

MANY VOICES

WORDS OF HOPE FOR PEOPLE RECOVERING FROM TRAUMA & DISSOCIATION

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MV

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Surviving or Thriving

By M., the writer in our Family

I should have heeded my therapist's warning, "Intimate relationships are difficult with someone with D.I.D.," because in October 2008 my world blew apart. My partner of four years and I (we) separated.

We had taken on many challenges and in the rush of everyday life, had lost ourselves.

There had been much tension, misunderstanding and anger coming from inside of us. Slowly dissipating communication led to total silence...on the outside. On the inside, many parts were screaming, "Get us out of here!" "What is happening?" "I need to cut." Still others pleaded, "Take us to a safe place; this isn't working anymore."

I didn't listen at first. My days were missing in the abyss of Lost Time. Finally, the voices inside got so loud and desperate, that some part knew it had to take action. Eventually, my internal family got together. They slowed the spinning wheel of rapidly emerging parts. Out of sheer panic an adult part came front and center to take over. She was business with no emotional ups and downs, but she saved our lives. She got us out of there, got us an apartment of our own, and made an agreement with our partner.

Mica is the part that brought us to safety. She knew it shouldn't be cut and run so she made the Agreement.

The agreement stated that we would separate for two years to allow for individual growth, with time to work on our own "personal stuff" so it could get healed and not keep coming out on each other. This was a well thought out separation. One out of love and respect for each other...and ourselves. At the end of two years, we would get together to see where we were and go from there. Mica knew that in crisis no drastic changes should be made. She got us out of the immediate situation, yet left an opening.

It took the family of me awhile to adjust to this new found freedom, and

on the flip side, to know what it's like to be totally reliant on ourselves. When fear and safety issues arose, who would we turn to? We needed to design a new safety plan and means of support that was comfortable for all of us. How much should we communicate with our partner? What were our new boundaries?

We knew that we had to do this on our own. It was a real challenge for our internal family for many months. A lot of switching took place until, once again, a full blown crisis crept out on a dark, wintery day. A child part was up and our whole system was rapidly drowning in a downward spiral of overwhelming fear.

We got a well received call from our partner. She quickly assessed where we were and offered her advice: "It's time to call the doctor."

We reached out for the first time, to our pastor. She had our family ground ourselves by writing a gratitude list. That slowly brought up an adult part, Mica. Now we were in good hands again. This is how Mica took action:

1. She got the family out of bed.
2. She got us to our therapist for safety issues.
3. She got us to our psychiatrist for additional meds.
4. She took us around to our circle of friends and family so we didn't isolate.
5. We journaled what we were feeling, and she surrounded us with natural beauty and music.

Over the next few weeks we continued to gracefully rise above that crisis.

Communication between our partner and our family had all but broken down. We realized that the latest crisis was due to the lack of expressing our feelings to her. Our fear and shame held us back from honest communication.

There were so many things that we were afraid to talk to her about, for fear of her reaction. But she knew us so well, and was so gentle with her

questions. Another adult part, Dakota, came up to talk to her. Dakota answered her questions and offered up information that filled in years of blank stares and silent lips. There was no fear, just deeply honest replies.

Dakota spoke to our partner for five hours, redefining our relationship and finally setting much needed boundaries. We recognized what healthy respectful communication is all about, and how essential it is for our relationship.

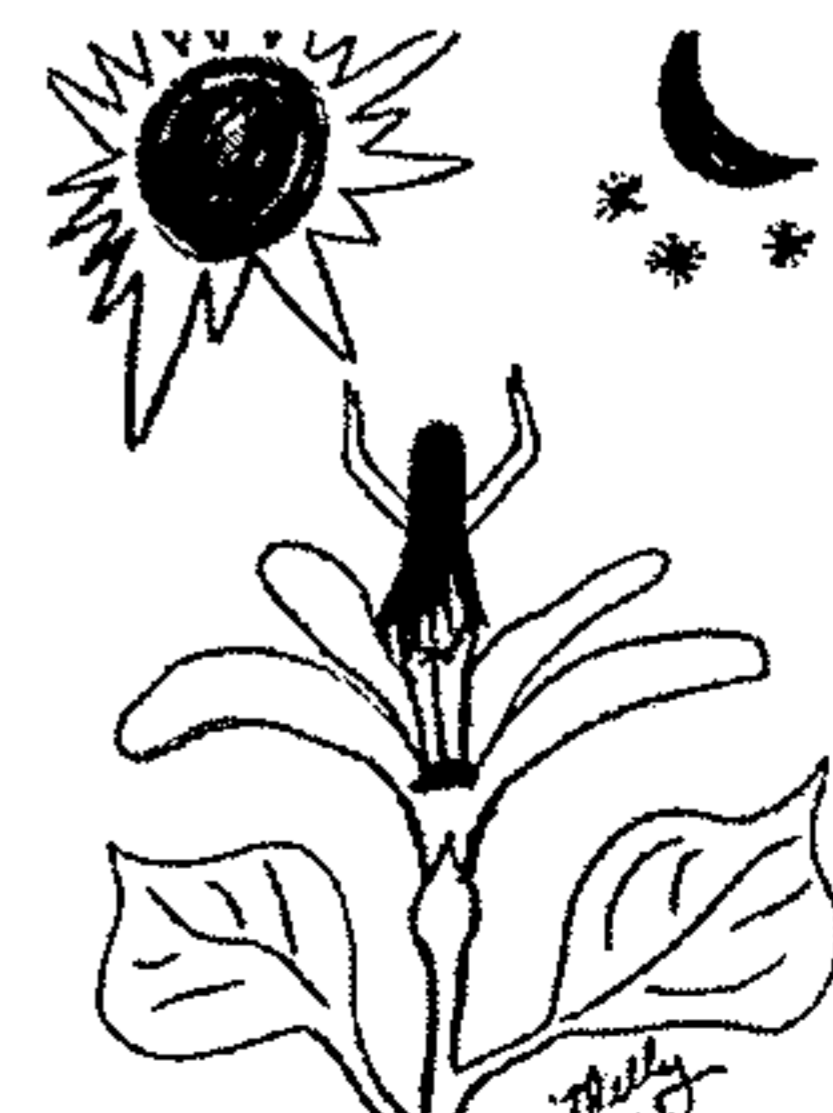
It's still very scary when a child part is up, but Dakota or another adult part will come to their rescue and soothe them.

We have reinvented this relationship to work for all of us. We are trying to slow things down, become the best friends possible while keeping it honest and growing. It's a custom-made relationship built upon love, communication, and individual growth.

Our internal family is both surviving and thriving in relationship. Surviving, as we learn to make it through rough times. Thriving, as Dakota and others help to bring all of us a little closer to front and center.

We believe that we will continue to survive and thrive in all relationships. There will always be mountains of fear to climb followed by the beautiful valleys of love and growth. As long as honest communication is paramount, we will forever be grateful on our life's journey.

MV



Two Poems at My Daughter's Graduation

Tonight I Weep

Tonight I weep for childhoods lost,
lovings unsaid and hopes forgotten.

Tonight I weep for loving parents,
their children lost with songs unsung.

Tonight I weep for relationships
slipping through the fingers of time
past and present.

Tonight I weep,
for tomorrow I must smile.

jj5/15/09



Today I Smile

Today I smile for the light in her eyes
shining brightly and magnificent.

Today I smile seeing her graceful spirit
and wondrous presence.

Today I smile for I know she is on
her own pathway of light,
her own journey, her chosen destiny.

Today I smile for the beautiful baby girl
who has grown to be an amazing
woman.

Today I smile with all the love in my
heart,
with all the joy in my soul,
and with peace in my spirit.

Today, I smile.

By Jenn J. 5/16/09

MV

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Why Do I Self-Injure

By Jeanmarie R.

Self-injury is not something those of us who are self-injurers like to talk about. Many self-injurers are survivors of some form of abuse or other in our childhood or past. We keep it hidden, or try to. It's yet another dark secret among many that we harbor deep within us. When someone does discover our dark secret the first question that comes to their mind and out of their mouths is "Why? Are you suicidal? Why do you mutilate or harm yourself? What possible pleasure do you receive from it?"

The answers are always an emphatic "No! We are not suicidal. No! We do not obtain any sort of pleasure from it." Quite the contrary. Whatever short pleasure or peace we do obtain from it is short-lived since it is almost always followed by extreme guilt about what we have done to ourselves. This always comes full circle to our feeling so loathsome about ourselves that we only want to punish ourselves more.

