AUTHOR OF REIKI TOUCH & HEALING H'ARTS

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HEALED BY LIGHT

PROFESSIONAL ART THERAPY
Guided Survivor Journal

CREATIVE ARTS • PLAY THERAPY
TRAUMA & RESILIENCE
NEUROSCIENCE

BRUCE D. PERRY, M.D., PH.D.
FOREWORD
Other books by Julia Elizabeth Carroll

Reiki Touch: A Reiki Handbook
(aka Judy-Carol Stewart) - 1988

Reiki Touch: The Essential Handbook
(aka Judy-Carol Stewart) - 1995

Reiki Touch Twentieth Anniversary Edition:
Professional Touch Mysteries - 2008

Healing H’Arts: Spiritual Shaman Secrets - 2005

Healed by Light:
Professional Art Therapy - Guided Survivor Journal - 2009
Revised Edition

Lakshmi: Philosophies of Manifestation
- In Creation -
To all children of all ages everywhere,
Whom I pray will break the chains of abuse.
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Endorsements

“Julia Carroll has taken her deepest pain and her childhood betrayal and wrapped them in the healed and confident words of a true survivor, giving the world a gift with her book so that we can all know the reality of the lives behind the headlines and statistics called ‘child abuse.’ Julia will never tire of fighting the battle of prevention and cure and never forget the precious legacy we leave our children through care, comfort and respect. This book is a compelling read for all who know the problem, doubt the problem or would rather ignore the problem.”

Richard Ducote, Attorney for Children and sexual abuse expert, Oprah, 60 Minutes, CNN
“In my research I deal with traumatized children who must appear as witnesses, often in the same courtroom as their perpetrators. Julia Carroll’s book presents tangible methodologies of how to move through and overcome past pain and suffering. Her book offers many messages of positive psychology, hope and encouragement.”

Gail S. Goodman, Ph.D.
Distinguished Professor and Director
Center for Public Policy Research, University of California, Davis

“Julia’s book is insightful and meaningful in today’s society. Tragically, this crime is all too prevalent in today’s world. Her sensitive treatment and understanding of the depth of the damage done to young girls is important. Her book should be in every organization’s library and available to the victims and their parents. Her workshops and lectures would be useful for any organization desiring to aid in expediting the recovery from these crimes to the children.”

– The Honorable Joanne King Herring
“Julia and I have traveled similar journeys. During the days we needed to be as pretty and perfect as possible to compensate for the way our ‘night child’ felt – dirty, unacceptable, unlovable, ugly and guilty. We were violated by the very men who should have protected us – our fathers.”

“As with many incest survivors, we needed to be super-achievers, to hide and protect our injured child. Coming through the agonizing recovery process, we felt a strong need to reach out to other survivors. Julia has shared her pain and her healing – her degradation and her pride. Whenever another survivor stands with pride, we are all empowered a little bit more.”

“Thank you, Julia, for your gift to us!”

Marilyn Van Derbur, Miss America 1958
It is my great honor to write the foreword for this courageous book. Over the years of working with traumatized and maltreated children I have been fortunate to meet so many strong and wise people. We know from years of research and clinical work that developmental trauma can cause alterations in the organization and function of the brain; the emotional, behavioral, cognitive and physiological impact of trauma in childhood is very high. Yet some find a way through developmental trauma to health. They exhibit elements of resilience and health despite all of their distress. Julia is one of these people. Through adversity and pain, she grew wise. The cost of this wisdom is high; yet the insight of these heroes is remarkable. Heroism comes through in the pages of this book. Julia is a brave woman to open up her past and present pain to so many; she does it as a gift to us. We
are meant to learn from her life lessons. And what we will learn is that hope, endurance of the human spirit and the kindness of others can combine to heal even the most terrible of trauma. So, thank you, Julia; and let all readers be grateful for this gift.

Respectfully submitted,

Bruce D. Perry, M.D., Ph.D.
Senior Fellow, The ChildTrauma Academy
Houston, Texas

Bruce D. Perry, M.D., Ph.D., is an internationally-recognized authority on children in crisis. Dr. Perry is the Provincial Medical Director in Children’s Mental Health for the Alberta Mental Health Board. In addition, he is the Senior Fellow of the ChildTrauma Academy (www.ChildTrauma.org), a Houston-based organization dedicated to research and education on child maltreatment. Dr. Perry has been consulted on many high-profile incidents involving traumatized children, including the Columbine, Colorado school shootings, the Oklahoma City bombing, and the Branch Davidian siege. He is the co-author of the book, The Boy Who Was Raised as a Dog.
The primary thrust of my book is to increase awareness and promote understanding of the importance of positivism psychology, emphasized with art therapy. The purpose is to bring “light” into the field of healing sexual abuse. Positivism psychology is not new, and is now finding wider audiences in the academic and counseling fields, and importantly, for the sexual abuse survivors and therapists.

“Dr. Carl Rogers, the late, great “Rogerian” psychologist, reinvented counseling by changing the role from psychological expert to one who bears witness to the client as they journey through an experience. Client-centered counseling includes the holistic, unconditional positive regard plus conditions of congruence with empathetic understanding. Dr. Rogers felt this methodology satisfied the client’s preferred way of being in relationship with a therapist.”

– Journal of Counseling, Summer, 2007
Bruce D. Perry, M.D., Ph.D., uses play therapy, music and motion and other creative art modalities in his work with traumatized children. He states that a child’s brain needs love, friendship and the freedom to play and daydream. Children’s brains are shaped by what they do slowly and repeatedly, over time. Each moment is a chance to reinforce positive patterns and to further good choices. Positive feedback is a powerful tool for developing the neurobiology of the brain. For example, a word of praise could lead a child with a moderate interest in art to develop greater skills, and ultimately build into the brain an artistic genius.

– Bruce D. Perry, M.D., Ph.D. and Maia Szalavitz
Co-authors: The Boy Who Was Raised as a Dog, 2007

“Positivism has had a profound influence on psychology, especially on behaviorism, operationalism and ideas about valid theory construction.”

– E. Brunswick, “The Conceptual Force of Some Psychological Terms”
– Journal of Unified Science, 1929
“Even His Holiness, the XIV Dalai Lama, fosters research on compassion and feeling secure. Dr. Phillip Shaver, Distinguished Psychology Professor at the University of California – Davis, presented his research at the Mind and Life Institute in the Indian Himalayas. Dr. Shaver states that the brain has neuroplasticity and can remodel and change itself. Subliminal positive words, flashed on a screen for 22 milliseconds, could register in the subconscious brain.”

Introduction
by Jerry L. Fryrear, Ph.D., A.T.R.

Incest is complete betrayal. The very person who should be protective and loving becomes a person who is frightening and loathsome. The child cannot escape and too often is not believed if she tries to tell someone. So the abusive betrayal goes on and on, maybe for years, as happened to Julia. A child has the right to expect that her father is just that, a father, not a sexual predator with her as the prey. A father is someone who holds you on his lap with love, not lust. A father is someone who helps you get through the night terrors, not contributes to them. A father is someone who kisses your skinned knee to help it feel better, not someone who kisses your body to excite his own sexual urges.

The father who treats his child as a sexual object does lasting damage to the child, as Julia so eloquently documents in this autobiography. As a seven-year-old child, repeating what her father had labeled her, Julia would cry, “I am crazy! I will never be worth anything!” Now, in her 6th decade, Julia is still trying to come to terms
with the betrayal of her father, and this book is the latest in her attempts to deal with the trauma, on top of a lifetime of grief, family abandonment and psychotherapy.

The betrayal of incest can only thrive in secrecy. I admire and applaud Julia for going public with her betrayal, facing the enormous shame and guilt that inevitably accompanies the experience. In spite of the obvious innocence of the child, of Julia and others like her, there is the lingering suspicion on the part of the child victims that they are somewhat to blame, that they somehow brought the shame and guilt on themselves. And too many adults either minimize the abuse or simply do not believe the child. That happened with Julia. When she told her grandmother about the incest, she said that Julia was “only dreaming.” Often adults will take the side of the abuser and directly or indirectly blame the child. Not too surprisingly, the children then clam up and try to handle the abuse themselves. That is a tragedy! A young child cannot possibly handle such enormous violation without help. The secret knowledge of incest acts as a psychic poison that eats away at the self-esteem of the child.

Incest abusers cannot tolerate the light of day. That is why they
swear the victims to secrecy through physical and emotional intimidation. They know they are wrong and that the children are innocent. They are creatures of secrecy and cannot face others when they are exposed and it becomes public knowledge.

It is my hope that Julia’s public acknowledgement of her incest abuse will give courage to other victims to break the secrecy pact, rid the psychic poisons and expose the incest abusers for what they are – betray- ers of innocence.

– Jerry L. Fryrear, Ph.D., A.T.R.
1945
I WAS FOUR
Julia - age three months
My daddy sexually molested me most of my life at home. Psychologists trained in hypnotherapy have traced my trauma to infancy. Much of it I have blocked out – I wish I could block it all out.

Daddy did so many awful things. He had secret ways to get to me. One was being a “Peeping Tom.” He would put a ladder up to the bathroom window to watch me take a bath. In Louisiana it was very hot and with no air conditioning the windows and shades were usually open. So, Daddy had a full view from the outside. I could feel his eyes glaring at me – his piercing black eyes. Every morning I would go around to the side of the house and push and shove until the heavy wooden ladder would fall to the ground. But every evening it was back up against the bathroom window.

I was four.
1948
I WAS SEVEN
My grandmother was visiting us and needed to come into our only bathroom while I was dressing for bed. I was putting on three pairs of pajamas. I never wore gowns. I would stretch the waist of the second pair all the way to the left, then pin it to the first pair with a safety pin. The third pair I would stretch all the way to the right, and pin that waistband to the first and second pair. Then, I would try to stick my hand down into the waist. If my hand would not fit I felt safe that his big hand wouldn’t fit either. My grandmother asked me what I was doing wearing three pairs of pajamas. I answered that I was cold. I had earlier tried to tell her that Daddy touched me in places, but she always said that I was dreaming so I stopped.

Sometimes I would feel safe in my brothers’ bed. They had a big double bed they shared. After they would go to sleep, I would sneak in and squeeze in the middle. But if they were not asleep,
Julia, age 9, with her family
they would tell on me, “Momma, tell Julia to go to her own bed.” Terrified, I quivered; I would leave their bed, and go silently to my fate.

Daddy liked devious tricks. Perhaps it made the molestation more daring for him – who knows how his mind worked. He would hide flashlights, knives, pieces of string – just “things” – behind doors, inside windowsills, under furniture. These items seemed to be designed to sabotage my efforts to keep him out of my room. Another trick he had was raising the window and climbing into my bedroom from outside.

I was seven.
1952
I WAS ELEVEN
For years he said, “I heard you cough” or “You were clearing your throat,” then he would hand me a pill and a glass of water. I felt he cared about me so I took the pill even though I did not have a sore throat. It took a while for me to realize that these were pills to make me sleep. Maybe that was lucky.

Once I figured out daddy’s use of the sleeping pills, I would make excuses not to take them. At first he was furious; but then he was gracious, offering to raise my allowance and even to buy me store-bought dresses. I accepted some of his gifts, again thinking that he loved me.

He became more overt, trying to entice me into bed with him during the day. One afternoon he was in his bedroom wearing only his shorts. He heard me come into the house and called to me. I went to the door of his bedroom and, in a monotone voice, said, “Yes, sir?” He pulled his erect penis out of his shorts and patted the side of the bed, telling me to come to him. I remember his eyes as he motioned me over, so black, so piercing, so wild, so evil. Something rose up in me. I said, “No!” and ran to the kitchen and hid under the table. He came into the kitchen, walking very slowly, and
pulled out a chair at the table. After a while I crawled out and stood up.

He said, “Come on to bed with Daddy.” I started crying and said, “You’re crazy! Daddies are not supposed to do that with their little girls!” He looked at me very steadily and laughed a horrible laugh. He said, “Yes, I am crazy. And if I am crazy and you are my daughter, then you are crazy, too.”

All defiance drained from my little body. I felt completely lost. As if in slow motion I turned around, dazed, walked out of the kitchen onto the back porch and down the stairs, into the yard and over to the school across the street. I sat under a tree and told myself over and over, “I’m crazy, I’m crazy, I’m crazy – I will never be worth anything, I’m crazy.”

Soon, the drowsiness resumed. Shortly after dinner, I would become extremely tired and want to sleep. I was confused until I
found empty sleeping pill capsules. He had begun drugging me again by mixing his own prescription in my mashed potatoes at dinner.

