

One voice speaking out against child english literature essay

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Tammy A. BrunerPSY202Amanda SmaracheckOne Voice Speaking Out Against Child Sexual AbuseChildren of sexual abuse or CSA tend to have serious psychological issues if not properly treated soon after the incident has taken place. Victims do not tell anyone about the abuse in a majority of cases. Most CSA cases come from children being sexually abused by a family member or trusted adult such as a teacher, caregiver, or pastor. The child trusts the figure of authority and obeys what they are told to do giving perpetrators the perfect victim. I have been a victim of CSA and understand the need for this to be brought out into the public for others to see. It is important to me that I share my life with you so that maybe it will be read by someone who has had similar issues and will give them the courage to speak out. CSA can cause Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder, depression, anxiety, anger, and a variety of other issues that can be debilitating. I deal with issues from my childhood daily, but work hard to keep it from taking over. Instead of dwelling over something I cannot change, I decided to do something about it. I am going back to school to get my BA in Behavioral Sciences. Against the odds that state children of abuse do not perform well in school and are more likely to fall victims of drug abuse and unhealthy sexual acts. I am going to get my degree. I want to help children and adults who have experienced sexual trauma to overcome the events that took place and help them to lead a healthy lifestyle. I want to speak out against CSA so that others are aware of it and bring it out into the open so that the abuse can be stopped and prevented. One Voice Speaking Out Against Child Sexual AbuseGrowing up on a farm taught me a lot of good morals and values to pass on, but it wasn't always a beautiful life. I had to grow up

quicker than most children my age. Times then were very hard and money was scarce. The stresses of being so young, struggling to get by, and having a child to provide for brought the worst out of my parents. They divorced when I was two years of age. My mother married my stepfather, at first he was not a bad guy. It wasn't long before I seemed to get into trouble a lot. My stepfather seemed to be angry with everyone all the time. He had grown to be more abusive. He had even started hitting my mother. I knew she was afraid of him too. After losing a baby girl my mother got pregnant with my brother. We were so excited about the new baby. He was a happy healthy baby boy and I thought he hung the moon. As we grew up, times got tougher on me. My stepfather became more abusive to my mother and me. I thought he was going to kill us both. I started being sexually abused by his uncle from the age of five and was directed not to inform anyone of the events that took place. If I did tell of the abuse, my mother would go to jail. He also threatened me with my stepfather. I had been informed that my stepfather would beat me for being such a bad kid. He also told me he would kill me and hide my body. I never said a word and tried to deal with what was going on. " At least 22% of Americans have been victims of child sexual abuse, although one-third of them told no one at the time and lived with their secret well into adulthood, a Los Angeles Times Poll has found." By the age of ten, I was babysitting my brother while my mom and stepfather worked. I had to have dinner on the table by the time my stepfather came home. He was very firm in what he expected. He would wait until my mom left the next morning to punish me if I had not completed the chores he asked of me. He also had started watching me while I dressed for school. I had caught him watching

me several times. I was scared to tell anyone because I thought I would be punished. I believed these events took place because of something I did. The abuse of the uncle finally stopped after someone confessed. At first, I denied the events that took place, but eventually I confessed to my mom after she swore nothing would happen to me. We had found out that he abused 26 children before someone finally confessed. I was the youngest of the children he had abused. I had been abused the longest time period lasting from age five to the age of eleven. I started keeping a diary and would enter when my stepfather was watching me because I could not deal with the emotional stress of all the secret abuse. My stepfather found my diary while snooping through my things while I was at my father's house over the weekend. As soon as I got home my mother questioned me. She asked me why I would write the things I had put in my diary. I told her that he was watching me dress. I confessed I was scared he was going to hurt me like his uncle did. Mom thought I was saying those things because I wanted my stepfather to go away because we did not get along. During this time I had three other uncles along with my father that sexually abused me also. My father thought I was asleep and the hell began. Of all the abuse my father was the only one to penetrate me. I never said a word about any of it because I didn't think anyone would believe me. My mother finally caught my stepfather on the roof watching me. She took me to my grandmothers to live. I felt so abandoned because the person I trusted most chose my abuser over me. My mom came to see me one day soon after I was moved and asked if my father had abused me. I told her that he had but did not elaborate how far. She said his sister had called and said he abused her. Mom said she wanted to check

