

# [The Reclaiming of Leah's Life](#)

## **A journey of healing, and a quest for peace and happiness**

### [Stress, Illness and the Narcisctic mother who doesn't care](#)

I apologize for not posting in a couple weeks. However, two weeks ago I had severe abdominal pain and was taken to the hospital. Initially the doctor thought it was my appendix and I was given a cat scan. The test showed the appendix was fine but I had diverticulitis and was admitted to be treated with IV antibiotics and pain medication. Usually diverticulitis clears up in a few days with such treatment and giving the colon a rest (no food or drink). Four days later I was no better so I got a second cat scan in which a colon appendage was found. An appendage is not dangerous but painful and treated the same way diverticulitis is treated.

Thus, I was given clear liquids and remained on IV antibiotics and morphine for the pain. Yet, it was getting no better and I was unable to even keep jello down. So, an exploratory laparoscopy was scheduled for one week ago today. The surgeon had me terrified. If it was the diverticulitis he would have to remove the damaged area which meant I could have ended up with a ostomy bag at least temporarily.

As I woke from the surgery my first worry was what they removed from my body and if I had an ostomy bag. Thankfully it was discovered that despite the diverticulitis and the appendage it was my appendix. It is thought that due to the diverticulitis the inflammation of the appendix was not found in the CAT scan. I was released on Friday and it was assumed all would return to normal. The problem is I am still not eating a lot due to simply not being hungry and when I do eat I become nauseous or vomit.

I was told from day one that stress was a factor in my health issues. The woman who is supposed to be my mother is impossible and even after being confronted less than a month ago that her actions were going to kill me, she kept on and I landed in the hospital. I admit I let her get to me, but I simply do not understand how someone can see they are causing someone so much pain and simply not care. I really thought I had a handle on my stress level, but it is apparent that I don't or else I would not be ill now. Now I wonder how much impact stress really plays on a person's health.

Chronic stress can have a negative affect on the body. During stressful situations the sympathetic nervous system rises and the adrenal gland releases epinephrine and norepinephrine into the bloodstream. The adrenal gland also releases cortisol which is a hormone that signals the release of fatty acids to provide a burst of energy. During the stressful situation the nervous system and hormonal activity causes digestion to slow, blood sugars to rise and the heart to pump more blood to muscles. On the short term stress is healthy. However, long term stress can contribute to stomach problems, frequent colds and respiratory problems (Haiken & Herscher, n.d.).

The constant mobilization of energy does not allow for any surplus energy to be stored. This means fatigue occurs more rapidly, and the risk of diabetes can increase. Blood pressure also rises during stress and if the stress is prolonged it can cause a risk for cardiovascular disease. One study found that people suffering from emotional stress face a higher risk for serious cardiac problems (Haiken & Herscher, n.d.).

Much more evidence exists supporting that fact that stress can and does affect a person's health. What is sad is that I knew this, but assumed I had stress under control in my life. It took a serious health crisis for me to realize that I was lying to myself. The woman who is supposed to be my mother is never going to change and her behaviors are never going to change, and she is never going to care what affect she has on others. Hopefully, soon she will be in the nursing home and I will have some peace.

The simple truth is I have to distance from her in order to not allow her to create constant stress. I accept she is a narcissist, but I will never understand how a person can be told what their actions are doing to others and simply not care. A lot of it is due to denial not just being a river in Egypt.

The woman denies anything is her fault, even simple things. For example, this morning I went into the kitchen where she stood

eating a piece of fried chicken. There was chicken pieces on the counter and I just pointed out she needed to clean them up. Her response was "I am not the only person who has been in the kitchen". This is probably so, but she was the only one eating chicken.

The woman really thinks she is some supreme being who is perfect and does absolutely nothing. I could rant for hours, but what is the point, it just causes more stress. I of course am some terrible person because I avoid her. Heck, while in the hospital the doctors stated she was not allowed to even visit. She is sad person intent on killing me, which I can not allow. I am sure I will be considered even more terrible for not going to visit the nursing home a lot. The plain truth is I cannot see her often and allow her verbal abuse and demands to upset me and cause more stress. I refuse to die for this woman who obviously cares about no one but herself.

#### Reference

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on February 4, 2009 at 9:10 am [Leave a Comment](#)



## **[I have Diverticulitis \(Mom almost succeeded in killing me.\)](#)**

When my family doctor asked the woman who is supposed to be my mother if she was trying to kill me, I never imagined he meant literally. I know now. On Wednesday night I began having abdominal pain on the right side which steadily got worse. Since I had all the symptoms of appendicitis I went to the E.R. Several hours later it was determined it was not my appendix, and was told it was kidney stones. However, upon release the doctor informed me to return if I got a fever, the pain got worse, nausea and diarrhea started to come back immediately. Twelve hours later I was back in the ER in intense pain a temperature, nausea and diarrhea.

I was given a more intense CAT scan which found it was not kidney stones but diverticulitis. Diverticulitis is a condition in which pouches form in the wall of the colon and become infected. The infection can lead to inflammation or infection. The symptom are usually pain in the abdomen often on the left side (Mine is on the right side and the infection is near the appendix from what I understand), fever and chills, bloating and gas, diarrhea or constipation, nausea with occasional vomiting, and not feeling like eating

(Web MD, 2009).

Treatment includes being admitted to the hospital and being given IV fluids and antibiotics, as well as pain management. Most often a liquid diet is also prescribed. If this treatment method is not successful, surgery to remove the diseased area of the colon is done. Tomorrow morning I will have a CAT scan to determine if my diverticulitis is healing or if surgery is needed.

However, even being told what was causing the intense pain, I was at a loss as to what contributed to me being back in the hospital. I find it interesting that diverticulitis is a lifestyle illness, brought on by not eating healthy, not getting enough exercise and having intense stress which may be viewed as unmanageable (Health-Cares.net, 2005). Due to my fiancée and I agreeing to eat a more healthy diet and exercising more, I was amazed that I developed this illness. After all I start eating extremely healthy and working out on a regular basis and I end up with an illness in which bad eating habits and lack of exercise can contribute.