One hot summer evening a neighbor was visiting. We were sitting around in the kitchen listening to a radio program. When the program ended, the neighbor said she dreaded going home because she was sure there was a “Peeping Tom” in the neighborhood. She reported that a couple of nights prior she had been ironing when she heard something outside. She looked out her window and saw a man with his hands pressed up against the screen. She quickly pressed the iron onto the screen. The man yelled and ran off. Our neighbor said that maybe he learned his lesson and would stop that silly nonsense. I looked at my mother, who had turned pale. A few days before, Daddy had come home saying that the fresh burn on his hand was from a chemical accident at work.

I don’t remember much of Mother. She stayed in the background. Daddy intimidated her and occasionally they would
Julia and her mother

Julia, age 10 months
argue. The house was small enough and the bedrooms close enough together that I could hear him forcing himself on her. She would say, “No, please, no” – over and over, night after night, year after year. He would call me into the bedroom, ask a mundane question and immediately start fondling Mother under the sheets.

I swept the floors in the house along with many other duties designed to punish me for being an unwilling sexual partner. Daddy’s favorite pastime was to lie on the bed in his always-unbuttoned shorts, his erect penis sticking straight out, while I swept his bedroom floor. He rubbed his penis until his face got all contorted. If I swept too fast, before he ejaculated, then I would have to dust, raise or lower the blinds or straighten the books – whatever he asked. He would tell me how good it was, call me over and insist that I taste or hold it. That horrible sticky stuff!

Whenever we went to visit my grampa, there were so many people that the sleeping arrangements were cramped. Daddy
would volunteer to sleep with me and my brothers to “save space.” Naturally, he put me right next to him. He waited until he thought everyone was asleep. Then he would slowly, very slowly, turn me over until I was facing him. Inch by inch, he would pull my pajamas and panties down. He would put his fingers, after he licked them, into my genitals and with callused hands, work into my vagina. He would go as deeply as he could, then take his fingers out and smell them and lick them. He would put my fingers into my genital area, press them into myself as much as he could, then smell and lick my fingers. Depending on which room we were in and how much noise he thought would be made, he would masturbate, making me hold his penis, his hand over mine. I never opened my eyes.

Only in recent years, through therapy, did I remember that he had climbed into my bed, underneath the covers, lay beside me and forced his penis into my mouth. I remember thinking that it was so big that I could not swallow it. Somehow I thought I was supposed to.

I was eleven.
1954

I WAS THIRTEEN
As I entered my teens, Mother Nature gave me a reprieve. I soon discovered that as long as I had my menstrual flow Daddy would leave me alone. I also noticed two calendars in the bathroom instead of one. He asked me just exactly how long a period should last. It was finally decided that the longest was seven days. I wore a pad and sometimes stained it with ketchup when my cycle was short, because I knew he looked at the pads. Was I ever grateful for those seven days and nights every month!

I was not allowed to lock my door. Because of this, I developed several ways to alarm myself (not that I slept much) and warn me that he was coming into my room. In movies I had seen a person lick a hair and stick it across the doorframe. I tried it and it worked. If the hair had fallen, Daddy had been there. I also taped a thin strip of scotch tape across the doorframe. If it was broken, he had gotten in. I would place a slipper or a small book at the door’s edge – if it was moved he’d been there.
There was no place to go, no place to run. I continued to resist even though I knew I had to do what he said. The more I resisted the more he punished me. In addition to the beatings and sexual molestation he took away Easter dresses, piano lessons (particularly just before recitals) and my twenty-five cent weekly allowance. The pretty dresses made me feel worthy, the piano lessons gave me a sense of accomplishment and the allowance provided freedom. My guardian angel not only provided me with piano lessons to pound out frustration, but from the first grade through high school I was also a drummer. The Rhythm Band in elementary school allowed me to beat out my incest angst. Later the marching band snare drum and the orchestra tympani gave a loud and profound release to my pain. Classical piano pieces could lift and carry me out of the reality of the night terrors.

My father had a big belt with a big buckle and a temper to match. When he was angry he would also make me pick out a switch, as big around as his thumb. After the beating, I would have to wear corduroys to school for a week to cover the welts and wounds until they healed.

One morning I awoke with painful boils all over my groin and but-
tocks. Mother took me to the doctor and forty-two of them had to be lanced. I missed three weeks of school because I could not sit or walk. I always felt that my body was angry and rebelled by creating these boils.

I was thirteen.
1959
I WAS EIGHTEEN
Daddy started panicking when I was in my senior year of high school. He was afraid I would leave home, denying him access to me. I had always wanted a white French provincial bedroom set. As graduation neared, he said that if I would live at home and go to a six-month secretarial school, he would buy it for me. When I declined the offer, he frantically offered me a car, money, clothes, a stereo – anything to convince me to stay home. I rejected these gifts, so he refused to pay for my education.

I could not afford to move out. I rode a commuter bus to college, traveling over fifty miles each way every day. I would get up at 5 A.M. and leave at 6:30 A.M., riding the bus watching the sunrise over the Louisiana swamps and feeling a oneness with the murky water, dead trees and Spanish moss. I was going to school full-time and working on campus full-time. Daddy kept his threat of not paying for my schooling.

The bus would drop me off at home after eight each night. I was
still trapped, but an inner tide had turned. My mother becamevisible. She had a friend of hers call me about a Women’s Missionary Union scholarship to a Baptist college. Mother actively helped me get this scholarship. There is no telling what price she paid for my freedom.

I went to the Baptist college on several scholarships and worked three jobs, never receiving any money from my father. Despite this, Daddy was there on graduation day, telling everyone how he had three children in college all at once. He was claiming credit for my success as well as that of my two brothers. In this Baptist college, in a dormitory with over a hundred girls surrounding me, I finally slept.

I was eighteen.
1963
I WAS TWENTY-TWO
I married the son of a well-known doctor a few days after college graduation. No one had informed me that he had experienced terrible nightmares since childhood. While in a nightmare state he would pin my arms behind my back, demand that I surrender, call me the enemy and spit in my face. He could effortlessly pick me up and throw me against the wall while he was supposedly sound asleep. Luckily, I was never seriously hurt. Again, I endured more torture at night from a man. Again, I felt as though I had no place to run.

We had a child. I prayed for a boy; in my naiveté I thought boys were not molested. When a daughter was born, I watched her like a hawk. If her dad took her to the park, I would follow and watch to make sure she was safe. If he read a story to her in her room, I would break out in cold sweats and listen at the door until he walked out. When she was three he accidentally dropped her on her head, resulting in a head injury. Now I had a legitimate reason, I thought, to leave him.

“I prayed for a boy because I thought boys were not molested”
I moved to another state for my daughter’s medical care. I went through divorce proceedings with a divorce attorney famous for womanizing. He offered me Scotch, which I began to drink, a lot. I refused his sexual advances, which I soon learned had repercussions.

Six weeks passed with no word about my divorce. I called the attorney’s office and learned that they had warehoused my file. He had fired all my other attorneys. I went in person to the office, only to be insulted and humiliated by the secretary. Much later and after many bottles of Scotch, my divorce was final.

Immediately after my divorce I went through a promiscuous phase. I slept only with married men so there would be no commitment. For my daughter’s sake I later tried to get married in order to offer her a family life. I was engaged four or five times, but the memories of the past would keep me ter-

Julia with her daughter and grandmother.
rified and I would call off the wedding. After fourteen years I finally remarried. It lasted five weeks. I left when my husband greeted me at the door with an open switchblade.

I was twenty-two.
1981
I WAS FORTY
In my fortieth year, I took a self-improvement seminar. One of the processes was to beat my fists into a pillow and shout, “No, No, No, I don’t want to, I don’t have to, you can’t make me, I’m not going to!” This was repeated for a half-hour. Then, we had to decide what the issue or event was that we were shouting about and continue the process.

It all seemed rather silly and pointless at first, until I heard myself screaming, “No, No, No, I don’t want to, I don’t have to, you can’t make me, I’m not going to” to my daddy! I could hear him laugh that horrible laugh; hear him tell me I was crazy! I became hysterical. One of the leaders, a trained psychotherapist, came over and began counseling me. After a long time of questioning, I hysterically confessed to her that I was crazy and that I would never be worth anything.

She stuck with me. More counseling. What had I done in my life that was crazy? Ever? When? Anything? The realization washed over me as if I were standing under a waterfall. Nothing. NOTH-
ING! I had done nothing crazy in my life – ever! So, she persisted. What had my daddy done that was crazy? Countless things. Was he crazy? A big YES! The solution, in that course, was for everyone to write a letter to the person involved with our pain. I was instructed to write two letters, under separate cover – one to my mother and one to my daddy.

Oh, what a can of worms that opened! They wrote back, sending Bible verses and many denials. They promised to pray for such a lying child. I was crushed. I thought that if we could bring these nightmares into the light of day there could finally be forgiveness and love. And, I would not feel like an orphan anymore. I had forgotten that he was crazy and she was scared.

Six months later, on Father’s Day, I repeated the workshop. The counselor suggested that I call my daddy at two o’clock in the morning. That way, she explained, “He won’t be at work, he won’t be eating a meal and he won’t be in the middle of a TV program. All he’ll be is asleep and everyone remembers a 2 A.M. phone call.” With that suggestion, I called home at 2 A.M. Mother answered the phone and I told her that I wanted to talk to Daddy. She said that he was sleeping. After some time, she finally put him on but
got on the extension. I told her again that this call was just for Daddy. Finally, she hung up, leaving me to talk with Daddy alone. I asked him why he had molested me most of my life. He started crying, saying that he was sorry and how he was a weak human being whom God had punished in many ways. He said that God had thwarted anything he had ever wanted to accomplish in his life because of what he had done to me.

A few weeks after the 2 A.M. call, Mother began asking me exactly what he did. I never told her much. I either could not or would not. As it was, Daddy started treating her better. He bought her a brick house. She had always wanted one. He bought her a car with her name on the license plate. And, they started traveling.

For a few years, I could go home and even spend the night without nightmares. I always locked the door and put a portable alarm on the doorknob.

I was forty.
1991

I WAS FIFTY
A life-altering encounter occurred when someone came to visit me. He, his wife, and their children, ages ten and under, stayed in a hotel suite. I went to the hotel to pick everyone up to go to the zoo. While I was waiting the children were bathing and dressing. He was having a drink, unusual for him I thought, and there was an open girly magazine revealing some explicit sex scenes. This magazine was visually accessible to the children. I was aghast. I asked him why he would have such material out in front of children. Very curtly he told me it was none of my business.

His stepdaughter, very developed at age ten, came out of the bathroom with no clothes on, asking where her bikini underwear was. He went right to it and handed it to her. His wife seemed not to notice this aberrant behavior. My mother never noticed anything either.

Months later, I visited their home. The stepdaughter was sitting in her stepfather’s lap, kissing his ear and snuggling him. He had his arms around her and seemed a very happy man. A few days later, I was in their city again and invited them all out to a picnic. While we were gathering everyone into the car, the stepdaughter was
talking to several teenage boys in the front yard. Her stepfather went over to her and told her to get rid of them because he was her only boyfriend. At the outdoor picnic area he said something crude to his stepdaughter. She replied that she would kick him in the balls if he’d spread his legs. Her mother, sitting right beside her, seemed not to hear. My mother never heard anything either.

I confronted him, demanding that he see a psychiatrist. I told him that even with all his education he could not heal himself. He responded by incredible denials and obvious fear. In the end he promised he would, but I’m sure he did not as it would jeopardize his job.

He thought I would tell the whole family, so he told them himself. He said that his stepdaughter was an incest victim, but the culprit was the maternal grandfather! My fear was that it was both and he was also involved.

Another significant event during my fifties was the death of my mother. After suffering from a brain tumor for six years, she died. Four months before, Mother confided in her caregivers about what Daddy had done to me. After her death, one of her friends told me
that when Mother was totally helpless Daddy would strip her and
do terrible things to her and there was no one who would stop him.

Mother had written me letters years earlier describing her knowl-
edge and her grief about what Daddy had done to me, of how she
went to her minister and told him and got no help. The minister
told her that all men did that! She called the police but if Daddy
had been arrested, how could she have fed her three children?
And Daddy was on the City Council, so who would believe her?
She begged her own father not to kill Daddy because she wor-
shipped her father and did not want him to go to prison. Six
months before Mother died she told me for the first time that she
loved me. We had a sweet mother-daughter relationship until her
death.

I was fifty.
Eighteen years ago, I was in a car accident that left me unable to walk or talk. I was bedridden for eight months. After a while, I was able to talk in one-syllable words but could not remember what I had said. My neuropsychologist worked with me five days a week for over a year. He would have me think of words that began with the letter “s” and say as many as I could. After several minutes, I would say the word “sun.” After several more, I would say the word “sand.” And, so on. This was in addition to other therapies, surgeries and more pain.

There was so much pain and it felt like abuse even though I could see it was different. My mind tried to sort it out. This type of abuse was different. It was violence out in the open. It was a car accident. It did not happen secretly. It was not from a family member or even anyone I knew. Yet, I felt abused, neglected, in pain and so very, very angry.

