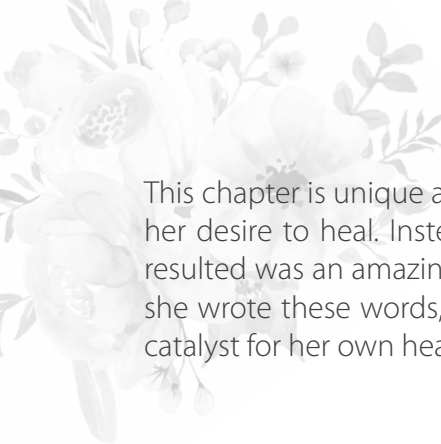


Chapter Ten

THE JOURNEY OF THE LITTLE RED-HAIRED GIRL





This chapter is unique and very special. When I first met with Tam Marie, I was impressed by her heart and her desire to heal. Instead of practicing nondominant handwriting, she preferred to write poetry. What resulted was an amazing story in rhyme of the healing of her “little girl.” It is worth noting that at the time she wrote these words, she had a red-haired little granddaughter. Her love for her granddaughter was a catalyst for her own healing.

Dear Friends:

These poems are offered to you as a gift from Tam Marie.

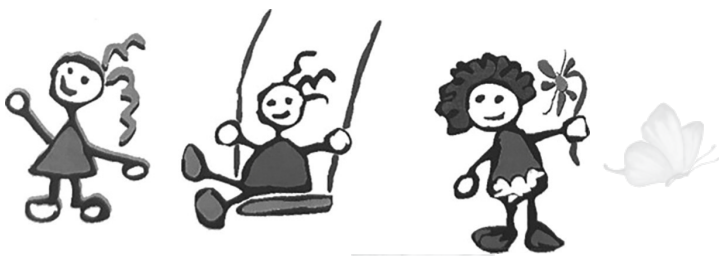
Tam Marie was a client of mine for many months. In the beginning, she hated the little girl who she was. The mere mention that she should treat that little girl with kindness brought fear and anger. Yet, we both knew there would be no healing if she didn’t forgive that little girl.

The following poems are the journey of a beautiful, brave, and gifted young woman who blessed me by allowing me to travel the journey with her. Years have passed, and she has built life on a new foundation—one of love and value because she is God’s child.

These poems have brought healing and inspiration to so many women. Some of the poems are not easy to read. But, like the healing process itself, if you will continue through the pain, you will discover great joy. It is my prayer, and that of Tam Marie, that you, too, are blessed by these words from her heart. She feels that, if they bring just one person healing, then Tam’s journey through childhood has value and worth.

*God bless you as you bind up the brokenhearted, bringing **TRUTH** and **LOVE** into their lives.*

Dinah Monahan



The Journey of Healing for "The Little Red-Haired Girl"

Poems printed with permission of the author and blessing for those who find comfort and healing in their words.



POEM 1

I've thought a lot about you
And the words that we said
About that lonely little child
The one I wished was dead.
There's a lot that needs rethinking
There are words she needs so much
A black hole of emotion. that
Could overwhelm at just one touch
She is so desperately needy
So lonely, aching, cold
Could suck the life right out of you
If you let her have a hold
I think her state of being
"To not come out and play"
Is better for my sanity
Then any other way.
The pain, the loss of innocence
Gone way before its time
Let her out of sync,
No rhythm and no rhyme
You can't miss what you never had
Or shouldn't anyway
That pathetic unloved grasping child
Probably's where she ought to stay.

POEM 2

My hands are trembling from the pain
A child's lost hopes and dreams
A victim of this sinful world
Adult's vicious schemes.
The lost and lonely little girl
Who prayed for death's dark door,
Left writhing, crying from it all
Lies naked on the floor.
Unmasked, too young to play their game
Her inner self took flight.
Nor more the child's guessing games
Their mind games way to deep.
Into her soul the evil crept
Till life began to seep
Then day by day the child learned
Survival come what may
That little girl stayed hidden there
Out of all harm's way.
Abuse my body and my mind
The inner me is safe from harm
She's tucked away so deep inside
She never feels alarm
I've kept her safely hidden there
No one can touch or scold
She dreams of flying free one day
Before she's way to old.

