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# R A I N B O W ' S E N D

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## Support & Information Newsletter of **First Person Plural**

the national survivor-led association for dissociative identity disorder  
and similar complex dissociative conditions

*Registered Charity No: 1109464*

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*We know that this is a  
difficult time for many  
members and we wish you  
all as much peace and  
safety as possible over  
the coming month and all  
the very best for the  
coming year*

**Editorial Statement:-**

While every effort will be made to keep contributions complete and unedited we reserve the right to make amendments. Decisions about the inclusion and amendment of contributions are made by the editors and are final. Contributions do not necessarily reflect the views and opinions of First Person Plural, members of the executive committee or the editors. Inclusion of any reference to an individual or organisational resource is not a recommendation. The contents of this newsletter are for information and support purposes only.

The newsletter is not a substitute for individual therapy or professional supervision. It is an addition to, not a replacement for, other networks of support.

Contributions can be sent in **at anytime** stories; resources; book reviews; tips; personal experiences; articles and poems; brief snippets and black & white artwork are desperately needed It would help if you can send your contribution as an email attachment. This saves times and resources. Please send to our editorial email address **newsletter@firstpersonplural.org.uk**. If you can't send by email, handwritten and typed material sent by post will continue to be accepted.

The next issue of the newsletter is due in **March 2011**; any contributions for consideration for inclusion in that issue must be with us by **1<sup>st</sup> March**  
Originals returned only if a suitable stamped addressed envelope is enclosed  
**IMPORTANT:-** When sending material for publication please clearly mark "FOR PUBLICATION" and say what name or pseudonym you wish to use.

**ATTENTION** : -Material in this newsletter may trigger painful memories and feelings. Read with caution and appropriate support if necessary

**MAKING CONTACT WITH EACH OTHER?  
REMEMBER SAFETY FIRST**

One reason people join First Person Plural is in the hope of connecting with other members. The newsletter and occasional members open meetings provide opportunities to do so but we suggest you use caution. Do not lose sight of the fact that, initially at least; other members of FPP may be strangers to you, as you are to them. FPP does not check applicants for membership. Anyone can become a member by completing a form and making payment. We have no reason to believe that any of our members are unsafe persons but conversely we can offer no assurances that someone is trustworthy just because they are an FPP member. Also non-members may have access to the newsletter.

Clearly we are not saying never make contact but we do advise that you use common sense precautions as you would when meeting or contacting any stranger. Develop your friendship slowly before exchanging personal details such as telephone, mobile or postal address. Set clear boundaries for yourself about what kind and how much contact you wish to have with each other. Listen to & respect each other's need to set and change boundaries. Do not let desperation for understanding, support and friendship cloud your judgement or lead you to try to get more from each other than each wish to give

Dear Members

Since our last newsletter 'A Logical Way of Being' has become an international award winning DVD. Kathryn and I went to the International Society for the Study of Trauma and Dissociation conference in Montreal where FPP was presented with their Audio Visual Media Award. This is probably the highest accolade it can win as the ISSTD are the most developed organisation in this area of work in the world and their guidelines are respected and used universally.

It is of course something that as an organisation we are incredibly proud of but it is so much more than that. It has been given credence by some of the most experienced and influential people within the field of dissociation which allows us to say we know it does what we want it to with confidence. Thomas Carlton who is the current president of the organisation found time to come and have two long chats with those involved in the making of the DVD and said "FPP had made a very important contribution to the world of Dissociation".

I was invited to an Awareness and Networking evening in York where the DVD was shown and a discussion held afterwards. The audience came from many walks of life and the feedback has been very warming to receive. It was a lovely evening. FPP and The Pottergate Centre hosted a similar evening in Norwich and again we had a diverse and interested audience. There were people from the local MHT, CAMHS, housing associations, drug and alcohol abuse teams, teen pregnancy agencies, trainee psychologists and health visitors and many more. Again a very special event but it is what happens long term with relating to positive changes that will make it a success for me.

