

June 18, 2020

A glimpse in the life of a family raising a child with [#developmentaltraumadisorder](#) [#ReactiveAttachmentDisorder](#) [#RAD](#) [#DTD](#) [#fostercare](#) [#adoption](#) [#SEVEREBEHAVIORS](#)

The following glimpse is a true example of the dangers faced. And an example of what we refer to in our community as the [#NurturingEnemy](#).

You may judge our Families but I bet you never woke up with a knife to your neck by a 6 year old. Or heard one of your other children screaming because they had to live through the trauma of their siblings trying to kill them.

You may think that little kids can't be scary or dangerous, but that doesn't apply to RAD kids.

We have paperwork from the county our child lived in before placement that stated our child was a danger to self and to others at the age of 3 and 4. We believed, as most Pre-RAD parents believe, that with good parenting those things would stop.

They didn't stop though. They got worse and worse and included hiding knives and plotting how to kill a few people. Our child hated their birth mother and anything that had to do with her.

As a result, all of that rage was misdirected to her adoptive mother to the point that our child blurred lines and believed that my wife was the one who had committed the crimes that their biological mother had perpetrated.

Every Pre-RAD parent believes they can do it, that it isn't really "that bad", and that their child is the exception. We don't learn the truth until we are so far in, so far in love, and have almost no way out.



October 9, 2020

[#NationalMentalHealthAwarenessDay](#)

"A glimpse in the life of our Families raising children with trauma and attachment disorders"

This is why we exist. It is after midnight and officially National Mental Health Awareness Day. But what does that really mean? What does this day do for our thousands of Families that have nowhere to turn? No one who will help? And if they advocate too much, or ask too much for help, it gets turned around on them and CPS opens a case against them? The ones that take in the broken, traumatized children? The Families that love them no matter what?

Does this day change anything for us? Does this day create places for our children to go to get real treatment? To be safe from themselves and to keep their family members safe? As I always say this trauma disorders are on a spectrum. This child was obviously at the higher end of that spectrum. But we have Families that live with this fear every single day. With no end in sight. With [Attach Families](#) being the only safe place they have for support.

If we are going to have a National Awareness day, the least it could do is offer change.



October 10, 2020

"A glimpse in the life" Everyone is so naive. Everyone who doesn't live our lives are so ignorant.

Our Families try for years to get help. They do everything they can to get help. Help is nowhere to be found. We [Attach Families](#) understand this all too well. We do everything we can to keep our children safe as well as society. But no one seems to care, and there is nowhere to turn.

[#NationalMentalHealthAwarenessDay](#)

This I'm what happens when you give your child to the state because of his state of mind a danger self and all his professionals have been trying for three to get him in a hospital. Mindspa even opened a case for Ayden about Ayden needs to be in hospital and nothing got done for three weeks. To keep my son safe and people around him I have choice. So people with children with RAD, DMMD, ODD disorders the state, the police all will prosecute you if you try to get help for you child. His councilor just called DHS Thursday and reported was a risk to his self and others this Saturday the same week after Dhs threaten and threaten me to put me in jail the day I give my son to state to get him treatment only he can receive through the state. Parents and family's need to speak up with me.

October 10, 2020

[#NationalMentalHealthAwarenessDay](#)

"A glimpse in the life of our Families raising children with [#developmentaltraumadisorder](#) [#ReactiveAttachmentDisorder](#) [#RAD](#) [#SEVEREBEHAVIORS](#) [#fostercare](#) [#adoption](#) [#biofam](#) [#inUteroTrauma](#) [#trauma](#) [#neglect](#) [#abuse](#)

"A playpen. Simple. All different kinds. Almost every new mom gets at least 1 at her baby shower. But what is a playpen actually for? Well, I looked up what the "selling point" is for them even though we all already know.

'Toddler Playpen Large. Kids love to play, and having a safe place for them to do it is worth its weight in gold.'

A safe place for your toddler to hang out, play, watch their favorite show, etc. so you their parent or caregiver can, go to the bathroom? Make a meal? Take a shower? Make a phone call? Do the laundry? Basically anything a parent or caregiver needs to do, while ensuring your toddler is safe.

