

# Sitting On My Bench

The world hurt me deeply.

I saw things.

I felt many things.

Things were done to me.

I ran away inside.

I found a safe place to sit, my bench.

The train kept coming to take me away to die.

It came again and again and again...

It was tempting but I could not

get on

that train.

I could not get up.

Part of me was waiting.

I was stuck.

Alone.  
Sitting on my bench.  
In my safe place.  
I coped.

It was...  
Empty  
Cold  
I took my seat.  
I knew no where else to go.

Alone  
Sitting on my bench.  
In my safe place.  
I coped.

Treachery.  
Death.  
Deep Pain.  
Extreme suffering.

I was told to keep a secret.  
I could not tell anyone my  
deep, dark secrets.

Alone  
Sitting on my bench.  
In my safe place.  
I coped.

Memories hidden away in locked rooms  
deep within my subconscious.  
I did not even know that I had a bench.

Ashamed  
Shamed  
So Trapped  
Afraid  
Petrified  
Horrified  
Defiled Inside  
Unbearable it was.  
I ran.  
I escaped.

Alone  
Sitting on my bench.  
In my safe place.  
I coped.

My insanity unfolded...

Emotionless on the outside,  
full of emotion trapped on the inside.

Unable to love

Wanting to love.

Being loved and

unable to accept love.

My living paradox I made my home.

Left without trust.

Unwilling to be vulnerable.

Trust was robbed, taken away and  
buried deep behind my protective barriers.  
Fear became the bars the cell in my prison.

Alone

Sitting on my bench.

In my safe place.

I coped.

Quiet

Isolated

Detached

I rested

In my tomb, in my living grave of death.

Alone

Sitting on my bench.

In my safe place.

I coped.

The person I was, was now locked away.  
Locked away in the lies the world taught me.

Locked away safely in the darkness.

Lies upon lies upon lies.

I chose to believe them as

I did not understand.

Love hurts.  
Love controls.  
Love demands.  
Love defiles.  
Love kills.

Lies I chose to accept as my truth.  
There were reasons for such thoughts.  
I witnessed things that were  
quite contrary to love.

Forsaking Love in my life,  
Forsaking all that I am,  
Oh the sadness...  
Sadness so deep that anger  
is not a viable way  
to vent my hurt.

Alone  
Sitting on my bench.  
In my safe place.  
I coped.

I do not understand why,  
Why do I snarl at the one's I love?  
Yet I did not know what I would do  
without them, my only parents.

This is linked to my being so very lost  
and the fact that I could not find  
me and do not know myself.

Alone  
Sitting on my bench.  
In my safe place.  
I coped.



I do not understand what I do or why I do it.

It seems impossible to find myself...

What I am doing?

Where I am at?

Where I am going?

Where I have been?

Alone

Sitting on my bench.

In my safe place.

I coped.

Every time I search I become more lost.

It seems as though

Maturity

Growing up

Finding Stability

And “ living a happy life “  
...as unreachable as the horizon.

Alone  
Sitting on my bench.  
In my safe place.  
I coped.

To everyone I meet I am seen as  
Courteous  
Understanding  
Intelligent  
Caring  
A likeable kind of person.

I am at a loss as to why these qualities  
are lacking in my own home.

Why am I so afraid?  
Of what am I  
Afraid?

Alone  
Sitting on my bench.  
In my safe place.  
I coped.

I have no explanation for my  
Behavior  
Thoughts  
And  
Actions

I understand not what drives me  
and I go in circles arriving nowhere.

I feel somehow removed from the world.  
Trapped in a mind that views the outside as  
one dimensional, as through a window.  
I wait at that window for the love I need.  
I wait at that window for the nurturing I need.  
It was not there in the beginning,  
it never arrived...neither did I.

Alone  
Sitting on my bench.  
In my safe place.  
I coped.

I cannot concentrate.  
My mind wanders as though  
in search of something  
but I know not what.

Unfortunately that something is  
hidden and unknown to me.  
I do not know where to find it.  
I know not where to go.

Alone  
Sitting on my bench.  
In my safe place.  
I coped.

When I was old enough I rebelled.  
I ran into...  
Alcohol abuse.  
Drug Addiction.  
Smoking.  
Sex.

I am a runner and I know runners.

I apply my will and passion into every  
escape I could find to fill a void.

Alone  
Sitting on my bench.  
In my safe place.  
I coped.

Twisted and Broken,  
Reckless and  
Blind,

I raced through life running full  
speed towards death.  
Not consciously or willingly or of desire.  
I just did what I did  
not knowing, not understanding

The crazy thing was I was not  
trying to kill myself.

I did not wish to die at all.

Consciously I did not wish to die  
but my subconscious was driving the car.  
Many, many times I was near death yet there  
was no way out and no escape route.

Alone

Sitting on my bench.

In my safe place.

I coped.