This is all good stuff and many more people now have a broader understanding of Complex Dissociation. I think the biggest complement came from my son when I asked him if he had learnt much from the DVD. He said not really because 'that is just how it is'.

I feel we now need the various organisations to go back into their workplace and start saying they are unhappy about there being no training on this subject and pushing for this to change. The DVD is very much a beginning. We gave out information about the European Society for Trauma and Dissociation-UK 3 day Foundation Course which would be a very good starting place for many. FPP is also putting on their one day 'Understanding Dissociation' in Norwich in the Spring. It seems vital to offer something as a follow up but real change I feel will only begin to come about by many being dissatisfied with how it is at this time.

We will be hosting similar events next year in Manchester and Birmingham with these courses being held in the cities following the evenings. We also intend to have a similar event later in the year in either Scotland or Wales.

We are now going ahead with getting subtitles in French, Spanish, English and German ready for the ESTD conference at the end of March. We are receiving enormous support from the ESTD to achieve this with some of their board members helping to get the translations done and making sure we haven't lost any of the meaning during this process. Without this input we would not be able to afford to do this very important piece of work.

I now have an insight into making a DVD that I didn't have this time last year, but also so much about what I really feel and understand. Having this basic tool that does reflect many experienced peoples' views ensures a common level of knowledge that provides a starting place. People can then go on to adapt their own skills and thinking relating to their own work situation. I think the lived experience reflects common threads while clearly demonstrating differences. It was very much a gut instinct that I was lucky enough to be able to act on, see through and now feel quietly confident that it has worked.

To all our members I wish you a peaceful time over the next few weeks. I know for many this will be very hard but hopefully knowing many will be thinking about those who belong to FPP may help to break the isolation and re connect with something that does help.

Warmest wishes, *Melanie*

*‘Change happens when the pain of not doing something becomes greater than the fear of doing it’*

*anon*

**A Response to ‘I do NOT have DID’**

Dear Ann

I wanted to write after your article in the last newsletter and say thank you for being brave enough for writing. I know it is very hard to write when it feels like your experience is different to those who may be reading it, and although I cannot directly relate to your experience of dissociation, I really can relate to the feeling that you don't fit anywhere, and how hard and isolating that is. I wish I could offer you some answers. Unfortunately I don't have any. But I hope that your article will reach others who may be in your position. And thank you for reminding the rest of us that dissociation takes many, many forms.

With best wishes, Oriel

**In Response to Ann – “I’m not DID either”.**

The war ended in 1945, all around the remains of its destruction disfigured the landscape in both town and country. The winter of 1947 was one of the coldest on record. I was three and a half. One day my mother left the house without saying goodbye, caught a train to London and never came back. Soon after I was deposited with an aunt by my father who very soon abruptly departed to sail the world with the navy. Overnight my beloved mother and father [or so I believe because even now not one iota of a fragment of a memory remains of our times together] had turned into distant figures around whom I constructed a mythic world in which I was loved by trees and would one day return to a heroes welcome. My whole adult life has been dedicated to this end and to recording the minutia of my existence in exile.

Since beginning to record our story in 1966 I've written millions of words, many of them in hope I could write my way back to where I was, back to the world of brightness and colour that I believe existed in those far off days and nights before the time of blankness. In the beginning it was different. In the beginning I understood my journal as the record of a quest, as any troubled teenager might, for girls, for sex, for love, for laughter: And then, as times darkened, for psychological, sociological, or spiritual enlightenment. It wasn't until more than forty years after first committing pen to paper that I read Van der Hart et al's 2006 volume *'The Haunted Self'* and fully and finally understood in diagnostic terms what my life had been. Not that of a ghost or alien life-form, not that of a depressed narcissist or borderline personality resulting from some vague Freudian pathology as I'd lately come to believe, but that of a structurally dissociated self fragmented by a very specific, abrupt, unexplained and not-discussed high impact childhood trauma.

