THE PAIN DIDN'T START WITH YOU
BUT THE HEALING CAN BEGIN WITH YOU

The following pages are a curated preview of The Mother Wound, offered to help you explore the tone, depth, and healing journey held within this book.

For years, I carried pain that didn't fully belong to me.
Unspoken expectations, silent shame, and emotional distance.
All passed down like a story I didn't remember writing.
But the moment I began to look gently inward, everything changed.
Healing the mother wound wasn't about blame.
It was about reclaiming my voice, restoring my sense of safety, and rewriting what love means in my life.
This book is the companion I wish I'd had when I first whispered,
"Maybe I don't have to carry this anymore."
No noise. No overwhelm.
Just grounded, heart centered support to help you:

- Understand how the mother wound affects your relationships, self worth, and emotional patterns
- Release generational pain with compassion, not shame
- Create a new emotional legacy rooted in freedom, wisdom, and love

My hope is that these preview pages offer you a moment of insight, relief, and possibility.
Even one page can be a spark.
Even one insight can begin the healing.
Welcome to your turning point.
Your healing begins here.

Why This Wound Matters

"Healing is not about becoming a new person.
It's about returning to the person you were meant to be."
Urszula Kudla

I hear more and more people talking about emotional wounds: mother wounds, father wounds, sister wounds, religious wounds, and many more. We're waking up to the truth that our emotional experiences shape us just as much as our physical ones. It's no longer strange or taboo to speak about trauma, neglect, or unmet needs. In fact, it's necessary.

And while all wounds deserve attention, I want to begin this book by talking about the mother wound, because it's often the most deeply rooted, the most complex, and the most misunderstood.

I didn't begin this journey as an expert, a healer, or a therapist.
I began it as a daughter.
A woman in her 50s who, after decades of carrying unexplained pain and emotional patterns, started to ask deeper questions. I didn't have a breakdown, I unraveled, quietly.

Not all trauma is loud. Sometimes it looks like perfectionism. Or chronic caretaking. Or never really feeling at home in your own skin. I started to notice the patterns, the ache beneath the achievements, the sadness behind the smile.
I learned how trauma works, how it's stored in the body and passed through generations like an unspoken inheritance. I began to unravel the quiet grief that had lived in my bones for so long. And like so many, I asked:
How could she do this to me?
Why didn't she love me the way I needed?
Was I not enough?

These are painful questions. But they're not the end of the story.
Because something shifted when I began to ask different questions:
What happened to her before she became my mother?
What wounds was she carrying that she didn't know how to name?
What kind of mothering did she receive?
Was she loved, nurtured, protected? Or was she simply surviving?

And slowly, I began to wonder: what if she was never taught how to love in the ways I needed? That is where the healing truly began, not just for me but for her too.

We live in a time of global emotional awakening. So much that was hidden is rising to the surface, not to punish us but to be seen, felt, and finally released. We're not just healing ourselves; we're healing our family lines, our ancestors, and the generations that will follow us.
But we can't do that if we stay stuck in blame.
Yes, your pain is real.
Your childhood wounds are valid.
Your feelings are not too much.
You deserve to grieve what you didn't receive, to rage at what hurt you, to cry for the parts of you that were never nurtured.
And at the same time, you also deserve the relief and freedom that comes when you begin to shift from seeing your mother only as the one who failed you and start seeing her as the woman she was, wounded, shaped by her time, and doing the best she could with what she had.

That's the lens I want to offer in this book: not one of spiritual bypassing or toxic positivity, but of honest, compassionate perspective. I want to show you what I've learned about emotional healing, generational trauma, and the spiritual agreements we make before we even enter this life. I want to invite you to look at your own story not with blame, but with sacred responsibility.

You came here to heal.
Not to carry the pain forward.
Not to prove your worth.
Not to suffer in silence.

You came to transmute pain into power, wounds into wisdom, and hurt into healing. This book is a journey through that process. We'll walk gently and truthfully. We'll name what hurts, honor what's hidden, and invite in the possibility of peace.

You are not alone.
You never were.
And now, you are finally ready to begin.

Reflection Invitation:
What unspoken questions have you carried about your relationship with your mother?
Which ones are ready to be asked, felt, and seen now?

Chapter 1

How the Wound is Created

"Until you make the unconscious conscious,
it will direct your life and you will call it fate."
Carl Jung

A wound can begin with something clearly traumatic.
Or with something subtle, a moment when something should have happened... but didn't.
A hug withheld.
A truth silenced.
A need unmet.
A boundary crossed.

And in that moment, a wound was born.

But not from the event itself, but from the meaning your innocent mind assigned to it:

- *I must not matter.*
- *I am not enough.*
- *Love is conditional.*

Your brain wasn't trying to punish you. It was trying to protect you.
Your nervous system, raw and unformed, registered the pain and whispered:
Don't feel that again. Change who you are so you can stay safe.

So, you adapted.
You performed.
You stayed quiet.
You kept the peace.
You made yourself small, invisible, or perfect.

That's how wounds shape identity, not like a scar that fades,
but like a mold you grow into, without realizing you've outgrown it.
You didn't become yourself, you became who you had to be to feel loved, accepted, or simply tolerated.
Wounds don't speak in logic, they whisper in beliefs.
They're the inner dialogue of the wounded child:

- *I'm too much.*
- *I'm a burden.*
- *I'm not worthy unless I'm useful.*
- *If I'm truly myself, I'll be rejected.*

These thoughts become truths, unquestioned and unchallenged, until one day we wonder why we feel stuck, unseen, or unfulfilled.
Wounds aren't just mental. They live in your body.
That exhaustion you can't explain.
That tension in your jaw.
That fear of speaking up even though you know your truth.
That's your nervous system replaying an old pattern.
Your body is loyal even to your pain. It remembers everything, even when your mind forgets.
And here's the kicker: your unhealed beliefs shape your energy and life mirrors it.
You'll attract relationships that echo your wound.
You'll sabotage success because your inner child doesn't believe she deserves it.
You'll play small because your nervous system still thinks safety = invisibility.
But you're not broken. You're just programmed.
And anything programmed can be rewritten.

