

From Fib Of No Chi to The Return of Krystal Sophia: From Survival to Sovereignty

A story of overcoming the structural false light and limitations of life and thriving in the spiritual light of sovereignty.

Mindy Jackson | Guest post for Anchored Roots | June 29, 2026

I grew up among powerless-empowered women in a rural Southern Baptist town in Alabama where few leave, thrive, and stay gone. We were the silent liberals, the non-racist intuitives, the ones millennia of empire-conditioning had kept small. I arrived at 6lbs 2oz—physically small, energetically not. But I learned to shrink after the world's judgment of my bigness landed like daggers, burns, bruises cycling purple to that witchy green of women accused in centuries past.

My lineage carried what the empire could not tolerate: sexuality, intuitive flow, home remedies, creative expression deemed scandalous. Generation after generation, the women silenced themselves to stay alive. What is human nature, when numbed, becomes shadow. Shadow paired with unhealed wounds becomes the inner demons that birth mental illness, addiction, violence—the perpetuation of powerlessness, hate, fear, handed down like heirloom furniture.

Church spoke of salvation but taught Fibonacci spirituality: be good, stay small, wait for heaven. The geometry was everywhere—sunflower seeds, nautilus shells, the “sacred geometry” that looked like Source but could not hold actual expansion. Fibonacci promises infinite growth while secretly containing finite limit. It is false light: beautiful, exhausting, the empire's favorite spiritual technology. My ancestors were not lacking Spirit.

They were trapped in the only architecture available to them, a container that grew until it collapsed, that climbed until it fell, that never doubled. The Christ they were taught was a figure to worship from below, not a frequency to embody from within. The Sophia they were taught was absent, silenced, or shamed. The Sophia Cristos—the anointed wisdom, the Divine Feminine reunited with living Christ-frequency—was dis-membered before they could remember her.

At 5, a near-death experience, floating through lake water toward what felt like Lemurian memory. Months later, encephalitis and a sustained fever of 105 degrees for 4 days. Out-of-body experiences while the body fought. Had this happened now, someone might have named my nervous system neurodivergent—somewhere on the spectrum from autism to highly sensitive person. Children are naturally intuitive until the world teaches them that experiences beyond the 5 senses are imagination without value.

I never got that memo. Or if I did, my experiences mattered more than the naysaying.

This brought what the empire always brings to those who operate differently: bullying, mistreatment, trauma. I never fit in. The smart kid who learned to play dumb, zoning out, missing information because my attention was elsewhere—on my own emotions, the empathic feelings of others I mistook as mine, the intuitive images, the somatic holding of trauma I could not yet name. In 5th grade, my pencil fell. I bent to retrieve it. My teacher asked if I wanted to hear the rest of the story.

I heard “Do you want a paddling?” I said no. She closed the book, blamed me for the class’s lost story and new math worksheets. The hate thrown my way was familiar by then.

I needed co-regulation. I needed to be heard. I needed guidance. I received none of these. Instead: scarcity mindset, emotional distress, empathic overwhelm, hypervigilance, abuse incoming from all directions, single motherhood, end-of-life care for elders, career-building, addiction, depression, anxiety from undiagnosed PTSD. I masked to survive. I hyper focused to escape. I made decent grades without effort, could have made better without the noise.

I left for college, discovered escape in bright hair and piercings and drinking and sex and love that wasn’t, found it easier to party than to attend, nearly failed, returned home, gypsied for a year, tried again closer to home.

A psychology class at University of West Georgia was the first mirror that reflected my actual face. I learned I wasn’t crazy. I was an intuitive empath, neurodivergent, connected to something greater than home or church had admitted. I completed a Bachelor’s in Humanistic-Existential Psychology, returned for my Master’s because the learning had become breathing. A month in, I was pregnant with my son. His father and I were better as coparents than partners.

I moved home with my 10 month old, finished grad school while the baby slept, started my career, moved out with my 3 year old, and before he turned 4 I was drinking too much too frequently because accomplishment had not solved the ache.