I came to the place of writing this article as a result of meeting Melanie to discuss a PhD research project – a long held aspiration. It seems increasingly that the research and my personal search for self are parts of the same project, the reading informing the living and vice versa. In the 35 years since a breakdown scuppered my first attempt, I'm still not quite sure what the doctorate will turn out to be, or who I am, but the more I reach out and the more I feel met, the more confident I become that I'm headed in the right direction. My research so far indicates a family of conditions clustering on the borders of DID and straddling the boundary between primary and secondary structural dissociation labelled variously simple PTSD, complex PTSD, DDNOS and DESNOS. Despite intensive reading, personal therapy and self-reflection, we've yet to decide which diagnostic category fits me best. But as we increasingly meet and speak with survivors and professionals in the trauma/dissociation field I'm becoming more confident that whichever turns out to be the case we're at last joining with like-minded others travelling in the same direction.

Tony

## **Questions about DID: Part II** by Oriel

*A few years ago I was having a hard time with a friend who was struggling to accept my diagnosis of DID. Every time we tried to talk about it, the conversations were very heated and not very helpful, so I started trying to answer some questions in writing. It would be great to read other people's answers to the same questions. Please remember that this is just my experience, and your answers and experience and opinions about what is helpful may be very different. It would be great to read other people's responses, so do send them into the newsletter ...*

**3. Why do you sometimes seem to be able to cope with quite a lot, and at other times say you can't cope with something simple? I get hurt when you say you can't manage something that is important to me.**

This is a very difficult question for me to answer without going into a lot of painful detail, and there is no simple answer, which is maybe part of the reason it can seem confusing from the outside. Whether I can manage something depends on many factors, both on the inside and on the outside. For example, if something takes place in a location which has traumatic memories for me, that makes it much harder to cope with than the same thing might in another location.

You are right that sometimes I can cope with a lot. To try and simplify it, these are the times when 'I' am able to be in the adult and take control of the situation without my alters being so upset that they are unable to let me, or when they are trying to take over the body. When we are in a familiar place, or doing something familiar then it is likely that either no one inside is triggered or that they have learnt to deal with it, as it is a regular part of our lives. Therefore they are able to let 'me' be in control, and it is often possible for me to function as anyone else would in that situation. This is also possible in unfamiliar situations, but this is often more difficult. It often requires hours of negotiation and preparation with people inside, such as hearing their concerns and reassuring them, or asking them to go away for a while and letting 'me' handle the event. That preparation is often not evident, and you see only the end result- which can look effortless.

Maybe a little like if you have to do a big presentation at work, your colleagues do not see the anxiety or sleepless nights, only the finished product. In my life, seemingly 'simple' things often require that sort of preparation. You only see the finished product.

However, this is not always possible, and it is hard to explain exactly what makes the difference. The times I cannot manage something, someone inside is frightened to an extent that I am cannot easily reassure or prepare them, or the trigger is too big for them to manage. If they are too frightened, then they will simply not allow the body to do it, and then that makes it impossible for me to manage. To fully understand the reasons, you would have to know the alter involved, and understand their triggers, which I feel is not really the role of a friend, and so I may not tell you the detail. I may not even know the reasons. I understand that this may seem very frustrating when I am cancelling something.

And sometimes it is just a bad week. Living with DID is a constant balancing act- between inside parts, between the pressures of our internal world and the outside world, between host and alters, and sometimes that balance just tips and it is obvious that something is too much, which may not have been too much a few days earlier. And sometimes something will happen in therapy or in our life which is more difficult than usual or means that an alter is up who is not normally up, and then our capacities change dramatically. To use a recent example, the reason I did not come to your hen-night was that we had had a very difficult week in terms of flashbacks, and I realised that we need the safety of our own bed, not to sleep in a tent in a field, which would have been difficult anyway, but was just not possible that week. I also felt that we were not safe enough to be in a place where there was no mobile phone reception in case we needed to call our support worker. It was not an easy decision to make, and I know it hurt you, but I needed to make it to keep us safe. That was not to do with location or dates, just the fact it was a week that we needed safety. It was not personal.