Yes, for me and I suspect many, self injury comes from our need to punish ourselves as well as release the inner pain that we cannot at times bear. I never like to dwell too much into my childhood or past, mostly because being D.I.D., I don't have many memories myself. Rather they are all scattered into the numerous alter personalities within me. The few memories I have, and which my other selves wished to share with me, I find way too traumatizing to reflect upon.

I find at times it's probably best to let sleeping dogs lie. What I do know is that my need to self-injure is a need for me to punish myself for what was ingrained in me as a child—which was that I was an ugly worthless evil piece of trash; the seed of the devil himself.

My earliest memories of when I first began to self-injure occurred when I was seven or eight years of age. I'd punish myself in order to make myself good, believing if I was good then the abuse would stop and my abusers

would leave me alone. Like I said, I was seven or eight years of age.

Oh, it started relatively unconsciously at first. I'd be sitting in my class at my small desk and feeling extremely anxious—praying to that humongous crucifix above the blackboard behind the nun's desk (my teacher, as well as one of my abusers). I prayed that I would somehow become invisible today. Today my teacher, a nun, would not notice me. Today she wouldn't find something that irritated her about me, and want to yank me out of class and drag me upstairs to that abandoned attic classroom where the others would undoubtedly be waiting in their long hooded robes with lit candles. The ritualistic torturous ceremony would begin as soon as I, the sacrificial lamb, would arrive in terror.

The classroom clock loudly ticking beside that huge crucifix was as loud as the beating of my heart in my tiny chest. I would close my eyes and listen very carefully to the pounding of my heart along with the clock, and for the sound of the footsteps of my teacher, hoping that those footsteps would somehow pass me by today. In my hand was a pencil with an eraser on top that I would use to vigorously rub against my forearm till I felt my skin burning. Other times I would just pull out clumps of my hair or eyelashes, or dig my fingernails into my forearms.

My mother sent me to Catholic school. She felt I would get a better education there. I'm not so sure about the academic side, but I did receive a well rounded education into what was undoubtedly sub-human evil behavior. It's amazing how much one's own body can endure without totally breaking and dying. I came very close on a number of occasions to my body breaking—although these injuries were very well explained to my mother. I was an extremely clumsy little girl, my teacher told my mother. I fell and bumped into things a lot. I didn't fit in with most of my peers who came

from wealthier families. Therefore, I kept to myself a lot which often made me a target of my peers as well. I'll admit I was a scrawny, brainy little kid who got picked on all the time, and not just by my peers. I just couldn't quite figure out why I was hated so much.

But my teacher found a lot of things wrong with me. I was left-handed, for starters. Today being a southpaw is not terrible as it was back in the 50's and 60's. But back in the 60's, especially in Catholic school, it was a curse, or as my teachers (nuns and priests) as well as other members of the long-robed hooded circle cult drilled into me – a most definite sign of the mark of the devil. Good people or children were all right-handed.

I will not go into specific details of what was done to me here. I will tell you that I cannot do anything with my left hand without it having a profound deep emotional psychological effect on me. When both my children were born, I was obsessed that they not be a southpaw. When I attended a special-ed meeting for my daughter, and was told by her occupational therapist that they had discovered she was a left hand dominant, I literally ran to the bathroom and vomited.

Being D.I.D., another alter returned to the meeting and ascertained if this was a problem, my daughter being a lefty. They assured us it wasn't. It was that for a long period of time they couldn't decide if she was a lefty or ambidextrous, which made therapy difficult.

What a relief! I can honestly say I didn't try to force either of my children to be right-handed. My daughter is still left-hand dominant today.

There were many little circumstances in my childhood that added to my becoming a self-injurer. The poor self-esteem; perfectionism; feeling like a failure and worthless piece of trash—all which were drilled daily into me by my abusers.

I remember how I would spend

hours in the morning before going off to school checking and re-checking myself. I was so terrified that I was missing something—something that would undoubtedly be my downfall and result in my being tortured.

I remember one psychiatrist of many I had seen in my life, who along with others gave me so many different diagnoses. This one said I had an obsessive compulsive disorder. That I felt a need to be "perfect" and have perfect order in my life.

Well, she was right about the perfectionism, but not about the reason why. It all tied in with how I became a multiple in the first place because I tried so hard not to be noticed. I would be singled out for the slightest things, like my beret (part of my uniform) being dirty or on crooked or missing; the top button on my blouse not being buttoned; or a scuff on my black and white oxford shoes, etc. I would spend hours in front of the mirror adjusting and readjusting.

Yet still, I sat at my desk in the classroom and felt like a prisoner on death row with the clock loudly ticking on the wall and my heart pounding so hard I thought it would pound right out of my chest—awaiting the footsteps—awaiting my appointment with torture.

Fast forward till I was an adolescent and severely anorexic, who now when she passed a mirror loathed the reflection she saw staring back at her. I had by then not only graduated from erasers and rubber bands and digging my fingernails into my skin or biting or burning myself, but to cutting and starvation. I would abuse laxatives and diuretics as well as purge anything I was forced to intake.

I became obsessed now not only with perfectionism but with mutilation as well as bouts of self destruction. By the time I was 33 years old, and a recent young widow with two special-needs children, I felt I had seen enough ugliness in my life that I no longer wanted to be a part of it any longer.

Of course my late psychiatrist thought otherwise and never failed to pull out the many tools he had in his arsenal to keep me alive. I remember one hospitalization where I had spent a good time on the medical floor

being force-fed. Afterwards I was sent to the psych unit and put on suicide watch with a one-on-one attendant. I still refused to eat.

I was a heavy smoker at the time and desperately wanted to go down for a cigarette with the other patients who smoked. Since I was on suicide watch and deemed a high risk, I could not go down for a cigarette.

Well, one afternoon my psychiatrist Dr. R. came to see me. He had a brown paper bag and pulled out a corned beef reuben on rye with a half-sour pickle and thick vanilla shake. All my favorites. He said as he pulled them out: "Look what I brought you for lunch—your most favorite meal to eat." He told me I had to eat it because he spent \$6 of his own money on the meal. I just shrugged and said he just blew \$6 because I had no intention of eating it. He didn't get discouraged. He merely stared at for a few seconds and then smiled that sly smile of his I grew to know well and said, "I tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to go 'way out on a limb here for you. I'm going to make you a deal. You eat half of this sandwich and drink some of this thick shake, and I promise you can go out for a cigarette. I'll even eat the other half of the sandwich with you."

Well, it was an offer I simply couldn't refuse. So I ate half of the sandwich and drank a bit of the shake and got my cigarette break. Much later I found out he hated corned-beef.

I don't know if it was that particular episode or others he did for me that followed, that made me want to reconsider my need to self-destruct.

Like D.I.D., self-injury is very misunderstood. The inflicting of pain and scarring on the outside is a release of the pain and scarring buried deep within us. For me, it's a pain that only I have created and I alone can choose to continue or stop. I am in control—not anyone else. While I am in my self-abusive reverie it's like my painful reality washes away and I'm in total bliss—perfect, unadulterated bliss. And after, I can view the world and my life with all its turmoil and ugliness for however briefly. Like I said, it's a peace very few can understand.

It's relatively easy for people to spot us if they really looked hard. You know ...the person who only wears long sleeves even in hottest of weather, or wears layers and layers of clothes.

So after what I termed my "corned-beef reuben revelation," I began to work in earnest in therapy. I began to realize the reason I abused myself so horribly. Knowing the reasons is half the battle. I can't say honestly that I am a recovered self-injurer, because that wouldn't be a fact. The fact is, I'm still in recovery. But knowing and understanding the need to self-injury is vitally important in anyone's recovery. I realized I needed to find better, more positive ways to cope with the stress and pain in my life.

Some things I have found helpful are:

Doing something creative, be it painting, collages, journaling or writing. Entertaining myself by listening to music or reading a book or watching a movie.

Practicing violence. Did I say to do something violent? Yes, but not something that would hurt you or anyone else. Here are some ideas: Throwing pebbles in pond or water (skipping). Punching a punching bag. Kicking a tree or striking one with a branch. Kicking a ball around. Screaming out loud or jumping on a trampoline. Jumping rope. Not only do these activities release all that pent-up anger, but they can also be fun as well. I find my little ones do enjoy the trampoline. Jumping rope or kicking a ball is a lot of fun.

