

# Abuse and proper discipline

[Education](#), [Discipline](#)



I have experienced many things in my life. All of my life experiences have affected me in different ways. Some experiences were good and some were not. The physical abuse I experienced by my father was the most impact experience. A parent is supposed to create a safe, stable, and loving home. Instead my father created a home of fear, instability, and inconsistency. This affected my behavior in school, and how I react to things later in life. I was born in Florida.

At the age of two my father moved me and my three brothers to New York. At this time my mother was not in the picture for unknown reasons. My father was avid alcoholic, and drank a lot. During his drunken rages he would abuse me and my three brothers. My father moved us around a lot, and we never really stayed in one place for very long. I was never quite sure why this was, but I would guess that maybe someone or somebody became suspicious of what was taking place in our home. This resulted in us taking off before anyone could find out for sure.

My father started beating us while he was drunk, but then eventually started abusing us while he was sober. It became a regular thing for us and almost expected. He would start to hit us based on his moods. If he had a bad day at work, or had a fight with one of his girlfriends. He would choke us, punch us, throw us, and has even gone as far as burn my brother's arm on the stove. There were times that we did not eat for days. It was not because we did not have any food, but because he wanted to punish us. He also kicked us out of the house, and made us sleep outside. Even in the winter.

I was terrified of my father. Instead of Henning 2 growing up feeling love and trust. I grew up feeling fear and pain. I would often watch sitcoms on TV, and wish that I could just jump into the screen. Daydreaming of a better life was something I did often. I wanted to leave, but this was all I knew. This was my life and nothing was going to change it. My father did not only abuse me when I did wrong, but instead he would abuse me when he was in a foul mood. The abuse was inconsistent, and because of this my behavior was impacted. In school I would lash out at teachers, and was defiant.

My father was not concerned with proper discipline or punishment. I was more of a punching bag for his anger. Therefore I did not understand how to act or behave properly. I was uncontrollable in school. I would jump on desks, and crawl underneath tables in the lunch room. I even threw chairs at the teacher when I did not want to do something she asked. I was violent with my classmates, and disruptive. The bus ride to school was also a problem. I would jeopardize the safety of the other children by jumping over the seats, and disrupting the bus driver.

It got would get letters and phone calls from the school, he did not seem to care. My father was more worried about what was going on in his world to care what was happening at my school. After a while the school decided I needed to be enrolled in a special school that was more equipped to handle my behavior issues. No one in the school system even thought twice about the discipline at home. If they had investigated our home they would have found out my father never disciplined us, but abused us instead.

To this day I feel that proper discipline is needed for a child to grow up and become successful in life. The abuse started to get worse as we got older. He became a lot more aggressive. He even ended up sending me to the hospital for bashing my head on the bathroom floor. The reason for the more intense abuse was because of the increase in size of my older brother. My brother was getting older, and was able to fight back. Unfortunately my dad was still Henning 3 a lot bigger than my brother. My dad would often punch holes in the walls when he was mad.

One day I was picking at one of the holes in the wall that my father punched in. He walked by and saw me doing this. Out of nowhere he punched me right in the eye, and I went to school the next day with a black eye. This started causing a scene with my teachers and nurses. I went to school plenty of times with black eyes, and bruises. I could not understand why this one was any different. The ruse must have gotten sick and tired of seeing it, and finally acted. This caused an investigation, and at the age of eight years old I was removed from the hell that I called home.

When I was being removed from my home I remember seeing my neighbor with an unsurprised look on her face. This made me wonder if she had suspected the abuse all along. It also made me wonder how many others knew or suspected what was taken place in my home. After being removed from the house I called home. I was placed with a fosterfamily. The first few months were great. I was not scared and looking over my shoulder anymore. I was happy and felt love for the first time. My foster mom made pancakes and sausages for breakfast in the mornings.

I have never had anyone make breakfast for me before, and it was like heaven. I had warm bed to sleep in, and I even had a TV in my room. It might have seemed that my story was over. However the effects of the abuse were still there, and my behaviors still caused many problems. Throughout my life I had to go through therapy to undo the damage my father caused. I had to relearn how to act and behave properly. Today I am a pretty optimistic person, and I do not like to use my past as a crutch. However I will not deny that there are some lasting effects that the abuse still holds.

Therapy was very successful for me. It help me deal with what happened, and encouraged me to move on with my life. However therapy cannot remove thememoriesand the experience. I will forever remember the abuse I endured. Henning 4 The abuse from my father affected me in many ways. I had to struggle, and was not able to have a normalchildhood. I grew up in a home full of fear, and lacked the to relearn how to behave properly. I do not regret what happened in the past, for my past is part of who I am. What I have been through and what I endured has only made me stronger.