

Friday, May 15, '92

12:40 a.m.

I'll have to wait until August to get any sort of in-person counselling, I think. I can't find a place that counsels evenings or weekends, & I couldn't take time off work (they're really busy). At first, this devastated me. Then I realized what a baby I was being. I'm not a weakling. In fact, my mood has improved over the last couple of days. I feel better than I have

in months, I think just because I finally got the courage up to think about & try to work out my "problems" with the help of another person.

At the bottom of every neurosis of mine is the conflict of that incident from when I was little & I thought my mom was going to die, and my dad was doing nothing to help her. ~~At~~ At the root of this is, I believe, the relationship between my parents. My dad's aggressive, hot-tempered nature, my pity for my mother (I always took her side in the arguments, secretly or openly), the fights, fights, fights. I am like my father; I have his argumentative nature. But this horrifies

me, so I repress it and instead became passive, withdrawn, unable to assert myself or feel comfortable ~~with~~ around other people, especially my father and his relatives. It's as if I'm afraid my pent up hostility will ~~finally~~ finally blow open. Rather than let this happen, I control my emotions and behavior around people to the point where I stop feeling altogether, & thus I ~~become~~ act unnaturally. ~~and~~ I am aware of how closed I must seem to others. I cannot talk about myself. I actually don't talk much at all about anything, except with my mom & with Jan and Vickie. I've built up a wall to control my destructive tendencies, ~~but~~ but

life is pretty empty when you're the only person ~~being~~ enclosed within a wall. Sometimes I don't think anyone can see that there is a person in there, or they don't see the real me. It's time I changed myself in this respect.

I also have to change the way I feel about my father. I ~~don't~~ haven't worked out even my basic feelings toward him. They're such a mix. I admire him more than anyone, yet I am disgusted by his ^{previous} apparent cruelty to my mother. I might be angry at him, too, but I can't think about that because it makes me feel so guilty. I feel guilty because I've avoided him for so long. I moved in with my mom for good, many years ago, & ~~but~~ I think

both he + my mom always thought I'd eventually go back to splitting my time with both of them. I never did, & it must have really hurt my dad. ~~How~~ How else could it have looked? I didn't want to live with him. I loved my mom more. How could I be so cruel to feel that way.

Being around him also possibly reminds me of my ~~but~~ repressed hostility, as well as stirring up ~~this~~ this mix of guilt and shame. So I avoid him, which makes me feel worse, thinking about how he must feel, being forgotten, abandoned, tossed aside, by the daughter he helped raise.

~~When~~ My parents' separation never really affected me. I was probably too young to care.

Another thing: my dad has never ever raised his voice to me,

despite his hot-temperedness with everyone else. And I have almost never expressed anger toward him. In short, we rarely bickered, the way ~~a~~ parent + child normally do, especially during adolescence.

Maybe I've never let myself fully feel the emotions I have regarding my parents' relationship & my relationship with my dad.

Now all these locked away feelings + urges are expressing themselves in another way, through a general, nonspecific, depressive mood, and through loss of appetite and general tiredness ~~that~~, and of course nightmares.

Goodnight.