

# What Caused Vaginismus For You?



Let's take a deep dive into what may have been the reason(s) for vaginismus, for you.

Keep in mind that as a result of this exploration and as you make connections about your life, emotional pain is likely to surface for you. The pain of the past has to come up freshly into your awareness, before you can start to process it. What we feel is what we heal, so give yourself plenty of compassion and time as you move through this.

 *Trigger Warning: mention of rape, molestation, sexual assault*



There's a 10th category worth mentioning! In the body's attempt to prevent pregnancy, a fear of getting pregnant can contribute to the physical tightening of the pelvic floor. Vaginismus IS the best form of contraception after all.

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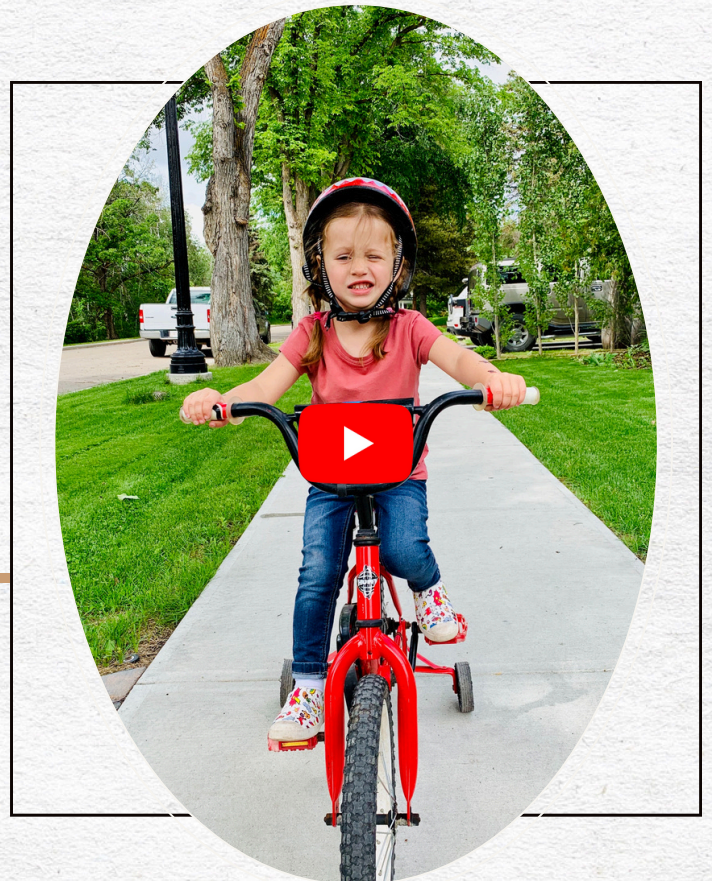
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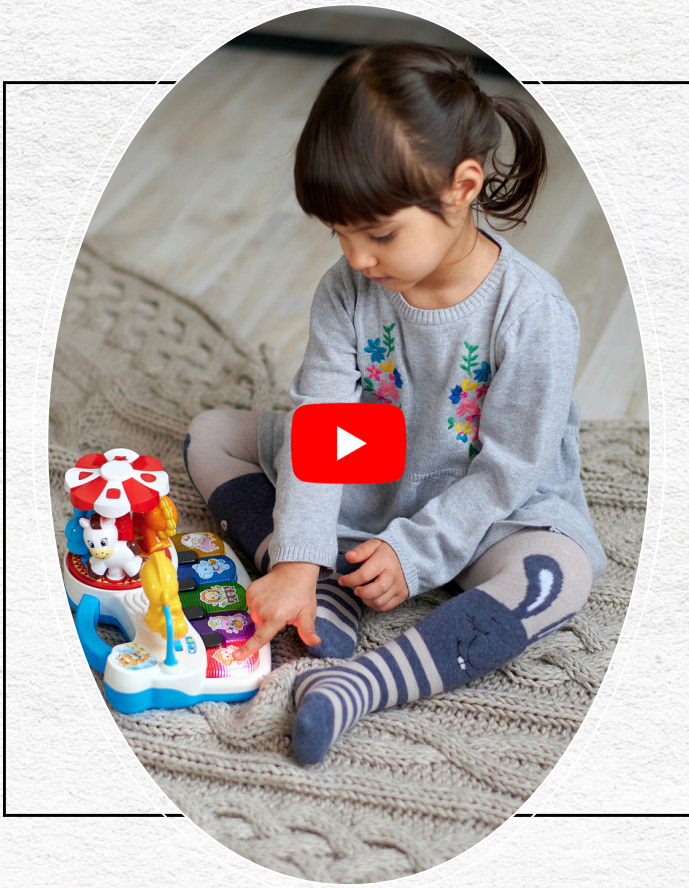
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## MY CHILDHOOD INJURY

