

# MANY VOICES

WORDS OF HOPE FOR PEOPLE RECOVERING FROM TRAUMA & DISSOCIATION

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Inside:

## Holidays, Spirituality & more... Affirmations to Help Heal



By Cheryl Rainfield, [www.cherylrainfield.com](http://www.cherylrainfield.com)

## *Holiday Strategies*

Within our home, all of our children "inside" receive gifts. Most adults, too.

Some of the kids want to open their gifts too soon, so we have to watch them.

They start talking about Santa Claus in August!

Choosing Christmas and Birthday cards for abusers is difficult.

Most cards are full of words like "love" and "care."

We look for cards that say "Merry Christmas" or "Happy Birthday" only. We cannot bear lies.

We send handkerchiefs or scented soaps. Nothing personal.

Because we live far from our abusers, we have joyous and satisfying holidays.

*By Sally B.*

MV

# Recovery and Questions

By JOP

**S**o, here I am at this stage in my life. I am turning 65 soon, am winding down with my therapist... after 15 years. It was July 1987 when I broke up an impending engagement and knew then that life was insane and that I needed to figure out why. I had no capacity to judge what the insanity was about, except that I couldn't stand how I was feeling.. feeling.... that's the word.... Why was I feeling and not knowing.

One of my healing affirmations is: *we are the gift of promise, we are the gift of loving, we are the gift of hope*

*I am the gift of promise, I am the gift of loving, I am the gift of hope.*

The promise of life, of loving, of caring, of participating in the common daily events of every day living.

I no longer know the ER clinicians or their schedules. I no longer use the emergency services. I have called my therapist over these past months out of a sort of panic and then last month I called a friend instead. She was bright... she made good sense and I "got it". What friends are for... that they can have the answers, that they can make sense of my seemingly insane thinking...(which in terms of multiplicity means, more than one part having an opinion or feeling! )

And so with my next therapy appointment, we talked about this friend. I didn't even have to review the situation leading up to it. I told her that the friend made perfectly good sense and then I just moved on with my day. Didn't have any aftermath of confusion or being scared, didn't get preoccupied with anything, just moved on with the day. My therapist thought it made good sense and we talked about having less frequent sessions. And this friend does not know anything about me, my diagnosis or my past. We're just friends, regular sort.

And that is the way it continues for me... check ins with myself always, AM, PM and as often inbetween as a need arises. And maybe, really... maybe I will have a life without the dominance of my past. and I, as a

whole, move forward, in a balancing act to be sure, but feeling grounded in self, grounded in being centered in self and knowing I am enough, just the way I am.

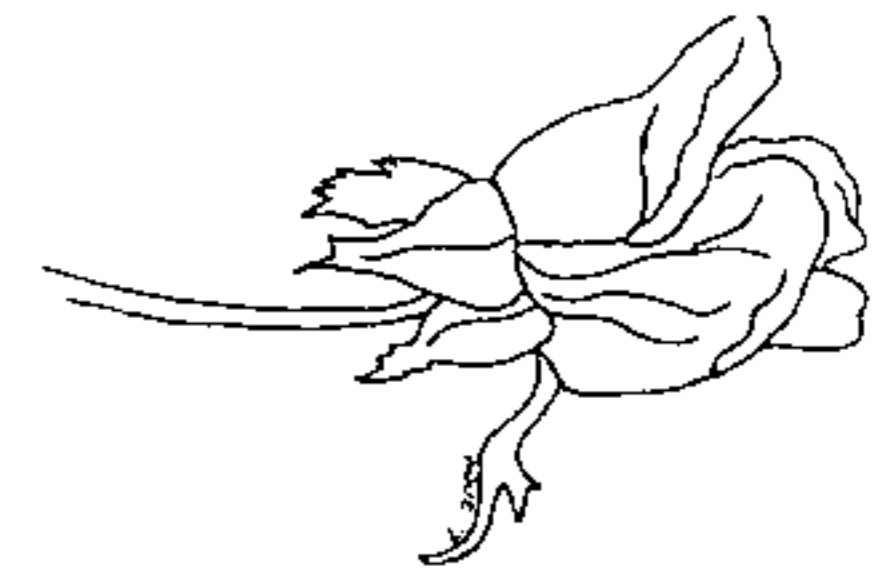
Some months earlier, I was struggling with the "need" to keep my past a secret. And that means that I can't just honestly answer questions about my family like "are your parents still alive?" "How many siblings do you have? Do they live close by? Do you get to see each other often?"

I don't tell others the truth about my family. My family doesn't even know the truth about me. It is such a typical topic of conversation for everyone and I have to pretend. Where can one talk about such depravity, inhumanity? Where can one talk about living in the Darkness? Of having parts that never knew the Light? See what I mean!

I make decisions for me today. I value what I think today. I take care of me today and am doing a very good job!. I am my greatest gift and I am my greatest responsibility.

The most valuable gift I give to myself is my time. My second and last hospitalization was only 2 years ago and they gave me the piece I was missing. It was the fact that it was my job to take care of me. That I could affirm whatever I wanted in myself and for myself. And I took their instruction to heart. I have pages of affirmations. I say them out loud to me in the mirror, for me. I learned that I needed to do for me what never had been done for me and it wasn't anyone's else job to do it. It was my job! I had the power to restore me to sanity and I chose that path.

MV



## One White Rose I Give to You

One white rose I give to You  
The Innocent Ones.  
I honor You,  
brave and steadfast  
Keepers of The Seed,  
who have faithfully  
guarded and defended Me.  
I celebrate You all!

Forced to the fray, You united  
and for more than half a century  
followed an ancient plan for survival.  
Each Part and Piece,  
separate and distinct,  
joined to form a circle  
around My Essence.  
I laud Your loyalty!

Courageously working together,  
curled in tight  
around My Core,  
You presented your Selves  
a living shield against harm.  
You fought with boldness and strength  
and secured My Life.  
I praise Your bravery!

And when You sensed  
the time was right,  
when You knew  
the Danger had passed,  
You began to loose Your hold,  
began to unfold,  
revealing The Seed of My Soul.  
I pay tribute to Your wisdom!

And so with thanks  
for saving Me from certain destruction,  
for freeing My Heart  
to flourish and grow,  
for releasing Me to  
endless possibility,  
one white rose I give to You,  
The Innocent Ones.

By Loletta

MV

## *I Will Survive*

Raised by resentment  
Nurtured on rage  
Hiding in darkness with the spiders  
They deliver hope to my soul,  
Thriving, in the absence of light.  
And so will I.

My friend, Fear, warns of danger  
And I retreat  
My voices whisper softly thro' the  
empty air,  
My courage to continue without  
reason.  
"Don't kill yourself," they murmur.  
And I live on.

Muffled crying reminds me of the  
child, Sadness,  
In the far corner.  
I have not the skills to console her  
grief,  
Still unlearned, from the absence of a  
mother  
I pass a tissue to her  
It's all I have.

Another, down the hallway, stays  
behind  
She knows no fear  
A gift brought by lightning.  
Her duplicity leads the enemy from  
our lair.  
She surfaces, at last  
I sigh with relief.

My mind summons bands of sunlight  
thro' birch trees  
And sparkling waves  
By a boathouse, on a lake  
A blue heron wades on stick legs  
among water lilies,  
And spreads his wings for flight,  
And is magnificent.

The air fills with the scent of a  
campfire  
And the pines  
And I, high on a hill in the closet of  
my mind,  
On tiptoe I stand, reaching to the  
heavens  
Wind caressing my countenance.  
I will survive.

*By Judy DL*

MV

## MANY THANKS TO OUR FRIENDS!

### **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 or (800) 627-0330 x5078

### **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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We appreciate your support! —Lynn W., Editor

## *A Life Scarcely Lived*

Do not, in an attempt to heal, shake the only world that we know.  
We must stand and remain as we are... There is no place else to go.

Do not, in your greater strength, try to change our being, out of hand.  
What is, to you, life's reality, to us is a castle of sand.

What happens inside my world, where several share one soul,  
May seem fractured and sorely fragmented...when, in truth, we are parts of  
one whole.

How lonely are we in this life, with few knowing the me that they see.  
And love has long passed us by...There is only the silent we.

Talk of love conveys such pain, because it's beyond our ken.  
"How does it feel?" we fervently ask, not knowing it now or back then.

We cannot talk of that further, since nothing can ever be done.  
Yet we cannot silence the yearning, nor our tears that darken the sun.

We each have differing needs, with ages from young to quite old.  
Yet we all seek a comforting touch, before death with its permanent cold.

Amidst all the internal chatter, as one, we raise up our face.  
Draw us gently into your arms, and surround us with your grace.

*By Paula Agranat Hurwitz*

MV

# The Importance of Having a Holiday Plan

By Sahara

Holidays are a difficult time of year for many of us. Some holidays are more difficult than others depending on your past experiences. During our healing journeys, many of us have learned the reasons behind the triggering nature of these dates. Some of us may not yet know why holidays are triggering to us, but we know beyond any shadow of a doubt that they are troublesome.

