

INDIGO – SEE TRUTH

“Upon our return from the trip, I discovered there was freedom in acceptance. I agreed fear would no longer guide my steps. It was time to fiercely show up for the one person who needed me most: me. I’d accepted my decision to leave, but still had work to do in order to get fully out the door. One step further meant admitting to myself the kind of relationship I was in.

I’d focused so much of my attention on the details of day-to-day living, never admitting the reality of the situation. It was bigger than merely identifying the events that took place. I had to call the relationship out for what it was. That was my last test of truth.

I was awake in bed that night staring at the same spot in the dark I had seen for the last few months, finally allowing the words to be spoken in one soft breath of a whisper, “I’m in an abusive relationship.”

Deep down I already knew it, but the words had never slipped past my lips. Those words hurt just as much as the abuse itself. It was beyond toxic or unhealthy. It was beyond the excuses I had for him.

“He’s just upset.”

“He had a bad day.”

“Isn’t every wife supposed to be available upon request and for longer or more than what her body can handle?”

Just before I fell asleep, I was faced with visions I didn’t ask for. I considered all of the moments where I had an opportunity to leave and didn’t. The sound of Gabby and Eli’s cries as discipline was taken to a new level, we all feared just skating the line of abuse enough for us to confuse it with tough love. All the years I purchased my own Christmas gifts, wrapped them, and placed them under the tree for myself.

The images of my submission to his needs in the bedroom played out before my eyes in what was a final montage of goodbye to an old life. I closed my eyes with a prayer, allowing silent painful tears to flow down the curve of my nose, leaving the outer crease of my eye.

With a shallow beath, I said one last pleading prayer, “Please let me know the kids and I will be safe, then I can leave.”

Then I drifted off to sleep in the fetal position.” © Sapphire Rain

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