

# MANY VOICES

WORDS OF HOPE FOR PEOPLE RECOVERING FROM TRAUMA & DISSOCIATION

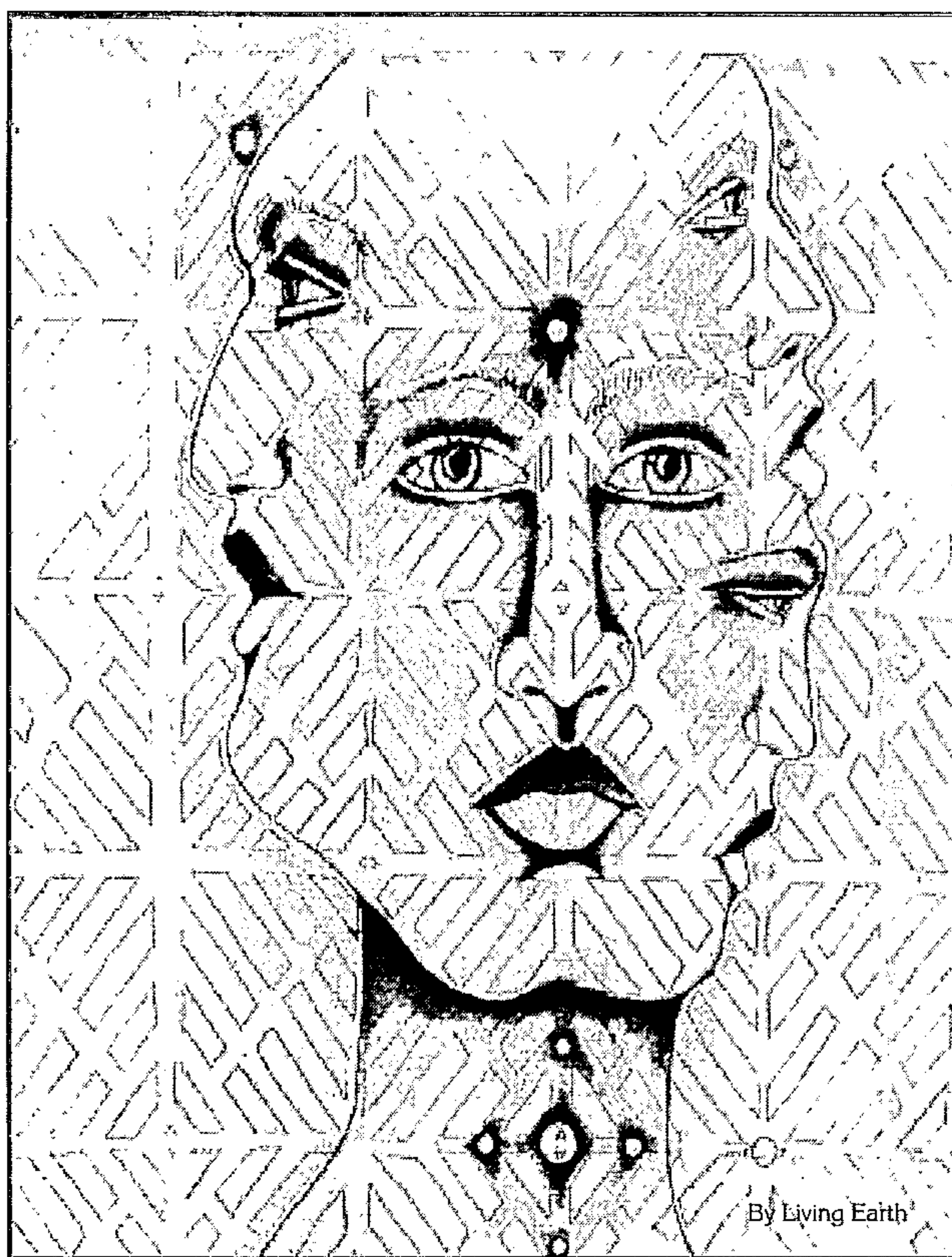
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Inside:

## Moments of Change Affirmations that work for you



By Living Earth

2003

*Next year's topics! Please share your experiences and ideas! Artwork, too!*

### February 2003

Men in recovery from war trauma or abuse. PTSD-- Do groups help? Effective treatment. Art: Self-healing. Deadline: Dec. 1, 2002

### April 2003

Work fears. Disability. Finances. Post-Integration problems & success. Art: Work you enjoy. Deadline: Feb. 1, 2003

### June 2003

Journaling & art diaries. Useful insights from 'insiders'. Resolve internal resistance. Art: Your favorite art subject. Deadline: April 1, 2003.

### August 2003

Calming strategies for stress. Healing exercise. Helping your scared "kids". Good parenting inside & out. Art: A safe place to heal. Deadline: June 1, 2003

### October 2003

Medical/Psychological issues. Do doctor visits scare you? Body memories and trigger prevention. Art: Your Body Image(s). Deadline: August 1, 2003.

### December 2003

New to therapy? How to build trust. Stuck in therapy? Working it through. Changing therapists. Moving on. Art: Your and your therapist in session. Deadline: October 1, 2003.

MV

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# Back to Work Again

By Ruth H.

**G**oing to work can bring about a number of positive outcomes. It gives structure and discipline by having a place to be all day, and having to be there on time, according to your schedule.

It gets you out of isolation and around people.

As far as your pay goes, it's a way to take care of your needs, pay for your medications and feel independent.

But as good as it sounds, getting a job requires a lot of thought and effort in order for it to be a smooth transition. Below are some steps to take to ease you into the working world.

**\*Set up a support system.** Include family, friends, therapist, etc., whoever can be supportive of your return to work, and who you can turn to for feedback. Choose people you can easily connect with at the first sign of trouble. Don't be afraid to use this support system; they're there for you. Use this system throughout the whole process of getting and maintaining your job. You're not alone.

**\*When looking, start out with a low stress job.** It may not be your eventual goal but it will allow you to get back in the swing of things, which can be stressful in itself. Set goals of moving up once you've mastered this first job. Take small steps and go in stages. Remember to keep your stress level to a minimum.

**\*Take advantage of any vocational training prior to getting employed.** (County, mental health, welfare, etc.) The more training you can get, the more familiar and comfortable you'll feel as you start your new job.

**\*It's a tough call** whether to use an advocate and disclose your illness, or go it alone without disclosing. I chose not to disclose, to keep my privacy, but you have to weigh it out. An advocate can help you with any special needs you may have and help you get trained.

**\*When you start your new job,** it's very important that you keep up with your therapist and psychiatrist appointments. On the interview, find out what your schedule will be and set

up doctor's appointments in advance to make sure there are no interruptions.

**\*Once you're employed, take it slow.** Don't try to be a super hero. Going to work is big change in your life and change can be stressful. Do all that you can to keep your stress level to a minimum.

**\*Be sure to take your meds on a regular basis.** This is one area that needs to remain top priority. You want to be leveled out and strong when working. Diligent attention to your usual medication schedule will definitely help you remain in control of things.

You will be learning many new things during the first few weeks. If you're like me, some of the medication I'm on plays around with my short-term memory and my concentration. Needless to say, it made it a real challenge to learn new procedures. Take your time and be gentle with yourself. This is where an advocate might come in handy.

**\*Stay well rounded.** Remember to get plenty of sleep in order to keep your stamina up. Make sure you get regular meals full of nutrition. Exercise is great for lowering stress and unwinding after work. Isolation is a big problem for me but I push myself to get out there and socialize.

**\*Keep a check on yourself.** Make a list of symptoms that show up when you're in trouble. Keep the list handy and at the first sign of trouble ask your support team for help. You can avoid interruptions in work if you're timely in asking for help.

**\*There's bound to be an** opportunity for overtime. Timing is everything. How well are you adjusting to the changes? How is your stress level? You have to weigh these things out before you jump into overtime. If you're still a little shaky, it's best to wait until you're stable and confident. Everyone has their own pace. There's no right or wrong.

**\*As far as switching goes,** you need to have a real strong worker part. Keep good communication among the parts

so everybody knows what's going on. On your time off, make time for all the other parts. Play as hard as you've been working. Stay well rounded, balanced.

**\*Going to work is a big step.** Talk it over with your support team and get their advice. Put that together with what you're feeling about going to work and you should have an answer that works well for you. Remember to keep up with your meds and appointments, keep your stress level to a minimum and you should have a positive experience.

Best of luck to you as you move forward into the working world. Give it your best!

MV

## January 1998

Fortressed in the inner courtyard  
Little sisters holding hands  
Go on tiptoe if you enter  
Silence keep  
And sleep's sweet comfort  
Leave behind.

You have seen their tiny faces  
Feel their fingers on your shoulder  
You have heard their frozen voices  
Calling from lost girlhood's glen  
Child eyes in the glass before you  
Little ones left long ago  
Thrust into the silent darkness  
Where you could not go.  
They have trod the anguished road  
With hollow eyes and trembling lips  
Found unlit passages to hell  
And waited while the dark designer  
Bound them to your pain.

Go gently to the sacred altar  
Deep within the courtyard kneel  
Arms around you  
They have found you  
Tears return to empty eyes  
End of darkness now beginning  
Soft embracing  
One by one  
For they are yours  
Let in the sun, the moon, the stars  
The unlit recollection of yourself in pain  
Turn  
Face them now  
And live again.

By anna

MV

## Dream for Discovery

Many people say they never dream. This is only that they do not remember the dreams. For some of us, remembering and recording dreams needs to become a practiced, daily routine, albeit distasteful. Even if all that is remembered at first is one word or one picture, write the word or describe the picture as best as possible. Dreams can quickly elude us, so perhaps the best procedure is to have paper and pen by our bedside to write as soon as we wake, or record them if a tape recorder is available. The more often we record, more and more of our dream will be with us when we awake.