The stress issue is in a league all by itself. After all the doctors and other medical professionals have stated the woman who is supposed to be my mother is purposely doing things to try and upset me. I could give you many details but will not fill my journal with page after page of them. A couple examples of her behaviors to upset me are things such as when she heard I was admitted to the hospital and it was serious (upon admission surgery was being considered intensely because of my level of pain), she managed to call me and ask how long I would be in the hospital. I told her I was unsure, I had heard anywhere from a week to longer. Her response was "Oh, well when you get to come home bring me a diet coke". She also has taken to drinking my grandson's baby juice just to annoy me because I find it appalling that the woman will take from a 3 month old baby. Again, I could go on and on but will refrain from doing so.

Back to diverticulitis, I asked the doctors if I could have had this building for a while. I asked due to the fact that for the last couple months I can only eat a very small amount and would get an upset stomach or I simply was not hungry and had to force myself to eat. The doctor informed me that is exactly what happened in his opinion. Thus, I started thinking about when eating was followed by nausea or not being hungry and if the instances occurred more often after one of the woman's attacks. I also, asked friends and family who were aware of how little I was eating and time frames. Guess what? After she started I tended to have more nausea, or not eating. The more upset she was able to cause the worse my symptoms.

With that said I now wonder if some of the pain has eased because I have been in the hospital and my children and fiancée will not give her my phone number or room number,

nor will they bring her to see me. I am still in pain and other than jello yesterday and today I have not had anything to eat and really I am not hungry. Resting the digestive track is another part of the treatment which is why the clear liquids. The pain is still there, but when I was admitted and the doctor would try to press on the area that hurt it would bring tears to my eyes. The pain was unexplainable even after being given morphine. As, I said I am still in pain and given morphine but when the area is pressed it causes more pain, but not so intense I am tears. My fear is that if I am lucky enough to not have surgery, will the symptoms come back as soon as I get to go home? Is it something that is going to reoccur until the time comes and the woman is out of my life completely?

One study conducted for the End Diverticulitis Reference found that stress is the primary cause of a person having a diverticulitis flare up. This actually makes sense since stress can cause the body to not properly digest food. When stress is high the body sends blood and oxygen to areas of the body that combat the stress, thus meaningless is directed to the digestive system. Therefore, a person may have diverticuli the body is fighting so there is little or no symptoms and the illness can heal without the person ever having knowledge of having the infection. Thus, the body is spending blood and oxygen to combat the infection and then a stressful situation occurs and the blood and oxygen is diverted away from the digestive system allowing the diverticulitis to fester until medical treatment is required (Dahl, n.d.).

This information is disturbing to me, mix it with the fact the woman who is supposed to be my mother is a narcissist and it makes the situation even worse. While NPD is a personality disorder and some may argue the narcissist is unaware of how their actions are improper and how they abuse people, I disagree. We have pointed out to the woman that she is a narcissist and per usual she will not admit it. I have heard everything from me needing professional help because of creating such a lie about her after all she has done for me. To someone brainwashing me against her. She simply refuses to see what the doctor said is true. Her behaviors and lack of empathy are killing me.

My fiancée and children have informed her of my health problems, and that it will take time to heal completely and yet she does not care. I really believe I could drop dead right now and she would not care or be upset, but she would be mad because I had the audacity to die before buying her a diet coke. Does this mean the narcissistic woman is truly evil?

I am going to say yes, because with all of this going on, my fiancée attempted to keep everyone informed that I may be laid up or some time and thus still not back to work. He did not ask the woman for money or imply that we would, since I do not care how sick I am, the woman needs to get out of my house on the 3<sup>rd</sup>. My children were there for the conversation they all heard exactly the same thing. The woman on the other hand called

my aunt and fed her a line of crap on how we were taking all of her money, and refusing to give it to her. Yes, that's right she is now accusing me of stealing what she doesn't have even though I am in a hospital bed.

The woman is evil there is no other way around it. I have decided if my aunt decides to buy into the woman's bullshit and start in on how bad I am to the woman and so forth, my response will be, The woman will be on the next plane back to Indiana and my aunt can deal with her. I refuse to let her kill me.

This means unless my aunt wants her back, which I doubt, she is going to the nursing home. I will stop in once a week and check with the nurses and staff to see how she is and to drop off one 12 pack of diet cokes per week. Granted I do not have to do this, but it buys me peace from the daily phone call of her needing diet coke for its medicinal purposes (laughs, that is an entirely new post, but the woman feels diet coke will stop teeth from hurting, cure an upset stomach and much more).

Now, that I have researched and answered the questions I had about diverticulitis I am going to let the medications put me into a deep sleep as they have done for the last several days. I am going to attempt to not think of home and the woman, because doing so only upset me. I have decided to explain my home life and the woman to the specialists I will see in the morning while trying to get an idea if the clinical treatment methods are working, about how long that process takes and if the stress at home is still intense will it cause a relapse if not completely healed when I am released. The nurse seems to think I will not be released right away because of my pain level and inability to even handle jello.

While I do not relish the idea of staying in a hospital for any extended period, I also do not want to go home and be immediately subjected to an attack and have to come right back. I do not put it past her since I am sure I will hear about not talking to her while I was here or not ensuring she had diet cokes and so forth.

For the record I understand that the fact the woman can push my buttons and cause undue stress for me and enjoys doing so, for whatever reason I am not able to just ignore it so she can not affect my physical, mental and emotional health. A part of not being able to handle the stress she causes is due to her being in my home allowing me no escape from her constant verbal abuse which will continue until I am upset, she then yells at me that she is the elder and I should talk to her respect. And with that line I am upset all over again. I must learn a better way of handling this added stress and move past the anger to be use I have no other flare up, but at the same time the woman can and does get under my skin and does so intentionally

So for now, Good night All.