There was much too much undo.  
A blind man cannot undo what he cannot see.  
I did not know where to start or even how.  
Turmoil everywhere I look, everywhere  
I turn and everywhere I walk.

Turmoil that followed me from birth  
and even from before birth.

A heavy weight...  
burdens buried unseen.

I wanted a family.  
I married twice.  
The possibility of wholeness  
in family eluded me twice.

Little did I know I could not make  
people happy or life happy for others.

But I tried but I did not know how.  
I thought that I was doing  
the good and the  
right things.



Oh the agonies that no one sees...

Alone  
Sitting on my bench.  
In my safe place.  
I coped.

I did not know that life had  
been choked out of me so long ago.  
My past had a strangle hold on my future.  
My past controlled every day,  
every both sleeping and  
waking moment of  
my so-called  
life.

I could not connect with now, the moment.  
Disconnected with fuses blown.

Where shall I rest my head when all  
that is good has eluded me.

Deprived, starved  
And...

Alone  
Sitting on my bench.  
In my safe place.  
I coped.

I reached my corner of the room  
where I had no where to go.  
No place to run and  
No place to rest  
and no place  
to even hide away.

I tried to apply my false wisdom  
of the lies and deception  
that were fed to me over and over in my life...

I can Control myself.

I can create my own destiny.

Oh, I searched in so many places.

Relationships, Marriage

And Work.

I buried myself and was buried in my work.

It took the control and

I lost mine totally.

All sense of balance was lost.

All sense of fulfillment was

robbed away from me.

Never satisfied.

Never enough.

Never happy.

Surreal indeed and surely not real.

Alone

Sitting on my bench.

In my safe place.

I coped.

I could no longer escape reality around me.  
I could no longer ignore the evidence in my life.

I had to give up, the battle was surely lost.

I could no longer handle it this way.

I had to let go somehow.

I tried the traditional routes...

Self help

Men's groups

Counseling

Drugs

The world had no answers,  
offering nothing to  
a starving man,  
an empty man.

Alone  
Sitting on my bench.  
In my safe place.  
I coped.

I came home and sat in my chair,  
my chair that was despair.  
If I sleep enough, then I will have less of the  
day to deal with or its dealing with me.  
The battle had only begun.  
I was somehow reaching towards  
something good, not really  
knowing what or where.

“There has to be more to life than this.”  
I said to myself from the deepest of places.  
My shattered heart cried out loud.

I began to battle lies with the opposite  
...truth, truth and more truth.  
Hope, hope and more hope.  
I knew not where it  
came from.

I saw some progress.  
I saw a light of possibility.  
I learned to celebrate progress.  
I began to think I could trust  
just one more time, just once more.  
I began to apply something in me called faith  
towards a better tomorrow in my life.

Yet, I remained...

Alone

Sitting on my bench.

In my safe place.

I coped.

Hope was new to me but growing.  
I began to rise through weakness into a  
strength of resolve to change

Oh, how the world did not like  
the change that was beginning  
to take hold in my life, in me.

Lessons learned the hard way began to  
teach me that there were better ways.

People close to me did not understand  
my new walk, my new path in life.  
Little did they know how very, very, very  
hard it was for me to try to change.

Many wanted to measure me by my past  
saying indirectly that I was not worthy  
of this new start, starting a new life  
and finding a new me that was  
so much better than the old.

The judgments against the old  
me were carried forward at the new me.

Wicked words and wicked deeds.

I was not seen according to  
who I was, that which was emerging.

I just wanted acceptance to  
meet me where I stood.

A man with only honesty left in his hands.



A man reaching out from a low place.

A man seeking only acceptance.

A man desiring only good.

A man wanting little,

A little man....

Little did they know that as I ventured out  
I would recoil back to the comfort of my bench.

As though there was an invisible spring.

If the right buttons were pushed,  
the right triggers pulled, harsh reactions  
would emerge from deep places in me.

Why now, why this again and again that I have  
tried so hard to leave behind and that  
held me in the cold arms of death so long?

Alone I Returned...  
Sitting on my bench.  
In my safe place.  
I coped.

I wanted to write about my bench  
as it was revealed to me by  
**The Holy Spirit**  
during a healing session  
with **The Lord**.

He showed me my bench that I  
retreated to and sat on  
at the age of 5 and  
for 40 years.  
Alone indeed was I on my bench.

The Lord appeared before  
me in my hiding place  
beaconing me to  
get off the  
bench.

I was very hesitant and untrusting.  
He sat with me for a time and  
then I took His hand.

We began to dance together.  
I felt like a little free child  
for that short time.

Then I sat back down...  
Alone on my bench.

Seeing that this reality existed in me  
was a revelation of the decision  
I had made so long ago to  
retreat away from the  
world that was so  
dark into a  
world  
darker yet.

From that point in time on I developed  
a deep trust of The Lord and  
the rest is My Testimony,  
My Witness and my  
New Life in  
Christ.

Cd'A  
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