Volume 20: Issue 1 Summer 2019

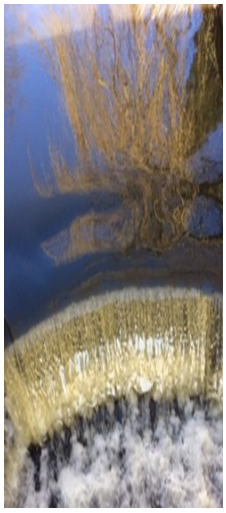
First Person Plural — dissociative identity disorders association

"Rainbow's End"

Charity Registration Number = 1056602 (formerly 1109464)

First Person Plural...

- *is pioneering, being one of the longest established (1997) complex dissociation specialist organisations in the UK;*
- *remains the only UK national survivor-led membership charity working exclusively for and on behalf of people affected by DIDs*
- *works in collaboration & co-operation with ESTD-UK, TAG, The Survivors Trust, The Pottergate Centre, The Clinic for Dissociative Studies, RAINS & other groups with a similar ethos, for the purpose of achieving shared aims.*



Membership renewals are due.

We are rather late with our membership renewal reminder this year. As always membership runs from 1st April to 31st March the following year. Some people chose to set up a Standing Order for 1st April each year so that they don't have to remember to renew or await a request – this is certainly extremely helpful to us, but we appreciate that it is not an option for everyone. If you have not already renewed **please see P16 for details on how to do so and to read the members declaration.**

Amanda's Starlight Swim

Member Amanda completed her sponsored swim on 21st July at Lake Windermere - and received a medal! This was a huge personal achievement and although we couldn't be there in person, FPP was there in spirit via a live group chat! Congratulations Amanda and thank you so much for raising over £800 for FPP. Huge thanks also to all those who sponsored Amanda.

Inside this issue

Melanie Goodwin,
Chairperson, F.P.P.

Chair's Letter

Hi to All,
During the first part of this year FPP focussed on helping to make the biennial Spring conference, co-hosted with the ESTD-UK and an NHS Trust, a great success. Its aims were to increase knowledge amongst mental health practitioners in the short term and in the longer-term help to increase the number of DID informed therapists who feel more confident in working with people with DID.
I had a certain amount of freedom who to invite to run workshops, how the programme was organised and even my own little bit of total self-indulgence when self-nominating to introduce Elly Hanson, a keynote speaker whom I hold in high esteem. We managed to retain the wonderful feel that was created in Norwich in 2017. People attending wanted to learn and share. There was a real feel of inclusion and no sense of any hierarchy; something which is very important to me.
I also held the parallel reality that some of the NHS presenters have been caught up in a system that has failed people with DID in major ways. The difference is they have recognised and own this, are genuinely working to establish real change and share their experiences, both good and bad. So often they remain trapped in systems that can only fail anyone with more complex mental health needs and there seems to be no money available to even start to consider developing a DID informed service in the majority of Trusts.
The conference was a success according to the feedback we received anecdotally and through the evaluation sheets. I was pleased that we were able to offer such a range of workshops. I felt that we had reached a new depth of knowledge, compassion and understanding and several people shared that they were equally pleased at the general feel of growth and confidence gained over the last two years.
We were also more adventurous including some workshops that we would not have' risked' two years ago. For example, is using CAT (Cognitive Analytical Therapy) for a very specific piece of work with a DID client. As overall confidence grows we are slowly trusting that no one modality will be seen as the quick (cheap) fix but how, if used wisely and within a good therapeutic relationship, can enhance and allow some areas in therapy to be addressed which might otherwise not be possible.
Michele, a full member of FPP, and I co-presented a workshop on the ups and downs of trying to establish Peer Support Groups. The workshop was well attended and became interactive, supporting FPP's ethos of learning from each other. Michele's mixed experiences and the tenacity she has shown through these was much appreciated.
Kathryn and I presented a workshop on working with trauma and what has helped us during this stage. I co-presented a workshop with Remy Aquarone, so FPP definitely had an overall strong presence!

