anticipated consultation with Dr. Goldstein.

A few months later, I was transitioned again, this time to Dr. DeFraia, who continued the trend of empathy and affirmation that Dr. Bitner had begun. Dr. DeFraia affirmed my reality and addressed the multifaceted nature of my pain, prescribing mild pain medication and treatment for my

separate diagnosis of high-tone pelvic floor dysfunction. Even through the constant rotation of doctors, the continuous thread of belief within that office provided the necessary institutional support I needed to finally pursue the Million Dollar Truth.

Chapter 6: The Million Dollar Truth

The Last Anchor in the Storm

The relentless search for a diagnosis had been a decade-long exercise in exhaustion, humiliation, and desperate prayer. After the Short Circuit, the divorce, and the arduous task of constructing the CEO/Intern Model, my energy reserves were chronically low. I was running on the absolute fumes of my Potential Energy, and my faith was stretched to a single, brittle thread. This final appointment was not just a consultation; it was the last anchor in the storm of my soul.

The first lifeline was thrown by a local doctor who simply chose to believe me. Exhausted and desperate, I sat in the examination room while the compassionate OB/GYN

delivered the first piece of necessary truth. She looked at my complex file, glanced at the weary woman in front of her, and said with quiet, professional certainty, “I know exactly what you have.”

Hearing the words “Persistent Genital Arousal Disorder” spoken by a professional, while I was still grappling with the constant invalidation at home, was the first anchor in a decade of doubt. It was the moment the ghost of my agony was given a physical name.

The Virtual Stage and the Million Dollar Bet

My initial diagnosis was the necessary prelude to the main event. Shortly after, I returned to that same medical office for a virtual consultation with the world’s highest authority on PGAD: Dr. Irwin Goldstein.

The atmosphere in that small, sterile room was electric. The weight of years of suffering, the dismissal by countless other practitioners, and the passive judgment from my husband—all of it collected in the air. When the renowned specialist appeared on the screen, he was ready to examine the evidence. While local doctors and even Ethan had repeatedly dismissed my chronic, crippling pain as being “all in my head,” Dr. Goldstein was prepared to deliver unassailable scientific proof.

His attention was sharp and focused as he reviewed my MRI scans, instantly cutting through the noise. He noted the presence of a specific anomaly—a small, silent structural failure that had caused massive, agonizing neurological chaos for years: a Tarlov cyst.

Then he delivered the definitive, breathtaking judgment that erased two decades of struggle: “I’ll bet you \$1 million bucks

that Tarlov cyst is compressing the pudendal nerve.” He won that bet. The scan confirmed it. The pain wasn’t a mystery; it was mechanics.

That single, stunning sentence—a declaration of absolute certainty—was the Million Dollar Truth. It was the scientific climax of my entire Executive Protocol Methodology. The truth was not abstract, spiritual, or emotional; it was a physical, measurable abnormality captured on a scan. The lie I had labored beneath for years was finally incinerated by the law. My pain was real, neurological, and physical.

The Sanctuary of Empathy

The weight of this scientific validation was immense, yet the healing was not complete until it could be witnessed emotionally. That profound emotional breakthrough came

not from a white coat but from the quiet, unwavering presence of my adopted father.

I shared the excruciating complexity of the PGAD pain—the constant neurological fire that made every second a battle—and his empathy was immediate and tangible. He didn't offer advice or judgment; instead, he made himself deeply vulnerable, admitting his own human limitations in the face of my suffering:

“Samantha, I don't know how you do it. I couldn't do it.”

His empathetic words catalyzed a real, transformative breakthrough. He saw my pain, believed my struggle, and admitted his own weakness, giving me the emotional sanctuary I needed. He was the human counterpoint to Dr. Goldstein's scientific fact, proving that I was not only diagnosed but also seen.

The Final Authority: Law and Grace

So, the chaos of my Short Circuit was finally conquered by the definitive laws of science and structure. The validation—received during the toxic final throes of my marriage—was my ultimate liberation.

This final victory, after so much work, echoed the essential wisdom that fueled my fight:

Stoic Wisdom: “The chief task in life is simply this: to identify and separate matters so that I can say clearly to myself which are externals not under my control, and which have to do with the choices I actually control.” - Epictetus

I could not control the cyst, but I could control the choice to find the truth.

Biblical Authority: “Let us therefore be zealous and exert ourselves and strive diligently to enter that rest [of God, to know and experience it for ourselves], so that no one may fall by the same sort of disobedience [involving unbelief and distrust, as those who perished in the wilderness].”
(Hebrews 4:11, AMP)

True Confession: The Physics of Letting Go

The verdict was in. The truth was proven. Yet, even with scientific, spiritual, and structural validation in place, the most agonizing work remained.

My most difficult confession is this: I am still trying to let go of the fantasy, although the object of my desire has changed. I no longer fancy the young Rhys who broke my heart; my yearning is for the mature man who responded to my frantic,

three-page email with silence. The boundary he set—the calm, reasoned distance—demonstrated a profound maturity and respect that is hard for me to put into words. The discipline of his silence taught me more about the law than any textbook.