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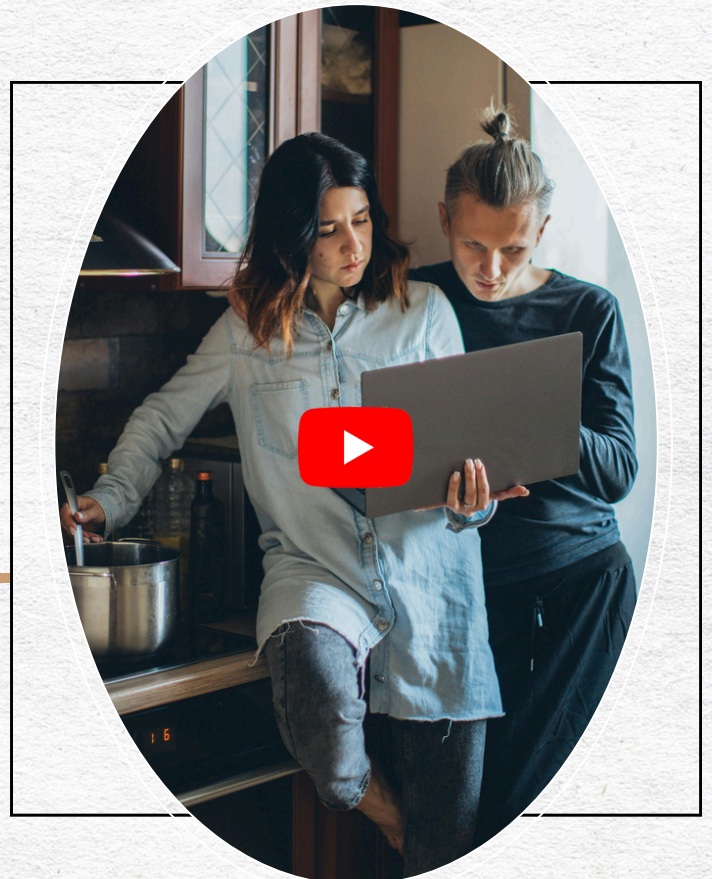
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INTIMACY?  
WHAT'S THAT?

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# SELF-CARE OR HIGH PERFORMANCE?



Another layer of my high performance mentality, at the expense of my personal well-being, has to do with the very nature of my experience immigrating to Canada. My parents made the brave decision to leave their immediate family members (and their booming business) in order to give my sister and I the opportunity at a better life.

Aside from all of the positive feelings of love, gratitude and excitement that have come with this life change, I also experienced a level of stress because of it.

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Leaving my grandparents, aunts, uncles and cousins was naturally incredibly hard for all of us.

Also, since my parents made the decision to partially give up time with family in exchange for educational and professional opportunities for us, I subconsciously decided that I MUST make this trade-off worth it. I decided to take full advantage of the environment that Canada offers and thus worked extra hard to create a life that my parents and extended family would be proud of. All so THAT their sacrifice would have been worth it. I needed to make it count.

Unfortunately, the stress of that self-imposed expectation came with its consequences – for that and also to distract myself from the chaos that was going on between my parents, I buried my head in the books, involved myself in as many extracurricular activities as possible and worked extremely hard to prove my worth. I put rest at the bottom of my priorities list and unknowingly let stress as well as suppressed emotions build up in my body.

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## NERVOUS SYSTEM ON HIGH ALERT AND FEAR OF THE MASCULINE

It is VERY common, amidst the experience of vaginismus, that you get startled easily by things like someone peaceful walking into the room, or gently touching you from behind. Or even someone beginning to speak to you in a normal tone of voice while you were focused on another task.

