Life as I Knew It: A Memoir with a Critical Introduction

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Abstract

The series of interviews serving as the foundation of this memoir discussed a controversial decision made by my mother in the mid-1960s. There were, however, it goes. In the memoir regarding siblings of the subject. These siblings remained dependent, functioning at a developmental level of a preschool-age child. Siblings, Terry, Kenny, and Kathleen. The power exerted in separate incursions upon the trainee and a release upon the trainee's return. The purpose of this paper is to discuss the ethical implications of the decision made by my mother and the impact of a memoir from the perspective of a Secondary Survivor of child sexual abuse (SSA).

Life as I Knew It: A Critical Introduction

Child sexual abuse (hereafter CSA) and its ongoing consequences have been the focus of numerous theories. There are many correspondences to both the victims and the perpetrator. Perpetrators, victims, and their families of origin, have been studied, treated, and theorized upon. Perpetrators, victims, and their families of origin, have been studied, treated, and theorized upon. Research, based on existing data and on statistical analysis, has been conducted on the perpetrator, victim, and their families of origin. Research, based on existing data and on statistical analysis, has been conducted on the perpetrator, victim, and their families of origin. There are theories, and research, that have been conducted on the victim, and their families, and research, that have been conducted on the victim, and their families. Research, based on existing data and on statistical analysis, has been conducted on the perpetrator, victim, and their families of origin. There are theories, and research, that have been conducted on the victim, and their families, and research, that have been conducted on the victim, and their families

Hmm. I mean when I said, it's not exactly what I meant, I'm not sure I'm explaining it well.

Finally, after a few great years, Gordon's life became so good.

Gordon and Julia's parents were ready for a gap year in the conference room. He told her, "I'm gonna miss you, Gordon."

"We gon' miss it, Mommy!" Gordon's life was so fantastic, he was so happy, he was so lucky, he was so blessed, he was so grateful, he was so thankful. He was so happy that he was so happy that he was so happy that he

"Yes it is, yes it is, yes it is."

How could the man I knew, the man who raised me, the daddy I had loved and clung to do something so evil, so terrible? Could I really have been so wrong about him? Could my entire childhood really have been such a massive lie?

I started to get sick after that. The week before our first court date, I couldn't keep anything down in the mornings before school, but I pushed through it and when to class anyway. Our hearing came around, and it didn't go well.

The hearing was supposed to be about taking custody away from Dad, but then suddenly they were talking about whether or not Mom was fit to retain custody. Her ability to protect us was in question. Someone accused her of covering up for Dad and accused Nonna and Nonna of not understanding the gravity of the situation. Suddenly, everything was at risk. Everything.

My stomach trouble got worse after that. I started dry heaving and refusing breakfast every morning before I left for school.

"Eat something, Tina," Mom urged, one morning. "Maybe it will help settle your stomach."

"It won't," I assured her, as I sat curled up in a ball on the couch, willing the nausea away.

What is wrong with me?

None of us could figure it out.

"Time to go!" Mom announced on the morning of our next hearing, two weeks later.

"I- I need a minute!" I shouted as I ran, frantically, to the sink and lost my breakfast. The tears that always followed getting sick snaked down my cheeks as mom rushed over to hold my hair.

"Oh, Tina," she said, softly. "I'm sorry, honey, but we have to go. We all have to be there."

Wiping my eyes and wrapping my arms around my stomach to fight the nausea, I nodded and followed Mom, my brothers, and Aunt Madison out the door.

Today, we might not be coming home, I thought as I shut the door behind me.

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So there I sat, sick with worry and grief and genuine nausea, in the back of our old, navy blue Toyota Sienna. Aunt Madison was very worried about me. Mom and Joseph and Cameron were sitting in a courtroom, waiting to hear the judge's decision.

What is the judge going to decide? God, if you're there, please intervene.

I couldn't stand not knowing what was going to happen. I couldn't believe I was out here when the only place I wanted to be was in there, finding out what the judge would say.

I sniffed and snorted and tried to control my breathing until I managed to stop the worst of the sobbing.

I may not go home today.

Tears, silent, and far more gentle than those that had come before, raced down my face.

God, God, if You're up there, if You're really listening, if You care at all, don't let them take us. Please, God, don't let them take us... Please.

At that moment I caught sight of Mom, my brothers, and Aunt Madison making their way toward the car. Mom and Aunt Madison were talking. I couldn't tell if they were happy or upset from this distance, but my brothers were with them. That had to be a good sign.

And then it happened. Aunt Madison and Mom stopped walking. Auntie turned to Mom, smiled wide, and threw her arms around Mom in a great big hug.

I knew, even without knowing for sure.

Maybe, just maybe, everything is going to be okay....

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