My doctors sent me to a psychiatrist. I was not crazy, but I was crazed with anger. Why did my body let me down? Was there any truth for me to hang on to? The doctors kept telling me it would be a “little longer” for my rehabilitation. Finally, they admitted that
they do not tell patients how long rehabilitation takes because it might affect them psychologically. This information seemed like more lies. What to do?

A little over a year later I was mugged and beaten up, with virtually the same injuries I had received from the car accident. Was there no end to my pain? Had I been bad? Was I just born bad? I found myself back with the same doctors, the same hospital, the same rehabilitation and a lot of depression. Not anger, just depression. I was then convinced that pain and abuse, which hypnotherapists have traced back to my infancy, was my lot. I was convinced that I really must be a bad person and that God must be punishing me. This depression forced me to go inside and find my truth, or die.

The doctors were amazed. I was not the furious, angry machine they had previously experienced. Even though the depression was real, I was introspective and calm. I was determined to find
my truth, as to why I was here on the planet. It could not be just to be someone’s object of sexual desire and to keep being subjected to pain of one kind or another. There must be another reason for my birth.

Religion was always part of my life, but it was rote, automatic. Sundays were for church, singing in the choir and getting dressed up. I never “felt” anything. But, as I rehabilitated my body, my heart was also being rehabilitated. I had always taken pride in my “hard-hearted Hannah” attitude. I had been known for listening to people’s problems, but I never shared my own. But now I began to make an effort to let friends get to know me. Before I made this effort, I had felt sure that if they knew me and knew what “I had done,” I would not have any friends at all. A molested child always feels it is their fault, even as an adult.

My second rehabilitation kept me in bed eleven months and many more months of various therapies. My mother died dur-
Julia with her mother and daddy
ing this time and there were more opportunities to open my heart and find my truth. Every one of us has a separate truth, and it is ours, not someone else’s. What I have learned is to take the opportunities that life offers, to change my perspective and to view happenings as tests that make me stronger. Additionally, I have learned to be strong for those who, in the current moment, are not, and to use my experiences to assist others to find their truth.

• • •

All that day a heavy feeling pressed upon me. I felt as if someone was watching me and that I was in danger. I kept looking for signs to confirm my fears. All these feelings drained my energy and I went to bed by 8 P.M.; very unusual for me. The phone rang at 8:30 P.M. My body moved slowly to answer it. A voice I had not heard since my mother’s funeral said, “Hi Hon, this is your daddy.” I was paralyzed. I could not put the phone down; I instantly slipped into my robot memories. Just respond, I thought, do not engage.

“We are here in town – my wife, your brother, his wife, their
daughter and son-in-law and my wife’s sister. We want to come and have a prayer circle over you so you will forgive me and I can go to my Maker in peace.” I mumbled that I did not know if I could do that. He was, as always, unbending and insistent. I told him to call back the next day. He said that he would and gave a time for the next morning. That night I threw up, had diarrhea, headaches, anxiety and, obviously, I got no sleep.

The next morning I called my psychotherapist and Marilyn Van Derbur seeking guidance. They both advised that I do what was healing for me and encouraged me to remember that I was not responsible for making my father feel relieved of his guilt. Overall, they both reiterated my empowerment. They coached me, saying that I could change my mind at any moment. Even as the doorbell rang, I could just run out the back door, jump into my car and drive off. But, if I decided to let him in, they suggested that I have a script, set the chairs up so I would be in charge and tape record the meeting.

I felt myself becoming the small child who could not say no to him, so I allowed Daddy, his wife and her sister to come over for a brief time. Not the others – too many people. On the phone I was clear
with him that I had some important questions to ask him. He said, “Okay.”

I set up the video recorder, put an audiocassette recorder under the chair where he would sit, put my script in my chair and my own child abuse information in the chairs of the his wife and her sister. My plan was to keep them busy so I could accomplish what I needed to do. I called Marilyn and my psychotherapist to get support and they said to call the minute he left.

The doorbell rang. My robot self opened the door. As it swung open, I stood behind it, so he could not hug or touch me. I motioned them to go on into the living room. I swiftly followed to make sure they sat where I intended them to sit. The Southern way would have been to have a tray of little cakes with a limitless pot of coffee. I did not. This was a business meeting, not a social call and I was in charge, inwardly shaking like a leaf. With Bibles clutched to their chests and pious expressions on their faces, my daddy’s wife stated that they came to talk about Jesus. I said that talking about Jesus was a good idea and we would get to that after I asked Daddy some questions about my childhood. I pointed out my child abuse literature that they could read while I had a visit
with my daddy. The pious looks changed to righteous indignation, but Daddy gave them a look and said I could talk.

I began by asking him why he called and why he was in town. He said he had missed his little girl and wanted us to be a family again, to have things like they used to be. I asked him to clarify that, to which he responded by saying that he was my daddy.

I was not as calm as I wish I had been, so I bluntly told him that because of his molesting me he gave up the privilege of fatherhood soon after I was born. His wife started to speak and I gave her a glance that denied her permission to do so. He asked if I wanted to hear news of the family. Inwardly weeping, I stated that he had taken my family away so I did not have one; therefore, I was not interested in people I did not know. He said, “You surely want to come to the family reunion this summer!”

I ignored that and told him I had some questions to ask him. When he nodded, I asked the first one: “At what age do you remember that you first molested me?” His wife and sister jumped up and the wife said, “Honey, you do not have to answer that!” I informed her that this was my visit with my daddy and she could stay as long as she kept quiet and did not interfere.
He told her it was all right and he answered that question, and a lot more. With each question and answer I became more and more agitated and fought to keep composure. His wife again said that they just wanted to pray and have me forgive him. I told her that she could pray all she wanted, but his forgiveness was left up to God, not me. Daddy became very aggressive because he was beginning to understand that he was not going to leave with the forgiveness he so desperately desired. He stood up and started ranting and raving, the words blurring into each other. “I’m an old man now - I am your daddy – I just want your forgiveness – it isn’t so much to give me that, is it?!?” I ran to the front door, opened it, and asked them to leave.

His wife’s sister hung back and said, “Honey, this is your daddy; You may not have another opportunity to make this right.” I asked her if she was a proponent of child molestation. She said that she was not. I said to her that if I told him that I forgave him, I would be letting him think that I condoned and sanctioned what he had done. She left. (Shortly after the visit, my daddy’s wife left him. I have a feeling he had not given her full disclosure. For the record, I forgave him many years ago, to lighten my own burden.)
After everyone was gone I called my therapist and Marilyn. They suggested that I not be alone, so I went to the movies. I grew increasingly agitated and could not sit still in the movie. After about a half hour, I remembered that a policeman lived on my block. I hurried home, ran to his house and rang the doorbell. He answered, wearing a jogging outfit, which, in my state, served to further confuse me.

My first outburst was, “Aren’t you a policeman?” He said that he was and that he was off-duty. I blurted out a bunch of scrambled phrases. “My daddy was just here, he molested me when I was little, we have to go arrest him, hurry, hurry!” I was hysterical. The policeman, Chris Sherman, said, “Slow down. Is he still at your house? Come in and tell me what happened.” Chris was so very understanding and comforting. I showed him some photos of my daddy and let him listen to the taped recording of that day’s visit. I showed him daddy’s letters from the year before asking me for forgiveness.

When Chris saw the photos, he said, “Oh, a pedophile.” No one had ever said that word. I asked him why he was saying that and he replied that he had been in the law enforcement business for
over eighteen years. He said that he could spot a pedophile a mile away. And, that if any child was within my father’s reach, that child would be in danger.

I kept insisting that we go and get him and arrest him before he could flee the city and go out of state. Chris called the district attorney, talked to him and let me talk to him as well. Because of the statute of limitations, my daddy’s age and the fact that it all happened in another state, they could do nothing. I insisted that we call the district attorney in my daddy’s state. We did and the
same laws were true. Then, I begged Chris, at least, to take Daddy in for psychiatric examination. “You could do that, couldn’t you?”

Again, the out-of-state laws prevented it. I was so hysterical that I would not be satisfied until something was done. I began to sob, saying that Daddy was going to get away with this and never be punished! Chris had done quite a lot, especially on his day off, but he could see that I was in a state of shock. He replied, “I have an idea: Can you get your father back into your house? If you can, I will be there, in my uniform, and I will give him a very stern talking to, which will at least frighten him.” I knew I did not want him back in my house, but I said I would think about it. In the end, I could not do it. I could not have my daddy in my house again.

Emotionally drained, I walked home and called my therapist and Marilyn again, who were immensely supportive, then went to bed. That night I suffered suffocating nightmares. I dreamed that daddy was on top of me while I was straining my head and neck up and away to try to breathe. I felt this terrible pressure and heaviness on my body and could not get away; I could not move or breathe.
Regression

The next morning when I awoke my mind seemed to have blocked what had happened. I sat up on the side of the bed and was surprised to see that my feet touched the floor. I was also surprised that I could reach things in the closet that I normally could not. I wanted cinnamon toast with lots of sugar and jello with bananas in it – all food that I ate as a child. As I dressed, I realized that I was six years old. Everything I did that morning was what I wanted to do when I was six! From Sunday to Wednesday I was six.

The next morning, I dressed in my favorite red plaid dress with the white eyelet pinafore. In my mind I put matching ribbons in my French braided hair. In the kitchen I stood on a stool, made Mickey Mouse pancakes, drenched in syrup, and spilled the orange juice. My six-year-old self thought it was all yummy!

I was amazed that I could drive the car and that my feet reached
the pedals. I noticed particularly that I paid a lot of attention to my driving skills, all the while wondering how I could drive a car anyway. I drove to the school where I was a graduate student and sat in my normal place. I wondered why everyone was an adult. I also wondered when the crayons would be handed out, not to mention when cookies, milk and recess would be announced!

On Wednesday afternoon, three days after meeting with my daddy, I went to my standing appointment with my psychotherapist. This is the same one that coached me when my dad said he was coming to visit. As I bounced in and plopped onto the chair, she realized that her regular client was not present. She realized that a six-year-old child, in an adult body, had skipped into her door. She began by asking me what I had been doing and I told her my daddy came to see me and that I did not like that. After listening to me, she suggested a story. “Oh, goody, I like stories,” I said.

The therapist very slowly and skillfully led me through a meditation process that brought me back to my current age. It still took about two weeks for me to be fully into my adult self and another month or so to get over the shock of what I had been through.
I relied heavily on therapy during this time.

This experience was invaluable for many reasons: First, it revealed how the mind, body and spirit can be in another, but familiar, form and still function. Second, I saw how an individual could go to another age and possibly never return. Third, I understood how someone could function in more than one age and experience at the same time. I am grateful that my experience was so short-lived and I attribute that to many years of therapy, and to the grace of my Lord.

After this event, one of the things I did to aid in my own healing was to write the following letter to my father:

_March 27th_

_Dear Daddy,_

_I got your letter today. I am sorry that you do not want to resolve this and make peace before you leave this world. You must not understand the horrible nightmares and difficult life I have had because of your_
molesting me, which is illegal, and spending my mother’s inheritance
to me, also illegal.

When you left that March 4th Sunday afternoon, I went to the police.
I took them your picture and a tape of the visit, plus your letters from
last year and when I was 40. When they looked at your picture they
said you fit the profile of a pedophile and that if any child were in your
presence that child would be in danger. I knew that was true. I asked
them to arrest you. I asked them to hold you for psychiatric evaluation.

They could not, because of state residence and statute of limitation
laws. I was distraught because I have been punished and you have
never once tried to make it right. I was crying and hysterical and told
them you had never even had your hand slapped and surely they could
do something. At first they said they could not. But, then, a policeman
who has a five-year-old daughter got really angry over what you had
done to me. He said that there was something we could do. He said
no judge would incarcerate an 80-year-old man, but we could contact
the District Attorney in Louisiana and report you as a known and
admitted child molester. So, we are in the process of writing a report
that will go to as many places as we can legally send it. We cannot con-
tact your individual neighbors, but we can contact schools and churches. We can also contact the entire legislative body all the way up to the governor. I am getting letters from Lynn, William, etc., for more proof.

Please understand that I have been as peaceful as I can for as long as I can. I have given you several opportunities to be a normal father, which any child deserves. Now, I will be relentless in my pursuit of justice. You deserve no mercy. You deserve to be put in jail. California just lifted the statute of limitations, so now anyone, regardless of age, can go to prison for harming a child. I do pray that you will live long enough for the Louisiana law to have the same statutes. It will take a lot to make me feel that you have been punished. I will never stop and I will pursue every legal avenue to achieve that justice.

March 27th

Dear Daddy,

I got your letter today. I am sorry you do not want to resolve this and make peace before you leave this world. You must not understand the horrible nightmares and difficult life I have had because of your molesting me, which is ill and also spending my mother’s inheritance.