POEM 3

Promiscuity

I thought about "girls like me"
Who give themselves away
Who let some strangers hold them
With no intent to stay.
I think part of the reason why
We let the strangers in
Cause soap and water can't erase
The touch of father's sin
Your body needs another's touch

To make the memory dim
 Hands not so familiar
 At least, the surface skin.
 Doesn't matter, your not loved
 Who cares that they won't stay
 Survival of the fittest
 You've made it one more day.

POEM 4

To Tam:

I'm writing you a letter, cause I cannot find poetry inside when I call you by name. You have seen and felt the evil of those who chose to hurt you...those you tried to love. You cannot always believe what people say, for God's sake, realize people lie. I blamed you for a lot – never standing up for yourself, never letting go, always wanting to find the good in people, searching eyes for kindness. I hated your name, I hated your behavior, always trying to make people laugh, to stop the yelling – anything to stop the screaming. You were kind of a wimp. You were disgusting at times. Letting him do those things so he wouldn't yell. He'd yell anyway. One hour of quiet for 23 of hell, why not 24?! He hated you anyway. His hands constantly grabbing, touching – gross, sick, sick, man. The image of God? Then pray and pray and pray. No one hears you, no one answers. Lost lonely little girl. Lost lonely little girl! As an adult I'm sorry. I too yelled at you, little girl. I know now you had no one to help, to teach, to love. I'm sorry I copped out on you too. I'm sorry I didn't stop the pain. I'm sorry I did things to continue your ache for the loss of innocence. To wish your laughter was felt deep inside. To let go of the pain. To stop punishing you. I wanted you to be smarter, but I chose to keep on hurting the one I needed to help, "myself"

Because of you, I never know what it felt like to be innocent, to not know things, to be a happy child. So I punished me. If God would not protect me, why should I. They took my innocence so I gave away my self-respect. I was so angry at God for not helping me, I was blind to Satan. One hurt after another, till I despised the child. So I let myself punish her too.



Dinah, half of this is written to you part to the child, part to me. I can think of that little red haired girl and feel some empathy but when I call her by name I still feel disgust. Tam come here, Tam do this, Tam do that. Tam you're stupid, you're worthless, you should never have been born. Your mother doesn't love you, you're not important. Seven unwanted kids and you the least of them. I still hate that name. People still call me that and I cringe inside. And I just figured out why. No matter what I call myself I will always be that little girl, at least a part of me will be. I was so afraid of my name because when he called one of us would have to go. So you waited to see who he called. Sometimes it would be Gay or

hear another name, then it wouldn't have been me. I was his favorite cause I was the littlest. Once you started your period you rarely got called. So the name became the terrible thing. I remember my fear of hearing that name called.

Dear God, it wasn't the name, it was just my name. TAM isn't such a bad name. It was just his call I hated. My name was supposed to be TAM MARIE. We didn't know it till I was nine that it was misspelled on my birth certificate. I remember the day, I was so relieved, he never called me by my name. I could hate TAM, I had another name. My name is TAM MARIE. Tam Marie, it's kinda different isn't it? What's in a name? More than people think!

POEM 5

I stood by and viewed your pain
From a distance I could see
The awful things they did to you
Was relieved it wasn't me.
I saw you run and hide away'
When asked where you had gone,
Never told your secret place
Till light began to dawn.
The darkness lasted many years
You found a safeness there
Once I let you out to play
But found I didn't dare.
Those I thought you trusted
Just brought more hurt and pain
And again you had to hide away
Freedom was no gain.
So safety first became our goal
And trust not something missed,
Words come from lying lips
Often followed by a fist.
So we learned feelings could not lead
Don't believe what people say,

Always be on guard against
The smile, the loving way.
Never give more than is safe,
Never go out to play.
Never let your hope decide
Survival come what may.