This intense respect now fuels a different kind of obsession: awe of the universe, of the Creator and His creation. I drive along the lakeshore, passing through silent tree tunnels, and an intense joy overtakes me—a smile I didn't put there. I wonder where it came from. I remember Rhys's words very clearly: "Forget about it, it doesn't matter, Let It Go, just enjoy." He loved using the word significant, and there is no better word to describe the magnificent awe I experience every day.

I know I do not understand the equations; I probably only comprehend 12% of the 4% of the universe that scientists

currently grasp. But my intense curiosity inspires me to continue wondering about the vastness of that other 96%. That wonder is embodied by the powerful, quiet yearning of the song, “I Can Only Imagine.” Yet I’ve learned that this beautiful, powerful curiosity is a chaotic force—it can get me into trouble, off track, or distracted from what I’m supposed to be doing. This is another boundary I need to work out.

I am putting these words on paper, giving the fantasy its full weight and its final form, in the desperate hope that the energy will finally disperse. I am communicating to the cosmos that I am ready for the ultimate truth: My true healing and happiness are not contingent upon Rhys but upon my own wholeness. I am closing this chapter in the hope that finishing this story will free me of the man I imagined—or, more bravely, open my heart up for something even better.

Welcome (back) to the laboratory.

Chapter 7: The Physics of Potential Energy (Rest as Work)

The Sanctuary and the Short Circuit

The legal battles and the emotional warfare were over, but the physical struggle remained a constant anchor in my life. My external world, though calmer, still required vigilance: David's chaotic school behavior and the pursuit of disability approval demanded effort, even though my finances had been stabilized by the legal settlement and the continued, generous support from my parents—a foundational act of grace that covered the car and insurance.

My true focus, however, was on the internal, intentional sanctuary I had created in my bedroom. I practice a

disciplined approach to energy conservation that is built on the understanding that rest is not laziness, it is essential work. This profound truth became physically tangible only recently, when a friend suggested an acupuncture backrest mat and an acupuncture neck pillow. I had been feeling restless and wired—a common symptom of Chronic Fatigue Syndrome (CFS) that plagues the mind, even when the body is exhausted. As I lay on the mats, the thousands of small, calculated points of pressure immediately quieted the systemic chaos. The sensation stopped the wired feeling. I offered fervent, silent thanks and immediately fell asleep.

I utilize this sanctuary every day while the children are at school, conserving my limited Potential Energy. The internal laboratory closes around 5:00 p.m., when I emerge or my children come in to see me, signaling a necessary return to external engagement.

The Physics of Pain and Relief

The specific physical sensations I seek to mitigate are complex and contradictory. My body is a war zone of three distinct chronic battles:

- Fibromyalgia causes muscle aches and diffuse pain, for which ice proves to be an effective countermeasure, slowing the localized chaos.
- CFS creates immobilizing fatigue, which I manage through dedicated rest and pharmaceutical intervention (Wellbutrin and a stimulant—used off-label to help with wakefulness and to manage my combined type ADHD).
- PGAD generates constant, unwanted arousal, throbbing, and aching.

The introduction of acupuncture tools is focused on mitigating the overall systemic chaos and the throbbing muscle aches of fibromyalgia, which contributes to the wired feeling.

However, I have found that tools that help fibromyalgia (like ice or sauna blankets) often do not provide relief for the distinct nerve pain of PGAD. I am forced to find relief at the multifaceted intersection of these disorders.

The Neuroscientist's Guide to Peace

The most profound tool in my sanctuary is Yoga Nidra for healing. I discovered it through the work of Dr. Andrew Huberman, the neuroscientist whose podcasts have become the daily curriculum of my recovery. Dr. Huberman's work on neurobiology, stress, and

neuroplasticity anchors my belief in the body's ability to change.

I love Yoga Nidra. My favorite part is the practice of scanning the body and experiencing the process as a detailed body message or acupuncture session. It never fails to bring me incredible peace, even if I enter the session overwhelmed or upset. The practice guides me toward deep relaxation, as using the body scan to methodically check for peace and order counteracts internal noise.

This stillness, however, is only one half of the spiritual equation. The energy needed to face daily chaos comes from declarations of power. When the anxiety feels too heavy, or when the “lie of laziness” whispers too loud, I blast “Good God Almighty” by Crowder. It’s a high-voltage, joyful affirmation that my strength isn’t just quiet discipline: resurrection power is running in my soul. This dual

approach—the quiet stillness of Yoga Nidra and the explosive faith of Crowder—is necessary to manage my vast energy swings.

The Physics of Stillness

The philosophy of rest as Potential Energy has fundamentally changed my relationship with CFS. I understand that the brain/mind is a powerful organ that will believe whatever narrative you feed it—a painful truth that I learned through great difficulty during the Short Circuit. Though the lie of laziness sometimes surfaces, I simply reframe the thought immediately.