Julia
Writing this letter was incredibly therapeutic. Finally, after so many years, I was fully able to express to my daddy the anger and pain I suffered because of his continuous abuse.
I believe that all individuals are precious, delicate and fragile beings who come into this world to be lovingly cared for, not taken advantage of or abused. For those of us with painful experiences in our past, know that the trauma can suddenly come back without warning. Be cognizant of your support system, individuals who love, understand and care for you. Be grateful for all that you have and write it all down to ensure that it is so. Be mindful of your strengths and force yourself to think of them, instead of any perceived weaknesses. Have a spiritual source, some connection with a Supreme Being. There are many of us in this world, and different belief systems about God are a reality. Dwell on your truth in your God, whoever that may be.

Clinical studies have been done addressing the effects of
prayer healing past wounds. My experience shows that this practice works, but not all the time the way I asked for it to. Perhaps I don’t ask; perhaps I demand. That could be all right, too, if it is your truth. The bottom line is to be grateful for the positive things and for your strengths. That will give you power to keep putting one foot in front of the other, one day at a time. You may be surprised to know that you can be in control of your thoughts, literally, and when a negative thought arises, you can change your mind. That is how powerful you can be.

I have been blessed to travel all over the world to share my truth, which keeps changing as I grow and learn. I decided to go back to school and get a master’s degree in behavioral science in order to learn what makes me, and others “tick.” I also obtained a post-graduate degree in art therapy. It was a profound revelation that people who have been abused and cannot verbalize their feel-
ings and experience, can draw it. Using color and form, the mind remembers what we may not be able to talk about. This is amazing and healing work. I encourage you to try it. Get crayons, paint, brushes, etc., and lots of blank paper; be creative and see what happens. Think of your incest experience, put the crayon or brush to the paper and the memories will flow forth. You can also use clay and make forms that, to you, represent what you went through. Your truth will set you free. Express it.

Then, become still and quiet. Go inside your heart. Meditate. Allow your physical, mental, emotional and spiritual body to talk to you. Listen. Listen. Listen. Keep a journal – a writing journal plus an art journal to record what you hear. Without listening, healing becomes more difficult. You must do it. You have to do it. You do not want to leave the planet without coming into balance and wholeness. Get all the help you need from any source available to aid your wellness process.

What I want so very much to convey to you in this sharing of my truth, my story, is that life has so many beautiful and glorious experiences. When we can unburden our pain and sorrows, either by writing them down or by talking to a trained therapist, the weight
lifts. As the weight lifts, the golden dawn of your truth shines forth.

The only way to escape or to survive incest is to talk about it. As Susan B. Anthony once said, “Never another season of silence!” Let us take this vow for each other and for our children. The courage that it takes is what women are made of. Our children are our future. Their lives are at stake. We must be empowered to save them and ourselves.

[Signature]
Julia, age 56, with granddaughter
Part 2

Poetry, Drawings & Survivor Journal
I feel I must escape to worlds
unknown to worldly ‘fairs.
To go where there would be
no sense of loss, no cares.
For just a day to be complete;
to love and not to lose.
No hate and no defeat.
This life is death, I fear,
for we prepare for Life
instead of death so near.
There’s no security in worlds to flee.
Endure we must, there’s no escape.

Julia
Age Nineteen
Grief

Waiting, wanting, in despair.
Grief is present everywhere.
Why do I hunger and thirst?
This darkness will lift as a fog.
   It must be endured as
   T’will soon be passed.
But grief will come again;
   How long will it last?
Shall I contain my burden and
   Continue life at best?
My heart is heavy,
   My grief is spent,
I want no more – I beg for rest.

Julia
Age Nineteen
Some years ago, seems like yesterday, I had a dream…

It was to be safe, to sleep,
and to awaken without the nightly violation,
this dream…

I pictured myself safe,
along with all the other “healed by light”
children in the world, in this dream…

There were birds and butterflies
and I was flying with them, in this dream…

Above and out of my body,
it didn’t hurt as much, in this dream…

My mind did not have to second guess
and my ears did not have to strain to alarm me
of his presence, in this dream…
How to help?! How to make a difference?!
How to cease the pain and break the chain,
in this dream…
A book to increase awareness and provide
more understanding, in this dream…
Hmmm, what helps the most? Creative arts!
Art therapy! Release the voice with art!
Have the suffering lifted as it is put on paper,
in this dream…
The “inner child” is smiling.
The “inner child” is “healed by light.”
The “inner child” can now move forward
into a productive and participatory future in society,
in this dream…

Julia
Age sixty-five
Julia, Age Nineteen.
The following pages are from clients who have given me permission to use their stories and their drawings for this book. There are case histories of both men and women. One from Sarah, who at age forty-five drew memories of herself at age one, three and five years old. This was the first time she experienced drawing her memories.

The next case history is from Diane. Diane was also in her midforties when she drew her memory of herself as a preschool-age child. She did not attach a particular age to the drawing, as she stated it was a general feeling that encompassed several years.

Four men who were molested as boys share their experiences.
“My earliest assisted memory was at age one year. I was standing in my crib and my father was standing in the doorway. I could not see his face. It was black. I knew I was in danger. At age three I was taken away from my mom and was living with my dad and his sister. In the middle of the night he was incesting me with one hand and choking me with the other. I remember dying and leaving my body; then an angel brought me back later.

“Other memories include the time my fourteen-year-old brother asked me if I wanted some candy and offered me his hard penis to suck on. I was five years old and that only happened once. A short time after that he ran away from home.

“I was very extremely upset and this all changed my life forever. I do not have sex with men. Penises scare me. I tried to date men and had a few positive experiences but after I was raped I became frigid and decided not to date men anymore.

“The verbal threats I endured took the form of yelling and telling me
to “shut up and stop crying.” The physical force used against me left my arm permanently damaged. It will not straighten out completely. I do not remember deception except that now I cannot be tickled at all. Playfulness is suspicious to me. I do not remember any manipulation except being a pawn between my mother and dad.

“My father’s sister had noticed that I was sick, bruised and severely traumatized and kept me away from him. He died when I was thirteen. I am forty-five now.”

Sarah
Age 3 - My safe place in heaven.

pretty angel protecting me
If I could live,
what I would we say?
brother

I'm go away?

 espacio

Entrance to my room

Common living
Diane grew up in an abusive atmosphere. There was always yelling and noise from her mother being hit and things being thrown. Her stepfather demanded perfection from everyone at all times. He could not be pleased no matter how hard everyone tried. When Diane’s mother was asleep her stepfather would come into her room and sexually molest her. She would lie very still and just wait until it was over. It was never quick enough.

At a very early age, Diane would either run out of the house or hide in a closet or under her bed to feel safe. Her tiny body would not really feel safe as it was actually stuffing the feelings of fear deep within her. These feelings would later surface as depression, inner rage and would require much psychotherapy for her to understand herself.

The picture Diane drew was of herself as a preschool-age child with flames of fire reaching out as far as the page would have space. This was her inner rage – at not being safe, at not being able to control her environment, at not understanding what was happening to her and to her mother.
Adam’s father was a beast in many ways. In addition to sexual molestation he would torture small animals and make his toddler son watch. Newborn kittens would be placed into the bathtub as steaming hot water filled the tub; the father laughed as the kittens frantically, and unsuccessfully, fought for life. The father made his small son pick up the dead kittens and throw them into the garbage, all the while mocking his son’s tears. The night terrors were ignored. Now, as a 50 year-old man, Adam remembers this as if it were yesterday. Counseling and art therapy practices have reduced this into a tolerable page in his memory.

David’s father began raping him as a part of a potty-training regime. He told him that this was to make the “poo-poo” come out. David remembers bending over the toilet seat while his father penetrated him, resulting with feces on his father’s penis – then beating David for soiling his penis. David used to run and hide behind the draperies in the living room. He would be so still, barely breathing, but his fear forced the sobs, leading his father to him and beating him senseless.
Sam and his younger brother witnessed the close-up action of the father murdering their mother – to the extent that Sam can remember a “slow-motion” bullet, spinning around as it left the piston and entered his mother’s forehead. Later, his father hung himself in prison. As orphans, both boys endured many abuses; rape, physical abuse, and emotional blackmails. This came from foster homes, priests, officers of the law and others. His younger brother tried to cover his memories with drugs but ended up also hanging himself in his late twenties. Sam put his faith in God and is now a successful physician.

Marty’s childhood was scarred as his next-door neighbor first befriended him and then began raping him. This occurred in an old horse shed in the back of the neighbor’s house. To this day, Marty is affected by smells of horses, hay and weathered wood. Since this is a familiar smell – on farms, at circuses and other settings – the memory is often triggered. Marty sought comfort in substance abuse but is now clear of that and enjoys a supportive and loving relationship with his wife and family. The entire family attends regular therapy to maintain clarity in both physical and mental health.

We may hear more about young girls being subjected to sexual abuse, but it is just as prevalent with boys. Boys are supposed to be strong and not cry, so as to harden the experience. However, the men suffer in
silence, having the trauma surface in countless ways. The positive psychology premise is that with creative arts – art therapy, play therapy and counseling – this pain and suffering can be healed, therefore providing the survivor with the ability to fully function in society.
An invitation
to tell your story
Many of us have learned that telling the truth about the abuse we have endured has set us free. I believe that the truth can set you free, too. What follows are some pages for you to write or draw your own truth. Record the details – all of them, everything you can remember. Keep sketching or writing it over and over; and other memories will surface. By putting it all down you are releasing the experience from your body, mind and spirit therefore giving yourself the gift of a long-awaited healing. If you can, take the pages to a counselor and ask for help in sorting it all out. When you heal yourself – you heal the world.

Now, how to get started?

The following questions and statements can assist you in this extremely courageous quest. Read them, select what seems to be “yours” and respond in the space provided. The spaces after the questions and statements are for immediate memories and burning issues. Remember to breathe deeply and often.

If writing is not easy, consider drawing your memories. Begin with the first questions, with your earliest memories. Try drawing your first memory, then the next, then one portrait or scene in particular and let
those lead to others. Use pencil, colored pencils, crayons, paint, whatever you like. You have already seen a few drawings, which illustrate what others survivors remembered and how they portrayed their experiences. You can see that you do not have to be an artist to express your feelings.

To move into the energy of drawing you may want to experience a feeling and match that feeling with a color. Take that color and make marks, any kind at all, on the paper. For example, if you are angry, you may select the color red, and angrily make red marks! Or, if you are sad, you may select blue and make slow, sweeping marks. Experiment with your feelings and the colors. Let both be a guide for you to get these inner feelings and energies out of your body and onto the paper.

You may want to light a candle, say a prayer or call a trusted friend for support. Make time for this because your time was taken away without your consent before. Be grateful to yourself and practice self-forgiveness during the process. Even though you had no choice in your abuse, some part of you might be angry with yourself. If possible, consider forgiving your perpetrator(s).
Do only what you can. It is okay to work for a while, put it down for a few days and come back to it. This is, most likely, the hardest task you will ever do in your life. Allow yourself to take naps and walks to nurture yourself in intentional ways. In other words, take gentle care of your tender self during this process. I’m with you all the way; let your truth set you free.
1. Close your eyes, take a deep breath and let it out slowly. Now, try and recall your first memory of abuse. How old were you? What do you see?
2. Did someone in your own home abuse you or was it a neighbor or relative you may have visited during a holiday…or…? Can you remember any specifics about the way they looked, sounded or acted toward you?

DATE: ____________________
After your memory of the first time you were abused, can you remember the second time? I was too young to remember, but perhaps you can. Was it the same or different? Was it the same person?

DATE: ____________________
Again, breathing deeply, with your eyes closed, let your thoughts take you to other memories. Can you put those thoughts into words or create a shape or form here?
Your abuse brings up many feelings…anger…upset…hopelessness…other feelings. How would you portray your own feelings?

DATE: ____________________
My abuse affected my life in many ways. How is your abuse affecting your current life now?

DATE: ____________________
At first, my daddy told me not to tell anyone. Later, it seemed he didn’t care. I think I had moved into a robot-type existence. How did you act in the world when the abuse was happening to you?
I do not have memories of being held down, but I think I was too afraid to move anyway. Others were held down. How would you characterize any force you may have endured?
9. Some abusers use tricks or deception...like, “Sit on my lap and I’ll tell you a story,” when the “story” was not the agenda. What type tricks might have been used with you?

________________________________________

________________________________________

________________________________________

________________________________________

________________________________________

________________________________________

DATE: ____________________
My abuse ended when I left home. Then, many dreams and flashbacks occurred and I began writing poetry and drawing my memories. How old were you when your last abuse experience occurred?
Emotions sometimes have colors; say, red for anger; blue for sadness; gray or black for depression. If you were to create where you are now, in an emotional sense, what colors would you use?