My difficulties with my quality of sleep led to me getting startled upon waking up in the morning as well. It was quite often that my sister would wake me up for school with an angry yell and this was because she would try to wake me up two or three times normally, I would tell her I'm getting up, but I myself wouldn't remember a thing! So by the time her wake-up call registered in my system, she would already be frustrated with me. This didn't help in starting my day peacefully and calming my nervous system overall. In fact, it created a whole lot of stress and I remember often waking up in panic, with my heart beating fast.

As well on weekends, if my dad wanted me to wake up, he would whistle in a special way (a 'vibrating', gentler type of whistle). I felt that a part of me was already anticipating his whistle and sleeping lightly in order to hear it.

Even though this was a relatively gentle wake-up call from a distance, as soon as I would wake up I would feel that I've already done something wrong. This is because I had associated his wake-up call with his previous disappointment with me – that I slept too long and that I wasn't contributing to the family by helping with breakfast for example. And if I did wake up earlier than his whistle, I would hurry out of bed to show that I'm up and being helpful.

Simply resting in my bed for the purpose of relaxation in the morning was not something that I was used to. I didn't register it as an 'okay' way to start my day. This also translated into future relationships in which I felt anxious laying around and cuddling in bed in the morning – my mind and body were already conditioned to needing to be productive first thing in the morning.

*Here are some OTHER contributing factors to the sense of discomfort with the masculine for me and hence not always feeling safe around men:*

*'No promises' policy*

Being on occasion downright scared of my dad (when he was angry and on occasion verbally and physically abusive) was a major contributing factor to the fear of the masculine that I developed. Yes, at times, I felt safe around him. However, since his mood fluctuated heavily, I would never really know if I could truly rest in his presence.

Aside from this, my dad also had a 'no promises' policy. Likely as a result of his previous traumatic experiences, he wouldn't promise anything. And he was firm on that. For example, if I asked him whether he would pick me up from school, he would say "It's possible, I'll let you know depending on how my day goes", or "We'll see, I can't promise anything. We'll figure it out later."

Although my dad WOULD very often be there for me, I would be living in the unknown sometimes until the last moment. And when he wasn't there for me, he would very rarely take responsibility – with the explanation that he didn't promise anything after all. So I felt that I couldn't rely on him and like I wasn't a priority compared to his business and even his personal schedule. Hence, I lived with a representation of the masculine who didn't provide me the commitment and STRUCTURE that I felt that I needed to feel safe.

He gave no word that I could trust in the first place. In my perception, my feelings, my body and my desires were rarely more important to him compared to his work.

## *Miss Independent*

All of this contributed to me becoming an independent 'alpha woman'. A woman who can do it all on her own, who actually deeply craves help but says she doesn't need it. One who decides not to share her emotions with her parents, because they are busy with their own fights and she doesn't want to stir the pot.. One who walks on eggshells around them! AND also, a woman who prioritizes work and productivity above the feelings and sensations in her body. (Oh how many times I overstepped what my body's fatigue for example, in favour of trying to prove that I was strong, that I was 'good enough' in my father's eyes.)

As well, since I couldn't find a sense of reliable certainty from others, I did my best to cultivate that masculine structure and safety within myself. Of course, it was built on an unstable foundation of emotional wounds, but it worked (for a while). I closed to the outside world because on a subconscious level I believed that I can only trust myself, which very likely contributed to my experience of vaginismus.

I once made a vow to myself that I will never ask my parents (and anyone else for that matter) for help again. Because when I did, I got disappointed. I felt abandoned. And feeling pain in a state of vulnerability and openness naturally makes us want to close – mentally, emotionally, physically. (And a closed heart in any context for women also often leads to a 'closed' pussy.)

Overall, this led to deepening my sense of independence, both so I can prove my worth and so I'm not a burden to others. This made it hard to accept help even when it was given generously.. Because of my upbringing, I also had the notion that receiving help was conditional on then having to do some sort of favour – that it was always tit for tat. Transactional. Hence, I decided not to receive help more than necessary and found it hard to trust in the pure intentions of others. Little did I know that part of the journey will involve cultivating a sense of openness and to both ask for favours and receive them. From a place of self-love, gratitude and the inner knowing that you are deserving of support. This theme is explored in a lot more detail within the second of my 3 Pillars Of Putting Vaginismus In The Past - Discovering Your Authentic Sexual Self.