I have discovered through the years that having a plan makes getting through the holidays not only possible, but probable. This plan should account for all of the time during the holiday. It should encompass where you will be, what you will be doing, and what time you will be doing it. By planning ahead, you know what to expect and minimize any surprises and triggers.

A simple way to practice this is by making a plan for a weekend. I have found during my many years on this healing path that I need to have structure during my weekends. It is when I don't have structure that I begin to withdraw or start slipping into trances and switching unexpectedly. I start surfing survivor and victim websites. I sleep, sleep, and sleep more, sometimes with the help of extra meds. Now I generally plan to sleep late on Saturday, watch cartoons, bathe, read, nap, fix dinner, clean (maybe.) On Sunday I sleep

until I wake up, go to church if the urge strikes me, read, play on the computer, go to the library, make dinner and do laundry. I have found having a routine prevents the slip into depression.

This is how I get through the holidays. Halloween is particularly difficult for me. Five years ago, I was in the hospital every Fall at this time for three years running. After my divorce, I stayed out of the hospital. This year was the third year in a row that I haven't had to go inpatient. The way I have done it is to make specific plans for the day. I will sleep late, get up and go to a movie or two....some times we sneak into the second one...lol. We usually go out to eat. We might go to the book store. We basically have everything planned. At the end of the day we generally come home and take our meds a little early and go to sleep. We wake up and the day is over. Included in the plan is a safety-net....if this happens, then do x. If we panic, call this number or go to this hospital. That information is usually put on a 3 x 5 card and taped to the mirror of the bathroom.

This year we had a bit of a problem as both our therapist and our psychiatrist were out of town for the holiday. Our therapist was gone for a whole week beginning the day before Halloween and our psychiatrist was gone from the beginning of the week before Halloween until three weeks

after. As luck, bad luck, would have it they were both leaving the country. My psychiatrist was great; she said I could leave her a message and we could set a time to talk within the next 24 hrs. My therapist was not able to do that as she had no idea what the plans were for her trip. I got my therapist a calling card and she called me Halloween day, just as I was about to cut. She asked how I was and I responded with the usual "Fine". I told her later in the conversation that I wasn't fine and should I call the back-up psychiatrist my doctor suggested if I felt I was in trouble. She said yes and then "I have to go. All the restaurants are only open for another hour because of a festival they are having here." I said bye and hung up sobbing.

I eventually went to see a Disney movie as planned, but all in all I was a wreck. I ended up cutting for the first time in nearly a year.

I had plans with some of the few friends I have and they all ended up canceling. I talked to my psychiatrist about plans being ruined and she suggested I go to a museum for the day or to the beach. I never made a specific plan for the day and I believe this was my downfall. I think had I discussed the day and my expectations with my therapist I would have been much better off, as I was in 2003. Well, I guess I will know for next year...

MV

## *Within a Dream*

Within a dream  
My mind enlightened me.  
Inside, I have a healer.  
A Medicine Man of my very  
own.  
My healer is with me,  
...as I continue my journey.  
I am a Survivor.

By Southpaw Lentz

MV



# Experiences at a Workshop

By Vicki et al

I attended a workshop this week, a first for me. It was on *The Mandala: A Journey Inward*. It involved learning what a Mandala was. It is a piece of art...*Mandala* means center or healing circle. A Mandala is a series of concentric forms suggestive of a passage between different dimensions. The layers are filled with specific symbols and patterns with symbolic representations.

The Mandala is present in all sacred traditions. The rose window in the Notre Dame Cathedral is a beautiful Mandala...a window to the soul. Mandalas are inherent in our consciousness. They appear universally in nature, the human body, in ritual and in art. Making a Mandala is a universal activity; a self integrating ritual.

I was scared: I would actually have to paint something....and be with a group of strangers for three and a half days. They were all women, but still, I was so anxious. Thursday night was a night to get acquainted. We began with a ritual of introduction and sharing. We learned more about the Mandala, and learned we would begin painting the next day...YIKES. Friday morning we all assembled. There were eight women, plus our instructor. She led us through our opening ceremony, then gave us the basics as to where to begin...and we sat down with a blank canvas in front of us.

I had a really difficult time that day. I was critical of anything that I did. I was sullen and disconnected from everyone. I cried. (I was not the one who cried over the course of the workshop.) I was angry. I did manage to put something on the canvas and begin painting. I did not like what I was doing. I came home that night in tears...and did some journaling and wrote a poem. The poem addressed that inner critic and the barriers I had put up for myself as defenses. I needed some positive self talk.

Here is the poem:

## Workshop

The critic is here,  
She surrounds us, enfolds us  
She blames,  
She shames  
She is all around,  
Blocking.  
The Critic is here.

The wall is up  
No one gets in  
No one hears  
And no one feels  
The wall is up.

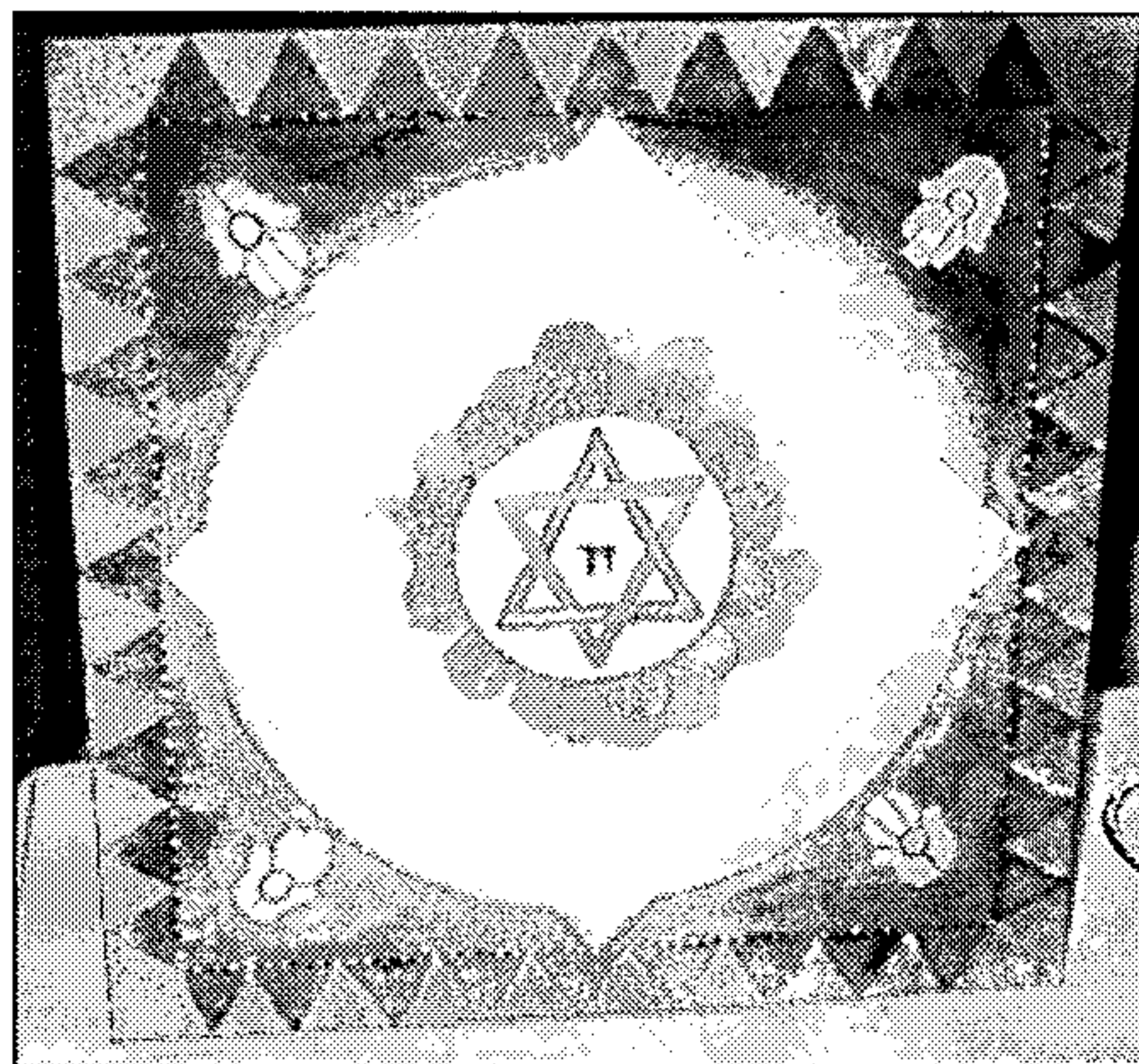
The Voices rebel.  
Quiet they say,  
Let go, disappear.  
Take down the wall,  
Let her come.  
The Voices rebel.

Creativity comes,  
She is able to breathe  
She opens her heart  
She trusts the within  
She listens,  
She understands  
And lets the flow come.  
Creativity is here.

The Voices rejoice  
They proclaim a new day.  
They hear a new voice  
Singing softly to them  
*Just be.*

After writing the poem I went to bed...and was able to sleep. The next day, I was able to paint....and I did finish on Sunday evening. It is far from a perfect piece of art, but it is perfectly imperfect....a goal of mine...I didn't give up. I pushed against my defenses and was able to *just be*. I connected to the women; it was a deeply moving experience. The leader of the group shared my poem with the group...and it voiced what others feared also.