DATE: _____________________
I think I was “out of my body” so much that I didn’t pay attention to my physical form during the abuse. Now, I notice it a lot. How would you express your contentment or lack of contentment with your physical body at this time in your life?
Church and God were a huge part of my life during my abuse. I never “blamed God,” but I did wonder why I was going through this. How do you compare your spiritual beliefs with what happened to you?
Some religious experiences I had were various dreams of angels rescuing me or singing to soothe me. I thought I was imagining it, but now, I wonder. What might you have experienced that you thought you imagined?
My role in the family was to pretend that I was strong, okay and in charge. This was so the rest of the family would not feel guilty for not being able to protect me. What role(s) did you play? Peacekeeper, parent-figure, others?

DATE: ____________________
Many incest survivors have extremes of economic status. Some must prove to the world that the abuse did not affect them. Do you experience financial issues stemming from your past?

DATE: ____________________
Just as the abuse can affect us financially, in what way was your role in society affected by your abuse? How was your lifestyle affected? What color would you use to describe your feelings about your lifestyle?

DATE: ____________________
One thing I kept repeating to myself during the abuse was, “I must get an education so I can move out of this house and have a way to take care of myself!” Did you have thoughts or feelings such as this? How would you draw these feelings, and in what colors?

DATE: ___________________
My physical health was tremendously affected by the abuse (overweight, heart disease, sleep problems, etc.). Have you suffered from ulcers, high blood pressure, eating disorders or other situations? If you were to sketch some forms representing your feelings, would the forms be angular, circular, linear…or?
20. Do you feel empathy when you are around children who have been abused or you think are currently being abused? What pictures arise in your mind if you think a child is being abused?
How have you compensated, or overcompensated, in an attempt to balance your life? What do you do, or not do, to try to bring balance to your life now? Perhaps drawing a scale and placing objects of your life on it would show you how you are balancing your life.

DATE: ____________________
How have you attempted to earn approval in your life? Did you feel compelled to make good grades, enter beauty contests, become a cheerleader, play sports, work after school, etc.? From whom did you seek approval? What were your accomplishments?

List of how you attempted to earn approval:  

List from whom you sought approval:

DATE: ________________
What are your first memories of the effects your abuse had on your ability to function normally? Do you have memories of being depressed, having panic or anxiety attacks, insomnia, nightmares or not having the peace of mind or energy to function? What specifically did you experience and how often?
Describe your personal habits and attitudes. Are you meticulous? Or, do you just “not care”? If you chose colors to match your attitudes, what would they be?
If you kept your abuse a secret and didn’t tell anyone at all, describe your reasons for doing this. How would you portray this “secret”?

DATE: ____________________
If you did tell someone about your abuse, what was the response? Who did you tell? Did they believe you? How old were you when you told? Consider drawing stairsteps, numbering them 1-10, feeling more and more free as you reach the higher numbers.

Who I told: ________________________________

Did they believe you? Yes ☐ No ☐

How old were you? __________________________

Describe their response:

__________________________________________

__________________________________________

__________________________________________

__________________________________________

DATE: _________________________
27. If someone did believe you, what did they do to help? How do you feel now? When did these feelings begin and how often do they occur?
28. How would you characterize your "weaknesses"?

What shape might these take?

DATE:
29. In what way would your power shine forth? How would you depict your strengths?

DATE: ___________________
Using a dictionary or the internet, look up the words listed below. Then, add your own words to this list. Make notes on the definitions. Which words are you most familiar with? How does each definition relate to your experiences?

- ☐ Isolation: ____________________________
- ☐ Alienation: __________________________
- ☐ Shock: ______________________________
- ☐ Weight issues: _______________________
- ☐ Depression: _________________________
- ☐ Repression: _________________________
- ☐ Compromise: ________________________
- ☐ Post Traumatic Stress Disorder: ______
- ☐ Denial: ______________________________
- ☐ Intimacy: ____________________________
- ☐ Separation anxiety: __________________
- ☐ Sexual dysfunctions: _________________
- ☐ Grief processes: _____________________
- ☐ Panic: ______________________________
- ☐ Insomnia: ____________________________
- ☐ Safety: ______________________________

DATE: ________________________________
Part 3

Art & Play Therapy
Methods & Practices
University class art therapy clay project
This section is to have fun with art and provide a comfort zone with art ideas. You may enjoy plunging your fingers into clay, or smearing glue to put various colored papers onto a poster board or playing in the sand at the beach. You may want to do some of these for art play and also, if you reach an emotional point where you want to do something light, here are some ways to do that.

• Tear colorful and happy images from old magazines and glue these onto poster board. You can add ribbons, pieces of string, buttons or lace, too.
• If you have clay around it is great to explore the different shapes one can make. It can be a small or a large amount of clay. Experiment with pounding and molding the clay, knowing that it does not have to “look” like anything.

• With a plain piece of paper, white or colored, trace your hand with a pen or pencil. Within each finger write a strength that you know you have. Inside the palm write a positive thinking affirmation that represents your strengths. Then enjoy decorating it in whatever ways you choose.

• Obtain a helium balloon, write some wishes and dreams on a small piece of paper, tape that to the balloon string, go outside and release it into the sky. As you do, ask your angels to receive it and fulfill your wishes.

• Make a drawing of yourself, then your family and lastly, your house. This is done without concern as to accuracy. After you draw and color it, fantasize and imagine yourself being very happy with your family and having a happy home. Visualization is very powerful.

• If you happen to be headed to the beach, go to a toy store or a teacher supply store and pick up some tiny plastic family dolls. You
can play out various scenes in the sand and provide more variety with sand play than the ordinary shovel and bucket. You can do this in a regular sand box, too.

- Another amusing idea is to get a photo of yourself and make an enlarged black and white photocopy of it. Really large. Then, color it as you choose.

- A “bridge” is interesting to make and can be done with clay or by drawing it. Imagine where you are now with your thoughts or feelings and portray that at the beginning of the bridge. Now, imagine how you want to be with your thoughts or feelings and portray that at the other side of the bridge. Note how you feel as you compare the beginning and the end.

- Music and motion are fun for children while providing relaxation at the same time. One activity in Dr. Cathy Malchiodi’s book, Creative Interventions, is a little song - sung to the tune of “Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star”: 
“I am safe (self-hug) and I am strong (‘make a muscle’). Take a breath and sing this song. (take a deep breath and let it all the way out).

I am growing strong each day (make a muscle) – everything will be okay! (make a ‘thumbs-up’ signal.)
I am safe (self-hug) and I am strong (make a muscle) – take a breath and sing this song.” (deep breath)
(jump up and down, clap and say ‘yayyyy’ or ‘wheee’)

All of these are entertaining variations to explore creativity, encourage warm and happy feelings, or a goal for the future. This is plain, light fun with no judgment as to the correctness of any activity.
Art and play therapy offers a safe psychological or transitional space for victims of sexual abuse. In its application it bridges subjective and objective reality and can serve as a container or organizer for thoughts, memories and feelings. It offers a safe framework within which to investigate and experience the objective world, the world in which the abused person feels alone and victimized.

For therapy to succeed, the therapist is challenged is to provide and maintain a positive and supportive structure for the victim. When the structure is in place, the therapist must find the appropriate art form that will help to regenerate lost psychological space. The art therapist, is, of course, focusing on images and symbols, which can expand into objective reality. Art therapy aids in the recognition of truth. Thoughts produce images.

In essence, the goal of art and play therapy is to correct or adjust thoughts and images that have been coerced or hijacked by sexual abuse. Such a correction must be based on behavioral evidence and logic in order for the victim to perceive it as truth.
Play therapy teaches children to communicate with others, modify behaviors, enhance social skills and to develop appropriate expression of thoughts and feelings. Historically, Plato and Aristotle expressed the fundamental importance of play in our lives. Combining art and play therapy is crucial in creating lifelong resolutions to psychosocial issues relating to the trauma of abuse. This can support achieving optimal growth and development.
Julia teaching art therapy to psychotherapists in Oklahoma

Julia teaching art therapy to public school art teachers
Abuse reactions manifest like a character disorder in which a significant aspect of the abused person’s development is stuck at a certain age. The best way to work with this age is in a group rather than in one-on-one therapy because in groups teens and preteens find common themes and support from each other.

One approach used in therapy is to begin with telling young clients that they are experts on child abuse. Since they have been abused and were present (more or less) during the abuse and the therapist was not, then they know the most about it and are, therefore, experts.

Another significant approach is to locate positive elements in their situation. Even under the worst situations there are some good things. Try to find these positive elements. If an abuse occurred in a 24-hour period, ask what else happened in that same period. What happened that was good? Ask the child to draw a picture about something good that was going on at about the same time.

Keep in mind while working with young people that those who have been moved from their homes and put
in protective custody because of sexual abuse often feel punished; they feel that the abuser should be taken away, which frequently does happen. However, most children find it difficult to deal with losing their rooms, clothes, toys, schools, teachers, friends, other siblings and pets. The legal system – child protective services and the courts – is designed to protect children and it does. But it cannot prevent them from feeling abused when uprooted from the only place they know as home.

“Natural Therapists”

If a child has a safe harbor – a friend, a friend’s parent, a grandparent, or a teacher – this safe harbor individual acts as a natural therapist – a person who is not formally trained, but who is a sympathetic listener. Children will seek out these natural therapists to move from a discomfort space to a comfort space. Unfortunately, abusive parents isolate their children: they will not allow them to visit friends or neighbors because they fear the family secret will be revealed. These parents also will not let other children come over and play. Natural therapists are invaluable allies for abused children.
“Bad Things Happen,”
“It’s Not All Bad,” “I Am Not Alone”

Bad Things Happen is a successful art or play therapy in three parts.
• In the first section, the child draws, paints or creates something which represents the abuse.
• In the second segment, It’s Not All Bad, the child depicts the good or the positive things in her life.
• The third part, which addresses the child’s support system, is called, I Am Not Alone. In this one, the child uses an 8x11 inch or 11x14 inch sheet of white paper with amorphous outlines of twenty or more people on it. These outlines hint of males, females, adults, children, pets, perhaps super heroes and gentle outlines, suggesting angels perhaps. The child’s photo is a dotted line figure in the middle of the project.

The therapist works with the child to identify their true support system
so that she knows who is really on their side. Many times the child will add something, perhaps a pet or an imaginary friend. Suggestions by the therapist indicate that the child has someone in the world to support and help bolster the child’s sense of security. Many times the child represents members of the therapy group. It is important to ask if the child feels supported by the group and to ask why or why not.

“Manifestations”
The preteen and teen groups discuss how being abused could possibly lead to evil parenting. Some manifestations could be the following: being completely self-sufficient so you don’t need anybody, or becoming a bully and being so powerful that no one will bother you, or becoming completely dependent on someone else so you never have to make any decisions. This can be translated into sayings such as, “If I’m loveable enough, no one will hurt me” or “If I am mean enough, no one will hurt me” or “If I stay away from everybody, then no one will hurt me.”

“Strengths”
A sequence of events is involved to engage the child’s trust, develop his strengths and willingness to participate in therapy. First, encourage
him to tell his own story, knowing the story is never complete due to memories being blocked, or just not wanting to talk about it. The psychotherapist and art therapist responds with, “I hear you say this is what happened, but I did not hear how this made you feel, or what your reaction was.” This technique is repeated until as much of the story is revealed as is possible. Then, the child’s strengths, which become apparent through talk therapy, art therapy or psychodrama, are pointed out.

Beware of psychotherapists who say things such as: “I am sure this happened, you just do not remember it.” Or the opposite: “Did that really happen; are you sure? Is that true?” This instills confusion and mistrust in the child. If it is true for the child, then it is true. This is the psychological truth and the therapist deals with that. It is a fact that one out of every three women and one out of every six men were sexually abused as children. It is also a fact that the monster is usually right in your own house or very close.

“Creativity”
Creativity is the third therapeutic principle, with talk therapy first and psychopharmacology second. Crafts used to be the art modality but
pain can be expressed in combinations of creative methods, such as drawing, painting, clay models, and photographs. Dreams can be expressed artistically and impactfully.

Children think and talk in metaphors, so metaphors can be used in art therapy versus linear or logical therapy. Visual journaling can give you a record of how you have changed and grown. In drawings, abstract symbols can indicate a change. One child in therapy drew a picture of his family in an airplane, except the child was outside the plane, hanging onto the tail of the plane. After several art therapy sessions the whole family was inside the plane. One girl drew herself with no hands; later she drew her hands pinned behind her back; later she portrayed herself handing, with both hands, a bunch of flowers to a friend.