Exercising. Running, jogging, or power walking are also very relaxing and healthy.

Inevitably, at one point or another, we self-injurers and trauma survivors will find ourselves in an emergency room. This can be very traumatizing since most ER physicians and staff view us as one of two categories: suicidal or attention-seeking. Most often, neither is the case. I find having a primary care physician you can fully trust, or a therapist or advocate, is very useful at such times. Even a great physician's assistant or nurse practitioner can be a good ally for us. During a recent ER visit where I had incurred self-injury, the attending ER physician was very cranky. He thought

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Why Do I Self-Injure? Cont'd.

I was being intentionally elusive, but due to my DID I had no idea what or how the injury happened. I was treated horribly. I had to visit my primary physician because they made such a mess of dealing with my cut.

Rob, the nurse practitioner in my primary physician's office, took care of me. I said to him "I have no clue what happened." His response was very understanding. "Hey, it happens. OK. Don't sweat it. You were probably the best patient that ER physician had his entire shift."

If I wasn't DID I would probably have kissed him.

I am truly fortunate that I have a lot of good people working with me. For those who don't, my advice is to keep looking. They're out there, you just have to find them. I equate it with buying a pair of shoes. You just have to keep looking and trying them on until you find the ones that are most comfortable and fit you.

Some self-injurers and people with DID do not want to take medications. I was one of them, for a long time, until my late psychiatrist urged me to

keep trying and having patience until we found something that will help. We did. I find Seroquel very helpful with my self-injury and DID issues. It is not right for everyone, but it is right for me. Sometimes even despite horrid side effects, the medication can be helpful. You have to find what works for you.

I find the medication sometimes gives me the opportunity to think about things before turning to self-injurious behavior. I like to think I have complete control over my S-I issues, but then I remember too well that I have slipped many a time, by thinking this way.

Many people tell me they admire my strength and my courage and cannot possibly understand how I do what I do because they just can't do it. I think this angers me a lot. I am neither strong nor courageous. I only know that the words "I can't" are negatives. How do you know you can't unless you've tried?

It would be far easier for me to just lay in bed with the covers over my head than get up and do what I need

to do. I know because I've done that, and it never helped; it only made my life worse.

I don't have the luxury of hiding in bed either. I have people who depend on me and that is my reason for getting out of bed. I know I risk dissociating and losing it at any given time during the day, and it's a scary world out there.

My message here is a simple one: no matter how deep and dark and painful your life is or has been, do not despair. Maybe not today, maybe not tomorrow, maybe not for years to come, but one day you will find a way to overcome the urges of self injury. First, you need a reason. Some people don't have a good enough reason now, but one day they will. For me, my reason is my children. Now I let the paper be my body, and the pen my blade. That's good enough for today. I will worry about tomorrow when tomorrow comes.

MV**PTSD: What the Books and Therapists Don't Tell You****By Shannon D.**

Now 49 years old, I was diagnosed with PTSD 20 years ago, arising from repressed memories of childhood abuse. Despite all of this research and years of therapy, some facts just don't make it into books, and have caught me by surprise. Here is what I have learned.

1) The PTSD "crazies" can happen more than once. I thought that phase of healing was over after about 10 years of not experiencing that initial crap. However, I got massively triggered while at a therapy session, and experienced the crazies all over again. Thankfully it only lasted for a week (instead of months and months), but I got through by telling myself that I'd gotten through it once, and was going to do it again.

My next therapist told me that "of course it can happen again." Well, why don't they tell us?

2) Talk therapy isn't for everyone,

and can even be harmful. This concept doesn't seem to be mainstream yet, and "alternative" therapies are usually listed at the ends of PTSD books.

My massive trigger in #1 was when my therapist of many years asked me to describe something I found to be unspeakable. ("Once you say it, you can heal it," which was just wrong in this case!) So I said the unspeakable, and within 30 minutes of leaving the office was in a major meltdown. I never went back.

My next therapist did eye-movement desensitization (EMDR), tapping and other methods where you do NOT have to verbalize traumatic events, and yet the results have been extremely positive. While still difficult, it is nowhere near the impossibility of speaking about those issues.

3) PTSD can last a long time, resulting in a diagnosis of "prolonged

PTSD" which is what I have. The books I've read all make it seem like at some point it all becomes like a bad memory after 2-3 years of therapy. I'm entering my 20th year of therapy and medication, but am fortunate to be coping and being gainfully employed. If you recover well in 2-3 years or less, that is fabulous. However, don't think you are hopeless if it takes longer!

4) And, amazingly, in the midst of the crazies you can find a spouse or significant other. (OK, maybe the books/therapists say this, but I never believed them.) I always felt so damaged that no one would want me. We've been married 14 years, and while he doesn't quite understand dissociation, he loves me anyway!

I wish you well on your journey.

MV

Family Legacy: Two Poems

By Lily Madera Hursh, June 2009

Spoken Truth

I have released a silken magenta ribbon from the fingertips of my right hand.

Unfurling through time and space

Seeking its way back to when and where I am bound.

It is a lifeline—a token of remembrance.

Remembrance of the truth,

bound up in silken cocoons of forgetting.

My beloved family, changing into spiders spinning silken bindings

Grayish white prisons of terror, gone to dust yet still holding and keeping me blinded and bound & bad by their action and lies and my own close terror.

God is a bludgeon.

Glinting knives,

Stiff feelers in darkness at my mouth—

Moving

Probing

Suffocating—Drowning.

If I am still, and mute, and blind I might become invisible and they will stay away—for now—until I slip, or breathe or move—and they come scuttling back to take away more of me.

But now, finally, my prison has become the mystification of this—the disappearing of all of this and that and finally of my self.

Refuge & trap—This is what must, at long last, end.

Stop.

Cease.

I spend my life reaching for the truth.

Without it, I am left with a poisoned heart, mind, soul, center.

Deservedly damned to hell

Wicked to my very core for their sins that have become my own.

Between Two Worlds

Beyond the past—your present tense,
Lies love—without the cruel cost
extracted in hate & terror.

Love without sacrificing our very soul
and self and truth and joy.

That love has not reached you yet.

But it is streaming toward you, even in
these dark desperate hours.

Love—

It lives

It grows

Up through the foulness of what was
done and said
and what was not.

Strength—

The strength of our silken strand,
a magic strand,
that can transform our prison, our
fortress, into a chrysalis,
a womb from where we emerge
Whole—

Finally flying free of the defining past.

MV



By Maggie S.

Therapist's Page

By Kathy Broady LCSW

Kathy Broady LCSW has worked with adults, teenagers, and children with emotional pain and survivors of trauma and abuse for over 20 years. Her specialties include trauma, dissociative disorders, severe sexual abuse, depression, bipolar, PTSD, anxiety, and self-injury. Individual and group sessions are available online and in-person. Email Kathy@abuseconsultants.com

25 Ways to Avoid Self-Injury and Prevent Self-Harm

Survivors of sexual abuse often struggle with self-injury (SI). Survivors often use dissociative walls to contain and separate intense emotions from themselves. This allows them to stay numb, and to not feel. They can split off their unmanageable, uncomfortable, or conflicting feelings into other parts of themselves, as frequently seen in dissociative identity disorder (DID/MPD).

As those dissociative walls begin to crumble, allowing more emotions and feelings to emerge, survivors often want to maintain or regain that sense of numbness and emotional distance. They will use various forms of self-harm to re-create more distance from feelings.

However, purposeful self-injury and self-destruction create a myriad of other complications. There are a number of reasons why trauma survivors hurt themselves, and hundreds of different ways to do it.

Following is a list of 25 ideas of activities to do when the urgency of self-harm is there. These ideas do not necessarily address the issues fueling the SI, but they can be a helpful distraction during an acute crisis point. If you complete a handful of these ideas when you start feeling compulsions to SI, you might find that you can work past the danger point and get yourself into a more stable place.

Remember — Safety First! (that includes safety from yourself as well) When you are in the immediate danger of harming yourself, try at least five or six of the following ideas. However, do as many as you need to get past the urge to self-harm.