For dissociatives and multiples, dreams can sometimes be frightening and feel threatening. This is where our therapist can help us look at the dream in segments, making it seem less powerful, and help us look at the possibilities of what the segments may mean in our present or past life. If a trusted therapist is not available, the simple act of writing or recording a dream may take away some of the power. Dreams play a significant role in filling in the gaps in our dissociative life.

However, waking up scared to death or screaming in fear are terrible experiences and can quickly drain our energy level, not to mention not wanting to go to sleep in the first place. But our bodies require a certain amount of rest, and there are some measures we can put into place which may help.

Our therapist read a story to us, *The Silver Boat*, in which a beautiful lady bathed in a soft blue light, spoke to and kept watch over a frightened little girl. When the nights are bad for us, we bring up the image of this gentle lady and allow her soft blue light to cover and surround us with loving protection.

Let's use our dreams for discovery, and no longer allow them to abuse us.

*By Grace, Anne, Marian for  
the System*

## MANY THANKS TO OUR FRIENDS!

**Forest View Hospital - Grand Rapids, MI**

Call Bill van Harken: (616) 942-9610 or (800) 949-8439

**River Oaks Hospital - New Orleans, LA**

Call Martha Bujanda: (504) 734-1740 or (800) 366-1740

**Sheppard Pratt Health System - Baltimore, MD**

Call Kimberly Colbert: (410) 938-5078

**Timberlawn Mental Health System - Dallas, TX**

Call Christie Clark: (214) 381-7181 or (800) 426-4944

**Two Rivers Psychiatric Hospital - Kansas City, MO**

Call David Tate: (816) 356-5688 or (800) 225-8577

**Women's Institute for Incorporation Therapy - Hollywood, FL**

Call Larry Spinosa: (800) 437-5478

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If you know of clinics or conferences that need flyers, please call us!  
We appreciate your support! — Lynn W., Editor

## Trust?

Explain it to me, what is it to you?

For us, we do not know it, we have not really ever tried to do it.

Listening to words? And, you're supposed to believe them?

Or is it not the words but the actions which we are to look for?

You see we never tried it, never thought of it, much at all

We never asked for help, we only functioned alone, so maybe there was no need to find out about the thing called trust

We taught ourselves everything, we handled everything alone, oh, but now here comes our chance to learn what that thing is called trust

This human proclaims to us, in words, and of course we read the books too, trust!

Yes something new for us to do, something new we must learn, another new thing to learn, when will it end?

This human proclaims, I'm not going anywhere, she wants us to trust, I think?

So what does everyone do? We say right, we'll see, we are not even sure we can do this thing you ask of us

We are confused, you see we want to trust, we want to believe, yet we know in the end, we stand alone

The truth is we stand alone, we make our own way, your way is just going to teach us what we already know, we don't know how to trust

It is fantasy for us to trust, it is a fantasy, it has no meaning

We will trick you instead, we will deceive you instead, let you think we trust you, and then bang, we hurt ourselves before you can do it to us

We think it is outsmarting the other human, when really all we want is for someone to finally notice that we are too afraid to trust

We will try to make it fall apart so we are the ones who fail, not you fail us

Deep inside, we always hope, we can trust, we hope someone will teach us how

We hope this time, this human will be smart enough to see how tricky we can be

We want someone to catch us trying to ruin the lesson, we want someone for once to care enough to pay attention, so we don't fail ourselves

After all we know when it is over, we are always the real losers when we can't learn to trust.

5-13-99 Rain

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# The Energy of Change

By Kara Sorensen

I have always resisted change. Intellectually, I know the only way to grow and heal is to change, but the thought of moving into the unknown of "what will I/it be like then..." is terrifying. The old way is painful, often a black hole, but familiar.

Yet to heal, I had to gather the strength to change. I had to face the abuse, the rituals and the terror, and find coping skills and a framework big enough to hold the pain. I had to learn to face my fear, fight cult programming, and return again and again to the difficult work of therapy. Looking back, I ask myself, what was the most important tool which helped me to do that? I believe it is the tool of energy.

I knew nothing of energy when I started therapy. I did my incest work, rather kicking and screaming all the way as I fought against recovering those memories and coping with them. But I gathered my healing and thought I was finally ready to move on. Then the cult memories surfaced. Big trouble.

I went to a workshop by my therapist Gabe. A survivor himself, he talked about the importance of touch for survivors. Most sessions, he touched my shoulder or arm, or gave me a brief good-by hug. Slowly I changed in my own fear of touch.

One day, he said I was very low on energy, and asked if it would be all right if he helped with that. It would require his putting his hands on my knees and "running energy". I was to notice what I felt in my body.

I felt nothing. For months. Eventually, I learned to feel in my body, which was a massive change in itself. With practice, I could feel a warm, relaxing current slowly flow through my body, giving me a sense of peace and well-being. It was the sensation of energy. As I learned to trust that process, he introduced me to the massage table and energy work. Later, I went to many workshops and trainings in energy healing, studying

with nationally-known energy healers and teachers. Finally I became an energy healer myself, understanding how much it gives to the healing process.

The most important asset of energy work, however, is the deeply felt support it gave me in my own healing process from ritual abuse. Grief, healing and recovery are work and exhausting at a fundamental level. Through using energy medicine, I was able to gain the personal strength to make the changes required by healing and growth.

Now I trade energy work with a friend weekly. Each Sunday night we simply fill each other up energetically with a process called chelation (a technique founded and developed by Rosalyn Bruyere and described in *Hands of Light* by Barbara Brennan, pages 205-15). We've been doing it for at least two years, and say each time how grateful we are for a "fill-up". While there are many paths to change, growth and healing, this for me was the foundation that helped me the most to stay on the path, committed to my own healing.

Kara Sorensen is a ritual abuse survivor, clinical psychologist and author of *Hearts of Fire: Cult Recovery and Spiritual Transformation*, available at [booksurge.com](http://booksurge.com) or 1-866-308-6235.

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## A Fine Flower, This Hearty Weed

It's so wondrous when dandelions go  
to seed  
fluffy, white and round  
To be blown by the wind  
and reseed the ground

They long to prosper where they've  
not grown before  
slender, tall, and green  
Pretty petaled yellow heads  
Never heard, everywhere seen

Humans —hah!—  
see them in strange ways  
Some pick and some mow  
The winged seeds seem not to mind  
Drifting to and fro

Neither do they mind a predestined  
course  
Freely flying with the breeze  
Not resisting nature's love  
Floating by with graceful ease

Eventually, they land and the earth  
takes them in  
No doubt most will thrive  
The cycle successfully renews  
Sprouting countless new lives

By DRH



# Bonded by Hate

By GD Keyes (All of Us)

**E**motional abuse—it happens all the time—in families, the workplace, and other relationships. But the emotional abuse I'm writing about takes place in the family. I'm going to use my family, which is all I know, as an example of emotional abuse.

Emotional abuse, unlike physical abuse, leaves no outside scars but kills the soul of the victim. After many years of put-downs, teasing, and attack after attack on your self-esteem, you really begin to believe you are nothing, that you are bad and not a person who deserves respect—who deserves the right to a voice.

In my family there is tons of emotional abuse—parent to parent, sibling to sibling. It seems criticizing, blaming, name calling, and verbal (sometimes physical) fighting is going on all the time. My parents, who are responsible for most of the abuse, fight constantly. I've often wondered "Why do they stay together if they can't even have a simple conversation without it leading to some kind of violent fight?" Then I realized—they are "Bonded by Hate."

My parents are constantly criticizing someone. In fact, when they are busy putting someone down, it's the only time they aren't arguing. They have created unreachable standards that everyone they come in contact with must reach, or else they are criticized to no end. This includes their own children, who they verbally abuse the most.

I broke away and now I'm estranged from my biological family. I grieve sometimes, but I have learned through therapy that I'm not grieving them, but I am grieving my "ideal family"—a family who would love me unconditionally. But I have to accept that my childhood is over and there is no way to go back and undo all the injustice that took place when I was young. If I dwell too long on that fact, I become very sad and angry. I have to keep in the front of my mind how better off I am without my biological

family. They are very harmful to me and I can't afford to be continually criticized. So I'm happy that I am away from my family, but at the same time, I've become the "scapegoat", the "bad seed", which has led to further verbal abuse. If my parents meet one of my friends, they criticize me openly and tell lies about me and my husband.

I read a book recently which I highly recommend to those who have suffered any type of emotional abuse. The book is called *"Stalking the Soul"* by Marie-France Hirigoyen. In this book I finally found a word to describe my parents—"megalomaniacs". These people set up standards of what is good and bad, and decide what is truth. They adopt irreproachable values. Of course, no one could possibly reach these standards and values in the eyes of the abusers. Only the abusers can reach them (so they think) therefore giving them a feeling of superiority.

The abusers are obsessed with the desire for people to admire, honor and respect them; but at the same time megalomaniacs have no interest or empathy toward anyone but themselves. They never take the blame or admit to any type of mistake or wrongdoing. No—megalomaniacs are 'way too "holy" and "righteous." Since there is no possible way to reach their standards, abusers view victims as weak.

Strange as it may seem, the abusers are often described as intelligent, friendly, and charming by those with whom they have casual contact. However, the abuser will totally deny the other's identity, because only the abuser's view of the world is correct and everyone else is wrong. Everyone who does not live up to the abuser's "rules" are labeled "sinners" and "unworthy of association." Since megalomaniacs have no love for people and have no conscience, they never suffer guilt or remorse. They believe they have the "right" to degrade individuals, feeling totally justified in their outlook.

