

Surviving Anxiety growing up with a very TOXIC family

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Hi, I grew up in a very toxic family with very, very abusive parents. They are both still living. I have severe anxiety which becomes overwhelming whenever a family member calls and tries to manipulate me. You see they put me in a role when I was growing up, and the role I was to play was like living in a play and I was the scapegoat.

I was blamed for everything, and anything, and severely beat. I was also beat in school, and my parents did nothing about it, so basically, I learned to become a survivor in my world if I was to live. I would squelch all of the pain by drinking, and it worked. I didn't have to care anymore, and I could move on and live a life in which I thought was appropriate. I lost so much along the way. I am 56 now. I lost so many emotional cues, and lessons about relationships. I was never taught anything unless it made my parents look good to their friends and the community. I came from a very high middle class family, and the big secret was never out. We looked like the perfect family, but in reality my brother's and I hated each other. We fought all the time, and when father came home someone always got a beating, and it usually was his favorite son, me. I have survived all these years by just drinking to keep the relentless pain repressed, and my anxiety could become more and more prevalent. I could write a book of all of the war stories, but I think that what is more important now is that I keep trying to make adjustments in my psyche to keep my anxiety and unknown fears in check. They are false, just like my life was, as a child. I became successful as an engineer, but my success was based on a very wicked political personality and I could act out on someone and move on, only just to make more money, and along came more anxiety.

Today I survive by using some meds. I am a diabetic(for 32 years). I have to manage that or I will die. I grew up with diabetes and my parents refused to recognize that so I had to go to the doctors myself. They would give me credit cards, and I would just spend what I needed to survive with that disease. In my life now I have a wonderful support system, and she helps me stay on a righteous path, and reminds me that anxiety is a state of mind that I can control, but it is hard work !! I pray. I use 12 step programs. I have mood swings because of my diabetes and that makes life a bit more difficult, I have many complications with the diabetes, but I keep praying to my God that I be ok. I also had a heart attack, and quintuple bypass. My old heart must be very strong for I am still here, but when I get an anxiety attack I also have to manage that. One aspect of management of my anxiety is that I will not speak to any family members.

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