It will also depend on what we have had to cope with in the recent days- it may be that there was something else recently which was difficult for someone inside, and then if they managed that, there may be a period of kickback while the system processes what they have just had to cope with, and during this period doing anything extra is impossible.

I know that these things are difficult to live with, especially as it is unpredictable and you do not fully understand why. If it helps, I do carefully consider decisions and try take your needs into account as well. But the reality of my life is that it is unpredictable, and unfortunately that affects you sometimes.

#### **4. Should I ask more about the reasons that you can't do something?**

This is really up to you. If you feel that it would be helpful to know more about why I have made a decision, then I am happy for you to ask me. I may not always be able to answer because I may not know all the reasons, or because the main alter involved may not want to me to tell, or because there may not be 'one' reason which is easily explainable.

I also feel that it is not always right that you know the difficulties that I live with, because you are not my therapist and there is a lot of pain and trauma in my past which affects my daily life, and in the main I try to keep that separate from our friendship. Although, obviously, as you know, it does affect our friendship no matter how hard I try to make it otherwise. So you may feel it is helpful to know a bit more, and it may help you understand that a lot of difficulties in our current relationship are affected by my past. If you do feel that you want to ask more, then do be aware that some of the answers may be difficult to hear.

That said, it is important that you also have space for your feelings, and anger if I have let you down. One of the reasons that I do not tell you too much is that I don't think that my difficulties and triggers should mean that you have to feel sorry for me. You have a right to your own feelings and your hurt when something I do upsets you.

So it really is up to you, and if you want to know more, or put something in context, then do ask and I will do my best to answer. But please don't do so from an idea that you can talk me out of a decision I have made, because I think that will probably escalate the situation. I also do not expect you to change something based on what I may tell you about my triggers- for example if something is difficult because it is on a particular date, then that is not a request for you to change the date, just information giving. I think if being told about my triggers is taken as a request to accommodate them, the situation may quickly become one of resentment. A conversation about what I am triggered by or why I can't do something is very different to a conversation about what to do about it.

### **Book Review of**

## **K-PAX** by Gene Brewer

K-PAX sometimes markets itself as Science Fiction. Personally I think this is inaccurate. It is told from the perspective of a psychiatrist who is called into consult on a patient recently brought into a psychiatric hospital who claims to come from the planet K-PAX and has no relationship with the present outside



world. He catches the psychiatrist's attention as he does not seem psychotic and yet is describing coming from a planet which cannot possibly exist.

As he works with Prot, Dr. Brewer realises that Prot may be an alternative personality to a 'human' who is missing. He also gradually realises that the characteristics of the planet K-PAX may hold keys to the trauma which means the main personality cannot bear to be around- for example there is no water on K-PAX and children are not brought up by their parents.

It is a fascinating idea, and in my opinion not really science fiction at all, but rather a journey through therapy with a part of a DID system who is convinced he genuinely comes from outer space.

Well worth a read!



### **Winter Word Jumble**

*See if you can unjumble these words*

1. NWOS
2. RIFE
3. TEESRPSN
4. NTILSE
5. LOHYL
6. DCNALE

### **Winter Jokes**

*Try these on your friends*

**How do you know if there is a snowman in your bed?** *You wake up wet*

**Why is ice like music?** *If you don't C sharp you'll B flat*

**What do you call a reindeer with no eyes?** *No eye deer*

**What is an ig?** *An ice house without a toilet*

**What do you call 50 penguins in Africa?** *Really lost*



### **Recipe for Spiced Apple Cordial**

*To keep you warm this winter- remember to ask a big one to help you in the kitchen*



- 4 cups of Apple Juice
- 1 cup of water
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of Brown Sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Lemon, thinly sliced
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Orange, thinly sliced
- 1 stick of Cinnamon
- $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon of Nutmeg

Put all the ingredients into a saucepan and simmer slowly for 15 minutes- then pour into mugs and enjoy!