PS, Please forgive the misspelling and errors in grammar. The medications I am on cause my brain to not function as well as it should.

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on January 25, 2009 at 8:51 pm [Comments \(3\)](#)

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## [Narcissism and Addiction](#)

Anyone who has done research on malignant narcissistic personality disorder understands the narcissist's main drug of choice is attention or the narcissistic supply, but is narcissist's prone to other addictions? The answer appears to be yes, and that both the addiction and the narcissism combined can make the nightmare for others around the narcissist even worse.

The narcissistic supply is attention. Everyone seeks positive cues from other people; the narcissist however, does this by whatever means possible to preserve their grandiose false self image. The attention can be positive or negative as long as it is attention in some form. The narcissist soon learns triggers to use to get their "victims" to rise to the bait and give the attention the narcissist seeks. In other words, the narcissists derive pleasure from the suffering they inflict on others, because it gives the attention the crave (Vaknin, n.d.).

For example, character assassination, lying, manipulation, demands and lack of respect are all tools the narcissist will employ when needed. “The narcissist place’s himself above the laws and pressures of the mundane and away from the humiliating and sobering demands of reality. They render him the centre of attention – but also place him in “splendid isolation” from the madding and inferior crowd” (Vaknin, n.d.).

Due to the narcissist’s unrealistic view of the world and their place in it other addictions and reckless behaviors are not uncommon. The narcissist refuses to realize they are addicted and instead really believe they control the addiction. For example, despite the narcissist mother in my life having COPD, which makes it hard to breathe or walk further than a few steps without being winded, she refuses any attempts to give up cigarettes. Her reasoning is “she enjoys smoking and simply does not want to quit”. Of course due to the doctors telling her to stop or die soon very painfully, she uses it as a tool against family members to get them to do her bidding. “When caught red handed, the narcissist underestimates, rationalizes, or intellectualizes his addictive and reckless behaviors – converting them into an integral part of his grandiose and fantastic False Self” (Vaknin, n.d.).

My research has found the treating a narcissist’s addiction to other substances is pointless, since the underlying narcissism is the root cause. Since most narcissists will never admit to having the disorder, treating addictions to other substances will more than likely fail. Even when faced with the consequences of the addictions to not only themselves but others, the narcissist will not admit the addiction is bad. In the case of my mother, the doctors are all lying and she is somehow above the dangerous affects of smoking, and caffeine especially for one suffering from COPD and uncontrollable high blood pressure.

So, why do narcissists’s often become addicted to other things or engage in reckless behaviors? The answer is lengthy but very informative.

The addiction allows the narcissist to

- self medicate and avoid unpleasant emotions
- it can act as a rebellion against other’s control or influence (that one would be the narcissistic mother in my life)
- assists them in the theory they will do as they please regardless of what others like or don’t like
- illustrates their disregard for normal social expectation and allows the narcissist to feel superior to others
- gives them an excuse or justification for bad behaviour so they can avoid responsibility for it.
- soothes them when they are not feeling “special”.
- satisfies a need for stimulation.

- helps them avoid awareness of their limitations, failures, and ordinariness.
- consoles them when they don't get what they want.
- relieves boredom and helps fill an inner emptiness.
- makes them feel good (and what narcissist can say no to pleasure?).
- helps them escape into a worry, thought, and trouble free state.
- gives them the illusion of control.
- lets them withdraw from the stresses and demands of reality.
- makes them feel strong and powerful (Ultimate-self.com , 2007).

To try and change narcissist's behaviors or treat an addiction is pointless. "Any effort to emotionally relate to a narcissist is doomed to failure, alienation and rage" (Vaknin, n.d.).

And there it is, the rage I feel. In some part of my mind I must have at one point attempted to relate to the narcissistic mother and due to that being impossible I am now full of rage. After all who can understand a person not caring if their behavior risks that life of an innocent baby. To a narcissist the baby is unimportant, only their own self is what matters. To those of us with normal mind sets this is unbelievable, cruel and heartless and beyond comprehension.

The narcissist mother in my life is beyond understanding, and is not really worth my effort. However, in order to heal, I find I have to explore the avenues and damage she has done, but I also have to stop trying to understand her heartless behaviors and accept the NPD is the root of her evil. She will never change, never accept responsibility for her actions and never give a damn about anyone but herself. This I can do, I just have to explore more and separate from her as much as possible to ensure she does not continue to hold reign over my life and peace of mind.

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## [When did my anger turn to rage?](#)

During my effort to regain my life, I have been experiencing a lot of anger towards my mother over her narcissist behaviors that I can document back as far as my earliest memories. Recently her lies and manipulations have been coming to light which has only fed the anger I feel. I realize the anger is a stage of grief, still at times I feel as if I am trapped in the anger stage. Perhaps it is due to still having daily contact with her due to her living in my home at the moment, but forgiveness is not something I believe I can do. I do believe I can reach acceptance but not forgiveness. Maybe this will change in time. Thus, my goal for the last several days has been to determine when the anger became the full fledged inner rage I feel by being in the same room with her.

For the past year, her flat refusal to follow any doctor's orders, lies, and manipulation and utter just uncaring for others made me angry, but the rage is new. I know I felt it prior to discovering the lie she told me for 38 years regarding her divorce from my father, and her life long attempt to ensure I did not have a positive relationship with my own father for most of my life was now the driving force for the rage, it only fed the fire so to speak. So, where did the rage come from?

Then it hit me. Prior to Christmas with my new grandson in the pediatric ICU hooked to machines, monitors and oxygen, the doctors determined while battling a virus that had attacked his lungs and enlarged his heart that he has severe asthma. This means no strong odors, clean air machines in the house, and no one can be near him who smokes. It does not matter if the person goes outside to do so, the smell of smoke clings to clothes, skin and hair, and thus can be inhaled by my grandson. While being told this, my mother is on a different floor in the same hospital hooked to oxygen because she smokes like a freight train despite having severe COPD and supposed to be on oxygen. The baby's doctor in the hospital, my grandson's mother (My 21 year old daughter) and I went to explain the baby's health issues to my mother and that smoking in my home is no longer an option because it could KILL my grandson.