Here is a copy of the Mandala that I did. Each part of it represents a part of me....or parts of me.



The Triangles represent the Masculine and the Feminine, the upward triangles are the masculine and the downward are the feminine. The interior Circle...the Center represents two things, my growing faith in Judaism with the Star of David, which is both the intertwined triangle to form a six pointed star (it also represents the masculine and feminine intertwined with each other...those parts of me), the small circle in the middle is the Hebrew letter "Chai" with means "LIFE"...something I have chosen ...is to live. The purple and blue layers in the four quadrants represent the many parts of me...how there are parts within parts...and how they radiate out from a center; the green circle is the whole of me embracing the parts. The hands are again a Jewish symbol, representing the "God's Eye" to keep away evil and fear. The border is again the triangles...for the masculine and feminine...something that I am working on to recognize both within me, and to deal with and accept in the outside world.

## Power To Heal

By Kim Kubal

I am writing this in the hope that it will help other survivors of satanic ritual abuse, sexual abuse, mind control and torture, to know that there is hope and a light at the end of the tunnel!

I am an Australian who moved to the States when I married an American in 1984. I now realize it was a way to escape from my family and the torture. As a child and teenager, I suffered from many, many years of sexual, physical, emotional and spiritual abuse, as well as satanic ritual abuse, torture and mind control. My father was the head of a huge cult of approximately 1,000 members in Australia and I was on loan to two other cults.

My family was also practicing Catholics and heavily involved in the Catholic Church. Priests would come and go to our home and we had to look good on the outside. Little did people realize what was going on "behind closed doors." Needless to say, I felt very alone, very depressed and wanted to die. I gave my power away to others, I was the victim, did not trust anyone and confused love with sex. I had no boundaries, was a people-pleaser and did not take responsibility for my actions. And yet during these horrific times, I have memories of the angels coming to take me away and telling me one day I would escape, I was protected and very much loved. I was also being protected by leaving my body and dissociating when the pain became unbearable.

I used food at a very early age to numb my feelings and later used alcohol and drugs and became a master at manipulation. At times, after heavy drinking, I would wake up in my own vomit not knowing how I got there, and completing forgetting what had happened. I tried to slash my wrists as a teenager, went out with abusive, emotionally unavailable men, lied, stole and cheated. In essence, I had no self-esteem and hated myself.

All my family are addicts and

alcoholics, and I was the only one to get into recovery approximately 16 years ago. I can vividly remember crying a great deal as the feelings started to come up and as I started to address my alcoholism and drug addiction through recovery.

I started therapy shortly thereafter and slowly memories surfaced of my father sexually abusing me. I confronted my father over the sexual abuse who then told me "I needed psychiatric help" and my mother, who said, "I was possessed by satan." The whole family disowned me, which pushed me into a suicidal depression for many years. I felt as though my whole family had been killed in a car accident and I was totally alone. Consequently, my belief system and my whole world came crushing down around me.

I barely functioned and was for the most part in total despair and felt abandoned. Needless to say, I sought additional help from a support group and a spiritual counselor. I was hurting so much that I came close to losing my job as I felt so overwhelmed and very much alone.

Very slowly I started to also address my compulsive over-eating and not taking good care of myself. I also recognized I still had abusive friends and an abusive job, and gave my power away to men in particular. So in order to deal with these issues, I addressed my love addiction and abuse in recovery.

Having been raised in a very Catholic environment, I had very distorted and conflicting messages about God, the Catholic Church and authority figures. I had to entirely change my concept of a Higher Power and authority figures. I needed to work through my hatred, rage and self-loathing and eventually came to a place of forgiveness. This took many, many years to the point where I have a loving Higher Power who could not stop man's free will. I have no unforgiveness towards my family, even though I choose not to have them in

my life and no longer give my power away to authority figures or men.

I have been on two disabilities over a period of 3 years. During this time, I completed a great deal of my inner healing and there were also many, many times where I could not leave my home and was confined to bed with depression, migraines, panic attacks and chronic fatigue syndrome. I had to live "one day at a time." I could not read, listen to music or watch TV, as the noise was too much to handle, and reading was too taxing. I would go to sleep and wake up the next morning as though I had never slept.

More memories were coming up in therapy and I thought it would never end. Memories of the cult abuse, mind control and torture came up as well as my mother's and grandfather's sexual abuse. I had memories of my little friends being killed by the cult and many times coming close to death myself. All in the name of devil worshiping.

Slowly, very, very slowly I started to feel better. I started a volunteer job and gradually my energy started to come back. I felt more hopeful and started managing a very busy doctor's practice where I've been for 2-1/2 years, and am now finally dealing with the end of the cult memories in therapy.

I no longer have chronic fatigue syndrome, allergies, depression or panic attacks and am healthy emotionally, spiritually and physically. I am finally happy within myself, knowing I can survive anything, and mostly come from a place of love. I no longer lie, steal or cheat and am definitely not the victim. I am totally present in my body and present to others. I have tremendous compassion and empathy towards others and genuinely love others, especially myself.

I am now writing a book for survivors of satanic ritual abuse, mind control and torture, to educate the general public and therapists, with

stories from other survivors as well as a section on Healing Tools for Survivors. This book comes from a place of love not hatred.

I am asked to speak at local colleges on recovery from sexual abuse, alcoholism and satanic ritual abuse and intend to come out to the media as an activist. I am also planning to start a healing clinic for survivors of all types of abuse.

In dealing with the many, many long years of therapy, struggle, heartache and pain, there is a life after abuse. The desolation and despair has ended, the triggers have got less and less and life is a joy! I wake up in the morning feeling alive, spiritually connected and at peace. There is a light at the end of the tunnel!

For this book I am writing I would love to receive healing stories from other survivors, their recovery, mentioning one or two tools that have helped them. My email address is [kkubal@prodigy.net](mailto:kkubal@prodigy.net). Your story can be anonymous or you can use a fictitious name or your name. I would appreciate the stories as soon as possible. Thanking you.

MV

### Acceptance

My fantasies about you have become wondrous and real  
 You are real and true  
 all of you  
 And you have ome to show me a bright new way  
 to an abstract place  
 belonging to all of you  
 and only me  
 Your fantasies have sparked an interest in me  
 all of me, we  
 There's only one place for us to be  
 You  
 holding closely to me

By Hilary T.

MV

## His Gift

By Marguerite S.

This is the summer of the wounded trees. Not one of the oaks, dogwoods or maples that I see has escaped the attack of swarms of cicadas. These trees could not fight back or protect themselves. They are battle-scarred, but they are survivors!

This is also the summer of the "wounded me." I am in a crisis. Body memories are causing what my dermatologist calls my "rash from hell." And I am being confronted with how deeply I was wounded as a child.

I am absolutely astounded that I was enabled to survive my own "personal holocaust." Why didn't God let me die? I was horribly abused by my sadistic parents...emotionally, physically and sexually. Why did God give me to cruel sadistic parents? Why didn't he rescue me?

Today I watched with fascination as several ants tried to move the remains of an insect that was trapping one of the ants against the edge of my window pane. The insect was ten times the size of one tiny ant. The ants positioned themselves around the insect pushing and pulling, one at the head and several at each side. Undaunted in their task, with short bursts of activity followed by a time of rest, the ants moved the insect until they had freed their trapped companion. The lesson seemed to be

that what one could not accomplish, cooperation by the many could.

I think that is perhaps what God had in mind when he gave to me His "gift of DID" (Dissociative Identity Disorder). It was this ability to create the "helpers inside" that have enabled me to survive my traumatized, terrorized childhood.

Sometimes when the pain and anger well up in me, I wish that I could have just died. But God has given to me the courage and strength necessary to endure and heal. And he allows me to be angry with Him.

Many, many years ago I wrote a poem that I am convinced was a gift from God to me. And through the years, I have been drawn back to its messages time after time.

"My laws guide all of creation

but you are free because I want you to freely come to Me.

I understand your anger, your pain, but that does not change my LOVE for you.

Nothing ever can. Forever and ever you are My precious child."

May you take your own wounds of anger...bitterness to God and accept this promise too!

MV



## Non-Therapist's Page:

# Why I Created a Set of Affirmation Cards

By Cheryl Rainfield

Cheryl Rainfield is an artist and writer, a survivor of ritual abuse, and has many voices inside. She draws joyfilled, whimsical art, and writes edgy, compelling fiction for teens. Her work is influenced by her healing from abuse. She has drawn and written ever since she could pick up a pen.

I have always used art and writing in my healing from sexual and ritual abuse, but I used to only draw images of the abuse, and of the voices inside me. This helped the parts of me that had experienced the abuse to feel heard, helped the rest of me to remember, helped parts inside communicate with me, and helped me feel like I'd gained a witness to the abuse. Over time, as I experienced years of not being abused, and of finding greater happiness, I found I could draw joyful art, art that helped me feel hope. Now I draw both abuse art and hopeful art. Recently I created a set of affirmation cards as a way to share some of that healing and hope with others.