Why do megalomaniacs feel the need to behave in this manner? Because criticizing others allows them to feel powerful and righteous; therefore, giving them a feeling of worth. It's a simple fact that people criticize others in order to feel good about themselves. Emotional abusers have a "Since everyone is weak—I'm strong and powerful" type of thinking. So in reality, my parents feel a terrible inadequacy deep within themselves and compensate it by tearing people down.

Now I'm in therapy, trying to undo all that has been done both on an emotional and physical level. I've learned I have worth and deserve respect. I am a person—a good person—not that I don't fight with low self-esteem and still hear my critical parents in my head. But they've lost power over me, verbally and physically. They cannot hurt me any longer because I have built up a small amount of strength to prevent them from hurting me any further. As time goes by, I grow stronger.

I used to feel very angry at my parents for all they've done and sometimes I still do get upset. If it wasn't for them, I wouldn't be split into seven different "people," nor would I be spending thousands of dollars for doctors and medications. I try to feel sorry for my parents because their world is very small and they are the ones who are really unhappy. If they were happy they wouldn't need to criticize others, including their own children, in order to boost their own self-esteem. They are bitter and alone on account of their high standards, which prevent them from friendships since (in their eyes) no one is "worthy" enough. So they sit in their house, arguing and fighting—until, of course, they start on someone else. Their bond of hate towards others, in a sick way, is actually keeping their marriage together. I realize their behavior is the only way they can feel good about themselves, which is pretty dismal. They are truly "Bonded by Hate."



## Partner's Page:

# Spiritual Journey

By Gary

**L**et me introduce myself. I'm Gary, the husband of the collection of personalities in Hannah (at least the husband of most of the adults—not the kids, and not Georgel!) Our story is one of a connection at a spiritual level—which is pretty amazing if you knew me very well. For most of my adult life, I have considered myself to be a hard-nosed scientist—a card-carrying, practical, intellectual agnostic.

The story of my spiritual journey begins before Hannah. Actually, I suspect it is a journey that's been going on for some time—probably even before my first wife died in 1981. But, since that spiritual journey flew in the face of Gary, Ph.D., Psychology Professor, Scientist, Rational Thinker, etc. etc., it was going on behind the closed doors of my unconscious mind. I had no intention of going into those danger-filled rooms!

I'm not sure why this started to change. Maybe it's a part of growing older—some sort of unconscious mid-life crisis. Maybe it was the divorce from my third wife, and the tremendous feeling of freedom to be myself and live my life that I felt. Whatever the reasons, I realized a few years ago that I was on some sort of spiritual journey.

I met Hannah on the Internet in early April, 1997. There was something about her interests—reading, cats, poetry—that suggested a peaceful personality was out there across the silicon highway. Maybe it was the way she signed every letter, "In peace." I was to find out, of course, that there was not always peace inside, but the early letters always carried the sense of peace. We met in person just a few weeks later, and began dating regularly very shortly after that.

I really enjoyed our times together, but I always sensed there was something a bit "different" about Hannah. I even mentioned to a co-worker once how her face actually looked different at different times. It

was unusual enough to notice, but I really didn't spend much time thinking about it. We took an extended vacation together late that spring, and there was a certain tension throughout the trip—something I couldn't quite put my finger on. Early in the summer, I went to one of Hannah's therapy sessions. I had known from the start that she had experienced extensive abuse, and by this time, knew a lot of the horrible details. Hannah was recalling a recent traumatic event, and her therapist—quite innocently, I might add—said "Who was out?" I knew immediately. I turned to Hannah and asked, "Are you multiple?" Her therapist had forgotten, or perhaps not known that I didn't know Hannah was diagnosed DID. I waited outside the office for the rest of the session, and Hannah later told me that she fully expected me to be gone.

I had no intention of leaving! I was far too interested. In fact, the intellectual part of me had always been fascinated by the concept, but had believed the standard concept taught in psychology—that multiple personalities are extremely rare. Once I got over the initial surprise (and it was more surprise than shock; in fact, given the abuse she experienced, it would have been surprising if she had *not* been multiple), the whole idea of DID didn't seem very strange. Things that didn't make sense before suddenly started to make sense—things like apparent changes in moods, or even those changes in how she looked. After understanding the concept better, it made me realize that in a very real sense...

### ...We're all multiple!

There's nothing all that strange about being multiple. I often get into different moods. Everybody does. I used to call it "being on a roller coaster." Sometimes I'd be upbeat, my thinking crystal clear, and solutions to problems forming easily in my head. At other times, problems seemed overwhelming, and I just wanted to hide in my apartment. Fortunately,

those times were (and are) fairly few in number, but they do happen. Sometimes I am thinking spiritual thoughts, and other times I am a rational scientist, demanding well-researched evidence before I will accept some claim or statement as true. Sometimes I feel like a kid—I really enjoyed going to Spider Man a couple of weeks ago! Other times I would rather watch an action-packed thriller, or maybe a complex drama. Sometimes I feel like reading science fiction, sometimes science fact, and other times a book on theology. I am just one person, but I don't always feel that way. In fact, when I am in a certain "frame of mind" (how we "non-multiples" might talk about our "alter personalities") I not only feel a certain way, I literally think differently than when I'm in some other frame of mind. Quite frankly, I see very little difference between all this and the various personalities in Hannah. The main differences are:

- \*I don't lose time

- \*I don't have separate names for different aspects of myself

- \*I don't hear little voices in my head. Well—OK—I sort of do. In fact, I've carried on imaginary conversations in my head with unseen persons as long as I can remember. These people never seemed real, and the voices never actually sounded like different voices, but there has never been true "quiet" inside my head.

Think about all the things in our society that really sound like multiple personalities. There are tons of books on your "inner child." What is that, if not some part of ourselves that stopped growing? Sometimes I can really feel that kid in me (or, as I suspect, more than one kid)—when my first choice on the menu is a grilled cheese sandwich, or letting my mind wander as I browse through Toys-R-Us.

I've gotten to know some of Hannah's "inside family" very well. Janet used to wake up in the middle of the night, looking for a hug after a bad

dream. Lynn and I have had several good conversations about god, politics, or just life in general. Jennifer and I specifically went on a "date" once to the local art museum, since she'd always wanted to go and never had the experience. George has given me detailed, factual information, when we've been struggling to understand something that happened in the past. April (before she "joined the rainbow") would write letters to me explaining various problems Hannah was having. She always "hoped that this would be helpful." Mary would describe how she was working with those who were fearful of some new event or old memory—to reduce their fear and bring them peace. Sometimes they would write to me in the pen of their favorite color. Sometimes they would draw me a picture, especially the little ones. Sometimes they would send me e-mail. In fact, April, Lynn, and Mary all sent me e-mail the first year I knew Hannah, followed later by George, Janet, Jennifer, Lois, Louise, and Scarwoman (Sunflower).

Every inside person adds something significant to the whole. Each served a critical purpose in helping her survive the abuse, and each one now adds gentleness, charm, innocence, and zest to her life.

So, there's nothing strange or weird about any of this. It is rare now for one on the inside to just "take over" without Hannah knowing it and allowing it. Occasionally (like my date with Jennifer) we have done this to allow some part of her to have an experience she missed. More often, several are "close to the surface," with Hannah still being the one who is present, but with a lot of conversation going on inside.

#### Our spiritual walk

Finally, I come to the thing that brought us together in the first place—walking toward some spiritual place. We've been calling it a "walk" rather than a "journey," since journey brings images of effort and planning, and in a very real sense, this is more of a walk in the peace of the present than a journey with some destination in mind.

I won't go into the beliefs that have been developing in us as we walk

along this path. Briefly, however, we find ourselves recognizing that there may indeed be a purpose in life—but not one where some all-powerful god determines what happens; rather, it is one in which perhaps we have set the path for ourselves. I got to know Mary early in our relationship, and Mary has always had a close connection to god and peace—a difficult position for a personality alter in a collection where fear dominates. Then there is Anna, who is full of complete child-like innocence, and says she talks to god. I believe her. I think that god is a presence of peace that is within all things. Indeed, it would make sense that we are the way in which the god-consciousness participates in the physical world. We come from that consciousness—that peace that passes all understanding—and return to it when we die. We experience things in life to learn. Learning is the essence of what life is all about. I suspect we do this repeatedly, until we feel we have learned what we need to know.

This theology is evolving as we walk down this path. There are pieces of it that are consistent with some aspects of Christianity (at least in its "liberal" form), and some parts that sound more like some "new age" ideas, and others that are probably consistent with Eastern religions. Hannah and I don't subscribe to any specific religion. We experience god directly, and in things that surround us, and some of the small, quiet voices speak great wisdom inside her head.

## I'm Not Eatin' That

"I'm not eatin them green things!"

"We like green beans."

"No, I don't"

"Yes, we do!"

"No, I don't eat nothin green!"  
"Why not let someone else eat it."

Someone volunteers,

"I'll eat them

but they're touching that gravy stuff.

I don't want nothing touching!"

"But it's stew!

We all like beef stew."

"I don't. I am vegetarian."

"Since when?"

Separate the beans,  
carrots, beef and potatoes.  
Scrape the gravy off the  
beans.

Neat little piles  
from which to pick and  
choose.

