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EXCLUSIVE WORKBOOK

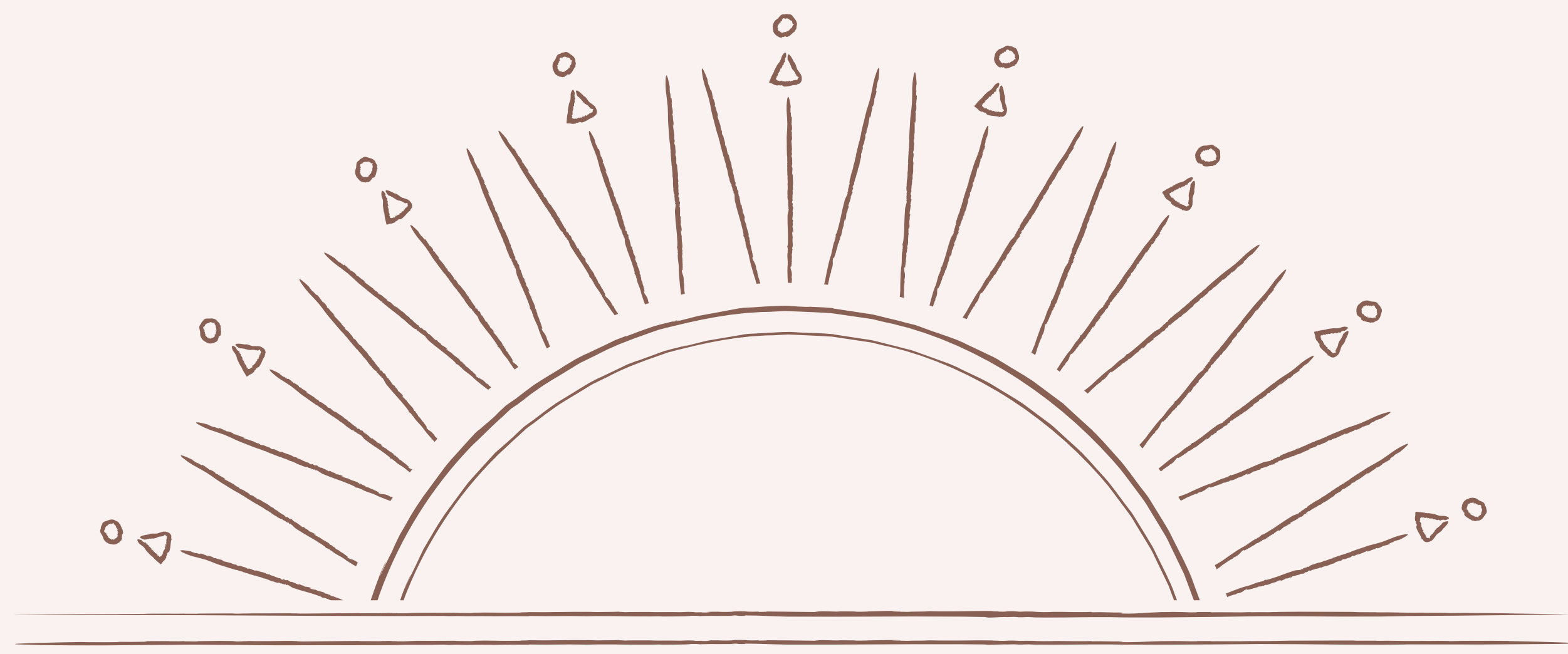
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# Finding My Happy WORKBOOK