## *High expectations & feeling let down*

As I started to integrate the part of me that previously rejected help, I moved to the opposite side of the spectrum in my deep craving to find safety in the helping hands of others.

Specifically, I formed high expectations of romantic partners when they would promise something. I would either get really happy when they followed through (though holding onto hesitation that it will last), or experienced deep disappointment when they wouldn't (even if they attempted to take responsibility). And every time I would put myself out there fully, soften and trust again, with each tinge of feeling let down, I would go back into my shell with even more conviction. It was exhausting for everyone.

In hindsight, I trust that my relationships were divinely designed to help me heal my childhood wounds around the masculine. I attracted partners in my life who resembled some of my dad's behaviours, because I needed to face those very same patterns in order to heal them. I needed to be triggered in order to look at those wounds more deeply.

Earlier in my life, I also pushed away an emotionally available partner who wanted to do everything in his power to nourish me, partially because I didn't yet know how to be with a man who wanted to make it his priority to take care of my inner feminine. I wasn't yet celebrating and nourishing her myself, hence I couldn't receive that loving energy and attention from him!

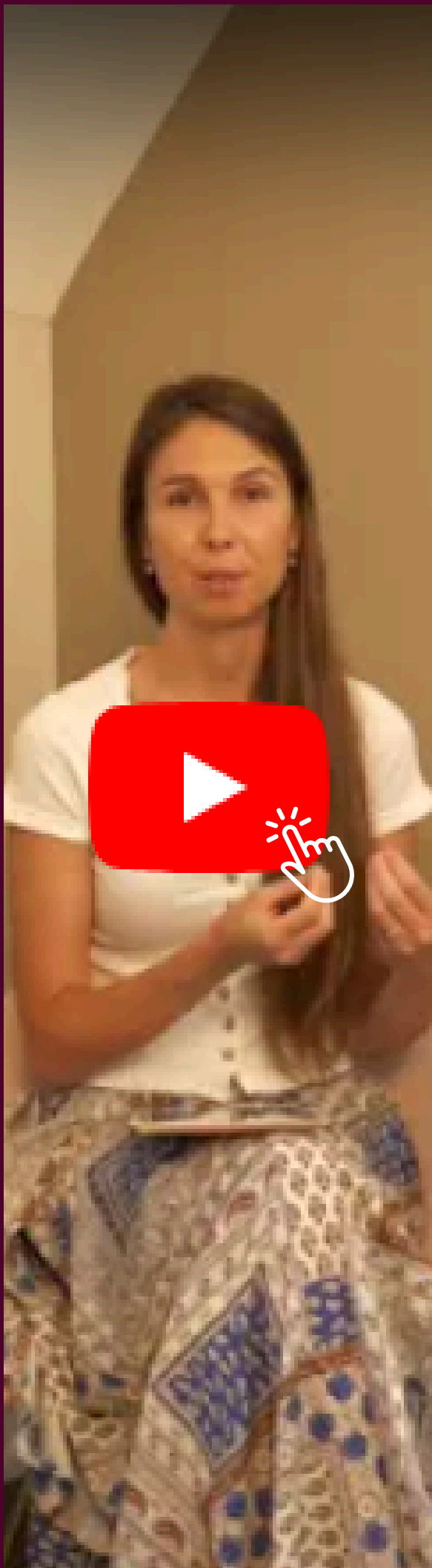
And it's true - that which we cannot give ourselves, we cannot receive from others! That which we cannot give ourselves, we also cannot give to others.

So I chose to embark on a journey of processing my own wounds as well as the pain of the past. To cultivate a healthy inner masculine that was not overworked and a healthy inner feminine who didn't feel forgotten. To create that inner union in order to feel safe first within myself and then around men. A big part of that involved learning how to compassionately hold myself through emotional turmoil (knowing that my emotions are valid) and then to surrender fully and completely to another from that place of vulnerability, love and trust. To feel nourished by men and later to attract a partner who I can healthily rely on and who will support me in letting my inner feminine flourish. That journey of finding safety (and having a secure attachment style) within relationship dynamics is a massive part of overcoming vaginismus!