Chair's Letter continued

Kathryn compiled and presented the delegate programme, as well as updating fact sheets and the booklet – 'Complex Trauma resulting in Dissociative Identity and similar Dissociative Post-Traumatic Conditions for Clinicians, Service Providers, Strategic Planners and Commissioners'. This is a very comprehensive and professional booklet that I fully recommend for your use and to be shared widely.

Some of the workshop slides are available - https://estduk-conference.org

Lesley went far beyond her admin duties to proofread a lot of our updated information - this is such a valued role, especially valued by me! She also has spent many an hour entering the evaluation sheets online where they were subsequently analysed, allowing us a much better picture of where we need to go with training days/courses and future events.

There is an updated section on the FPP website with information for anyone considering starting a peer group.

All of our resources are available - https://www.firstpersonplural.org.uk/resources

Alongside this, Lesley and Kathryn have been developing the online peer support forums. For more information please contact Lesley - admin@firstpersonplural.org.uk

FPP member Amanda raised over £800 for FPP, wild swimming in the dark in the Lake District - what an achievement! Well done Amanda and thank you to all who sponsored her. Another member, Becky, is hoping to climb Mount Kilimanjaro, turning the psychological feeling of climbing a mountain into a physical act and has written an article that appears in this newsletter (See Page 4).

Another reminder, the ESTD-UK has a website -https://estduk.org that includes their online learning programme. If anyone is questioning where they can access training, please share these details. There are currently four online courses, each course offers sound theoretical information whilst bringing the presenters' years of lived or clinical experience.

FPP at the TAG conference in June 2018

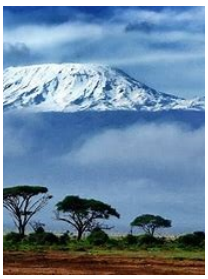
Finally, I want to share my own sadness that I know many others feel about TAG calling it a day. I respect their decision and knowing most of the trustees quite well I can imagine how hard it was to arrive at it. FPP and TAG have worked closely together, formed many friendships and we relied on several members of TAG to support us through some of FPP's darkest hours. We have learnt what collaborative working really means and the many benefits for us all in this genuine approach. Thank you to all those at TAG who have given so freely of their time, expertise and friendship. On behalf of FPP I wish you all well in the work you continue to do.

Wishing you well, Melanie

Potential trigger Warning.

Teamwork and responsibility, my wobbly first steps up the mountain of meaning.

By Becky



I recognise the ruled and well-practiced handwriting immediately, it used to strike me with terror. I am on my own at home but I open the large brown envelope anyway. My father has sent me a photograph. Three girls smiling out at me, sitting on a rock, by the seaside. My eyes wander to my ginger dog, like a fox, I loved her. We look happy, my two sisters and I, and I search the photograph for a hint of the truth. There is nothing, we have learned to hide every speck of the horror we lived through.

In 2016, aged 45, a busy mum to a 16 year old, running my own small business teaching art and painting in my spare time, life was full but settled. My husband Paul and I had seen our way through several family tragedies and were finally beginning to breathe again. I suffered from crippling hemiplegic migraines that affected me rather like a stroke but after 11 years my Neurologist had finally found the right medication. It was Spring and two weeks before my daughters first exams, exactly the same age and stage I was when my mother had walked away from our family home with her full black bin liners, that's when the first shard of a 'broken mirror' fell into my life.

"... We look happy, my two sisters and I, and I search the photograph for a hint of the truth"

At first it was a flash, bright with a tiny element of a picture and memory, it disturbed me. The shards became broader, the picture wider and I remembered something that couldn't be, something that made no sense.

15 years previously, my sister Heather had suffered from C-PTSD, our family had been shattered by her allegations of child abuse. Both of my parents had been implicated and although I had no memory of it, I believed her. She never told me the details but as she recovered over the years I did my best to support her from afar. I protected her whereabouts from family and protected my daughter from her grandparents.