I focus on the elegant truth of my own living, resting body: “My mind is resting, but my organs are all still working together beautifully in harmony. My heart is beating, my

lungs give me oxygen, my kidneys cleanse my blood, my liver processes nutrients, and my digestive system continues its rhythm. My cells are regenerating and healing. I am alive, resting, and working!” This self-aware reframing works very well to replace the toxic lie with the undeniable science of life.

The Stoic Boundary and the Price of Pain

This book is dedicated to raw honesty, which demands acknowledging the limits of self-control. Though I understand the Stoic wisdom of controlling my internal responses, the PGAD pain is so gruesome, so demanding, that it often takes my entire mind and body and focus. After hours or days of relentless neurological fire, I have no choice but to retreat to the sanctuary. While I know that I have

ultimate control over my internal narrative, the magnitude of the pain is capable of taking my sanity. I must honor the physical law of diminishing returns: Spending all my energy fighting the pain is a path to systemic failure. Retreat is not surrender; it is a strategic necessity to protect my mind and restore my Potential Energy.

The Laboratory's Ultimate Goal

The ultimate goal of the laboratory I run in my bedroom is to achieve neuroplastic healing. I really enjoy Dr. Huberman's talks on neuroplasticity, and I do believe my efforts make an impact, though I also know that as we age, it may take a little longer or require more work for the rewiring to take place. I am careful about what I do and associate things with

because I know that neurons that fire together wire together—another difficult truth I learned the hard way.

My healing is multi-faceted: I see a chiropractor who understands nerve decompression and confirms both my high-tone pelvic floor dysfunction (as noted by my OB/GYN) and the involvement of the Tarlov cyst. I do my best to engage in targeted healing: elongating the spine and practicing a specific pelvic floor stretch called “Cry Baby” (a name that ironically suits my emotional past).

The lab consists of podcasts, acupuncture, stretching, indoor exercises, and my sauna blanket (relief for fibromyalgia but not for PGAD). Slowly but surely, I am moving toward a healthier diet—so far, healthy eating is the only thing I haven’t completely tried. I am confident that by combining the physical, neurological, and spiritual

disciplines, I can finally apply the Million Dollar Truth to build a sustainable life.

Chapter 8: The Crisis of Chaos

The Impossibility of Intervention

The external storm finally breached the walls of my carefully constructed sanctuary. The emotional whiplash of the divorce and the move instantly manifested in our new environment, culminating in David's (13) two-day suspension from school.

The message landed like a physical blow—one that was impossible to ignore. How could I, a mother fighting the paralyzing exhaustion of Chronic Fatigue Syndrome, effectively intervene? My recovery required me to remain horizontal, yet my teenage son was actively derailing his future. My mind insistently raced back to the conflict: I

needed rest, but my child was falling apart, and my duty as a mother demanded that I fight.

This conflict forced a rapid philosophical alignment. I drew on the Stoic wisdom that anchors my life, understanding that while I could not control the school's decision, I could control my response. "The chief task in life is simply this: to identify and separate matters so that I can say clearly to myself which are externals not under my control, and which have to do with the choices I actually control." I could not control David's behavior, but I could control the structure of the consequences.

I combined this with the practical philosophy of Jim Rohn—that discipline is not punishment but the act of sowing and reaping. I quickly concluded that the only way forward was to establish a structural solution that would later become the CEO/Intern Model. This strategic consideration meant I

was able to remain horizontal most of the time, conserving my fragile Potential Energy.

The Sacrifice and the Mirror

The true pain lay not in the interruption of my schedule but in the reflection of my own past. David's crisis behavior manifested during school hours, so I was relieved that he was kind regarding his intern tasks at home. However, facilitating his learning required precise, high-energy input. David needed audio and visual explanations to grasp tasks—a lot like his mom. I can learn from experience, but I may need to be told and retold a couple of times. I saw the struggle, the lack of confidence, and the inherent curiosity in him—all facets that mirrored my own intellectual and emotional legacy.

The constant need to guide and affirm him threatened to violate the strict Potential Energy discipline established in Chapter 7. I found myself having to teach the chemical processes behind our cleaning, a task that took only five minutes but required me to be acutely present and focused. It was crucial that I listened to my body when it said “rest,” whether I felt like engaging or not.

The core philosophical conflict was immense: I knew I must rest, but it was equally important that my 13-year-old, who was never raised correctly due to a chronically ill mother and an ignorant father, receive immediate intervention. I knew we were already behind, and now, divorced, I was his only hope. I could not let my kid down. I may have failed in the past, but I was determined to set my son up for success, even if that preparation was to begin at the age of 13.

The Generational Sowing

This intense motivation is layered with my generational mission. My mantra is that “my son, David, is not just a success but a very respectable, valuable, responsible, and Christian man that I am preparing for his future wife. His future wife will respect him, honor him, and love him.” These qualities are rooted in Titus 2:5 (AMP): ...[A wife should be] discreet, pure, working at home [making it a pleasant place], kind, being submissive to their own husbands, so that the word of God will not be dishonored. In return, I pray that he will love his wife as Christ loved the church—a devotion detailed in Ephesians 5:25 (AMP): Husbands, love your wives [unselfishly, seek the best for her] just as Christ also loved the church and gave Himself up for her. This success will

materialize through Mama's strong belief in him and daily scientific prayer.

