



Adult Survivors of Child Abuse (ASCA) Global Newsletter

Spring 2016

In this issue, you'll notice something you may have never seen in an ASCA newsletter: Photos of brave survivors who either gave their permission, or asked us to include their faces in this issue of the newsletter. We also feature photos of actual ASCA attendees who participated in Child Abuse awareness month, by submitting photos of their "hands in solidarity". The "hands in solidarity" photos are visual depictions of ASCA bravery and solidarity, while respecting the anonymity and privacy of individual ASCA participants. The Morris Center wants to thank all the ASCA participants who are not pictured, for considering the idea and let them know they are brave and commendable Adult Survivors of Child Abuse. Our meetings are safe and supportive because of every Adult Survivor of Child Abuse who follows our meeting guidelines, pictured and not pictured. All Adult Survivors of Child Abuse matter, without exception.



*April is child abuse
awareness month*

The Morris Center and the ASCA Program continue to grow worldwide with over 50 support group meetings. We need you to help us 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.

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*ASCA
Chicago, IL*

ASCA Scores an Oscar!

written by [Dr. Patrick Gannon](#)

Congratulations! Did you know we won an Oscar? Hooray for us!

I was so excited by two events that occurred at the Oscars that I lost myself for a moment. I imagined that it was I who was walking up to the stage to receive my Oscar. I started thinking about what I would like to say if given the opportunity to stand before the world and speak.

Why not? This was a big win for the survivor community.

So, here goes (boy, this thing is heavy!)

"Thank you to the Academy for providing two gifts to the survivor community tonight."

First, Lady Gaga, you are my new hero! Years after Oprah Winfrey spoke of her sexual abuse as a child, we have needed another vibrant and powerful voice to speak out about sexual violence. I want to thank Lady Gaga for her wonderfully inspirational song "[Till It Happens To You](#)" (co-written with Diane Warren) from the documentary movie "The Hunting Ground" which depicts sexual assault

on college campuses.

Lady Gaga stands tall as both a survivor of sexual assault and a spokesperson for survivors everywhere who are speaking out about their own tragic experiences. As the words of the song go "Do not tell me to act strong, do not tell me it will get better, do not pacify me. Until it happens to you, do not tell me how to feel or how to cope." Most importantly, "do not try to make me feel insignificant. I am not." I would also like to honor the survivors who took the stage to surround Lady Gaga in appreciation of her message. Each survivor had phrases written on their arms such as "Not Your Fault" and "It Happened To Me" and simply, "Survivor". You--the audience--responded with tears, appreciation and solidarity with the survivors. This was a worldwide recognition for the reality of sexual abuse, sexual assault and sexual exploitation for women, men and children all over the world. Secondly, I want to thank the Academy for honoring the survivor community in their fine choice for best picture of the year: [Spotlight](#).

Giving the award to Spotlight puts the spotlight on the Catholic sexual abuse scandal and the subsequent cover up by church officials over the last several decades. This award honors a movie that showed how a team of Boston journalists had the courage to stand up to the Catholic hierarchy who first denied, then covered-up and when finally confronted by legal authorities, tried to manipulate their way out of taking responsibility for what their pedophile priests have done. And they are still at it, despite what the Church public relations machine would like you to think. The movie expertly depicts the intentional and insidious efforts to protect abusive priests, allow church leaders to hide in their denial and enable thousands of children to be exposed to abuse over many years.

In the name of God, these "children of God" (to quote the Bible) were violated and then denied accountability. Tonight will change some of that. The whole world saw how the Church was publicly exposed for committing a "mortal sin" against its children. Mortal sins in Catholic doctrine are wrongful acts that condemn a person to hell after death if unforgiven. Examples include adultery, infidelity, bestiality, fornication, homosexuality and yes, incest. No mention of extra-familial sexual abuse of parish children or sexual exploitation of children by priests. Make no mistake, what these priests did certainly qualifies as a mortal sin according to Catholic doctrine. A mortal sin is not necessarily a sin that cannot be repented. There is a chance for repentance, but it must be accompanied by contrition. With contrition, there must also be a resolution to confess mortal sins as soon as possible. In the case of the church being involved in a cover-up, the confession should be public. It should include responsibility for

preventing it from every happening again. And this contrition and call for responsibility should be repeated again and again over time, considering how long this scandal has occurred. The Oscars called the church out Sunday night. Now we need to see concrete steps taken by Pope Francis to show public contrition and responsibility for change. According to an SF Chronicle editorial on March 1st, "Rome has stopped short of adopting the sweeping household rules that will prevent a recurrence and put church higher-ups on notice that they are responsible". Specifically, the paper recommends he "draw strict orders on handling complaints, disciplining priests and sanctioning upper-rank church leaders who cover up scandals instead of ending them". If contrition is not complete, according to church doctrine, they shall "go to hell". Is the Catholic Church able to repent? Time is running out.