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## THE SEX TALK

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You may have never had a sex talk from your parents, siblings, or anyone else for that matter. Or perhaps any reference to sex in your family was doused in messaging that it was shameful, sinful and overall not to be explored. Naturally, the lack of a sex talk creates a sense of secrecy around this part of life, additional fear of the unknown, as well as downright feelings of deep-rooted confusion, guilt and shame!

As Esther Perel put it, “here is this thing that we have had to learn to explore in silence, often hidden. There are very few things in life that we have learned to be so silent about, which we then are supposed to suddenly become so fluent about..”

When it comes to school, if you did receive a sex talk there, it was very likely all fear-based. 'Be careful with STDs and don't get pregnant!' I also remember seeing a video of a natural birth in my health class and since the graphic details were also paired with the woman expressing the pain she was in, it all registered as incredibly scary! This definitely created even further disconnection between me and my vagina, as I already feared for the pain that will exist there one day.

Our educational and societal conditioning, in combination with the horrible events we hear about on the news, also encourage us to protect ourselves from the doom looming around the corner.. Unfortunately, very real events in your personal life (or stories you heard about) may have confirmed that the world is a dangerous place for a woman! Or that your sexual energy is a magnet for unwanted attention, so you should shut it down to keep yourself safe.



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For example, an street intersection that my university was close to (Jane & Finch) was known for gang activity and shootings, while a neighbourhood closer to the school was known for high numbers of sexual assault cases. On occasion when I was in those areas, I found myself 'on my toes' – I made sure I wasn't listening to music too loudly if walking by myself and that my pepper spray was in reach (yep, I carried pepper spray to school!). A female friend of mine who lived on campus would even dress in baggy clothing and wear a ring similar to a wedding band when she went grocery shopping in the area! All in order to avoid attracting unwanted attention and to make it seem like she had a partner who would be searching for her should she disappear...

These are just a couple of examples that may also symbolize how you were conditioned to feel as a woman in the world. It's no surprise that we were wired to protect ourselves as practically our default mode of existing!

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# EMBARRASSMENT AND SHAME



Aside from incidents that were explicitly sexuality-related, some other events that had to do with your pelvis may have registered as embarrassing or shameful for you.. For example, you may have had embarrassing moments related to peeing your pants – I sure had at least one incident like this in school! Unfortunately, this directly ties difficult emotions to the area between our legs, even before we can associate the vulva and vagina with sexual function.

Another example can be related to your toileting habits, especially if you also experienced constipation. Constipation is a common experience for many of us vaginismus sisters, also often before ever being sexually active. (This shows how long ago the tightening response started in our bodies!) For me, an embarrassing element of this was just how long I would take going to the toilet, both at home and at other people's houses. I remember feeling angry at my body for having so much trouble with something that should be so 'basic'! (Similar to how many of us feel about penetrative sex!) I was embarrassed when other people noticed how long I've been gone in the washroom...

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Around the age of 15 or 16, when my constipation got bad enough for me to tell my parents, we tried some gentle approaches like drinking prune juice but it seemed that nothing was helping. Then, I remember my dad moving to some less than pleasant methods... Even though I believe visiting a doctor would have been the next logical step, he opted for literally taking a look at my anus and poking around/prying it open (with a wooden chopstick of all things!). He literally asked me to kneel on the ground so he could take a look.

I believe that his intentions were good, but what's true is that this event registered as traumatic for me. From being bent over and exposed in front of my male parent, to feeling the unpleasant sensations on my anus (which literally triggered the tightening response), to not helping my constipation, nothing good came out of this experience. Having my body be touched by a foreign object rather than a friendly finger also confirmed my own aversion to making skin to skin contact with my genitals...

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## PLAYING PRETEND IN PRIVATE

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## PERCEPTION OF VIOLENCE

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This experience with the TV also served to confirm the notion that had registered during the sex talk I received from my dad – that sex is for the pleasure of the man!

## *Sexualizing and subtle*

Later in life, I was also exposed to sexualizing comments made by my dad related to other women and their bodies. Even though some were subtle and others he wrapped up in an air of being 'funny' (or even as though they were meant to be a compliment), his behaviours were inappropriate. I could visibly tell that my mom and other women felt uncomfortable and icky.

For example, my dad would zoom in on a woman's legs or chest while taking photos at a party with friends (and would even send them to the group).. Directly in front of my mom, he would joke that he was flirting with a pretty cashier at the store, all in order to spark some sort of reaction from my mom, or an uncomfortable smile from however else was listening... As well, he would make odd sex-themed jokes with other men, including my (or my sister's) romantic partners! It seemed to me that he somehow found a kick out of making people visibly uncomfortable.