I was used to turning to Heather for reassurance and I knew this time she was the only one that could put context to the shards of memory I was experiencing. I had two questions and while on my way to work, as I walked past the school on that warm Spring day, I tentatively asked "Did mum try to drown you?" As I said it the flashbacks began, the water, the yellow 70's bath. My sister was quiet..... "yes, forget what you saw." She tried to persuade me that I could stop the cycle she knew was ahead of me but I had another question I was terrified to ask. "Is it possible that mum could have killed children?"

Cont'd

Teamwork and responsibility, my wobbly first steps up the mountain of meaning. (cont'd)

By Becky

There was a heavy silence on the other end of the phone, my sister had never spoken about what she had experienced and this question seemed utterly surreal. "It's possible..... try to forget it."

Five minutes later I was greeting my class.

The flashbacks didn't stop, they developed quickly and turned into a reel of film. Each little scenario piecing together incomprehensible memories and impossibly inhumane acts. Things my gut told me were real but my head didn't know were possible. Anything and everything seemed to set the reel of film off.

I was fortunate to have a close friend who is a psychiatrist. She has been my friend for more than 18 years! Over a cuppa I had shared the first flashback and she was my tower of strength from then on in. She understood C-PTSD and arrived with sheets and sheets of grounding techniques so that I could carry on teaching. She researched ritual abuse as soon as we recognised the depravity and shape of what I was remembering and went on courses to find out how to support people going through trauma. She coached me through panic attacks, once hilariously giving me the easy catchphrase to remember 'what would Dumbledore say?'! It sounds mad but it helped. I was a mess! I was drinking, cutting, experiencing suicidal thoughts, struggling with eating but I was hanging in!

..."Well don't you just have someone else you sort of switch to?" I asked.

I don't entirely remember how my friend and I began possibly the most important conversation I had at this time but I do remember the heart of it. "Well don't you just have someone else you sort of switch to?" I asked. I suddenly felt like a teenager who had shared too much information! "No, no I don't." my friend replied gently. She asked a few more questions by which time I realised a secret I had kept forever was out. "So is the voice outside your head or inside?" The most vital question anyone can ask someone who potentially has D.I.D. "Inside obviously, we just are."

As a psychiatrist my friend didn't know a great deal about D.I.D and so she researched a huge amount about it. Eventually she rang the experts and it was obvious I needed far more help and support than anyone around me could give. I found it impossible to share anything with my family, I wanted to protect them, I felt infectious. I felt like I had a blackness that would stream into anyone I told. I worried deeply for my friend and felt horribly guilty that I was ruining her life. I wanted her friendship and yet needed her support.

Editor's note: Two Images above printed with the permission of Jack, the artist. All artwork is part of a forthcoming exhibition with The Perspective Project. The images are subject to copyright and should not be reproduced in any way without the artist's permission.

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Teamwork and responsibility, my wobbly first steps up the mountain of meaning. (cont'd)

By Becky

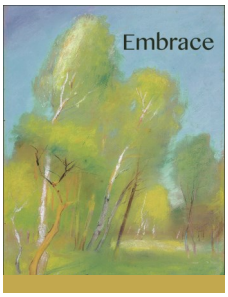
For the first time in my life I was facing being 'less than' and I hated it. I raged against myself in any way I could and yet to my students nothing had changed except my reduced figure! My friend came back from a holiday and told me I needed to see a therapist, quite rightly she couldn't support me through the journey of D.I.D but I felt utterly betrayed. I felt like a fox in a trap. I didn't want to tell anyone about this awfulness, I couldn't and wouldn't! I had drawn a line in the sand and I wouldn't step over it.

"... We began to embrace D.I.D instead of being fearful of it. We began to recognise 'us' as an 'inner family' and those of us who were difficult we began to try and love."

Three difficult months later I found myself in the therapist's room with my friend sitting outside! "I don't need a friend I have already got one" I snapped defensively at the therapist sitting before me. We spent 6 weeks circling each other as I refused to engage, terrified my entire world would explode. Jo, the therapist, explained unfalteringly, "There will be explosions, but small ones." she was honest and consistent. Therapy with Jo was a painful transition but slowly over frustrating weeks my friend Ruth, became Ruth a friend again! I was empowered to begin sharing fragments of memories with Paul. My inner life was implausible, something I didn't recognise.

