

An absence of forgiveness

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I have a few memories of my childhood. Not many. Most are when I was alone. None are of happy times. Some are traumatic incidents. Two stand out, when I was treated badly by my parents.

The thing is, there was no attempt after those incidents by my parents to apologize, or ask forgiveness. Forgiveness wasn't a thing in their house. We'd get spanked, and then be expected to just carry on as if nothing had happened. Sometimes we'd be humiliated by being asked to find a switch from the willow tree, which would never meet mom's requirements and we'd need to go out again to do better.

No attempt to tell us we were still loved afterwards. We were just left with the knowledge that we weren't good enough. I learned that I was unloved, and that once I'd failed, it was permanent. Quite a lesson. I learned it well.

When I think of a movie like Inside Out, these two memories form one of my islands.

And now I need to learn I can be forgiven, and that failure isn't permanent. These seem very dangerous lessons.



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