Different parts inside me have always spoken to me through my art and my writing—sharing themselves with me, and telling me things they wanted me—and others—to know. This is true with the affirmation cards as well. Many parts of me helped create them; wise parts and writer parts helped me write the loving phrases, artist parts and kid parts helped me draw the joyful images. There are a few cards that I drew just for other multiples, cards that celebrate multiplicity. And there are other cards that depict some parts that many multiples have—joyful kid parts, wise parts, protector parts, creative parts, hopeful parts, mothering parts, and parts who can dream how we want to be. I hope that people will find different parts of themselves in the cards, and feel seen.

I think as survivors, especially, but also as women in this society, we are often barraged with negative messages about our bodies, our actions, our gender, our very existence—and we are told to keep silent. I am trying, through my cards,

to counteract some of these messages. Many of the cards contain messages that, as a survivor, I've needed to hear, and that other survivors I know have needed to hear.

Although our experiences may be different as survivors, there often seem to be common themes we need to be told and to tell ourselves, or core issues that need to be addressed—one of the most basic being that we are lovable, and worthy of love. This makes so much sense, because abuse, by its very action, tells us the opposite. Each of us deserves to be loved, and to love ourselves—and yet that can be so hard to do.

Words can have such a tremendous impact. Repetitive negative messages—given both verbally and through abuse—can form how we think and feel about ourselves. Years of negative messages and programming greatly affected me. It often felt like those deliberate, repetitive negative messages that we were given during the abuse became embedded in my bones, or became a part of our thought patterns, affecting how we thought, felt, acted, and reacted.

Just as negative messages can have a tremendous impact, so can positive, healing messages. I've found that positive messages, when they resonate and are repeated often, greatly help healing (especially in conjunction with therapy, or when deliberately counteracting negative messages). Eventually, with enough repetition, the positive messages actually sink in, even if only a little amount at a time.

Self-hate has always been a really strong thread running through my life. It is something that I was taught, deliberately and through the acts of abuse, and it is something I learned

very well. It is also something that has hurt me deeply. Yet all along, there were wise parts inside me, telling me deep truths with compassion and kindness—messages that my abusers did not want me to listen to, and yet messages that somehow were there, even if they felt hard to hold onto. At times, I could barely hear those messages, and yet the wise parts of me kept repeating them. And throughout the years, various parts of me held onto those healing messages, even as other parts of me tried to deflect them, as they'd been taught to. Those healing messages helped give me strength, and helped free parts of me from many of the negative messages that we were taught.

Positive messages, encouragement, and praise are something I've often needed a lot of—and yet simultaneously put up defenses against, because I needed them, because parts of me felt we didn't deserve them, and because parts of me were afraid those messages made us more vulnerable. This seems to be true for many of us survivors. But positive messages, when they are real, help build up inner strength, and heal old wounds. They help us connect with the wisdom and joy deep inside us. And they help us believe in ourselves, and see the beauty that is there.

Taking care of ourselves and loving ourselves can be hard to do. As survivors, we may not feel we can love ourselves, because we didn't receive real love or safety that we can model our own on; because we were taught we didn't deserve it; or because we want someone else to take care of us, the way no one ever did.

Affirmations written in both "you" and "I" statements can help those



positive messages go in. Reading them, it can feel like we are hearing those healing messages from someone else, while at the same time reminding ourselves of the compassionate, loving truths about our own selves. And being able to give that gift to ourselves—of caring enough, of recognizing positive things in ourselves, of turning our backs on the things our abusers wanted us to believe, and embracing the courage, strength, and beauty inside each of us—that is a huge gift to ourselves and the people we love. It is a huge piece of healing.

Healing has always been a strong thread in my life; I was determined to hold onto the love, compassion, and joy inside me, and to remain different from my abusers, even as a very young child. And I always felt a need to connect with others, to find the joy and healing in each of us, and to build on that. I drew the affirmation cards as a way to share some healing with others, just as I have learned and grown from what other women and survivors have shared with me. I think it's vital that we have healing, compassionate messages that we can hold onto, and strong, beautiful reflections of ourselves. That is what I hope to offer in these cards. They are my gift to you. I hope they bring much good feeling.

Love Yourself Affirmation cards are available for \$9.99 US per pack plus shipping from [http://www.cherylrainfield.com/buy\\_affirmation\\_cards.html](http://www.cherylrainfield.com/buy_affirmation_cards.html). Each set includes 54 cards, 108 unique images professionally printed. One side of each card shows an affirmation in an "I" message, the other side shows the same affirmation in a "you" message, because sometimes it's more powerful to be told something positive, and sometimes it's more powerful to tell ourselves something positive.

MV

*If you have developed a special method to improve your life, like Cheryl did, please tell us about it at MV. We'd love to help you pass it on!*  
--Lynn W., Editor

## Fear As My Strongest Emotion

Fear is a feeling that in the depths of its grip invades every cell of my being. Its paralyzing force with its never ending continuation causes terror in my heart and dread in my soul.

Fear has shone its ugly head into my life from the earliest memories my mind and body can recall. It supercedes all other emotion and can cause paralyzing effects in my functioning and judgment.

Fear and terror have become an automatic response to my environment that surrounds me. It causes my chest to constrict my body to scream out in pain and my fragmentation to swell.

The physical terror that occurs With a loud sound or a quick movement of another person Can bring my hypervigilance to a dangerous level. Unless my fear is restricted by numbness or medication

or sometimes a relaxing event my mind is constantly racing ruminating on past and present events.

I worry about how my dealings with those I care about may cause further rejection or conflict.

Will my fright ever dissipate? Is this a life long condition That I will have to always live with?

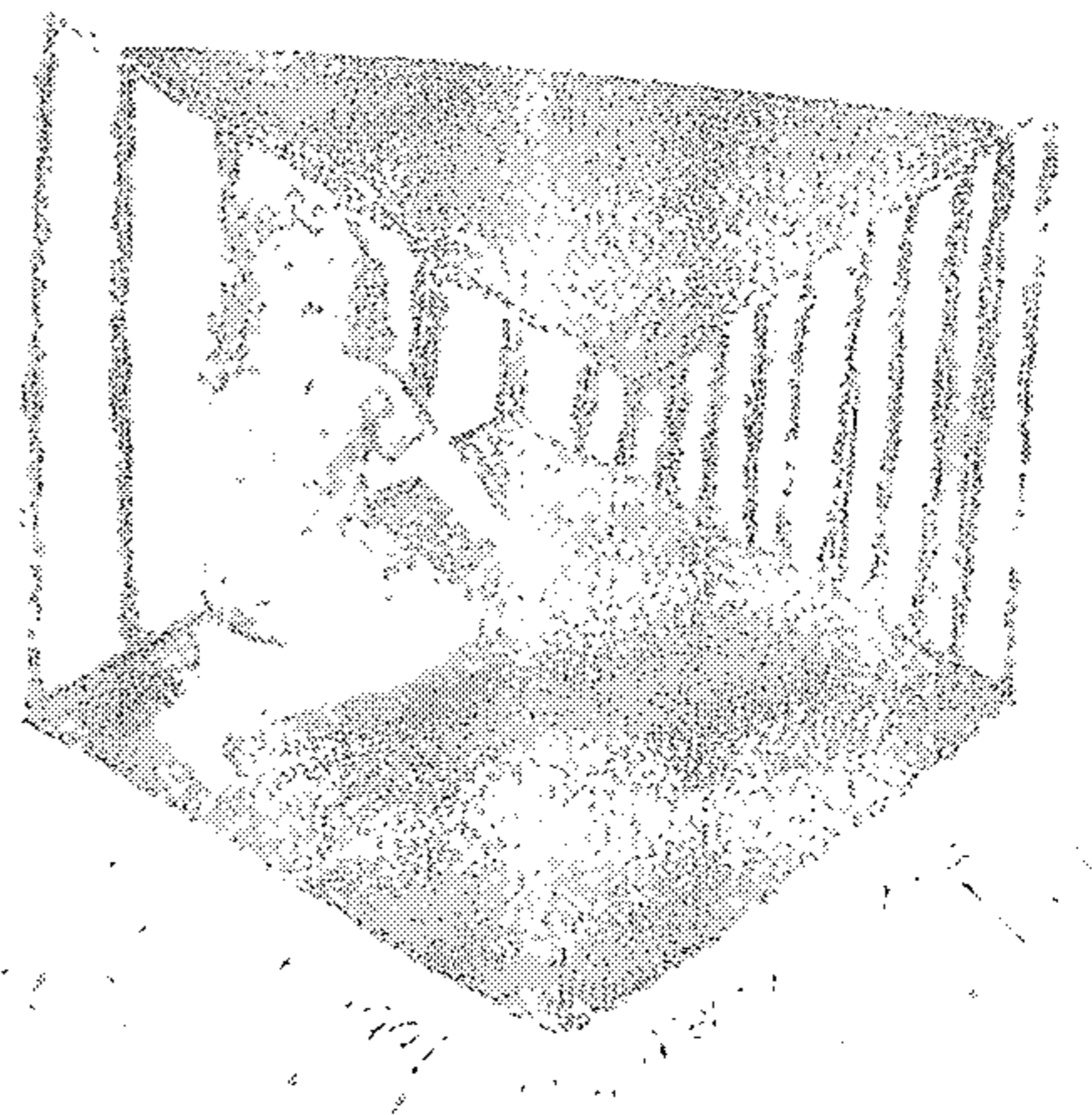
When it strikes me it is like an electric shock going through my system Dissociation has helped me cope with its choking hold on my body, mind and soul.

fear is all that I know its grip is always a moment away and my life will once again be consumed by making it go away.