One evening after therapy Ruth and I were sitting on a bench freezing to death by a river. I remember the beautiful lights reflecting on the water and suddenly I realised with a thudding clarity I had nothing, no identity, no sense at all of 'me'. There was nothing that 'they' hadn't orchestrated or taken away, nothing that they hadn't infected. I was utterly lost and it was at that moment I realised I had a choice to make, to curl up and die or find out who I am. I'm not even sure it was a choice!

We began to embrace D.I.D instead of being fearful of it. We began to recognise 'us' as an 'inner family' and those of us who were difficult we began to try and love. Instead of dismissing them with awful names we found out their proper names. We gave them time, instead of suppressing them.
I'm making that sound so much easier than it was! Each of us has presented ourselves fiercely, angry and needing to be heard, we have been difficult to love and it has been difficult to learn how to love us! Art has been a saving grace. Steven likes to write poetry, Fi likes to doodle and works on manga drawings, we have an obsessive astronomer and science freak -Alfie and then there is me, fine artist, teacher and apparently a writer, though we thought that was Victoria!



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Teamwork and responsibility, my wobbly first steps up the mountain of meaning. (cont'd)

By Becky

There's others of us obviously and we are all here for a reason, we are a team. When I am suicidal, which I can still be three years on, it is Fi that fights on. When Fi is overwhelmed with the questions we are currently facing, and wants to cut, it is me that reminds her we are together in this. It is Fi that forces us around the weekly parkrun and it is she that will eventually get us up Mount Kilimanjaro!

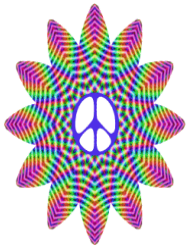
We have lost an enormous amount in the last three years, not least Heather from cancer. Friends have disappeared and a faith that used to be a central part of my life has gone entirely. We have lost family. We finally stood up to my parents and told them we remembered what they, and their groups did - they never replied to our letter!

We have lost trust in people but I'm not sure that was there to begin with. However, we are also losing a terror we had never realised other people didn't live with! We are finding a freedom, a sense of ourselves we can celebrate and will.
My therapy sessions with Jo each week have become my breathing space, my safety and my 'stake' in the ground. The grace Jo offers me each week gives me renewed courage and hope. She challenges me relentlessly but equally empowers me. Friendships are few but treasured and so much richer for the honesty we are now able to share. Coming 'Out' as individuals to friends has been a scary but liberating process and we have found we are loved as we are.

We no longer live with the crippling migraine that previously prevented Becky from walking into more than three shops! Our daughter is studying Psychology and Criminology at university and is our greatest pride and advocate! My husband is my rock, patient and always there giving me space and safety.

It is a mountain climb and sometimes there are sheer rock faces to scale! What we have found is that if we take responsibility for our recovery, we have the inner family strength to do it. We cannot do it alone always, though sometimes that's what's needed. Becoming as humble as humble gets is all part of the course. I swore I wouldn't be in the therapist's room with crayons on the floor but guess what? we actually look forward to doing just that with Jo now! We have learned to never say 'never' and that means to opportunities as well. We have learned that we can be seen positively if we can find the courage to face our fears.

We have a very long way to go as we begin to turn and face our perpetrators, another rock face! But we do it knowing we have more scaffolding in place and an inner family team that can survive the worst that humanity can fling at us because we have done it once before.



