

The background of the page is a soft-focus image of a light blue sky with several butterflies in shades of blue, orange, and pink. In the lower right corner, there are some pink and white flowers, possibly daisies, also in soft focus.

## Therapy Recap – Two Years On

As I come to the end of two years of therapy, I want to take a moment to reflect on everything I've come through. When I started, I was just surviving. I was living in the same home as my abuser, broken down by years of emotional, psychological and physical abuse. I was in crisis, trying to protect myself and my children every single day while feeling invisible to the world.

Now, I can say with certainty: I am not just a survivor of domestic abuse. I am resilient, I am strong and I am moving forward.

The abuse didn't end with separation. I'm still living under the same roof as my abuser, but everything has changed. I am divorced, and I have taken my power back. His words no longer have control over me. His intimidation doesn't reach me in the same way. I have found my voice again.

Therapy has given me the tools to understand what I lived through. It has helped me see clearly how deeply I was manipulated, isolated and controlled. I now recognise the signs of coercive control. I understand that what I endured was not love and it was not my fault. I have grieved the version of me who was lost in that trauma and I have fought to rebuild her.

To my therapist - thank you. You have been a calm and steady presence during the most chaotic time in my life. You listened without judgement; gave me space to feel what I needed to feel and gently helped me piece myself back together. I don't think I could have come this far without your guidance, patience and compassion.

The court system didn't protect me. That part still hurts. But despite being failed by the institutions meant to help, I have protected myself. I have protected my children. I have learned that my strength does not come from who stands beside me, but from who I am inside.

Looking ahead, I'm hopeful. In time, I hope to have my own home. I imagine my children around me, perhaps going off to college; and I see a peaceful, safe space where we can all begin to heal properly. It's still hard to picture what it will truly look like, but I know I will get there.

What I've also discovered during this journey is that I want to help others. I want to support women who are still trapped in silence, still doubting themselves, still being controlled. I want to share what I've learned and be a source of strength for someone else who's just beginning to understand what's happening to them.

To any woman going through domestic abuse: please don't lose hope. You are not imagining it. You are not weak. You are not alone. There is a life beyond abuse. There is freedom, peace and healing waiting for you. And if I could survive it, so can you.

This isn't the end of my story. It's the beginning of a new chapter - one where I choose what happens next, and where I never forget how far I've come.

*Jennifer – 3<sup>rd</sup> June 2025*