

RECOVERY WORKS

August 2011

LINDA'S THOUGHTS

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

INJUSTICE

I have such a difficult time accepting injustice. In many cases, society doesn't dole out justice; instead it protects the guilty, not the innocent.

I say that "society" does this but in some ways we do it too. Whenever we blame the little girl/boy inside us (for example: "I was too irresistible, too pretty."), whenever we build a case against our inner child(ren) by trying to defend the perp (For example: "I should have.... I shouldn't have.....), we too are protecting the guilty, not the innocent. When we take our eyes off the evil of the abuser and start indicting her/his victim (For example: "But I asked for it or in some ways liked it."), we are losing sight of the value of the innocence of an innocent child.

We need to decide on our guilt or innocence and not depend on a child molester to do it *for us*. We are just as powerless over them now as we were when we were growing up. Step 1 tells me that I can't fix her but I can fix me and my life now. So, I decided: *I am the jury in the criminal case against Christine (my biological mother/perpetrator). My loving Higher Power is also the jury in this criminal case against Christine.* And we vote "guilty!"

We also vote that Little Linda was "i-n-n-o-c-e-n-t!" The crimes against her were unjustified. Period. And furthermore, we salute Little Linda (*feel free to insert your name here*) for her bravery, tenacity and creativity in surviving a contained hell she didn't create or deserve.

We have the power now. We have the vote. We are our own jury. And what say you?

Linda D.
Co-founder/Executive Director
Survivors of Incest Anonymous WSO

See you at the September retreat!

Linda's keynote speech is now available on cassette or CD. \$20.00 + S/H.

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THE ADDICT

My thoughts are mine and only mine. Where I sit in abstract mood, always trying not to brood on the feeling of inner things. Which I try to still with fantasy, always trying to block my true emotion with many kinds of potions, and on and on my story goes. Until I give the power to the one that knows.

Stan F., CT

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GRIEF

How can I begin to describe the flood and depth of my grief as I remember the abuse?

Wrenching itself from my soul, my grief is profound. It fills my world. I can't scream enough. Nor can I stop. I scream long after my voice leaves me. Crying and raging nightly, I scream into my pillow

I silently scream during my walk to work, at work and returning from work.

I openly scream my anguish during support group meetings and listen as others sob their accounts.

I wonder if I will ever feel like not screaming.

Wanda R., WV