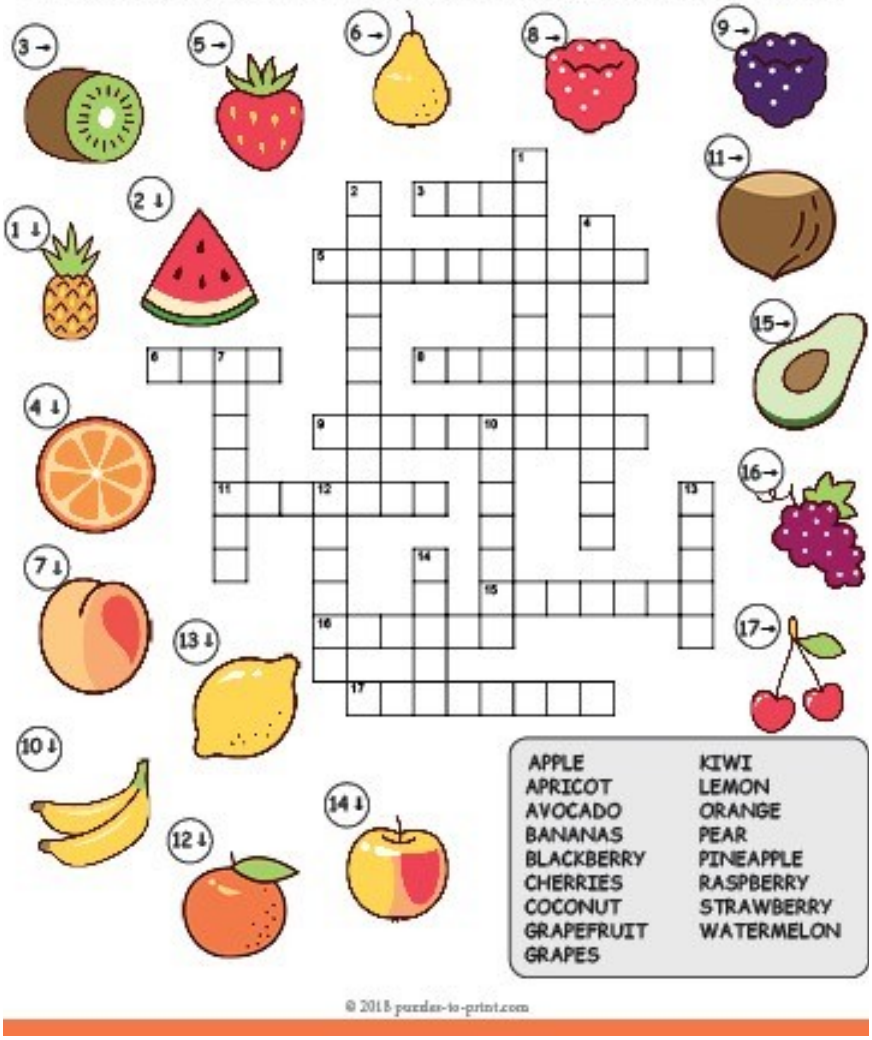
PLAY

A picture to colour!

CENTRE

Fruits Crossword

DIRECTIONS: Fill in the crossword puzzle grid with the name of each fruit following the numbers and direction indicated. Use the word bank if you get stuck.



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Try this! You can add cherries and mess around with the amount of each ingredient, to suit your own tastes. There is no right or wrong way to do it, just the way you like it. The best thing about this, is the fact that any of the ingredients can be eaten at any point during the 5 mins it takes to prepare!

Mini Rocky Road cakes

Ingredients

Makes: 10 cakes

1 mug mini marshmallows

1 1/2 mugs chocolate buttons

1 mug broken digestive biscuits

1 mug sultanas

35g butter

Method:

Melt chocolate and butter in a bowl over a pan of hot water and mix well.

