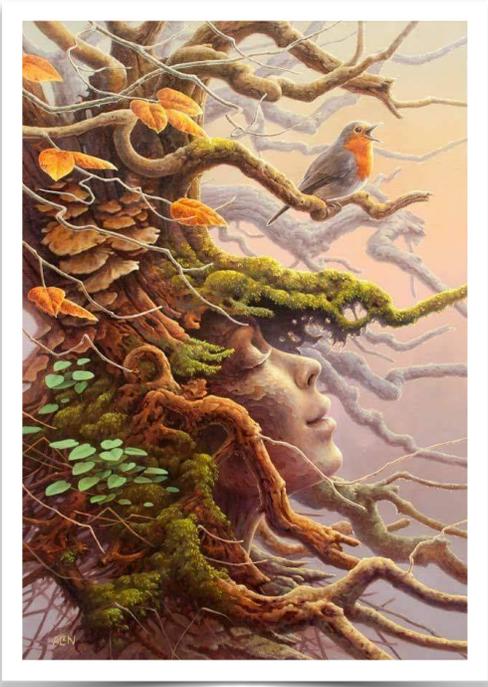


Spirit is the Strength



I have spent almost a lifetime dealing with CPTSD and deep trauma that runs through my bones, my mind and my flesh.

Sometimes people say to me, but look how strong the abuse or the trauma made you. And I think 'no' the abuse, the trauma, the addictions, the anxiety, the depression did not make me stronger. It weighted me down, it crumbled my bones, it shattered my self worth, it crushed my love, ate my days, weakened me and brought me demons.

It was my beautiful spirit, my awesome fire, my wild soul that pulled me through.

Those wild ingredients of tenacity and recovery, that run through all wild ones, and so pulses through my own human body, is what enabled me to break through the concrete and the poisoning like a Dandelion. Finding the gold that still lay there, deep in the darkness, and bringing it to the surface.

It is the touch of nettle, the strength of oak, the smell of rose, the sound of birdsong, the feel of wild water, the breath of air and the feeling of soil that helped bring me home.

I am this alive, this strong, this gentle in spite of my trauma, not because of it.

~ Brigit Anna McNeill
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[Art: [Tomasz Alen Kopera](#)]