Pope Francis, this is your curtain call.



*ASCA
Morristown, NJ*

Create and co-facilitate your own virtual ASCA support group meeting

The Morris Center now offers training and materials for survivors to create and co-facilitate their own virtual ASCA meeting. This includes the ASCA online meeting resource package, [available on the ASCA website](#) after creating a user ID, password and answering a few simple questions to gain access to the resource packages. Virtual ASCA

meetings follow the same format and meeting guidelines as in-person ASCA meetings.

Ken, a ASCA member who lives in Australia, shares his experience of creating a virtual ASCA support group meeting.



Ken and Jonesy

Having attended US time ASCA virtual meetings for about a year in most of 2015 (where there were several other Australians in attendance), we made international friends but were all quite exhausted by the 5am start of the US meeting. We three Australians got together and with the support of the awesome folk at The Morris Center, started the Australian online virtual meeting. All three of us received online co-facilitator training from The Morris Center. Armed with the training, the virtual meeting scripts and the Survivor to Thriver manual, we got started. The virtual ASCA Australia meeting, happens each fortnight on a Tuesday night. We have been around for about 6 months. The meeting has averaged 3 - 4 attendees and we have had one regular attendee from Europe. It has been a consistently very close and special healing space for us. I am always blown away by the honesty and empathy when we meet and share our struggles and victories. If ever you have insomnia or are in the Australian time zone, please consider joining us. [The meeting is listed on The Morris Center website](#). People may also contact me directly, by [sending an email](#). Our meetings are based on Australian Eastern Standard Time. All the best to all those I have met online.



*ASCA
New York City, NY*

Sumi is an author, speaker and survivor from long term psychological impact of bullying. Sumi currently lives in Plymouth, MN.



*Sumi presenting at the National
Conference on Bullying and Child
Victimization in Orlando, FL*

Survival from long term psychological impact of bullying

This is a story of my battle and survival from a devastating mental illness triggered by bullying.

The onset of my OCD occurred in May 1992 at the age of 16. For the first five years of my mental illness, my single greatest struggle and obstacle became simply telling someone what was going on. Instead, I lived a secret life. I was hiding in the shadows, being afraid that I was losing my mind. My frightening condition kept me isolated from others and unable to pursue the normal drives of a healthy young man. Friendships were far and few in between, while dating remained out of the question. Before long, merely managing to function through an average day became the greatest challenge of all.

The first success that I can speak about, followed the loss of my job at a hotel due to my incapacitating symptoms. I was 21 years old and the year was 1997. At last, I came out to my family about what was going on, and they were able to get me the therapy and medication that I needed to defeat OCD. Unfortunately, learning about the complex nature of OCD would be a process that would take me several more years to complete. First came a phase of tremendous relief at the realization that I wasn't going crazy after all: I would not have to be institutionalized at a psychiatric hospital! Second, a major bout of depression and self pity over the fact that I had been diagnosed with this form of OCD. Eventually, I was able to change my pessimistic perspective, willingly engage in cognitive behavioral therapy and begin to make significant progress with my illness. During this time period, I was also able to look up and confront my very worst bully from childhood. This fascinating and revealing encounter, helped me to finally deal with the bullying and the PTSD from my past. I was able to derive a lasting positive impact after spending only 16 days in Rogers inpatient treatment facility. This experience left a positive impact that has lasted throughout the past several years of my life. I attribute my lasting success to a specific change in my medication regimen made at the facility along with their tough approach to ERP (Exposure Ritual Prevention), which I took to heart upon leaving that place. Though my success did not come until several months after I had left Rogers, the change in my meds and the knowledge I had gained, would slowly show their purpose over time.

