



Striking Back

Damaged by pills - raised up by God.

Christy-Anne Strike

Foreword by Ross Harvey

Christy-Anne Strike has only recently come into my life, but in the short time I've known her, she has quickly become its center. It's not often you encounter someone whose very presence reshapes your world, but Christy has done just that. Her remarkable combination of intelligence, wit, curiosity, and profound care for others has not only captivated me but has also shown me the depth of her strength and resilience. These qualities shine through in her life and are the heartbeat of *Striking Back: Damaged by Pills - Raised Up by God*.

This book is more than just a memoir; it is a testimony to the indomitable human spirit and the transformative power of faith. Christy's journey is one of pain and healing, despair and hope. Her experiences with the devastating effects of prescription pills and the challenges she has faced on her path to recovery are told with unflinching honesty. She does not sugarcoat the struggles, nor does she shy away from revealing the moments of brokenness. But in every chapter, her story is infused with God's grace, illustrating how His presence can turn even the darkest circumstances into an opportunity for redemption.

What sets Christy apart is her ability to weave vulnerability with strength, offering not just a narrative but a guide for others who may feel lost in their own battles. Her wit and intelligence bring levity to the heavier moments, and her curiosity and deep care for humanity remind us all that even in the midst of personal struggles, we can still serve as beacons of light for others. As I read through the pages of this book, I was struck by how her story does not end with survival but transcends into thriving—a remarkable testament to the God who lifted her up.

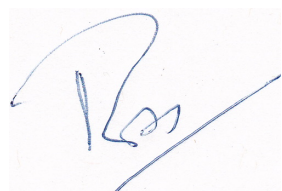
Christy's voice is one that demands to be heard. It's raw, it's real, and it's refreshing in a world that often prefers to

hide the messy parts of life. Her willingness to share her struggles and triumphs so openly makes *Striking Back* a book that belongs on every person's reading list. Whether you have experienced similar challenges or are simply seeking inspiration, this story will resonate deeply with you. It is both a cautionary tale about the dangers of misplaced trust in medical systems and a celebration of the unyielding hope that faith can bring.

For me personally, Christy has been a blessing and a revelation. She reminds me daily of the importance of perseverance and the power of unconditional love. Her journey has left an indelible mark on my heart, and I have no doubt it will do the same for every reader who opens this book.

I invite you now to step into the extraordinary life of Christy-Anne Strike. As you turn these pages, prepare to be challenged, uplifted, and profoundly moved by her story. This is more than just her story—it's a testament to the triumph of faith, the resilience of the human spirit, and the infinite ways in which God works in our lives.

Wishing you peace, love and joy always...

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to read "Ros". The signature is written in a cursive style with a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right.

1 - Through the Eyes of Resilience

Life, as they say, is a bowl of cherries—but what they don't mention is that it comes with pits. And those pits have a way of finding you, no matter how tightly you clutch your spoon. My pits began arriving the moment I entered this world in 1962, a year rife with tension and turmoil. The Cold War loomed over everything, casting its shadow even into the homes and lives of ordinary people. For me, that shadow was more personal: I was born cross-eyed, a consequence of my mother's heavy drinking during her pregnancy.

I've often wondered about the paradox of a time when people could be so forward-thinking yet so ignorant about the dangers of certain behaviours. Perhaps my mother's drinking was a reflection of the larger societal struggles—a coping mechanism in a world teetering on the edge of nuclear annihilation. It's a harsh beginning to my story, but life has a way of pulling you into the fray whether you're ready or not.

By 1965, when I was three years old, my eyes were surgically corrected at Montreal Children's Hospital. That hospital visit remains etched in my memory, not just because of the surgery but because of the indignity of being forced into boys' pyjamas. As a child, my favourite yellow footed pyjamas with a trap door in the back were my armour against the unknown. I clung to them desperately, waging a small war against the nurses who insisted I change. My mother, ever the pragmatist, promised to keep my beloved pyjamas safe until I returned home. I eventually surrendered, a small but significant introduction to the compromises we make with institutions that hold power over us.

This was the first of many surrenders to what I later came to call "The Hospital Machine." Over the years, I've

learned that these institutions, while lifesaving in many cases, often demand more from us than we realize. For me, that initial surgery was a success, but not all my encounters with hospitals would end as positively. At twenty-seven, a routine procedure for maxillofacial surgery in New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, turned out to be unnecessary. The surgery was planned following an accident with a massive hybrid draft horse named Grand Blanc (Big White). That day, he slipped in the mud while galloping, his enormous weight crushing me as he fell. It was a miracle I survived, and I often think of that horse. Did he recover fully? Did he carry on, bearing the burden of human expectations with the quiet dignity only animals seem to possess? I marvel at how much we ask of creatures like him, often without considering their own struggles.

The accident left me with whiplash, a condition the doctors misread as requiring surgery. This incident marked the beginning of a long and complicated relationship with medical professionals and their often myopic focus on treatment rather than understanding.

But let's rewind to the world into which I was born. My generation, the tail-end Boomers, grew up in the long shadow of two devastating World Wars. The ripple effects of those conflicts permeated every aspect of life. The 1960s were turbulent times: in 1962, the Cuban Missile Crisis brought the world to the brink of nuclear war, and by 1963, President John F. Kennedy's assassination sent shockwaves across the globe. The collective anxiety of those years shaped the psyche of a generation.

It's no wonder that so many mothers turned to "Mother's Little Helper," the ubiquitous Valium, to manage their nerves. My own mother was no exception. She prided herself on avoiding thalidomide—the infamous drug that caused horrific birth defects in thousands of children—but

Valium was another story. Introduced as a “safer” way to calm the frayed nerves of suburban housewives, its effects were subtler but no less insidious. I’ve often pondered the long-term impact of those little pills on families like mine. While they promised tranquility, they also dulled the edges of reality, making it easier to cope but harder to connect.