1. **Call a friend or two** and talk to them about anything - the weather, politics, the news, old times, new recipes, etc. Distract yourself, and enjoy the company.
2. **Watch a movie** or two, or three, or however many it takes till you get past the urge to SI. Promise yourself that you will watch movies until you feel safe again.
3. **Write about your feelings** in your journal. Write a poem out about your feelings.
4. **Scrub the house** from top to bottom. Distracting yourself with tedious tasks, paying close attention to details can give you a different focus for the energy you are feeling.
5. **Get out the hottest jar of salsa** and add jalapeno pepper or red chili peppers, and dig in. It might burn your mouth or make your eyes water and your nose run to eat this, but it won't scar or cause actual harm.
6. **Draw or paint on paper** what you want to do to yourself. Draw or paint a second picture showing why you want to do this. Draw or paint a third picture showing how you wish you were feeling.
7. **Play with, pet, hold, or hug your pet.** Find comfort and soothe yourself with the company of your dog and cat instead turning to pain or injury.
8. **Take a walk or exercise.** The physical release of energy is helpful.
9. **Plant a small garden.** Creating something nice, making something pretty to look at, and tending to something alive can put you into a different frame of mind.
10. **Take a bath or shower.** Let the water soothe you and help release your stress. Talking out loud or crying in the shower helps get the pain out that is locked inside you. Let the stress rinse off and send it "down the drain" away from you.
11. **Draw on yourself** with a red marker instead of cutting.
12. **Put a rubber band** on your wrist and snap it when you think of hurting yourself.
13. **Hit a pillow** over and over and over till you tire yourself out or the thoughts go away. Speak or cry while you are doing this, if you can.
14. **Listen to soothing music** (or scream to angry music).
15. **Read your favorite book**, or read a new book from your favorite author.
16. **Watch something really funny** on TV - use comedy and laughter as a release.
17. **Play games online.** Computer games can be monotonous, trancey-hypnotic, time-consuming, and calming.
18. **Work on web pages** or any other big task that requires your attention.
19. **Sleep**, just completely shut down. Let the time pass, and hopefully when you wake up, the intensity of the emotion will have subsided.
20. **For those with DID / MPD**, go to the safe place you have created inside. Visualize nice things, comforting things, favorite things. Allow yourself to be surrounded by good things in life, even if it exists only in your internal world at that moment.

21. Snuggle under your favorite blanket in a safe, private, secure place, and allow the feelings to surface. Cry, shake, feel, breathe. Let yourself experience and feel your feelings.

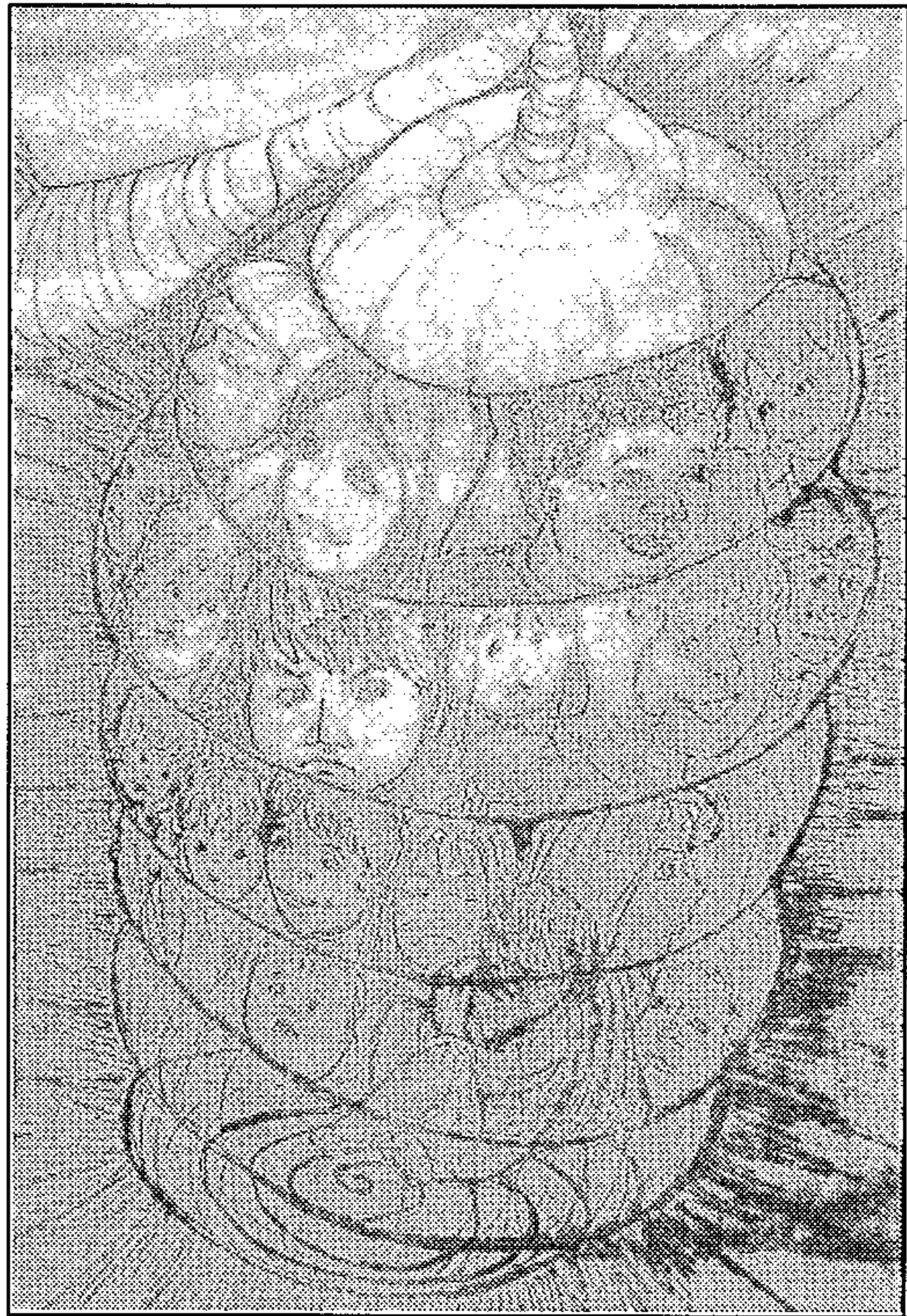
22. Think of all the people who have ever had good, kind thoughts of you. Imagine each of them standing with you, holding hands and being with you. Allow them to offer comfort and support to you, even via your own thoughts. Write letters of appreciation to them.

23. Play the guitar or piano and play out your feelings through the music. Write a song about your feelings. Sing out loud with your favorite CD's. If you find a song that fits just right, play it over and over and over.

24. Close your eyes and visualize yourself on vacation, far away from your stress. If you love the beach, for example, picture yourself walking at your favorite time of the day, barefoot along the shore, feeling the cool breeze across your face, listening to the waves coming and going, watching the sea gulls fly, picking up sea shells. Imagine yourself walking in the warm clear water, swimming with the dolphins, being totally safe.

25. Eat a healthy snack (not too sugary), have a cup of herbal tea, or a glass of milk. Avoid caffeine. Nibble on saltine crackers. Challenge yourself to take 50 nibbles or more on each cracker.

MV



INSIDE COCOON by Cocoon Creations

Invisibility

If I can make myself small enough, tinier still. Then perhaps no one will notice me.

Shhh....don't speak, don't breathe too loud. Quiet, quiet as a mouse. Tiny, quiet, unnoticeable, that's me.

It doesn't work, it never does. No matter how hard I try, it never works. I'm always seen.

But that's okay, because I know something they don't! You see, I can still get away. My body may still be here, but I'm not.

You see, the body is only a shell, a house, you could say. My mind and spirit can easily just fly away.

I usually go to my sweet smelling Grandma's house. She gives me so much love. Hugs, kisses, and such sweetness.

I go out in the sunshine and swing on the tire swing and feel God's warmth on my face, and I roll in the fields of lovely flowers that he put there just for me!

Oh, but the time has come I must go back; please God not yet. I hate that dreadful shell, that place I must call my home, my body.

It always feels so dirty, so heavy and it hurts, but I always go back. I don't know why I go back, but I do.

Now I don't have to go away anymore; now I try to stay here, because my life doesn't hurt so much. I know God has a reason for me now!

By Dawn A.