*Abandonment & Relationships*



Written by *Janet Michelle*



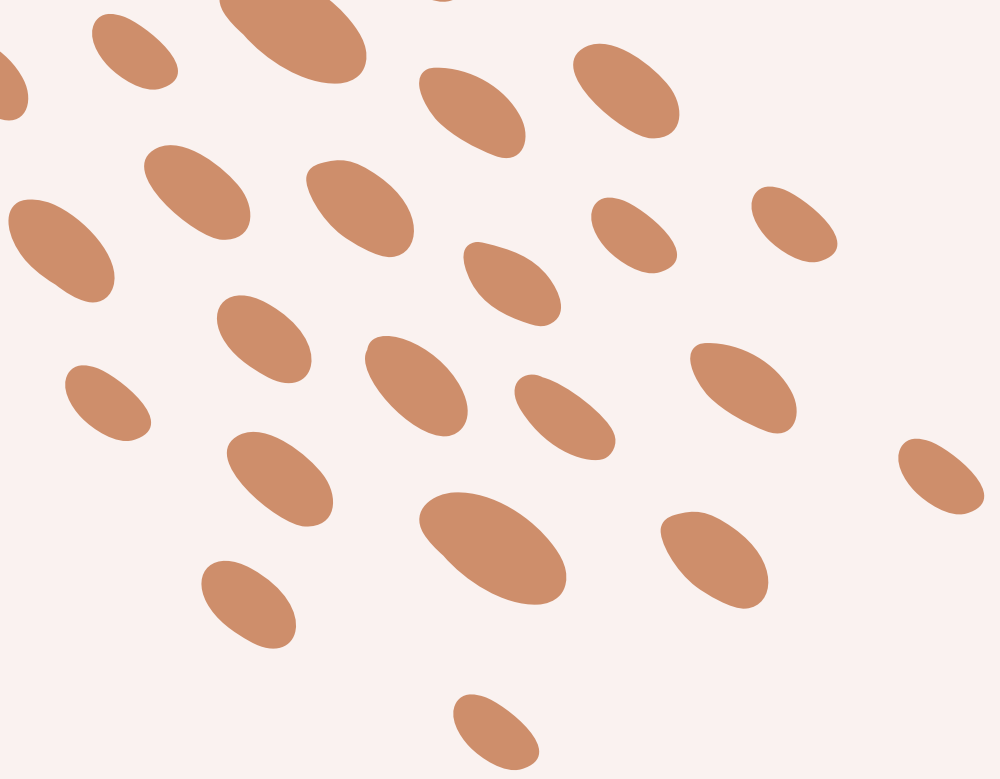
ABOUT THE

# AUTHOR

Janet Michelle is a mother and author of *Finding My Happy*, *Chuckling the Deuces* to *Toxic Thinking*. Janet is an adult learning and design professional with a passion for uplifting and motivating people. Her hometown is the Beautiful St. Petersburg, Florida.

*Janet Michelle*

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# Introduction.

FINDING MY HAPPY WORKBOOK

The Finding My Happy Workbook is designed to document one's journey of self-improvement. The decision to fix things that bother you is a major one. If done correctly, it can yield significant results. Inside, I share with you some personal stories of areas that I once struggled in. I also share with you how I overcame them. However, the essential part of the workbook are the exercises to begin the self-work towards happiness. There is power in authenticity. There is power in self-love. There is power in no longer allowing negative thoughts to hold you back! Make the decision today to seize that power!

