

INTRODUCTION

It was the next morning when I woke up sitting on my living room floor, a few inches from the television. I lifted my head and looked around. I lived alone so I was not expecting to see anyone, however, I must have blacked out and did not know what had happened. Everything appeared to be intact and then I noticed the 50-inch flat screen Sony television, I had purchased a few months earlier, was ruined. It looked like someone had clawed at the glass leaving scratch marks over the entire screen. It was completely destroyed. My first thought was, "What have I done?" What could I have seen or felt that would cause me to act so uncharacteristically violent? As I began to piece together the night before, I realized the feelings I was attempting to keep inside and not acknowledge by drinking to a point of numbness, had finally unleashed into a wave of pain that erupted beyond my control. When I saw the evidence, fear gripped me. Was I in that much pain? What is making me so afraid? At that moment, I really did not want to know the answers to either of those questions, so I got myself together, and drove to the store to buy another television; a benefit of the credit card. At least for the moment, I was able to cover up that night as though it had never happened. It would be several years before I had the courage to look at that night, see fear, and yet not be afraid.