MV

Dissociation and the Experience of Loss

By Mona

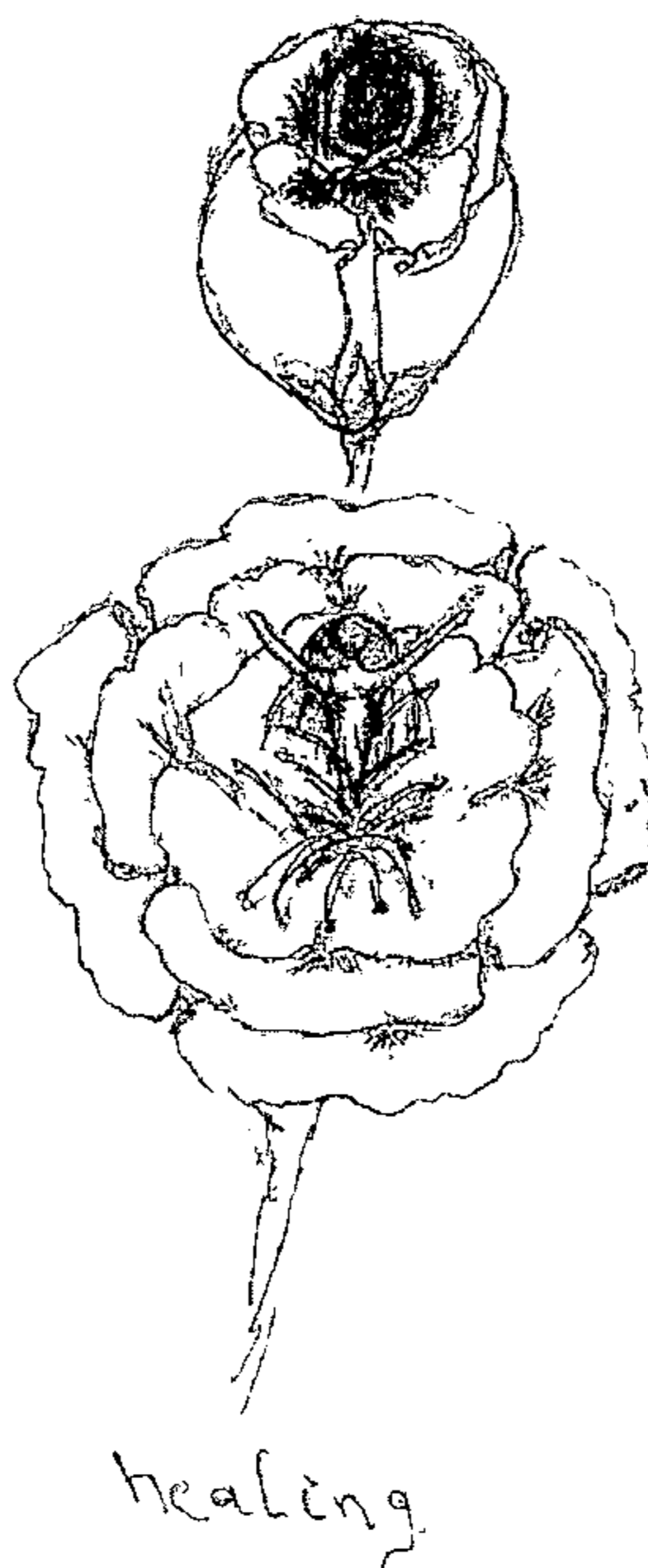
Two years ago I lost my oldest son to suicide. My therapist has had to put on a new hat: grief counselor. And I am so grateful that she was willing to. And I am grateful to River Oaks for working with me. Even though I can't begin to put my loss into words, words have helped. So I wanted to attempt a reflection on grief and dissociation.

For two years my abuse issues have taken a back seat, for the most part, so grieving has been possible. But something happened that I was unprepared for: my inner child(ren) processed my son's death in a different way from my adult self. And as I began to emerge from the most painful first year of loss, I realized that I had to address the grieving needs of my inner selves, and that their needs were different from my adult needs. I am so glad that I wasn't aware of this issue during that first year, because I was already overwhelmed and struggling with making a commitment to life and health. Having to take care of my inner child(ren) would have been too much. There is a view in recovery from trauma that things come up when we are ready to deal with them. I don't know if this is true in general, but in this case it seemed to be.

I had been able to move forward in the grieving process. I had survived the firsts...first birthday, first Mother's Day and Father's day, first Thanksgiving and Christmas, and then the worst of all—first anniversary of his death. I had survived. I suppose I was beginning to heal, if healing is the right word. It doesn't feel like healing, maybe just accepting. Accepting that he is not coming home, that I will never be able to hug him, or ruffle his hair or tell him I love him. That I will never be able to do anything for him ever again, that he will never be able to receive my love.

I had survived the first intense waves of guilt and anger I felt as a mother who had not saved her son. I

had survived a loss of faith. I had survived the absence of God, an absence of support, an absence of meaning that reached into my soul and beyond, into the silent universe beneath and around me. I was even beginning to entertain the possibility of God again. And then I felt pulled



By Mona

back to the beginning of my grieving journey. I got in touch with the anger and the guilt of my inner child selves and a whole new process of grieving began.

I discovered that a child self felt responsible for letting Malcolm die, for not taking better care of him. A child self about 9 years old. When I was nine I remember feeling responsible

for protecting my sister from my abuser; this inner child now felt responsible for protecting my physical children too, and she hadn't protected Malcolm. She had failed him. I had to gently nurture her through her guilt and convince her that she was not responsible, that I was the mother and I was an adult and I couldn't save him either.

Then an angry child surfaced. My 6 year old was angry because Malcolm was her hero. Malcolm had rescued her on more than once occasion. Once when she found herself behind the wheel of the car and unable to drive he had come to drive her home. He had stayed home with her and watched movies when she couldn't work. He had made her feel safe in the house when big Malcolm was away. How could he abandon her now? How could he choose to leave her forever? Didn't he love her any more? Who was going to take care of her now? "I hate Malcolm. He said he was always going to be there for me. He lied." It was awful feeling angry at Malcolm, it was tempting to be angry at my inner child. But she didn't understand, she was hurting and she needed me. I had to convince her that Malcolm didn't go away because he didn't love her, he was just hurting too much to go on.

"Has he stopped hurting now?" "Yes, he is happy now. He is fishing with Pawpaw and telling stories." "I'm glad he's not hurting any more. Is he mad at me for being angry?" "No, sweetheart, he understands. He is sorry he made you sad. But he will never stop loving you. Alright?" "OK. But I wish he hadn't left me." "Me too!"

Next I discovered that my 4 year old was really scared. She was scared waking up in the morning and no one was there. She was scared thinking that no one would be able to rescue her if they couldn't drive. She didn't like it when I wasn't the one driving. I had to explain to her how I was going

to keep her safe. Trouble was, I didn't know how. And that is where I am, still.

The mornings are my worst time, in general. I have been diagnosed with Type II diabetes and in the morning I often feel shaky and light headed. I eat a small, low carb breakfast and take my medicine, but my whole system feels out of whack in the morning. I have often had difficulty sleeping; I am depressed being in the house alone; my body chemistry is unbalanced; and I have a hard time getting out from "inside" my dreams from the night before. If I read the newspaper I am easily triggered by headlines dealing with abuse. In the shower I phase out and twenty minutes can go by and I don't even know if I have washed my hair. I am frequently late for work and have to stay late to make up the time. I am struggling with dissociation when I drive to work. I use grounding techniques: ice, loud music, air conditioning on my face, reading signs out loud, singing. Then I find myself struggling back from somewhere and not being sure where I am or where I went and sometimes not being sure how to drive. Often I

keep driving when I should pull over, because I am already late.

I feel that a lot of my mourning issues are associated with my 4 year old. She feels unsafe and she feels alone. So now my parenting issues are with my inner child. I can't be a better mother to Malcolm; I can continue to hold him in my heart but I can't fix him. What I need to work on today is my self-parenting. I need to draw up morning safety plans and rules about driving. I need to take up my dialoguing again. I have ignored my inner selves for too long. I have to engage all of me in the grieving from now on. Being safe will continue to be a challenge, but all my children deserve to be safe.

