

Little Peaces



By Eleanor Lefever

Background of author

Eleanor developed a self-harm habit as a toddler, depression as an adolescent then her father became a patched member of a motorcycle club in her early teens, so she was called Scabby, Ugly and Bikey Slut at school. She inevitably left when she was 15, by now, suicidal. She traipsed from one dead end job to another until she married. Two years later, the blood tests taken when she attempted suicide revealed that she was pregnant and she went on to have two children.

One night, after years of her lights being on but not being home, Eleanor was waiting for the time to go to bed so she could take the bowl of pills beside it when a voice said "Your children need you". She realised that if they needed her, she would need to leave them, which she did. They were 3 ½ and 5.

As a mother who left her children, Eleanor was shunned by her friends and peers. Her skin was a sieve, death a daily obsession and she went on to develop alcohol, drug and gambling problems and debt.

While barely existing in a caravan in a small village outside her hometown, a customer at the restaurant where she waitressed told her about a depression pilot program he and a colleague were initiating and asked if she would like to participate. After filling out all the forms and being interviewed, the colleague called her into his office to inform her that she was a 'bit too depressed' for the pilot program. She walked out into the carpark, too stunned to know what to think, but her body reacted by laughing so hard she cried, doubling over with the tears and snot of hysteria streaming from her face. It was then she realised that if she was to get better, she would have to do it herself.

It took Eleanor 10 years to become everything free but for too long she felt she'd been saying that it was irresponsible of her to have driven herself sane, only to keep the process to herself. Her next goal is to use all these aphorisms as headings of essays that give background and meaning to them. Then use those essays as chapters of a book. Then eventually convert that book into a soap box...

For all those who were kind to me
You probably don't remember but I'll never forget

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ISBN:

Wealth is knowledge
and knowledge can only be obtained
through complete acceptance
and non-resistance.
Non-judgement takes away the filters
and having no filters means that
we're instantly aware of the truth
so with or without their knowledge,
everyone becomes our teacher

It's disheartening when you don't believe in something
but soul destroying when that something is you

I had to ride bareback to pony club for a whole year
before I got a saddle
but I was just so happy I had a horse to do it on

Life is like playing pool
Sometimes you can do no wrong
and sometimes it mocks you

When you really truly *get* relativity,
judgement becomes impossible

I may not have had such a great childhood as a kid
but I've had a brilliant one as a grown-up

No - I'd never get rid of my scars!
They're my medals
for a love and acceptance
hard fought for
and won

I'm the wealthiest person I know
The only thing I don't have is money

It took Rebecca 30 seconds to tell me I was ugly
It took me 30 years to work out she was lying

I'll always be grateful that after I left them,
my children stuck around to watch me grow up

The other day I had a bonding moment with a stranger
when we both came out of the closet
admitting how much we loved ourselves

If you only take what you need
there will always be enough

I suspect my childhood wasn't
the tint of rose I often paint it to be

How much you think of yourself
directly relates to how much you care
what others think of you

Observation is when you notice it
Judgement is when you change your behaviour because of it

Nobody *wants* to suffer
but a lot seem to need to

I'm OK with being seen as boring just because I have nothing scandalous or negative to say

Judging by how many people were Indian Chiefs in their past lives,
I'm glad I was something less socially acceptable

I love it when you gossip because I learn so much about you

There's no book to prepare you for bliss.
The falling in love with every person you interact with,
the nausea of constant excitement,
the sleepless nights waiting for the next day to start,
the tears of joy in the most inappropriate places,
the tingling in your veins.
I know my Doctor was stumped.

I used to have five voices in my head
I called them The Girls
Now I only have two
Is it crazy to be considering a reunion?

Have you ever tried to High Five yourself?

What if I told you you're not a dreamer
That it's your instincts and discernment
that's stopped you from going ahead with any of your ideas
You're already doing what you're meant to be doing
because, in one form or another, you've been doing it all your life
Your ego may have told you it's not virtuous or big enough,
that your parents or peers won't approve,
that you won't make money from it
or gain notoriety
but how you'll know the right path
is when you find the trail of breadcrumbs your soul left for you
to find your way back to it

It was impossible to explain to my parents how well my soul chose
I had to let Hallmark do it

Do unto *yourself*
as you would have others
do unto you

When you take more than you need,
you're taking from someone else

What is it about the word *breakthrough*
that doesn't give you a hint
pain might be involved?

Sometimes I fantasise about having someone to spoon with
but then I'd have to move my journals and books

I'll never know if I wasn't bullied because I never bullied myself
or because my father was a gang member

I'll always listen to someone telling me
how to overcome something
that I actually overcame years ago
because I know Karma's penchant
for dishing out refresher courses

A journal is to the mind
what defragging is to a hard drive

The only way I'll justify procrastination
is if I'm thinking about work

Depression, for me, was an addiction to negative thinking

The only thing that stops me
from trying to help someone who I can see going down a tricky road
is knowing that if I interfere,
that road will become longer

When you binge,
you never know whose bed
you're going to wake up in

Instead of confronting my flatmate when he used up all my milk
I always made sure there was plenty
Because I couldn't assume he wasn't God

My mother is a saint dressed in Sally's clothing

Death, to me,
has always felt like the next adventure
after life

You do realise happiness is a choice, right?

Shit doesn't stick to a clean toilet

Compassion is having
an unselective long term memory
so you can remember back
to when you were that person

When you realise everything you surround yourself with
is programming your mind
you become more selective
of the content

If you want to make friends with yourself,
start with your addictions

When people comment that it must have been hard to leave my
children
I've always said it wasn't
If it had been hard,
I would have known I was doing the wrong thing

Apart from both being from New Zealand,
Lorde and I have something else in common.
It took us both 17 years to get where we are today

I feel so fortunate that my crooked teeth
line up perfectly with my crooked nose

I have a great sex life
Sometimes I think I'd like to share it with someone
but it would just take too long

I once wrote that my need to conform had become less of a priority
Lately I've noticed it isn't even a consideration

To the psychologist who told me
"I'm sorry Eleanor but you're just a bit *too* depressed for this pilot
programme".
You saved my life

If Hitler could do what he did,
I have faith that someone else
can do the opposite

People who are lonely just haven't made friends with themselves yet

The most progress I ever made
was when I reviewed and upgraded my defining moments

Sixes only fantasise about tens
but they're actually looking for a six
If you're a six
then be the ten of sixes

When you do what's right for you,
you're doing what's right
for everyone around you

Is it too much to hope for
that someday there will be Same Person marriage?

When it's wrong,
we feel the need to justify
When it's right,
it just keeps getting righter

Ego is emotionally manipulative
It will use regret
to drag us into our past
It will use hope
to lure us into our future
Anything to keep us away from the present
where it doesn't exist

Only when we have no expectation or concern
as to how the present
will be looked upon in the future
when it is past,
will we be free of it

Every night I go to sleep
unable to imagine
how life could get any better