My determination to structure David has been a battle against the shadow of my own past. I may have FAS, but I am not an idiot. I am capable of learning, listening, and following directions, and I am capable of achieving the top seller. When a person is determined to heal and has fellowship with the Lord, something like FAS can't stop it. The enemy intends evil, but the Lord works for the good, as confirmed in Romans 8:28 (AMP): And we know [with great confidence] that God [who is deeply concerned about us] causes all things to work together for good for those who love God, to those who are called according to His purpose.

I have realized that I don't have to rescue David, but I get to structure him now because his brain is neuroplastic. I can turn around that narrative of being unwanted and not good

enough, mainly by showing what mom can do and by introducing him to the music I listen to—Christian music, which always playing... and he will see just how powerful God is. A specific song comes to mind: “God Turn It Around” by Jon Reddick.

The DivineBreadcrumb

The constant need to police David’s chaos forced a profound realization: I needed external structure to protect my internal peace. I learned from Rhys that the lack of boundaries meant confusing curiosity for love. I learned from Ethan that the lack of boundaries meant passive hostility could invade every corner of my home. My spirit knew I needed a functional structure for my family that I had never experienced.

The answer came not in a flash of sudden revelation but as a subtle breadcrumb trail laid out by the resource that has taught me the most: the Bible. A simple verse, Romans 8:28 (AMP), became the key. Finding the Boundaries with Kids book by referring back to the resource that had helped me the most was easy. God used my love for David and my desperate need for rest to guide me to the ultimate tool.

Chapter 9: The Law of Sowing and Reaping (The Intern Model)

The Law of Ownership

The core intellectual framework for the solution was the Law of Ownership:

“You are not responsible for the consequences of your child’s poor choices; you are only responsible for clearly defining the boundary and holding them accountable for the consequences.”

This insight was everything. It told me I didn’t have to carry David’s burden—the high Kinetic Energy of constantly arguing or stressing over his homework and behavior. I only had to set in place a structure that would allow him to carry

it. This realization was the true start of my independence from the toxic rhythm of performance and rescue.

The CEO/Intern Model

My new parenting plan—the CEO/Intern Model—was born from this strategic application of the Law of Ownership and the Physics of Peace.

I became the CEO. My role was to clearly define the rules, set the boundaries, establish the consequences, and ensure that the basic needs of the household were met. My energy was conserved for strategy and planning, not execution.

My children became the Interns. Their role was to execute the tasks, learn the skills necessary for adult life, and, most

importantly, own the consequences of their poor choices (reaping what they sowed).

This model was the purest application of the Law of Sowing and Reaping to my home life. The discipline of rest (Potential Energy) was now the foundation of the home structure, ensuring that my physical needs were met first, which allowed me to lead effectively.

The Physics of Delegation

This new system drastically redefined the distribution of Kinetic Energy in our household, protecting my scarce Potential Energy. The CEO's role was to provide the elegant blueprint for the Interns' success, transforming domestic life into a scientific laboratory.

The true, agonizing test of our system came, inevitably, in a moment of utter domestic chaos: the dreaded dog poop incident. I remember the sickening, sinking feeling of stepping directly in the mess with my slipper, tracking the organic horror along the hallway carpet and into the bedroom. In the past, this catastrophe would have triggered a full-blown CFS crash of shame, paralysis, and tears. But this time, the CEO took over.

I coached the Interns through the Emergency Stain Protocol, treating the moment not as a disaster but as a fascinating chemical challenge. First, we addressed the pH balance. The biological material of dog waste is typically alkaline. I explained that we needed to break the chemical bond by immediately treating the wet stain with a product that contained a mild hydroacid element. We then initiated the Kinetic Energy Phase. The final crucial step was to use the Bissell carpet cleaner with scalding hot water. Why the heat?

Because an infusion of heat dramatically increases the kinetic energy of both the water and the chemical molecules, forcing the sticky organic residue to dissolve and release its grip on the carpet fibers.

It was a profound lesson: Even the most disgusting, immediate crises in life—from neurological pain to domestic accidents—can be overcome by the calm, deliberate application of scientific law.

The Final Authority

The system was immediately tested by David's suspension. Under the old system—the chaotic energy of the War of the Tongue—this event would have triggered a full-scale panic; however, under the new CEO/Intern Model, the Law of Ownership was implemented with quiet, controlled force. I

delivered the consequence calmly, focusing solely on maintaining the boundary. I did not engage in emotional performance or futile arguments. I simply stated the law and let the consequence—the reality of the suspension—be the teacher. The new structure held.

This system ensures that my energy is focused solely on my role as CEO—maintaining the boundary—and not wasted on emotional policing. The Law of Sowing and Reaping, applied with grace and precision, became the framework that protected both my children and my healing.