# CENTRE

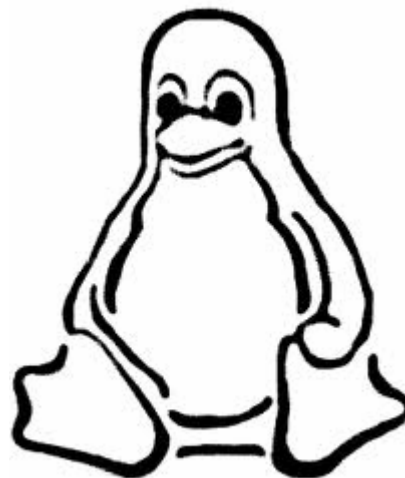
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| 13465 | 14536 |
| 85441 | 25643 |
| 38601 | 96645 |
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*Some Pictures to Colour*

*You could cut them out and stick them onto  
folded card to make a card*



## How my biological family dynamics influenced my internal family

*by Melanie*

I was born in the very early 1950s, a time when Truby King's approach to child rearing was still very much in evidence. 'Google' informs me he was a man. I had always thought of him as female. His approach was to have a strict regime for babies and infants, a hygienic, cuddle free zone! No wonder I often talk about the sterility of my childhood and find it so hard to get hold of anything.



So from the moment of birth I was separated from my mother and put in a nursery only being returned to her every four hours to be fed. I don't think this necessarily on its own does lasting damage but I was learning from my first breath that my own body messages like I am hungry after three hours was being ignored. I think this influences my reaction to babies whose mums go back to work when they are young and say that they have quality time of an evening. I'm not sure a baby or very young child understands quality time!

Being swaddled very tightly didn't make me feel safe. You are not bound up in the womb your limbs have a restricted amount of movement. I suspect I began to stop fighting the inevitable even then, made the next few months a lot easier.

So societal expectations feed into the start of dissociation becoming a part of my life. It continued throughout childhood. We never snacked so by an early age our body was programmed to not feel hungry, we got fed at certain times. I never snacked until I was 16 years old. We went into summer clothes on a certain date however cold it might still be. Later at High School we were not allowed to take off our jumpers after October 1st, we seemed to have some very hot Octobers back then. I went to bed at dead on 6pm until I was eight or nine.

We lived on a very isolated farm, I never saw other children in a group until I started school, interactive play was a mystery. I had to entertain my sister when I got home from school each night, that's not play. As we never walked in a place where my hand needed to be held it never was. So many ordinary everyday factors that on their own would be overcome but add into the mix very early and severe abuse it is no wonder the brain dissociated. It had been programmed from birth to do so by the very regime that was supposed to give me a secure childhood.



My father worked incredibly long hours and then was down the pub so communication, discussions, normal everyday interactions never happened. I suspect my mother had post natal depression, I certainly never attached to her but she was able to be close to my younger sister. We became like three adults in our house looking after one baby. I was three years old.

So how do these factors influence my internal family. Primarily none of us ever had any idea of needs or wants, how could we. So when the therapists ask what one of us would like we stare blankly at him. What on earth does he mean. The words just don't translate into any form of meaning or response.

As an adult I once lost my winter coat and didn't buy another one that year. I didn't think I had any rights to do so as I had been careless. The 1950s were a very punitive time in my house.

We have all found internal communication very hard. If the family you grow up in never really talks apart from orders and criticism how on earth do you think my internal children are going to know what this means. My external family each lived in their own bubble, well defended, and my internal family based their lives on this model. We made a vacuum around each one so there was no leaking. Very powerful but so lonely, there again I wouldn't probably be alive today if we had done it any other way.

