

## **Cruel Deception**

**Joy McQuiston, Author on Domestic Violence/Child Abuse**

### ***Another Day: Another Viewpoint***

**A day of rising in my current home is a blessing compared to a day of waking in my childhood homes, living within an unhealthy environment, while coping with the abuse I was forced to endure from my family.**

**After many long years of teaching myself I am worthy of love, and breaking down the wall I had built around me, I have begun to flourish in the way of making lifelong friendships, enjoying hobbies and basically taking in the beauty which surrounds me. The beauty has always been there, however until I was able to rid the anguish, fear and deep cuts to my very soul, I did not recognize it, nor appreciate it. I now hear the birds chirping and value the scent of a freshly cut flower. My pets (my children) I've raised through my adult years have been a priceless addition to my current homes. Their compassion has warmed my heart and I have learned love was possible to exchange with one another, in a positive and healthy manner.**

**I financed my own way through a few years of collage and reached for the stars, not as an actress, but working behind the scenes in Music Editing, when I worked at 20th Century Fox Studios located in Los Angeles, California. Additionally, as this website shows, I became an author of "Cruel Deception" which was published in 2005. Other occupational endeavors I can acclaim are working as a legal assistant in a few law firms, as well as working as an office manager for a public broadcasting television station. This all took some work, but I can say I accomplished some things in my lifetime, other than the despair I took ownership in, as a child.**

**As a child, all I really wanted was a mommy and daddy to love me. As a child, and as an adult, I learned they didn't. When a mommy and daddy teach you at a tender age that you were never wanted or loved, it tends to alter your way of thinking for the remainder of your life. Children were not put on this earth to be hated, abused, neglected, ridiculed, abandoned and left to fend for themselves, in God's eyes. But each and everyday this happens to a child, somewhere.**

**It's easy for some to say to look for the pony or gold, but it is not quite so easy for those who have lived pure hell on earth as a child. I leave my doorway of my home, and I see a family leaving their home together. I see the father smiling while holding the hand of one of his children. I am suddenly blocking out the visions of the beatings I received from my father. I see a mother looking lovingly at her daughter, as she helps her into the car. I instantly have to erase the memory of the scowls I saw on my mother's face when she looked at me. I drive for a couple of blocks and park to enter a store or a bank or a doctor's office, running an errand. I see another**

**mother with her children and listen to the love they share with one another, while I'm eavesdropping in their little world. I have to leave that aisle, or waiting room, before I begin to feel the hurt; feeling my heart break into pieces.**

**These scenarios I have described above are consistently repeated, wherever I may choose to walk upon this earth, each week...each month...each year. So, while I am constantly putting forth an effort to reach for the stars, or gold, or see that little pony in the corner of the barn, I am teaching myself that I am worthy of love too. I am looking at all the love other families share and forcing myself not to feel left out, or be resentful. I am constantly blocking out the memories of horror while simultaneously telling myself that I too am worthy of living, and being loved.**

**When I long for a mother or father's embrace, or try to imagine what it would have been like as a child, I just work at telling myself that it just was not meant to be in this lifetime for me. Yet, the love and embraces I received from my grandparents when they were alive, or from my current husband, friends and pets, I'm finding are a wonderful replacement. For me, this is how I continue to thrive on this planet, well within a healthy and healing manner. I may not feel dedication to my biological family, and have chosen to leave them behind, but I do worship love when it is genuinely offered to me. I finally realized that love has always been out there waiting for me to acknowledge, yet it is not mandatory that I receive it through a bloodline.**

**Yes, we all need to look at the brighter side and hope and pray for a better tomorrow. Sometimes, though, it can truly wear one out when there is so much of this "teaching oneself" going on, all the while we still have to act and be "normal" while we pay our taxes and abide the law. We still have to earn our keep and clean our homes like ordinary people, yet keep on striving for some sanity and unity in this world, while working ever so diligently at feeling we connect to this beautiful world; learning the feeling that we too belong in this society.**

**Not all people have the same tapestry carved out for them when they were born. Yet, I believe many of us who have suffered unjust abusive treatment, or traumatic events, are able to carve a new life; a better life for ourselves for the years to come. With effort, I accomplished it. I now walk with a light step and with purpose, enjoying a loving and healthy life among society. There is beauty in our world and this is what I now focus on, and thrive in.**

***By Joy McQuiston***