

Sonova Quark

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Walk the Path with Demons

In January's issue **Andy** reminded me of the fact that it's been a while since I discussed my anxiety and related wellbeing. To recap, beginning around the month of September 2020 I started experiencing repeated anxiety attacks. It was child abuse deeply buried within my psyche, the details of which I have already discussed in past TURBO installments. My anxieties were exacerbated by Covid-19 protocols and wondering where #45, the most insecure alpha male baboon I have ever seen, would defecate next in public. I came down with prostate cancer and had surgery to remove the ungrateful organ just months before Covid-19 locked the entire world down. It was not the best time to manage a recovery plan after major surgery. My psychological defense systems were overwhelmed. I know I am not alone on feeling distress from the slings and arrows of outrageous misfortune. Many of us, including within the pages of TURBO have felt plenty of misfortune.

That said, I seem to be *feeling* better about my current circumstances. It's been over two years since my prostatectomy. Two years have passed by and my PSA levels continue to be undetectable. At our last checkup my surgeon told me to schedule my next checkup in six months. Prior checkups had always been scheduled every three months.

Recently I noticed a subtle change while processing another unpleasant tearful wave of anxiety. The fears I was wrestling with were nothing I hadn't felt before. I began to realize that there probably aren't new demons I needed to defend myself against. Actually, it's not so much a matter of defending myself as acquiring

the courage to open up to deeply buried emotions and accepting them for what they have been trying to tell me. I'm slowly beginning to realize what the therapists have said all along, that while terrifying, overwhelming feelings of anxiety and terror won't kill me or drive me insane. Yeah... right! There's the rub.

I continue to experience my Inner Child who felt helpless and terrified. He didn't know how to defend himself and there would be no rescue. We feared our incompetence was our fault, that we need to be punished. We feared we might go insane or be removed.

Slowly, gradually, with the help of a lot of EMDR sessions, I've been able to get in touch with some of those fears my Inner Child buried. I let him know he didn't do anything wrong, that he was not expected at such a young age to defend himself against what he had been forced to confront. Truth of the matter, my Inner Child protected us the best way he could. He buried his terror from his conscious awareness... *our* consciousness. His actions protected us for decades. Perhaps at the age of 69, perhaps it's time to air them out

Slowly, my Inner Child is beginning to hear what the adult in me has to say. Slowly, I think he is beginning to trust me and that I won't abandon him. I tell him I need his creativity, spontaneity and sense of wonder just as much as he needs my adult insight. We need each other because we *are* each other.

I know there may be more on the path that lays ahead. It remains a work in progress.



