

As I was growing up my father would terrorize me. He would chase me grab my hair and hit me in the head until I would almost pass out. He would yell at me and say things to put me in my place. I had no choice but to put up with it. I was too young to do anything about it. I was so young I didn't have a clue what I could have done to make him react the way he did. The one person I should have been able to trust I couldn't. That is why even today I have problems with trust. At age 15 I was raped. I got pregnant but 6 weeks later I lost it. My parents never knew about it. I had to deal with it all alone. All this happened while my father kept up his abuse and the older I got the worse it got. At age 18 I ended up in prostitution looking for the love I never had. At 22 I was addicted to gambling and drinking and because of this I lost everything. At age 23 I was pulled into the woods and attacked. At 30 I was sexually active again and got pregnant again but this time my mom found out. She said if my dad found out he would kill me so she insisted I have an abortion. I'm thinking I have to kill my baby or risk getting killed myself. This is why I have no respect for my own life. My father has been dead for nine years and he is still influencing my life. At age 34 I got married but for the wrong reason so it was doomed from the beginning. I got married to get away from my father's abuse. Little did I know I was getting away from my father but the abuse continued. My husband would abuse me by not touching me or in the end not even sleeping with me. After 4 years of this I left him but my reception at home was cold. They didn't want me back either. After several years of trying to make it on my own I went back to prostitution. At age 39 my father died and I thought the abuse was over. The abuse continues even today. To remember to go over and over it is a type of abuse. At 41 was the first time I tried to take my life. I swallowed a hand full of pills. At age 45 I have been homeless for a year and one half. Now I am 46 it has been a year I almost lost my life at the hands of a drugged up man who attacked me as I slept. Then I moved here to a place where I knew no one. Again, I am alone trying to cope with it all.

I try to cope with all of it and when something happens (real or perceived) I react to it. This is called Posttraumatic Stress Disorder. The enclosed information may help you understand what is going on with me.

This is why I kept telling you that I don't react well to stress. I don't like being like this. I don't like to hurt people. That is why I admit when I have said something wrong but people use that to make decisions based on accumulated facts instead of a case by case basis.

I moved to Anderson Oct. 25, 06 not because I wanted to. It was the only way I could get off of the street. I moved from Miami, FL in 1980 and lived in Greenville for 26 years. My father died 1999 and my mother moved back to FL in 2002. I have a brother who lives in Greenville that I have not talked to for 12 years. For all intensive purpose I have no family here.

At 46 I am no closer to understanding myself than I have ever been. I have NO support. No one helping me find out. They have told me what is wrong with me but no help to correct it. Over the years I've asked for help but they only tell me what they think not taking into consideration what I think.

According to them this is who I am:

Bi-polar
Manic Depressive
PTSD

They know what to do for the first two but the third one who knows.

As written by Donna to her case manager, when first entering the TRANSITIONS 2000 program.