

The Emotional Side of the Story

I think maybe it is time to strip away the thin protective layer that I have been keeping a tight grip on. Even just the thought of that brings hot tears to my eyes. I have been keeping it secret in my heart, or trying too. I know some can see the emotions stirring below the surface but they run deep.

At night when the house is dark and I am still awake I feel myself drawn to two different options. I want to grab my heavy comforter and pillow and lay on the bedroom floor. It's a comfort thing. It's like being in a cave, all alone and no one knows you are crying. It is like a cocoon. Safe warm and snug. The other option is similar, sit in dark corner of the bedroom snuggled in the comforter, hidden by the dark and cry. I want to do both but I have not because I have been too busy holding in the tears so that they are unseen by others.

Today though, I think it is time to strip away the veil and release a little of that pressure. What is the composition of the tears that I have been holding back? Guilt, fear, jealousy, anger, sadness, loss, resentment. I have tread through some of these emotions but I have shunned a few, mainly the jealousy and resentment.

Those are the ugly emotions I feel, resentment and jealousy and they leave me hanging my head in shame and anger. How can I be so petty and so ugly that I would look at other women and resent that they are whole? I would never wish breast cancer on my worst enemy so why would I resent the women who have not lost a breast and known the struggles that go with it? I have never been one to look at another woman or the way they dress and envy them, until now.

Oh, and for the people who say "it's like being prepubescent." The hell it is. That is an asinine thing to say. It is nothing like that, fool. No, not at all, in place of the breasts and the nipples I have scars that make me resemble a flip top package of cigarettes, and the breasts are not going to grow back.

Before anyone states the obvious, reconstruction surgery, to me that is not an option because it is more pain, more worry and quite frankly I do not want fake breasts, I want mine back!

Oh yes, and let us not forget the fact that I saved my life by surrendering my breasts, pfft. Yes, I know I sound like an ungrateful little guttersnipe. I had to lose part of myself to save the rest of me, with no guarantees, and quite frankly, I should not have had to make that decision.

Yeah, that brings up the other source of my guilt and shame. I surrendered my breasts but I am afraid I may have lost my faith in the transaction. I cannot fathom going to God for anything right now and that leaves me not wanting to return to church. How can I go back when I have dropped the ball with my faith? How can I go worship a God who I feel so far away from? I cannot even talk to Him and I certainly cannot hear Him or sense Him. I used to hear and sense Him but now we seem to be eons apart.

How do you try to reach out to the One you blame? He had the power to stop this, He had the ability to heal, He says I am made in His image and fearfully and wonderfully made. Maybe it is Him that is the fraud. He is at the moment seeming no different than any of the men in my life who have damaged me or hurt me. I thought He was different. I do not know if He can repair that. I do not know if He cares to.

I cannot finish this right now. I just feel myself hardening in anger as I write it. And the fear wants to creep through and I do not want to go there right now.

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