

# Hello Lover,



**I'M JEANINE STAPLES, FOUNDER OF THE SUPREME LOVE PROJECT...  
WHERE YOU CAN LEARN TO HEAL THE TERRORS IN YOUR SOUL AND  
LAUNCH A REVOLUTION IN YOUR LIFE. WELCOME.**

## **DEATH**

Years ago, I died a thousand deaths. The relational and social terrors I experienced almost cost me my sanity. It really all started when I was a girl. When I was in kindergarten, I was molested by a family friend. In elementary school, I was bullied. My first boyfriend in high school was an alcoholic. So was my college boyfriend. Throughout adulthood, I attracted a strange mix of caring, honest men and narcissistic, pathological, emotionally neglectful, and verbally abusive men. (I felt pretty clueless and confused about the lack in rhyme and reason in relating.) And, as I grew up, I was nurtured by a tight-knit family of dynamic women who taught me I had to have a man at all costs, suggesting that I couldn't be happy without one and that I wasn't complete on my own.

## **CONFLICT & RESULTS (I WAS A MESS)**

My childhood abuse and adolescent indoctrination produced an internal conflict in me that would take years for me to identify and reconcile. Because of the conflict, I began to develop what I call a toxic lover identity. I went from my girlhood, into my womanhood with an unclear sense of self, a penchant for codependency, and a tendency to co-create trauma bonds with all kinds of people, both romantic and platonic. I was often emotionally dishonest, prone to anxiety, chronically depressed, and socially defensive. I had severe panic attacks. I drew in narcissistic counterparts and suffered serious emotional, verbal, and mental trauma. I lost my voice often. In seemingly arbitrary situations. Without consistent rhyme or reason, sometimes, I had no words to stand up for myself, ask for what I want, secure what I deserve, or trust my own opinions. My self-esteem was selective. Low in one instance, high in another. My confidence would sometimes bottom out and other times remain strong. I had a random need to please that was often humiliating. It almost killed me. I was a mess.

## **WAIT. MORE CONFUSING (I WAS A MIRACLE)**

Now wait! This is where it gets more confusing. To look at me from the outside, you might not have guessed I was suffering like that. Because I was not only a mess, I was also a miracle. I drank my terrors with sweet tea. I grew up in a pretty happy, middle class, two-parent household. My father was present and devoted. My mother was attentive and loving. I have been safe before. I've known healthy, beautiful romantic, social, and familial love. I've been adored and I have adored...Beyond that, I grew up and had a very successful, high powered career. I founded and ran a lucrative consulting firm. I had a beautiful home. A bunch of lifelong friends. And I was a serial monogamist. I had a boyfriend almost constantly, just as I was taught. Yet, the pain points I developed when I was a girl stuck. My deep-seated, toxic belief systems, survival programs, defense mechanisms, narrative structures, and fear impulses generated a lover identity that reproduced my pain and caused severe stress and alienation. I learned quiet despair.

## **FROM THE PIT. SUPREME LOVE**

And at the bottom of my pit, I saw a light. Through my research, I found Supreme Love. A source through which I could build a new identity to heal the terrors in my soul and launch a revolution in my life. As a Supreme Lover I do my womanhood dynamically, radically, and of my own design. I love and live so differently. No more narcissistic trauma bonds, neither platonic or romantic. No more fear-mongering, stuffing my desires into a hole. No more shaming and blaming, minimizing myself or pointing the fingers at others. No more people pleasing or approval seeking, walking around with a muddy middle where my core needs to be. No more forfeiting my rights or my dreams, afraid to take risks or trust myself with my life. No more masculine stances that distance myself from my feminine, adult center.

## **NO. NOW, I'M DOING WOMANHOOD DIFFERENTLY**

And you can too. You see, I don't think you really need a date. I think you need a destiny. I don't think you need a love coach. I think you need another lover. A lover identity that's all your own. An identity that enables you to actively take back your power, receive your gifts, and rebuild your womanhood wondrously, on your own terms...so you can have whatever you want, whenever you want it...whoever you want, whenever you want them. If you want to break out of the chains that relational and social terrors produced on your heart, you can. If you want to shift your energy from If you want to evolve your identity to reveal a smarter, stronger, wiser, kinder, gentler, version of yourself, you can. If you want to generate the courage required to advance your career, start a new business, incite a movement, you can. Redesigning your womanhood and your life requires faith. And faith works by Love, Supreme Love.

Love *supremely*, so you can live *supremely*.

