



1

The exception to the rule

2

Does anyone want to know what child abuse or bullying does to a human being? It's strange; people have dealt with its after effects, but not the person who needed it most. The community can look at one kid who committed suicide then try figure to things out. "He was a good kid. He never bothered anyone. He never seemed that unhappy. He always smiled. "Never find one of his friends though, his friends, few and far between, can tell of a horror of the way he had been treated in life. Folks seem to expect the worst from people who were bullied as kids. It seems like the worst criminals our country has seen has to fit a certain history to belong in their own spot. People love to make things easy for themselves. To others who have the benefit of money, a person with worn clothes, odd dress, and self-conscious of how they don't fit in, is a signal for kids or adults to poke fun at that one, sitting alone. Sure when a person is bullied at any age other on lookers will wait. The buses monitor being bullied

3

Brought an avalanche of sympathy for her. Did anyone ask how many kids were pushed around before that?

There are some people who have a long history of being oppressed. Sometimes it's because family members choose not to see what is happening. It's easier to pretend things never happened. People think of themselves instead of the one who needs help the most.

I hope my story can allow others to understand there are exceptions to this assumption.

I hate bullies. I was bullied and abused since I can remember. I was always called on if other people needed someone to help. I did have a nasty reputation I guess. I was known as the bully buster in school.

I'm sorry but I did get ahead of myself. The beginning might give a better insight of the 51 year old lady who finally has found an avenue to speak her mind.

4

(Don't feel bad for me. I abhor pity, sympathy is different, and sometimes it can lead to friendship. My Favorite phrase is," Don't walk in front of me; I may not be able to follow. Don't walk behind me; I may not be able to lead. Walk beside me and be my friend.)

Why put this in print? To show, life CAN be enjoyable once you accept who you are and choose to live beyond your past. That's what it amounts to. A human being's choice to understand, their past is not who they are, the future is who they can be.

5

The life of a Korean War vet's child.

(Horrendous as it might read, these are the obstacles I have over come just to be able to tell others," It's not your past which says who you are, it's your free will which can show you who can be it the future. It is the legacy the Army phrase." Reach higher" can leave its mark on his child.)

Most people assume that a child of a veteran is colloded and treasured for their live. I guess I am one of the exceptions to the rule. My life has been riddled with strife.

6.

. The child abuse

I guess these are the reasons why my last sponsor called me his miracle kid. He learned of the child abuse, the betrayals, and the cast away attitude I grew up with. He knew me as a compassionate person as an adult. He knew I kept my promises as much as I could. George was the best man at our wedding. I stood by his when the effects of Agent Orange began his short fight with kidney cancer. At the end my husband and I were his proxy so his last wish could be kept. The most important words he needed to be promised in his death were “do not resuscitate.”

We received the call from the nursing home around 4:00 a.m... They only called to tell us George had 5 minutes to live. “Don’t even bother to come.” We went despite the freaky snow storms that March.

Hubby parked dropped me of, parked the car and came in as quick as he could. “He died in his sleep thank God.” He really didn’t I was there to give him

7.

The orders he needed the most. I was told exactly what to say. "Go home soldier your tour is done."

I understand this sounds melodramatic, fact it weirder than fiction. (Borrowed phrase)

(Maybe for confirmation you should ask my husband. Better yet the r.n. that produced him dead.) There was another thing George asked of me, when he died. Cross his arms and everyone could think he died in his sleep. The fact is he died after a full night of seizures, I crossed his arms intertwined his hands, with the help of the r.n., and freaked. There was no way I could make his eyes shut! That's the way a person dies, the r.n. told me. You can find a little bit to laugh at even in a situation like this. (Anyone have 2 quarters for change? Not to shut a different set of eyes, but for the laundry we need to do? His memory will forever be a loss to us, but knowing his raunchy jokes well, does help us deal with his death.)

George knew about the residual effects I was left to deal with. He didn't know how confused I would be, when I finally viewed my birth certificate. When

8.

Hubby and I needed to get it the only thing it said was," normal child, normal height and weight "Why Doesn't it say anything about what I have to deal with today?" I asked hubby. I had spent a life dealing with the pain (physical) of what a legacy of early onset child abuse would leave in an adult. How much of an impact would it make on a "normal" person, to see their baby picture in a neonatal unit, so smashed up the doctor's wonder if the baby would live? How did I land up there so soon? It seems I wasn't want at birth. It did take 7 days later before it would be officially announced, "We have a new life to introduce you to right now, it's a Girl!" My hubby and my sponsor helped me deal with that question. Weird as it may seem, I have treasured the unconditional love a child needs to grow, and not have the need to hide from society. I ended up wanting to help others

who had been fractured and split by this kind of abuse they had become what are normally assumed.

It seems that though the “cards were stacked against me”. The age of accountability is considered

9.

Between 10 and 13 years old. At ten I sustained a head injury, which I should have died from. While exercising a horse, the animal took the bit. (She chomped on it so it was held in her teeth, not over

Her tongue and in her mouth) I lost any control of the thorobred and she raced uncontrollably around the paddock. It seems that being dragged by a foot stuck in the stippe and an adult hard hat was enough to bring this ride to an abrupt halt. The cost of this one “ride” caused temporal lobe seizures. (How many people do you know can survive a head injury which broke their eye socket, the bone next to their skull for their nose, and a direct hit on their ear?) These things didn’t matter to me; I was never told I shouldn’t be alive. (I still love horses, ponies and other equines, why not?) Some may think memories of being tied to a tree and left to “dry out” in the summer heat might make have an attitude of “Woe is

me “(Why should it?) It seems like this accident was what I had used for my benefit not my demise.) Knowing today I wasn’t insane should enrage me,

10.