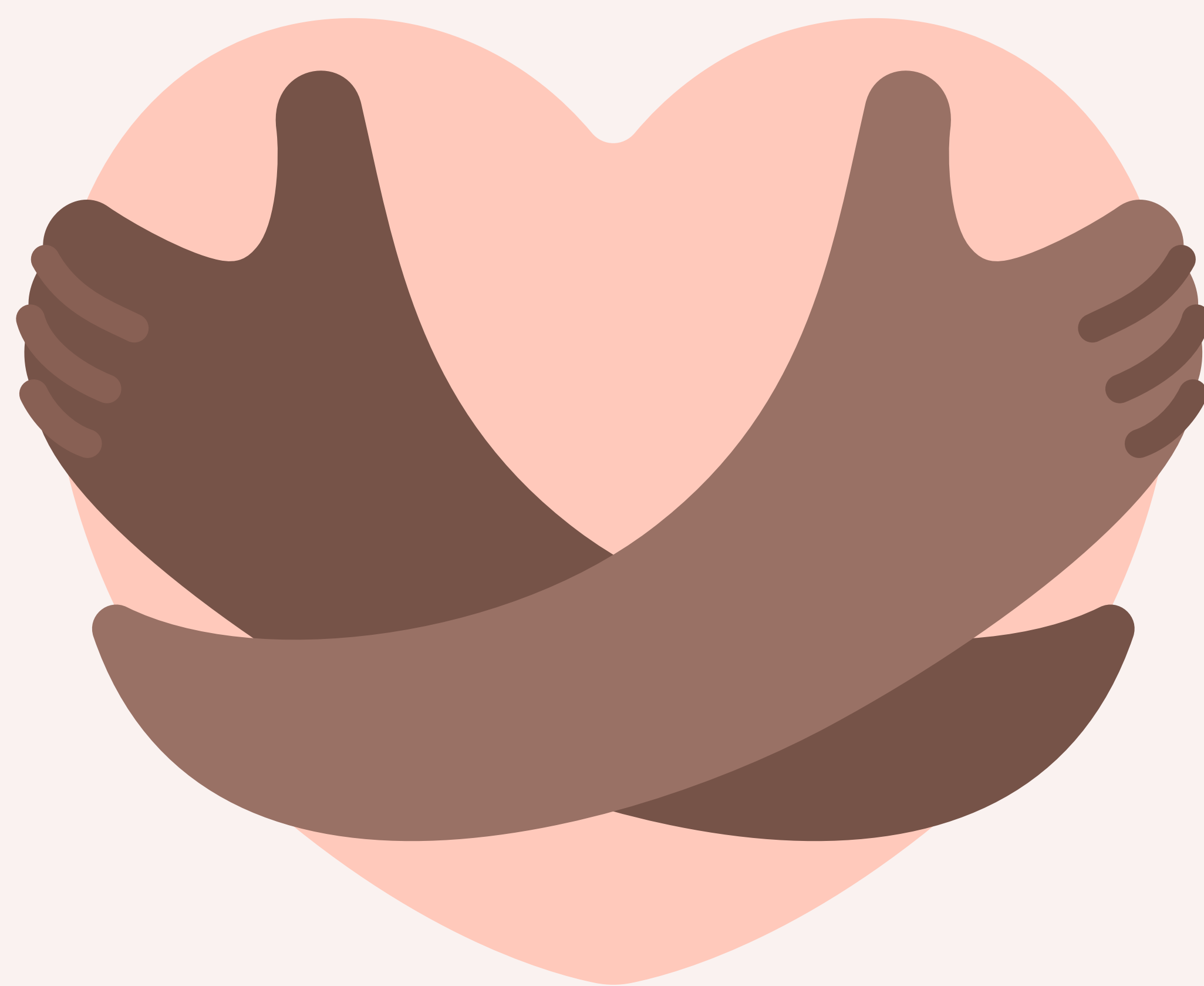




# Abandonment & Relationships



# Abandonment & Relationships



Relationships were often complicated for me to navigate. The most challenging part was the breakups that occurred. They were difficult because I had some deep-seated issues with abandonment. During my early teen years, my family broke up partly due to the crack-cocaine epidemic. My family was not perfect, but what family is. We had not too long ago moved out of the projects and into a nearby neighborhood full of hard-working people. My parents did not set boundaries as they did in the projects. Although viewed in a negative light by some, the projects to me kept us protected from certain things.

In the early '90s, the Crack Cocaine epidemic paid our family a personal visit. We were not the only family impacted by it in the neighborhood. Up and down our street, families were being devastated by the harshness of the drug.

My dad took my brother and pretty much started a new life. My aunt, who was a divorced mom of three, took my sister and me in. My mom eventually left the city after unsuccessfully going through rehab. I watched my mom struggle with the demons of her addiction. I would hear her say things I knew in my heart that she did not mean. Trying to decipher what was true and what wasn't was too much for me at my age. To make matters worse, I found out that I was pregnant.

My pregnancy, in retrospect, was a cry for attention and the outward manifestation of instability and dysfunction. To lose my family under such circumstances was devastating. Not talking about how it impacted me led to self-destructive behavior and poor decisions. I stayed in relationships that were extremely violent. I narrowly escaped the relationship with my son's father. After having a butcher knife placed at my throat as my son watched, I found the courage to leave for good.

I don't know exactly when, but I had become the type of woman that would do whatever it took to make a person stay. Fear of abandonment drove me. The pain of picking up the pieces was a pain that was all too familiar to me. My living environment became very unstable, causing me to move with family and friends. I was angry and felt unloved, especially during my high school years. The excitement of starting the first day of school and walking to the bus stop as my mom watched and smiled was absent. By my tenth-grade year, I was so close to dropping out, but I didn't. Transportation was difficult. It took catching six city buses a day to take my son to daycare and get to school. Eventually, I moved in with my grandmother, whom I soon discovered had her issues. There were many nights of lying in my bed and crying myself to sleep, wondering why they didn't want me. The pressure to not fold and throw in the towel was immense.

Eventually, a social worker got involved and tried to encourage me to attend school events, read novels and make new friends. My grandmother became concerned because she thought I was hanging out with the wrong crowd and thought I needed to do other age-appropriate things, like attending high school basketball and football games. My grandmother didn't understand that at this point in my life, especially after having my son, I no longer felt like I fit in with the "regular" high school kids. I would gravitate towards the other teen moms in my high school. Our lives were different because we had a life outside of ours that we were now responsible for.

I was thankful to those family and friends that opened their homes up to my son and me, but it still did not fill that void I had. I ended up having two kids by the time I graduated and three by the age of 21. I craved my family and longed for some connection. I searched for it in relationships. I wasn't addicted to any drugs; there were times when the need for security and a sense of belonging seemed like an addiction. I would play the thought repeatedly of my mom and dad reconciling and us becoming a family again. It never happened.