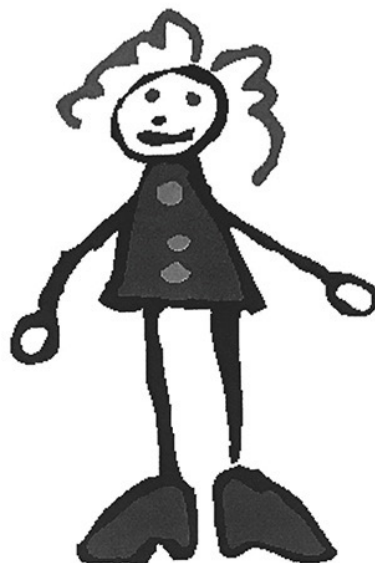
POEM 6

How to begin, the questions rise.
What to say to tear filled eyes?
How to comfort, deep within?
What to say, how to begin?

The hardest thing I'll ever do
At this moment, I guess
Is call you by a name you know
It's been lost I must confess

I changed my name at 17
To one similar it's true
Best not associated with the one
That they called you.

I find myself still feeling pain
At the very mention of your name
I must get past this block I feel
To speak you name so I can heal
Tam, Tam, Tam



POEM 7

Finding words of comfort
To ease a hurting heart,
Somehow I must reach you
Tho behind the pain you dart.
Listen, hush, just listen
No one can hurt you now.
Fear is your worst enemy
We'll face it together, somehow.
I'll do what no one else has done
I promise, and you'll see
My word you can believe in
Truth, have faith in me.
I'll not leave you lonely
I'll always be there
I'll watch you grow and love you
You'll know how much I care.
There's nothing worse about you
That's greater than other's sin
We all are only human
Let go of what has been.
Growing up is not so bad
You can choose to leave a place
Where there is not kindness
Walk away without a trace.
Don't stay where you weren't wanted
Let go of all their pain.
Shed your last tear for what was
There's so much here to gain.
Regret yes, but not engulfed
Receive the healing of your soul.
Too many years were taken
No longer pay their toll.
Come out into the sunshine
For then you will have won
Come out my little red haired girl
Learn how to laugh and run.
Let go the pain of the past
They can hurt you no more
Open up to what can be
See what life has in store.
There's bad of course you know that
But honestly, there's good

Too young your fear enveloped you
Before you understood.
Now it's time to heal inside
Grow up and then let go
I'll not punish you anymore
New seeds we need to sow.

POEM 8

God Bless the Little Red Haired Girl
And meet her deepest need
She may not have known it,
But your call she did heed
You carried her, Dear God above
Through times of deadly toil
Before she even understood
Her soul they tried to soil.
You kept her safe away somehow
They didn't break her spirit
From their lies you kept her hid
So much they began to fear it.
No matter what life dealt her
You got her through somehow
Till she could safely live and love
That blessed day is now
I thank God for loving me
And a sound mind you gave
To that child I used to be
Through flames of hell, to save
I bless you Lord, forgive me
And lead me, let me grow
Teach me, your ways "Father"
Wisdom, let me know...

POEM 9

I met a little girl you like
Big eyes and funny smile.
I didn't run away from her
But stopped and stayed a while.

She has all the potential
To do great things, you see,
Depending on the circumstances
To live, to love, to be.

Nurtured and encouraged
She'll grow and seek and learn
Her life can have true meaning
As its pages she will turn.

Your book was written for you
You played the part you read.
Like Shakespeare's choice of characters
You spoke the lines they fed.

But now its time to write your own
Lay their book aside.
You can choose your passages
"You can't" was when they lied.

Tam Marie, put down their book,
You're loved today I know
Your worth's not found in yesterday
There's still time for you to grow.

POEM 10

The words that I've heard uttered
About the path of life
Of how God can make Beauty
From the Ashes of our strife.
How He can take what was wrong
And make it something good
Beauty from the Ashes
I never understood.
How could what was oh so bad
Ever be turned around?
Be used to bring Him Glory
No sense in that, I found.
Will the lens I looked through,
That was pointed out to me,
The view was called dysfunction
I saw with clarity.
Now one must stop to ask oneself
If the hows, whys, wheres are true
What is really going on
In the things you think and do.
What had been accepted
Now became suspect.