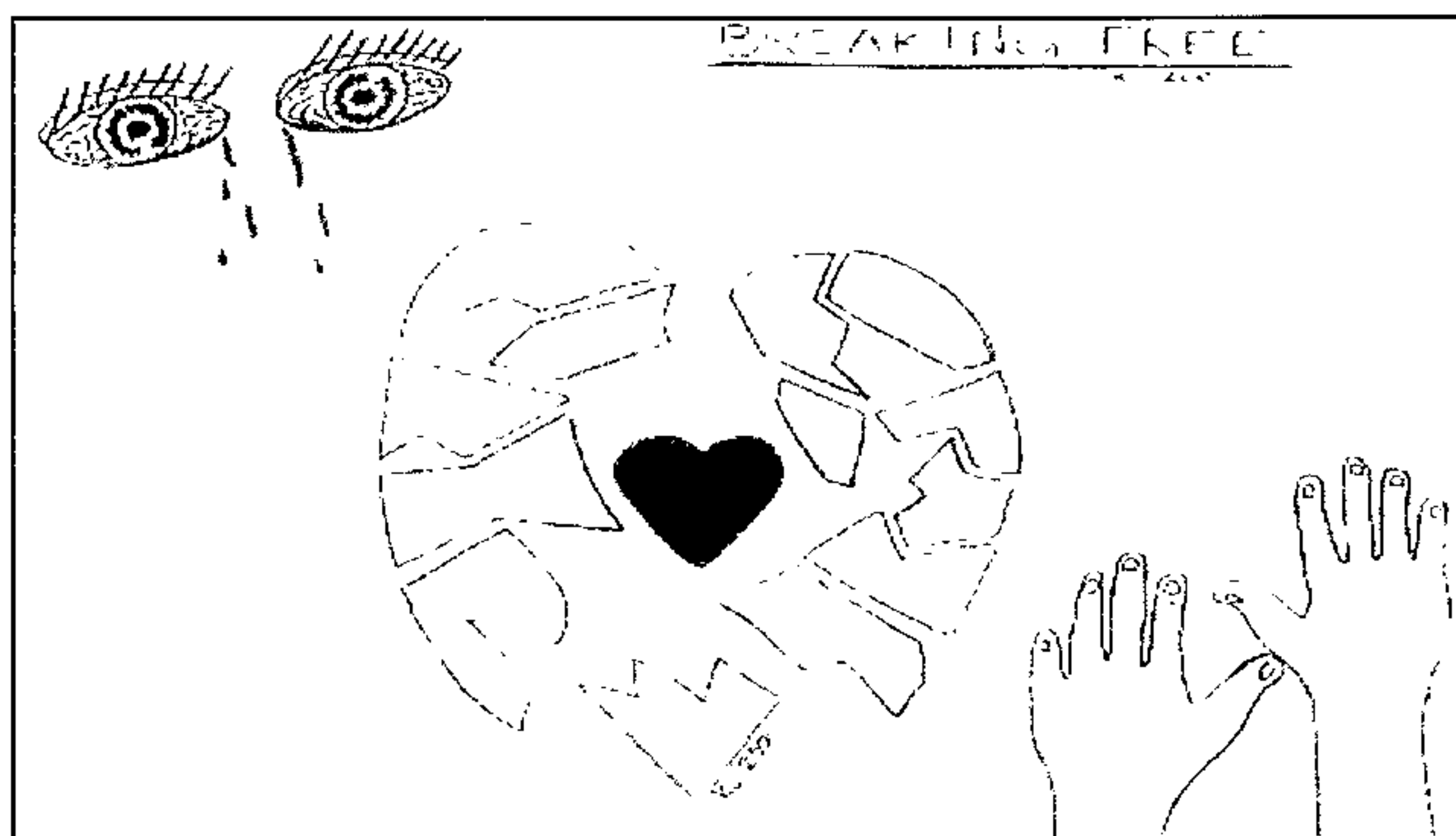
"Can we please eat now?"

"I'm not hungry!"

*By Echo with Cathy Ann  
for the Coalition for Joy*

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## Moments of Change

By The Stormdancer for Kestrel

**M**oments of change can be hard to recognize. We find that to be particularly difficult because we have no frame of reference to help us separate the good from the bad. Change can be for the better or change can go from bad to worse. So how can we gauge positive changes when we grew up in a situation that constantly reinforced every cruel twisted negative experience we endured—suggesting that we somehow invited our abuse? We wholeheartedly believed the daily messages they sent us through the beatings, neglect and verbal attacks that it was true when they told us we were born bad and needed to be taught. But taught WHAT? That was one question that dogged us, 'why?' Truthfully, we have to admit that 'why' still nags at us today. "Why? What did we do? Why are we so stupid? Why haven't we learned to be 'good'? Why doesn't this nightmare stop?"

Being Multiple has been the only life we have ever known. We thought the whole world lived the way we did and saw the world as we did. Multiplicity, PTSD, panic disorder—most of you know this place from which we speak. This world we built within can be both blessing and curse. Blessing because we can multitask and process incoming information at a rate that I cannot begin to describe to a person who never had to develop these skills. Information is processed within our system with a 'life or death' mindset and an array of unrelated issues can be addressed in less than a heartbeat—Our ability came to be because Our lives depended on it. Curse because when there is no "true threat," only pressure from an external source, that survival skill of rapid deliberation can cause us to simply shut down (or meltdown if you will) in a way that is never apparent to the Outsider; the person or subject matter that caused the overload simply fades away. We have gone into flight mode—if only in our own mind. It can

appear quite rude, I would suppose, to whomever you were trying to work with. Most notably this occurs to us when we are taking a class or are having a lesson and we are out of our usual environment or routine.

We have been very fortunate to have animals in our life. Animals have been a safe family, a place of understanding and love without too much risk. Horses have been especially significant; a horse provided us with the rare and cherished escape that kept us from giving into the crushing helplessness and hopelessness we endured every day growing up. We found her when we were fourteen. We felt safe on her back and knew no one could catch us; it would be easier to catch the wind.



Even with her in our life, rarely a day passed that we did not wish to die so that we might escape forever. We dreamed about it and about somehow taking our horse with us. Running away was out of the question, there was no safe place on Earth to escape, they would find us and we were told this everyday from the first cognitive memory. Perhaps about age three...

This is where you will enter Our story. My friend Greg Eliel is a clinician, a teacher of Natural Horsemanship. The clinic is for horse owners and other interested people—people who comprehend how this method is really about LIFE, not so much horses. He is a very well respected and talented man who has been giving clinics across the country for years. He is also the most

low-keyed, articulate and understanding person we are aware of who is currently working with students of Natural Horsemanship. He is a master of positive feedback and he has an excellent ability to determine where the needs of his horse and human students lie. Of all the clinics we attend each year, his is the only one at which we feel completely at ease. We learn and retain more and our horses progress more because we are not switching or shutting down because of pressure. We should add here that no one at these clinics is aware of my 'disorder', with the only exception being our fiancé. Our friend Greg—he gets it. This year he commented on how changed we are, we seem to feel safer, calmer—less afraid of being around people...Funny, huh? We didn't think anyone had noticed our little peculiarities. In fact, we prided ourselves on our cleverness at hiding our 'issues'. This guy is observant.

On this particular evening in May 2002 we are sitting in a lawn chair next to our fiancé watching Greg start a very large three-year-old Warmblood gelding. We were taking part in a Horsemanship clinic sponsored by a local farm and our riding sessions were done for the day. We have been auditing or participating in these clinics for around ten years now. This big bay horse was having his fourth saddling of the week. These clinicians have a very good feel for the horse, and this particular colt was really bothered. When they are that troubled, the last thing you want to do is hurry and put too much pressure on, so the clinician will break things down into small parts. That way the horse can succeed at things without becoming overloaded. Too much pressure and the horse shuts down or blows up, depending on the horse's history and personality. Sound familiar?

Clinicians also have a neat way of explaining the work they are doing and what responses they are looking for from the horse. Many of them will be



talking along about what they see and what they are doing and why and often will interject with "there's a change."

Those of us fortunate enough to catch it and recognize what the "change" was are rewarded with a better understanding of what is helpful to the horse. If the change is a major breakthrough the clinician will allow the horse a chance to pause in his lessons to stop and "soak" or process and savor his success; in that moment horses often will sigh and work their mouths softly. Why? Well, it is an acknowledgment of understanding by the horse, a way for the horse to let down and (I believe) if a creature is in distress, often the tension is throughout the body and they don't stop to swallow. Salivation shuts down—people can relate to that ol' nasty dry mouth we get when things are going south in times of stress.

Greg took off the horse's halter and turned him loose in the pen. As we watched this colt moving around in the round pen, the dust was blowing, and the colt was sweating—worried. The clinician had asked him to repeat all of the previous day's lessons, the things this colt could succeed at. The colt had done well but was still very tense and very aloof. He was not interested in connecting with the human (clinician) mentally. This is not a very common thing in the horse. They are a herd animal and very much want to get along. They do not like discord. If you have ever met a frightening, dangerous horse—it wasn't born that way; you have a 99.9% certainty that humans have created it through misunderstanding and abuse. When one feels cornered he will resort to fighting for his life. This horse was subtly pushy towards humans and he knew how to tune them out. He was disrespectful about being approached; he'd leave because he truly desired the safety and comfort of being within himself by himself, alone. Not normal herd animal behavior at all. He was looking for answers—but connect with a human? No way!

This colt was getting every possible offer to look Greg up in the center of the pen and be friends. They often use the term 'Hooking On' to describe what happens when the horse looks to the human for direction, comfort and

support. It requires a horse to feel completely at ease, trusting, and have no tension in his body or in his mind. To hook on, a horse must be able to open to the clinician's mind, body and soul. The horse has to believe that the human is a fair and just leader, or hooking on will never happen.

Greg was explaining to the horse's owner that her horse was taking his offer to come in and be with him, but was completely unwilling to stay. This horse could not bear to be with the human. For us sitting there in our chair watching, that bay colt had a painfully familiar resonance; we could feel the anxiety rolling off the horse, a feeling that he simply couldn't stand to be in his own skin. Being so close and feeling so vulnerable was too much for him, mentally. He would leave within seconds to go back to the outside of the pen and my friend would help him leave with nothing more than a light wave of his rope. The horse would make less than a full revolution around the pen and come right back to Greg and simply stand there and worry.