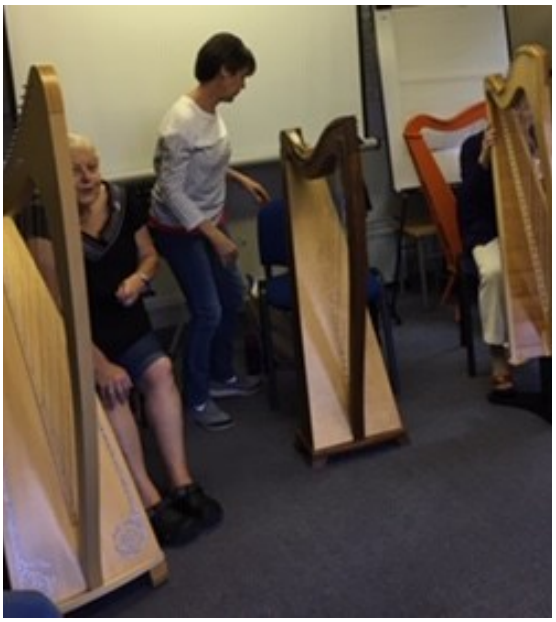
Add the remaining ingredients to the chocolate mixture and make sure everything is coated.

Put small blobs of mixture onto a foil lined tray.

Put in the fridge for about 20 mins or until set.

2019 AGM and Members Meeting.

First Person Plural held its 2019 AGM at the offices of The Survivors Trust in Rugby on 13th July. At the meeting the Trustees Annual Report and Accounts were presented. Both were accepted by the members attending with unanimous votes. Only two nominations were received for the trustee vacancies. As these did not exceed the number of vacancies for elected trustees ,a motion was proposed to elect both nominees unopposed. This motion was also carried unanimously. The elected nominees were Melanie Goodwin and Sarah Kelly, both existing trustees standing for re-election. Thus, the full Board of Trustees who hold office until the 2020 AGM are as follows: - Melanie Goodwin, Kathryn Livingston, Kim Sparkes, Carol Broad (full members) and Sarah Kelly (associate member).



2019 AGM and members meeting (cont'd).

Harps and craft.

Following the AGM and a superb buffet lunch provided by a donor we ran two simultaneous activities. A craft and puzzles table was set up in one room – the kinetic sand proving a huge success! This provided members, both new and old, with the opportunity to connect and chat. In another room there was a harp workshop, where we were entertained by a talented group of harpists and then given the opportunity to have ago and learn the basics of a beautiful instrument. As ever it was a truly special day for all involved and attending - thank you for the positive feedback.

** Potential trigger warning**

Dissociation and pregnancy

by Lesley

"Congratulations! Well, I guess this will be the last time I see you then".
"Really? Why?" asked a distant internal voice but the words remained inside the carefully constructed framework of the presenting adult. What came out was "Oh okay, bye then" – that was the expected response wasn't it?
I had been seeing a CPN at the local GP surgery for a couple of months. Apparently, I was depressed … again. Two weeks before I had told her one of my memories of being abused – as if reading it from a novel – no emotions just facts. It was one unpleasant memory, nothing graphic, not much detail. Looking back, maybe it was a test to see how she would respond – to see if she would believe me. The truth is, I can't remember how she responded. However, two weeks later I walked into my next appointment, wondering why I was there and what would I talk about and shared the news that I was pregnant. I've already written her reaction. It was as if being pregnant would be the answer to all my problems, whatever they were and at that time I certainly had no idea what they were. Being pregnant was going to be wonderful this time, after all surely the root of my depression lay in the loss of my first baby? To hear her speak, I'd hit the jackpot and cured myself. Hurrah! Don't get me wrong, I was happy to be expecting a baby again. All I had to do was focus on making sure everything went well this time.

"...I'd hit the jackpot and cured myself. Hurrah! …"

We (being my husband and I, as there was no understanding of DID 'we' until many years later) decided not to tell anyone for at least 4 months. However, when I was just six weeks pregnant, I began to experience what was initially called 'extreme morning sickness'. It was to continue right up until the moment my daughter was born – once more for luck when she popped out and then it stopped. I remember very little about my pregnancy and probably less about the long labour. I've retained facts and I have anecdotal information but the feelings and emotions are hidden somewhere – carefully guarded by another part who is slowly letting me in and sharing long lost information. She kept me and the baby safe. I do remember that every time someone said I had severe morning sickness and had I tried nibbling on a ginger biscuit I wanted to punch them!