My mother (and I use that term lightly), looked at my daughter with doctors and nurses and all of us standing there and responded to the news with "Sorry your baby is sick but I'm not quitting". In that instant my rage was born. Anger turned to rage and near hatred of this selfish cold blooded woman. She stopped being my mother in my mind and just a pitiful excuse for a human being. The uncaring of killing an innocent newborn was more than I could or still can deal with.

Now that I know why I am so full of rage, I have started to try and understand how someone can not only not care that if they do certain things they will die a very painful death, but now not care that they could kill an innocent baby who is her great grandson. Then today I watched as she snuck out the front door and was picking up cigarette butts and smoking them including the filter like a junkie looking for a fix. On top of that we bought her a diet coke last night which she opened at 5 this morning, but 8 it was gone. She then bugged everyone all day to go get her more. At 4PM after dropping my daughter at work we brought her home a coke. Now a few hours later she is not only trying to get us to go back out and get more, but also asking us for some of our soda which we got at the same time we got her one. Mind you on top of COPD, she has uncontrollable high blood pressure and has had several mini-strokes and is supposed to limit her caffeine intake. Drinking 6 to 8 pots (not cups POTS) of coffee per day along with up to 4 two liters or diet coke per day is not limiting it. Again she is like a drug addict needing a fix. She is not above asking complete strangers for cigarettes, or anything with caffeine.

Another example of her narcissistic behaviors this past week we took her to see this great nursing home we had found. We had told the administrator all she cared about and would ask about would be smoking and caffeine. The man thought we were lying until we got there and that was all she asked him about. She then went up to one of the residents and asked for a cigarette. Then as we are leaving so I can go to another appointment she parks her butt on the bench outside and refuses to move while smoking her cigarette. We told her we were leaving and even got in the car and drove off. She was not moving until she got her fix. Again it fed the rage. The world is supposed to bow to her and what she wants regardless of other's feelings or schedules. She will stoop to anything to get her fix. So, now I have to research if addictions and narcissism are somehow connected to make both factions worse.

My next entry will let you all know what I discover in my research on this issue.

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## [Narcissistic mother acting like nothing happened](#)

Yesterday was a very emotional day for me. In fact I lost my temper which is something I seldom do. I confronted the narcissistic mother regarding a 38 year old lie she has continued to tell which caused my father and I to have a very rough relationship. During this confrontation, I let it all out, all the verbal abuse, the behaviors, the lies, the self-absorption, my feelings or I should say lack there for toward her. I ended with telling her to stay away from me I was to angry to even be in the same room with her. This was done with tears and a raised voice, something I seldom do. Silly me, I somehow thought she might finally get it. Yet, two hours later she acted as if nothing had happened and even asked my 21 year old daughter what I was so pissy about.

After the shock of her acting like she did nothing wrong, or in the very least acknowledging I was upset I realized yet again she would never change. This still bothers me and I began thinking. In all of my life I can recall her causing or being the center of drama filled scenes as the one yesterday. I can recall, aunts, uncles, grandparents, and friends being upset or angry for days sometimes weeks, and yet within a few minutes she wondered what was wrong with them. It is a pattern for her I realize. It is like she can forget in a matter of seconds why someone is upset, hurt or angry if she is the cause of

such. However, I do not think it is forgetting, it is not giving a damn about other people as long as the narcissistic warped world she resides in remains intact.

Now of course I need to know if this is common place among narcissists or if the woman who is my mother is a rare breed. I am not sure why I keep thinking she is different or worse from other narcissists, but for some reason I do. Yet, in my research I have found her to be the typical malignant narcissist, so I am know I am not alone in having to endure her behaviors and lack of caring.

While I understand she is never going to change, I am not going to ignore her abuse of others including myself and will continue to point them out to her despite the fact she will never acknowledge them. I suppose I do this for me, not in any fairy tale dreams of her one day “getting it”

I say this because acting like she has not caused harm is a lie, and if nothing else I am always honest, some times brutally so. In other words if you really want to know if something looks bad on you, then ask me, if you want to know the real truth than ask.

Acting like her abuse and damage didn't happen is like saying the pain she caused and continues to cause is unimportant. The hurt she has caused me doesn't matter, and that is

a LIE.

To say I forgive the narcissistic mother is a lie. To say I do not have scars and continuing pain from her actions is a lie. To pretend she did nothing wrong is a lie. She may be able to lie for 38 years but I can not and will not lie for even 3.8 seconds.

Just as the narcissist will never get it in regards to the pain and hurt they cause, they will never get that pretending nothing happened only makes the pain worse for their victim. They expect us to live in their self created dream world and when we refuse they get angry and want to know why we are upset. My theory, a narcissist wants to know why I am pissy or upset from here on out, I am going to tell them exactly why. I refuse to live in their pretend world full of lies. I am going to give them the truth even though they will not get it.

I will do this, because the abuse they inflicted does matter, does affect me and the pain I feel does matter because I matter!

I will be doing more research on this pretending it didn't happen trait that narcissists seem to have and will let you know what I find.

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on January 7, 2009 at 5:32 pm [Comments \(1\)](#)



## [To Forgive or not Forgive that is The Question](#)

Many professionals and every day people with no formal training in surviving a narcissistic mother believe forgiveness is the key to healing. Even the bible states "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." My question becomes what then is forgiveness? Do we just wipe the slate clean and forgive the narcissistic abuser for all the damage done or do we act as if nothing happened to harm our souls? Do we not confront the issues and damage inflicted and become the co-dependant to the narcissist by behaving as if we have not been hurt?

