

Elodia Puga

Her Pain, My Legacy

Healing My Mother Within Me



Healing begins with you

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I dedicate this book, with all the love that lives within me, to the infinite Source that expresses itself in everything and lovingly guides each step of my path.

My intention is that anyone who reads these pages may recognize that this light already lives within each one of us.

Foreword

My years of friendship with Elodia have transcended boundaries of culture, fear, trust and even distance. Our bond is grounded in respect, inspiration, and unconditional love. Time spent together has been both professional and personal.

Elodia Puga's memoir is both heartbreaking and heartening, a testament of resilience and hope. Her story is a reminder that while scars may linger, they need not define us. It takes courage and opportunity to turn pain into purpose and share our secrets.

You are proof that healing can build something stronger than what was broken. I am grateful to have been asked to read your story and honored to recommend it to others.

The light you are seeking is within.

The light is life, is love...

it is you.

Find it, nurture it, share it.

Glenda Nikolauson, October 1, 2025.

Introduction

From this state of peace, joy, and infinite trust, I write these memories not from the wound, but from the scar that has ceased to hurt. There is a beautiful phrase that says: “When you can share your story without tears, you’ll know that the healing within you is complete.”

Today, healed in every way and connected to my deepest truth, I can share my story freely—rooted in the present, unafraid of the past, and no longer afraid of being judged. Not because what I lived was easy, but because now I know—with a certainty beyond words—that every experience held a higher purpose.

I didn’t write this book to blame, but to free and honor every step that brought me here. To offer a bridge to anyone who, like me, has felt that pain can grow larger than life itself.

And even though these memories speak of abandonment, abuse, and silence, they also arise from an unexpected place: a deep connection with my mother that began the day her soul left her body.

For more than five decades, I never felt her tenderness or her emotional presence. Yet the moment her soul left her body, her essence came to me with a clarity and certainty I had never known while she was physically here.

I don't think it's a coincidence that I wrote this book now, at a time when it feels as though humanity is undergoing a collective awakening—an awakening that reminds us we are more than our stories, that a divine intelligence guides us, and that every experience—even the most painful—carries an evolutionary purpose. It is the realization that we come here to remember who we truly are and to return to our essence.

I embrace that awakening because it has been my guide, allowing me to see—with a wider, more limitless perception—that this book was written by both of us, my mother and me. From different realms, yet with one shared intention: to heal what once only hurt.

Writing these memories has been part of the process of remembering who I truly am—remembering my light, my divinity, my truth. And in that remembering, I can now see, without question, what I forgot for more than half a century: that I am a spirit having a human experience, not a human having a spiritual one. This certainty comes from the profound realization that I was created by a divine source of energy I now understand as the God within me—my Higher Self, the EVERYTHING.

I've chosen to focus this story primarily on my mother—not because my father's wounds didn't exist, but because my bond

with her was the most defining one in my life, and the one that shaped my path toward healing the most. Through this reconciliation, I also honor and release my father, acknowledging that both of them were part of my soul's purpose.

My earliest memory doesn't have the colors of childhood or the sound of innocent laughter. It begins at four or five years old, shaped by emotions that would leave marks for decades: fear, shame, humiliation, abandonment, guilt, codependence, rejection, injustice, and betrayal.

The events I recount here were the beginning of a long chain of silence, trauma, and cycles of deep wounds that, without meaning to, were passed on to my daughters.

Without realizing it, I became a channel for pain—a pain I learned to keep quiet. Because of that, my experiences and life decisions led me to see myself only as a victim. That victimhood—internalized and carried for more than half a century—became my identity and the lens through which I viewed the world; a lens I unintentionally passed on to my two daughters as if it were absolute truth.

Today, however, I write these words from a different place—a place of empowerment, not from ego, but from awareness; a place of emotional autonomy, personal responsibility, resilience, and above all, deep gratitude. A gratitude that feels conscious and tangible, because now I know that without that past, I wouldn't be the whole woman I have become.

This book is my testimony of healing and evolution. A testimony not written by the wounded child, the silenced teen, or the broken adult I once believed myself to be, but by the divine essence that lives—and has always lived—within me.

I didn't write to relive the pain, but to illuminate it and embrace it. To show my readers—especially those who have ever felt consumed by darkness—that the light at the end of the tunnel is not an empty metaphor, but a real and reachable truth. You can return to that sacred, untouched part of yourself, even if life once made you believe otherwise.

And although these memories revisit moments deeply marked by trauma, I want to be clear: this doesn't mean my mother never gave me beautiful moments. Those memories exist, and I honor them with love and gratitude. But this book is not about that; this story centers on the wounds that made me lose myself—and on the miracle of finding my way back home—to the truth of who I really am.

I chose this not because I don't value the beauty, but because this healing journey—which I feel is guided by my mother's soul—has another purpose: to release what remained hidden, silenced, and repressed for generations.

I feel, with absolute clarity, that my mother's spirit is with me in this writing—not to be defended or judged, but to be freed alongside me.

These pages exist to make visible what was denied, to give voice to what I kept quiet, and to give new meaning to what once hurt.

It is also my way of honoring her, by no longer carrying what was never ours to bear.

Today I know—with a certainty too vast for words—that nothing was in vain, and that even the darkest moments held a seed of the light I have remembered again. And from that certainty, I invite you to walk this journey with me—not to dwell in the darkness of what happened, but to remember that you are light, and that you deserve to shine without fear.

This journey has been marked by signs reminding me I was never walking alone. One of them was a message from my mother, received in a way I will never forget. I won't reveal the details yet—they're part of what you'll discover in these pages. I will only say that her message was a loving confirmation that the healing I had begun was supported by something far greater.

Chapter 1

When Fear Woke Up With Me

My earliest childhood memories carried both a smell and a taste. The smell was unpleasant, yet strangely familiar. The taste was neither sweet nor salty; it was rough, bitter—like the alcohol-soaked breath that brushed against my cheeks every time I woke up startled.

I was only four or five years old—an age when, according to what I now understand about emotional, cognitive, and social development, a child should feel love, protection, and safety. Instead, I remember waking up struggling to breathe because a man's tongue was inside my mouth, moving with hunger. The thickness of that tongue and his saliva blocked my airways as my small body froze, unable to make sense of what was happening.

The person who woke me like that was someone close to our family—someone who came to our house for lunch every day.

Someone who, because he was trusted, had access to me even in the earliest hours of the morning. At that age, I didn't know what abuse was, but I couldn't understand why, when I opened my eyes, I found him in my bed instead of my mom.

Something inside me whispered that it wasn't right. But if it wasn't right, why didn't anyone stop it? Where was my mother? That experience taught me not to trust—not to trust that man; not to trust my mother, because she wasn't there to protect me; not to trust my father, because he terrified me when he hit her; and not to trust myself, because I had already begun doubting my own voice. A voice I couldn't even hear, because I believed every word my mother said about me: “Yoya is mute... and she pays for her silence.”

Mute—yes. Because I had no words for what was happening to me. But in the absence of words, I spoke through relentless crying. I remember my crying becoming a kind of irritating noise. My father used to say I sounded like a whistle... and that became what he called me. I can still feel the shame burning inside me each time he chose that nickname over my name.

Looking back now, I can see clearly how even that nickname—something that seemed harmless to them—left deep marks. No one ever asked why I cried so much. They only labeled the sound of my crying. And in doing so, they silenced the pain behind it. From a place of compassion, I now understand that my



If this book resonated with you and you would like to share your
experience, you can do so at:

pugae_author.com

Your voice is also part of this journey.

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