Although this reflection may sound coherent and reasonable, I want to make it clear that it took me all of my second year of grieving to begin to figure these things out. Grief is exhausting, overwhelming and debilitating; grief is traumatic. But if you have been in therapy for another type of trauma, as I have, you will have learnt tools that you can use to help you through your grief. Just don't expect to be able to access these tools right away. First you have to

learn to breathe again, and to sleep again, and to become aware of life going on around you. And when you are ready, you will begin to heal.

MV

Stitching the Soul

Our memories ripped us apart, leaving us in pieces.

Lost to one another, pain unyielding.
Breath abandoned. Annihilation of life.
Family abandoned, looking around and about.

Always searching...we discover pieces of ourselves lying in wait.

Are we tempting fate?

Should we attempt to put the pieces back together?

Remains of babies, toddlers, teenagers and adults.

Await their reunion with the body.

Life once discarded begins to recreate itself.

Stitches of time, tenderly reshape the soul.

By Crystal-Mylove & Co.

MV

Anger & Rage

By Polly F.

Anger and rage do not have to be destructive. 20 years ago I landed in a place where the local clinic was very abusive. I was being treated for delusional paranoid schizophrenia, though I was a classic case of DID. My rage became so bad I was starting to be a dangerous person. I have stress induced seizures which cause "hypographia." That means I've got to write and write some more. I filled tons of pages with my rage.

One day, I realized that writing it out helped me keep my temper, so I began to systematically list every rage issue and wrote about it. I had to get rid of all the pages before they filled our apartment. I'd grab a fat stack of paper and rip it up into dime-sized bits. Wow, physical relief on top of the venting! One day, when I was ready to blow my top, someone inside decided

to fill a pillowcase full of ice to smash, using a light object. We pictured the people we were really mad at, and smashed and smashed. When I finally felt better, I had a pillowcase full of slush! So I added my favorite Koolaid, and had free slush puppies!

Rage and anger are not reasonless emotions. We discovered we were very hurt. We were feeling abandoned, in physical or emotional pain or terror. And being mad or angry, even to the level of rage, was safer than facing those pain and terror issues.

My husband and I were in this shelter together, but as I wrote and drew the rage issues, I began to feel better and became unwilling to live where the center was so abusive. We left and ended up being homeless for awhile.

That is when I learned to use my

rage—not to hit or hurt people or ourselves—but use it as an active force to see a problem and decide to make changes. The staff lost the war, but we lost the shelter.

I finally realized that some things that make you want to be violent are simply not worth the energy and mind space. To let myself get angry would be an insult to the abuses in my past. I got more practice in helping others by using the energy of my anger.

Now I still feel anger, even rage. But I have learned to think and choose my best actions, to do what helps me the best. My husband and I are going to move into a nicer, bigger place and I have more good-to-great days than bummers now. I attribute that change to many people, with their help, and my faith in God and in myself.

MV

I am 14 and This Is My Story

By Tivona

www.myshatteredreality.com

My name is Tivona. I'm not a famous author, model, or actor. I'm not Super Girl trying to save the world, or a Super Villain trying to destroy it. I'm not anyone special except to my family. I'm just an ordinary, fun loving, moody teenager. I'm just trying to grow up and live an average life like everyone else. I'm 14 and looking forward to high school.

Yet there are days that I wake up and feel like I can't relate to anyone else in the world. I want to be a ghost and disappear. There are days I wish I weren't here. During the day, I maintain A's in school, I sing, draw in my journal, hang out online with my friends, play the saxophone, am an avid hunter, and am a halfback on my soccer team. Yet at night, when I crawl into my warm bed—surrounded by my soft blankets, my cats and more stuffed animals than you can count—I feel so alone. So isolated. Like no one else in the world knows how I'm feeling. It's at this time that I have to deal with my own private monsters and demons.

In the dark, I feel like no one could understand me. I'm not worried about the typical teenage stuff because my life over the last 4 years hasn't been really ordinary. It's been conventional on the outside while pain and guilt raged on the inside. Quietly, I've suffered. How could I tell anyone I was the victim of sexual assault? Who could I tell and who would believe me?

As the daughter of someone in law enforcement and the niece of an attorney, I have always been told and led to believe, that if you do something wrong—you are punished. There are consequences for your behavior. Today, as I write you my story of sexual abuse at the hands of a loved one, my abuser is free to roam the streets of our town because the Prosecuting Attorney refuses to follow up on my claims of abuse.

I know it is hard to listen to these

accusations. I know it is hard to comprehend that "this" person can do "these" things but there is a silent epidemic occurring in this country and it is harming those of us you in the legal profession have sworn to protect! Please take a minute to listen to our cries for help. They are not false or made up. They are very real. In some of our lives, there are truly monsters who hide under our beds and in our closets at night just waiting for the darkness so they can attack. We rely on you to help and we need you now, more than ever.

My story began in 1994:

People talk about "Princesses." Royalty really isn't my thing—I enjoy the supernatural (vampires, really.) Nevertheless, for years, I was truly a Princess in my family. As the first born for both sides of extended family, I entered this world in grand fashion—an emergency C-section. For my loved ones, I truly was a miracle and blessing. I grew and thrived from the attention and you can truly say I was "spoiled rotten." So many camera flashes have gone off in my face over the years, it's amazing I am not blind. As an avid hunter, my grandfather had me appreciating nature as soon as I could walk and follow in his footsteps. Even my name, Tivona, means a "love for the outdoors." This man was my hero.

My perfect innocent "happily-ever-after-fairytale-princess" life and childhood began to crumble and ended when I was 10. That was the year my grandfather died. That was the year that my whole world began to shatter into small pieces and fall apart around me. It was at that time my uncle would also begin to groom me for his own sexual pleasure and means of control. It began with slow rubs and touches and progressed from there.

During this time, my uncle gradually eroded our appropriate

adult/child boundaries, built a wall of secrecy around us and finally established compliance through my fear. Over the next 3 years, I was repeatedly reminded that this was "our little secret" and I mustn't say a thing. He told me that I would be to blame if anyone discovered our secret little game. He repeatedly told me that this would really hurt my mom if she knew, and that he would go to jail if I told. Each time he said that, a part of me died. I betrayed what I knew was the "right thing to do" because I was afraid no one would believe me, and because I didn't want my close-knit family to fall apart. It just seemed easier to close my eyes, retreat to the darkness in my head, and "go along" than upset anyone. My life became a fraud and a fiction. Do you know how much energy is consumed to keep a secret hidden from ourselves and our families?

As a family member, he had seduced us all. He had our devotion and love. He was trustworthy and above reproach. His popularity within our family covered behaviors that should never have been tolerated. He was a trusted friend and relative; a pillar of the community. He would never do anything shady or inappropriate. That is what he hoped everyone would believe if I ever told our "secret".

By creating an untarnished mage, he has convinced my beloved aunt and his children that he is innocent and that I am lying and trying to destroy his pristine image in our lives and our community. He has "explained away" most of his actions with excuses. When approached with his inappropriate behaviors, he responded by being insulted and became extremely defensive. Although never acknowledging the abuse, he never once denied it, either.

His response to the police, and I quote: "If that's what she said happened, then it must have

happened...I just don't remember."

During my short time in therapy, I have learned that pedophiles are like any other predator. They stalk and hunt children as their prey. Many predators, like mine, will spend weeks, months, and even years grooming their victims. They are calculating, manipulative, and very, very patient when it comes to achieving their goal. Molesters are charming. They get along with everyone and are usually popular. They can (seem to) be upstanding members of the community and tend to present a perfect image. Like my uncle, they are "great guys" and "everybody's friend." They are charming and intimidate other adults into believing they are above reproach. Their behavior is a controlled public image—for I know all too well about their private behaviors. My counselor says she has never met a "child molester she didn't like."

Today, I wonder if he is capable of feeling, let alone harbors a conscience. And did he, in all those years of wonderful memories, ever really "love" me? Is he sorry for the destruction he has caused in all our lives, even though he refuses to admit it? I'd like to know WHY? Why did he choose to cross that line of trust? And How? How could he show up year after year, event after event? Just pretending, never showing how he was hurting me and how he had hurt my aunt and his granddaughter before me (those who chose to harbor that pain internally for years, until I told?) How could he torture us all like that with his "games?" Yes, I know will never get the answers that I want, or deserve, but I continue to silently wonder...

Like any other addict, when asked, he creates excuses for all around him to explain his behavior, and he has placed the blame for his behavior solely on me (just like he said he would.) He has made me lose faith in myself, all in an attempt to control me. There are mornings when I wake up that I don't recognize the "girl in the mirror." I feel as if my spirit has been surgically extracted.