My issue of abandonment ran very deep. It was a battle that I fought for many years, well into my adulthood. As I mentioned earlier, relationships were the worse because I cringed at the thought of them ending. When relationships would end, it was like opening up the wound all over again. What I didn't realize was that I never genuinely healed in the first place. I would make the mistake of disclosing my hurtful past early in relationships. I learned that people with good intentions accept your past and enjoy the woman that you have become. People with ill intentions use your past as a weapon. I believe that some men I dated knew that leaving me would tear me apart and that I was desperate for acceptance. Of course, I would do anything to make them stay and even tolerated many unacceptable things. I would agree to be friends even when the relationship was over to maintain some connection to them.

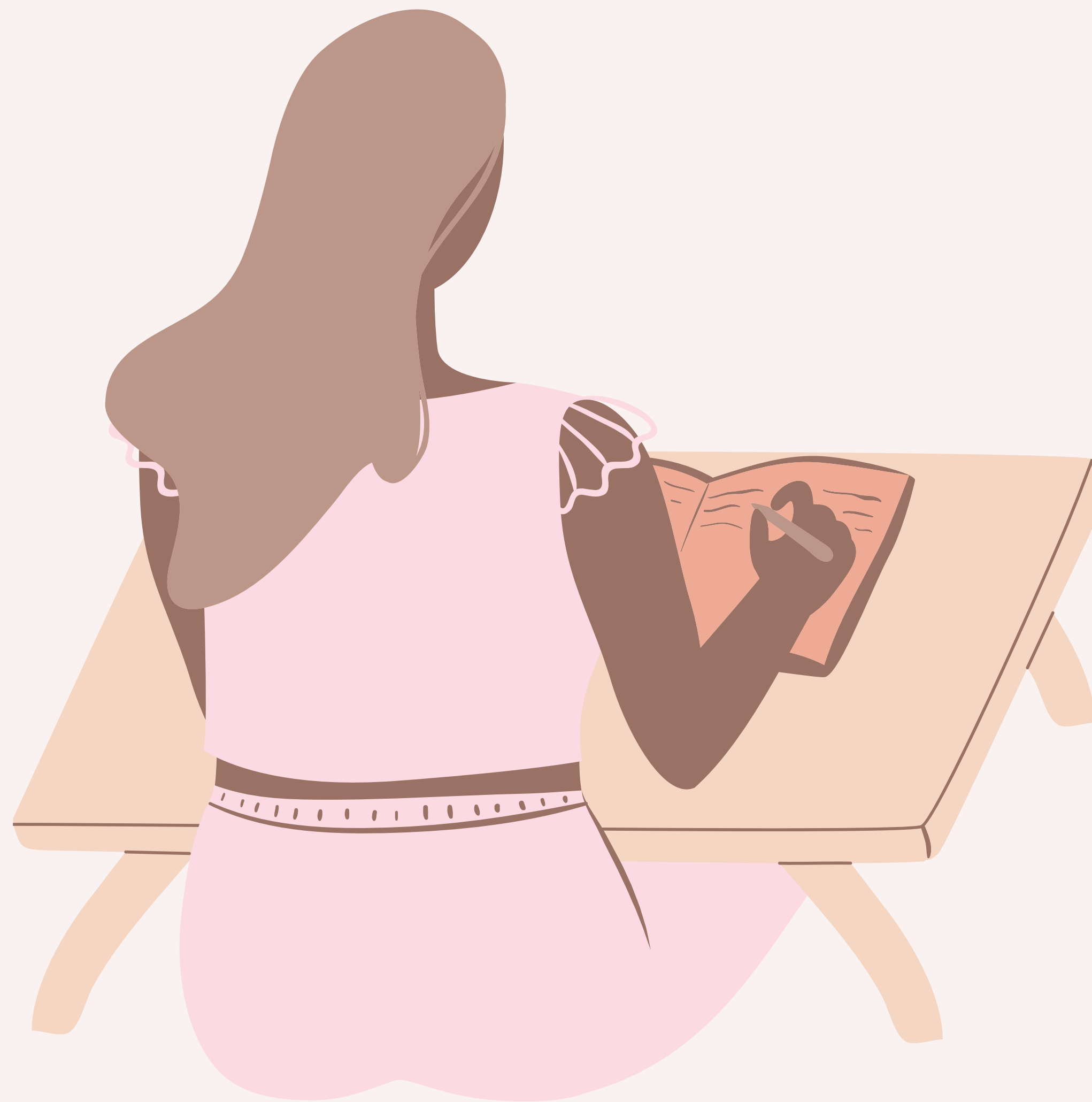
It was torture wanting the connection and stability of a relationship and friendship but having to watch them live out what I wanted with them, with someone else.