My mother’s struggles with Valium were emblematic of the times. The 1960s were an era of contradictions: progress and conservatism, liberation and repression, hope and despair. These dualities played out not just on the global stage but in the most intimate corners of our lives. For women like my mother, the pressures of conformity—to be the perfect wife, mother, and homemaker—were immense. The chemical escape offered by Valium may have eased the burden temporarily, but it also masked the deeper systemic issues that no pill could truly resolve.

As a child, I couldn’t fully understand the societal forces shaping my mother’s choices. I only knew that life felt fragile and unpredictable, as if we were all walking a tightrope stretched across an abyss. The world was changing rapidly, and my family, like so many others, was caught in the currents of history.

These early years set the stage for the battles I would fight later in life. The pits thrown my way may have been unavoidable, but they also taught me resilience. From the yellow pyjamas I clung to as a child to the horses and hospitals that challenged me as an adult, each experience shaped my understanding of what it means to survive and thrive in a world that often feels stacked against us.

Looking back, I see that the pits in my bowl of cherries were never just obstacles; they were lessons in disguise. Life may not have been the idyllic vision of sweetness and simplicity promised by the cliché, but it was good in its own complicated, messy way. And through it all, I learned to strike back—with courage, with humour, and with the

unwavering belief that even in the face of adversity, life is worth every struggle.

2 - Awakenings in the Age of Aquarius: Resilience, Tools and Divine Guidance

I write this entry on Christmas Eve Day, the 24th of December 2024. Tonight, as we prepare to say goodbye to a year that will never come again, I find myself reflecting on the silent but profound shifts that have shaped our collective existence. [Ooh, Mum always said never to start a sentence with "But" or "And," and yet...] how many of us truly realize that we are living through a monumental shift—the dawning of the Age of Aquarius?

This transition is far more than a lyrical theme from The Fifth Dimension's mid-1960s anthem. It is a shift from the Piscean Age, an era defined by big industry, hierarchical power, and male dominance, to the Aquarian Age—an age of humanity, interconnectedness, and enlightenment. The Water Bearer's symbol is not just poetic; it embodies the spirit of the next 2,000 years. Yet, how many of us truly grasp the magnitude of this change?

The Tools of Awareness

In these transformative times, understanding our inner guidance systems is crucial. I've found that tools like kinesiology, popularized by Dr. David Hawkins in his groundbreaking book *Power Versus Force*, offer profound insights. Decades after its publication, Hawkins' work continues to resonate. His near-death experience, much like my own, lends authenticity to his exploration of human energy fields and the wisdom encoded in our physical bodies.

Kinesiology, or muscle testing, has become an indispensable part of my daily surrender to the Divine. For example, when I stand before a building—perhaps a church—I can test my arm's strength with a simple touch. If my muscle holds firm, I know that space is aligned with

my highest good. It's a practice anyone can adopt. Our bodies hold wisdom far beyond the cognitive processes of our brains.

Another tool that has guided me is the ancient art of palmistry. I've discovered that the lines on our hands—palms, fingers, and even the backs—are not static. They respond to meditation, lucid dreaming, and the intentions we set. The changes are as clear and dynamic as an Etch-A-Sketch in motion. This visual proof of transformation affirms the power of visualization and the breath—God's own gift to us—to create the lives we desire.

Ancient Wisdom, Modern Skepticism

Palmistry has existed for thousands of years, a testament to its enduring relevance. While some Christian leaders point to scriptures condemning such practices, I've found solace in my exploration. During one of my readings, I stumbled upon an overlooked verse in the Old Testament: "And God declared that he has written the maps of our Lives on our hands."

The Nicene Council may have missed this during their selective editing in 300 A.D., but its significance is undeniable. Interpret it as you will—whether as a metaphor for God's omnipresence or as a validation of palmistry—it remains a tool that has brought clarity and direction to my life. My journey into this art deepened during the year I turned forty, a year of profound spiritual awakening and physical challenge.

The Collapse Before the Awakening

In 2002, my adrenal glands collapsed. This was the culmination of a decade of psychiatric treatments that included four different "cocktails" of psychotropic drugs. My father's term for them was apt, as the mix was disorienting and numbing. By 2000, I'd resolved to find the

root of my struggles and sought a year-long tapering schedule to wean off the medications.

It was a delicate process. On September 11, 2001—a date seared into global memory—I began to feel sensations in my body that had been dulled for years. The gradual shedding of these chemical layers exposed not only my physical vulnerabilities but also my spiritual core. By September 2002, my body could no longer sustain the strain, and I experienced what I now understand as a near-death experience (NDE).

My Journey Beyond

It began with the unrelenting noise of a jackhammer. A man on a platform outside my two-story bedroom window was breaking bricks, the sound deafening. As I tried to escape the cacophony, I stumbled, fell, and, in a single, unrepeatable moment, exited my body.

To my detractors who dismiss NDEs as mere hallucinations or fabrications, I can only say this: *One day, you'll know.* The realm I entered was beyond words, a place of pure love and understanding. It was Heaven as I had always imagined—a return to the Divine Source. This experience reaffirmed my trust in the tools that had guided me: kinesiology, palmistry, and the practice of surrender.

The Resilience of Hope

As I sit here on Christmas Eve, reflecting on these moments, I am reminded that hope is not a passive state but an active force. It requires resilience—the courage to explore, question, and trust in the unseen. The Age of Aquarius calls us to embody this resilience, to embrace the interconnectedness of all life, and to honour the wisdom within ourselves.