

Flashbacks

*i caught some anger
cleaning out my front closet
preparing to move*

Flashback I

Mom and new step dad suddenly stopped paying a portion of my kids' preschool I couldn't afford - leading to a judgment against me. Harassed by DW

*cheap blow up twisty
beach seat birthday gift from mom
humiliating*

Flashback II

them not being available to help me, divorced, single mom

*Joke-thing regifted
Something she didn't like/want
shocked to receive it*

Flashback III

my mom saying she'd take two weeks off to help me when K was born to help with N

*Then - the vacuum, mom,
telling her it didn't work
she and Vance upset*

Flashback IV

her not doing that

*I asked to borrow
They got mad - I broke the thing
Old vacuum, perfect*

Flashback V

her telling me she wouldn't be able to show up for me giving a speech at a graduation event my senior year. Me fighting her to come - how shitty that felt. Her saying I was wrong that it hurt my feelings.

*pathetic, irate
Blamed me for needing some help
Like they hated me*

Flashback VI

my family's lack of enthusiasm when I won that election.

Flashback VII

me calling the police when I was so upset and beside myself needing someone, anyone, to talk to in a near empty apartment with 6 month old N, my mom not able to lend an ear - because she had to work.

*I felt explosive when
Vance explained he helped Hollie
He had them come over*

Flashback VIII

mom (and siblings) not coming to my graduation ceremony when I got my masters degree

Flashback IX

her lying saying I forged her signature on student loans.¹

[It worked until my sister came forward. I packed and moved to Wyoming, was intercepted by police for taking my sons across state lines.²]

Flashback X

mom's text on a Saturday, a few months ago:

"Hi, Katie. Do you have some free time today or tomorrow that I might be able to pick you up and have some time to talk bit."

*Um. Scary. Why? She has not once shown any interest in coming to see me,
-the story of my entire life.*

¹ *How could she?* She's a fucking pedophile/split personality/triggered by me and has to protect herself and work hard to discredit me and everything I do so family / community will shun me. I spoke out about my dad abusing me, sexually (as a toddler). Some years later, after my dad left her (coincidentally, just after I confronted them), then left the country, she put up a sign in her kitchen, "What happens at grandma's stays at grandmas," photos of young kids bathing, bare butts visible, in the kitchen sink area, and guest bathroom. Along with lots of pictures of Christ throughout the house. Some, even, with Christ with children on his lap, at his side, hugging. I thought of little C— — who was 4 years old when my mom started "mentoring" her. She was from a poor church family, parents unhealthy. Her mother died when she was 6 or 7.

² Courtesy of derelict ex-husband

Me:

“That’s an unusual request. What’s going on?”

Her: “I feel the need to talk with you”

Me:

(scared)

I didn’t sleep well last night and I’m not really in the mood. If it’s something important you can give me some more details in text or email and I’ll try to get to it

Her:

“No. I’m sorry you didn’t sleep well. It’s something that I prefer to discuss in private face to face. I’ll catch you another time when you’re feeling better. I love you.”

Flashback XI

when they dropped me off at college- they unloaded my stuff and drove away to California. They didn’t go to orientation with me. I tagged along with a friend and his mom. I noticed she took him around campus, to the bank, showed him how to do some things, get around. I felt sad because I wasn't invited to tag along for those parts. Felt sad no one was there for me. I had questions but no one to ask.

Flashback XII

my roommates dedicating afternoons to catching up with their mom’s on the phone.

I tried to act like I could just talk to my mom - on a call once then, and she thought I was being sarcastic with her.

Flashback XIII

being a little girl, sitting on the floor in my parent’s room next to the bed and imagining growing up, and one day my mother liking me. Imagining us doing things together and having fun. ³

³ coinciding with Stockholm syndrome ruminations and behaviors