Today, I am thrilled to report that I have finally regained control over my once ever so incapacitating mental illness! Though my ordeal has now reached this much better point, there are millions of other people out there who continue to struggle hard with OCD, on a daily basis. I am here to tell those fellow OCD sufferers that this does not have to be their long-term fate. Just as I took back control of my life, they too are capable of freeing themselves from the powerful clutches of this hideous disease.



*ASCA
Santa Clarita, CA*

The Gifts of Fatherlessness: By Abigail Rose

I am 52 years old, so I've lived a good portion of life and have gained a lot of wisdom from my many experiences. I learn something new about myself continually and sometimes I actually grow and change; but it happens very slowly, in baby steps. That may not be comforting for me or for anyone for that matter, but at least I grow and mature sometimes, which means I'm not stagnant.

Today's epiphany was insightful. I was jogging and pondering, some would call it obsessing. Okay, I was obsessing, as I usually do, over my difficult and sad marriage. I have been married for 20 years. I have been married to a faithful man who claims he loves me and perhaps does really love me. He does not have a drinking problem or a gambling problem or a drug problem. He doesn't smoke or cheat or look at pornography. He has a good job and provides for his family. I am a stay at home mom and I live in a nice house in a good neighborhood. As I was obsessing while jogging tonight and obsessing over my quagmire of a relationship that I have with my husband, I had my epiphany. Recently, one of my favorite pastors told me to get a divorce already and stop torturing my children with this marriage that just wasn't working - for both of us. This was a pretty profound statement coming from a Christian pastor, because Christians and especially pastors don't usually recommend divorce; especially when there is no adultery. *Why can't I leave my husband?* He was scolding me and I was stuck. One reason I can't leave my husband is because I'm a stay at home mom with no money. Another reason I can't leave my husband is because we have four children together and I also have two step children who do not want us to get divorced. But the deeper reason, I realized tonight, was that my husband's worth to me is like precious metals: things like gold or diamonds. My husband means more to me, almost, than my own self. This was the epiphany. My husband is the man I never had growing up.

My mom had me when she was eighteen years old, a single mom. She raised me as a single mom and had more children along the way, also as a single mom. We were so poor; we lived on Welfare. I felt ashamed and rejected. I felt alone and unwanted. I saw other children with homes and their own rooms and their own fathers. I had friends with fathers who provided for them and supported them. My friends had clothes and didn't have to use food stamps to buy groceries or lunch tickets to buy lunch at school. My friends didn't have to watch their mom try to figure out how to fix their 20 year old car. My friends had a curfew and two parents who loved them. I had to buy my school clothes at the Good Will second hand store. I had to babysit at 50 cents an hour to have any money at all because we were too poor for me to have any spending money, ever.

My mother was also raised without a father. Her father abandoned her mother when she was pregnant with my mother's sister in 1946. My mother's father abandoned my grandmother and my grandmother raised her children as a single mother. This was in the 1940s; not a very common occurrence for that era.

I realized after spending some time with my mother over a vacation last week that we both lived a sort of life of scarcity; that we were both afraid of not having enough. I realized during my epiphany that this was one of the gifts of fatherlessness - the gift of scarcity. There just isn't enough for me. There wasn't enough man growing up (except there was too much of a bad man, which I'll talk about in a minute). There were no strong arms to hold me up or comfort me. There was no money or male presence or male strength. There was a giant void, and as a young child I knew it. As an adult I see why I am so hooked into my husband and his emotional abuse. The reason is because the little girl inside of me will sacrifice almost everything for a man, because she needs one, always has, always will. Unfortunately, my husband is emotionally abusive. His form of abuse tends to be the silent treatment and dramatic exits. He also uses foul language and insulting comments. Another common technique of his is to insinuate or imply that I am not worthy of love and that I am worthy of scorn and contempt. I have spent many holidays and birthdays being the brunt of his silent treatments. My inner child chooses to ignore these tactics of his and just wait. Sometimes my inner child begs for him to pay attention to her. My inner child has no pride or sense of self-respect. She just waits and overlooks the abuse. So, when a person tells me to just leave or questions why I stay, I usually feel weak and pathetic. Today was different. During my jog, I cried and realized why I was stuck. This is not to say that I hadn't realized this before; but today I felt it and understood it - viscerally. I knew why I was stuck, I felt why I was stuck and I still do, as I am writing this down.