“Hope”

Instilling hope in the abused child is crucial. Point out how far the child has come and note all his achievements and accomplishments. Build on strengths and successes. The abuse will be there for a lifetime, but healing does take place and many people with histories of abuse heal into productive, happy, fulfilled lives. Every time the child talks about it and works with it the memories become easier to deal with. Don’t ever let the memories run your life and keep you from being in charge.
Similar modalities are employed when working with children who have been sexually abused and with adults who were sexually abused as children. Boys and girls as well as men and women are subjects for art therapy. Adults are often afraid to discuss their memories just as children are reluctant to discuss their current abuse. Both are afraid that no one will believe them. Men who have been sexually abused as boys – by family, priests, teachers, and others – are the most reluctant to talk about abuse. An art or drawing journal, used between sessions, often helps these clients open up during therapy sessions.

One example is a young schoolgirl who was raped by her father and a brother. Over a period of two years she was in over a dozen foster homes where some of the same sexual abuse was repeated. Why would this be?

One reason is that the child realized that resistance does not prevent the act. Another reason is that a young child who has experienced sexual activity thinks she must act or be sexual to receive love. Her actions could be perceived as seductive to one unfamiliar with her trauma. She thinks this is what she has to do to please peo-
ple. This can appear confusing in a new environment, such as a foster home.

"Sand Play Therapy"

This art therapy technique uses a sand tray, which measures 19½" by 28½" by about 4" deep, to create scenarios. The tray, designed by Dora Kalff, is sized so it can be viewed in its entirety by the child or adult using it. A shelf with many small figures, such as animals, humans, superheroes, cars, weapons and the like are nearby for the client to choose whatever represents her experience in that moment.

A severely disturbed child may pick a dangerous animal, such as a shark with big teeth. Some children bury toy babies in the sand. This can indicate that they are hiding or keeping a secret about what is happening or what previously happened. Children often indicate that they know that the abuse is wrong behavior.

Many times art therapies such as the sand tray uncover sexual abuse as it is happening. One female child, age six, picked out a bathroom scene from the shelf of miniature toys. She then put two
She then put two tiny dolls into the bathtub and began to tell what her stepfather was doing to her. She also mentioned that he had a gun. This could have been an indication of his penis or it could have been a real gun in the house and she may have been threatened. Sometimes the child is told that the mother or another sibling may be hurt if they tell.

“Indications of Success”

Clients, families of clients and therapists desire guidelines that determine how art therapy is progressing. Here are some indications of success.

• When the layout of the sand tray toys is harmonious and balanced.

• When poking and punching ceases while working with clay and safer images, such as puppy dogs or flowers, are created.

• When outbursts and acting-out scenes diminish or cease altogether.

• When the therapist and child both share an inner knowing that the therapy has been successful.

One little boy, age five, who was sexually abused by his older brother
created a huge volcano out of poster board. The volcano possibly represented suppressed and explosive feelings. When the boy first began his therapy his personal explosions took the form of profanity. In therapy he was given permission to say whatever he wanted, including “bad words.” After many sessions it appeared that the boy was in a calm and balanced state. During the last session, he lined up several little cars in the sand tray and placed a sign that said “The End” in front of the row of cars. This indicated to the therapist that he had completed his work.

“Color”

When a child uses one color, usually gray, brown or black, when creating images, it can be assumed that there is chaos in the child’s life. While noting and addressing the chaos and reasons for that with the child’s primary caregivers, the therapist guides the child to explore a different way with colors. The therapist might ask the child what his or her favorite color is - then invite the child to work only in that color during the session. In the next session, an additional color can be added and the child can work with two colors. If the child is confused or frustrated by this, then teaching the child to mix
and blend colors can be a diversionary tactic. Teach the child that blue and yellow make green and that combining red and blue will create purple, and experiment with others, one session at a time.

“Perseveration”
Therapists may also note that the child employs a technique called perseverance, which means to continue the same activity over and over and over, in order to resolve inner feelings. This repetitive patterning is an attempt to establish order in a chaotic situation (inner or outer).

“Splinter Personality”
What if a preschool age child hides behind a sofa, chair or a curtain, disrobes down to their undergarments and jumps out declaring they are some animal form – a dog, cat or some animal seen on TV or in a storybook? This child wants to be addressed as this particular animal, perhaps a kitten, and wants a saucer of milk on the floor, and to say “meow.” While this could be a child with a very active imagination who simply enjoys playacting, his behavior could also indicate that he has a dissociative disorder, especially if these outbursts are frequent. He could be displaying splinter personalities as the result of traumatic experiences.

One effective treatment of this kind of disorder involves blowing up
a photo of the child to full size and cutting it out making it in essence a big paper doll. Then, paper clothes can be made to fit the photo and the child can play paperdolls with himself or herself. In the case of splinter personalities, repeating the child’s name is important, such as, “This is Tommy’s shirt” or “This is Betsy’s blouse.” This reinforces the child’s sense of real self and not an imaginary or dissociative one.

“Support Groups”
When someone is disinclined to seek therapy due to financial or social pressures, other measures can be used to help work out problems caused by childhood memories of abuse. Women’s support groups, such as incest survivor groups, are extremely beneficial as is reaching out to a close friend, a confidant or former teacher or minister for help in processing these memories. Some survivors read everything available on the particular abuse from the growing field of self-help literature about abuse. Survivors should be encouraged to take notes and begin to change their lives.
Some incest victims are hospitalized and in institutions. They may not realize that childhood sexual abuse is the basis of their situation. Through therapy this can be revealed. The therapist has to truly believe in the process of healing and trust the process, which supports the patient in telling their story.

I suggest seeking out women’s “support groups”

“Scribble Drawings”

One way for a patient to tell her story is through scribble drawings. To make a scribble drawing, the individual takes a blank sheet of paper, a pen, pencil or crayon and just scribbles all over the page. Then, the “scribbling” is observed for patterns or repetitive motifs and the individual has the opportunity to connect this to repetitive behavior.
In her diagnostic work with children Edith Kramer uses scribbling to understand the child’s themes. She equates lines with control, clay with play and/or aggression, and notes that painting raises emotional intensity. She sometimes has the children create in clay whatever they painted.

“Walking Mirror”
Sometimes a client feels that he is a walking mirror and thinks that everyone around him can see his pain and former victimization. The Adlerian approach of encouragement and support can be used in this situation. The therapist can assure the client that he will get over it by saying often, in essence, “I know this is painful for you and has been a struggle for many years. Other people have also endured this and have overcome it. These memories will be hurtful, but we will work together and get you through this.”

“Dream Drawings”
This method is exactly as it suggests: the individual draws her dreams or, if she has any, her fantasies. This often reveals inner memories.

“Malaysian Senoi Dream Work”
In a hypothetical case a mother and father who are separated and planning to divorce bring their child into treatment. There are
behavioral changes – the girl is making poor grades, is isolating from friends and has begun to have nightmares. Using a simplified version of the *Malaysian Senoi Dream Work*, the therapist has the child draw the nightmare (picking out photographs that remind the child of the nightmare is another method) and put himself into the bad dream. The child then relates the nightmare while he does his artwork. Next, the child is asked to find a strong force or ally to take back into the nightmare – anything that the child feels will protect him so that the child feels totally safe before re-entering the nightmare. Once in the nightmare, the child asks the nightmare figure, “How may I help you?” The child listens for an answer; a gift exchange follows and the nightmare figure transforms either in appearance or behavior into something positive.

This brings about inner harmony for the child who then transfers the experience into an art modality. A photo of the child with a strong, confident pose, possibly making themselves a hero or heroine can provide supportive and strengthening feedback.

The therapist should meet with one or both parents, with and without the child. Incorporate, if possible, communication with the parent(s)’ therapists. Have parent(s) in the therapy sessions but tell them that they must be silent and not intrusive. In order to give the parent “something to do,” the therapist sometimes has them model
their child’s behavior by observation. They can be given notebooks to write down ideas. This empowers rather than alienates the parent.

In order for the therapist to proceed with treatment for the child, it is important to be as forthright with the child as you were if they were an adult. It is important to tell the child as much of the truth as clearly as possible, otherwise, their imagination will fill in any empty spaces with fearful and false information and then act on it. When you are honest with a child, their artwork will change from chaotic to organized.

With a divorce situation and expected separation anxiety the establishment of trust is vital. Positive reinforcement, behavioral modification and praising the child at every given opportunity are methods that build self-confidence and self-awareness, and support the child through whatever is going on in his life.

“Symbolic Profile”

Ruth Thacker Fry, Ph.D.’s symbolic profile is a unique methodology, which interprets unconscious feelings. It provides a good foundation upon which to build an understanding of the client’s current situation and gain insight into where she wants to go. Information can be gathered from both drawings and a questionnaire.
“Visual Transitions Therapy”
Author Shaun McNiff, Ph.D. suggests that the psyche expresses itself in a variety of forms and a multimodal arts approach gives the client multiple avenues for change and personal growth. Visual transitions therapy has three basic components:

• Use of visuals

• The multimodal format which blends art, photography, movement, video and group or private psychotherapy

• Built-in provision for metaphoric change

“Personal Growth”
Personal growth comes at a turning point, consciously and subconsciously. If a client is choosing personal growth, it falls upon the therapist to be responsible and offer choices. Menard Boss maintains that guilt occurs when choices are made; and Rollo May in his book, Man’s Search for Himself, wrote about the anxiety and loneliness that confronts individuals in a modern society.

“Jungian-Transpersonal Plan for Incest Survivor”
A. Theory Utilized: Jungian-Transpersonal.
B. Client’s Problem: Incest survivor

C. Interaction with Client or Family: Individual psychotherapy and art therapy until all known information has been revealed and brought current; introduce incest survivor to group therapy.

D. Art Therapy Methods Utilized

- Jungian: Active imagination; tuning into the self; drawing the depths of the unconscious to expose the creative process and use it for healing. Discussing dreams, imaginings and fantasies; having the client re-create them with sand trays, paints and clay.

- Transpersonal: Addresses the integration of the body, mind and spirit so that the ordinary sense of self is transcended. The art therapist presents a variety of media to allow the client to fully express herself.

E. Measuring Improvement:

- Jungian: Client artistically portrays dreams from the shadow self, evolving into the whole, happy and satisfied Self.

- Transpersonal: Note when client moves from darker or heavier colors or themes to lighter and more purposefully integrated colors or themes, while observing spiritual, ethereal or meditative qualities.
“The Power of the Creative Process”

Edith Kramer, Ph.D. reiterates that the creative process has integrative and healing powers especially when the child cannot verbalize the problem. Children should be offered a variety of media, particularly, according to Harriet Wadeson, Ph.D., “fact media” or media that is easily manipulated.

Children often feel comfortable with art media and can find a way to make themselves “heard,” particularly in a family where ordinary interactions are not possible. It is also helpful to children of divorce and the changeable constituencies and problems faced with fluid families for parents, step-parents, girl/boyfriends, brothers and sisters (natural and step) to participate in multiple family art therapy.
“Photo Art Therapy”

Picasso said, “Every painting is a self portrait.” Similarly, the photo you choose to take is an expression of something within you. *Photo art therapy* may also be used as a healing method: it is a technique for self-examination in which you can take a photo of any of the following and uncover aspects of your self that have perhaps been hidden:

- Something amusing
- Warm, loving feelings
- Frustration
- Childhood reminder
- Lost opportunity
- Goal for the future
Neurodevelopmental Rationale For Sequential Enrichment

Living Laboratory: Texas Children’s Hospital - Houston, Texas
Bruce Perry, M.D., Ph.D. 1999-2001

Julia Carroll, M.A., A.T.R., facilitated the art therapy, play therapy and Reiki Touch® Therapy portion of the program.

- **Cortical**
  - Encourage Abstract Thought:
    - Drama/Theatre
    - Art Therapy
    - Writing
    - Opera

- **Limbic**
  - Facilitate Emotional Regulation:
    - Dance
    - Play Therapy
    - Art Therapy
    - Nature Discovery

- **Midbrain & Brainstem**
  - Incorporate Somatro-Sensory Integration:
    - Reiki Touch® Therapy
    - Movement
    - Music Making
    - Massage Therapy
    - Pressure Point
“Trauma & the Brain”

Dr. Bruce D. Perry, the former Chief of Psychiatry at Texas Children’s Hospital who heads the ChildTrauma Academy in Houston, discovered that the brains of trauma victims do not develop normally. He maintains that creative arts aid in healing and balancing the child’s physical body and brain, which supports overall healing. Dr. Perry especially addresses the neurodevelopmental rationale for sequential enrichment, stating that to encourage abstract thought and to engage the cortical brain storytelling, drama, art therapy, writing and music are effective. He has found that dance, play therapy, art therapy and nature discovery connect the limbic brain and facilitate emotional recovery.