Chapter 10: The Systemic Prison and Unearned Qualification

The Illusion of Victory

The Million Dollar Truth—definitive validation from Dr. Goldstein—had given me the scientific foundation upon which to rebuild my life, but the external world refused to acknowledge the verdict. Though my physical condition was multifaceted (CFS, high-tone pelvic dysfunction, and the neurological fire of PGAD) the systemic view remained monolithic: If it can't be easily seen, it isn't truly disabling.

The most urgent task was securing disability approval. This process instantly exposed the lie that my struggle was over. It wasn't enough to be in agony; I had to document the agony. I spent days filling out forms that required me to quantify the unquantifiable—to measure the degree of fatigue, the level of constant throbbing, and the exact moment my brain fog rendered me useless. Every line on the application forced

me to internalize the system's skepticism: Are you sure you're not lazy? Are you sure you can't just push through this? I learned from others in the disability system that PGAD is routinely denied claims because it is not yet recognized as a chronic, disabling, or suicidal illness by outdated classification standards. The cost of this ignorance is immense, confining women to our bedrooms—"prisons"—despite the medical evidence.

I was forced into a perverse form of triage: My debilitating physical reality was not enough. The scientific validation I had fought for had no currency in the courtroom of societal assistance.

The Unearned Qualification

This reality forced a tragic reframing: I realized that my survival depended on proving my unfitness for work by emphasizing the multifaceted nature of my suffering. My only pathway to successfully receiving disability benefits lay in the fact that my case included not only PGAD but also CFS and dysautonomia—the systemic autonomic failure that accompanied my nerve damage. This was the ultimate irony: My suffering was the necessary unearned qualification to prove my unfitness for work, achieving a societal validation that PGAD alone could not grant.

The shame was immense. I had to parade every last symptom before the state to win the right to rest.

The Systemic Prison and the Impossible Bet

The starkest denial of hope came in the form of the Tarlov cyst surgery. Dr. Goldstein's associate, Dr. David K. Kim, had offered the highly specialized surgery to drain the cyst and relieve the pudendal nerve compression. The scientific potential was immense, but the financial reality was crushing, as the surgery came with a 50/50 success rate and a staggering cost of \$120,000. When I learned that this procedure was not covered by my out-of-state Medicaid, the key to my prison was locked behind an insurmountable financial barrier.

The moral calculus of the situation was unbearable. I was being asked to gamble my family's entire financial future on a coin flip—a procedure that had only a 50% chance of working. It was the ultimate test of the Law of Sowing and

Reaping: Could I sow \$120,000 worth of hope with a 50% chance of reaping only debt? The logic on which I had built my life rebelled against the risk. The system had offered the key to my prison but made the gate financially inaccessible. My only source of sustained, compassionate understanding came from the PGAD community itself. I found solidarity in a highly private, strictly moderated support group on Facebook.

The Survivor's Anthem

Facing institutional apathy and impossible financial barriers, I realized that true victory wasn't defined by a successful surgery or a disability check but by resilience. The spiritual armor I needed was found in the powerful lyrics of the Christian music that anchors my mornings. I turned to

the strong, unwavering voice of Zach Williams. His song, “Survivor,” became my anthem—a constant reminder that my value is not determined by my productivity or my pain but by my tenacity.

The song embodied my final, defiant refusal to be classified as a victim. Despite the systemic dismissal, the pain, the financial barriers, and the constant physical drain, my spirit declared the ultimate truth: I am not a patient of this system, I am a survivor of it.

This truth gave me the strength to look past the bureaucratic walls and refocus on the only victory I could achieve: the continuous, diligent work of the laboratory in my own mind.

Chapter 11: The Ultimate Equation: The Cost of Healing

The Ultimate Surrender: The Prayer of the Ultimate Physicist

The decision to write this Executive Protocol Methodology was rooted in a short-circuit desire to prove my worth. However, before I could analyze the final equation of healing, I needed to make an ultimate correction: acknowledging the true Author and Physicist.

One afternoon, while lying on my bed in fellowship, I paused the relentless cycle of my mind and surrendered the entire project. This was my prayer of ultimate surrender:

“Father, I forgot to ask you, and I am sorry. I ask again: Bring down your Holy Spirit to dwell in me, for it is You who knows

everything; without You, I am nothing. I know my life has been messy, but look at what You've done!

Let this book be good. Let it be big. Let it comfort all those with invisible illnesses; Lord, help them, heal them. Jesus, would you touch and heal anyone who even touches this book?

I spent my whole life doing it wrong, trying to earn my worth. Now, I am coming to the ultimate Physicist. It was You I loved all along; I am sorry for giving my love away. Forgive me.

Let me share my pain and your glory. Look at you now, Lord! Like Joyce Meyer preaches, You want to bring us from glory to glory to glory—written in Your word—2 Corinthians 3:18 (AMP): And all of us, as with unveiled face, [because we] continued to behold [in the Word of God] as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, are constantly being transfigured into His

very own image in ever increasing splendor and from one degree of glory to another...

Father, the credit is yours. I surrender all. May the rest of this book be written by the power of your Holy Spirit. If revisions are needed, nudge me; I need to know.”