This has been my existence and my demon for all of my life. When will it end?

*By Sue S.*

MV



# Tips to Help You Through the Holidays

By Colette

I've spent most major holidays in the last 30 years, on my own. It is never a picnic to find yourself isolated when everyone else seems to have friends or family to spend time with. I well-remember a Christmas morning when a friend called to complain about her husband. All I could think was "Geez, you've got company this morning, I have no one and you're crying on my shoulder." This episode marked the end of our "friendship." I mention it so you will realize that I'm not a holier-than-thou social expert. It's much more the opposite for me. I was raised in a rural area, isolated from others, and have had to learn to fight for every inch of social progress that I've made. However, one thing I do not do is "give up" on social contact. I've had a lot of practice in scrabbling together a social life and/or learning to have a pleasant time by myself, even on Big Deal Holidays.

Here are a few ideas I've used to get through family days without having a family near by:

**1. Check out the local papers** (including alternative papers) for events—anything from music to interesting lectures to church or community gatherings. Invite yourself out to some of these functions. (often they're free) and make a point to look at people and smile. If someone talks to you, reply. Think of it as a vacation day. Make a contest for yourself—see how many people you can say "hello" to, or strike up a conversation with. Even if the best you can do is smile, that's still encouraging. Do it again.

**2. If there's snow where you are,** visit a park or make a snowman. Maybe make "snow-angels" on the ground, the way you did when you were little. Get a magnifying glass out and study snowflakes under the glass.

**3. Because often I couldn't afford** real vacations, my therapist suggested minivacations, while I stayed in town. During a minivacation at holidays, I was supposed to eat different food than usual, go different places

(museums, stores, for walks etc.) and possibly treat myself to an inexpensive movie or borrow videos from the library. Or read fun books. I planned things in advance, so there wasn't a lot of "loose time" to rattle around in. I liked these adventures!

**4. Bake cookies.** Use a mix or (better, I think) make them from scratch. You can do this alone, or recruit a helper or two. It's fun to try new recipes at holiday time. Decorating cookies or gingerbread men is fun for the inner kids. To avoid gaining 100 extra pounds, donate most of the cookies to a home for the elderly, a shelter, or your neighbors. But save a few for your own special treats, too.

**5. Find someone else who's alone,** and fix a meal together. I've done this frequently, especially for Thanksgiving and Christmas. Often we wind up with a half-dozen "outcasts" who then are no longer outcast! Tiny token presents may be exchanged, too. For those who go for Christmas trees, tree decorating parties can be social events in the same way.

(Where do you find someone else who is alone—& yet safe—if you don't know anyone? Well, I met a couple people via my therapist, years ago. Other possible sources are Anonymous groups like Al-Anon, or singles groups of various types.)

**6. Make your own winter** decorations. Even if you don't celebrate winter holidays, paper snowflakes are appropriate, fun, and easy to make. You can string popcorn and cranberries together as presents to the birds. If you have any art supplies, get them out and be creative on your own. Make holiday cards, door decorations or centerpieces. Once I made a whole bowlful of paper mache fruit, and painted it realistically. It was gorgeous for years.

**7. Make or listen to music.** Music is a wonderful mood-enhancer. Borrow tapes or CDs from your

library, use a musical instrument of your own (recorders and harmonicas are very inexpensive), or find a small folk-music group to sing or play with. For those who participate in religious activities, choirs and other musical opportunities may be available too.

**8. This may sound weird...but** holidays can be a good time to get caught up on some routine tasks that always seem to be pushed aside. There is nothing wrong with scrubbing the kitchen floor or cupboards on a holiday if you choose. Clean out that closet. Organize the drawers. Give yourself a reason to say "Wow—I'm glad THAT'S done!" A sense of accomplishment will help your self-esteem, and make your environment more comfortable, too.

**9. Whatever you choose to do,** be sure to let all sides of yourself have a vote in the total outcome. If you please your whole self, you'll be much happier, whether you're alone or with others. Good luck & happy holidays!

MV

## Another Chance

A brand new day  
to see the world in all its beauty  
Rising...

Breathing in the aroma of life  
Astounded by the cycle  
Coming when inner perspective is  
needed

Seeing through the storm clouds  
Images of the tranquility beyond  
A peace within...

New chapters to be written  
the slate wiped clean  
Is this fantasy?

or rather something obtainable...  
Empty pages waiting to be filled  
A book with a theme never dreamed  
of

By Kathleen M. Colica

MV

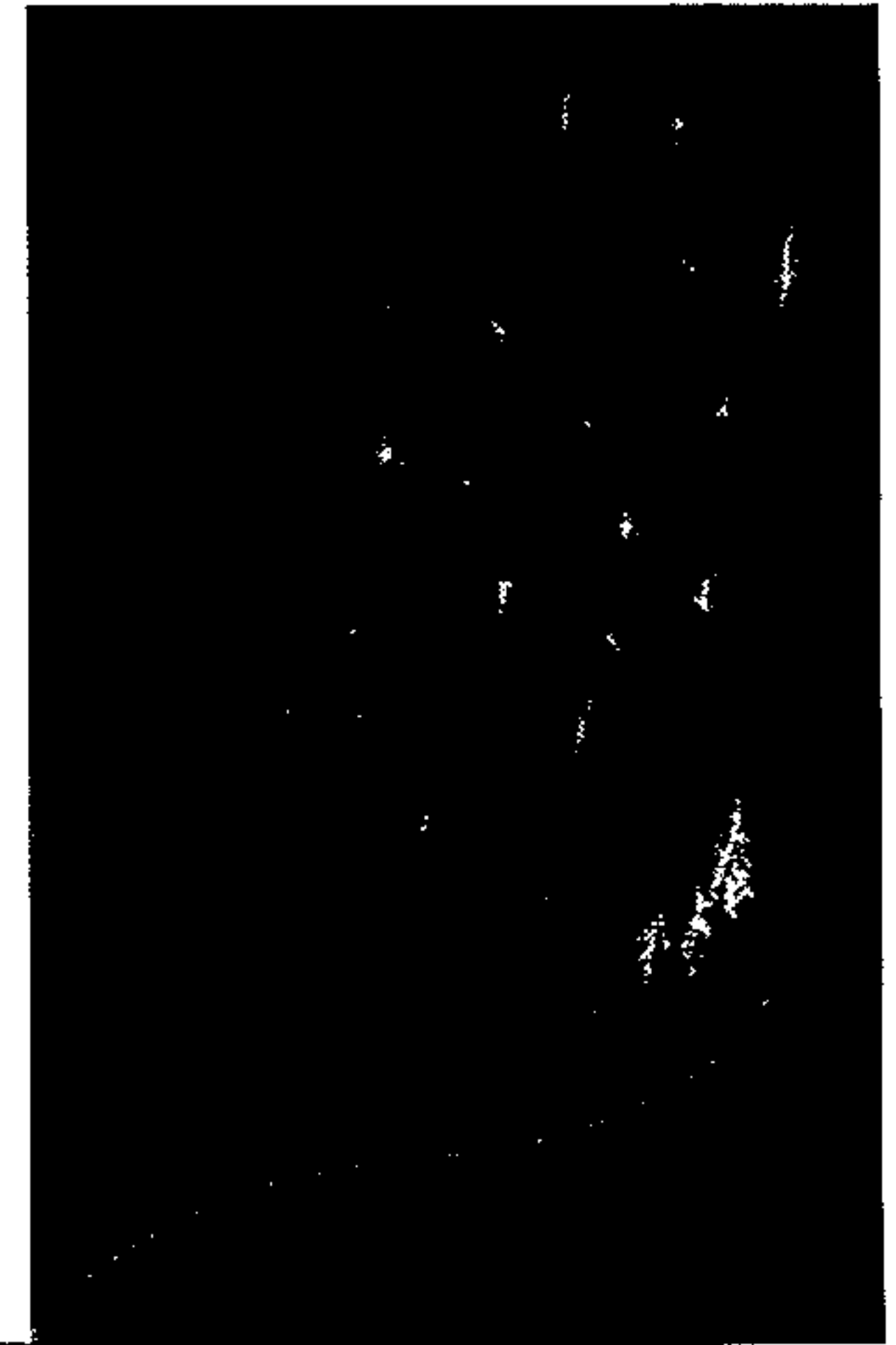
## Infinity's Splendor

The stars in the sky thrust upwards, outwards,  
 Scattered about in distance, darkness and depths.  
 Brightly lit jewels, comets, asteroids, boulders,  
 Rocks, pebbles, sand specks; each unusual, unique.  
 Burned to burning brilliance and dazzling beauty.  
 Scattered as windy autumn leaves cascading irreverently  
 Anywhere.

