

Catharsis

The Tragedy at Veone



In loving memory
Daphne Eileen Palmer
31/5/1942 – 8/2/2020

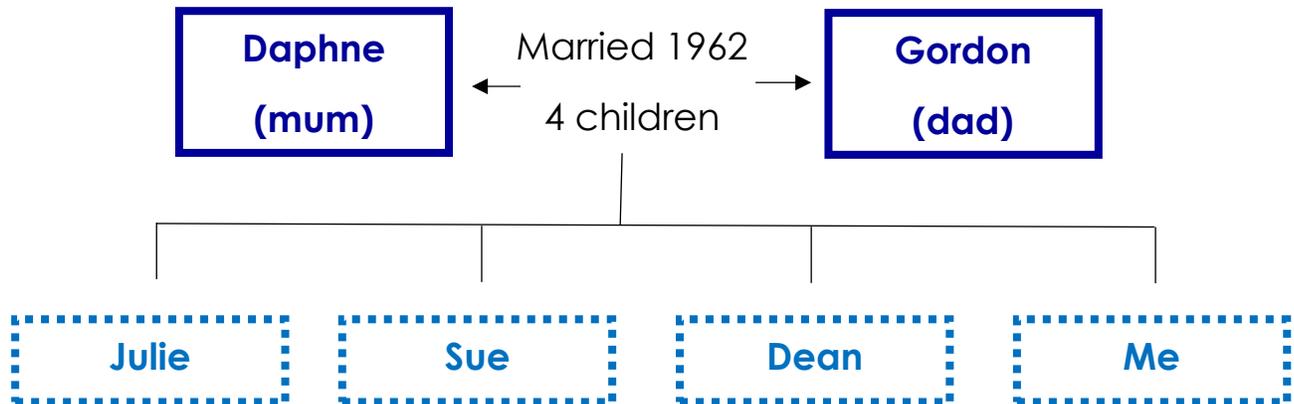


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My First Family



Introduction

Generally speaking, members of dysfunctional families have heartbreak deep in their soul. My first family could definitely be characterized as dysfunctional! That dysfunction eventually led to an unfortunate series of events after my mother's death which forced me to walk away from it all due to unbearable pain and heartbreak. Thankfully I had a support system around me that enabled me to cry, vent and finally begin to recover from the trauma. As these chapters unfold, I seek catharsis and acceptance within my soul.

This book describes events as I remember them and from my perspective.

Chapter 1

The Triad of Pairings

As far back as I can remember my family was splintered into three distinctly different sets. Family members paired off and chose favourites long before I could even understand that this behaviour was dysfunctional. Eventually this triad of pairings was key to the ruination of our family unit.

Julie & Dean

I have no answers as to why Julie and Dean shared a very close bond. It goes back as far as I can remember. Julie is ten years older than Dean and he worshipped her unconditionally. I always felt like an unwanted 3rd wheel when we three were all together.