In my mind complete forgiveness is something God does. Only he can forgive all the sins of mankind including the narcissists. If I recall my religion properly several ministers and pastors I have listened to over the years preached to be forgiven by God, one has to accept God and ask him to absolve our sins. If this is true, than not even God just randomly forgives all sins committed by man. If he did, then in my opinion Hell would not exist as everyone would be forgiven and accepted into heaven.

So, where does this leave the survivor of a narcissist who is never going to ask for forgiveness because they do not feel they have done anything wrong or harmful? "Forgiveness is a merciful response to someone who has wronged us; it's graciously canceling a debt we are owed; it is refraining from rightful retribution. It's deciding to respond to wrongdoing by doing good rather than to demand the justice that is actually deserved" (Adsit, 2001). For many of us as caregivers to the narcissistic mother we are responding to the damage they inflicted in a caring way. We have not left them to wither and die alone, or to come to any harm. We provide nurture, medical care, shelter, and for me being an emotional whippings post to the very person who is responsible for abuse and should be held accountable for her actions. Does this mean I have forgiven the woman who has stolen so much from me? I do not believe so. Because in the deepest recesses of my heart and mind I have not forgiven her, nor I am sure I ever will. Does this mean I can never heal from the damage inflicted because I can not forgive her?

Forgiveness is often more for the one doing the forgiving than for the one who is to be forgiven, but I do not view it as mandatory in order to heal old wounds. In fact, forgiveness should never be "a universal, indiscriminate behavior" (Vaknin, 2001). Depending in the length, severity and cruelty of the person's actions, sometimes in my opinion forgiveness should be left to a higher power.

In my view at this stage I am unable to forgive the narcissistic mother and again am not sure if I ever will be. Perhaps one day she will make her peace with her God but I doubt she will ever make it with me. That would require her acknowledging her behaviors and words were harmful and created lasting life long scars. Since a narcissist blames others while holding themselves to ideas of grandiose they seldom if ever admit they have done anything wrong.

Forgiveness is something highly emotional and requires perhaps more will power than I currently possess. I understand forgiving does not mean forgiving, but at this stage in my life, I believe forgiving is completely acceptable and does not hinder my healing process. Sometimes forgiveness is not a healthy option for the survivor of childhood emotional abuse inflicted by the narcissistic mother. Sometimes, examining the damage and the wounds leads to further damage that we did not know existed which can lead to healing scars we never knew we carried.

It can lead to recognition of why we do and responded to some events the way we do. It allows us to finally let our emotions run freely, which is often something we were never permitted to do. Allowing ourselves to feel is often scary because we kept it so

locked away most of our lives. We pasted a smile on our face despite what we felt inside. We existed but were too scared to really live. As we learn all of this and step out of the darkness created by the narcissist, I believe it is too much to ask for us to also forgive. Now is not the time. Now is the time for us to explore ourselves and heal ourselves and accept the person for the abuser they are.

Sometimes not forgiving allows us to finally be our true selves.

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## [Emotional Child Abuse Survivor](#)

While I understand and accept that the person who is my mother is a malignant narcissist, her behavior and treatment of me as a child weighed heavily on my mind today as some more lies came to light (The lies are explained more in depth in earlier posts). The scars I have are internal and not visible to the naked eye, but are present and often still painful. Due to her actions, treatment and behaviors causing the scars I began to wonder if another definition applied to the situation. I am not surprised to understand I am the survivor of childhood emotional abuse.

The question is what exactly is emotional child abuse? Emotional childhood abuse is “maltreatment which results in impaired psychological growth and development. It involves words, actions, and indifference. Abusers constantly reject, ignore, belittle, dominate, and criticize the victims” (Prevent Child Abuse America, n.d.).

Emotional abuse is the systematic diminishment of another. It may be intentional or subconscious (or both), but it is always a course of conduct, not a single event. It is designed to reduce a child's self-concept to the point where the victim considers himself unworthy—unworthy of respect, unworthy of friendship, unworthy of the natural birthright of all children: love and protection.(Vachss, 1994)

Some examples of emotional child abuse are “excessive demands on a child’s performance, penalizing a child for demonstrating signs of positive self-esteem and an unwillingness or inability to provide affection or stimulation for the child in the course of daily care” (Prevent Child Abuse America, n.d.).

I find the definition of emotional childhood abuse very interesting and firmly believe my mother not only damaged my soul as a child, but if she were to do so today (and if were a child again), she could be charged with a crime. Finally, those charged with protecting children from abuse are acknowledging the emotional and psychological abuse can be as damaging to a child as a slap or hit can be. In fact often times it is the emotional scars left by abuse that take the longest to heal because they are not seen, but are internal like a cancer spreading inside the person.

Another reason it is so interesting is because narcissistic people enjoy leaving invisible scars on their victims. In fact they go out of their way to do so in order to make themselves happy with utter disregard for the damage they do to others. In fact the narcissist will “drive lovers, children, employees, schoolmates all the way to suicide through mental cruelty calculated to deliver sadistic emotional and psychological abuse” (Krajco, n.d.). It appears that the narcissist goes out of her way to comment emotional abuse on their children, often times never held accountable for their actions because the children believe they are the cause of the problem and that it is normal behavior so they simply do not tell.

Once the child victim is an adult the scars remain. The consequences are often long term. The survivor of emotional abuse can have a life long pattern of low self esteem, depression, trouble maintaining healthy relationships, inability to trust others and have difficulty expressing their feelings (Prevent Child Abuse America, n.d.). “Emotional abuse of children can lead, in adulthood, to addiction, rage, a severely damaged sense of self and an inability to truly bond with others” (Vachss, 1994).

“Emotional abuse conditions the child to expect abuse in later life. Emotional abuse is a time bomb, but its effects are rarely visible, because the emotionally abused tend to implode, turning the anger against themselves. And when someone is outwardly successful in most areas of life, who looks within to see the hidden wounds?” (Vachss, 1994)

Amazing when looking at stories of children raised by a narcissistic parent, these problems appear frequently giving more credence that for an adult to survive the emotional abuse inflicted in childhood means we have survived and can move past it with lots of work, tears and acceptance.

