

Alice #44

I am over 50 years old now, I grew up inside domestic violence, and outlived it, and I began to thrive.

When I was one month old, my dad stabbed my mum many times in the breast with a fork during a heated argument - because she wasn't feeding me when I cried. Her doctor had told her to feed the babe four-hourly, and my mother was obeying the orders of the system like a well behaved member of society does. My father was more of a rebel - he liked when things happened naturally - and thus, they had 'issues'.

My mother did leave him when the stabbing happened - fleeing to her parents, babe in arms - but her mother said: "you've made your bed and now you will have to lie in it". Her mother was all about 'saving face' and because my mother was "now a married woman" - she better get back to her vows of: 'for better or for worse' And thus the evil really began. With no-one caring for her wellbeing, my mother became depressed and suicidal. She had two more children to my father, and when I was five she ran away, and never came home again.

Life with a single parent is stressful, it just is. My father would fly off the handle, drink too much, work too hard, and it really was: "my way or else" ... and I would 'run away'. The first time I ran away I was still five - I didn't make it too far before I realised that I didn't know where i was running 'TO' - and so, I learned to be Real Brave - and I turned again and went back - 'faced the music' and 'took the blows, rolling with the punches' - I learned to 'Stand Up for Myself'.

The years move on, and as a young adult I am caught in the cycle of domestic violence. First I married, and when my husband began to push and pull me physically, I immediately found a way to leave him - and I booted it with my two little children, far from him. Yet, I cycled back into an abusive relationship - and had two more children - it's a hellish bind, love mixed with violence.

I couldn't handle it - and so I ran away - far, far away, with my four children - trusting no-one at all. Living as a stranger in a strange land with four children is a foolish thing for a young, single woman to do - in hindsight I should have ran back to my hometown - but I feared going home during that time, back then, thinking 'they' would look 'down' on me - thinking I was 'unloved'.

It was here that I chose to be in the worst relationship of my life. It was here that I was beaten to a pulp over and over again - spat on, attacked, my head was cracked through the windscreen of my car, and you all know what it's like - its physical, mental, emotional, and drains our Spirit and diminishes our Soul.

I became a recluse, I stuttered when I spoke, I lost the sound of my laughter. I would be as quiet as I could, but flare into massive anger - I lost my ability to run. I decided that the only escape was death - not only for myself, but my children too - to save us all from this evil world.

My eldest, born wise, although still a child, asked me: "who will you kill first?" - and that broke me - because I could not make such a choice. I hated myself so much, I yelled at god in flaming anger: " if this is my life, to be beaten and attacked and violated, I will do it myself" - and I took a piece of wood and tried to beat myself to death with it - failing, I then tried to drown myself in a puddle - this also I could not do. My anger was so extreme against myself that I had a mental breakdown.

THE RETURN TO INNOCENCE - ENIGMA.

The words of this song spoke to me. It took time to remember that I didn't 'belong' in the land where I was barely existing, I was speaking to a lady about her abusive relationship, and it was then that I remembered that I have a place I can go - Home.

I prayed to God - because it would take many hands to move me from there - and money. And just like a miracle, it happened. I was 33 years old, and my life began to begin again.

Old habits die hard, and I was drawn to those in need. It took time to understand that these 'need's' in 'others' was actually a part of ME that I needed to heal. Now, I am my very own bestest friend in the whole wide world. I ask myself "do you really want this?"

I had to heal anxiety, depression, and many fears before I could become the person who lives today - a Grand Mother, who is FREE to Love, FREE to Live and has paid the price of causing my children's suffering,. I have been forgiven, and I have forgiven myself, and I have forgiven those who harmed me and did not protect me. The reward of all my Inner Work and Healing shows in the stable, nonviolent relationships my children invested themselves in.

Long term. Communicative. Each one Free, and loving and loved.

I, myself, do not have a 'intimate companion' - , yet, one day I shall -when its truly the "right person for me". So, in the meantime, I write, I paint, I cook, I look after the elderly, I garden and I spend time with my children and grand children. If I want to swim in the Ocean - I go. I do not deny myself anything anymore. I created a realm inside myself, I tune into the ways of the Sun and Moon and Seasons.

All that I do, I did at first to survive - and now - I thrive...and SO CAN YOU -

Once you Truly Believe in YOU - you are on your way.

Xx