The Illusion of Control, the Freedom to Choose
By
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“If I can control everything, nothing bad will happen.”

Adoption—even when it is loving and deeply well-intentioned—can leave a profound wound. When it occurs before a child can reason, at the level of core identity, adoption can be remembered as abandonment that “is my fault.”

No one asked me if it was okay to be placed in a trashcan, then to be found and then to be adopted by abusive caretakers in America.

It was not with my consent that my body was used to service the needs of others through sexual and corporal punishment. The message received - survival was conditional-love would have to be earned.

The day I leaped onto a table and broke my adopted mother’s nose felt like safety was possible. As I looked at this very large woman slumped in a corner begging me not to hurt her, I felt control surge through my 6-year-old body. I finally had a voice that could not be ignored. I finally had CONTROL on the outcome of my life. I was addicted.

For many years I attempted to controll where everything was placed in my environment, the outcomes of my interactions with others, and how I responded to stimuli. The last one would be what led me to search for a better way to live.

When healing began, I learned:

- my demand for a specified outcome was hurting me. I was creating the distance that created loneliness through my need to control.

- control was a creation of my mind. It was not real.
- in accepting what was so in the moment it freed me to all available possibilities in my present.
- that control was fear disguised as power.
- that in acceptance, it freed my mind to see possibilities for a life I loved.

I learned power is not control, power is in the ability to choose.