to see if he abused me too. After this, I asked for help to deal with all the guilt and trauma, so I went to see a therapist. She told mom that I did not need to be facilitated but needed be treated with intense outpatient therapy. We were informed I was suffering from severe depression and anxiety and needed intervention to help me cope with what happened. " Survivors may experience chronic depression, eating disorders, low self-esteem, suicidal thoughts and difficulties with trust or intimacy, in other words, mild to severe dysfunction that clearly could affect their ability to work and clearly requires help from a professional." I never went back for therapy until later in life. I could not handle living with my grandmother. She yelled all the time and was overbearing. I also missed my mother and brother. I ended up moving out on my own at 16 years old. By the time I was 17, I was pregnant, working full time, and trying to finish high school. I was engaged to be married. We had a good relationship until I found out he was using drugs. I ended up leaving the baby's daddy due to him smoking pot and sudden increase of drinking. I would not have my baby around that and swore she would have a better life. I had to move back to my mothers to get away from my baby's father. I eventually ran into my soon to be husband whom I had known for years. He proposed after dating a while and I told him I would marry him. We got married and life was good for about a year. I found out he was cheating on me and the trouble started. I had severe trust issues that he had helped me work through and he tossed it all out the window. I ended up staying with him because of the baby. He did love her and treat her as his own. He was a very good father something I never had and had always wanted. I was married 15 years and had endured all sorts of tribulations. We struggled with

infertility for 13 years. We provided foster care to help suppress the urge to have children together. I do not honestly know who received the most help, us or the children we cared for. I ended up having an emergency hysterectomy after 13 years of infertility with no success. This too took a toll on our relationship. The depression finally took over and I had to seek assistance with the issues of my past and not being able to conceive a child with my husband. I was diagnosed with PTSD and treated. We ended up adopting a wonderful three year old a year later. I was so ecstatic over adopting a son. My husband, however, was not so engaged with the situation. He ended up surrounding himself in his business and I became wrapped around our children. We pulled apart and began to have different views. I wanted to focus on the family we struggled so hard to get and he wanted more money. We ended up getting a divorce over our difference in opinions. I saw him turning into my stepfather only without the abuse. I ended the marriage two years ago. Things have been tough since. Being a single mother is very hard. Due to a severe injury to my ankle I had to have surgery and am now unemployed. This makes things really hard. While down with an injury, I enrolled in school to get a degree. I want to follow my dream and help children. I have always wanted to work with children, but I kept putting my dreams to the side to support my child and then to allow my husband to follow his dreams. Now it is my turn and I plan on using my time wisely. I plan on being happier in the future. I have to overcome the bumps in the road and rely on my faith to get me through. I believe I am on a lifelong journey to become stronger so that I can do what I was put here to do. I believe all that has happened to me happened for a reason. I do not

frown on it because I have learned from it. I have worked since the age of 14 and have never had a feeling of accomplishment. I started as a waitress in a small hometown restaurant and then went on to work at a factory to get insurance to provide for my new baby. Working at the factory I started as a general laborer and moved quickly up the ranks to a supervisor. I still today am a supervisor and have found I am comfortable being a leader and not a follower. I have yet to have that feeling of self fulfillment even with all the records and achievements I have achieved. All I have accomplished is putting money in a rich mans pocket. I have done nothing to help society. My goal is to get my degree at Ashford University in behavioral sciences and provide therapy for children and families in need. I would like to eventually earn my PhD and have my own business. This is what would make me very happy. Making a difference in the world is very important to me. In my lifetime if I can change the views of just one person that could be the start of a new beginning for everyone. Being able to show them how important they are within our society and give them the confidence to improve their lives can allow them to pass on what they have learned. By reaching out to children and families of abuse and neglect, I could possibly better their lives by showing them they are important and they can obtain a degree even when the odds are against them. Most of all improving their relationships can and will make them better people. This would be the start of the beginning of the perfect tomorrow.