I often wonder if people entering therapy for DID started with looking at the external family's make-up whether this would help to understand the different internal parts. I wish I had understood the links between the inner and the outer world. Perhaps mine was more profound simply because of the isolation of the farm. There was no playing with other children. I never saw how other families related to each other. I had nothing to compare my family life to.

The two family groups who we saw most of included an abuser in each group. So pleasure became mixed with abuse from very early. Looking forward has always been dangerous.

All I knew was my own household. I am grateful in some ways for this incredibly rigid regime because it has allowed me to be fairly disciplined throughout therapy. At times, well much of the time in fact it has made it really hard to move forward in becoming more human. I am grateful as the outside part as it has allowed me to stay reasonably functional and at least be physically available for my own external children.

**"A Logical Way of Being"  
goes international, and receives a very well deserved reward!**

*by "V"*

Back at the start of November I was fortunate enough to be able to attend the ISSTD's annual conference in Montreal. As a therapist I was there with my professional hat on, but underneath I was also there as a survivor living with D.I.D.

The conference was a great event, bringing together professionals from all over the world who shared a common interest in trauma and dissociation. It was educational and stimulating,

and perhaps most of all it was wonderfully refreshing to be amongst so many people who did not for one second doubt the validity and truth of the experiences of those of us living with a dissociative disorder.

For me, one of the highlights of the conference was attending the media workshop "A Logical Way of Being: A Training DVD about Complex Dissociative Disorders", presented by Kathryn & Melanie, Remy Aquarone, Mike Lloyd and Gill Sandell (from Serious Media)

Having been unable to attend any of the screenings in the UK it was the first time that I had seen the DVD and I was **very** impressed. What the team (Kathryn, Melanie and Oriel, three experts-by-experience who live with D.I.D. and Dr Mike Lloyd, Remy Aquarone and Sue Richardson, three mental health professionals from the NHS and private sector who are experienced in assessing and treating complex dissociative disorders) have produced is a clear, informative and non-sensationalising educational resource which I would definitely recommend to anyone who wants to learn about D.I.D and other complex dissociative disorders (such as D.D.N.O.S). The six chapters in the film explain what dissociation and the dissociative disorders are, how they are the result of early traumatic abuse, the difficulties which can be experienced by those living with the disorders and what can help and support them (us!) both practically and therapeutically on their (our) individual healing journeys.

With my professional hat on I appreciated the clear and easy to follow way in which the information was presented and the good balance between testimony from experts-by-experience and input from professionals. With my survivor-living-with-DID hat on, one of the things I found most useful was hearing other survivors talking about their experiences and realising that "it's not just me!"

It is all too easy to feel isolated and alone (and sometimes a bit crazy!) when living day-to-day with a complex dissociative disorder, but watching the DVD I had several moments when I let out a big internal sigh of relief as I felt less alone and different than I ever had before.

At the end of the presentation delegates were given the opportunity to ask questions or make comments about what they had just seen and it was this bit particularly that nearly brought me to tears. More than one person stated that they had learnt more in one hour than they had learnt across numerous years of professional training; they were impressed and inspired by what they had seen and heard and were eager to buy copies of the DVD to share with colleagues and clients. This was perhaps the greatest testimony to the power of the DVD, confirming that what the team from FPP, ESTD-UK and Serious Media have produced will educate, inform and enlighten people about the reality of living with D.I.D.

Finally, at the conference awards dinner the DVD (and the team behind it!) won the "Audio Visual Media Award", a true testimony to the films quality and the work of all involved in its production.

Thank you to all of you for doing such a wonderful job ♥



**Oneness of Being**

*Lee Teresa Lott provides a personal perspective on healing from dissociation*

At the core of my Being resides the formless light of pure consciousness. It holds within it an innate wisdom and all the strength I need to live joyfully creating the life I love, free from the thrall of fear. I call it my true power. The journey to claiming it was unconventional.