We all know toddlers can get into stuff in the blink of an eye that will cause them harm. And no one wants that. SO EVERYONE GETS A PLAYPEN!! This a completely acceptable thing in our society. I mean every parent has to pee at some point right?

But my toddler is 15 years old. Yes you read that correctly. It isn't a typo. I have a 15 year old toddler. He isn't stupid. In fact his IQ is 121. But his emotional maturity level tests at 2.5 years old by some of the greatest most expensive professionals in the country. He just like any 2.5 year old needs constant supervision to be safe. He will turn the gas on the stove. Stick metal into outlets, pull it, push it, break it, hurt or possibly kill himself without constant supervision. So what are ones choices? Never shower again, never eat, sleep, pee?

Because the equivalent of a playpen for a 15 year old is a cage. Doesn't matter if it is for all the same reasons. No one cares. It is illegal, end of story, and not a single professional in the country can tell you what to do to keep him and others safe. No one even tries to help figure it out, it is simply like 'well you can't do that, but no clue what you are supposed to do'...BYE FELICIA! And they are gone. Not their problem.

[#attachfamilies](#) [#traumamama](#) [#radmom](#) [#RAD](#) [#advocate](#) [#educate](#)



October 20, 2020

"A Glimpse in the life of a family raising children with trauma and attachment disorders"

What I pictured verses the truth of life as a [#traumamama](#)

"I learned the importance of listening and asking open ended questions while I attended beauty school. There's nothing worse than leaving your stylists chair with a haircut that's too short or not what you wanted.

I chose this career because I wanted to bring out the inner beauty of others. I would spend the next twenty some years doing that at different locations, each time I would have to rebuild. There were several clients that would stay with me and they became part of my extended family. They were able to remind me of the beauty that life holds even at its darkest times. At times these beautiful people were the ones that held me to reality while what felt like another life, wanted to steal my sanity.

When my husband and I became parents, it wasn't in the "normal" way. We had to go through classes, be interviewed multiple times, have our home looked at and follow specific guidelines for things that were necessary to complete the home study. We had to have references that would agree that we would be good parents. When we finished the process and were cleared to become foster parents we were excited to start a family, even if that was only for a limited time. We understood the process and the reason communication was so very important. We also planned for the worse case scenario's.

I still remember the day I got that phone call that forever changed my life. Instead of 40 weeks, we had 5 days to get ready for two children. Not twins, but I believed it was what families of twins felt like. Except my children had a little more than three years in age difference between them. I didn't give birth to them in a hospital, we picked them up in my mother-in-laws van after we met in an office. One screaming and crying, the other bouncing off the walls excited. It was the most exciting and terrifying day of my life. At least at that time. I had been informed of possible mental health issues, but they were glossed over and I was assured that my home and love would change that. If those words weren't said, I'm sure I would have thought them anyway. I just wanted to make a difference in a child's life and I truly believed that's what everyone's goal was. Our children are our future and we should nurture them into adulthood. I had no idea what was in store for all of us, or how hard it would become. Our life as a foster family was full of questions, usually questions I couldn't answer. My life became an open book to professionals. My career took a backseat because these children, my children for however long that was, were mine. I was a mamma bear and I vowed to do everything I could to help them heal, but I never expected to become the blame.

The first time I was threatened by a professional was four months after I became a foster parent. One month after therapy began. I was accused of tying one of the children to a chair and burning them with cigarettes. This happened in a waiting room filled with other parents and children. I was dumbfounded. It didn't matter that it didn't happen or that there was absolutely no evidence of burns. The therapist had all the background information, more than I even had, but that didn't seem to matter. That was the first of many times that I would have to defend myself in front of my children. I would find out years later that this was called triangulation.

After a little over 10 months we became parents. We switched therapists and began working on the foundation of our family. What was supposed to be the happiest time of our lives wasn't easy. Because we weren't a "normal" family, we had other relationships that were falling apart. Some friends, family members and coworkers didn't understand our dynamics. They didn't agree with the rules we had to follow while we were fostering and most of that blame fell on me.

While we celebrated small moments that meant the world to us, we really didn't fit in. There was a lot of aggression towards me, but only when I was the only adult around. I had to prove time and again that I didn't treat one child differently than the other. To the point that I had to take pictures of bedrooms and document what I did with each child. A new therapist and I once again, was the one to blame.

