

Being 'Me'



L.M. Homan

I am all I really have.

Anything and everything else has been added to my life along the way.

My sense of self is inside me...

It's in my head and feelings...

It is made within me.

I don't always think about a true 'me'...

I just 'am'.

But when I stop and think... I can see that I am a distinct person, separate from my family and friends...

I am not a statue inside... waiting to be discovered. Un-mouldable, unchangeable... a 'fixed' *me*.

I change. My likes and dislikes change... you might think you know me... but you only know that part of me that I show you...

I can only 'see' the 'me' that I show you... But 'being me' is deeper.

When I am alone, I sometimes try not to be me, or at least not to *feel 'me'*

as being me can sometimes be *painful / awkward / clumsy... uncomfortable*.

I find myself quickly distracting myself so that I don't have to feel the 'me' inside where the discomfort is.

I turn up my tunes. I submerge into the internet. I play a computer game. Sometimes I use worse methods to get away from the feeling of being me... self-avoiding things...

I reach for chocolate or sweet things to feel good...

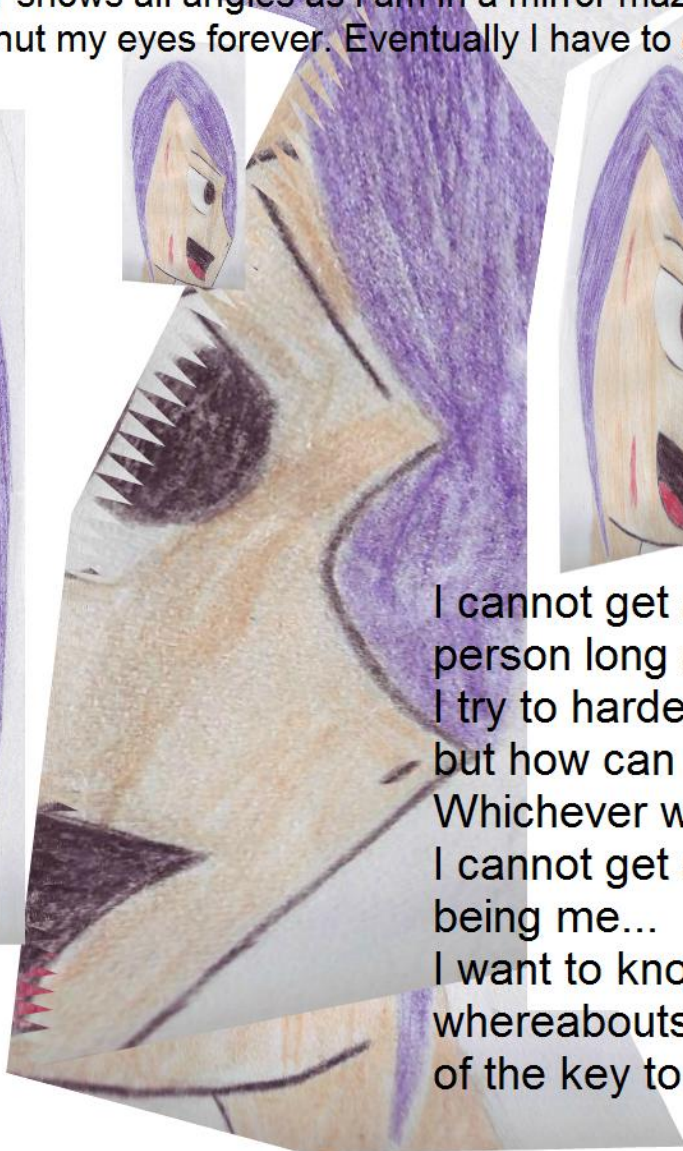
Sometimes I do this so excessively, that I try make myself sick so that I don't then feel bad about over eating... and it leaves me feeling more rubbish about being me.

Some friends use alcohol or drugs or cut... but whatever we do... it is usually to stop the feelings... to cut yourself off from the feelings... *or* to 'feel' something normal.

Why does it feel so bad inside sometimes?... why do I have this ache inside...

I feel as though I don't have any choices... I am me. I don't like it. But I can't change...

"I stand looking past the mirror... avoid the reflection showing pain.
But I see that this is useless as time and time again,
The mirror shows all angles as I am in a mirror maze...
I cannot shut my eyes forever. Eventually I have to gaze...



I cannot get away from the
person long ago destroyed...
I try to harden to that stare
but how can I avoid...
Whichever way I turn,
I cannot get away from
being me...
I want to know the
whereabouts
of the key to set me free."

If life becomes too awful being 'me' ... or for you... being 'you'.... we try to avoid or kill the pain...

But that just severs the connection... the one to our true self...

Sometimes we begin to take on all sorts of behaviours, habits, distractions...