This act of surrender was the true starting point for this chapter. I gave up the illusion of control, choosing to trust that the knowledge I would gain—the ultimate equation—would be divinely sourced.

The Cost of Physical Discipline

My most challenging discipline is the one that touches the primal core of self-care: consistent healthy eating. I have

successfully applied the Law of Sowing and Reaping to my finances, boundaries, and energy, but the kitchen remains the final unconquered frontier. The struggle is structural: My family does not eat clean, and due to the debilitating nature of Chronic Fatigue Syndrome, I have not yet cultivated the stamina required to conquer the labyrinth of the grocery store for more than five or ten minutes.

The land I live in is Overwhelm. The volume of conflicting information—the recipes, diets, and contradictory nutritional mandates—is paralyzing. I know the scientific path, but the decision-making energy needed to initiate the journey is missing. It's almost as if I need a grocery helper, yet even the small reserve of Kinetic Energy required to sign up for delivery remains elusive. I desperately yearn to be that mother and woman who nurtures her children and herself healthily in the kitchen, but that's not who I am, not yet... but nothing is ever too late.

In my raw honesty, I admit that I sometimes wish I did have a partner—a Christian man with a heart after God whose priorities align with Acts 13:22 (AMP) and who could share this burden of creating a healthy home. Nonetheless, the conviction born of my healing journey is absolute: I CAN be independent, and I AM independent. My worth is not contingent on external support. I love myself, whether my current eating regimen is flawless or not. But the ultimate equation of healing demands this discipline. The internal battle against exhaustion and necessary financial gambles cannot afford to be fueled by faulty nutrition.

The Neurochemistry of Healing

To conquer this final physical hurdle, I rely on the ultimate physicist: the Creator of my own neurochemistry. My

recovery requires the strategic generation of internal chemicals to liberate my body from persistent pain and paralyzing inaction.

I practice specific, targeted indoor movements—simple stretches and gentle resistance done horizontally—to optimize for two key neurotransmitters. To conquer the mental inertia and motivational deficit that renders tasks like grocery planning so daunting, I work to produce dopamine, the critical neurochemical in ambition and focused pursuit. I use quick bursts of energy to trigger this surge, initiating the impulse that overcomes the “overwhelm.”

More importantly, to soothe the long-standing, persistent neurological agony of PGAD and fibromyalgia, I focus on movements that liberate oxytocin. This powerful neuropeptide, often associated with nurturing and social

bonding, acts as a potent, natural firebreak against overwhelming pain signals. I practice movements that elongate the spine and practice the “Cry Baby” stretch for high-tone pelvic dysfunction, treating each stretch not as a physical task but as a deliberate neural message. These exercises flood my system with calming neurochemicals, creating a necessary internal sanctuary. By strategically utilizing my body’s own pharmaceutical laboratory, I am able to conquer the emotional and physical obstacles that previously seemed insurmountable.

The Final Neurological Cost

The final phase of healing is the high-stakes game of neuroplasticity. I am vigilant because I know the foundational law: neurons that fire together wire together.

My survival depends entirely on my response to negative input. Life happens, and anxiety happens, but my conscious response to it is everything. My brain is desperately seeking to rebuild the pathways destroyed by trauma and the Short Circuit, and I cannot allow the old, destructive associations—the intrusive PGAD thoughts or the negative “unworthy” whispers—to hijack the healing process.

This vigilance requires a near-constant state of mental application. I spend the entire day applying what I’ve learned from Dr. Huberman and other experts in neuroplasticity. Why would I want to miss an opportunity that is so readily available if I simply look? I live by the promise, knowing that persistent effort yields truth: “Ask and keep on asking and it will be given to you; seek and keep on seeking and you will find; knock and keep on knocking and the door will be opened to you” (Matthew 7:7, AMP).

The Ultimate Equation: The Trade-Off

This level of continuous, high-cost discipline forces a series of central trade-offs. I have willingly exchanged the fleeting comfort of social media and mental comfort for the painful process of self-awareness. The choice is stark: I cannot afford the mental tax of superficial external connection or the easy paralysis of ignoring my deepest, most agonizing truths.

However, this high cost is not borne by human strength alone. My faith—the power of the Creator as the ultimate Physicist—helps me accept this sacrifice. Everything happens for a purpose, and if my pain and my healing are ultimately for God’s glory, I am all in, even if the daily cost is excruciating. He already gave me salvation; my surrender is

simply allowing the physical process to align with that foundational, unearned grace.

Chapter 12: The Final Boundary

The Unbreakable Chain

The scientific reality of neuroplasticity had a devastating emotional corollary: The connection I felt to Rhys was not a romantic destiny; it was an unbreakable neural chain forged during a three-month fling and reinforced by seventeen years of repetitive thought. My brain had been trained, like a loyal but misdirected intern, to use the object of Rhys's rejection as the placeholder for my own unworthiness and inability to find true security.