Things you thought were part of you
Now had no effect.
The teachings you thought -
For sure you knew
Now you must let go.
Feelings that you never knew
Now began to show.
Trust - the big encumbrance
No way you could believe.
Doubt your closest ally
Love you can't receive.
All began to fade away
Into the light of Truth



Ways once acceptable
Now seemed so uncouth
Ahh, the Beauty from the Ashes
The light, once oh so dim
The cup once half empty
With every whit or whim.
Began to take on meaning

With all possibilities
No longer God so faraway
Ignoring all my pleas.
Gratitude for being there,
To keep my mind secure
Love, He died to save me
A Beauty, left so pure...



**ABBA
POEM 11**

I've heard so many things of you
That mislead, misrepresented
Volumes, that I thought were true
Now, I've since relented.

Your not at all what I perceived
From listening to their word.
Rejecting judge to Sugar Dad
You're not what I had heard.

The story of the prodigal
I tried with all intent
To understand it's meaning
Never knew quite what it meant.

Fathers loving children!
I never had believed
All my thought and feelings

I fear were preconceived

I couldn't trust in someone
Who saw and just stood by
Who allowed the pain I suffered
Who watched me slowly die.

Until the day your servant came
And your word she brought
Guiding me into your truth
By the things she taught.

How your mercy kept me sane
Your love had kept me strong.
You'd upheld your side of it
Was mine that had been wrong.

Come prodigal, come home at last
In me there's no defeat.
ABBA'S arms await you
From you I'll not retreat.

In ABBA'S arms, acceptance
In ABBA'S arms, you'll heal.
Embrace the truth, forgiveness
Come child, this love is real.

My peace I give to you
My comfort, with you I leave
My daughter, rest in ABBA'S arms
My healing now receive.

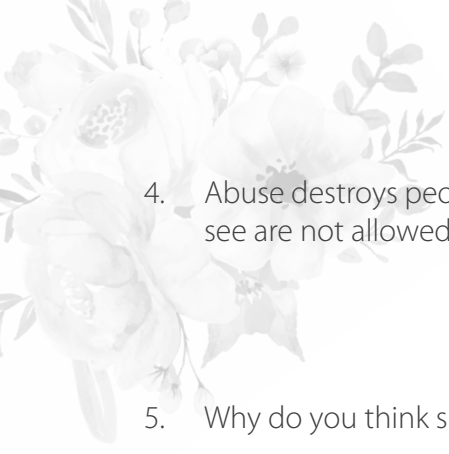


POEM 12

I'm lost for words. Isn't that amazing. I feel great. I'm not sad. I spend the day painting and the evening teaching Bailee (my 5 year old, red hair granddaughter) her ABC's. At moments, I look at her and wonder was I ornery, inquisitive; did I find excitement in such silly little games? I never before thought about things like that. I watch her reaction to about everything...and I'm in awe. I rocked her to sleep and hugged me. That little red haired girl, she needed those things too. And Dinah, there was some innocence, cause there must have been, mixed in all that depravity. There had to have been, stillness, wonder, watching butterflies or a fish wiggle or a toad jump or rain fall or snow. The good things of life, some had to have been there. She saw and learned and smiled, don't you think? Learned not only bad but somehow there must have been the childish wonder at new things. I feel it now.



1. In the first poem, how did Tam Marie view her "little girl"?
2. What verses in the second poem show how she buried her feelings?
3. What does the poem "Promiscuity" (number three) show about how Tam Marie viewed herself?

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4. Abuse destroys people emotionally and spiritually. In the fourth poem, what are some things that you see are not allowed to flourish like they would flourish in a child who is loved?

5. Why do you think she had such hatred for her name in the fifth poem?

Why do you feel it was so important for her to change this in order to heal?