Further, touch therapies, such as Reiki Touch®, massage and pressure point touch, as well as music-making and movement are effective in engaging the midbrain, which incorporates somato-sensory integration and the brain stem.
“Resilience is that quality people are said to possess who develop well, despite adversity or even great odds.” – Sharon Hall, Ph.D. – *Raising Kids in the 21st Century*

Dr. Alice Miller refers to groups who enthusiastically speak of a child’s resiliency so as to ‘take care’ of the visibly maltreated child. She addresses this as the tip of the iceberg, which neglects the hidden part where no resilience can develop. Dr. Miller furthers this by noting that today, empathetic and enlightened therapists, physicians, lawyers and witnesses can support a maltreated child in becoming a conscious survivor.

Dr. Bruce Perry, in his book, *The Boy Who Was Raised as a Dog*, shared a situation in which three young children were huddled in a corner next to their brutally murdered mother who was lying in a pool of blood. Dr. Perry inquired of the first responder as to what would be done for the children. The responder replied, “Oh, children are resilient - they will be just fine.” This is a typical reaction of adults toward children who have suffered any kind of trauma. Forty percent of all children experience trauma before age 18.
It is a common theory that children are resilient and will be “okay.” The physicians and psychotherapists who are familiar with any traumas, such as the Columbine incident, the Branch Davidian tragedy and many other catastrophies, will attest to the fact that the children are anything but “okay.”

The developing brain is extremely sensitive to experiences early in life. Ninety-five percent of the brain’s neurons are present at birth, allowing both negative and positive input, which will influence the child for life. Under certain circumstances, the brain will build additional neurons. However, the traumas have to be patterned and repetitious, over time, to build neurons and connect these synapses. The cells respond to patterned, repetitive signals and will produce resiliency. In small children, there has not been enough time so resilience is basically nonexistent and a permanent trauma will manifest later in life.

One Houston child psychotherapist, Dr. Michelle Forrester, has observed that some children are genetically resilient and do recover from very traumatic situations. This is rare, but it does exist.

The Aborigines taught lessons regarding building resilience that exist today. The remarkable quality of these healing rites is that neurobiological experiences are created influencing the cortical, limbic and
brainstem systems. Note the ancient and modern parallels below. The primary healing lies in the realization and availability to address and support the child in healing from trauma.

**ANCIENT**

a. Retelling the story  
b. Holding, hugging  
c. Creating images of the trauma  
d. Acting it out  
e. Dance  
f. Storytelling  
g. Do not be isolated  
h. Celebrate life

**MODERN**

a. Psychotherapy  
b. Reiki or gentle aromatherapy massage  
c. Art/play therapy  
d. Psychodrama  
e. Music and motion  
f. Journal about the experience  
g. Reconnect to the community and those you love  
h. Share meals and games

It is important to note that simple but critical actions can promote resilience in a child. If the parents are not available to the child, create surrogate adult relationships, being mindful of lifestyle, and equanimity of thoughts and behaviors. Since children mirror adults the key is for adults to monitor themselves in order to regulate children’s behaviors. Due to television, cell phones, iPods, etc., an isolated community is developing. It is important to regulate both adult and child
timeframes for these electronic devices.

Play Therapy is surfacing as an important and integrative component to the creative arts and neuroscience, therefore supporting building resilience.

The efficacy of play therapy existed before current information of neuroscience. We now know that the lower brain (brainstem) is a base from which to enhance the higher brain regions (cortex and limbic). Low brain areas respond before the information gets to the higher brain.

Psychosocial traumas arouse the lower brain thus inhibiting the central nervous system (CNS). Play therapies enhance awareness, behavior, language development and more. Severely maltreated children require interventions that involve both low and high brain integration. Utilizing combinations of art and play therapy have provided significantly positive results, thereby adding another modality to promote healing, hope and encouragement for the future of our children.
Part 4 Resources

FACTS
• 47% Sex Offenders

LEGISLATION & WEBSITES
www.childtrauma.org

1-800 4 A CHILD

SIGNS
Tears or Fears

Banished Knowledge by Alice Miller, Ph.D.
More people are becoming aware of the problem of sexual abuse of children and are taking action on all forms of child abuse. A day rarely passes when child abuse is not featured on a major television network, the front pages of newspapers, covers of major magazines, and the Internet. Recognize that our children are not only our future, they are the future. Without our children, we lose our whole heritage. WAKE UP! When sex offenders are interviewed they confess that they watch for children who act out and are “bad.” Generally, no one will believe this child and, therefore, the sex offender is protected and can get away with sexual abuse.

I beseech, beg, plead of anyone who is aware of incest to report such abuse to someone in authority, for something is very wrong in any family in which incest occurs. Go to the police, your doctor, or a counselor and keep going until action is taken.
As parents, educators or counselors, it is vitally important for us to notice any unusual behavior in a child. Take note of any irritability, behavior changes or actions designed to gain attention. Specific behaviors to watch out for include depression, vacant eyes, clinginess, aggression, aloofness and/or inappropriate sexual innuendos.

Above all, believe your child if he/she tells you about anything that points to abuse. Be calm. Mirror the child’s body language without being too obvious. Open-ended questions will provide more information than a direct question, which may yield only a yes or no response. Ask simple, direct questions in order to ascertain exactly what the child is saying.

If you are misguided enough to think that by reporting these incidents your family will be destroyed – look around – it already is! Remember, sexual abuse of a child is a crime. Not reporting abuse, or even your suspicion of abuse, is also a criminal act.
• Remember that sexual abuse is never your fault! You did not do anything wrong! You do not deserve this!

• Sexual abuse is almost always committed by someone in your family or someone you know well. Be careful and stay away from adults who make you feel unsafe. Beware of a family member who wants to be your pal or buddy and always wants to be with you away from other people!

• Do not talk to strangers! Do not accept anything from strangers! Do not give directions to strangers, because you could be pulled into a car. If someone tries to pull you into a car, yell loudly and run in the opposite direction from the car.

• Do not let anyone show you pictures in sex magazines or trick you into taking your clothes off and taking your picture!

• If your tummy or throat feels “funny” when someone unsafe is near you,
just run away or tell your teacher or a policeman.

• If anyone hugs you too tightly for too long or tries to touch you or brush up against your private parts, tell your teacher or a policeman immediately.

• Do not let a family member who is “too friendly” be alone with you, especially in a bedroom or bathroom. Never allow this person to watch you dress or undress.

• Do not let anyone take your underwear off and touch you between your legs. TELL SOMEONE IMMEDIATELY! This is wrong behavior and you should tell someone about it right away!
**FACTS**

- 1 in 3 girls and 1 in 6 boys will experience some form of sexual assault before their 18th birthday.
- 47% of these children will know the person who assaults them.
- 21% of the assailants will live in the same household as the child.
- 70% of violence against children comes from abuse or neglect.
- 50% of children living in a violent environment have been physically and/or sexually abused.
- 5% of these children have been hospitalized as a result of their abuse.
- There is a 150% higher risk of physical abuse or neglect in violent homes.
- Wife or partner abuse is the single most common factor for child abuse.
- Witnessing abuse is the most common risk factor for male children who adopt battering behavior in their own adult relationships.
- Children in homes with domestic violence are physically abused and neglected at a rate 6 times higher than children in the general population.
- Disclosure refers to the first person the child tells about sexual abuse. This person’s testimony is labeled as an “Outcry Witness” and is not considered hearsay in legal proceedings. It is considered admissible evidence in a trial involving sexual offense against a child.
Suspect Child Abuse If You Recognize:

- Physical signs of sexually transmitted diseases
- Evidence of injury or bruising in the genital area
- Difficulty or awkwardness in sitting or walking
- Frequent expressions of a sexual nature between an adult and a child
- Child exhibiting extreme fear of being alone with an adult, particularly of a specific gender
- Sexually suggestive, age inappropriate or promiscuous behavior
- Knowledge about sexual relations beyond what is appropriate for the child’s age
- Sexual victimization of other children by a child
- Complaints of painful urination and/or bowel movements

Current law requires that professionals, such as teachers, doctors, nurses, day care workers, neighbors, etc., must make a verbal report within 48 hours of the suspected abuse. We have the responsibility, morally and legally, to protect our children from any harm. If you suspect child abuse or neglect of a child, it is your duty to report it immediately. Children are counting on us to make a sure that they grow up safe, secure and free of abuse.

If you are frightened for your own safety or that of your child, call 911 or 1-800-4 A CHILD. If you are uneasy about your own behavior toward your child call Parents Anonymous at 1-888-PREVENT.
Psychotherapy Guidelines

1. Know as much as possible about yourself and why you want/need therapy.

2. If therapy was suggested or required by your medical doctor, keep all paperwork for the therapist’s records. This includes any past or current medications, plus over the counter medicines and vitamins. A general list of food patterns are helpful.

3. Ask the method of payment: cash, credit card, personal check, insurance.

4. Ask if total confidentiality is ensured.

5. Be familiar with, and ask about, HIPAA laws (Health Insurance Portability & Accountability Act).

6. Ask if your therapist is available for, and has experience in, court of law appearances.

7. Check credentials, diplomas, certificates, experience. Get references.

8. Know the psychotherapist only in that role. Most license laws prohibit dual relationships.

9. Psychotherapist should be qualified in more than one area of
expertise so as to recognize and address other possible/potential situations.

10. Have a set agreement for number of sessions. Many agreements are set for weekly sessions for three months. This allows enough time to address the situation(s) from several approaches and provides an outlet if you choose to not continue.

11. There are “Solution Focused” therapists who have a 4-appointment system for specific (usually emergency) situations.

12. Be totally, completely honest. The psychotherapist cannot read your mind, work with mixed messages, hidden agendas or omission of data.

13. Office environment should be quiet, clean, have fresh flowers and/or plants and appropriate wall art.

14. Except for emergencies, therapists are not generally available for special favors – late night calls – double appointments, etc.

15. Honor appointment times and expect your therapist to also be timely. If necessary, correct this on both sides immediately. Most therapists have a 45 or 50 minute “hour.” This allows time to schedule future appointments and for notes to be recorded.
Books to Read

The Boy Who Was Raised as a Dog
by Bruce D. Perry, M.D., and Maia Szalavitz

Family First
by Dr. Phil McGraw

The Family
by John Bradshaw, Ph.D.

Mastering Anger & Aggression and other books
by T. Berry Brazelton, M.D.

The Arts in Psychotherapy
by Felice W. Cohen, ATR, and R. Phelps, Ph.D.

Symbolic Profile
by Ruth Thacker Fry, Ph.D.

SET for Life
by Michelle Forrester, Ph.D. and Kate Albrecht, Ph.D.

Photo Art Therapy, A Jungian Perspective and other books
by Jerry L. Fryrear, Ph.D. and Irene E. Corbit, Ph.D.

Raising Kids in the 21st Century
by Sharon K. Hall, Ph.D.

Giving the Love that Heals
by Harville Hendrix, Ph.D. and Helen Hunt, M.A., M.L.A.

Children are From Heaven
by John Gray, Ph.D.
Trauma and Recovery and Father-Daughter Incest
by Judith Lewis-Herman, M.D.

Creative Interventions
by Cathy A. Malchiodi, Ph.D.

The Sexual Healing Journey
by Wendy Maltz

Art-Based Research: Art Heals:
How Creativity Cures the Soul and other books
by Shaun McNiff, Ph.D.

Banished Knowledge, The Untouched Key
and other books by Alice Miller, Ph.D.

Approaches to Art Therapy
by Judith Aron Rubin, Ph.D.

The Secret Trauma: Incest in the Lives
of Girls and Women
by Diana E.H. Russell, Ph.D.

Art Psychotherapy
by Harriet Wadeson, Ph.D.
Males Who Were Abused as Children
Resource Books

The following books address males who were molested as children. These books are valuable for the male survivor as well as a spouse, life partner, sibling, family member, friend or therapist.

*Abused Boys: The Neglected Victims of Sexual Abuse*
by Mic Hunter, Ph.D.

*A Fractured Mind*
by Robert B. Oxnam

*Alone and Forgotten: The Sexually Abused Man*
by Rod Tobin

*Secret Survivors*
by E. Sue Blume

*Victims No Longer: The Classic Guide for Men*
by Mike Lew

*Wounded Boys - Heroic Men*
by Daniel Jay Sonkin, Ph.D.
NUMBERS TO CALL

1 800 4 A CHILD – Childhelp USA Child Abuse Hotline
1-888-GRACE 01 (1-888-472-2301) Nancy Grace
303-321-3963 - C. Henry Kempe Center for the Prevention and Treatment of Child Abuse and Neglect

Valuable Information

www.juliacarroll1.com
ggoodman@ucdavis.edu - Research information
www.amw.com – Information regarding Amber Alerts
www.childtraumaacademy.com
www.WIIT.com – The Women’s Institute for Incorporation Therapy
www.protect.org
www.americansforthearts.org
www.careact.org
www.loveourchildrenusa.org
www.familyfriendly.com
www.michelleforrester.com
child Protection Improvements Act of 2008
National Child Abuse Registry
Adam Walsh Child Protection and Safety Act
Local police in any town or state – 911
Legislative Action   Tear out and mail NOW!
Legislation is imperative if we are to protect children against incest and sexual abuse. Send this form to your political representatives at the local and state level, including congressmen, senators, the governor and lobbyists.
Dear

The children of our state need your help! I urge that all the laws in our state pertaining to incest and to any and all sexual assaults against children be reviewed and strengthened! I implore you to take the following steps immediately!