When I was between the ages of 8 and 12, my mother married a pedophile. I didn't know it before she got married. All I knew on my mother's wedding day was that I was about to have my own daddy. I was so excited and my heart leaped with joy over the realization that I would no longer be fatherless and that I would be just as valuable and special as other little girls with fathers. You probably can imagine how devastating that experience was for me. On the wedding night the entire family had a honeymoon. My two year old sister, my mother, myself, and my new step father all spent the night at a hotel on Catalina Island. The first clue that something was amiss was that my step father didn't wear pants or underwear. He exposed himself to us by just wearing a t-shirt in the hotel room. Since I wasn't familiar with how men behaved, while I was shocked and uncomfortable, I mainly felt confused. Then, when I went to the bathroom, my new step father told me I couldn't shut the door because we were a family now. He started taking showers with me from that point on. This all occurred under my mother's watch. He always told me to call him

Daddy and always insisted that I kiss him on the lips. He began fondling me and would do sexual things involving everything but intercourse. Thank God for that. Sadly, the emotional damage was done and my little girl's hopes and dreams for a father were not only unfulfilled, her dreams were completely destroyed. She felt betrayed, devastated, ashamed, and angry. Another gift of fatherlessness was lack of protection.

Now as an adult, I have a husband who is a narcissist at best and an emotional nightmare at worst. To be married to him involves me trying to navigate emotional land mines. He is nice often, which throws me off even more. He loves the kids and wants to take care of them, which doesn't help me want to leave him. Along with this experience, my inner little child begs me to just wait. Wait for him to come around. Wait for him to stop yelling. "He'll be nice again", she says. 20 years later, I'm still here; usually waiting. This is another gift of fatherless - the ability to wait for someone. She can wait for someone to come home or wait for someone to change. She always hopes and waits and tolerates.

Another gift of fatherlessness is the inability to understand what a healthy male-female relationship feels like. A fatherless girl has no idea what it feels like to have a healthy relationship with a man. For one reason, she never had one, for another reason, her mother did not model one. She is left with a void and an unknowing feeling. While other females find good boyfriends and good husbands, the fatherless woman struggles just to find a man, period. She has no idea how to just be with a man; it is a foreign concept. It's like trying to describe color to a blind man. A woman with no father has no confidence in what it's like to be with a man who loves her and values her. At least, this has been true for me. I have learned by trial and error how to fail at all relationships I've ever had with a man. I am still married, but my marriage is very unhealthy and very unfulfilled.

When my pastor asked me why don't I just divorce him and allow myself to find a healthy man who loves me, my inner response was: "because I don't believe I can do either of those things". I have zero confidence in my ability to do either the former or the latter. But I do know how to wait.



*ASCA
Tampa Bay, FL*

Abigail is a 58 year old American survivor and transformational coach, now based in southwest France.

Reconnect with Basic Goodness and Release the Past to Freedom!

As I sit down to write, my sweet little puppy-- blessed gift and symbol of life's basic goodness-- paws my legs to say hello, be remembered, and loved! That's what we all want and need: to be remembered and loved. Often for adult survivors of child abuse, being remembered was synonymous with aggression, anger, blame, and behavior inconsistent with love. We grew up in fear or terror, "walking on eggshells", trying to 'get things right,' so no one would fly off the handle...helplessly trying to fix the rampant unhappiness. Due to recurring fear, abandonment, abuse, or general neglect, we learned to make ourselves small, hide, not ask for much, and believe we were unworthy. In my case that belief went as far as to believe I was unworthy to exist; how grateful I 'should' feel to parents who gave me food (whatever could be afforded) and clothes (including hand-me-downs from Goodwill). I grew up learning gratitude for crumbs, not expecting gentleness, extras, toys, or niceties in life.

As an adult, I experienced years of inner exploration with yoga, mindfulness practices, conventional talk therapy, and the saving graces of psychosynthesis. This helped me understand I wasn't 'tainted', bad, or worthless, but an ingrained energy of unworthiness continued to play itself out in my life. Situations of rejection or abandonment by trusted people such as an unexpected divorce, brought on emotional collapse. Several years after my divorce, devastation hit me again with renewed abandonment by the new partner I trusted. Each abandonment/betrayal helped me see more clearly that healing from my past was limited.