Greg would do everything to help this horse stay with him. He'd back off to ease the pressure of being 'too close' and help him to move his feet by stepping around him and having him follow—if the horse could. A horse needs to know he is able to move his feet to feel safe. Horses are prey animals, flight is survival; this is why he was not tied to Greg in any way. He was free to choose to leave if he had to.

This went on for several minutes and the horse simply would not mentally accept being there with Greg. He could not tolerate being touched. On one occasion the horse even tried pinning his ears and threatening to get rid of Greg. Greg simply ignored the aggression because it was more of a fearful bluff and asked the horse to move out, and then he'd ask him to return to the middle and try again.

Each time the horse would find the comfortable release of being close to Greg and he'd settle down and try and be with him, but if Greg would reach for the horse to pet him, the horse would have to leave. Greg said at one point the horse just couldn't stand the proximity; as a self-sabotaging expert, I could relate to that horse. During one

of the moments when the horse was trying to stay with him, Greg pointed out to the owner that the horse still had not made any eye contact with him. In fact he was doing anything and everything to look past Greg. He said it seemed to him that the horse was looking past him, around him or just blankly staring through him. I could see this. I had been observing this myself. I laughed and told my fiancé that it was a good thing Greg was not taking this horse's inability to willingly trust and connect on a mental level too personally, and that we hoped our current therapist of seven years did not feel personally rejected for similar reasons!

We understood this horse's base need to hold that piece of himself close, to protect himself from any human intrusion. We also understood from our ten years of watching and participating in clinics, just how much peace of mind this horse would gain if he could trust this human. Moments later he came back into the center of the pen when Greg offered 'friendship' and this time the horse stayed longer. When Greg reached for him slowly, to stroke him, he did not leave. He barely managed to stay, and as soon as he made physical contact, Greg began working again on allowing this horse to understand that he had a choice—that he still could move his feet and he still could leave if he needed to. Finally the horse relaxed a fraction; it was barely perceptible. Greg let him have his space; he stepped back and let the colt 'soak'.

From there the big bay quickly accepted being within arms' reach and presented his neck for gentle rubbing. Greg mentioned to the owner that her horse's coat was beginning to dry—that his mental troubles were easing and he had stopped sweating. The horse was beginning to 'turn loose' mentally; he was starting to think about things instead of simply reacting to his situation. Greg certainly had not put this colt through any thoughtless racing around the pen; it was not sweat from physical exertion. Mindlessly chasing a horse like that is abuse. We understood the significance of this horse cooling down physically and tuning in mentally—the colt was getting ready to take a chance, make a

breakthrough. Finally Greg put the horse's halter back on. He said he could work on that mental piece for weeks. This horse needed that sense of security he would discover when he realized he was going to be given choices by the human; that he would be respected and allowed to be right or wrong without punishment from humans. At least the horse had made a shift in his thinking. He was trying. This was a five-day colt starting; his owner would have to be responsible for helping support him through his emotional and mental changes over time. It was time for Greg to get on and ride.

At this point he bridled the horse, and stepped him up to the fence so the horse could get used to seeing him up above his back. He stroked and soothed the horse and when he was certain the colt was unconcerned by his presence, he climbed on. This horse who moments ago had been so afraid, had made enough of a mental connection to Greg that he made it through the experience of having a human on his back for the first time. The horse felt supported and comforted. He walked, trotted and cantered on a loose rein. He knew that if he needed to he could make his mistakes without fear of reprisal. He understood that this person cared that he was a thinking, feeling decision-making being, and that this man respected and honored his individuality as a horse.

We have been studying Natural Horsemanship with our horses, and in the end we have been helping ourselves. We have become less critical of ourselves; we can slow down and contain our reactions better. We have forced ourselves into a world where both horses and humans gather in large groups because we knew this was something we needed to learn. We laugh at our pre-clinic fears (yes, we still get them) and go anyway.

Over the years we have used anecdotes from clinics and our own personal horse-related epiphanies to help our therapist to better understand us. We are essentially incapable of verbalizing most of what has happened to us during the years of abuse. Through the horses, we give him tools to work with our inner system, things

that we understand and are familiar with, and for the most part, trust. We have even brought him video tapes by some of our mentors such as Ray Hunt, Buck Brannaman and Tom Dorrance, and will show him some segment where they are working with a horse that may illustrate something of particular importance to our process.

It works as a way for us to communicate something to him when we have no other way to explain our predicament. Our therapist is no horseman, but he recognizes the value of these patient, insightful, sensitive people. He knows we are offering him solutions that may help him help us find our own way out, and he pays close attention. At this point he probably understands more about equine body language and behavior than some so-called horsemen! When we so plainly saw Ourselves in this big, distant, defensive, distrustful shut down horse, the parallels were too much to ignore. We knew as we related what we had observed in our next session that 'he's gonna use it "against" us!' (This objection comes from within my system regularly!) Weak objection—if we didn't want him to be aware of it, we would never have clued him in. Our therapist has always worked with a style that is remarkably like the clinicians. I know that is why we have stuck it out for so long with him. He lets us move at a pace we are comfortable with, so we do not get flooded. As Ray Hunt would say, he "stays just this side of trouble" with us. We have seen many other therapists over the years. None of them lasted because they would become impatient and push us so hard that we felt responsible for our lack of progress and would quit therapy. We felt irretrievable, worthless and stupid. We would leave therapy for years at a time.

Because of a bunch of cowboy clinicians, our horses and a consistent considerate therapist, we are still in the game. And we're getting married in a couple of months to an incredibly intelligent man who thinks we are terrific, baggage and all.

We are safe knowing from the horse,



that somehow with consistency, patience and understanding, things will come out okay on the other side. We will never get back what we might have had, the childhood we lost; what we will do is give ourselves a chance at living a rich, fulfilling life. Attending these clinics hasn't given us an overnight "cure". They have given us pieces that have helped us over time. We have grown in ways we hadn't even noticed until we watched Greg working with this colt. We now realize we have gained tools that help us recognize change: good and bad, and we do apply it to our life away from the horses. Our sense is that in the long run we will get better, more confident, less apt to judge (especially ourselves), more empathy, more observant and more able to work things out for the common good of our system. The horse has provided us with a mirror and a point of reference. Maybe even those within us who run, the ones who cannot trust enough to make eye contact and cannot bear to be near humans, can find a way to express their fear, feel acknowledged, learn they have a choice and that they also may find some safety like a certain big bay colt we just met. We know they were watching every move that horse made; perhaps they can begin to think about the possibility of harmony for us within the Human World...There's a Change!



## Whatever it is, it's better

By JMG

I can't really call it integration...just close harmony!

Or maybe, differences within oneness. I have a sense now of living and working as one, but also of being a multiple one, joined (but not entwined or merged) and interdependent and trying hard to be respectful and loving of all, and making everyone safe and free from the distress all knew for such a long time.

From many challenges I've faced I know that I have a basic stability. I have learned when it gets shaky to know that I just have to wait it through and, very shortly, I will be better and able to cope. My therapy is mostly pro-active now...to make sure that I'm not overlooking and leaving someone alone in distress. I/we have always had what I call "glass walls"...some level of co-consciousness...though at times in the past there has been some real scary failure to understand the meaning of what I was "seeing". And I've always had some mechanism which my therapist and I never fully understood, which keeps me relatively socially appropriate.

I have come to believe that it is possible, after sufficient therapy and working really hard to get well, to be both healthy and (quietly) multiple...if that multiplicity is sufficiently harmonious, communicating, and interconnected (or happily resting in quiet corners, and rarely seen, but lovingly attended to if it emerges). I don't reject full integration, or say I won't someday feel led to find it, or have it find me. But it seems to me that full integration is especially appropriate when there is a host or core person for whom everyone else is an alter. I have no sense of that being the case with me, nor does my therapist identify any one person as the core or birth alter, or the obvious primary person. We seem to all be alters on an equal footing without a central person who could logically be the sole representative in the world. What apparent stability some people maybe find with a host, I seem to have

always found with what I call personas...automatic assignments or groupings that are task oriented to living appropriately in the world. These are not really people at all, but more like screens behind which our true life/lives were lived. I'm sure this need and this defense were formed in early childhood, but it has been very helpful to living in the world, as well as to surviving in my home. Now, however, the screens are thinner as more and more I live a life in the world that is more real with, increasingly, more about myself that is "private" than that is "secret".

And I am currently working on developing a good sense of my shared identity...that is, of aspects of myself that may be unequally present, but which are shared by all or virtually all. Examples would be my spirituality, my orientation to the well-being of children, interest in creative pursuits, my passion about truth and reality, etc. I think that I was slowed down a bit by not earlier realizing that it is possible to construct a realistic and comfortable sense of identity as a whole, even without being a single (fully-integrated) person. The more comfortable I become with my shared identity, the more comfortable I become with both the world and myself. And the less often I painfully bump up against what life brings because of triggers and unkind treatment and the quicker I get over those bumps.

MV

## Ralping

I often sit and do lament  
Praying my mind doesn't turn to cement  
While emotions slowly  
start to ferment,  
And all I know is damn torment.  
But then I buy Ralph Laurent,  
And forget to pay my exorbitant rent!

