



**Adult Survivors of
Child Abuse (ASCA)
Global Newsletter**

Spring 2018

April is Child Abuse Awareness Month. In this Quarterly newsletter issue, we shine a light on Adult Survivors of Child Abuse through advocacy, poetry and personal stories.



Original artwork by
Amaroq

As our Quarterly newsletter will sometimes feature survivor's personal stories, please be advised some content could be triggering for some people.

The Morris Center and the ASCA Program continue to grow worldwide with over 50 support group meetings. We need your help to reach more survivors. Please consider [volunteering](#), following us on [Facebook](#), or by making a [donation](#) in any requested amount that feels right for you. The Morris Center wants to remind all of you that you are awesome and appreciated.

[The Morris Center for Healing from Child Abuse](#)

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Thank you VSP and Lorena!

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Get involved

Volunteer, comment, find us on Facebook

VOLUNTEER FAIR 2018

The Morris Center thanks [VSP](#) for their support in inviting us to participate in their 2018 employee volunteer fair at their corporate headquarters. We met up to 200 different people, providing education on the many group and individual [volunteer opportunities](#) The Morris Center now offers.



Jackson volunteered for The Morris Center by helping prepare hundreds of brochures



VSP employee Andy volunteered for The Morris Center by helping out with overflow at our informational table



Echosaisis volunteered for The Morris Center by helping organize our participation in the

volunteer fairs at VSP.



We want to give a big **thank you** to [VSP](#) and VSP employee Lorena. At their recent volunteer fair, VSP offered their employees a drawing for a \$100 donation to the charity of their choice. When Lorena won the drawing, she chose **The Morris Center for Healing from Child Abuse!** Thank you so much!

SURVIVOR OF INCEST: MY STORY *by Eve*

This is why I began my nonprofit: I share my story, for victims and survivors to know they are not alone...

#BreakTheSilence

When I walked into my new place for the first time and saw the surreal view from the window, it took my breath away. I walked out to the deck and looked out towards the ocean and watched the waves flow back and forth. I was drawn to the ocean, the sound

of the waves and the seagulls as they glided by. It brought me back. Back to a place I had spent years trying to forget.

As a child I had always lived by the ocean; the sounds and smells of the shore always brought me back to the abuse. I knew my brother loved me, but was this love? It started off with small things like an innocent game of playing house. I was the mom and he was the dad. "This is what Mommy's and Daddy's do," he'd say, demonstrating with my Barbie's how they should kiss and touch. Eventually the toys went away and our game of house turned into him on top of me touching me in the living room, not uttering a word. The silence was deafening. I knew this was wrong, but he was loving me. This was love.

Someone loved me.

My brother, my babysitter, so handsome so why love me this way .The ladies loved him,but he wanted to love me. I was so confused and yet it never crossed my mind to tell. Did it? Would anyone really believe me and would I get in trouble for this? My brother never threatened me or made me do anything. He would bring me gifts and tell me how much he loved me; his baby sister. This love went on for years. From this I learned that in order to get something you wanted, you needed to have something that someone else wanted. So one day I used what he taught me on him.

One morning I went downstairs and saw my brother in the living room, where that awful green velvet couch was, that couch. I told him I wanted a new teddy bear. He told me that he probably couldn't get me one on that particular day. That's when I made my threat. If he didn't get me the bear, I would reveal our secret to the world. He promised me he'd try. The next night after I had fallen asleep I woke up to screams. It was my mother crying and screaming for her son. The neighbor was over, and had seen me come down the steps. She took me to her place and

sat me down to tell me that *my brother had killed himself.*

For years I blamed myself, but I have finally come to terms with the fact that this was all out of my control. One day I was watching my daughter who at the time was four years old and it hit me. I was her age when it started and seeing how innocent and vulnerable she was, helped me realize I was not at fault. I couldn't have been, because I was once her. A million mistakes later and years of therapy have helped me heal. I still have eons of healing to do, but I am a great work in progress.

I love my new apartment now. I embrace the past and have learned I cannot change it. Whenever I look out into the ocean and can see where the sky and water meet, I know there is something greater out there guiding me. What I experienced with my brother was not love, it was abuse. I know that now and the ocean no longer reminds me of the pain. It brings me hope. I have finally realized that the only way to forget was to remember.

WORDS UNSPOKEN TO MY COWORKERS
a poem, written under the pen name 'Tom'

I breathe
Behind the safety of my shirt sleeve
Clamped teeth
Horried
Now disguised
As happiness
For the unsolicited story you shared
Of happy times with your family
Of your happy times with your little so-and-so

Oh, didn't I know?
How cute you believe it would be
To involve me
An abuse survivor
In your happy life
Before you: not my reality
For all you see
Are the expected smiles, abound on my face
Saving grace
I'm just like you
I'm one of you
Don't alienate me
I want to be in on your club, too
Every time you say mom
I remember bruises and blame
All the same
Every time you say dad....
Immediately I feel sad
But never-mind me!
This moment is about *you*
Externally:
So happy for you
So glad
To be coworkers
Yet secretly:
So glad
To finally work from home soon

Sumi speaks on prevention:

"I was excited to have an opportunity to speak at the Montana School Counselors Conference in Helena, MT, on April 12. Topic of my presentation was "Prevention of child sexual abuse - the ethical challenges". It was a well-attended conference."



**Begin the conversation by helping those that need it most.
1 in 6 adults are survivors of child abuse.**

[Get involved](#)

Support The ASCA community

If you would like to [volunteer](#), have comments, or would like to provide supportive feedback for anyone featured in this newsletter, send an email to ascanewseditor@gmail.com. When providing supportive feedback, please remember to include that person's name in the subject line of your email. The Morris Center provides training, coaching and mentoring for Adult Survivors of Child Abuse who are interested in volunteering. New volunteers are always welcome.

Be featured in the ASCA Newsletter

Please submit: your own stories, photography, artwork, poetry and other self-expression, book reviews, and upcoming events to ascanewseditor@gmail.com.

A special thank you, to all those who have made a [donation to the Norma J Morris Center](#). We would not be here without you.



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