

SHARON'S STORY - HOW IT STARTS

Child abuse walks on a child's development with golf shoe spikes in the areas of Physical - Sexual - Social - Emotional - Spiritual and Intellectual development. Child abuse generates: Fear, Confusion, Lack Of Trust, Rage, Denial, Isolation, Rigidity, Secretiveness, Sadness, Guilt, Withdrawal, Seductiveness & Self-Abuse.

It was a fall day sometime around early November and I was 7 and a half years old. The leaves had already turned and were falling from the trees. The temperature had a fall edge to it but it was still warm.

The atmosphere in the house was one of extreme hatred, loathing, like there was no room to move or think, feel or be. I could tell that dad was beside himself, explosive yet detached. I knew that this day was going to be a turning point in my life before it even happened. Dad grabbed me by the arm and threw me into the truck. There was fishing gear in the back of the truck but I knew this wasn't really a fishing trip. There were very few words spoken on the way to wherever we were going. I feared for my life. I sat very quiet in anticipation of what was going to happen. All of my senses were right there.

I felt so present, in a survival kind of way, that day. We had arrived and dad pulled me from the truck. He grabbed the fishing stuff. We walked in a dried creek bed. Leaves were everywhere they crunched under my feet. I felt death everywhere. Dad walked ahead of me as though he didn't want to wait for me. I felt like I was going to burst. I was looking down at the ground as I walked. There was a gunnysack of dead kittens, like someone had drowned them in the creek when it had water in it. I stopped to look at them and started to whimper. Before I could even get into the feeling of sorrow, dad grabbed me by the arm and pulled me ahead of him, hitting me on the head saying something like "Don't be ...". Now dad was behind me and I was scared. I didn't know how to be. This felt very different. When he would beat me before it was all so in the moment and then it was over. We arrived at the water and I was thankful that the walk was over. That I could sit and try to figure out what was going on. Maybe even revisit the sad feelings I had about the kittens. The fishing gear never really did get set up.

I had to pee. Dad helped take my pants off. I didn't know why, I was a big girl and he hadn't helped for years. He stood real close while I peed and I didn't feel right. I heard him behind me unzip his zipper and I thought he was going to pee too. When I turned around he pushed me to the ground and he fell on top of me. He was poking me with his penis between my legs but my pants and my strength held my legs together. When he went to fix that problem I raised my legs and kicked him in the stomach. I don't remember any words or sounds but I knew I didn't want to proceed with whatever this was supposed to be. He grabbed my neck and was choking me. At some point I went to my dark room place in my head where there are no feelings and it is very quite and peaceful, the dead kittens were there. I felt the fight go out of my body. There was some comfort to that place. I don't know how long I was there.

The next thing I remember dad was walking back to the car with all the fishing gear in his hands telling me to hurry up and come on like nothing had happened except he was still very angry but the intensity felt less. I got up and pulled my pants up and ran after him. I was crying now and he just let me cry. I lingered behind and he just let me. I wanted to fall down and cover myself with leaves and wait for him to come and find me like he used to when I was 2 years old. But I also knew that that was over too. I knew everything was over with my best friend, dad. I felt dead inside. By the time we got home I had stopped crying and had made a number of decisions.

The first was that I didn't want to know anymore and second was that I wanted to spend more time in that dark room with the dead kittens. I had put my needs before what dad wanted and that now I was going to have to pay for it. Shortly after that day, dad left the house and the folks got divorced. I often thought that I had a lot to do with dad leaving.

Written by "Sharon" of her childhood exploitation - neglect of love - and trust betrayed.



**OPINIONS AND FEELINGS ARE FREQUENTLY A PERSONAL TRIUMPH OVER GOOD THINKING
YOU DEFINE REALITY BY WHAT YOU KNOW, WHAT YOU BELIEVE, AND WHAT YOU DO ABOUT IT.**