

Peace After Abuse.

Exiting solitary confinement, the shame, the beatings with the threats of more to come, imposed by those who abused us, is often a lifelong journey. Unlearning the lessons taught to us by our usually vicious and uncaring abusers and those who then failed us by not asking us questions is a significant healing step.

I used to tell myself, in my darkest times, that if my abusers had known the decades-long toll their years-long, savage abuse would have on me or that one night decades later, I would be playing Russian Roulette alone in a hotel room, bereft of hope, they wouldn't have done it. I'll never know the answer to that, but I hope, to this day, it's true.

My healing began once I learned that I was the only person who could help me. I had help for sections along my path, and then I would find myself alone as usual.

My story is too graphic and long to tell, but leaping forward to today finds me happy and prosperous in mind, heart, and soul. My rigid, in-place boundaries stop the past from being present and allow me to walk away if they are trespassed or tested.

I gave up a lot to get here. I gave up caring more about the happiness of others than I cared about myself, and I gave up being more responsible to others than I was for myself.

I was not a victim because I played a lead role in many of the dysfunctional situations I found myself in. Once I understood that I did that because I didn't know what I didn't know, I could then begin to grasp that what people had been telling me, that my behavior wasn't acceptable, was correct. I then learned that what I understood as a child and into my teenage years was wrong. I began the deep dive into introspection, which started my transformative change.

I asked others to help me a long time ago, but a lot of what I got was shame, and it wasn't until I started asking myself for help that I began getting answers that helped me. "Who am I?" I screamed to myself. "Why am I here?" I asked between sobs.

I answered, "My life is better when I'm alone. That's my truth. I have my Creator, my creativity, the critters, and so much more. I'm happy. I'm optimistic, and life is good. It seems that it's only when I invite people into my life that problems begin."

I live alone in a cabin in a mountainous forest with the native critters as my company. I have several human friends, and it's understood that my preference is to live alone and enjoy my solitude. It's nothing personal. They bear no responsibility for me, and I bear none for them. We are friends, and we possess similar traits, including not being mean.

Recovery from abuse has spanned half a century, and during that time, I experienced the highest of highs and the lowest of lows of my life. The journey has been worth the effort.

Peace after abuse still requires maintenance, and it's now done by someone who cares and loves me- me.

My truth is that I needed to stop chasing the endless pleasures life offered me and find the deeper meaning that peace after abuse provided me.

I live a happy, optimistic, and creative life, and I do it alone. This has been my truth for more than fifteen years now.

May all of you on a similar path find your peace. It's within you.

Bless you, and all who are on the path of peace from abuse.

Written by Peter Skeels © 7-15-2024