I'm not proud of how I handled that. I shut down and isolated myself. I started to blame myself as well. I was left asking myself at the end of the day, maybe it is me. Maybe everyone is right. I remember praying for help and guidance. We reached out to others and asked for direction. That was when I started researching, taking notes and started using the terminology the professionals uses. We got second, third and fourth opinions and I took some classes.

The biggest lessons I learned was, if it doesn't make sense, then it doesn't make sense. It doesn't matter how many letters someone has behind or in front of their name. I would be blamed and shamed by too many professionals to count. The more I would disagree the more they would pile on. They never did that to my husband and they never did that to me when my husband was on the phone or at a meeting with me. This is when I learned the term gaslighting and what it means. The more that didn't make sense the more I fought to have everyone communicate at the same time. This seemed like the most logical way to make the situation better and help a child that was in desperate need of a team effort. But the professionals didn't feel the same way. The more we fought for communication the less we got. The more we tried to help our child, the less we were allowed to be the parents.

I remember the day I knew I wouldn't be enough to help my child. It was devastating and I felt like a failure. The foundation we had made as a family was crumbling, my own foundation was being rocked. We were in the process of losing our house, I was fighting to keep my job. We were barely functioning and had been for a while, but I was in survival mode and didn't realize it. That was just what we had become accustomed to. It was our normal.

The next few years would be full of cover-ups, threats from many professionals and more blame and shame. I would see all the ugliness from adults that will last me several lifetimes. I listened to lies on a daily basis or was completely cut out of the equation. I cried an ocean of tears and felt pain so deep, it felt like I was dying. All in the name of helping and supporting a child that I had to prove over and over that I loved. It broke me several times. I had to learn how to put my pieces back together each time. That also meant I have to help rebuild our family as well.

I learned to be brave, vulnerable and even stand alone for what is right. I learned that

policy and procedures don't always stand for what's right. I saw first hand how money is the root of all evil and words are empty without follow through. I saw freewill and the need to be right over the need to do right. Most of all I witnessed repeatedly how communication doesn't happen.

I still pay for that with the phone calls I begged to get and the respect as I parent I should have had. Now that everything has changed and I'm receiving calls that I never got when it made a difference."



September 3, 2020

"A glimpse in the life of a family raising a child with [#trauma](#) and [#AttachmentDisorders](#) "

[#adoption](#) [#fostercare](#) [#biofam](#) [#inUterotrauma](#) [#neglect](#) [#abuse](#) [#parenting](#)  
[#healing](#) [#helpourchildren](#) [#helpOurFamilies](#) [#braindevelopment](#)  
[#supportgroupsHELP](#) [#findusonfacebook](#) [#specialneedsparent](#)  
[#SEVEREBEHAVIORS](#) [#bodilyfluodissues](#).

"Our child would take any container they could get their hands on, take it into the bathroom, urinate and or defecate into it, and hide it under the sink. Occasionally they would also mold feces into shapes.

Imagine finding your favorite coffee mug in that situation or your favorite family skillet. The mop bucket. The sibling's bottle or sippy cup. Your shampoo, though that was normally put back into the shower in hopes that you would use it before you realized what had taken place.

Imagine they put a hole in the wall and slowly filled it up with their bodily fluids every single day? What if they asked for something and didn't get their way, they used bodily fluids to get back at you? All the towels in the linen closet? Your bed? Siblings beds? Their bed over and over again?"

This is EVERY SINGLE DAY LIFE for many of our Families. What do you do? Cameras? Give them a bucket if they don't want to use the toilet? Demand the bathroom door stay open? What if every choice you made could be turned against you by society, or a news article? By CPS, by police? What if you just keep trying but people who don't live this life just can't possibly comprehend it?

These are the Families that @attachfamilies exists for. [#educate](#) [#advocate](#)  
[#RaiseAwareness](#) [#developmentaltraumadisorder](#) [#DTD](#)  
[#ReactiveAttachmentDisorder](#) [#RAD](#) [#justice4families](#) [#TherapeuticParenting](#)