I was 35 years old when the catalyst for change arrived. In 1987 my three year old son, was removed from the UK in breach of the terms of a High Court order. I spent the following eighteen months in futile legal proceedings in the UK and abroad trying to be reunited with him. When all attempts failed and I had lost all my money, I succumbed to a nervous breakdown. It proved to be a breakthrough! I was acutely, depressed and non-functional. I could not understand why my life was such chaos when I was supposedly intelligent. I had qualified as a barrister at the age of 21 and worked in the field of maritime law, viewed at the time, as a very challenging area of law. If I was so clever, why had my adult life always been such a dreadful mess? I had never been able to settle. I had moved from London, to Athens, to New York, back to Greece then onto London. My life had been littered with broken relationships. I had married and allowed myself to become a battered wife. I had suffered decades of depressions and made numerous attempts to commit suicide. Nothing made sense. I had been raised by parents who worked hard in their own business. They paid for my private education. My parents did not drink or take drugs. They used to say "*we don't know what is wrong with you Lee,*" neither did I.

The guilt I felt about not protecting my son provided the motivation to heal. I vowed to discover a way out of the pain of being me and live joyfully. It would be my amends to my child for not being there while he was growing up and for being an inefficacious mother when I did have custody of him. In 1989 I sought help from a very expensive psychiatrist, who held five academic degrees. I believed she possessed the skills to treat me successfully. In many ways she did, however I could only heal as far as her training and belief system permitted. Her diagnosis was that I was a co-dependent and addict, which was in part correct. During all my time in therapy, she never mentioned dissociation. It was not until eight years later, when I met an expert on dissociation, who explained the symptomology to me that my life history and incredible gaps in my memory made sense.

The psychiatrist suggested I write my life story then a letter from Little Lee to Big Lee with my non-dominant hand. These assignments facilitated flashbacks of being raped as a child. I was shocked, angry and incredulous. How could I be raped and not remember it? I thought I was delusional and insane. My life story broke the denial about my sex addiction and the drinking which fuelled it.

It was recommended that I attend AA and Co-dependents Anonymous meetings for the rest of my life. The treatment plan was to give me tools for managing my life, but I wanted more. I was determined to live with joy. The 12 Step message that "*once an addict always and addict,*" did not feel right to me.

I was cross addicted to prescription drugs, sex, work, nicotine and compulsive eating binges. As I slowly ceased my addictions, I became more emotionally sentient and intuitive. On learning that I was seeing a psychiatrist my family disowned me. Several years of therapy followed, with relapses in response to triggers along the way. Significant progress came following a T.V documentary about ritual abuse. Before the programme had finished I was curled up on the floor like a ball. My teeth were chattering. I felt totally terrified. I was shaking so much I could not use the phone properly. I managed to knock the phone on the floor and dial the hospital using my nose on the press button keypad. My psychiatrist arranged for someone to collect me and take me to the hospital. I needed to feel safe. I began to write about terrible things I had experienced in childhood. It was then that I became willing to admit to the existence of Superwhore. I called her Superwhore, because that was what she was. She had been getting very daring. I had found myself in some dangerous situations and places after I had lost my son and wondered how on earth I had got there. Superwhore was sassy, sexy and powerful. She could control men. She represented my traumatised sexuality. As memories surfaced of the ceremonies I had been taken to and the abuse I experienced. I could see that my sexuality had been shaped and perverted by the agendas of others. Superwhore was not the true me. I had been acting out my pain. She became integrated in about 1992.

The revelations of ritual abuse proved a disincentive to the psychiatrist who said she did not totally believe me. She also stated I no longer needed treatment.