By BDS

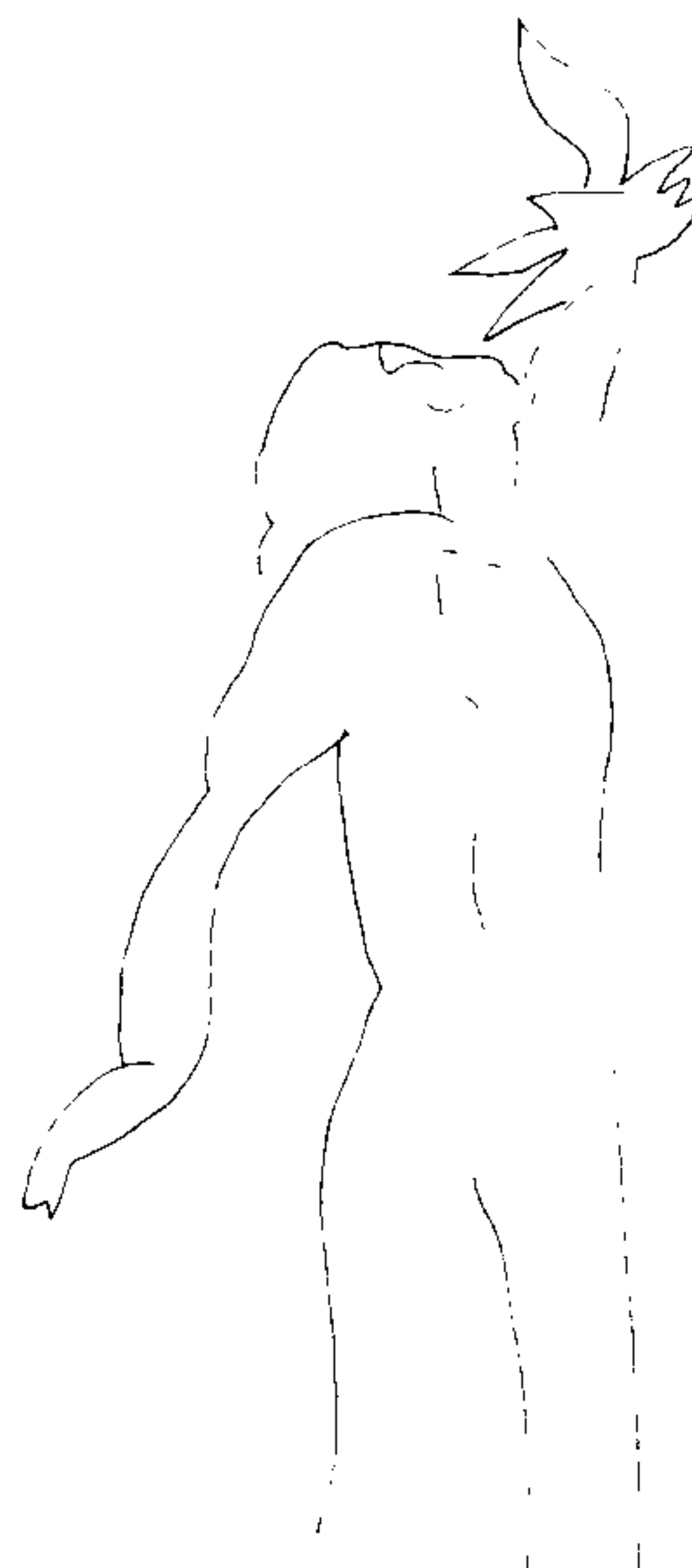
MV

## Tears in the Clouds

I feel my tears are up in the clouds,  
High up and deep within.  
They are out of reach  
and will not fall.  
If they fall they will not stop  
they will come raining down.  
I feel my tears are deep within  
Stuck away in fear and great sadness.  
They are crying for little girl lost.  
For a baby unhugged,  
for a girl in starched dresses  
with proper manners.  
They are lost with a child lying in bed,  
half asleep not knowing when he  
comes.  
They are lost in a child's smile  
Posed for the camera,  
A caught moment in time.  
Tears are gone in grief unknown.  
Buried within,  
Waiting, They will come  
in Time.

By Vicki H.

MV



By E.L.

# Using Affirmations

By Lynn W.

I am a great believer in the power of affirmations. Affirmations have transformed my life for the better. In this brief article, I'll share my strategy with you.

For most of my childhood and as an adult, I was subject to massive criticism from the outside world.. criticism that I then "took inside" and used to batter myself, relentlessly. My personal "self-talk" was as vicious as any outsider could possibly come up with. I think, looking back, that I tried to think of the most awful things to say to myself so that no matter what anyone else said, it couldn't be as awful as my own statements. This way, my twisted mind said, I was "safe" from all outside nasty opinions of me. But of course you recognize the drawback of my approach.. I couldn't get away from my own vicious, hurtful putdowns. I also used a lot of suicidal thoughts—or personally homicidal, if you look at the comments as examples of 'one part threatening another part'. In other words, for over forty years, I was definitely out to get me...doing my best to be personally destructive to myself. I didn't need an outside enemy—I filled that role very well, all alone.

I started to change this self-destructive pattern shortly after my divorce (about 24 years ago). The reason I decided to change was pretty simple: without any experience in supporting myself or my (outside) children, and without any supportive people close by, I realized that I was already receiving "enough punishment" and it wasn't helping me to keep adding to the load.

I began the change in small ways, by paying attention every time a nasty phrase surfaced (which was about once every 20 seconds) and immediately countering it with "NO" followed by a more caring phrase. Also, I started calling myself the endearing words and phrases I'd always used for my children and those close to me. All this was in my head, of

course, so no one heard me calling myself "honeybunch". But it was effective. Over time, I began to appreciate being treated better inside. Over a lot of time (OK, it took years) I even began to believe I really deserved to be treated kindly by myself.

But there was more to my transformation than the use of pet names. I also learned how to do affirmations, or words that recognize the good that is in ourselves, and our aspirations or positive goals. You can do affirmations to help improve your self-esteem, to teach yourself to deal constructively with anger, to calm yourself and much, much more. Some people use affirmations in the form of creative visualizing, to help themselves open doors to new careers, relationships, a healthier body, and other achievements. I've done some of this myself, with good results.

There are three simple things to remember about affirmations:

1. Keep them short, clear and positive. Avoid negative words or phrases of any kind. For example, say "My body is healthy and fit," rather than "My body is not fat anymore." Or "I am gentle with myself," rather than "I have stopped cutting myself."

2. Make statements as if they have already happened or materialized. "I am happy in my new job," or "I enjoy my new home," versus "I will find a wonderful new job" or "By the end of this year I will live in a better place." As you give yourself (and the universe) these positive messages, it helps if you picture yourself as vividly as possible in that future.

3. Repeat, repeat, repeat. Over and over and over. I call this part of the affirmation process, "Reverse brainwashing"...because that's precisely what it is. We are learning to push the old, brutal messages of our childhood out of our minds as we substitute hopeful, healing messages that allow us to take charge of our lives. As we come to believe the

positive that lives in us, we become stronger, braver, healthier.

My primary method of doing this is to make audio tapes for myself. After an initial 'relaxing' sequence, which I read into the recorder accompanied by soothing background music, I read in the affirmations and positive messages I've written for myself. I read the messages slowly and steadily. I am careful not to rush, or skip natural pauses. This is where the soothing background music can take up the slack that will let me (and all internal system parts) receive and accept the messages. Since I tend to play the tapes mostly at night, to help me sleep, I don't necessarily put in a 'now I wake up' message at the end. However, I have made a few tapes for energy and activity purposes that I use in the morning. These tapes always include a sequence that brings me out of full relaxation into a calm but alert state of mind, ready for a productive work day.

My therapist introduced me to this technique, and recorded my first healing tapes. (I still use those tapes, more than fifteen years after they were first recorded.) But I think there is something very special about hearing my own voice telling me very positive things about myself, and conveying a sense of loving personal attention. This may be especially good for me because I had so many years of self-criticizing. But I suspect many of you are self-critical too, so you may find the sound of your own voice a helpful tool for healing, as well.

The book *"Creative Visualization"* by Shakti Gawain has helped me learn how to formulate healing messages. She suggests taping personal affirmations in first, second and third persons, for example, "I, Shakti, am always deeply relaxed and centered in myself." "Shakti, you are always deeply relaxed and centered in yourself." "Shakti is always deeply relaxed and centered in herself." I don't use this



technique personally, but it makes sense to me.

Most of us know the positive words we long to hear. If you are full of self-hate, though, it may be difficult to think of good things to say about yourself. If this is a problem for you, ask your therapist or a friend to list some positives. If you don't feel comfortable doing that (or, if like some of us, you don't have a therapist and feel you don't have any friend to confide in) then imagine what you would say to a small, hurt child to comfort him or her. It's not necessary at first to see this "child" as yourself. And it may take some weeks of listening to the positive, loving words to have them soften the wounding arrows of self-hate and vicious self-abuse that traumatized people apply to themselves.

A long, long time ago I asked my therapist how someone who had been victimized for years could possibly "get better," especially when it was obvious that every abuse could not be remembered, relived and resolved. I certainly had no intention of going through all that pain, all over again. Once was enough!

She said she thought the process of recovering did not require a total rehash of everything bad. Instead, she said, recovery is like a teeter-totter. At a certain point, all the changes we worked so hard to achieve will shift the balance, and instead of having to combat daily self-hate, there would be a predominance of self-love.

This has proved to be true, for me. Sometimes circumstances of life knock me again into a pit of despair. But with affirmations, tapes and my track record for feeling better as a foundation, I can usually climb out of that pit on my own. Or sometimes, with a little help from my friends...friends I was able to find once I quit being so cruelly self-critical.

So if you ever run into a stuck place in your life, I hope you will give affirmations a try. They certainly worked well for me.