6. In the sixth poem, what indicates there is a shift toward her "little girl"?

7. In her piece "To Tam," what is the spiritual damage of the abuse?

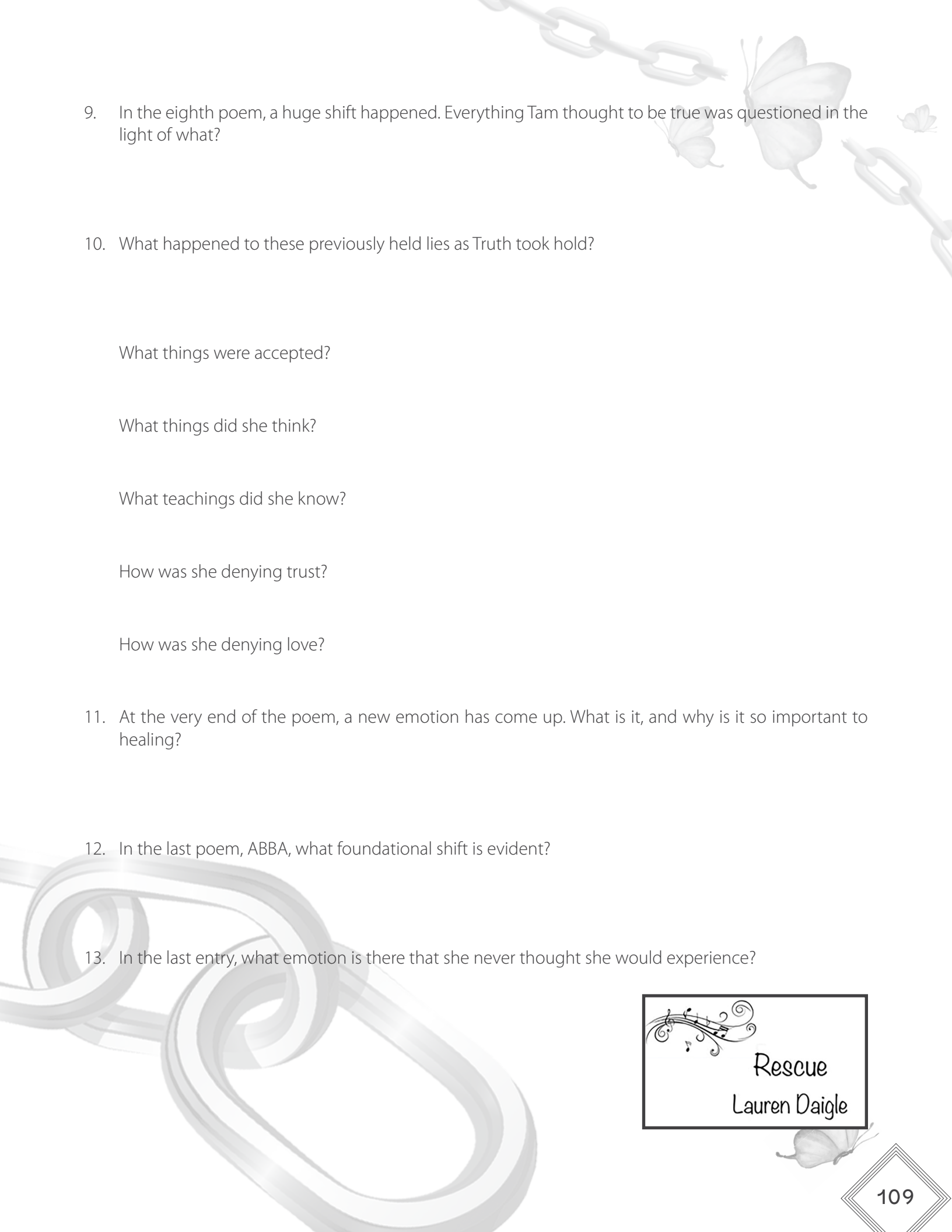
What words demonstrate a shift in how she feels?

Why did she apologize to the "little girl"?

8. In the seventh poem, what sentences tell you she has shifted the blame from Tam to the abusers?

At the end of the poem, what emotion emerges that was previously quashed?





9. In the eighth poem, a huge shift happened. Everything Tam thought to be true was questioned in the light of what?

10. What happened to these previously held lies as Truth took hold?

What things were accepted?

What things did she think?

What teachings did she know?

How was she denying trust?

How was she denying love?

11. At the very end of the poem, a new emotion has come up. What is it, and why is it so important to healing?

12. In the last poem, ABBA, what foundational shift is evident?

13. In the last entry, what emotion is there that she never thought she would experience?