Look Up, no need for telescopes, otherscopes,  
 Just well-imagined eyes grasping, gasping at infinity's  
 Splendor spreading across the "cooling fires of creation".  
 Awed with reverence, humbled by Creation's Divine wonders.

By LJK

MV



## Hospital Time

By CE

About two months ago I went through a very difficult time. One of my alters named Sara was crossing over the bridge to get to the original child. My therapist calls this "integration." I call it "The Pits."

What my therapist didn't realize at first was that Sara would end up taking 12 or 13 other alters with her. Things were in such an uproar. I was constantly seeing all kinds of pictures. A lot of these pictures were very painful to see. On top of this I have an alter named Jamean who for some reason, doesn't like me, and he decided that he was going to kill me. So he ended up giving me an overdose.

Then—to make kind of a long story short—I ended up at a psychiatric hospital.

Being in the health care profession myself, I was pretty devastated. I cried when I got there. I cried because I couldn't leave. I cried because of the pictures. I cried because very few of the staff at the hospital knew anything at all about MPD. I heard that they were mean to the children. I was even told by a mental health tech that I wasn't "anything like the last two patients with MPD" that he had seen.

I didn't think I would ever stop crying. I didn't think it would ever end. Then one day my son came to the hospital for a visit. He brought my mail with him. I was so glad to see the October issue of *Many Voices*. I found out that my experiences were not so unlike what other people go through. I thought I wasn't trying hard enough. Then I read the articles that told me to go at my own pace. I was trying to deal with it all at the same time. I was trying to please everyone else, by trying to live up to their expectations.

After that I started feeling better. There was this one girl who was a patient on the unit with me. Her name was Sabrina. We look somewhat alike. One day the Art Therapist, who is basically new to the profession, asked Sabrina into the art room. The Art Therapist thought Sabrina was me. She sat down at the table and asked Sabrina what her name was. Sabrina looked at her and replied, "My name is Sabrina."

The Art Therapist asked, "Well, how old are you?"

"Nineteen," Sabrina said.

Art Therapist: "Where is Andie?"

Sabrina: "She is not here."

Art Therapist: "Can you get her for me?"

Sabrina: "I don't think so."

Art Therapist: "Well, tell me what she looks like."

Sabrina tried to describe me.

Art Therapist: "Where is Alex, Anastasia, Chere, Tara?" On and on this went for fifteen minutes until the Art Therapist dismissed Sabrina.

When I got back on the unit, Sabrina told me what happened. I laughed so hard, I cried.

One of the best things that happened is that after I got out of the hospital I went to a support group for incest survivors. At that group I met a friend who also has MPD. We are not exactly alike in all aspects. But when I talk to her about some things that wouldn't even make sense to most people, she really understands me. I thank god for that.

I went through many, many years of feeling alone and crazy. But now I have my friend, my therapist, my son's therapist and everyone who works to put together this newsletter. You just don't know how much it helps. Thank you.

MV

# Coping with Dissociation as a Student

By Angela Enno

**D**issociation is the coping method of choice for many of us, but what happens when dissociation begins to interfere with our responsibilities and our daily lives? At this point, dissociation itself becomes something to cope with. Dissociation can present challenges in many arenas, not the least of which is academically. So how does one cope with dissociation as a student?

## The up-side of dissociation:

As you probably are already aware, dissociation can serve a number of useful purposes. There are times when dissociation can help even with school work. Sometimes dissociation, in fact, is a key to getting through school. When you are dealing with stress in your life that overwhelms you, putting up your dissociative defenses can allow you to block your stressors from your mind long enough to focus on your school work. In this case, dissociation is a valuable tool and is by no means a reason why you cannot succeed in school.

At other times, dissociation can interfere. There are many ways to minimize the negative impacts of dissociation while maximizing the positive.

**Coping with dissociation during lectures.** One time in particular that dissociation can have a negative impact is during a lecture. It can be very hard to stay focused on what an instructor is saying. This happens for a number of reasons. Sometimes we get a little bit dissociative just because we are bored with the lecture. Other times, we dissociate during lecture because the level of stress and pain in our lives is high and dissociation has become the norm. This dissociation, during lecture, can take the form of completely "spacing out" and being unaware of what is happening around you, being unable to focus on what the professor is saying because your mind drifts off to your worries and thoughts of painful things, or in persons with DID, perhaps switching. All of these forms of dissociation have

their place in coping, but can be very problematic to the dedicated student who wants so much to succeed in school.

There are some tricks for coping with dissociative responses during lecture. I find that it helps to always sit on the front row in class, and near the center. This way, it becomes easier to focus your attention on the professor and the professor is often more likely to make eye contact with you. This will help you remember to be mindful of where you are and what is happening around you. Sitting in the front row is by no means a cure-all, though, and dissociation can still happen.

Another thing I have found helpful is to bring a cold drink to class. I prefer drinks with a very noticeable and interesting flavor. When you feel yourself starting to dissociate a bit, grab the drink and take a sip. Notice the coldness in your mouth. Notice the sweetness of the drink. Doing this has helped me through many a long lecture! And making it a caffeinated drink occasionally when I've had a long night of insomnia can help with focus as well.

Another method that I find very effective is to tap my foot or shake my leg. Sometimes I get excessive in doing this and drive the person next to me nuts by shaking the table, so I have to keep an eye on that! However, I find that moving my leg helps me to stay more focused and present a lot of the time.

Arguably the most effective method of coping with dissociation, for me, has been note-taking. I do not enjoy taking notes, but I know that if I make a point of doing it anyway, I will pay more attention to the professor. That way, even if I am a bit dissociative, I am jotting down things that I can review to jog my memory later. Also, focusing on writing down what the professor says helps draw me more into what s/he is saying and focus my mind there instead of letting it drift. Even when I don't review the notes, it

is still an effective tool in dealing with my dissociative responses and getting the most out of lecture.

**Coping with dissociation during homework.** Homework time has often been the time when I see the effects of my dissociative responses the most. When writing a paper, reading a chapter, or completing an assignment, I find it hard to stay in the moment and keep my mind on the task at hand, particularly when I'm dealing with a lot of problems in my life. I find that many of the same methods I use during lecture can also be effective during homework time: drinking a cold and flavorful beverage, tapping my foot or bouncing my leg, and also note-taking during reading.

Reading the assigned chapters in most classes has always been a struggle for me. It becomes so easy to drift away in my mind and forget what I just read. Very often I read a paragraph and seem to be unable to process the information fully. I may not comprehend the words I just read, even if I read them and tried very hard not to let my mind drift off. This can get discouraging very quickly when I know I have to learn the material in this chapter and I just can't seem to do it. I have found that a number of things help with this.

The first and probably most important thing I recommend is to stop after every paragraph or two and ask your self: Do I understand what I just read? See if you can remember what you just read at all. Do you understand the main point of that section of text? If not, read it again. If you have to, read it again and again. This can get frustrating sometimes, but sometimes it is the only way to push through the material. You just have to do it. This can be particularly effective if you're covering hard material to understand.

Note-taking while reading can increase how much you understand and remember, and decrease the number of times you have to read over the material. It might seem

excessive to some students, but I think that most students who dissociate frequently will agree that reading the chapter can be difficult. You'll find that taking notes may be a bit time-consuming, but very worth it. These notes make for great material to review in preparation for exams. Get as detailed or as general as you are comfortable with in your own notes, but pay special attention to headings in bold. I generally take about four to five pages of handwritten notes per chapter in any given class, but I also have large handwriting and write it out in outline form. Figure out how much detail seems to work best for you and go with that.

Another way of completing your homework successfully in spite of dissociation is to take very frequent breaks. Forcing yourself to sit down for long periods of time and focus that long can be draining and frustrating and it can make your problems with dissociation even worse. I find that if I take very frequent, short breaks, I am able to push through even the most boring material much easier. Focus intently and use grounding techniques, but only for short periods of time. Then get up and walk around the house. Listen to your favorite song. Check your email. Do something, anything, to take your mind off what you are studying. It only takes a few minutes, and then you can get back to your homework more ready to focus. I find that this can even serve as a reward system for me. I reward myself for being so determined and focused by letting myself take breaks and relax my brain before I become frustrated and escalate to the point of dissociating way too much.

**Negotiating with alters.** For people with DID, being dissociative presents additional challenges in the form of alters who can interfere with schoolwork. I recommend negotiating with them. Explain to them that you need to have your school time and it is very important. Be willing to give them time for the

things they want and need to do, in exchange for their consideration of your needs. This is just another of the many things that have to be worked out as a team. If you are kind and understanding in your approach, the rest of your system will be much more likely to work with you. Your therapist can also help by participating with all of you in working out agreements like this, helping you to communicate well with each other inside, and explaining the importance of your schoolwork to your alters if needed.

You may want to develop a specific plan for what everyone will be doing while you are in school, to make sure that problems don't arise unexpectedly. For instance, you might have the little ones inside go to a specific special place while you are in school: maybe somewhere they like to play, or somewhere they will feel safe and interested in staying there. You and your therapist know your own system and together all of you can figure out more specifically what steps should be taken.