Sometimes we try and be like someone else... coz if we are like that someone else, then we might just seem OK to everyone else... they won't like 'me' but they do like 'them' so at least I stand a chance.... Some people spend years trying to sever the connection and the pain that goes with it. Sometimes we can hardly remember who or what we were or what we were like.

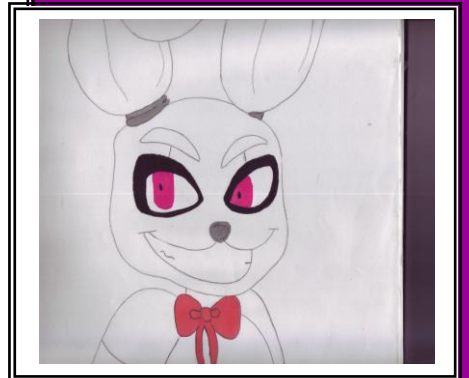
It seems to me that richer people are the most OK. They have some 'respectability' to cling on to... they can make themselves happy by buying things and doing things they like...

But me?... poor... no prospects... what self worth do I have?
Should I have?

I have to fight for respect... you hear it all over the place... respect is earned... not given... if people don't know who I really am, what I am really like... then maybe they will respect the image I have created. Maybe they will befriend this 'other' 'me'.

What is life all about anyway? What matters? What goals should there be? I know what school told me... I know what my family think... but what do I really think? Why do I try so hard not to think!

Everyone puts on masks, we all do it...





“Dress down, make-up, lots-a
banter lots-a sounds,
cool looks, latest clothes, fit in,
fit in with the crowd...
What crowd? Them and us...
it’s always been that way...
they laugh at us...
we hate them...
Cover up, toughen up, hurt me,
hurt them...
don’t care, won’t care,
can’t care...
less and less... and less....
Less of me, more of them,
less care, less time,
less... less... less... lost.”

Someone tell me how to be real... how to be ‘me’....

I am tired of ‘fake’....

Being 'me' How? Being me starts with now... here and now. Tomorrow is just an illusion, and yesterday is just a memory.

So what does 'now' feel like?

I listen to my breathing. I sigh. A deep sigh... right through me.

I wrap my arms around me tight... and think about feeling 'now'. What 'now' is... Everything is right here, right now.

Like an enemy that pops up... I can feel/see my fears. I feel my avoiding start to rise and I want to run off, put the noise on, distract myself from 'now'...

But if I do that, I end up where I always do... squashing it down and using tactics to avoid... but no... not this time. I face it. I am here... 'now' and I *will* feel it...

Thoughts can trigger *feelings*. If I fear the dentist- just the thought of going to the dentist can stir powerful feelings... and so it is important right 'now' not to let my thoughts trigger feelings which will take control of me... I am in control 'now'. In the moment I am in now, not avoiding, and not giving in to any thoughts.

But is it possible not to 'think'? Yes it is... I can 'be' without thoughts.

In fact the more I spend time 'being me' the less I need to think about 'things'. My thoughts don't have to have a shape. Presence in my mind, presence within me is enough. I feel closer to being real.

The more I do this, the stronger I become and the less the fears and negatives invade.

I have come to realise that I am not a statue fixed and set, and yet I am not empty either. I have love. I care. I become aware of peace. And I feel connected, and this is because I am not trying to be someone else.

I am 'being me'.

I find contentment in being me. As William Shakespeare said 'To thine own self be true'. Finding this place is the key to being 'me'.



Recovery means...

.... getting yourself back.... your sense of self.

.... being gentle on yourself... daily...

Stopping destructive thoughts and behaviour.

Thinking *ONLY* about good, kind, caring, positive things...

Spending time each day '*being*' yourself...

Quietly. Without thoughts disturbing..

Just *Being*....

Cambridge Chronicles

This book has been published as part of a self-help series for young people and adults. In the series, words, pictures and poems have been put together to lead the reader into a place where they are able to acknowledge and recognise the thoughts and feeling which may be holding them back from reaching their full potential.

In this series:

Being 'Me'

Anxiety and 'me'

Depression and 'me'

Self Talk and 'me'

Loneliness and 'me'

About the author:

L.M. Homan is a qualified Youth and Community worker, Social Worker and mental health professional. Having spent many years working with young people and homeless people, she became a Mental Health Professional. Through personal experience of mental health distress, and helping others, she decided to write this *easy read* series.

Young people have been involved in producing the photographs and drawings. Particular thanks go to Holly Homan.



Cambridge Chronicles is pleased to announce the publication of an exciting *pilgrim's progress* e-novel by L.M. Homan. This adventure novel *Journeyings in Souldeloom* is available at: www.souldeloom.com

More information available at: www.cambridge-chronicles.org.uk