As I intended to work in the field of child abuse and wished to make ritual abuse visible, I sensed I needed protection from the occult aspects of such abuse. I enrolled on several courses for psychic protection and healing at The College of Psychic Studies. Guided visualisations and working with the light facilitated many emotional releases, insights and expansions of consciousness. I subsequently became attuned as a Reiki Master. Reiki acted as subtle dynamite, resulting in the release of more emotional blockages and greater self-understanding. I learned about soul retrieval and lost soul aspects, which manifested as separated aspects of my ego personality, such as The Joker. I learned to integrate them into the oneness of consciousness. Addictions and co-dependency became history. I ceased going to 12 Step Meetings. My self-worth soared. I founded The Association of Child Abuse Lawyers. I designed and delivered pioneering training programmes for police, lawyers, and health professionals in matters concerning child abuse.

As a buffer to the work I was doing, I learned to meditate daily, which proved to be an excellent tool for integrating and connecting to my true nature. It has become a daily practice.

The chaos of my life disappeared. I began to enjoy life not endure it. In 1994 I met my husband with whom I continue to enjoy a wonderful, warm and loving relationship.

Understanding triggers also helped me heal. Whenever I experienced the deep emotional reactions which accompanied them I knew there was some carried pain within me, that I needed to identify and release. On occasion, I sought regressions, to release the memories I could not access by myself, they were always the worst.

In 2004, the most painful memory of all surfaced. I did not need external help. I allowed it to the light of consciousness and integrated it. The memory did not overwhelm me.

Understanding the nature and impact of judgment, was also vital to healing. Living in non-judgment, accepting all that is and trusting my intuition to guide me allowed life to flow. Any remaining schism in consciousness healed.

I have discovered that no matter what adversity, trauma or horror I had experienced, that which resides at the core of my being cannot be destroyed. It is inviolate.

After this, there was nothing more to explore. Freedom followed. One day, there was no more pain. I was awestruck. Tears fell as I experienced the Oneness of Being and Joy!



*“We are all broken and wounded in this world. Some chose to grow strong at the broken places”*

*Harold J. Duarte-Bernhard*

The following poem was NOT written by a member of FPP, but was ***submitted by Beloved53*** as it touched her and she wanted to share it with others. Author unknown.

**Look for the Child**



*Look for the child that doesn't play  
Whilst others laugh and run.  
Does it cross your mind why he stands alone,  
Instead of joining in the fun.*

*He never seems to have a friend  
And is never part of the crowd.  
You will never hear him say very much  
But inside he is screaming out loud.*

*He pleads for help with movement  
And every unspoken word.  
He shouts at the world through saddened eyes  
But no one's ever heard.*

*Always silent and full of mistrust  
With any friendship showing doubt.  
He feels he can't talk to anyone  
In case his secret should slip out.*

*He can't run up and tell you  
What he is going through.  
Because he feels the guilt is his alone  
He feels there is nothing he can do.*

*He didn't go off in a stranger's car  
Or take sweets from a dirty old man.  
He was with someone he trusted and loved  
When his torment first began.*

*Please don't ignore this sad eyed boy  
Don't turn and walk away,  
Show him some love and gain his trust  
Listen to what he has to say.*

*It may not be pleasant, it may even hurt  
But hear his story through.  
Do what you can to help this child  
Think it could so easily have been you*

**Our Garden** by Many of US

In our stony, barren yard  
When we plant a seed  
We wait and watch what will come up  
A flower, plant or weed

And when we see the fragile green  
Pushing through the earth  
We remember all the possibilities  
And all that that is worth

The little girl inside of us  
Who has known no life but pain  
Has learnt that in the garden  
Life comes again and again

She has learnt that something small and new  
Can grow big and strong  
If it has the food and love  
To help it get along

So when we pick a ripe tomato  
Or some spinach for our tea  
It reminds that something so nutritious  
Can come from a single seed

The garden has taught us  
Things we never learnt  
And watching flowers struggle to grow  
Shows that even when it hurts

New growth can take place  
When life offers pain  
There are always possibilities  
Sun exists with rain

We have learnt some special things  
By helping our garden to thrive  
However bad the past has been  
The present is alive