My extreme morning sickness has a name – Hyperemesis Gravidarum. It has been highlighted over the past few years because the Duchess of Cambridge suffered with it in all three pregnancies (I bet she didn't have to wait until she was half dead to be admitted to hospital and treated). So, what is HG?

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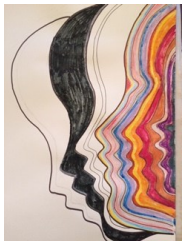
Dissociation and pregnancy (cont'd)



- HG is very different from morning sickness. Those with HG can vomit more than 50 times a day and feel constantly and severely nauseous, significantly interfering with their daily lives.
- Complications can include serious vitamin deficiency from the excessive vomiting, significant weight loss, dehydration and malnutrition putting the health of both mother and baby at risk
- It can often leave a woman bedridden for months, affecting her longer term mental and physical health
- One in 100 of all pregnant women is admitted to hospital because of severe sickness in pregnancy
- The British Pregnancy Advisory Service (BPAS) estimates 10% of women with HG terminate their pregnancy

"...About three-quarters were left with long-term physical and mental health problems, including post-traumatic stress disorder .."

According to a BBC News report which interviewed 5000 sufferers of HG:

- Most had considered terminating their pregnancy
- One in three had thought of killing themselves
- About three-quarters were left with long-term physical and mental health problems, including post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD) and depression
- More than one in three said their experience with their GP had been "poor"

So, at this time, not only had I been dismissed from Mental Health services because I was pregnant but I was subsequently even more isolated because I was virtually bedridden and highly dissociative.

Twenty something years ago the only way I could receive treatment was to be so severely dehydrated from vomiting, that I would be admitted to hospital, put on an intravenous drip for a few days, injected with anti-sickness medication and then sent home again for a couple of weeks until it all happened again, with not much respite and many other physical problems in between. I do remember the long windy cross-country drive to the hospital, usually in the middle of the night when I thought I was dying; my husband trying to take bends gently so that I didn't vomit (unsuccessfully).

Cont'd

Dissociation and pregnancy (cont'd)

I was admitted into hospital 11 times in all. I lived on anti-sickness medication and rice cakes. I spent most of the pregnancy in hospital, in bed, or if I was lucky, speeding off to do something quickly like shopping, before I threw up again. I remember wanting to die, wanting someone to just make it go away. I remember the day Princess Diana died, because I was in bed hardly able to breathe watching the news on tv. It felt like my whole body was violently rejecting the baby and the whole experience. I recall it as if watching someone else – detached from the body, facing it full on and being what I later termed as 'beyond suicidal' – self destruction was not an option as there was another life inside me. A few years later I would laugh off the fact that I could not remember much – when unknown people I had supposedly met at antenatal classes approached me to say hello. I used to say I blocked it out. This is true, I did and it became part of my fragmented DID existence which was already well established, but of which I was unaware at the time.

"...It felt like my whole body was violently rejecting the baby and the whole experience…"

My experience was that few consultants, GPs or general medical staff I encountered knew about HG and certainly had no interest in mental health – with the exception of a GP telling me I was at 'high risk' of developing Postnatal Depression and prescribing hormone injections and patches for a while. I found out about HG from my mid-wife, a fellow sufferer. Most of the doctors I encountered did not recognise my living hell and made inappropriate, facile, unhelpful comments "just try some ginger biscuits, worked for my wife". There was no hope. I spent my hospital time, stitching a tapestry in a single room ("put her in a side room, she'll distress the other mothers" – I'd heard that in another language too a few years earlier). I recall stitching away (my form of dissociative activity at the time) when a consultant walked past my open door, followed by a team of medical students. He did a double take and came back. "Are you always that pale?" he boomed out of nowhere. I stopped what I was doing, looked up and replied "Are you always that rude?" before looking down and continuing with the task in hand. One of the students sniggered and everyone moved away quickly.

I want to end with some information I have taken from the BBC report:

Caitlin Dean, from Pregnancy Sickness Support, says not treating HG has serious risks.

