

Dear Dad,

I am so done with trying to pretend that you did not hurt me. All the years of verbal abuse have hurt me well into my adulthood. Your words still ring in my ears. While no one can see the abuse visually, I am so bruised and beaten up on the inside. There have been days that I have actually hated you because I was just so messed up. A father is supposed to be kind and loving, nurturing. A father is supposed to be looked to for guidance and direction. A father is supposed to make a child feel safe, protected, and accepted. I received none of that from you. And I am angry. I missed out on what could have been a wonderful childhood. And you really are the one who missed mostly for what could have been.

You were so important with your job. Did you enjoy what you did? Was it worth all that you sacrificed? Why did you come home angry? Were you always tired, or did we really annoy you that much? Were you just selfish and felt you deserved peace and quiet no matter at what expense? It doesn't really matter that I figure it out. That's your life to process, your life to grieve. You were a good provider, but a very absent father. I am choosing to say good-bye to feelings of abandonment.

There were days I just wanted to be held in your arms, but you were busy. There were days I wanted to share my thoughts and dreams and opinions, but you were not in the mood for such nonsense talk. When I tried to share an emotion, you just slapped my face. I am saying good-bye to all the beautiful dreams my little girl wanted to share. You missed out on dreaming them with her.

I needed your love and affirmation so desperately. When I began to find it in a boyfriend you did not approve of, it just made me more determined to love him more. If you only knew how much he abused me....what would you have done if I had been able to share that with you? And the promiscuous lifestyle I led following my divorce.....I was looking for my little girl's heart to be filled with the love and acceptance I never received from you. Why am I afraid to tell you that in person today? Because I don't want to hurt your feelings....I sure wished you did not want to hurt mine growing up. Good-bye to all the regrets of what should have been.

God calls me to honor my parents, and I do. I refuse to treat you as you have treated me. And I refuse to allow you to talk abusive to me or anyone else for that matter. I will speak up and correct you, even if you are embarrassed. It actually feels good when I can argue my feelings – because they ARE, MY feelings. I refuse to allow your dysfunctions to be passed on to my life or my children or any generations to follow.

Your failures do not belong to me. I am not responsible for them. And I will now allow them to control, manipulate, scare, influence, and hurt my relationship with my God, myself, my husband, my children and others I garden. I am saying good-bye to the old patterns of gardening and I am now free to garden after the pattern given to me by my Heavenly Father God.

Signed a treasured child of the Most High God!

Dear Mom ~

It is sad to think about how much dad has verbally abused and neglected you over the years. You pretend like you don't allow the words to penetrate, that you easily deflect each one minimizing the hurt. In recent conversations I have asked how you can continue to put up with his chastising, controlling behaviors. Again, you find an excuse and minimize the consequential pain.

Do you remember dad verbally abusing us kids? I don't remember you coming to our defense, and I don't remember you saying anything to dad about his choice of words. Did you go behind closed doors and correct him? Or were you just passive, thinking this too shall pass?

You did me no favors by not standing up to him. I needed to hear you tell him that it was unacceptable to talk to anyone that way, let alone your own child. Why did you protect us from arguing? I never saw you even holding hands or showing affections toward each other.

I wonder mom, if you could turn the clock back, what would you do differently in raising us kids? My guess is that you would spend more time with us, that the housework would not be so important. You worked so hard at making the house look perfect. You worked so hard in making us kids look perfect. Did you ever think that a messy house would be OK? Did you ever consider that your kids might be messy on the inside?

Do you know that I am not perfect? I have had so many failures and regrets, things that I would have liked to share with you. What would you think of me if you knew what I have really been through? Promiscuity? Drugs and alcohol? Sexually abused by Bob. What would you say if you knew I had an abortion? I think you would say, "Oh no, not my little girl. She is perfect. You must be talking about someone else's daughter." Well mom, I am not perfect. I messed up a lot. I tried so hard to become someone other than my mom and dad's identity. I desperately wanted to leave the mold you were shaping me to. Unfortunately I chose an unhealthy lifestyle.

I am saying good-bye to time lost in trying to please you. I am cutting the apron ties of being who you wanted me to be..... And, I am saying good-bye to the pain and neglect that I have felt all these years.

Your failures do not belong to me. I am not responsible for them. And I will now allow them to control, manipulate, scare, influence, and hurt my relationship with my God, myself, my husband, my children and others I garden. I am saying good-bye to the old patterns of gardening and I am now free to garden after the pattern given to me by my Heavenly Father God.

And Mom, I forgive you!

I do love you,

Signed from your daughter