The funny thing about life is that you never know when your breaking point will arrive or when the event will occur, changing your perspective and leading to your healing. One day I was sitting in my office and began to cry over another failed relationship when it hit me. The family, love, and inclusion that I longed for I had. I was too busy looking for protection and security and inclusion in the wrong people. Failure to acknowledge these things allowed me to let the lie of abandonment linger.

To sever the ties of abandonment, I first had to acknowledge that I was loved, accepted, and wanted by God and forgive my parents that abandoned me. Secondly, I admitted that I had three beautiful children who loved me unconditionally and who had always been by my side. Lastly, I smiled at the fact that both my parents and our relationship had been restored. The more I began to focus on what I had, the better I began to feel. Afterward, I became less inclined to tolerate certain situations. The mountain of abandonment was one I no longer needed to climb. I stopped accepting toxic relationships since the need for them ended. I took value in myself and the loved ones that surrounded me. By looking forward, I left my pain in the past.

# Reflection

## ABANDONMENT & RELATIONSHIPS



Why do I insist on pleasing others despite how uncomfortable it makes me feel?

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# Worksheet

## ABANDONMENT AND RELATIONSHIPS

01

Write your abandonment truth.

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02

Express to those in your truth how you feel.

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03

Forgive as time permits

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04

Dedicate yourself to healing.

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05

Write down the healthy relationships you do have and nurture them.

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# *Affirmation*

I deserve to have my  
needs met first

@FINDINGMYHAPPY.JM



# *Affirmation*

I embrace the love and  
family that surrounds  
me

@FINDINGMYHAPPY.JM





# *Affirmation*

I have overcome the  
fear of abandonment


@FINDINGMYHAPPY.JM



# *Affirmation*

I will give myself  
what my parents  
were unable to give

@FINDINGMYHAPPY.JM



"Sometimes the last leaf on the tree  
is a sign of things to come."  
-Janet Michelle

# Self Care Checklist

TICK THE THINGS YOU'VE DONE RECENTLY OR WANT TO DO

- TRY SOMETHING NEW
- GO ON A NATURE WALK
- MEDITATE
- MAKE A VISION BOARD
- CONNECT WITH FRIENDS
- WATCH YOUR FAV MOVIE
- HAVE A LONG NAP
- GIVE YOURSELF CREDIT
- PRACTICE DEEP BREATHING
- TAKE YOUR MEDICATION
- PLAN A FUN DAY OUT
- CALL A FAMILY MEMBER
- WRITE IN A JOURNAL
- COOK YOUR FAV FOOD
- LIGHT A CANDLE
- WRITE DOWN THINGS
- COMPLIMENT A STRANGER
- DANCE TO MUSIC
- EAT NOURISHING FOOD
- GO TO A WORKOUT CLASS
- TAKE A BREAK
- BUY SOMETHING GOOD
- READ A BOOK
- SAY YES TO SOMETHING FUN
- CUDDLE A PET
- DECLUTTER YOUR SPACE

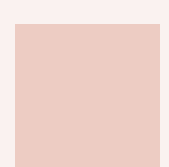
NOTE

# Gratitude Journal

AN OPPORTUNITY THAT YOU HAVE TODAY

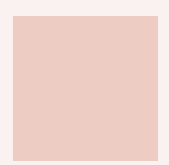


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SOMETHING GREAT THAT HAPPENED OR YOU SAW YESTERDAY

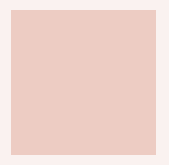


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AN OLD RELATIONSHIP THAT REALLY HELPED YOU



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NOTE

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# Great Month

IT'S A GOOD WEEK TO HAVE A GREAT MONTH

Month:

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Day	Morning Intention	Evening Reflection

# Great Month

IT'S A GOOD WEEK TO HAVE A GREAT MONTH

Month:

\_\_\_\_\_

Day	Morning Intention	Evening Reflection

# THANK *Thank You!* YOU

I hope this workbook was helpful. Thanks for downloading. For uplifting and empowering content follow @findingmyhappy.jm. Subscribe to my awesome email community at [findingmyhappy.net](http://findingmyhappy.net)

Sincerely,

*Janet Michelle*

