

# I Know My Worth: How the Wounded Become the Gatekeepers of Love

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**[WARNING: THIS IS NOT A SAFE READ]**

**Unified Theistic Naturalism does not entertain illusions.**

What you are about to read is real.  
The people are real. The stories are real.  
The pain, the choices, the confusion, the chaos—it's all happening.  
And it's happening inside *you*.

This isn't a message for someone else.  
This isn't spiritual fluff or poetic escape.  
This is *you*, on the page.  
This is *your decisions*, in slow motion.  
This is *your mirror*.

UTN doesn't ask you to believe anything.  
It only asks that you *see*.  
And what you're about to see may hurt—  
because it might be the first time you've looked with your eyes open.

There are no victims here.  
Only movements.  
And this paper holds nothing back.

**Read this only if you're ready to stop blaming them,  
and finally face the one who's been choosing all along.**

This isn't about healing.  
It's about dissolving the lie that you were ever broken.

If you're ready—proceed.  
If not, fold the page.  
Paradise isn't going anywhere.

**But you are.**

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## Abstract

This paper is not about someone else. It's about you. About me. About the reason you keep ending up in broken relationships, no matter how much "work" you've done. You say you're healed. You say you've grown. You say you know your worth. But underneath it all, you're still choosing from pain. You've built standards out of trauma, red flags out of fear, and walls so high that even peace can't get in.

This white paper follows the actual movement of what happens when seekers and sufferers call themselves whole but still cannot see. Through the lens of Unified Theistic Naturalism (UTN), we expose how unresolved energy becomes standards, how "I know my worth" becomes a defense, and how you might now be the very reason love can't last. This is the paper you won't want to see—but have to.

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## The Energy Didn't Heal—It Hardened

You got hurt.  
You were used. Lied to. Ignored.  
You gave too much. Lost yourself.  
And it changed you.

Now you say things like:

- *"I've done the work."*
- *"I know my worth."*
- *"I'm not settling again."*

But let's be honest: you didn't heal.  
You just upgraded your walls.

That pain—the energy of being overlooked, touched without reverence, misread, dismissed, cheated on—

**it didn't leave your body.**

It crystallized into expectations.

Into vetting lists.

Into "non-negotiables."

Into little tests you now give every new person you meet.

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## You Built a Fortress and Called It Wisdom

Let's get real.

The next person who comes your way isn't being met by your love—  
**they're being met by your security system.**

They have to earn what the last person broke.

They have to be better than your past.

They have to carry your hope.

**And pay for your peace.**

This isn't love.

It's a quiet demand:

*"Don't become what hurt me."*

You say: *"I know my worth."*

But what you really mean is:

*"I won't let myself feel that powerless again."*

And who could blame you?

But that isn't healing.

That's control.

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## **You Didn't Leave the Battlefield—You Just Took a Break**

At some point, you stepped away.

You said: *"I'm focusing on me."*

No dating. No drama. Just peace.

But be honest—

you weren't healing.

You were hiding.

You were resting, not revealing.

You were doing rituals, not dissolving.

You went on vacation from your triggers.

And the moment you came back to the real world,

**the same chaos returned.**

Because nothing was resolved.

The chooser inside you still exists.

Only now—she's smarter, sharper, and more seductive.

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## **The New You Is Still Choosing From the Wound**

Now you're poised. Composed.  
You've got the body, the mindset, the house, the brand.  
You attract attention.  
You filter options.  
You radiate power.

But you're still alone.  
Still disappointed.  
Still quietly frustrated.  
Because you're doing all the "right" things—  
and love still isn't working.

And here's why:  
**you are still choosing from the wound.**  
You've just gotten better at hiding it.

You no longer let the wrong one in.  
But you also can't hold onto the right one—  
because **there is no "right one" when the chooser is broken.**

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## **When You Do Let Someone In, They Become Your Payment**

Let's say someone passes the test.  
Checks all your boxes.  
Maybe even offers more than you expected.

Now what?

**Now they have to stay frozen.**  
They have to remain exactly as they were  
on the day your trauma approved them.

Any change becomes a threat.  
Any deviation triggers your alarms.  
Their growth becomes your insecurity.  
Their depth becomes "too much."  
Their boundaries become abandonment.

Because your pain let them in—  
not your Presence.

And now they're not your partner.  
**They're your refund.**

They owe you for everything that came before.  
They're not being loved—  
**they're being used to fix what someone else broke.**

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## **And When That Doesn't Work, You Start Collecting Pieces**

Eventually, you'll call it all fake.  
You'll stop believing in "the one."  
You'll date like it's a business.  
Get what you need. Take what you want.

One for conversation.  
One for passion.  
One for attention.  
One for protection.  
One for comfort.  
None for communion.

You'll still say: "*I know my worth.*"  
But you won't feel worthy.  
Because no matter how beautiful your life looks—  
**you still don't feel home.**

Why?

Because *you never saw yourself.*  
You just kept upgrading your defense.  
**And peace doesn't live behind protection.**

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## **If a Seer Finds You—It Will Break You or Save You**

If by grace, a Seer walks into your life,  
they will not bend.  
They will not chase.  
They will not rescue.  
**They will reflect.**

They will show you everything you've hidden behind your glow.  
They will stay still while your illusions shake.  
They will not walk away—  
but you might.

Because being seen—*truly seen*—  
hurts more than being lied to.

And in that moment, you will decide:  
**“Do I dissolve the fortress,  
or do I exile the mirror?”**

Most exile the mirror.

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## **Conclusion: You Keep Saying "I Know My Worth"—But Who Told You That?**

Did the Divine tell you your worth?  
Or did your pain define it for you?  
Did communion show you who you are?  
Or did your last heartbreak decide what you deserve?

Because if you're still measuring yourself  
by how hard someone has to work to love you—  
**you're not healed. You're fortified.**

And fortress people don't find paradise—  
**they guard the ruins of a love they never saw.**

Unified Theistic Naturalism doesn't ask you to give up your standards.  
It asks you to see who created them.  
And if the answer is pain—  
**then it's time to dissolve the chooser.**

Only then will love stop costing people their souls.  
Only then will you stop collecting men—or women—as parts.  
Only then will you stop saying “I know my worth”  
and finally feel it—without needing anyone to prove it.

Because when you know who you are *without the wound*,  
**you won't choose from trauma ever again.**

And love won't be a payment.  
It will be presence.