**General advice.** One of the most important things you can do to minimize dissociation as a student is to find a subject you love! If you don't enjoy what you are studying, it becomes much harder to be dedicated enough to work past the problems dissociation can present. On the other hand, if you find a subject that you really enjoy, dissociation will be less of a problem and your schoolwork can even provide a very helpful and enriching aspect to your life. Your schoolwork can be a great thing that helps you to cope with other problems in your life, and can even be a nice break from some of the less pleasant aspects of being dissociative and being a survivor of traumas. Schoolwork can give you something else to focus on and add dimensions to your life that make it much more enjoyable and purposeful. Best of luck to you!

MV

## *Promise Me*

Promise me  
You'll embrace peace  
With your inner light  
That you share with me

I see you in each fall leaf  
This colorful autumn 2004  
Feeling again like a kid  
Walking with my muses

A young lad hiking  
With endless dreams  
As my mind wandered  
Into mysterious trails

Promise me  
You'll share tears  
When life becomes sad  
Remembering losses

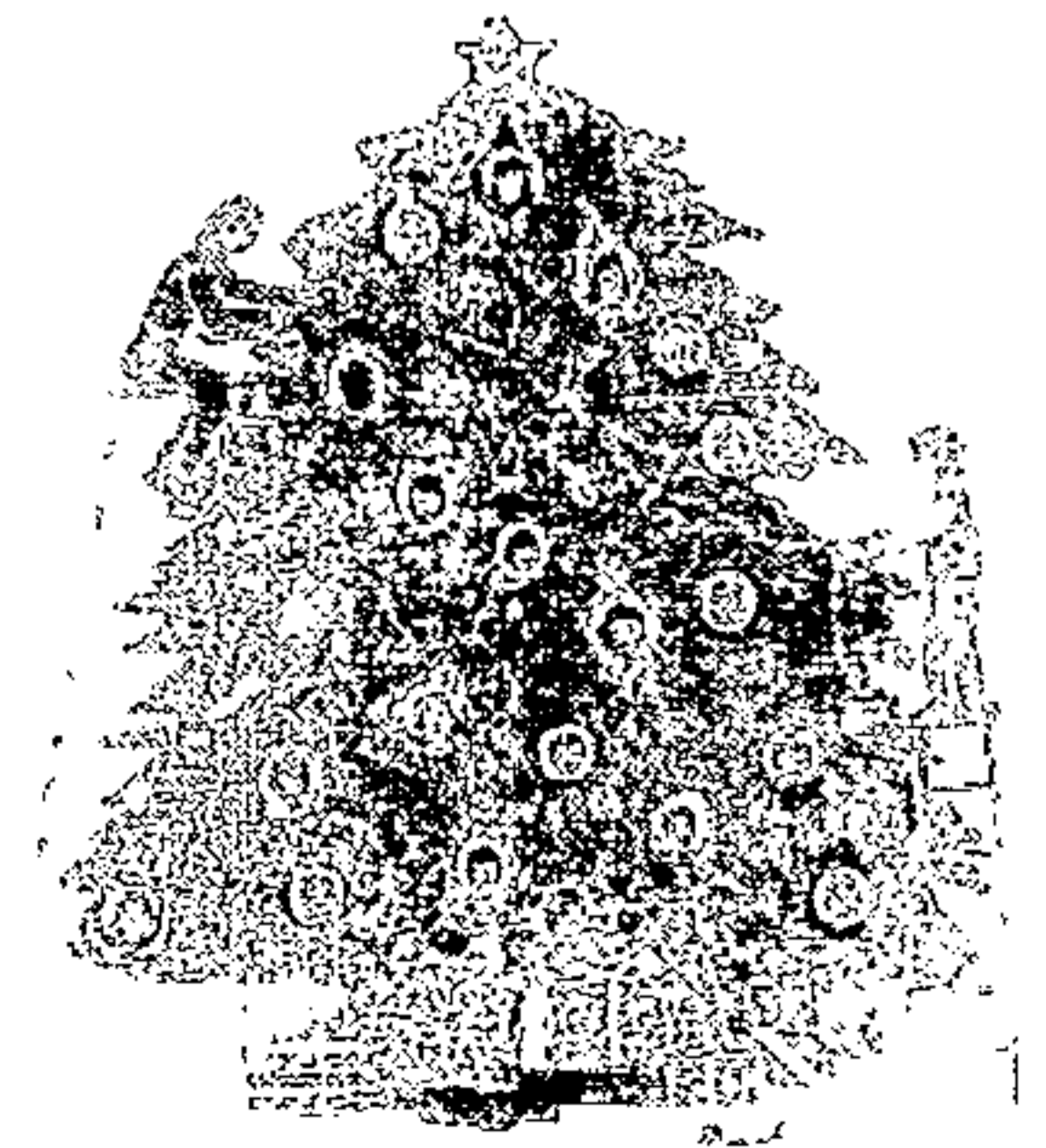
I am here for you  
Energized again as  
Leaves dance freely  
With unique beauty

A survivor of life  
Traveling diverse paths  
As my journey flows  
Into decades of time

I promise you all my best...

*By John Charles Ireland*

MV



# Spirituality

By Sister Jeannette

I grew up belonging to a religious cult. The "spirit" of the cult was demonic. It included devil worship, human and animal sacrifices, torture, etc. This spirit was imposed upon me. I had to do what they did in order to live. But I could not do what they did, so I split off into many parts. That's when I began to dissociate.

I am so grateful for this diagnosis. Working with a DID therapist, I have been able to begin to retrieve some of my memories. I have learned many tools that help me to deal with my parts and love them—after all, when I love them, I love myself.

I always thought there was something missing in my life since I could not remember most of it. I could not get in touch with my feelings. I could not cry, no matter how hard I tried. I hated being in a church and I didn't know why. I entered a religious order and have remained in it for 41 years. I could function normally and perform all of my duties. I could recite prayer with the Sisters. But I didn't feel "at home" at our Mass and was ashamed to mention that to anyone. After all, how could a Catholic Sister not feel at home at Mass?

It's good to understand why I never felt at home in church. Presently, my experiences in a church most of the time are a struggle. My parts make their presence known as they are triggered back in time. I have to do emergency intervention and get them into the "time out" building. I continually relate these experiences to my therapist and tell her what I did. She helps me to continue what I'm doing or change what needs to be changed.

A plan is always at hand if I choose to use it. Presently, all parts must go into a deep healing sleep in the time out building in my head. From there, if there are parts who receive comfort and solace in church, they may come out and participate.

I continue to have my "church" experiences. Just today I had feelings

of anger, rage and hurt. Devil worship was ingrained into the fiber of my being and it mimicked the ritual of the Catholic Church. The flashbacks happen so often. So, with my parts sleeping, I can at least realize that it is the year 2004 and I am in a safe, holy place. I have the desire to continue to attend church, knowing that I am healing from my cult experience. I also believe that every time I go to church I win and they lose. I expect that my healing will continue and my hope is that I will some day be able to fully participate in my church worship.

Enough about my religion. I want to get back to spirituality.

Religion is organized. There are rules, laws, etc. Spirituality, on the other hand, is of God's spirit which penetrates each of our lives. God's spirit is sometimes called our "soul." It cannot be seen. It is a lot like the wind—it blows wherever it will. The life that is in us is of God's spirit. Our spirituality comes from God's spirit. (If the word "God" is offensive to anyone, just substitute "the spirit of the universe" or something else that works for you. It's easier for me to say "God.") I believe that I was never alone. God was always there with me. I also believe that God brings good out of all things. I was powerless in the cult and I could not save myself. The insidiousness of the religious cult was that they brainwashed me into believing that I had control over my life. I never did.

It is God's power that has brought me this far. It is God's spirit in others and in me that has enabled me to change my attitudes and my behavior. I used to turn my frustration and anger inward and hurt myself. I would isolate from others. I had no spirit—no life. As I began learning about myself and accepting myself as I am, I could hear what my parts had to say to me. I listened to them; I sympathized with them; I split off from them at times; I went back to them.

As you can see, this has been and will continue to be a process. In this

process; some days are better than others. As I continue to honor my parts, I feel more whole. The spirit of life, of God, of the universe is alive and well in me. It grows stronger and stronger as I continue to honor my system. The more parts of myself that I honor and respect, the more of myself I honor and respect. I forget that a lot. But I will continue to strive for wholeness.

Since I have learned that the spiritual is in me, in my parts, and in you, I find it much easier to reach out to others. To the degree that I can reach out to others, I know I am spiritually fit. For me, today, the purpose of life is to give the spirit of life to others—now that I am aware that I have it.

Christmas is almost here. I find Christmas (or any other holiday) very difficult. I can choose to dwell on past Christmases and on the rituals performed in the cult, or I can choose to live this holiday in a life-giving spirit. The best Christmas gift I can give to anyone is a life-filled spirit. This Christmas I will choose to tap into the spirit of joy, peace, compassion, hope, love, patience, tolerance, etc. that is within me and share it with others. I will also be open to receiving these same gifts from others. It is my spirituality that enables me to choose the positive over the negative.