Since in her discomfort my mom would go along with the 'joke' (and I rarely observed anyone else asking my dad to stop), these behaviours were normalized in my mind. They created a notion that men sexualize women and that I need to protect myself and my body from 'creepy' men.

Even though I consciously knew that not all men were like this (and many proved to be incredibly respectful to women), there was that subconscious assumption that I would need to untangle.

## *Certainly creepy*

On another occasion, I found myself needing to shield myself and my 10 year old cousin from more creepy energy. We were in Bulgaria, on a walk on the beach which included walking by a nearby nude beach and passing it again on the way back. The nude beach was one that I had started to attend myself in my late twenties – it was relatively empty, people kept to themselves and it felt safe. However, that day the vibe was entirely different.

As we were on our way back and approaching the beach, I noticed that a man laying there on his towel had his gaze locked on us as he was touching himself, masturbating. As we walked, he followed us with his eyes and I felt as though his energy of lust was being non-consensually directed at us. I felt incredibly uneasy as we HAD to come closer to him in order to pass him and go on our way. And in the meantime, I did my best to act cool and distract my little cousin, so that she wouldn't see him and I could successfully shield her from it all.

Thankfully no physical harm was done, as the man continued to observe from a distance. And still, the 'ickiness' that registered for me that day stayed with me for years to come!

Unfortunately, this wasn't the only time I accidentally witnessed men touching themselves in public, so I needed to work extra hard to restore my faith in the masculine on this topic.

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## REPRESSION OF THE FEMININE

Here are some other contributing factors that may have created a repression of the feminine for me:

### *Birthday suit shame*

From a young age, I remember that sometimes when I would wake up in the morning and head to the washroom, my mom would already be in there washing up. She would be naked, brushing her teeth, as this is how she usually slept – without a pyjama. Hence, I would be visually exposed to her nakedness once a while. She seemed to be confident in her body, in her choice to use the washroom in this way before getting dressed for the day and so I didn't think much of it.

However, around the time when my older sister entered puberty, she started to be vocal about my mom's nakedness.

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She said it was 'inappropriate' – that my mom shouldn't sleep naked in the first place and that she definitely shouldn't be naked in front of her daughters. My mom would respond that my sister is overreacting and that it's not a big deal. She didn't deepen the conversation on the topic, but rather brushed it off.

As well, when my sister and I would be changing after a shower or getting ready to go out together, I started to notice that she was very careful as to not expose her own body to me. She expressed that nakedness is something to be kept private and that's that! Of course her behaviour was driven by her unique view of the world and perhaps her own insecurities...

Basically, I had two opposing views communicated by my mom and my sister, but for a long time I leaned into siding with my sister on the topic. I wanted to feel accepted by her, specifically by not repeating what she judged our mom for.

The impact this may have had on me was a further closing down in the level of connection I had to my body as a woman, creating a sense of embarrassment around being an owner of a vulva, vagina and breasts. As a result, I would dress myself pretty quickly after a shower as to not spend too much time in my birthday suit, which definitely didn't help in cultivating physical relaxation while naked.

It also didn't create an opening for feeling liberated and comfortable in my skin, or overall embracing and celebrating my feminine body! This lasted for quite a few years.

# Self-nourishment

I observed my mom not nurturing herself and as a result of my parents relationship difficulties, she often didn't feel valued by my dad. It didn't help that as she got older, he also made comments about her weight (and he kept a spreadsheet of all our weights). Naturally, she had more reason to be feeling down about herself and started exhibiting behaviours of not valuing and nurturing herself. The intensity of these varied throughout her life and they were especially exacerbated by being anemic as well as her hormonal changes through perimenopause. In times of feeling really low on energy, hopeless and angry, she once also threatened at self-harm which was very scary for me as a child. Overall, I recognize that with all of the emotions that she didn't feel safe to express, she was doing her very best in the circumstances!