There are days I act like a wounded animal: crying, attacking, and

retreating. I am working to understand this is not my fault. I ask for reassurance that my perpetrator was a liar when he said that I had control and could stop it at any time. I agonize over the line of appropriate touch at the same time my hormones are throwing me into that "time of my life." I am filled with confusion, anger, and premature sexualization at a time when I'm already battling those issues. Talk about the "straw that could break the camel's back." I struggle with the fact that my uncle made me feel as an accomplice in this whole lie.

The pain is similar to jumping out of an airplane without a parachute. I mourn the loss of a relationship with my Aunt. I have bad dreams; break into tears for no reason and battle anger—at my perpetrator and my extended family for letting this happen to me. I can say: I take it day by day. Sometimes minute by minute. Sometimes I have to remember to breathe.

I want consequences for my uncle's behavior.

Today, the reports have been filed; the secrets are out. So how can he be free to just roam about? Don't I have the right to be Safe, Strong and Free? (Don't so many other victims have the same right?) The prosecuting attorney refuses to file charges because there were no witnesses and they can't see my broken heart and soul. It's his word against mine. Without formal charges, his name will never be on a sexual predator list; many others aren't either because only 1 in 16 perps are actually prosecuted, if you can believe that or not! And only 6% of these people will ever spend time in jail! Are your kids safe?

There has been no justice for me so far. Even if justice is served, this case will be over for those of you who are reading and those who have worked on my case, but for me and my family, this is still just the beginning—a new beginning, I hope—but a part of our lives we will never forget.

I truly believe that society has the resources to put an end to the epidemic of child abuse. At the very least, we can drastically reduce it. Why don't we? Are we too afraid it can

happen in our own homes, and that's scarier to acknowledge than believing it is the "horrible monster" we see on "Law and Order" that causes the destruction?

Talking about sexual abuse of children is crossing into frightening, unfamiliar territory for many people. We live in a very confusing society with hypocritical views on sex and sexuality. We are uncomfortable talking about sex, but we are willing to have it sold to us through songs, magazines, TV and advertisements.

My advice to you? Educate your children. Set rules. We like rules and it's easier to tell when a rule has been broken. Teach your children age appropriate information about their bodies. Tell them it is ok to say "NO!" And that it's ok to break a promise they might make about sexual abuse. Teach your children that they need to tell about sexual abuse, even when the offender is someone they like, love, or even live with. Finally, let your child know that if sexual abuse happens to them, they are still a good person, they are still lovable, and that you believe them and will love them no matter what.

Child sexual assault is one of the deepest, darkest, best-kept secrets. How many victims are out there? I guess we will never really know. I am asking, pleading with you to take a stand. Remind all those who choose to seek out children that their behavior will not be tolerated, no matter who they are. I believe I did the right thing by finally "telling." I told the police. I was open and honest, even though it was extremely embarrassing to retell my story to one stranger after another. I truly hope that my openness can save other children. I believed in the process of the justice system. All I am asking is that the justice system believes in me, too.

Education is a powerful tool—let's use it! I am hoping that the America I grow up in will be better for my children.

Aids to Healing

By Kate

Last year I wrote about little Insider Books I'd made, which I've found helpful. Still working with them and some other methods, I encountered Peggy Pace's therapeutic healing model, Lifespan Integration. It is both a formidable and fairly comprehensive methodology available to therapists for working with many types of problems. However, as events have propelled me into self-healing (after years of excellent therapy) I extracted from her book an approach I found worked amazingly well in conjunction with the little insider books and other approaches.

Insider Books

To recap and expand on the short account last year, with the help of a long arm or swivel stapler and folded paper, little books can be made. On one side of the spread, a verse or something can tell the inside child, teen or adult that the awful past is over and they are now in a better present. The insider themselves may want to write some of this, of the specific horrors of the past. The words could contain a grounding at the end, or, in the case of some children and perpetrator-attached, containment. It can help to remind them they are loved, what they need to do, that they need to move on and that they belong.

On the other side there is space for a picture, photo, or image of their choice. Babies, toddlers and small children may love illustrations from mother and baby books and stickers, while mid-age children may like magazine or comic book illustrations with their own words in the bubbles. The older ones may love nature photos or images. The images are particularly helpful for the little ones who relate to pictures more than words. After awhile, just thinking of their picture may calm them.

Making the little books ensures that every single insider gets a chance to express themselves. Previously silent ones can be revealed as cornerstones of the system, or major connectors

between different periods of abuse. Insiders who have been left out because their trauma has been so painful can make a lot of difference once they are included. And every single insider has a tangible proof that they belong, has others next to them, and belongs in a particular book if many books have to be made.

It can also involve re-naming of insiders. While the original name may remind of the abuse, a new name can inspire. The very act of shedding the old name and acquiring one with positive association can be a huge spur to healing.

Building the narrative memory

The most helpful form for the little books is to make them chronological. Insiders often know who they are next to, and the pictures they choose can give a dramatic indication of their age—with the proviso that very traumatised children regress. Slowly, and with many changes, a rough chronology emerges.

Peggy Pace's therapy depends on a visual time-line of neutral images. As I understand it, symptoms the client brings produce, on investigation, an inner self-state (or, for us, insider), who is at once protected, by the client self being angry with the perp on their belief, and diagnosed with. The self-state is then placed in time and connected to the present by running through the time-line images to the present day.

While it seems you need help to construct a neutral time-line, I found that as soon as I began to put dates and ages into the little books, a revolution occurred. Insiders, for the first time, began to see that their experiences were in the past—and the teens in particular, were immensely indignant to realise we were "old"! To date the insiders, a visual time-chart had to be constructed into which they were written, and this helped the system deeply, too. Putting data outside us, in a visual representation, gave further reality both to it and the scale of time elapsed since the abuse

ended.

Now an entire book could be read in one go, and it proved an immensely strengthening experience. Each insider's experience was contacted and contained, and then we moved on, adding also bits about good things of that time, which, as Peggy Pace found, begin to emerge with this type of approach.

Anger work in the form of unsent angry letters to perps, can form an integral part of this approach, and be stuck on a wall for a few days. They give a chance to tell the abuser what you think of him or her, what would happen to them if there was any justice—how they'd be ostracized, shamed, jailed, etc for what they did—and what you'd like to happen to them in terms of rotting in hell with only one chance of redemption, etc.

Such a letter can help the older ones move from fear to anger, a much healthier state of mind. If older ones write letters for the little ones, it's a chance for the small children to see/feel someone angry on their behalf. This can have a dramatic effect. Reason can't reach young children, but emotion does, and they can realize their abuser was bad, wrong, naughty. And then they may get angry too, instead of scared, and want to add to the letter.

Peggy Pace writes of the need for the adult client to get angry on behalf of abused child states as they emerge, and I have found that it can make all the difference to the severity of a triggering to be angry that an insider was abused.

Visualizations can also be helpful, particularly, I find, of "harrowing" or otherwise visually destroying the site of abuse (and perps). Then the comforting and sustaining picture in the stickers on their pages can also enable anger to emerge and different issues be worked through. Somehow the books act as containment and safety.

Being with Insiders.