Here's How It Really Works - How a Wound Becomes a Story

1. Painful event or unmet need

Something happens: you're shamed, rejected, ignored, controlled, bullied.
You don't have the tools to process it, so your brain tries to make sense of it.

2. You Internalize a Story

Your nervous system says, "We need a reason."
So the mind fills in the gap with a belief like:

- *It's me.*
- *I'm not enough.*
- *I must be broken.*
- *I have to earn love.*

Cue: shame.

3. That Belief Becomes Energetic Armor

You don't walk around saying it out loud, but it lives in your body, your aura, your choices.

You overcompensate, hide, or sabotage, because the belief tells you that you're not safe to be seen as you really are.

4. Life Reflects It Back

The world mirrors what we project. So, guess what shows up?

- Jobs that undervalue you
- Relationships that feel like rejection
- Fear when opportunity knocks

5. You Stay Stuck, Even When You Have Big Dreams

Because you're trying to manifest as your wounded self instead of your healed, whole self.

And your soul's like, "Babe, we gotta clear that gunk first."

Your internal program, your belief system, doesn't accept a new command until the old one is neutralized.

Reflection Invitation

You don't have to rush.

You don't have to fix it all at once.

Just start by noticing.

Notice where the wound still whispers.

That's where the light wants to go.

A Map

Here is how it really works

Painful event or unmet need

(shame, rejection, control)

↓

You internalize a story

(beliefs like "I am not enough")

↓

The belief becomes energetic armour

(overcompensate, hide, sabotage)

↓

Life reflects it back

(jobs, relationships, fear)

↓

You stay stuck

(your belief system won't accept a new command until the old one is neutralized)

Why Healing Matters

Healing frees you from the pain that's been quietly holding you back—from joy, ease, and your own potential.
You feel like yourself again, the version of you that laughs easily, sleeps peacefully, and feels confident in your own skin.
Because here's the truth:
When you heal your wounds, your life gets lighter.
Things stop feeling like a struggle.
You stop second-guessing every decision.
You stop overreacting to tiny things.
You stop attracting people who drain or disrespect you.
You start waking up without that heaviness in your chest.

You start trusting yourself.
You know what to say.
You say no when you mean it.
You feel safe taking up space, asking for help, and doing what makes you happy.

You stop living in survival mode.
No more walking on eggshells.
No more pleasing everyone while neglecting yourself.
No more fear that something's always going to go wrong.

You enjoy things again.
Music hits deeper. Food tastes better.
You're more present with people.
You laugh from your gut, not your mask.
You attract better things.
Because you're no longer stuck in pain, repeating patterns, or doubting your worth.

You show up differently and life meets you there.
You start remembering who you were before the pain.
Before the masks.
Before the fear that you had to earn your worth.
Healing isn't just a "self-help thing."
It's the work that makes everything else, like love, success, confidence, and peace, possible.
If you've ever said, ***I just want to feel good again,*** this is the way there.

A Gentle Reminder
You don't need to know every trauma or decode every childhood memory to begin. You just need to start noticing what still hurts, what still controls you, and where you keep abandoning yourself.

Ask yourself:
What parts of my life feel heavy, stuck, or repetitive?
That's where the wound is hiding.
What do I always tell myself that I 'just have to deal with'?
That's where healing wants to happen.
When was the last time I felt fully relaxed, safe, or joyful?
If you can't remember, let that be your signal. It's time to come home to yourself.
And maybe the most important one:
What would I do, feel, or become if I wasn't carrying this pain anymore?
Really pause with that.

Let your body answer, not your mind. The truth lives there.
Healing doesn't ask you to be perfect.
It just asks you to be honest.
To get curious. To stop ignoring the ache.
And to finally give yourself the life you were always meant to live.
You don't have to fix everything today.
You merely have to care enough to begin.
That's healing.
That's power.

A Personal Story from Urszula:
Perfection Pattern from the Ponytails

When I was a child, my mom used to comb my hair into ponytails, sometimes on both sides of my head, other times in a single puff on top with big, decorative bows.
It looked cute.
But it often hurt.
She pulled tight. The goal wasn't comfort, it was perfection.
I hated it.
Years later, as an adult, I noticed something strange:
I was obsessed with my hair looking "just right."
I'd spend too long in front of the mirror, adjusting every strand.
If my husband or children touched my hair, even gently, even with a compliment I'd snap: *Don't touch my hair!*
They used to laugh and say I was "crazy about my hair."
But deep down, I knew something else was happening.
When I finally connected this behavior to those childhood mornings, feeling pain, pressure, and the need to be perfect I had a breakthrough.

I realized:
I don't have to carry this anymore.
Now, I no longer obsess about my hair.
Now, I smile when someone touches it.
Now, I understand that love can be gentle, not painful.
And that healing sometimes begins with something as small as a ponytail.
I share this story not to blame my mother, she didn't mean to hurt me.
She was doing her best with what she knew.
But even unintentional moments can leave lasting imprints on a child's heart.

Healing means honoring both truths:
The love that was there and the pain that was real.

Thank You

Thank you for spending time with these sample pages.
I hope they offered you a moment of stillness, reflection, and hope.
There is nothing you must do next. Simply follow what feels right for you.
If you feel called to continue, the book is here to gently deepen your journey.

Learn more:
https://urszulakudla.com/motherwound

DiLove
WELLNESS STUDIO INC.