Despite this, she would get excited about dressing herself up in beautiful clothes and jewellery, as well as doing her hair, makeup and nails for special occasions. However, at home she would wear old clothes simply because they need to be 'used up' and shouldn't be 'wasted'. So I received the messaging of give your all for others, but for yourself, live frugally... A similar concept applied to food since she would make a feast if guests were coming over, but sometimes the food she would make for the family was rather bland. She didn't enjoy cooking and I can empathize with that!

From her own patterning with living this way, my mom would also encourage my sister and I to do the same – to save our nice things and not to throw anything out.. To prepare generously for guests, but to be happy with a pretty measly meal for ourselves.

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Essentially, I learned that for other's pleasure and comfort, there is always reason enough (and the expectation even) to be physically appealing and to impress. Otherwise, there's no reason to dress our bodies with care, simply for our own enjoyment. That nourishing and providing for others was important, but nourishment for our own well-being and pleasure was not a priority.

Also, that when it came to self-care, clothes and food were simply a nuisance, but there was no sensuality to be found in those experiences. This even registered in the way that I washed my own body in the shower – mechanically and almost in a rush, rather than with care, softness and a slow pace.

The impact this may have had related to vaginismus is a mindset of putting others first. That self-nourishment is not a priority and even my body is not for my own pleasure – looking and feeling good is for the enjoyment of other people. And combined with some religious messaging I was exposed to later in life, perhaps even that the 'higher path' in life is to go beyond the needs of the body! Also that giving to others is a lot more important than receiving for myself. To never ask for much and be satisfied with just enough. Also not to spend 'too much' on myself. This theme is explored in a lot more detail within the second of my 3 Pillars Of Putting Vaginismus In The Past - Discovering Your Authentic Sexual Self.

# *Shutting down my truth*

In an attempt to do what's right by her, my mom would also convince me away from my own opinion on things (my own truth).

When someone tells you that your experience of your body ISN'T as you're saying it is (like that you're fine - you're not cold or physically uncomfortable, that you don't need a sweater on a chilly day etc), it can create doubt in your own experiences. This pattern in my relationship with my mom served as a training ground to become confident in standing by my own truth – expressing it and being firm in it rather than being convinced away from it. The theme of honour our truth/desires/preferences and speaking up for ourselves is a key lesson in the journey of overcoming vaginismus!

As well, when my dad wasn't happy with me at times, he would angrily tell me that I have 'no right' to be feeling this way, or that because of my inappropriate emotions I don't deserve his attention or something that I wanted. This also taught me doubt my own emotions, that his love is conditional, and that we must work hard to please others in order to be deserving of attention and love. That we are not innately deserving of good things!

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All of this encouraged my emotional suppression. My parents didn't know how to healthily process their emotions, so I didn't feel that I should add any of my worries and emotions onto their plates.

As well, for the same reasons my mom didn't feel safe to speak with my dad about how she was feeling, I also often didn't feel safe to share with him. He would belittle my mom for being overly emotional... He would tell me that crying won't get me anywhere and yelled back at me if I would get angry – all of this naturally led me to believe that my emotions were not important and that emotions as a whole are not to be used as a guiding compass of my truth in my life.

Overall, since difficult emotions were simply not talked about in a calm and relaxed way in my family, I learned not to share them with anyone – that if pain was present, I was not to show it. That if anger was present, I was sure to keep it bottled up because I didn't want to turn out as scary as I already perceived my dad to be.

Hence, emotions either surfaced in an intense way during disagreements or they were simply stored in my physical body – creating tension throughout and contributing to vaginismus!

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# THE SEX BAN



## *Pushing through sex*

Considering everything that you have experienced in your life, it is very natural that you developed the desire to push through penetrative sex and 'just get it over with'.

When some penetration became possible for me (but was still excruciatingly painful), what this looked like for me is encouraging my partner to be partially inside me while I hid the pain that I was feeling. I would convince him (and on some level myself as well) that I will be okay and would then hold him close to my body so that he doesn't see the tears rolling down my cheeks... This felt like the right thing to do in the moment and it was only later on that I realized how much damage I was doing to my body! By tolerating pain with penetration, I was deepening the Cycle of Pain and slowing down my journey of releasing this protective body response.

# Non-consensual sex



*Trigger Warning: story of assault*

In between long-term partners, while I was continuing to make progress on this journey solo, this also translated to me wanting to push myself into certain situations so that I can 'check on my progress' so to speak. For me, this involved engaging in three occasions of casual sex.