I not only was subjected to the viscous verbal attacks and behaviors of the woman who is my mother, I was her victim as a child. If she had her way I would still be her victim as would anyone else anywhere near her. My adult children and grandchildren are no exception nor are their friends. I know many people said that forgiving her is the path to healing, but I do not really believe that to be the case. I can accept what she has done in the past; I can even accept what she continues to try to do on a daily basis. But I can not forgive her for what she has done. I am no longer the child to scared to do anything more than try to live up to her expectations. I am an adult and I survived her abuse and will not allow her to subject my adult children or my grandchildren to her reign of terror.

I have let her know that I know the truth and no longer buy her lies. I have let her know that her treating my children like crap and expecting us all to jump to her demands will go ignored. I will not chastise my adult children when they fire back during a verbal attack. Respect is a two way street and talking to people like dirt and than expecting their respect is to far out of line. Furthermore, I have let her know she will be out of my home as soon as possible and there is no way she will ever come back to live under my roof. In fact, I doubt she will even be permitted to visit.

I refuse to be her victim a moment longer, if this means walking away it is what I will do. Perhaps one day forgiveness will come, but I believe she needs to feel sorry for the things she has done. There has to be some form of remorse and there is none, other than her being upset she got found out for how truly evil she is.

She is an abuser. She abused my father years ago and drove him to the brink, she placed demands on me as a child, fed me full of lies to make herself look grand, and then once her health failed due to her own behaviors, she came into my home and have gone along the same abusive path she has done to anyone and everyone in her entire life She nearly drove me to the brink more than once since she entered my home. It is time her dictatorship over my family and her reign of terror come to an end. She does not have the power to control me a second longer, but I have the power to protect those I care about from her abuse. Her reign of terror is over.

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on January 6, 2009 at 9:32 pm [Leave a Comment](#)



## [The Truth Shall Set you Free \(Long Post\)](#)

Today has been an emotional roller coaster ride in which I am still riding expecting the worst is yet to come. In response I have been doing a lot of soul searching and looking back into my childhood. I have cried and screamed and even ranted. I am sure I will rant more before I digest it all. I have also dug deeper into my research on malignant narcissist parents and the damage they cause to their children and in short everyone around them. I should start by explaining what occurred in the last twenty-four hours to bring about this emotional break down of sorts, and create even more anger than I felt in previous days.

Here is the story so that everyone has the facts and also so I can sort it all out in my own head. So, welcome to my roller coaster ride, expect a lot of scary down hill twists and turns, at least from my view point. Perhaps for others it will be an insight into just how low a narcissistic person can and will go.

When I was three my parents divorced and my entire life from that moment on was filled with my "mother's" version of events. Her version is that my father came home from work one day, walked past me in the playpen, went upstairs, packed his bags, broke her favorite lamp, walked past me again without so much as a look and walked out. For the next several years she claims he never paid child support, called or wrote me. In fact she claims to have had to write letters to me signing his name so I thought he cared. In reality, he didn't care because I was just adopted and not biologically his, and his parents (My grandparents felt the same way). In short I was not good enough so he left. He also left for another woman who had a child much better than me (This part of the story she still is swearing to).

For 38 years I have held on to the anger of this moment in my life. My father walked out on me and I hated him for it. I never allowed myself to have a close relationship with him, because he walked out. I hated him for not taking me with him. I even cut off all ties to him for a number of years due to this distorted version of the truth.

Last, night that changed. Last summer my aunt urged me to rekindle a relationship with my father because she did not want me to regret it if something happened to him and I never made peace. So I made the effort. We started with emails and worked to telephone calls. Over the next several months we were able to talk and get to no each other, yet in the back of my mind the anger over his just walking out lingered so I again allowed myself to get only so close.

In the past several months I have kept him informed on how mother is driving everyone crazy with her NPD, refusal to follow doctor's orders, verbal abuse and lies. I also kept him informed on how it has and continues to affect my physical and emotional health. He has expressed concern and told me several times to get her out of my house. I now know why he is so adamant to get her out of my home. It is the truth of what happened, which can and has been verified as the accurate truth.

The woman drove my father to the brink of suicide and it was during one of her rants that he lost it and left. In the day and age if he had taken me with him he could have been arrested despite them being married. Not to mention a single father was seldom if ever granted custody, especially of a girl. It was so bad both sets of grandparents had to go pick up my father because he did not know where he was or even who he was. She cheated on him more than once and there was evidence that she may have even done so in our home.

She attempted to have him arrested after they split and generally made his life more of a hell than she had done during their marriage. In usual NPD mode she always led me to believe he was at fault. In short it is a classic example of character assassination, the left scars on my soul which prevented a relationship with my father. His concern over the last several months in part was due to how far she pushed him and he did not want to see me go down that path.

On my current road to recovery, I am not staring at the road block of intense anger and rage. In fact during one of her fits this morning in which she was belittling two of my adult children and they yelled back, she knocked on my bedroom door at the worst moment and proceeded to yell in my face about how disrespectful my children were being to her. (Yes people she tattled like a two year old). That was it for me. The rubber band I had holding in my rage finally snapped and in less than five minutes she got the full force of it. With tears streaming down my face and a trembling body I let her know that for 38 years I had hated my father because she had lied to me. I let her know I knew it all, every dirty little detail of her lies. She allowed me to hate him and never once considered telling the truth, nor did any member of my family who knew the truth as well.

She then had the nerve to stand in my face and lie yet again. She told me yet again my father left for another woman and in fact my grandparents caught him with her, they had not gone to save him from killing himself. Even now she lies, but now she knows I know the truth and understand how low she is willing to go to make herself be the perfect one despite the damage it causes. Now 38 years later, I feel the wall I held between my father and I crumbling and finally we can have a relationship where the anger and hatred I felt is gone. We can build a real father daughter relationship. The one she stole from me for 38 years.