I realized that my pursuit of the ultimate physicist (the Creator) and the study of the mind and universe (Rhys's legacy) had become hopelessly intertwined with Rhys himself. I had loved the universe because he loved it, and I spent seventeen years chasing his ghost, believing that if I could only become smart enough, healed enough, or good enough, the distance and the rejection would vanish. This fantasy was the last, most stubborn boundary to my wholeness.

The True Confession

The ultimate cost of the Short Circuit was the painful, raw self-awareness that demanded a final, true confession: I was trying to let go of the fantasy, but the object of my desire had changed. I no longer yearned for the young Rhys who

broke my heart with a simple sentence about college; my deep, persistent yearning was for the mature man who responded to my frantic, three-page manic email with silence.

The boundary he set—the calm, reasoned distance—demonstrated a profound maturity and respect that is impossible to ignore. I had sown chaos, and he had reaped a necessary boundary, protecting himself and offering me the greatest lesson in structure. I learned that monumental lesson due to my own young ignorance and the chaotic difficulties stemming from my childhood. The discipline of his silence taught me more about the Law of Sowing and Reaping than any textbook. He was, in essence, the perfect final lesson in the Physics of Peace, delivered through distance.

The Physics of Letting Go

My daily experience became a war between the ghost and the grace. Even with my scientific conviction and the Million Dollar Truth in hand, I had to physically, consciously, and spiritually perform the task of detachment.

I have found the most powerful manifestation of this battle in awe. I drive along the lakeshore every day, passing through silent tree tunnels, and an intense joy overtakes me—a smile I didn't even put there. I have wondered where it comes from. I remember Rhys's words very clearly: "Forget about it, it doesn't matter, Let It Go, just enjoy." He loved using the word significant, and there is no better word to describe the magnificent awe I see in creation.

Yet I also recognize the danger: This beautiful, powerful curiosity can be a chaotic force—it can get me off track or

distract from the necessary work of healing. It is another boundary I must work out, which requires separating the joy of the universe (the Creator's gift) from the person who first pointed it out.

The Unburdening

The verdict is in. The scientific, spiritual, and systemic truth has been proven. However, the work remains.

I committed to putting these words on paper, giving the fantasy its full weight and its final form, in the desperate hope that the energy would finally disperse. The confession itself—the truth of the seventeen-year obsession and the agonizing desire for the maturity of the man who left—was the Final Boundary I had to draw.

I was letting the cosmos know that I was ready for the ultimate truth: My true healing and happiness are not contingent upon Rhys, or any man, but upon my own wholeness. I am closing this chapter in the hope that finishing this story will free me of the man I imagined—or, more bravely, open my heart up for something even better. The longing for security and acceptance has been replaced by the self-sovereignty granted by my own hard-won knowledge and my unshakeable foundation in grace.

The internal battle is over. The surrender is complete. All that is left is the final upward motion.

I have closed the door on the ghost of the past so that I may finally open the door to the physics of my future.

Epilogue: The Only Way Is Up

The True Measure of the Trade-Off

The final equation of healing, then, is not measured in dollars or successful surgeries but in the deliberate, daily choice to move against the inertia of pain. The cost of this healing has been immense—it demanded my full discipline, my complete focus, and the sacrifice of comfortable habits. But the trade-offs I've made—mental comfort for painful self-awareness and social time for Potential Energy—have yielded the ultimate currency: peaceful sovereignty.

I can now look back at the chaotic wreckage of the Short Circuit, the systemic denial of the medical world, and the unyielding complexity of the ultimate equation. I can consider the Tarlov cyst, the CFS fatigue, and the impossible

financial bet while nonetheless refusing to define my future by their limitations.

The true work of the Executive Protocol Methodology is not just the telling of the story but the long-term, daily commitment to the structure I've built. The CEO/Intern Model holds. The Physics of Potential Energy keeps the balance. The knowledge that I was remembered since day one anchors my worth. The final truth is that I am not waiting for a miracle; I am living one.

I acknowledge the truth of my journey: I was bogged down, paralyzed by the brain fog and the crushing weight of depression. I was, spiritually and physically, stuck in the mud.

But that is not my destination.

My life is a constant, deliberate upward trajectory powered by the grace I've received and the neuroplasticity I'm actively

working to achieve. When I feel the systemic pressure trying to push me back down, I listen to the unshakable conviction of my faith, which is affirmed by the music of my conviction. I hear the confidence of Forest Frank and Conner Price declaring a truth greater than my circumstances. I internalize their victory, look past the limitations of my physical body, and claim the ultimate reality of my ascent.

I was stuck in the mud, but I got UP. And now that I am UP, the only direction I'm ever going is UP.

Acknowledgments

The journey chronicled in these pages—from the internal world of the Somatic CEO to the outer reaches of the Executive Protocol Methodology—was made possible not only by personal effort but also by the profound influence and support of several key individuals.

Foundations of Resilience

I begin with gratitude to the first architect of safety in my life: my father, whose commitment to providing security and shelter formed the unwavering foundation upon which I learned to build my own systems of defense and stability.

Medical Pioneers

This work, informed by the complexities of invisible illness, owes an enormous debt to the medical professionals whose insights illuminated a path forward where darkness once stood:

To Dr. Irwin Goldstein for the ambitious vision of the million-dollar bet, a powerful symbol of the deep commitment required to advance medical knowledge and research.