One one of those occasions with a guy I was friends with, I planned to get drunk and attempt penetrative sex with him. This particular man didn't know about my experience of vaginismus and I left him in the dark intentionally. (I want to note that though I used alcohol a number of times myself, I do not recommend numbing yourself in any way in order to manage penetration. And of course it's totally okay if you too explored this route!)

What happened was that I got really flirtatious and I overdid it on the drinking to the point that I blacked out. I have patchy memory of our time out on the town, remember walking towards his place alongside my cousin and her date, but do not remember arriving at his place and starting to be intimate. I gained consciousness again while he was inside me – I remember being in shock and telling him loudly to 'stop'. And I have patchy memory of how soon after my plea he did actually stop. Whether I had tried to resist the situation while I was blacked out, I also don't know.

I remember waking up in the morning, but avoiding having a conversation with him about it. In fact, I didn't tell anyone because I wanted to forget that it even happened! I only brought up the topic with my cousin many years later.

At the time, I wasn't sure whether he had done something wrong. I took the blame on myself for having overdone it with the alcohol and felt shame for having taken this approach in the first place.

Today, I can look back at this event with compassion towards myself that I made the choices that felt most right to me at the time... AND I also see how this was a non-consensual event. (The theme of consent is explored in a lot more detail within the second of my 3 Pillars Of Putting Vaginismus In The Past - Discovering Your Authentic Sexual Self.

It's NOT okay for anyone to engage in sexual relations with anyone else without their fully-informed consent. The way I see it, being really drunk does NOT constitute consent. Yes, there is a grey area to how the guy perceived the situation, considering he wasn't sober either.. Perhaps it would have also been most fair to tell him about my struggles in advance. Through my intentional work with this memory, I have found compassion and forgiveness for both him and myself, as well as my cousin and her date for being silent bystanders who actually witnessed much of what happened.

The 'work' involves that you too find a deep sense of compassion and forgiveness towards yourself first and foremost, for any decisions you have made that were 'less than ideal'. You get to decide what level of anger, shame, guilt, embarrassment, sadness and/or resentment to hold within your body towards the people involved... Coming to place of forgiveness for yourself is the priority, and ideally you can also access a high level of understanding and forgiveness for the people involved. Because hanging onto anger towards another is like drinking poison and hoping it will kill someone else...

Finally, if you have experienced a non-consensual event(s), it may be important for you to find YOUR truth about it, including how you choose to label it. The language you choose to assign to something plays a big part in honouring its nature (and your truth) and giving it the 'weight' to match the emotional weight it carries for you.

Labeling something lightly like a 'non-consensual event' may not honour the weight of a violent molestation of a child for example.

So choose the labels that feel most authentic to you - some options are molestation, sexual/emotional/verbal assault or abuse, rape, harassment, violation or torment.

I have found that a clarity with how you choose to see and also speak about what you actually went through is a beautiful step that opens the door to deeper awareness, self-compassion and healing.

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# HOW ABOUT YOU?



Now that you've had some lightbulb moments for yourself, the next steps include a conceptual understanding of big T and small 't' trauma. Also, the practical components around processing it!

We explore these more deeply in the first of my 3 Pillars To Putting Vaginismus In The Past - Compassionate Emotional Processing.

On that topic, I also recommend the movie *The Wisdom of Trauma* featuring *Dr. Gabor Maté*. I absolutely loved this film as it clearly communicates the holistic nature of healing – vaginismus is actually indirectly referenced in the film as well!

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# YOUR SEXUAL LIBERATION AWAITS



And there you have it - a snippet of what awaits you inside Sexually Liberated! I trust that this small initiation has given you plenty of insights about the potential causes of vaginismus for you and provided a glimpse into what you may be working with in your journey of claiming your erotic freedom!

With this beautiful foundation, you are ready to get the most out of Sexually Liberated, the main hub for vaginismus sisters everywhere. I believe that this initiation is the only experience that supports you in overcoming vaginismus and creating a love life that you adore in such a **HOLISTIC, EMPOWERING** and **DETAILED** way.

You no longer have to do this alone and that's why I'm so glad that you're considering joining us inside **Your Sexually Liberated Love Story: The Holistic Manuscript To Your Vaginismus-Free Life!**

Keep an eye out on your email for when enrolment opens!