MV



## Fireworks

I run—  
Spinning, reeling  
out of control  
I dart in jagged circles which  
don't allow escape  
merely the birth of more circles  
Orbs spreading before me  
cochlear, whorled  
like spiralling fireworks  
with me following their disappearing  
trails  
into nowhere and  
back again from everywhere

I thrust—  
Pushing, driving  
ceaselessly  
The charge is in my chest  
but the plunger is frozen  
my force refused  
and I'm feeling no release  
trapped, compelled  
like imprisoned energy  
with me revolving around the force  
left in clustered knots  
and right again in braided  
agitation

I whirl—  
Twisting, twirling  
ever faster  
I reach around and sever the force  
which binds my arms  
the blood can grease the plunger  
and I'll lose myself in the ensuing  
detonation  
gashed, open  
like uncorked champagne  
with me tossed in the rising fountain  
tumbling up in frothy arcs  
and down again released in  
bursting bubbles.  
I dissolve—  
Crumbling, separating  
infinitely split  
this disintegration being comparative  
peace  
as seen beside the pyrotechnical  
fiasco  
building energy within my being.  
vanishing, evaporating  
like erupting fireworks  
with me following their disappearing  
trails  
into nowhere and  
back again from everywhere

By Karen VHG

MV

## Tape Review

### Video: Journaling for MPD/DID

I recently viewed *Journaling for MPD/DID* by Judy Castelli. This 30 minute tape is an excellent tool for people who are just beginning to journal, as well as for people who journal regularly. It would also be a valuable adjunct to therapy for use by clients and therapists together.

Judy Castelli presents a method that is clear and concise. She includes special tips for reaching those inner parts that may seem to be unreachable. Even younger parts can view this instructional tape and feel included. It emphasizes cooperation and mutual respect for all parts in the dissociative system. It recognizes everyone inside, and gives everyone a voice, including angry parts and child parts that are mute. Journalers learn to recognize these parts in a

non-judgmental way. Judy Castelli is a well-known advocate for MPD/DID who has operated her website, [www.multiple-personality.com](http://www.multiple-personality.com) for some time. She deals personally with MPD in her own life, so she relates well to those watching the video. I highly recommend this tape and author for developing such a helpful process.

This video is available at the website [www.multiple-personality.com](http://www.multiple-personality.com) for \$24.95. Combine orders to get discount pricing.

By Morgan R.

MV



## Blank Spots

I have dealt with my abuse in therapy for many years. In the beginning I blanked out a lot. I had friends who eventually told me. Before I started therapy, this happened with some frequency.

Since I have been in therapy so long, the instances have become less and less frequent and of shorter and shorter duration. Of late, there is only one part who is not co-conscious when she comes out. I don't get as upset as I did before my integration was this far along.

My current periods of losing time are three to five minutes maximum and happen only under extreme duress. When they are called to my attention, I am much calmer than I used to be. I can tell who is talking, since all I ever do now is talk.

What are the things that made losing time less terrifying for me? Accepting friends who would tell me when I blanked out. Therapy. Letting my parts holler about how rotten I behaved toward them and how I never let them out to do the things they liked to do—which I didn't. The

coloring book wars were extreme and, thank goodness, are now mostly over.

After my parts hollered and scolded me to my therapist, and after I started doing at least some of what they wanted, sometimes, I could start to appreciate them, be grateful to them and love them for what they did to protect and sustain me in the terrible period of the abuse. The more I sincerely loved them, the closer we became. The closer we became, the more they yearned for the closeness of integration. They would let me know when and how they wanted to integrate and we would do it. I think everyone has a different metaphor for integration. Everyone that I knew or read about had a different one.

The two who are now not fully integrated are a young one who is co-conscious and cooks and grocery-shops with me. The other is not co-conscious and is coming to trust my caring for her though it is very difficult for her.

I hope this helps someone.

Jessica

MV

## We Need Stuff!

C'mon gang! MV is only as good as the material we receive. Expressing your ideas in prose, poetry or artwork can be a very healing experience. Please share with others. Send something you did for therapy if you don't have time or energy to do something different for MV.

Brief guidelines:

1. **Prose-** Theme subjects are great, but you can submit any topic, any time. Length should run no more than 4-6 typed doublespaced pages. If you can't type it, that's ok. Just write so I can read it. Please put your contact info on the manuscript itself, not just on the cover letter, because sometimes the pages get separated. A phone number helps if I have a question or need to edit. Please avoid graphic descriptions of abusive situations. Focus, when possible, on what you do to improve a situation...but if you really have something to vent about, go ahead and write it! I read everything we receive, so at least you'll be telling someone who cares about your frustration, even if we can't print it. We also want **Partner's Pages** and **Therapists' Pages**. These can run a little longer. Please encourage your partner or therapist to write for us!

2. **Poetry.** Right now we can best use middle-length poems, from 4 to 8 short stanzas. I print very little rhymed poetry, because unless it is very well-written, the meaning gets lost in the effort to make a rhyme. Instead, when you write poetry for

MV, think about vivid language and the point you are trying to make. Make it sound like the emotions you feel.

3. **Humorous prose and poetry** are always appreciated. We deal with heavy subjects and everyone enjoys a smile.

4. **Artwork!** Art art and more art! We need art! I can scan in shaded artwork now, so you're not restricted to line drawings. Try to keep the size no larger than 8-1/2 x 14, so it fits the scanner. If you send originals that you want immediately returned, please tell me. Vertical compositions are potential front-cover pictures. Square compositions are potential back-cover pictures. Everything else may end up anywhere, but as you've seen we use small art, big art, lots of art. I love good art. It keeps me sane. Send it! Please! And don't forget cartoons!

Please enclose a note giving us permission to publish your work. (We copyright the issue to protect your work from theft but we NEVER interfere with author/artists who want to reprint their own work.) And finally, please KEEP A COPY of whatever you send. No matter how we try, materials sometimes "disappear".

Thank you so much. Remember, YOU are *Many Voices*. Without you, and your wonderful sharing, MV is nothing at all.

Sincerely,

Lynn W., Editor/Publisher

MV

## Letters

Sometimes (like now) I feel very angry with myself, because I am unable to do what I want. This anger wakes up the angry alter inside. He tries to come out to take control. But I must not allow this to happen. This alter wouldn't really understand what's going on, or get the hang of this situation. I wish I could tell him that we are living in the year 2002 and that we aren't always in danger, even if I feel anger or fear or anything like this. But he isn't interested—he doesn't understand.

I'm afraid that this angry alter could hurt another one. I know he doesn't intend to do that. He is just thinking we are in danger, due to my anxiety or anger. He is unable to see that it is possible to be angry without being at risk. But when he feels my anger, or fear, he immediately wants to take the offensive. He is trying so hard to protect us.

That is his task, and he is very good at it. But he can't seem to comprehend that it is ok for me to have strong feelings. Any strong feelings put him on "alert" as if I were facing real danger.

Sometimes I wish I could stop my emotions, to keep from waking him up. But I don't want to become an unfeeling person. There must be another solution for this problem.

Also, I know that he could teach me a thing or two. My knowledge and his power would be a good combination. But he is always afraid someone will put him out of action. He doesn't realize that I put him out of action because we are not in actual danger. He doesn't trust me because I do this. But I have to do it, because I don't want to accept the consequences for his angry response to events. I believe I am responsible to our whole system for what happens if he is violent.

I see why he doesn't trust me. If he would work with me and allow himself to listen and see the reality, he would be very helpful for the whole system. I try to speak with him, but there is a big wall around him. There is an inside wall and an outside wall. The inside wall is not a big problem, it's our own—but the outside wall was built by my old therapist. And I don't know how to break through it.

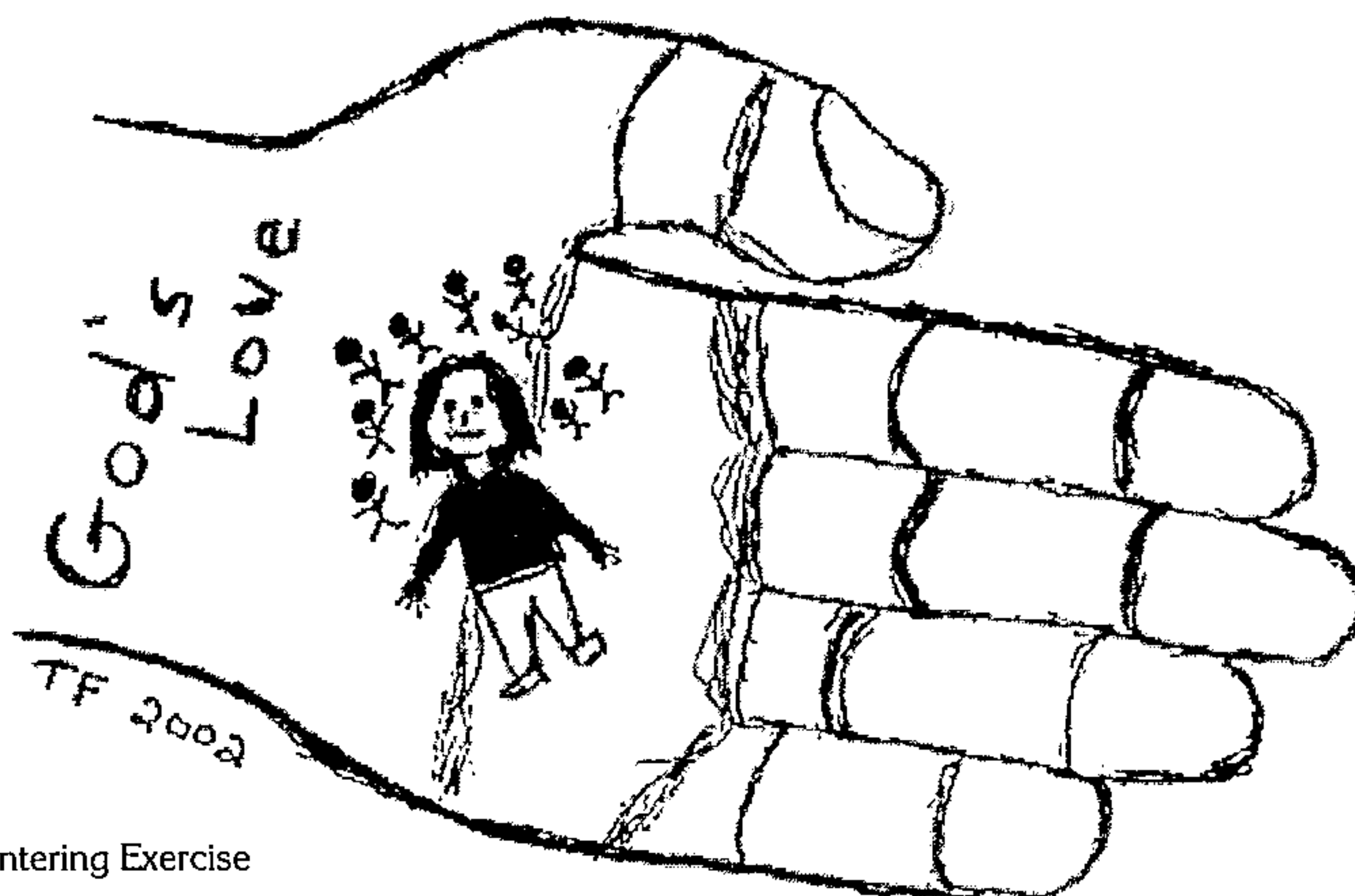
I've thought about reaching the angry part by telling him that mostly I am just angry about myself. I'm angry because I cannot meet demands. That is my weakness. Also, it might help to tell the inside alter that the outside wall was intentionally formed by someone else. I know the angry one inside is very lonely. I feel that, but I can't reach him. I wish I could go through that wall that my old therapist constructed, or find a door to the angry one. Then we could work together, as we used to in the past.

