

A Writer's Perspective of Healing Within - The Reality of Child Abuse

"The Cost is High – The Reward Even Greater"

As a prelude to this theme, please allow me to bring forth to the reader the imperil consequences incurred on a society, whereby our social order itself has enabled, or contributed to such damages toward the subject of Child Abuse. This unspoken, yet hideous epidemic is factual, and the reality of it continues to remain a mystery to a greater portion of our humanity.

Although this contagion affects children all over the world, every second, every day, and is usually hidden behind closed doors, for some reason our society as a whole, appears to not be able to comprehend the statistics, or the gravity of this crime, or people tend to purposely ignore this act of violence or emotional infliction of pain, time and time again. The saddest outcome from this actuality is the fact that our civilization allows this to happen to children – our beautiful, innocent and precious little beings, who will eventually play a major role in forming the future for many years to come.

We give to charities, look out for the homeless, advocate against drunk drivers, hope and pray for the cure of cancer, but we turn our back on unprotected children who suffer from the hands of others, while these little angels have very little support from a society who appears to be more interested in their personal life, or their own little family they have created to be a part of this human race. Could this epidemic of Child Abuse, with proven and outrageous statistics to back it up, continue to thrive due to our society's neglect? Is it possible that because our very human race has looked elsewhere, either due to fear, repulsion

or some other motive, that the cycle of Child Abuse is never broken?

Before I reach the very core of my message today, I would like to add one more important truth which, to me personally, is the most difficult to accept, or even attempt to digest. As an observer of various cultures, I have witnessed on a daily basis, loving parents in the act of guiding and nourishing their offspring. These personal observations, along with having others share with me their love of their children, and others' children, as well as these very parents revealing characteristics of possessing the ability to take pride in their loved ones – their children of the future, cannot or will not grasp the fact that our world today do not have mothers and fathers, or other various guardians, who are Ward and June Cleavers of the same world. This in itself, I find appalling.

As promised, I will now lead to the foundation of this topic written today. I have no doubt that victims of childhood abuse, and especially those writers or orators who have been victimized themselves as children, will have any difficulty in understanding the concept of the pros and cons in speaking out against Child Abuse. Unless an individual has been unfortunate enough to have received such maltreatment, no matter how educated they are on the subject, and no matter what degree they possess, it is completely and utterly impossible for another human being to seize the pure devastating results that buries itself deep within the human core. This is a child's spirit I am referring to, or an adult's baggage that tends to latch on, and force the individual to haul it wherever they may roam this earth.

This is not to say that we do not have compassionate people in our world – we certainly do. It is not to say that we have unprofessional and/or inept medical care providers in the mental

health field either. We do have adequate doctors and therapists to administer what they can to aid in the healing of the wounded children. But there is no doubt in my mind whatsoever, that unless the person or professional has been dealt a deep blow to the essence of their being, it would be impossible for any human being to imagine it to such an extent to feel he/she has actually experienced and lived the nightmare. Logic wins out on this one. It is not easy to grapple this concept, but the fact remains that this reality is true.

Having been severely abused as a child myself, as an adult I had set out on a dedicated and compulsive course to heal myself, and while doing so, I had the obligatory sense that I just might begin to aid others in the way of healing themselves as well. The finish line is still up ahead, and I cannot attest to the fact that I can visibly see that final goal line in front of me, but I can honestly say I have chosen the proper road to lead me to my desired destination. However, along this trail, I have learned some lessons that are not necessarily attractive or desirable to accept, but they are educational factors that I can no longer ignore anymore. It is through my venture I have learned that by reaching out to others in the way of help or support with respect to the topic of Child Abuse, I have also paid a dearly price by speaking out to the public.

Because many of our members of the human race tend to shy away from the subject of Child Abuse, and the stigma that tends to be attached to it, by speaking out frankly on this very matter, I have lost family and friends along the way. Even though I consider myself a survivor, and have purposely hidden my scars and shameful history from others, prior to my publicly addressing this issue, the seed was planted many years ago. This very seed holds similar characteristics to that of a rhubarb plant that grows wildly, and thrives with little or no assistance. This seed was

created, developed and nurtured by the abuser. The planted seed deep within the soul, may be medicated, caressed by loving and compassionate individuals, and even sometimes will lie dormant for a period of time. However, this seed is embedded within the dirt, and has produced roots that reach further than the visible “eye” or heart can see. We may destroy the seed eventually, but it seems to take an eternity to dig it up and dispose of not only the seed, but destroying the roots at the same time. This, unfortunately, cannot possibly be taught in a classroom in a scientific fashion. This must be learned by the victim, and quite unfairly so.

In summary, an epidemic, if ignored for whatever reason, will continue to flourish in its own vicious circle. Perpetrators will feel liberated to continue to abuse. Children who receive such abuse, might turn around and abuse the next generation, and will certainly own that dreaded seed, possibly for a lifetime. The abused child’s perspective of this world is not the same perception a doctor, therapist or “Mother of the Year” holds, unless that medical provider or award winner has endured the unwanted cruelty themselves. Victims, as well as those fortunate human beings who have never been exposed to abuse, must live in the same world, and are expected to live and thrive within the identical perimeters of the law, ethical standards, displaying civil and compassionate characteristics, even right down to paying their bills and taxes on time.

The human brain, the central nervous system and our world is quite complex. When an evil seed has been added to the mixture, unless you are the garden where the seed has grown, or is still growing, it is impossible to date, to scientifically create a virtual reality no matter how compassionate or deliberate a person’s approach is to attempt to comprehend the gravity and the sole existence of Child Abuse. One may try and one may

succeed to such a degree that an abused person may turn around and idolize him or her, or rely upon them to get by or succeed in life themselves, but unless that care provider, or friend, or family member, has received the horrendous abuse themselves, that dishonor is owned solely by the victim, and worse yet, it is our society that has not learned this yet.

Because I consider myself a survivor, although I possess an uninvited seed myself, I have weighed out the consequences, and I will spend the remainder of my life speaking out for our innocent children. If this means I lose even more family and friends, then I suppose these very family members and friends had no compassion to begin with, or not enough love for me to support me in my journey to call out for help for those wee ones who cannot call out for themselves. Yes, we all need love, but it is our children in this world that needs it the most.

**By Joy McQuiston
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