Gratitude is another gift of the spirit. I am grateful for the support of MV. For me it is a crutch to hold me up when I am faltering. I read just what I need to hear. Today I have hope that all of you who read MV, and I, will continue to heal a day at a time. Let us surrender to the great spirit in each of us, around us and above us, for that spirit is doing for us what we cannot do for ourselves.

May the spirit bring you peace, joy and love during the Christmas Season and always.

Respectfully, your sister in the spirit  
...Sister Jeannette

## Holiday Strategies

For us the holidays  
 Bring up memories and flashbacks  
 The time of year when  
 Relatives and others would hurt

We rely on our coping resources  
 To help get us through  
 To make our own holidays  
 To take care of our ourselves

The best sort of comforting is to  
 Make sure we are cared about  
 If only by ourselves  
 Not trying to be what others expect

Relaxing with a good book  
 Listening to soothing music  
 Writing in our journal or simply taking  
 a bubble bath  
 All of these have a place

Avoiding people that judge us  
 Who don't believe in all of us  
 Ones who deny the abuse we have  
 endured

People we just don't need to be  
 around

Denial on the part of others is no help  
 We know we are many  
 All parts have value  
 Their own needs and talents

Walking in nature  
 Finding the good in the world  
 Taking care of our littles  
 And celebrating with them

Acknowledging our memories  
 But focusing on the present as best  
 we can  
 To give us a respite from our pain  
 If only for awhile

Spending time with friends  
 Less with abusive family members  
 Not denying who we are  
 But celebrating that we have survived

By Virginia MV



## Books

**Trauma and Recovery: The Aftermath of Violence—From Domestic Abuse to Political Terror**  
 By Judith Lewis Herman, M.D., © 1992, 1997 by Basic Books, A Division of HarperCollins Publishers, Inc., \$17.50  
 290 pages Paperback

Since I began my therapy journey in 1988 one question has dogged me: will I ever be whole and healthy? Dr. Herman's book provided the sometimes frustrating history of how humans deal with psychological trauma from the perspective of a clinician who works with survivors of psychological trauma. In Part One, "Traumatic Disorders," she begins in the 19th century with Freud and progresses through to the present. Dr. Herman illuminates the causes of psychological trauma, societal attitudes toward it, and the conditions that pushed research of it forward. In Part Two, "Stages of Recovery," Dr. Herman examines effective treatments for successful recovery.

Although this book was written mostly for clinicians and academics, and the tone tends to be dry and detached at times, I had no problems reading and understanding it. Dr.

Herman clearly describes the causes of psychological trauma and how each affects people. I found it particularly helpful for understanding my own situation, my PTSD and especially the spiral effect with trauma memories, and that recovery from repeated trauma can take much longer than recovery from a single trauma event. I'd highly recommend this book for anyone who craves information about psychological trauma and seeks to understand why society wants to deny its existence.

By Phoenix H.

**Beyond Trauma: Conversations on Traumatic Incident Reduction**  
 Edited by Victor R. Volkman © 2004  
 Published by Loving Healing Press, 5145 Pontiac Trail, Ann Arbor MI 48105  
 www.LovingHealing.com \$21.95 US \$28.95 CAN 290 pgs incl index.  
 Paperback

I found this a very hopeful book. It validates the possibility that some people can overcome disabling trauma symptoms in a relatively short time. I caution that, in a sense, it's a sales book for "Traumatic Incident Reduction" - a specific approach to

trauma therapy. However, the pitch convinced me. Numerous clinicians are interviewed and describe how well TIR has worked for them and their clients.

Most people described are recovering from car accidents, war or crime--not severe, prolonged child abuse. But the process of uncovering incidents, repeating and eventually desensitizing is thoroughly explained. The book discusses the "science" behind the treatment's success, too. One chapter excerpts a plenary session of Joyce Carbonell, PhD., describing a study of TIR, Visual Kinesthetic Disassociation (V/KD), Eye Movement Desensitization (EMDR), and Thought Field Therapy (TFT). The preliminary conclusion? All the techniques were successful...though some persons prefer one over the other.

So perhaps there are ways to speed up the healing process. That would be a blessing. I recommend this book for lay readers as well as professionals, who want to explore treatment options.

By Lynn W.

MV

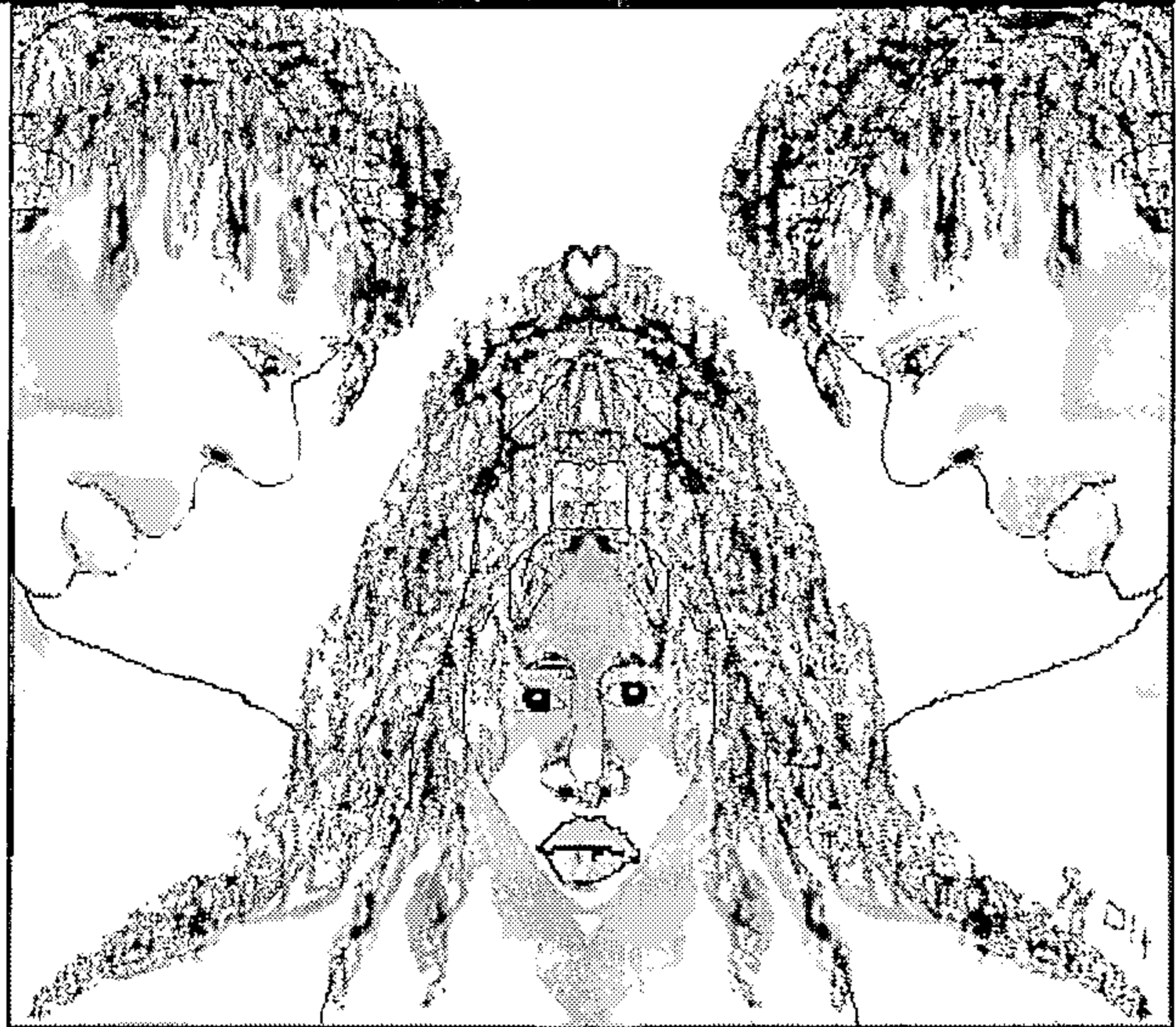
Attention Writers —We REALLY need articles (4-6 double-spaced pages, or shorter). Write on Topic themes or anything that interests you. Also send Art - & THANKS to all who contributed. You really help MV Readers! - Lynn W., Editor

February 2005

Partners in Healing How we can help our partners understand. What partners can do to help. What if your partner needs help too? Finding a healthy partner (if you want one ) ART: Working or playing together DEADLINE December 10, 2004.

April 2005

Coping with survivor guilt. Grieving losses Healing the Spirit. Honoring Life ART A meaningful memorial DEADLINE February 1, 2005.



Dreamers, By Living Earth

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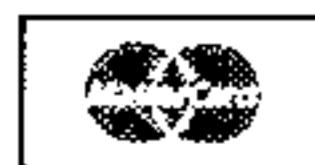
Prose, poetry and art are accepted on upcoming issue themes, (and even on NON-themes, if it's really great.) DO send humor, cartoons, good ideas, and whatever is useful to you. Please limit prose to about 4 typed double-spaced pages. Line drawings (black on white) are best. We can't possibly print everything. 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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