

REALITY QUEST

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EMOTIONAL STRENGTH

In my opinion emotional strength is the most important thing a human can possess to ensure one a life of happiness, prosperity, and most importantly, the ability to survive while those who are weaker perish.

This strength is possessed by few and is very hard to acquire. In my previous issue of *Reality Quest* I listed the five things I believe to be the basis of all our human problems. Emotional weakness was number one. It is the lack of this strength which causes many problems, such as, stress, sexual promiscuity, hate, bigotry, prejudice, 2. *Religion*, 3. *Pride*, 4. *Ignorance*, and 5. The coveting and pursuit of *money*.

Though arrogant I may be, I admit to my lack of emotional strength in many areas. I am earnestly pursuing this problem, and hope to improve as the days go by. I have rid myself of religion, maintain that I am not ignorant in the least, am glad I am proud in some ways, and am forced to worry about money. My worry of money and my foolish pride in the "other ways" are the basis for my emotional weakness and unhappiness in life. However, I am presently engaged in attempting to gain the emotional strength which I hypocritically expect all human's to have in order for us to have a better world. Moreover, I want my children to learn from my mistakes so that, unless they are physically destroyed, my soul will live on within them forever.

All emotional weakness and strength comes from experience. Not necessarily our own experiences alone, but ours and those which were passed on to us genetically by our parents. There is no doubt in my mind that children possess many of their parent's personality traits. Some believe that children possess these traits because a child learns from the example of the parents. I agree that a parent's example is crucial, but I strongly believe that in the genetic patterns passed on at the time of conception there are patterns for personality and characteristic traits which are not learned, but inherited. Nevertheless, I believe that most emotional weakness and strength is learned throughout the existence of the creature.

Here's a good example:

Let's examine the life of a young boy named Sirch.

Sirch was born to a young mother and father who were 20 and 21 respectively. He entered life behind two siblings who were one year and three years old at the time of his birth. There is little doubt that his birth was a burden on his young mother who began motherhood at a very early age.

Sirch's mother and father dropped out of high school and were compelled to marry because of their sexual experience with each other and the fact that both their families, more especially his father's, were very religious. His mother wanted her

freedom from home and found it in the arms of a popular boy whose family was very respected in the community where they lived.

What Sirch's mother did not anticipate was that she had left her home for freedom only to find herself pregnant and married to a man who had learned from his father that "the man" is the head of the woman, and that's that! She had traded one prison for a different kind.

One year, one month, and one day later Sirch became a big brother. Here was Sirch, one year old with a baby brother and a two year old brother and a four year old one. There was obvious jockeying for mother's attention. Sirch found himself helpless to gain the love he needed when the four year old needed different care than his newborn brother and all four brothers were trying to get attention from a mother who didn't want to be a wife, let alone a mother.

Sirch's father worked hard. He had grown up under the auspices of a strict father and a religiously stressed mother. Most of his youth was spent running from his father and ignoring his mother. He never had the respect of his parents and tried to gain it by doing what he thought would: have lots of children.

Well, it wasn't but a year and a few months after the birth of his baby brother that Sirch's first sister was born. After all those boys, Sirch's mother had her little girl. It was time to be paroled.

Sirch's mother loved her boys, but she couldn't handle the imprisonment that marriage to her husband brought. She missed her childhood and soon after the birth of her fifth child, she left her husband and four young boys.

Sirch had lost a mother that he never really had but knew he was suppose to. Everyone else had a mother who loved them, caressed them, and kissed their skinned knees. The most Sirch got from his stressed father after his mother was gone was, "Oh, get up you big boob, a little blood ain't going to kill you!"

His mother was gone and Sirch had no hope of ever knowing what a secure child feels like when his mom loves his dad and they both love and nurture him.

Only a couple of years passed before Sirch's father found a woman brave enough to take on a domineering man and four growing boys. His father found a farm girl who was used to taking care of farm animals, so how hard could it be to raise four boys.

Sirch saw in his new step-mother the chance to have a mother again, but in this he was soon disappointed. Sirch's new mother was the epitome of a cook, clean, and sew mother. There are none temporally better. However, from the start Sirch's step-mother never treated Sirch any better than the farm animals she was used to raising. "You dumb ass!" "You're as useless as tits on a boar!" These were phrases too often heard by a young boy who was longing for a mother's love.

It was only a short time before Sirch's first step-brother entered the world. This sibling was quickly followed by another step-brother, three step-sisters, and the youngest boy, the pride of his mother's heart. To top it all off, Sirch's real mother let his little sister come back to his father's family and refused to have anything to do with her own children. In thirty plus years Sirch has seen his real mother about five times. Sirch has never learned what a real mother was.

Sirch was popular in school and turned to sports to try to gain the attention that he lacked at home. He excelled and was expected to go far. During those school days Sirch

went from one girl friend to the next trying to find in a woman the love that he never knew. The funny thing was, Sirch didn't really know what a woman's love is suppose to be like, so most of his relationships with them ended by him giving up.

An injury stopped Sirch's sport's career, so Sirch turned to the religion he had been taught that perhaps he could find that attention and love he longed for. Sirch excelled in his religion.

Finally Sirch found a woman who he was willing to commit to and attempt to form a life with. Little did his conscience state know that his choice in a mate was his own mother.

Sirch married a young girl who dropped out of high school to become his bride. She was fleeing the prison of her home to be confined in Sirch's prison of religion and patriarchal order. Soon after the wedding day, Sirch found the love that he had been looking for. Sirch become a father to a beautiful baby girl who was the pride and joy of his heart. The love he felt for his daughter was the love that he had searched for all his life. He was not the recipient but the giver. Sirch was determined to give his daughter the love that he never had.

It wasn't long before Sirch's joy was doubled with the birth of a baby boy. Sirch's heart was full. You couldn't fill it with any more joy.

Sirch never saw what was coming next, because he didn't realize he had married his mother. Sirch's wife left him, went back to her family, and shortly thereafter gave him sole custody of his beloved children.

With his children at his side, Sirch was fulfilled. At the time of his divorce, Sirch was doubting the veracity of the religion that was the second most important thing to him after his children. He worked for the leaders of his faith and found that all that he was taught since birth about religion was false. God had betrayed him too.

His mother betrayed him, his wife betrayed, and his God betrayed him. Nevertheless, he was fulfilled in the love that he held for his children. Not knowing what kind of "love skills" a woman was suppose to possess to be a mother, Sirch searched diligently for a step-mother for his two children. He found his step-mother.

He married a girl in her mid-twenties who temporally could out do any. Luckily for him, and unbeknownst at the time, he found one who knew how to love children, and his beloved children were loved as their mother loved them.

Because he left his religion, most of Sirch's relatives left him also. This didn't bother him because he was engulfed in the love he felt for his children. To protect his children, Sirch kept them isolated from all who might take them away. However, it wasn't long before he realized that his children's real mother loved her children too, and wanted to be a part of their lives. Sirch fought the idea for a while because he feared that he would loose control over the children he had given his heart to. Sirch's greatest fear was realized when he let the children become part of their real mother's life again, only to have her and her new husband steal the children away from him with the help of the laws of the society which he belonged. To make the matter worse, it was Sirch's own father who hired the attorney who eventually used his legal position to steal away all the rights of a father that Sirch possessed.

His mother betrayed him, his wife betrayed him, his God betrayed him, his father and family betrayed him, society betrayed him, and he lost the only things he ever really