



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

SUMMER 2019

In this Quarterly newsletter issue, we share the story of a survivor, original poetry, and an interview two ASCA co-facilitators gave to another non profit organization.



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

The Morris Center and the ASCA Program continue to grow worldwide. We need your help to reach more adult survivors of child abuse. 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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Wanda's Story

Monk Thich Nhat Hanh said, "*People have a hard time letting go of their suffering. Out of a fear of the unknown, they prefer suffering that is familiar.*"

My name is Wanda. I didn't realize how much I continued to suffer due to unhealed child abuse. Well into my 40s the bottom fell out of my life so to speak, and also when I sought effective counseling. I now share my experiences in the hope it can help fellow survivors.

My older siblings had both run away from home. At the age of 16, I was too emotionally weary to run away again, and I most definitely did not want to recover from another suicide attempt. I sought out my high school principal for help, and she took me to the Child Advocacy Center located at a Women's and Children's hospital. Parental rights were terminated, and I entered foster care.

Logically I knew I was in a safe place, however I felt like I was the one being punished. I was in a house full of strangers, wearing someone else's clothing, eating food from a different culture, and abiding by a new set of rules. Two years and four

foster homes later, I graduated from high school and aged out of the system.

Long after the abuse, well into the life I created for myself as a wife, mom and business owner, I was still empty. I tried to fill it with work, exercise, a spotless house, being 1000% vested as a parent, get rich quick schemes, volunteer hours, alcohol, eating, sleep deprivation, being a know-it-all, you name it. I probably tried to stuff "that" into the void as well. The feelings of insecurity crept right back in as soon as I took a break from being busy.

I was suffering, but didn't know I was suffering. I thought I was waiting for an apology, validation, an acknowledgment that what was done to me was wrong, hideous, despicable, criminal, disgusting...

It was when I ran out of void stuffers and had to be alone with just me, did I come to the realization that all the things I thought I needed to move on, were: 1. Never coming, and 2. Even if I did receive "all of the above", none of it was going to fill the void. I alone had to accept the past happened and that there was not a thing I could do to change any of it. I had to acknowledge I was expecting someone to give me what they could never give me, and I had to assess where I was, where I wanted to be, and (this alone can fill an entire blog), why I thought I wanted what I wanted.

Today when I feel off or irritated, when I think I am suffering in some way and think someone else is making me feel this way, I gently remind myself, this cannot be because I am the only one who can make me feel anything. I identify what I am feeling, (afraid, taken advantage of, not good enough). I then looked squarely in the eye of what it is that is bothering me, and write three things I can do immediately to begin to flip my current mindset about it. Often this writing exercise is enough to end the "suffering" because it reminds me that I am a brave survivor. I am strong and able to stand up for myself. I am worthy of every good thing that comes into my life. Therefore unlike Thich Nhat Hanh's quote, I am choosing the "new familiar", empowerment. *Suffering?* Good riddance!

"Looking Back"
A Haiku poem
by Echo



Hate to call him dad
Even Thirty years later
Seasons come and go



Excerpts from the poem
"Promises Unkept"
by Timothy Conway

You.

You say you're having your final
curtain call
And you send out your clarion call to
your children
*"I am ill. I am dying. Rally round boys,
in the darkness, rally round."*
You want what you never gave.
As you preened and postured and
baked cookies for suspicious
neighbors.
As you waved your blood-stained
Bible over your head in church.
Because of you, I sleep behind locked
doors, remembering the nights you
beat us awake, for real and imagined
wrongs.
Because of you, the kitchen knives are
hidden away in Tupperware,
remembering the times you brandished
knives at us in rages.
Because of you, I have impetigo scars
all over my body, because I was not
worth a thirty-dollar penicillin shot.
Because of you, I had a veterinarian
diagnose my appendicitis.
Yet nonetheless I have lived and loved
and journeyed.
I grew and explored and struggled to
heal myself,
step by unsteady step, until I found my
way,
and none of those steps by a mother's
presence or a mother's love.
You were no one's mother.
You loved no one, including yourself.

I am incapable of reciprocating back to
you the one thing that you never gave.
You.



On February 9, 2019 two ASCA co-facilitators talked
with [StoryCorps](#) Atlanta about the Atlanta ASCA Support
Group.

[click here to listen to the interview](#)

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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The Morris Center for Healing from Child Abuse, PO Box 281535, San Francisco, CA 94128

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