The ultimate icing on the cake was the recent passing in 2015 of my mother, a person the small child in me waited and hoped (for over 50 years) to be close to and matter to. Though my mother was not the violent perpetrator in my family, she played a facilitating role, that of the victim who did nothing but cry, become hysterical, and beg my father to stop hitting, shouting, or inflicting violence. The sexual abuse she never let on to knowing anything of, honoring the family code to maintain secrecy on the impenetrable, private fortress of the family pathology. Despite a book about my own healing journey published in 2010 (under a pseudo to honor the family code for privacy and protect my siblings' personal lives), I

continued to comply with my father/ abuser's injunction, "never tell your mother".

Family secrets and injunctions fuel pain, confusion, and shame long after we leave an abusive environment. By unconsciously following family dictates and unconscious 'vows' made as children, we accept beliefs of unworthiness and blame before developing the cognitive make-up to understand what we are doing. This unconscious belief is often linked to a 'vow' to protect the family we depend upon for survival, and reinforce a belief in our own unworthiness, like a worn-down tire tread. If we are removed from our primary caregivers (to protect us) we often experience further trauma with feelings of abandonment and again believe this abandonment is our fault. We become the problem and the cause of our own nightmare.

In adult life, hopefully we encounter others that help us understand the injustices and trauma we experienced as children. I believe today both parents did the best they could, with the conditioning and consciousness/awareness they had. We do the best we can with the understandings, beliefs and emotional vocabulary at our disposal.

This is a belief and it's mine. It doesn't change my past, but it sets me free from its painful hold. This perspective allows me to release the hold my story has on me, not them. It allows me to feel light and change my own energy field so I no longer need to find people who will abandon me, or live alone for fear of not being good enough to be with others. This forgiving belief moves me from victim to a resilient and powerful individual, who survived and can now thrive. I live in my own skin and can learn to choose thoughts to feel fulfilled, happy and free, regardless of past experiences. The new perspective does not come with a magic click of the fingers or wave of a wand. First I must experience and feel my grief, anger, hurt, sadness, despair, etc....The only way out, is through.

The most important part of my new belief is acceptance of my own basic goodness, not just that of others. My childlike, simple desire to 'make it all better' in my family, meant the role of the villain fell on me. If I had been better/ stronger/ more worthwhile, my parents would have been happy and my family at peace. How many years did I try to go back when I was stronger to remedy or fix thingsnever succeeding, never experiencing the love my little girl desperately yearned for and sought! Resentment about my past (why did this happen?) festered in my unconscious, then in my body, causing innumerable physical ailments and illnesses. I attracted people into my life who would abandon me or be unavailable. I felt

anxious, worthless and fearful if anything triggered my original childhood trauma...and a lot did!

It takes time to reframe one's life script; sometimes we have to suffer a long time to open our eyes to what is going on below appearances. It's a process, and each person's journey is unique. Bon voyage. Carpe Diem! Seize the day. We're all in this together.

Abigail



*ASCA
Tarpon Springs, FL*

an interview with the co-facilitator who started the Texas ASCA women's group:

RANDA FOX



Tell us about who you are, how you got involved with this type of work.

I'm 57. I lost my husband in 2009, he died of cancer. About a year after my husband died, the 7 year old daughter of some very good friends of mine, told her mother she was being molested by her uncle. My friends did everything right: They did the forensics interview, they went to court. This was about a 2 year process. The guy

was convicted of aggravated assault of a child. The judge sentenced the uncle to only 90 days in jail.

I went up to see the family after that court trial ended. When I walked into the home, the atmosphere was thick with anger and helpless. That weekend was when "not on our watch" was born.

I was molested by my father (my two sisters and I). I had not yet allowed myself to comprehend that it was still happening to a child. Literally, it was like being hit by a ton of bricks and a light bulb being turned on. I was so enraged by the sentence the judge had given this man and upset with myself for not allowing myself understand, what what was going on.

For the first time in my life, I found my purpose. Not only to work towards prevention through education, but to give a voice to the millions of adults who are survivors. That's what I've been doing for the past 6-7 years now. All because of the bravery of a 7 year old little girl. I've never experienced such a profound change in my life when I realized this. From that day forward, I started educating myself, going to conferences, going on the internet and learning as much as I could. I am an avid reader, I love to read. I was immersed in this new world/new reality, it changed my life.