I am the typical girl who always wanted to be "Daddy's little girl" and was denied that by a woman who lies, manipulates and sets out to destroy everyone around her. It is yet another thing she has stolen from me. However, not that the truth as come to light the intense anger towards her is so strong at times it is overpowering. I want her out of my home and my life. I feel nothing but rage towards her and regret that I wish she was not my mother. My saving grace is her own words not long ago that I am just an adopted kid. For now I am thankful for that because she is not, nor have she ever been and will never be a mother to me. She simply is not capable of being such.

"Parents with a narcissistic pattern will have behaviors and attitudes that are designed to preserve a self image of perfection, entitlement and superiority" (Brown, 2001). This quote is so accurate in regards to my mother. She had to preserve her self image by destroying the image I should have had of my father. She distorted the truth, told blatant lies and twisted reality to appear as the victim instead of the truth, which is my father was her victim, just as all of us cursed to know her are.

In order for a narcissistic person to create their own fake self image they make others look bad. In other words "a malignant narcissist is a character assassin" (Krajco, 2008). This is so apparent in the way in which she has fed me lies about my father and his character for most of my life. She permitted me to believe he just walked out, that he did not love me enough because I was not biologically his, and could not even take the time to write me a letter. She destroyed a little girl's image of her "daddy" and in doing so destroyed any relationship I may have had with him up to this point. In short she stole my father from me.

To heal the damage she has caused I must understand that not only has she and does she continue to lie to me and others, but she lies to herself. She believes her own distorted lies of self image she portrays. In her evil twisted little mind, she is this great perfect person in which my father walked out on because of me. It was nothing she did, because cheating in a marriage and yelling and screaming at a spouse over trivial things will not drive anyone away.

It is a mental game the narcissistic person plays and their twisted thinking is two fold according to Kathy Krajco in her article “The Obduracy of Malignant Narcissism”.

*“A. When you deny your true self's very existence, it doesn't matter how depraved you let it become. That doesn't count = you are totally amoral. No conscience.*

*B. Since your false image is just a phantom, there is no limit to how grandiose you can make it with nothing but smoke and mirrors.*

*Result of both A and B? You'll stoop to anything to make others look bad in order to make your false self look grandiose by comparison.*

*And what about the guilt and shame you incur in the process? You must project it off onto a scapegoat, preferably the very victim. Now your perversity is perfect.”*

*The things you do to trample others (“glorify” yourself) this way are abhorrent. People would abhor you if they knew” (Krajco, 2008).*

Her words are so true, because now I know the truth and I do abhor what she has done. Yet, she can not face the truth despite being confronted with it, because to do so she would have to face how destructive she is to people around her. I wondered briefly while dealing with all this today how she could face herself in the mirror? I realize now that she does not face the real and cruel person she is but looks at the great image she has created of herself. She lies even to herself in order to live with all she has done.

Some may say she has a mental illness and that has caused her distorted reality, when in truth I firmly believe the mental illness is just another weapon she uses to control others. After all when she doesn't get her way she refused to take her medication, another act of NPD to hold on to control and get people to do her bidding.

The sad truth is that even though I can understand the driving force in her twisted mind that creates these “false” truths, I also know she knows exactly what she is doing and simply does not care. This time I can not forgive. She has stolen too much from me. I can not even look at her as a mother. She is an obligation I am forced to endure. I will continue my way through the red tape to get her out of my house but have to do nothing to get her out of my heart. She would have to have a place within my heart to push her out of first and sadly she has destroyed that.

The wall that existed between my father and I crumbled but the one preventing her from harming me any further went up surprisingly quick. I can not nor will I allow her to steal any more from me. And I can face myself in the mirror with the knowledge I have done my best, that I am not the terrible person she wants me to believe myself to be. In fact I am much stronger than I even thought I was. For the first time in my life I am allowing emotions to flow. I am not ashamed of my tears, my pain or my anger. In fact, it is alright to feel them and let others know that I am not this happy person with no problems, or emotions who can handle anything. In truth, I am having a hard time handling all of this. I always just wanted to be “daddy's little girl” maybe now with the truth revealed I finally can be. And that she can not steal from me.

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## [Daughter or Slave](#)

When I need or want someone to do something for me I ask them. For the narcissistic asking someone to do something is beyond their comprehension. At least that is the case with my mother. She really believes the world owes her something and that everyone should just drop their lives when she barks an order.

For example, today I told her tomorrow my daughter and I are putting up the Christmas decorations and cleaning the house. And tomorrow night my fiancé is coming over and we all are going to spend a quiet night at home watching DVDs. She responded with “I want to go the bank tomorrow so you have to take me”.

I was astonished, she did not ask, she demanded just as she always does. One would think that when the orders are ignored she would figure it out. We have even explained to her, that until she asks no one is doing anything for her. I fully understand her behaviors will never change, but my response to her actions and she dislikes it. In her mind I am no a daughter I am a slave to do her bidding and take verbal abuse when her demands are not followed.

I simply can not be around her for longer than a couple minutes before the anger is back. I just listened to her tell a friend of hers in another state how terrible we are because we will not let her smoke. She then quoted something one doctor said over two years ago in regards to her being permitted to smoke. She left out how ill my grandson is and how he can not be anywhere near anyone who smokes.

I am sure the friend really thinks I am a terrible person now because I told her, when you're feeding people lines of crap why not tell them the entire truth of a situation instead of your warped view.

I am going back to our other apartment now. I did not making being in the woman's presence for even an hour. I simply can not stand her. She is an evil, cruel, lying woman. I am considering once she is in a nursing home going to strict no contact. I will ensure she is getting proper care but my sanity simply can not handle being in the same room wit her without the anger slamming back into me.

Is it really to much to ask to expect someone to have enough respect and decency to ask and not demand and bark orders? In my world with my mother, I guess so. She simply is never going to get it, but I hope and pray that I figure out a way to deal with it and heal instead of just feeling all this anger.

