

Nebulous.

The nature of life prompted me to question almost everything I have encountered. Most people have one set of parents who raised them in a setting of love and caring; their formative years were positive but usually not perfect in their now adult minds.

Pretend for a minute that your life, especially your early life, was the opposite of your experience: can you? I'm not going to describe that for you. It's a pass or fail test. You either can or you can't imagine an opposite life.

That is what not being understood is like for me. If you can't imagine your childhood as the opposite of how you were raised, how can you possibly understand me? I became that which you cannot imagine in yourself.

I would love to tell you everything so you can understand, and if you can see formative years as the opposite of what you had, you will begin to know me.

My assumptions here are that you want to know me and that you want to learn. Let me clarify, please? To know me is to know yourself better, and to know and recognise many others.

After the Second World War, which saw one in forty soldiers wounded or dead, soldiers returned home. These soldiers were not the same as the men who left. They had lived through horror that forever changed them, and they lived it without the people they had left. They came home changed to a life that required them to be their "old selves", yet they were not the same person who left.

Their wives began to have children, families were reunited or started, and the economy began to pick up momentum, but the soldiers were mostly left to fend for themselves. I doubt I could have handled the transition from warrior to civilian life as seamlessly as they did.

The men who fought, who saw others die or be seriously injured, watched as their nation changed. The G.I. Bill was passed, so they could now afford a house, and the economy boomed. A man's home was referred to as his castle, while abusive behaviour and alcoholism went without consequences.

As years went by, the children of these emotionally wounded warriors grew up and finally left home, and began raising their families. Some young adults, who had suffered the unintentional wounds of childhood abuse, began raising their families, and some were determined to do it differently from how they were raised. Others went about their lives as if they were normal.

If a psychiatrist was involved in a soldier's recovery, the person was deemed to be crazy. So, while the methodology for positive change existed, it went mostly unused. However, pharmaceutical companies began selling Valium and Librium, which debuted to soothe the nerves of housewives and businessmen. It worked, and society kept transitioning. The business of life kept the mainstream population focused. Most days were the same, and life continued until death.

However, those who wanted more from life took it upon themselves to bring what they saw in their imagination to fruition. They asked who am I and why am I here, and their soul demanded answers. Many of the children born after World War 2 were the same people who began the 60's and 70's using pot. Their questions about their life and the subsequent answers led to resentment, and they demanded societal changes.

However, inner change is where the only real change is possible. For instance, I used to believe that I didn't like most people I met, but the truth was that I lived an existence where people were being forced on me. Realising that, I made changes, sold my business and moved to a rural location, where I could choose the people I wanted in my life.. Now, except for a few bad choices, the people in my life are the people I want in my life, and the few bad decisions have been weeded out.

I wasn't entirely wrong about not liking people, but I prefer the clarity I have come to find.

Written by Peter Skeels © 7-4-2025