

JULY 16TH PART 3

I am on the ugly orange sofa of sadness. I can feel it seeping through my pores. I can feel their sadness, I can feel my sadness, and I can feel the sadness of the children who sat here before me. My god, there is so much sadness because people can't get along. This all because couples can't love each other to let one another go, because someone needed control, and because someone is too afraid to stand up and make a change. This is all in the fibers of the orange sofa. This is in my soul, this is something I understand. I understand the feelings left inside this sofa all too well and I have to feel again. I can't be numb, I have to let these feelings make their way to the surface. The lady is going to be in here in a few minutes and I need to be ready. I don't care if I cry, the sofa has seen more tears than I could shed in one lifetime, and so has the lady.

She walks in and is very calm. I wonder how she can be so calm around so many tears. I think it is because she has shed her tears too, she knows that she can only help. She knows that tears are not a bad thing, the bad thing is when there are no tears. No tears mean being in the numb spot and life has a habit of going haywire when the numb is the boss.

She has a pile of papers for me to fill out again. I don't mind paper piles, I have them all over my house. Paper piles are a comfort in a stronger way, they mean activity of my brain. They mean I am not looking off into space and making up stories about other people and fading away into the foggy cotton place in my brain. I like these papers.

This is a nice lady who speaks English perfectly. I thought she was going to have a Hispanic accent, for she looks just like the ladies in the waiting room that didn't speak an ick of English. I am not meaning to stereotype this lady, it is thought that went through my head. She is a smart woman, I can see that in her clear eyes. Those eyes have seen the sad and desperate places that people end up with the cotton fog in the head.

She asks me a whole bunch of questions. I know these questions. They are the threat assessment questions. I have one of these at home that I printed up for the one day when I can have the kind eyes that know it is good to be in a place where the tears are okay to shed. I answer them as accurately as possible. There are no

exaggerations in either direction, they just are. She doesn't flinch at any of my answers and she doesn't look like she thinks I am lying or that my feelings are unimportant. They are my feelings, they are real, they are not hindered by fog, and the truth doesn't need to be covered up or exaggerated in any way. The land of truth is an easy place to live. I never have to question if how I feel is the right or wrong way anymore. The way I feel is only truth, and it is finally easy to speak. I could care less what anyone thinks about my truth anymore, I don't have anything left to lose except myself. I will not let that happen, and it is easy when I don't have to lie to make anyone happy. I can say what is what.

She seems like a lady who has to speak the truth just like I do. For what she said to me next I didn't like to hear at all.

"Lisa, I don't know if there is much we can do for you here. The digital abuse you have been through is something that the police and attorneys do not have enough knowledge about to take these cases. As far as the gunshot and the physical stalking goes, you are going to have to call the police every time you are afraid in order for them to take you seriously. You need at least three stalking reports at separate times for them to think about investigating your case. You need to report to the police today what has happened to you, and they will count that as ONE. I know you have many police reports, but they need to be about the same type of threat." She said to me.

"So, all of this evidence that I have doesn't mean anything. It has to be a physical threat of life and death or I am not in danger, right? I wish he would have hit me more with his hands. This attack on my life has hurt me more than anyone has any idea. It's been one battle after another, and I cannot seem to get ahead." I said through choked sobs.

"I believe you Lisa. I know that the times have changed and abuse happens in so many areas of life. I know and see what you are saying about your computers, phones, communications with loved ones, and feeling afraid. You talk to the police and then we will chat again once they leave." She said with sorry eyes.

I simply nodded. My nose is running and I did need the Kleenex that made me nervous when I walked in. I am sad, sad, and in a weird way feeling somewhat peaceful.

I will go through the chain of command, I will fill out the papers, I will move slowly through this process that leads nowhere. I know where this road ends. It ends when I am not afraid any longer. There is an end to this road, and it is not going to be the justice system. I do not want to spend the last of my money on this, I want my last dollars to make me more dollars helping others.

The knock on the door was the police man. He is young and kind of cute, but he is still a mean cop that won't and can't help me. He is not going to be able to listen to my whole story without me looking crazy. I don't give a shit I am telling him anyway I decided. Because I know he will hear my story again in his life as a cop. When he is sixty things will be much different and maybe he will remember the 46 year old lady with cowboy boots crying telling a crazy story. I will make him listen. He does, but he doesn't want to listen. He tried to cut me off a few times, but I have a way of overtaking people if I want to. Well, sometimes I over talk people even when I don't want to, but this time I am on fire.

He shook his head as I played him the recording last from Greg don. He looked at me with sympathy, but he wasn't going to be able to much more than make a police report. Just like I have with rick stone, detective Brewster, detective Thomas, and bike cop from park city. I have my proof of truth, he can take it or leave it.

He told me that I need to try legal aid at the courthouse. There might be someone there who could help me. He shook my snotty hand from crying and wished me well. I nodded. He will remember me, he will one day be able to help someone like me, and he will be glad that he doesn't have to send her to legal aid at the courthouse.

I gather my books and binders and throw my Kleenex in the trash. I head for the drinking fountain, and I prepare myself for the 4 block walk in one hundred degree heat and cowboy boots to the courthouse. I am on my way to the road to nowhere, but I have to be on the road. If I don't travel it, I will never know

for sure if I would be turned away once again. This trip may be worth every step of the way.

I walked through the lock door with the phone and head down the stairs to the modern nice room with no one in there. I pull the door to the outside, because I remembered this door was a push door in, so it is a pull door out. I see mother thread's words on the wall and I nod to her and say a quick thank you to god and the angels who are always with me.

There is a bronze sculpture of an old man in a loin cloth and carrying a staff. There is a bench next to this statue that is calling my name. I sit down and root through my messy purse for a cigarette. I light my smoke and inhale the nasty fumes in the stifling heat. It actually tastes good and I do feel calm, and somewhat peaceful. The statue is of handy and it says "Prophet of Peace"

I like that, the prophet of peace is a nice thing to have in front of a place like this. I am spacing off and thinking about this day, getting ready for my last track of the day to the courthouse. A bird flies up and it makes me look up, and then I see the eyes. The eyes of the handy stature, these eyes look real. These eyes are starting right at me. This artist really knew how to do eyes I was thinking, until I swear they blinked. This actually startled me.

Now, I can believe the bible flipping page ghost, and even the old man sparrow as metaphysical means to make me take notice. But a blinking bronze handy is over the top. I am not telling anyone about this episode. I relax and look handy right back in the eye and I see tears, this stature is crying for me. He is crying for others like me, and he has something to tell me. I am shook up, for a crying blinking bronze statue is now crazy. Hell, I think I am crazy now.

I found a way to relax. Thanks to the meditation things I have been reading about I can do this a little better. I pretend that a white robe is cradling me and I take a few deep breaths, making myself feel the air. I like this part, because then I know that I am not going to run out of air. I did this for a few minutes until I could hear a faint hum in my head. I looked back at my crying blinking bronze ghandi, and he looked right back at me with a piercing gaze.

I didn't hear loud words, but my mind heard something that it is not used to hearing. It was not my normal clatter, it was a low calm voice that asked me to be brave. "Be brave. Let yourself hurt, let yourself hurt for the ones to come after you. You have been given a gift, do not waste your gift. Your words will be heard and you little one will make a difference. You have made a difference already, you just don't know this. Be kind and peaceful, be yourself."

Ok, that did it. Now I am bawling walking down the sidewalk. I turned around once and said good bye to ghandi, and headed for the courthouse. OMG, I am not sure I should even tell Jason this weird thing. It could be heatstroke, right?

OMG. No, that was real. Uh huh that was real. Ugh.