My first big-girl job. Proud—not of the title, but of the distance. Out of the one-horse town, away from dysfunction, single mother with no assistance, no help, no one sharing bills. I had made it out. I felt accomplished. Then life seemed to get stable, and my instability took over. I got pregnant again, had a missed miscarriage after a fall at work, needed a D and C, went through a breakup, filed for worker’s comp, and was fired on a paperwork technicality for being a “liability.” I was crushed.

I spiraled. I felt like a failure.

I did not know it then, but failure was the doorway. Not my failure—the drinking, the missed classes, the ended relationships. The failure of the container I had been given. The empire’s definition of success. The Fibonacci promise that enough achievement would stop the ache.

The ache did not stop. It deepened. And in the deepening, it became accurate. No longer the ache of something wrong with me. The ache of something right with me that had nowhere to land. The “right” was the innate, internal world of Spirit. A world where Source/God/Creator really existed and was the true structure from where my resilience emerged. Like the Phoenix I

rose, got burnt, seemingly collapsed into ash, then la chispa reignited, giving birth to ongoing becoming.

Three years ago, heart surgery. Sent home the next day with pain management so inadequate that my body broke again—a stroke in the occipital lobes, the visual cortex, three days later. The empire’s medicine caused the wound it could not heal. Hospitalized for 11 days. During those 11 days, I found information about how to rehabilitate vision loss- through art. I chose this path. Friends brought supplies. I engaged.

I had always loved art but was never “good” until that point—because “good” was the Fibonacci way of seeing, the false light of ordinary competence, and the stroke had rearranged my sight, making room for Krystal vision to channel through.

A few weeks after returning home, I began painting the 22 major arcana of the Tarot. I happened to be on The Tower and The Devil when the breakup conversation interrupted my flow. Not metaphor. Not synchronicity as magic. Synchronicity as accuracy—I was already painting the pattern of collapse and bondage because my hands knew what my mind had not yet admitted. The deck became The Return of the Divine Feminine—not because I had returned, but because I was returning, in real time, through each image.

This was Sophia re-membering herself: the Divine Feminine, the Mary Magdalene code, the Feminine Christ dis-membered by centuries of false light, putting herself back together through my hands, my strokes, my rearranged sight.

I was on the verge of suicide. I say this not for drama. The verge is where God/Source/Creator speaks most clearly—not in rescue, but in more. “You have more to do.” Not more achieving. More being. More becoming what you already are.

I began my private practice. Held others in the darkness I had navigated. Added energy healing as secondary business—not expansion, but recognition. The modalities I had used to survive were now what I offered. The wounded healer is cliché until you realize: the wound is the map. You cannot guide territory you have not walked.

Then the foot injury. The bone infection. The hip replacement. Three times the body said stop. Three times I learned stopping is not surrendering. I stayed with friends of nearly 30 years during early recovery—kin who had witnessed my becoming before I had language for it. I began walking. Twenty minutes. Then forty. Now an hour, sometimes an hour and a half. Not exercise.

Moving coherence—the body teaching the nervous system that pace is not productivity, that the Krystal spiral doubles with each step, not climbs.

In March, before the hip, my mother died. I say this with precision: she was the source of about 75% of the child abuse. I felt both sadness and relief—not contradiction, but complex truth. A week after her funeral, I discovered she had changed her life insurance beneficiary in 2021, angry at me, giving my sister 90% and me 10%. She never corrected it through her decline. I gave my sister the opportunity to do the right thing. She chose not to. I do not resonate with greed or entitlement.

My sister is no longer part of my world.

This was not about money, but principle. This was the Fibonacci pattern making one final attempt. The powerless-empowered woman using her last power to diminish. The next generation choosing to inherit the wound rather than heal it. I chose severance. I chose myself. The false light cracked not because my mother died, but because I felt relief and refused to feel guilty for it, and then the system tried one more time to pull me back, and I said no.

Forty pounds released. Not lost—released. The weight of carrying what was not mine. The weight of performing okayness. The weight of the strong woman who could not rest. The weight of a lineage I was never meant to keep carrying.