Right? It hasn’t, even not having the correct seizure medication when I needed it, (The seizures which resulted were never diagnosed or followed up with.) existed but never applied would cause such bitterness one would want to lash out the rest of their lives. (This is the only time I ask why not me.)

The answer is simple, I love life! It seems that having been stuck in time, preserving the innocence of a child between 10 who chose not to allow these revelations change who they know they are today, is rare. (Oh don’t forget the way my husband is judged or friends I have today. It seems that the ultimate authority steps into my life when it’s not needed the most!) Cops are brought in to know if my husband is taking advantage of a person who is considered developmentally delayed, means to anyone who hears this doesn’t have a “ love life “ ?. Durr, (smile) get what I mean? Leave the gossip out of my life.

To end this story of the meanness of life, what have I done to gain respect?

11.

(Even though one of my worst offenders was a narcotics officer, what have I done against the grain again?) I trust the authority our paramilitary have. I have helped the police track down the less desirable elements in our society today. I attempt to help them get the gain a foot up on the worst things which can lead to the destruction of a person. The drug dealers, the child abusers, bullies, etc.

Why should I care about the incarceration of types like these? I'd rather fight for the rights of decent people than help on person escape the reality that their choice makes them the offenders to society's fabric of life as is.

I know this question has leaded me to learn anything about people I can.

Here are some of the things I find interesting,

The Freudian theory of the evolution of man.

The theory behind chronic liars and scam artists.

Oh don't forget the theory of war !

12.

One more area,

The nerves of the government

(Federal laws, state laws, township laws/ city. And funding delineation of each by the federal budget e.c.t.)

The American constitution, with the amendments which perverts its original rights to freedom, etc.

Why is eugenics still considered an appropriate means of dealing with the mentally deficient, unstable, or genetically unsound in some areas or our countries in the world we live in? (Down syndrome or autisms?) These are the areas most people cringe to answer. It seems my response is always the same, regardless of how thorough their answer is.

To me it's one more quest to have an answer and make sense of the fact that some chose to be evil while most do not. "Why? How come?"

Studying genetics doesn't prove things out.

Theories of the randomness of the formation of atomic energy cannot.

13.

Dial The knowledge of chemistry at the molecular cellular nuclei wouldn't come close.

The only realistic answer I can find is man's misuse of free fill.

That's about all I can think of. (I hope this doesn't sound too disorganized to the reader.)

That's one reason I say, "It's not your past that say who you are, it your future to see who you can be!"

(It really surprises me that regardless of the assumptions after my seizures were diagnosed by Beth Israel Deaconess, People are still confused by the acceptance I have towards others. My self the only confusion I have is with an I.Q. in the 98> percentile how much more can I learn to not seem like a naive adult of 51?)

14.

Here are other things that surprise me.

(Joking on lives' indignities!)

If a computer has spell check, why doesn't it recognize my misspelled English words? (I've had to guess just to see that darn think not correct it in Swahili!)

Why are the writing implements missing when someone says "Write this down!"(Or the paper to write it on hid!"

I think we both understand what triplet copies written with carbon paper means to using an eraser.

Do not even pretend to get hungry (or tired) when you have to work a double shift! (Even if you're the lead lady of a factory line!)

15.

(There is the dark side of volunteering also. The kind of anger when you have done the right thing, but because of the stupidity of “relying on the next step you take, there are no holes in your walls.)

When I was secretary/leader of a tenant association, would anyone want to know how many times I got a call from a really stoned tenant,(not yanking my chain, I checked) “ What’s the number for 911?” “Huhn? Dial it and find out!

NOT 411, 911 O.K.?)

Then quietly ask as you dial it for them, what happened now? ““My kid found my Klonopin and ate em. (That’s when a chill drifts over you) you have already dialed 911 medical. The 15 month old child of the junky had chewed down 5mg of that benzo.

How bad has it affected her? You ask! “Does she cry if you pinch her toes? Is she still awake? When did she start turning blue? Does she breathe on her own still? Does she even move or stuff like that?” Why ask? The mother is so stoned she can’t be able to answer these questions for e.m.t.s when they arrive within the next five minutes. (She’s nodded out on your sofa!) What does the mother gain by the cool demeaned that you have had training for a situation like this? (Or to be used when suicide intervention is needed?) Chosen to be the one who is assessing the child’s condition? An extended stay at the nearest detox for heroin users. What does the child gain? That’s when you pray d.s.s. can put this child into a foster home, so she will have a better chance to live until her 3rd birthday. How Far does your heart drop when the mother comes home, and the toddler is put in her care again? (Nothing but at that point the walls begin to have holes, the person has ulcers at the next dr.s appointment. That child had been buried by d.s.s. after the mother overdosed her with heroine in her bottle. Check in the obituaries in Fall River, the year was 2003.)

**Anyway, that's part of the person you know as,
The Old Lady On the hill.**

Michelle Boyd.

By

(



**still waiting for Fall, to be trained and be able to help
you.)**