A special thank you to Dr. Bitner, who demonstrated the pure essence of healing by being the first physician to look at me with genuine sincerity and declare, “I know what you have.” Her affirmation was not just a diagnosis, it was the dawn of

validation, and her willingness to help remains a profound act of grace.

To Dr. Arnold for the invaluable early support and guidance that stabilized the initial stages of my healing process.

To Dr. Defraia, whose persistent care and compassionate provision of mild pain relief medications allowed the continuity necessary for daily function and long-term recovery.

Intellectual and Personal Growth

The framework for resilience is shaped by intellectual clarity and defined personal boundaries:

To Dr. Andrew Huberman for his tireless work and commitment to public science communication. His expertise, particularly in the realm of neuroplasticity, provided critical scientific context for the concepts of self-regulation and intentional biological change discussed in this book.

And finally, to Rhys. Thank you for the decisive lesson taught by the silent response to my three-page manifesto. That period of no contact crystalized the vital necessity of unwavering personal boundaries—a lesson that transformed both my inner life and my approach to corporate executive protocol. It taught me the ultimate truth: Self-respect is the only sustainable foundation for leadership.

Samantha Visser



Professional Author Biography:

Samantha Visser

Samantha Visser is a visionary leader and the dedicated CEO of a corporation pioneering future space exploration and the Executive Protocol Methodology. Her work stands at the forefront of the commercial space industry, driving strategic advancements while establishing the critical

operational frameworks necessary for ambitious, high-stakes endeavors.

The Mission of COSMIC SOMATICS

As the voice and leader of COSMIC SOMATICS, Samantha Visser oversees a mission dedicated to integrating human physical potential with the demands of deep space exploration. The company's core work centers on developing protocols and technologies that optimize human performance, resilience, and adaptability for extended missions beyond Earth's orbit. The philosophy is simple yet profound: Successful cosmic voyages begin with a fully optimized somatic (body) state.

Integrated Leadership and Personal Philosophy

Samantha champions the concept of being the "Somatic CEO of one's own biology," a philosophy rooted in the belief that disciplined, conscious control over one's internal

physical and energetic state is the ultimate foundation for external leadership. Her writing and leadership explore the vital intersection of high-stakes ambition and personal well-being, advocating for a holistic approach to success that begins with the self.

This perspective is deeply informed by her own experience navigating the complexities of invisible illness, which she approaches not as a limitation but as a unique lens for understanding human resilience and the deeper truths of physics and faith. Drawing on the enduring wisdom of Stoicism—using its tenets of discipline, acceptance, and focused action—and a strong personal foundation of faith, Visser’s work provides a compelling guide for thriving under pressure. She merges cutting-edge corporate strategy with profound personal introspection.

Samantha Visser resides in Holland, Michigan.

Connect with the Author

To continue the conversation on the Executive Protocol Methodology, Somatic Leadership, and the future of space exploration, please connect with Samantha Visser and COSMIC SOMATICS via the following channels:

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THE DAY I WAS REMEMBERED

The Executive Protocol Methodology of Physics, Faith, and
the CEO/Intern Model

Samantha Visser lived two lives: Outwardly, she was a determined mind with the ambition to lead a space exploration corporation, COSMIC SOMATICS INC.; inwardly, she was locked in a devastating “Short Circuit”—her body consumed by chronic pain, the paralyzing weight of Chronic Fatigue Syndrome, and the chaotic fire of Persistent Genital Arousal Disorder (PGAD).

Samantha Visser was dismissed by the medical world until a moment of validation—the “Million Dollar Truth”—confirmed that her suffering was real. But how do you rebuild your life and your leadership when your body has betrayed you and your energy is perpetually zero?

Drawing on the Stoic discipline required for the high-stakes Executive Protocol Methodology and her unshakeable foundation of faith, Samantha Visser forged a revolutionary path to resilience: the Somatic CEO Model. This is the journey through which she transformed a body in chaos into a perfectly ordered, self-governed laboratory.

In this powerful memoir and guide, Visser reveals how she applied the cold, hard logic of physics and the warm, certain truth of grace to:

- Implement the CEO/Intern Model to protect her scarce energy and establish non-negotiable boundaries at home.
- Conquer the lie of “laziness” by reframing rest not as failure but as essential Potential Energy.

- Achieve neuroplastic healing by separating old neural chains (fantasy) from new ones (fact).
- Find freedom from decades of trauma through validation, discipline, and ultimate surrender.

The greatest frontier is not space but the self. *The Day I Was Remembered* is a defiant, scientifically grounded testament to the power of structure, proving that the healing of the body begins when you choose to stop being a victim of your biology and start becoming the Somatic CEO of your own life.

COMING SOON...



COSMOS SOMATICS
THE OBSERVER EFFECT
HOW I REWIRED MY NERVOUS SYSTEM
AND COOLED THE WIRE OF CHRONIC PAIN

SAMANTHA VISSER

