

Reply I.D. ee4b

@ Bobbie,

December 16, 2011

All that I was, all that I lived, each experience has shaped me into the person I am today, you see today I want to help others, today I want to inspire , today I want be a flame of hope, a light happiness, a kind person, a good gesture , or a simple ear just to listen...and when I say I understand, when I say I know how you feel, and when I say I have been where you are at, you'll know the honesty of my words because the ring of truth is in them...I have punished myself all my life for the pain that happened to me as a child, I did not know any better, I didn't know that it wasn't my fault about what happened to me , I wasn't the sick one, it was the adults who were wrong in the head ...for years I hated myself, I thought that I must be damaged goods, and so I didn't care so much and entered a criminal lifestyle with this frame of mind...I am not proud about the past but it is there ,it will never go away and neither do I want it to, I need it there so I can draw upon it as I help others in the best way I can...you see I know despair, I know what loneliness is, I know how it feels to wake up terrified only to find myself alone in a cold cell on a thin mattress on a steel bunk... I know how it is to reach for comfort in the middle of the night only find air and emptiness... I know what it feels like to wake up with a wet pillow that you hurry up and hide so no one sees that you've been crying, men don't cry and men do not show weakness isn't this what we are taught? How often has that warped belief gotten me into trouble? How often did it damage relationships because I couldn't share what I was feeling cause men are supposed to be strong....rubbish!.... Do I know what it is to be beat? to be tortured and abused mentally and physically? Do I know pain? Pain and I are old friends....I have both received it and given it, but this is a part of the insanity of a criminal lifestyle addiction. My healing would not begin until I realized that I did not have to carry this burden alone that I could let go and let God have them. That is when I learned to forgive. First myself and then the people who hurt and changed the course of my life as a child...I am no longer a prisoner of my past...I choose to be a prisoner for change. I have suppressed love for so long that today I say what I feel and I mean what I say. Its like the chains have broken and I am full of these suppressed feelings that i just yearn to shower someone with...what do you think Corazon, feel like getting wet? Here another layer peeled back my Heart....

I'm Paul Behind The Wall..... standing tall..