

A New Beginning

by a Western Student

If I had to choose one person to spend a whole day with, it would be my mother. If I could have one day with my mother sober, happy, and disease free, there would be so many different things I would do with her and talk to her about. I would ask her about her life and all of her experiences in it and try to figure out why she ended up the way she did. I would ask her about my childhood and why things ended up the way they did. All of the questions that burn through my mind every day would be relieved. Most importantly though, I would get the chance to forgive her for everything.

Trying to communicate with my mother as she is today (and has been my whole life) is nearly impossible. My mother suffers from alcoholism, drug addiction, schizophrenia, psychosis, bipolar disorder; the list could go on and on. That being said, and to make a long story short, my mother is a very paranoid person who unfortunately suffers from the majority of the negative symptoms associated with her diseases. According to Connie Brichford, from the website *EverydayHealth.com*, "Negative symptoms reflect the absence of traits and abilities that most other people have. These include: lack of interest in activities, a flat emotional affect, indifference about relationships, and an inability to complete tasks [...] low motivation, a negative symptom, may be a factor in social deficits; some people are simply not motivated to

interact with others” (Brichford 1). Suffering from these symptoms drastically impacts the outcomes of one’s social life, which in the long run affects more than just the person suffering from the diseases in general: it affects the family and loved ones associated with the individual as well.

If I were to talk to my mother about something right now, chances are the response I would get back would be completely out of this world and have nothing to do with what I had asked her, or her response would last about an hour and ramble on about something completely off topic. It is so hard to explain how she is, but holding legitimate conversations with her is nearly impossible because of how scattered her thoughts are and how much she tries to avoid conversation. For example, once I had asked her about an appointment in the cities she had with her psychiatrist, as well as some other routine check-ups. As a result, I get the response, “Why the hell do you care so much anyways. Are you on their side? Are you out to get me too? You think I am crazy, don’t you? They send these letters here to me and expect me to believe it is actually them! How do I know these letters are actually from who they say they are from? They are probably trying to scam or are not trying to spy on me! You are in on this too, aren’t you?” After some time I figured that keeping to myself with a smile on my face can do wonders! My mother does the exact same thing day after day. In fact sometimes she does not even remember what day it is. Her routine consists of waking up, drinking vodka, smoking cigarettes and lord knows what else, all while sitting at the kitchen table. The music is blaring in the background, she has the phone in the opposite hand of her cigarette, and there she sits: staring in the mirror across from her as she surfs through all of the thoughts that flow through that

beautiful mind of hers. I say beautiful mind because I cannot figure it out. It is so incredibly original and out of this world. I find its uniqueness beautiful, but I hold it accountable for how she turned out and how my life turned out. I do not know what controls a person's thoughts and mind, but hers has kept her from living a normal life and has also altered my life tremendously!

There is always going to be a parental void in my heart because my parents were not stable and present for a majority of my life. It is hard feeling like you are alone in the world and not having parents to share your life experiences and accomplishments with, but if that is what I focus my thoughts on, then I will never be happy. I know I was given this life because I was strong enough to live it. Every day I thank God for blessing me with the life I live. I have learned and grown so incredibly much from all the negative situations I have been through and dealt with in my life. The most important thing by far though, is forgiveness.

Having a sober day with my mother would mean I could forgive her for the abuse and neglect I received during my time with her, for all the hurtful things she has said to me, and for not being there for me at all physically or emotionally in my life. I would tell her how much I love her regardless, and that I pray for her to fight off her addictions. I would explain to her how much I have learned from the events and trauma in my life, and how I would not change one thing about it. It would be my motive to make positive memories and emotions during our time together; for us to always look back upon and remember, rather than the negative ones that haunt us now. I would tell her all the things I have ever wanted to or thought about: be one hundred percent real and honest with her. It would be like trying to cram almost twenty-two

years of life into just that one day. Having one whole day with my mother sober and disease-free would fill the void I have had in my heart for practically the last twenty-two years. There would be twenty-two years of bad memories and emotions vanished in just twenty-four hours, and a motherly relationship I have been dying to have, but ceases to exist; it would be a new beginning.

Work Cited

Brichford, Connie . "Social Deficits and Schizophrenia." *EverydayHealth.com*. Everyday Health

Media, n.d. Web. 18 Feb. 2014.

<<http://www.everydayhealth.com/schizophrenia/schizophrenia-tips.aspx>>.