1. Expand the definition of incest in our state so as to broaden the application of criminal statutes.
2. Have mandatory prison penalties for incest and child sexual abuse.
3. Abolish statutes of limitations for civil and criminal cases that relate to incest and to child sexual abuse.
4. I implores you to reform our laws and give our state prosecutors and child victims a real chance for justice.

Urgently,

Your Name ____________________________________________________________
Address _______________________________________________________________
City ___________________________ State ______ Zip ________________
E-mail _________________________________________________________________
Phone(s) __________________________ Fax ______________________________

Additional comments:
Incest is the most insidious violation of trust. Diana E.H. Russell, in her book, *The Secret Trauma: Incest in the Lives of Girls and Women*, calls father-daughter incest the supreme betrayal. The experience renders some children, and adults, unable to function in society. The definitions of incest range from fondling to actual intercourse between a child and a parent or an adult relative. The highest incidence occurs between a natural daughter and a natural father.

Both clinical and popular opinion holds father-daughter incest to be the most traumatic form of incestuous abuse. In one study, Russell found that the factors contributing to the greater trauma reported by the daughters include the following:

- Fathers are more likely to have vaginal intercourse.
- Fathers abuse their daughters more frequently.
- Fathers use more physical force.
- The vast majority of the fathers who are perpetrators are the victim’s provider.

The renowned psychologist, Dr. Alice Miller, says there are two “must haves” for a child to mature into a responsible adult. One is to have an
adult who loves them unconditionally – who adores the child and thinks they are wonderful. The unconditional love is authentic love and provides a heart-link from the child to the caring adult. In this way, when a perpetrator is expressing words of affection, the child will innately know these are false words.

The second “must have” is for the child to have some kind of therapy. There are basically three paradigms of therapy: psychotherapy, pharmacological therapy and creative arts therapy. Also, and perhaps more available to children, is something called “natural therapy.” This could be a friend, neighbor, teacher – anyone with whom the child feels safe to share experiences.

In child sexual abuse trials the child almost always takes the stand. Distinguished psychologist Gail S. Goodman, Ph.D., focuses in her work on several areas: on children’s eyewitness memory and suggestibility; recall of traumatic events in childhood; factors that determine a child’s disclosure of sexual abuse; experiences of the child as a victim/witness within the legal system; and the special needs of children in the courtroom.

Dr. Goodman’s studies on child witnesses are cited in several United States Supreme Court decisions. “In one major case the court focused on Goodman’s findings about the behavior of the children under cross
examination in child abuse cases. Her study found that children who are most afraid of the defendant had difficulty answering the prosecutor’s questions. Before or after they testified, many of the children had nightmares and some vomited. Some children feared that the defendant would try to kill them. This fear, along with the fear of the effect the disclosure would have on others (I'll kill your mommy if you tell), contributes to the delay of initial disclosure.

Child maltreatment overwhelms a child's ability to cope and can create helplessness, feelings of betrayal and loss, confusion and pain. Childhood trauma can exert a profound influence on the course of emotional development.

It is not uncommon for clients who have been incest victims to have denied or repressed the knowledge of their pain until psychotherapy, or until additional traumas trigger the memories. If incest is not dealt with it is likely to interfere with personality development and lead to psychological disorders later in life.

Now, there is hope, freedom from betrayal.
About the Author

Julia Elizabeth Carroll grew up in a small town in Louisiana where men made the rules and rigorously executed them. Everyone in authority was male and all females, regardless of age, obeyed or found themselves suffering the consequences.

Julia lived a double life: days as a little girl in curls and pretty dresses playing on the school ground, and nights of horror and pain. She did well in school, always seeking a “ladder of success” on which to climb out of her pit of nightmares. A lot of time was spent in libraries reading autobiographies of famous people whom, as she noted, seemed to have had difficult childhoods as well. It seemed to her that successful people were largely super-achievers who overcame trauma of one kind or another.

Julia has been acknowledged, cited and quoted in medical journals for
holistic research. She teaches psychology and art therapy in universities, lectures globally and conducts research regarding various healing modalities.

As you read her story, note the graduation photos, the marks of achievement and success no matter what. Discover how she overcame, day by day, her father’s evil actions and how she has achieved international success in her careers.

Now, you must have a vision of being healed. You must carry this mission of “light” within you at all times. You must carry your torch to uncover and dispel the secrecy, the darkness of incest. You must hold your vision for the female, the feminine, the goddess, the mother within us all, including our wounded inner child. There must be a constant and relentless force to daily heal yourself so the ones who come after you will be “healed by light.”

Julia offers insight and courage to those coping with any abuse. She encourages abused and molested individuals to draw, write and talk about their experiences, in whatever form the abuse may be, because keeping the memories locked inside is poison to the beloved self.
This book is divided into several sections – a case history, a self-help journal, art therapy methods, a resource guide, a legislative letter to send to your representatives and guidelines of how to recognize sexual abuse.

As you read my story, note the graduation photos, the marks of achievement and success no matter what. Discover how I overcame, day by day, my father’s evil actions and how I have achieved international success in my careers.

Now, you must have a vision of being healed. You must carry this mission of ‘light’ within you at all times. You must carry your torch to uncover and dispel the secrecy, the darkness of incest. You must hold your vision for the female, the feminine, the goddess, the mother within us all, including our wounded inner child. There must be a constant and relentless force to daily heal yourself so the ones who come after you will be “healed by light”.
Julia's professional memberships include:

- American Art Therapy Association
- Art Therapy Alliance
- Art Therapy Alliance/Digital Art Therapy
- International Art Therapy Organization
- American Association of University Professors
- American Association of University Women
- Association for Play Therapy
- Texas Counseling Association
- Association for Transpersonal Psychology
- Association for Humanistic Psychology
- American Institute of Stress
“Julia, your wonderfully healing and hope-filled book is a gift to so many people. I want to thank you very much for donating a portion of your book royalties to support UNICEF help the world’s most vulnerable children. Thank you for being such a compassionate and loving spirit and for being such a bright and healing light for others.”

John M. Tsacrios, Jr.,
UNICEF Southwest Regional Director

“In reading about the life's road Julia has traveled, I felt very saddened. But also felt an element of hope noting her courage as a survivor of traumatic abuse and how she chose to offer her experiences to help guide others in her suggestions for journaling and artmaking.

As an art psychotherapist, I have for many years worked with survivors of childhood sexual abuse. The nonverbal modality of art can serve as a bridge between the unspoken and the spoken, between the unknown and the known, between the unconscious and the conscious. It can help in dealing with emotional feelings because of its tactile, physical nature. Julia experienced and understood this. She completed her post-graduate work in art therapy. I
am very proud to call her an art therapy colleague.

Pat Grajkowski, 
LPC-AT/S, LMFT, ATR-BC

“Both our perpetrators were either family or close to the family. Not being able to voice our shameful secret made us feel like we had somehow caused what happened to us. And, like Julia, I felt I had no choice but to comply during the moment, then later minimize the experience. This enabled us to survive one more day.”

Peggy Lipton, Actor, 
Author, Breathing Out

“Julia, thank you for your willingness to share your experiences with others. You are reaching out with a healing heart and helping others in need.”

Greg Hurst, News Anchor, 
KHOU TV - Houston, Texas

“Kudos to you, Julia, for helping curtail this abominable and pernicious cycle of violence. I really respect you for your work. Thanks for all you are and all you do in this community.”

Whitney Casey, Author, Talk Show Host, 
KHOU TV - Houston, Texas
“We will use your book and have you speak to our counseling classes.”
Carol Parrish-Harra, Ph.D.
Director of Sancta Sophia Seminary, Tahlequah, Oklahoma

“I finished reading your book. It was so powerful and moving for me – I have learned so much from you. Thank you!”
Anne Coppenhaver, Ed.D.
Director of Educational Programs,
University of Houston-Clear Lake

“Your book is a contribution to society.”
Natalie Rogers, Ph.D.
Saybrook University, San Francisco, Calif.

“Thank you for speaking to our group. We received so many positive comments afterwards.”
Trudi Hendricks, President,
Delta Kappa Gamma

“Best wishes as you continue to champion the cause of sexually abused children.”
H. Maedgen, Principal,
Texas Independent School District
“If we could take Julia’s spirit and bottle it for all to use, none of us would ever suffer again.”

Linda, 
New York

“Julia shows that cultivating our resilience by using the resources provided in her book can lead to recovery.”

Sharon Hall, Ph.D.,
University of Houston-Clear Lake Psychology Faculty

“God has certainly blessed you to get the word out on how to help the sexually abused. Keep it up!”

Fran, 
Texas Teacher

“Julia – thank you for the courage you give every child in all of us.”

Yvonne, 
San Antonio, Texas
The gratitude I owe to those who have loved, supported, counseled and spiritually carried me when I could not carry myself is a constant belief in the human spirit. All have taught me to set my truth free, whether I initially understood these lessons or not. Thank you for allowing me to express my gratitude.

- **My mother, Gwyn** – for giving me birth and for asking me to forgive her before she died.

- **My father, “Sonny”** – because of his abuse I sought the meaning of God and life.

- **My grandmother, “Nannie”** – my primary caregiver, who rescued me, loved me unconditionally and consistently provided the psychological balance any abused child must have to function in society.

- **My daughter** – Susanne Amanda “Mandy” – Giving birth to a child is indeed a miracle. Mandy is beautiful, talented, spiritual and a caring goddess. How fortunate am I to enjoy her life as she has grown to a lovely woman. Mandy, I salute you!
• **My grandchildren** – Bryn Alexis, Gabrielle “Gabi” and William Joseph “Will.” The most incredible grandgoddesses and grand-prince any grandmother could desire. Thank you, God.

• **Bill** – my ex-husband, the father of my child and grandfather of our grandchildren. Your brilliance, perception and genius has been gifted to our daughter and to our grandchildren. Thank you, Bill.

• **Carolyn** – with four young children of your own, you welcomed Mandy into the family when you married Bill. You have shown Mandy, Bryn, Gabi and Will a special love. Thank you, Carolyn.

• **Gurumayi®** – my Spiritual Mentor and Meditation Master, who teaches unconditional love and understanding.

• **Irene E. Corbit Ph.D.** – my art therapy professor and inspiration by her work in the field of art therapy.

• **Jerry L. Fryrear Ph.D.** – my psychology professor and master’s thesis supervisor who aided the transformation of my thesis into a book.

• **Oprah Winfrey** – a lifeline of wisdom that has carried me for decades and whose bone-marrow understanding keeps me in my truth.
• **Bruce Perry, M.D., Ph.D.** – who provided hands-on experience for me; guiding me in working with severely maltreated children at Texas Children’s Hospital. He has appeared on *Oprah*, CNN, *20-20 Primetime* and other television shows.

• **Richard Ducote** – a nationally recognized sexual abuse attorney and child advocate who has appeared on *Oprah*, CNN, *60 Minutes* and other television shows.

• **Cathy A. Malchiodi, Ph.D., ATR-BC, LPCC, CPAT**, is one of the primordial individuals for art therapy; merging ancient and modern modalities to heal traumas and establish resilience.

• **Harvey B. Aronson, Ph.D., LCSW, LMFT, LCDC** - A brilliant man whose sharp intellect delivers gentle guidance. Dr. Aronson’s heart connects with his clients in a microcosmic vision that enables them to enter the macrocosmic world with strength and confidence.

• **Dick DeGuerin** – quintessential king of the courtroom; who combines power, compassion and laser-like genius in support of justice.

• **Chris Sherman** – Houston, Texas police officer who provided protection, support, courage and guidance during my father’s visit.

• **Gail Dorsett** – after assisting with several books, articles and ads, provided invaluable technical design.
• **Terry D. Hiller** – Developmental editing genius in searching, finding and correcting my “creatively” written copy.

• **Marilyn Van Derbur** – former Miss America 1958, one who has been there and is doing something about it.

• **Patti Mosteller Davis** – psychotherapist who counseled me as I wrote this book.

• **The Honorable Joanne King Herring** – devout Christian and loving friend who shouted from the hilltops the merits of this book in order that others would be healed.

• **Sue Schaefer Bellamy** – A sweet soul whose generosity of spirit has supported me in tangible and intangible ways.

• **John M. Tsacrios, Jr.** – UNICEF director, who relentlessly cares for children suffering from pain in many forms.

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