

RECOVERY WORKS

December 2010

LINDA'S THOUGHT

As always, take what you like and leave the rest.

At the Uniontown, PA. retreat, our packet included letterhead with ABC blocks on the top. It was suggested that we write a letter to our inner child. **(This would make a great meeting topic!)** Anyway, I wrote the following and thought I'd share it.

10-10-10

Dear Little Linda,

Thank you. Thank you. Thank you. What a brave, creative, beautiful and clean little girl you were. You deserved to be treated as well as the best-treated child in the whole world. You were cheated, and I'm sorry you didn't know love or safety.

I am in awe of your intelligence, your ability to dissociate and take blame that wasn't yours to bare. It kept us alive. I owe my life to you. You paid a high price to survive, but survive you did. I wish you could have seen then what a wonderful person you turned out to be!!

I really don't know how you saved your humanity, how you somehow preserved your empathy and compassion and love. But you did; you are truly a miracle!

Your pain wasn't in vain. We'll utilize that pain to help countless others – all because you did what you had to do to stay emotionally and mentally alive. Bravo! Ya done good!

I love you. I am you. You are me, and I'm so very proud & honored to be the adult part of you.

Love,
Linda

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Be gentle with yourself,

Linda D. Co-founder/Executive Director

See you at the April retreat near Philadelphia.

Linda's Keynote speech, NOW IN CD OR AUDIO CASSETTE, can be ordered for \$20.00 plus \$2.00 S/H Please let us know which one you want: CD or audio.

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Purity and innocence is virtuous!

The loss takes a toll.

We are still the beautiful person

We were before it was stolen.

If we should grow old the best

We can do is to help protect the

Innocence and purity of the children

Of today, that they may not have theirs stolen.

For Purity and

Innocence is VIRTUOUS!

Anonymous

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ONE WOMAN'S ENLIGHTENMENT AT UNIONTOWN

What I got from the retreat was this: On Friday night I sat in the dining room with two other survivors. I told the women about my mother-in-law and how she always put me down. One lady, Tracey, asked me what color was the wall behind me. It is a beautiful polished dark brown wood wall. I told her brown, she said, "NO IT IS WHITE!" I looked at the wall again and said, "No it is brown," again she said, "NO IT IS WHITE!" Then she asked me what color is the wall. I said any color you want it to be. She asked again, what color is the wall? I said, "White?" She said, "What color is the wall?" I said, "I know you are calling it white, but it is brown."

She said your mother-in-law was telling you
the wall is white, the abusers in your life have
been telling you the wall is white, but you
know that they are lying, the wall is brown.
That is what abusers do, they lie to you, and
sometimes you agree with their lies, but inside
you know that they are lying.

You agree with their lies because they are
more powerful than you are. But **THEY LIE**.
The wall is brown, and all their lies will not
make the wall white unless it gets painted. For
all our lives people have been lying to us; they
have been telling us that we are worthless, bad,
undeserving, whatever. They have been telling
us that a brown wall is white, **LIES**. And we
have accepted that they are right for so long
that we have looked at ourselves and seen a
person who is worthless, undeserving, bad, and
we have been seeing the 'white' wall. **IT IS
NOT TRUE**. We are **WORTHY**. **WE ARE
DESERVING**. **WE ARE NOT BAD**. We have
been lied to, and we have believed the lie. And
the wall really is brown.

Hugs.
Meri, Chicago
10/16/10

ACCEPTING TWO OR MORE

Once born we learn to grieve
All things seen were perceived
Accepting as love what we received.

Grief and rejection now pave life's path
Our justice due, we fought back
Broken adults needing humane contact.

Trust and love given demanded we get
Years of long suffering yield no respect
By one-self alone no chance for success.

If Two or More ask..... It shall be done
Our Higher Power reminds,

"I gave my only son."
Direction revealed with reflection and The
Word.

His promise given,
To love unconditional,
Without judgment,

Forgiveness to all who would ask.

By June, Maryland

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DO YOU HAVE TALENT?

The WSO is looking for poetry, artwork or recovery
articles to include in the next Newsletter. Please
send them to: SIA, PO Box 190, Benson, MD
21018 with written permission to print it.

A LETTER FROM ALETHEA

The following is a letter that I wrote to my sister after I disclosed to the family that my father sexually abused me for years as a child. It might help another survivor to get through the terrible emotional trauma of being ostracized by family members after daring to reveal family secrets. I have changed my sister's names to protect their identities.

Dear Madison,

Yesterday I asked our sisters Mary and Susan how you are doing. I asked them if you ever ask about me and wonder how I am, or if you continue to pretend that I do not exist. They replied that as far as you are concerned, you are the youngest sibling. I am writing to tell you that in spite of your desire to erase me from your mind and life, I do exist. I am a living, breathing human being, and no matter how much you would like that not to be true, you cannot lie to yourself inside. You cannot ignore the truth that is within you. I exist in your mind, and the very fact that you try and pretend that your younger sister is dead should show you that you have a problem inside yourself.

You have hated me and treated me badly most of my life. You might want to check yourself out to see where that hatred stems from. I have been working on myself in therapy for many years, and I am not only liberating myself from being the victim of childhood incest, but I have freed myself from any need that I used to have for you to like me or to treat me well.

You wrote to me that I have a malignant brain, but you are the one with the problem in your mind. For more than four decades, I carried around the malignancy of having been a victim of child sexual abuse, but I am free from that. I am no longer sick and dysfunctional. I no longer suffer from terrible emotional problems, from phobias and anxiety disorders. I no longer have nightmares and no longer hate people, especially women. I no longer suffer from the multitude of physical problems that plagued me for fifteen years. I no longer have Chronic

Fatigue Immune Dysfunction Syndrome; I have healed from it, even though doctors say there is no cure and no real treatment for the disease.

You told me that if I wrote to you again that you would flush my letter down the toilet, "a proper receptacle for your crap," is how you put it. That's fine with me. That is your right to do so. But it is also my right to express myself about the violation that I suffered as a child. A crime was committed against me, and I have a right to speak about it. If that makes you uncomfortable, then that is something you ought to look at within yourself.

Your behavior is why child sexual abuse continues. Those who try and silence victims by calling them names, by trying to demean them and by using threats against them is what throws a blanket of protection around child abusers. So go ahead and flush this letter down your toilet because you can't flush the truth, and won't stop me from speaking it. Your pretending that I do not share this planet with you will not stop my book from existing, nor will it stop me from getting my book into the hands of other survivors of child sexual abuse. I intend on helping people, even if you don't want to help yourself.

My book does not mention anything about any abuse of you, Mary, or Susan, but it does tell my story and my experiences. I want you to know that your hatred of me no longer affects me. I free myself of your rage, and with this letter, I release myself of any power that you previously held over me. I was not to blame for the abuse and will not accept any blame for exposing it. My guilt dies with you, our father and anyone else in the family that has ever made me feel badly for talking about what happened to me as a child.

Sincerely,
Alethea M., CO

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