"Increasingly evidence suggests that, while the actual nausea and vomiting is unlikely to harm the offspring, the complications of HG, such as malnutrition, dehydration and mental ill health, can cause lifelong conse-quences for both mother and baby," she says.

Cont'd

Dissociation and pregnancy (cont'd)

"There are many wonderful, compassionate doctors out there providing excellent evidence-based care for people with HG but unfortunately there are also doctors who do not recognise the condition, are reluctant to prescribe appropriate treatment or are unaware of the evidence base.

This leads to a vast amount of unnecessary suffering, costly hospital admissions and, all too often, terminations of otherwise wanted pregnancies.

In 2019, there is very little excuse not to provide this basic level of care for pregnant women."

Ring any bells? Some of the above parallels my subsequent experience of trying to find appropriate NHS support and a treatment pathway for my DID diagnosis.

Statistical references and quotes taken from:

https://www.bbc.co.uk/news/health-48228937 by Georgie Bevan

Sculpture by Lisa

Member Lisa sent in a photo of her sculpture and wrote:

"I've recently created a sculpture of how I see DID in myself. I don't see myself as one whole person but multiple parts and within this I see snakes. "

We always welcome pictures of artwork,, poetry and articles for the newsletter. Please consider submitting something.

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Next issue published Winter 2019
Contributions can be sent anytime

Guidance for contributors:- Without contributions there can be no newsletter. Contributions can be sent in at anytime, It's less work for us if you can send by email to newsletter@firstpersonplural.org.uk. (but sending by post is ok too). We want your stories, resources, personal experiences, articles, coping/survival tips, poems, snippets, puzzles, jokes for the Play Centre, attributed quotes, artwork, incl. photographs. If contributions are your own work we will assume that by sending them in for consideration for inclusion in Rainbows End you are giving us permission to publish. If not your own work, you must declare it is copyright-free or be accompanied by the author/artist's permission for us to publish. Articles should usually be between 500 and 1500 words. Wish to contribute a longer article? Contact us first to discuss. Other written material can be shorter than 500 words. Pictures & photos must be smaller than A4. We can only use images that will not lose detail when commercially printed but if you are not sure please send in anyway and we will do the checks. Send an SAE if you want original returned.

About this publication

Rainbow's End is an information and mutual support newsletter for FPP members, back issues are also available for viewing by anyone visiting the FPP website. It is not a substitute for individual therapy or professional supervision, nor is it a replacement for other networks of support. Unless specified contents do not necessarily reflect the views, opinions or endorsement of the charity, its trustees or the editor.

Membership renewals cont'd from P1

You are not required to complete another renewal form. Please make a payment of **£20.00 per year for UK Citizens and/or UK Residents**; for **Non-UK Citizens resident abroad, it is £25.00 per year** (payment must be received in British pounds). This can be directly into our bank account (direct bank payment to 'First Person Plural' account held at the Co-operative Bank, Sort Code: 08-92-99, Account No.: 65754948),
via PayPal (to admin@firstpersonplural.org.uk) or by cheque (Made payable to First Person Plural).
If you are on a low income and cannot afford to pay the full subscription, please contact us at admin@firstpersonplural.org.uk We will not refuse membership due to financial hardship.
All members of FPP are required to agree the following declaration. If you do not agree with the content of the declaration, please contact us so we can cancel your membership and re-fund your joining donation. If we do not hear from you, your agreement to the declaration will be assumed and your membership will continue.

"I support the objects of the First Person Plural charity, namely: The provision of support and information to adult survivors of trauma and abuse who experience dissociative distress, their friends, family and carers; the promotion of a better understanding of dissociative distress among health and social care professionals and improvement of service provisions leading to better health outcomes; the advancement of education of the general public in order to promote a better understanding and acceptance of people who experience dissociative distress. Further I declare that I will not act intentionally to undermine FPP's work or its reputation and will behave appropriately with all possible due care for myself and others when receiving or accessing membership benefits."

Please also be aware that we are now only able to offer two newsletters per membership year.