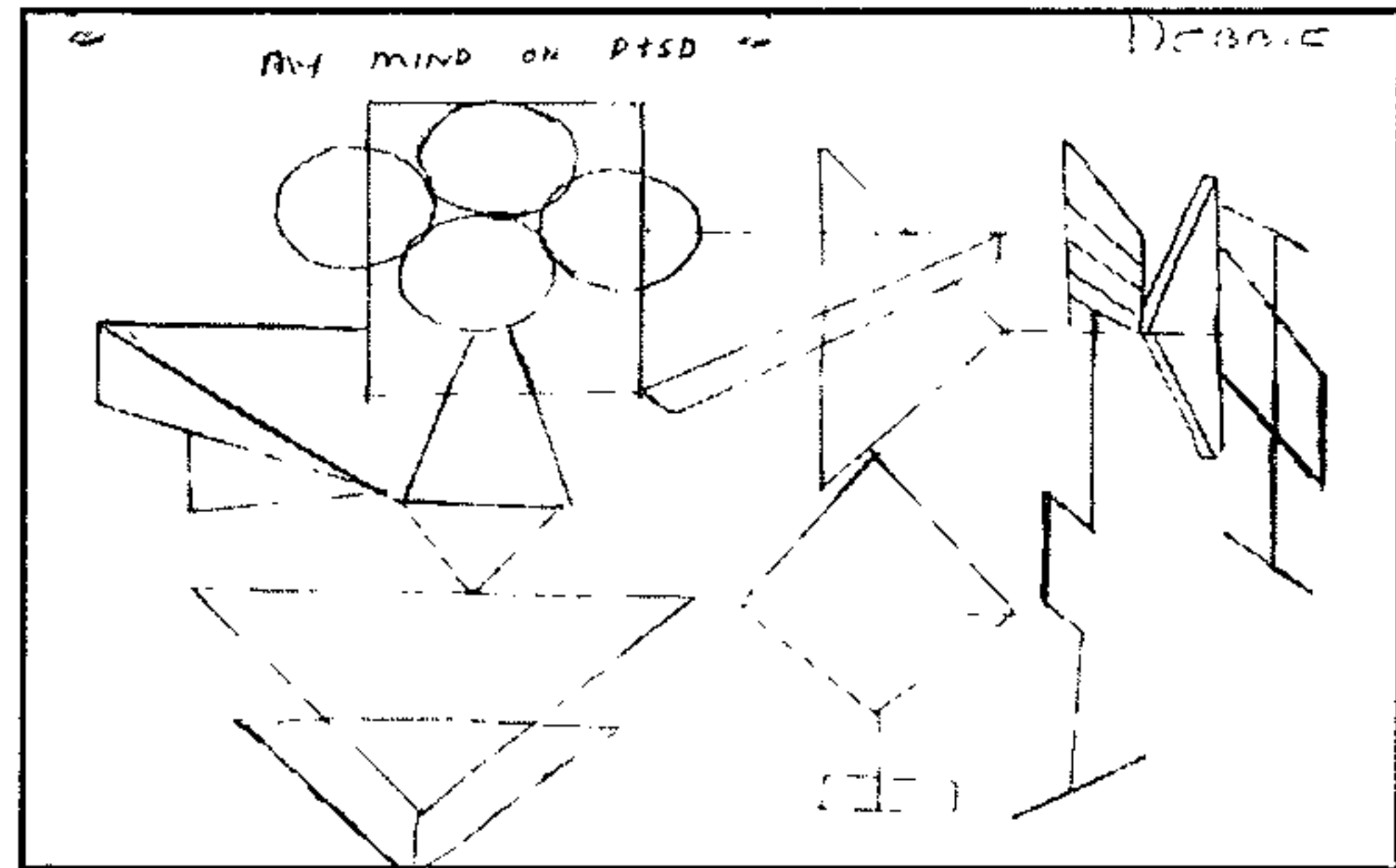
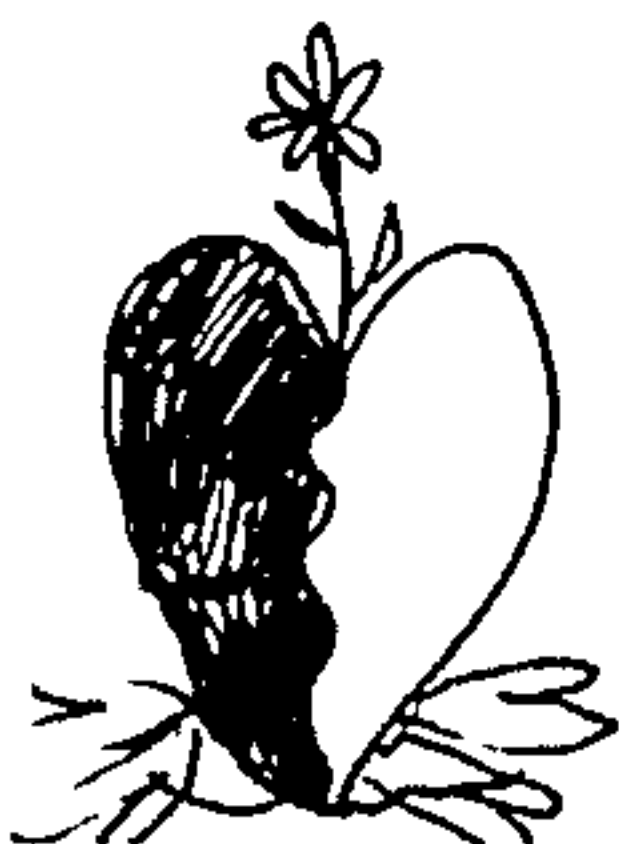
This works well in conjunction with the little books. It can be very grounding for insiders to spend time with the host, in the body. At first this may be mostly an opportunity for some of their terror to be felt—in the belly, chest, back, wherever. It can be a time for them to realize the abuse really is over. They are in a quite different place, and different things are going on around. There may be unpleasant looking men, but they do not touch and have no right to rape. It can be marvelous for an insider to see further than a room space and to see beauty. There may be a vivid sensation of seeing something for the first time.

Holding an insider in consciousness, trying not to lose contact, can be an experience of deep beingness called, I think, *mindfulness*, by at least one Buddhist order. It can be deeply calming to many, and especially those chronologically close to the insider. Maintaining this contact as much as possible over a few hours is very healing. The more it is done, with more insiders, the closer the relationship between host and insiders becomes. It seems to contribute to triggered insiders being more able to come forward and say they've been triggered, closer to the actual time of the triggering.

This type of contact can be initiated by staying with an insider who's been upset, and maybe moving in some way with them, maybe a shimmy of anger, before holding them in consciousness. After a while, it may become possible to summon up insiders to be with. Over time it seems easier for insiders to be around when involved in simple forms of activity.

I hope that some of these methods that have helped me may help others, and my thanks to Peggy Pace for her inspiring new approach.

MV



BOOKS

Overcoming Prescription Drug Addiction: A Guide to Coping and Understanding

By Rod Colvin, MS. ©2008 by Rod Colvin. Published by Addicus Books, Inc., P.O. Box 45327, Omaha, Nebraska 68145. \$19.95 paperback, \$12.95 downloadable e-book. 196 pgs plus Index. ISBN: 978-1-886039-88-9

Rod Colvin's brother Randy died at age 35 of prescription drug addiction. In his "About the Author" statement, the author writes: "It's a perplexing problem, and life doesn't come with a training manual on what to do when you or a loved one becomes addicted. I hope this book will provide some measure of insight and comfort."

This book is a remarkable and informative tribute to Colvin's brother. In clear, very readable prose, it explains how addiction happens, the impact it makes on individuals and families, and discusses treatment options in detail. Especially interesting are the first-hand stories of recovery by addicts who are learning to manage their problems, as well as case studies of their experiences with different treatment regimens. Complicated patients, such as those with trauma histories, may require longer treatment times. Helpful guidelines for choosing a treatment center are provided, plus potentially-lifesaving advice for addicts, such as this: "One of the dangers of relapse is having the mistaken belief that, should you return to taking drugs, you can consume the same amount of opioids as you did at the peak of your addiction, when your tolerance was

high. However, within weeks of being off an addictive drug, your tolerance is reduced significantly. If you were to take the same high doses as before, you risk a potentially fatal overdose." Interviews with family members, physicians, and others impacted by the fastest growing area of addiction in the US put this book in the "Must Read" column for many MV readers.

Mindfulness for Two: An Acceptance and Commitment Therapy Approach to Mindfulness in Psychotherapy

By Kelly G Wilson, PhD with Troy Dufrene. © 2008. Published by New Harbinger Publications Inc., Oakland CA \$59.95 hardback, includes DVD-ROM with 6+hrs sample therapy sessions and more. 226 pgs. plus appendix. ISBN-13: 9781572246317

This book helps integrate the Acceptance and Commitment Therapy technique (ACT) with actual client participation in sessions. The mindfulness goal for the therapist is to be present in the moment, and alert to a full range of emotions, sensations, and facial or body cues of the client. But not every therapist is a "natural" in the art of listening and giving undivided full attention. This book assists with step-by-step directions that deepen the therapeutic dyad and bring about more useful, empathic interventions. The accompanying DVD includes video, audio, and reproducible worksheets and assessments. Jargon is minimal, the personal is emphasized in this highly readable and useful book.

--Lynn W.

MV

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