Do you have suggestions that will help us get out of this jam? Please reply to MV.

Thanks - MEU

MV





My Spiritual Centering Exercise  
By Teresa

## Books

### Experiential Treatment for PTSD: The Therapeutic Spiral Model

By M. Katherine Hudgins PhD © 2002  
Springer Publishing Co. 536 Broadway,  
New York, NY. (877) 687-7476 222 pages  
hardcover, \$36.96 US \$39.80 elsewhere.

Healing the effects of personal trauma has added benefits to the larger community—stopping the cycle of violence that begets war, terrorism and generations of family pain.

Dr. Hudgins, a clinical psychologist and internationally recognized presenter on innovative trauma treatment, believes that healing from trauma can happen surprisingly quickly when using methods that directly address how trauma is stored in the brain and body. The holistic method she developed has been "road tested" in hundreds of workshops from Israel and Northern Ireland to Turkey and South Africa, with positive results.

The Therapeutic Spiral Model is a systematic modification of psychodrama, an action method that is the basis of common role-play techniques. Research on neurobiology of trauma shows that flashbacks activate the emotional side of the brain rather than the cognitive side. Because trauma impacts the part of the brain that cannot explain the experience, verbally-based therapies have

limitations in resolving trauma issues. With talk therapy, symptoms may be managed, but many continue to suffer nightmares, flashbacks, body memories and sealed-off emotions.

Each chapter contains action vignettes and case examples of diverse clients to demonstrate the process and progress of the spiral technique. Although the book is geared toward helping professionals, Dr. Hudgins expects the book will appeal to survivors of trauma who are seeking non-traditional methods of treatment. More information is available from [www.therapeuticspiral.org](http://www.therapeuticspiral.org).

By Karen Carnabucci, MSS CISCW  
LSW

### Trauma & Cognitive Science A Meeting of Minds, Science and Human Experience.

Jennifer J. Freyd, PhD & Ann P. DePrince, PhD., Editors. © 2001 Published by Haworth Press. \$89.95 hardback, \$49.95 softback. 309 pgs plus index.

This collection of professional papers offers an updated and thorough discussion on the nature of traumatic memory. Dr. Freyd's previous book, *Betrayal Trauma, The Logic of Forgetting Childhood Abuse*, placed her as a leading investigator in the field of traumatic studies.

While many informative chapters are presented by other well-known researchers, Freyd and DePrince offer a few chapters of their own. Most appropriate for MV readership is their chapter on dissociative tendencies. This discusses the history of the recovered memory debate. The authors stress that therapists should remain skeptical about any uncorroborated memory, newly recovered or not. *"Any memory, even of good events, can be true or false or a mixture of the two,"* they say. The chapter continues to describe the authors' research findings related to cognitive processes. One interesting conclusion: *"Individuals who habitually dissociate information may be best able to function in multi-tasking, divided-attention, divided control structure environments,"* unlike their less dissociative counterparts who work better in more focused settings. This finding leads to another speculation...that because frequent dissociators function better in conditions of divided attention, *"they may take actions to increase the extent of 'chaos' in their environment."*

At last! An explanation for my chronically-messy desk! - Lynn W.

**THANK YOU for Your Wonderful Writing and Artwork! Please Keep Sharing! We need \*lots more\* of everything!**

Tell us if you or a conference you work with can place some MV flyers. We also appreciate mailing lists that might include people MV can help!

THANKS!—Lynn W.

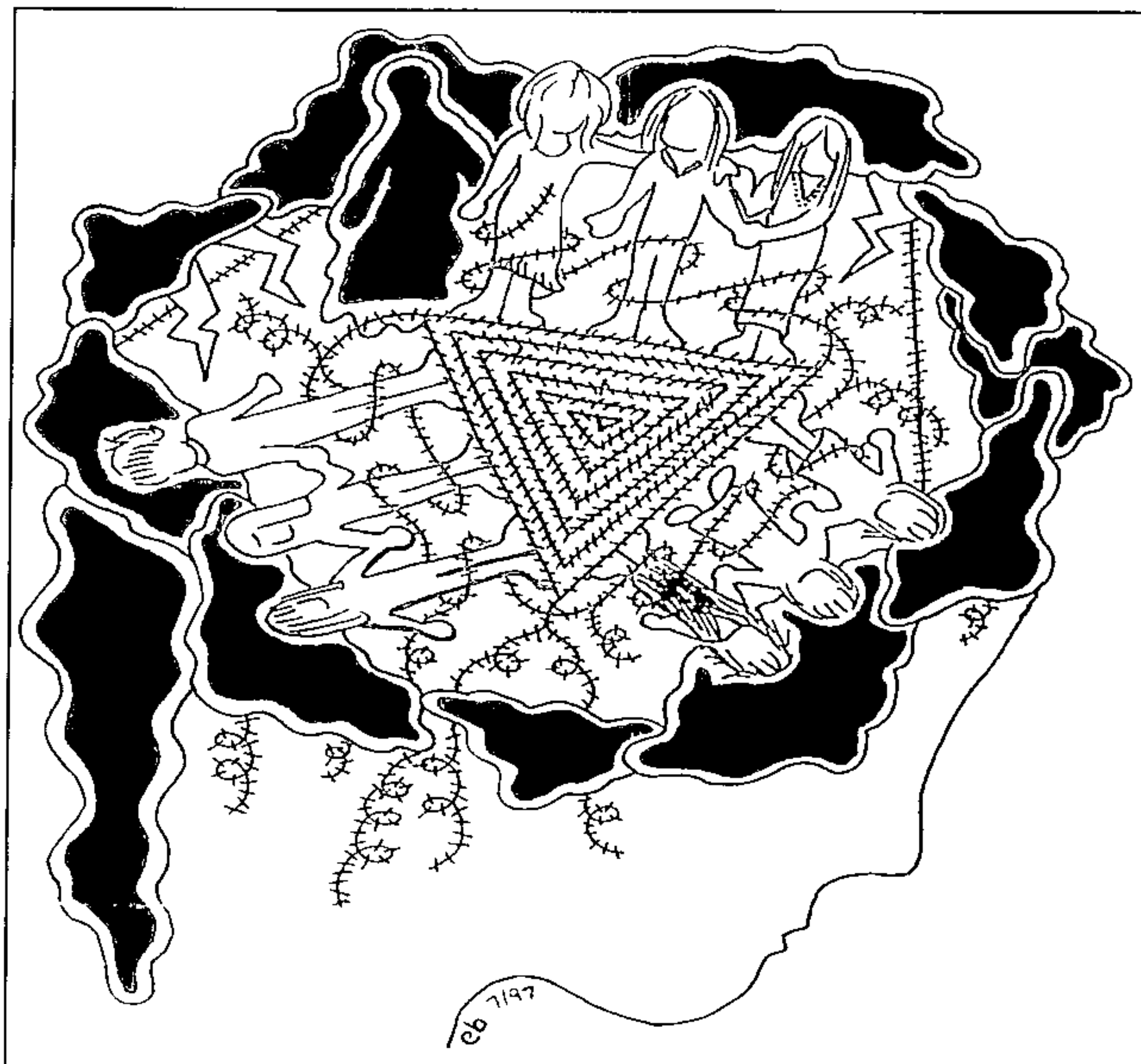
## COMING SOON!

### October 2002

Coping with special trauma problems: fugue states, depersonalization, amnesia attacks, PTSD flashbacks. Art: Getting back to reality. Deadline: August 1, 2002.

### December 2002

Age and Dissociation for young and old Age-appropriate treatment. Solutions for missed development stages. Art: Growth is good. Deadline: October 1, 2002.



## Share with us!

Prose, poetry, and art are accepted on upcoming issue themes, (and even on NON-themes, if it's really great.) DO send humor, cartoons, good ideas, and whatever is useful to you. Please limit prose to about 4 typed double-spaced pages. Line drawings (black on white) are best. We can't possibly print everything. Some pieces will be condensed, but we'll print as much as we can. Please enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for return of your originals and a note giving us permission to publish and/or edit or excerpt your work.

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