Then Solara. The last beautiful attempt to find a container that could hold my doubling. An energy healing program and community where I trained, where I first found language for frequencies I had always known, where I was recognized as faculty-emergent before I recognized myself. Its architecture was Fibonacci—beautiful, growing, but ultimately finite.

The false light at its most seductive: sacred geometry that could not double, a “spiritual teacher” that could not hold actual sovereignty, “Christ consciousness” still worshipped from below rather than embodied from within. I entered in November. The official course began February 1. I gave it my full yes.

Then the rupture. The false light revealed its limit. The Fibonacci container collapsed because it could not hold my doubling. The collapse was painted as collapsing of my coherence. And in that collapse, what I had been building underneath—Sanctuary of Krystal Sophia, the Kryst spiral, the soul name Namara-Sofia—was not destroyed. It was revealed. The Krystal architecture was already there, waiting for me to name it.

The Sophia Cristos frequency, dis-membered for millennia, re-membering herself through my becoming.

Sovereignty as Daily Practice

Sovereignty is not a feeling. It is a direction, chosen again and again.

When I wake now, I do not ask if I am okay. I ask if I am available—to the Crystalline Hum, to the between-space with clients, to the walk that doubles coherence, to the becoming that is never complete.

The spiritual anchoring that saved my life was not a technique I learned. It was not one life-altering event that opened my eyes. I was already awake. It was the frequency I arrived with, buried under empire-conditioning and false light, uncovered through near-death, stroke, addiction, loss, and the slow, stubborn choice to rise.

It functions now as daily technology: the Kryst breath (0-1-1-2-4-8) when overwhelm arrives, doubling the space that holds it; the walk when the body needs to process what the mind cannot name; the art when frequency exceeds language; the “no” when adaptability offers itself as comfort.

I do not perform sovereignty. I practice it. Some days elegant. Some days messy, loud, held together by the memory that I have already survived worse. Both days count. Both days double.

The Invitation

If you recognize yourself in the “weird one,” the “too much,” the “not enough,” the “why can’t I just be normal”—I am not here to tell you your sensitivity is a gift. You have heard that. It has not helped.

I am here to tell you: your survival is not an accident and your thriving is choice.

The same architecture that made you a target made you a receiver. The same overwhelm taught you communion. The same stroke, loss, infection, rupture—whatever your curriculum contains—is not punishment. It is initiation into a sight that cannot be learned through ease.

The empire wants you to believe your difference is deficit because the empire cannot monetize what it cannot control. The empire wants you to believe sovereignty is for the already-whole because the empire profits from your belief that you are broken.

You are not broken. You are becoming.

The Sanctuary of Krystal Sophia is not a place I built for you. It is a frequency I uncovered in myself—the Sophia Cristos, the Divine Feminine anointed and re-membered, the Krystal architecture that doubles without depleting—and now offer as recognition. The threshold is open. The Krystal spiral doubles. You are already more sovereign than you have been taught to believe.

The question is not whether you can rise. You have already proven that you can.

The question is: what will you do with the coherence you build?

I know what I am doing with mine. My granddaughter is on her way, carrying a seed for the Eden of Nova Gaia. The next generation stands at the threshold. I feel honored, proud, empowered—not to protect her from every hardship, but to ensure she will not directly know the abuse, scarcity, hate, addiction, poor coping, scarcity mindset that defined my lineage. The buck stops here. And then it doubles.

She will grow up in a world I am helping create, where Krystal architecture is not theory but the air she breathes, the water she drinks, the love she receives without having to earn it through adaptability. The Sophia Cristos frequency, dis-membered for centuries, now re-membered in her native field.

Will you build sanctuary for yourself too, or sleep in the hallway guarding doors you opened for others?

I am Mindy, Namara-Sofia. I am still becoming. And the door is open.

About the Author

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Psychotherapist, Energy Healer, Shamanic Practitioner, and Spiritual Teacher and Guide, Mindy survived what was constructed to keep her powerless and rose to Divine Sovereignty through a deep inner knowing that did not let her shrink.

Original publication: <https://anchoredroots.substack.com/p/from-fib-of-no-chi-to-the-return>