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## [The Anger Stage of Grief](#)

I understand now that I am going through the stage of grief. I am grieving the fact that I never had the mother every child should have. Instead I have a narcissist mother. I am in the anger stage and often feel overwhelmed by the anger.

I am not so much angry about the damage done when I was young, but angry over the damage she tries to inflict now. My mother has always believed nothing would ever touch her. Despite smoking five packs a cigarettes a day for as long as I can remember, refusing to manage her diet due to uncontrollable high blood pressure and so forth her health became so severe a little over a year ago we had to move her from Indiana into our home in Nevada. She believed and still does that her health is not going down hill rapidly due to her behaviors and refusal to listen to the doctors. That was the dumbest thing I have ever done. I knew better at the time, but feel as her only child I was obligated to take care of her

In the past year she has managed to be in and out of the hospital, still refuse to listen to the doctors, go out of her way to destroy my emotional and mental health, nearly broke up my fiancé and my 21 year old daughter's relationship with her boyfriend. Creates scenes to ensure she is the center of attention, showed an utter lack of disrespect for all members of the household, and the verbal abuse is something bad movies are made about. My favorite was when she told her doctor that if I continued to try and tell her what do to she would have her name removed from my birth certificate because I was just an adopted child and not even her daughter. That on statement destroyed any emotional connection I still had for her. Now it is nothing more than a legal obligation and steps are being taken to get her into a nursing home and out of my house.

However, I continued to hang on and try to take care of her, until the week of Christmas my 21 year old's 2 month old son was admitted to the hospital. My grandson, the child I watched enter the world and held in his first few seconds of life. A sweet innocent child whose health was such he nearly died. His heart was enlarged and his lungs were shutting down. The wonderful doctors in the hospital determined it was a virus attacking his little

body and that he had severe asthma. Thankfully Christmas Eve he was allowed to come home, with a breathing machine and rules to follow to allow his lungs to heal. He is not permitted around anyone who smokes because the smell clings to clothes, hair and skin. No strong odors or perfumes for anyone and so forth.

The doctors explained this to my mother who had to spend the night in the same hospital due to breathing problems. She has oxygen at home but refuses to use it and refused to stop smoking. As a result she landed in the hospital. During the doctors trying to explain it to her, and that smoking could kill my precious grandson, she flat told us all she was not going to stop. In fact her words to my daughter were "Gee sorry he's sick but I am not stopping".

She was told as long as she lives in my home she will not endanger his life and I was taking steps to get her other living arrangements. Once out of my home I do not care if she smokes herself into oblivion but not in my house. Since coming home her verbal abuse has got worse, she is convinced we made all this up just to stop her from smoking. She now sneaks out of the house in the middle of the night and wanders the neighborhood trying to find someone to give her cigarettes. She picks up butts off the ground. Anything she can do, and she does not care what it does to the baby.

Due to her financial situation, it takes time to get her into a nursing home, and for me it is going much too slowly. I want her out of my home, away from my grandson and in a perfect world out of my life. I feel nothing but strong hatred towards her for being so selfish. She has stolen so much of my life and I had no childhood, I will not allow her to do the same to my grandson.

I know I am not supposed to blame her for her behaviors due to her being a narcissist, but I do, I blame her, because she knows exactly what she is doing and doesn't care. How do you not blame a cold, callous, obnoxious, rude, self centered, self serving person for their behaviors? After all her behaviors could put my grandson's health and very life in danger. If a person harms a child they go to jail as an abuser, and are held accountable for their actions. Therefore, why does it not apply to her? I would have no problem having her arrested for child endangerment and have even looked into it, but until my grandson has an adverse reaction to her behaviors, legally there is nothing that can be done and I can not just toss her out of my house because of different legal issues.

I want her out, I want her out NOW, and yet I have to wait for all the red tape to be cut through to accomplish that. In the mean time I am angry. I can not even be in the same room with her at the moment without being full of rage. There is even a big part of me that does not care if she smokes herself to death sooner than later, because it would be a relief, and that is sad to say and even sadder to feel.

I am probably past anger, and have no words to explain what I feel towards her. She has destroyed so much of me, and now she is trying to destroy a baby's health. How can any one person be so cruel?

I want my life back, I want to smile and laugh again, I do not want to be angry all the time, I want to enjoy the beauty of the world, I do not want to be tired and exhausted all the time. I want to be the selfish one and just shove her out of my and my family's life. Until I can get her out of my house I am afraid all I will feel is anger and life will continue to pass by as it has since she moved into my house.

She is a monster, and a sad sad person. My father, who divorced her when I was 3, once said she would die a bitter, lonely woman. He is so right. She has driven away anyone who ever cared about her, she has no friends because she uses people and tosses them away. I will ensure she is in a safe setting and is being taken care of, and I know I will probably go see her once a week, but I do not want to. As long as she was safe and cared for I would walk away without any guilt or remorse.

Not to mention the doctors have said if she continues to smoke, her pain level will increase to the point that the strongest narcotics will not ease it. Yet, she continues doing exactly what she wants, and then tries to get pity when she is in pain. The doctors have also said she will be dead in less than a year, which she of course says they are lying about. Even though she is in constant pain now she still refuses to listen. Yet, she expects pity.

I have told her it is impossible to feel pity for someone who knows the consequences of their actions and engages in dangerous behaviors anyway. And that it so true, I do not pity her for being in pain, or killing herself. In fact I feel pretty much nothing in regard to that.

I pity her because my entire life she has believed the world owes her something and only cared about herself and what she wants. In that self centered mind set, she has no one how cares about her. Even my adult children who thought she was wonderful until she moved here no longer want anything to do with her. Her sister who lives in Indiana is relieved she is now 3000 miles away.

Since she has only worried about herself and cared for no one else in her entire life, she is now alone. I can not even say I love her because she is my mother. And that angers me.

I have said it several times in this post. I am just angry!

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