

The Three Charac-teers

Helen is a very sad, immensely sad woman, who just wants "out." She's so worn out by all of the giving...giving to everyone and everything. Cooking, baking, reaping, sewing, hunting, gathering, coddling, caring, comforting, feeding, clothing, milking, loving, washing, sweeping, crying, hiding...she's tapped out. She isn't a woman of many words, hardly speaking for much of her life - not because she isn't able. There's no mental or psychological issue, just doesn't have an ounce of expressiveness to her personality. She believes it is her life, to give...it is everyone's duty to give, so she gives. She gives and gives again, and when she's weary, she gives more, because that's what she does. Later in life, much later, she's weary more than she's able to give. She's weary and growing helpless. She's not able to give to herself, and she doesn't have anyone in her life who can fill her (always empty) cup, and she goes unplenished, year after year. She's feels shameful for wanting something back, just a little, so she can fill her cup from time to time and then continue to give and give. She feels guilt for resenting her giving-ness. Guilt that haunts her mind and fills her with frustration at some point. She's so frustrated that she just wants to quit - she wants out. She's done. Soooo done....

Nathalie is royalty. Her parents, the king and queen, are unknown to her. The house maids raise her, and she moves about throughout her day in a very entitled fashion, just as a princess would. She's a bright girl, although young, and has an adventurous side, so she's often going beyond the boundaries of her age and class, regardless of the reprimands. She doesn't even acknowledge the reprimands, to the eyes of others. On the inside, she's fuming. Why is it that she's being held to so many rules. When she sees an injustice, she's quick to report it and demand that something be done about it, just as her father demands, just as is demanded of her. She's wise to the hypocrisies of society, hypocrisy of class, hypocrisy of religion and church, and she demands change. She's spoiled, for the most part, as royalty always is, so when she doesn't see the change that she demands, she's outraged. Adults laugh at her incensed outbursts, which makes her feel so insignificant and small, so unimportant and powerless. Everyone is always trying to put her in line, yet won't allow her to put anything in line. The hypocrisy is suffocating to her, and she wants out. She's too afraid to run away, and she doesn't know where she would go or how she would survive, yet to stay in her circumstance is just as bad. She wants out. She's done. Soooo done...

William is a crotchety man, elderly and angry. He's unapproachable, alone, isolated. He's been through a lot and he wants retribution. His father, an alcoholic, often beat the family. The kids in his neighborhood weren't exactly what he referred to as "friends", even on a good day. He witnessed the horrifying deaths so many witness when at war, and never bothered to tell anyone about it

because there was never anyone to tell. No one ever took interest in William. Although he spent many years trying to understand why, he was never sure what made him so invisible, unlovable, unnoticed. So he grew angry. He grew angry at his father, who was probably to blame for him wanting to be invisible when his father came home drunk. He grew angry with the kids in the neighborhood, who picked on everyone all day, every day, year after year. He grew angry with the enemy and had to be invisible if he wanted to stay alive. He grew angry with his wife, who claimed to love him, but really had no idea who he was or what was in his heart. She was just a puppet in this world, going through the motions of life thinking everything is real. His children never took the time to know him, really know him. He feels so detached from humanity, like he's some kind of visitor on vacation who no one needs to really get to know. I'M RIGHT HERE, he screams to himself. LOVE ME, he cries to himself. WALK WITH ME, he begs to himself. He grows angry as he grows old. Angry with life, a life that has betrayed him, rejected him. He's done. Sooo done....

The Three Charac-Teers, working together in my life, have molded my functioning for a very long time. Now that I've finally been able to see them (with the help of a dear friend), I find I have an incredible amount of compassion. I didn't expect this. I am surprised with this feeling. Compassion? I thought I lost that....compassion? Oh, thank God. Compassion? Of course, these souls are so hurt. They're *bleeding* hurt throughout their entire lives....come, passion, rest here in my arms, I will refill your empty cup so you can continue on...continue on giving, and *loving*...for that is what you are here to do, and you do it beautifully.

Thank you are the only words I can end with...