On my 56th birthday, I flew to Slovenia to meet someone who was walking 10,000 miles across Europe, to every European capitol to raise awareness of child sexual abuse and the statute of limitations. We met in Ljubljana and walked for 5 days to Croatia. Not only did I make a friend a for life in Matty, it was one of the most eye opening adventures I could have ever imagined.

I want to create some type of a walk across America. I want it to become a grass roots type of event. I've already got the route mapped out to go along with our winters and summers. I want to be able to contact the different organizations in the main cities we walk through so they can know about it and become a part of it. At each state capitol, we'll have some kind of local artist/musician connected so we can have some sort of celebration. I think something like this would really go a long way towards raising awareness with people in the government and medical community.

I had come across the manual "Survivor to Thriver" about 2 or 3 years ago. I have books everywhere. It seems like when the time is right for me to read a certain book, it rises to the surface. I knew immediately that was what I needed to do, was to start these groups. There's not that many in person groups. I was in Huston since 1998. I wasn't until I was 21 until my oldest sister called me and asked me "did dad ever sexually molest you?" cause as a child, you don't really have the same understand about sex and body parts. I always knew there was something I had disassociated with the abuse.

In my 30s my brother in law told our mom that dad molested all three of their daughters (my two sisters and I). It was a really hard time for all of us. I looked around for some support groups. I found one here in Houston, it was incest survivors anonymous. I went a few times, it was something that I did not continue to go to. Fast forward to the present, I realized wow, there's not that many in person support groups for Adult Survivors of Child Abuse.

The Santa Maria hostel (where the Texas ASCA women's group takes place) is one of many rehab/halfway house type of houses. I've been doing that about 2 months now. I think eventually I'll start moving to some of the other areas/organizations that have women who have gotten addicted to drugs/alcohol that find themselves in a very vulnerable place. I can't think of a better opportunity to help them. So often when you have addictions, most support groups don't get to the real core issue.

What do you think are the most important attributes of someone who is a successful co-facilitator?

I think ideally they would be fairly far along in their healing process. I understand it's a lifelong journey of the healing process. The pain never goes away but you visit it less often. I feel the same is true for our child abuse. The reality of the abuse never goes away but as you continue to build upon your tools for healing, you understand more and you are able to visit that pain less often. I think certainly having somebody who isn't easily triggered.

Especially for the first meeting of the ASCA women's group, there were probably 40 or more women in attendance. That day, I did not have a co-facilitator because I had not found one yet. It was the most powerful, heartbreaking, beautiful and empowering time. When I consider if I was not further along in my own healing, I don't think just anybody can handle that. Co-facilitators need to understand or have an awareness of where they are in their grieving and healing process.

It's very important for me after each group meeting with the women at Santa Maria hostel, when I get home, to release all of the energy from the group meeting. That allows me to not continue to absorb any energy that is not mine.

What would you say to someone who may already attend ASCA meetings, considered becoming a co-facilitator but has not taken the step yet?

There is such beauty and generosity of the soul to be able to hold space for others while they are on their healing journey on our different parts of our healing journey. To have this gift and desire to hold space for others so they too can reach a point in their lives where they can see a light at the end of the tunnel. Whenever someone new comes to the support group I tell them "welcome home, welcome to the family"

Is there any question I haven't asked you that I should?

I know that I am so amazed and I love how life works. I came across the Survivor to Thriver manual years ago and when the time was right, I came across it again and fully comprehended what these amazing people have accomplished. This journey has allowed me to continue to give and really make a difference. So many women in the women's group, have children. I know not only am I helping adults find joy in

their lives, I know they also have children and we are actually creating the break in the cycle, we aren't allowing only one generation but several generations to continue the healing.

Randa Fox started the Houston, TX ASCA women's group and is director of a not for profit she founded called 'Not On Our Watch'.



*ASCA Women's group
Houston, TX*

In recognition of generous support in the year 2015, The Morris Center presented this plaque to [VSP GLOBAL](#), for outstanding contribution in service to the community of Adult Survivors of Child Abuse.





*ASCA
Long Beach, CA*

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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