Dad & Sue

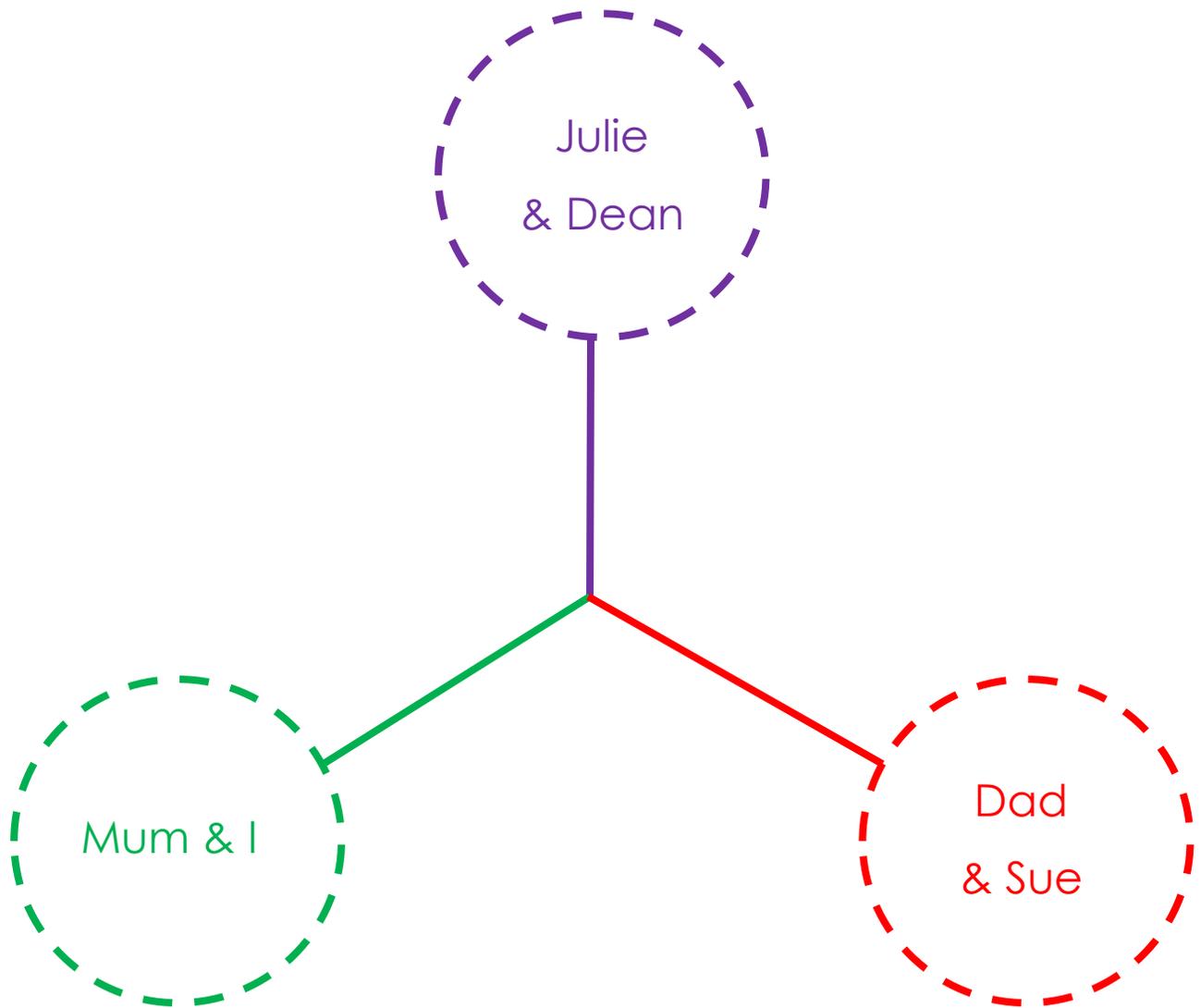
This pairing is easier to explain. Dad and Sue are like twins from different generations. In my mother's own words Sue was the "Wild Child" of the family. Dad and Sue have the same self-destructive, narcissistic and volatile personalities. Dad understood Sue better than anyone in the world.

Mum & I

I was ultimately the lucky one. Mum and I developed an amazingly strong bond as a result of being the unwanted leftovers.

Mum died February 8, 2020 and left a gaping hole in my heart.

The Triad of Pairings



Chapter 2

One Final Visit

As I watched from afar my mother aged dramatically between 2016 and 2019, my heart was torn and my mood was often that of melancholy. I was living half a world away in Denver Colorado.

September 2019 - during an annual trip to Australia with my husband Matthew, I called mum to confirm the dates of our arrival at the family farm. She said she had the flu and asked me not to come. That was NOT my mother. I had always been welcomed with open arms. She had given up on life and spent most of her days just sitting in a recliner chair. Her depression was the result of far too many losses about a decade before her death. Her beloved mother, then her best friend Kathy, and finally her beloved dog Bert had all died within a few years of each other.

For the rest of my life I will be thankful that I ignored her request to stay away! We stayed in a motel in town rather than on the farm but it was a fabulous albeit brief 2-day visit. Dad and Matthew went for a drive around the farm which gave me a precious hour alone with my mum. She was extremely frail and a shadow of her former self. Her honesty with me about dad's dementia for the first time was humbling. With the benefit of hindsight, I can say she had been covering for him for several years. I offered to have them move into our Perth home and have her grandson's check in on them weekly as they aged. Her reply was "*I'm not moving to Perth; I will die here.*" And that is exactly what she did. In fact, she collapsed on the living room floor right where that conversation took place. I truly believe she was suffering from a deep depression those last few years. It was a tragic way to end her life.



It had been a long time since my mum was well enough to walk from the homestead to the mailbox, her frailty robbed her of that which had brought her joy for over 2 decades.



Chapter 3

Domestic Violence

I grew up in a home where domestic violence was the norm. I lay in bed at night and dreaded my alcoholic father coming home from the pub because inevitably they would argue and my mum would become his punching bag.

She was stoic and strong, she rarely backed down. As a child I wished she would, just so that the horror would stop. But as an adult I'm proud of her tenacity. I simply wish she'd had the strength to take it one step further and walk away from my wife beating father.

One particularly bad night I walked in to the living room during their fight and screamed for them to stop. The next morning, I woke up to a vase of bottle brush flowers on my bedside table that had been left there by my dad. I have hated bottle brush flowers ever since.



I was about 10 years old when
he left me the flowers

