

Sometimes I Forget to Breathe: Forgiveness

I was 16 years old when my father died. He was a good man, but he was also an alcoholic. His drinking caused a lot of problems in our family. He was often angry and violent, and he would sometimes disappear for days at a time.

My mother did her best to hold our family together, but it was hard. We were always worried about my father, and we never knew what to expect from him.



Sometimes I Forget To Breathe: Forgiveness

by Kelly Thompson

★★★★★ 5 out of 5

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One day, when I was 12 years old, my father came home drunk and started arguing with my mother. He hit her, and she fell to the ground. I was so scared, I ran out of the house and hid in the woods.

I stayed in the woods all night, crying. I was so angry with my father for hurting my mother. I wished he was dead.

The next morning, I went home and found my father passed out on the couch. My mother had called the police, and they took him away.

I never saw my father again. He died in jail a few months later.

I was devastated by my father's death. I felt like I had lost a part of myself. I was angry, sad, and confused.

I didn't know how to forgive my father for what he had done. I blamed him for everything that had gone wrong in my life.

For years, I carried around a lot of anger and bitterness. I couldn't let go of the past, and it was making me miserable.

One day, I was talking to my therapist about my father. She told me that forgiveness was not about condoning what someone had done. It was about letting go of the anger and bitterness that was holding me back.

She said that forgiveness was a gift that I could give myself. It would allow me to move on with my life and find peace.

I didn't know if I could forgive my father, but I decided to try. I started by writing him a letter. In the letter, I told him how much I loved him and how much he had hurt me. I told him that I forgave him for everything.

I wrote the letter, but I didn't send it. I wasn't sure if I was ready to forgive my father yet.

But the act of writing the letter helped me to start to let go of the anger and bitterness that I had been carrying around for so long.

Over time, I began to forgive my father. I didn't forget what he had done, but I let go of the anger and bitterness that I had been holding onto.

Forgiving my father was one of the hardest things I have ever done, but it was also one of the most important. Forgiveness has allowed me to move on with my life and find peace.

I am not saying that forgiveness is easy. It is not. But I believe that it is worth it. Forgiveness can heal old wounds, bring people together, and create a more peaceful world.

If you are struggling to forgive someone, I encourage you to give it a try. It may not be easy, but it is worth it. Forgiveness can set you free.



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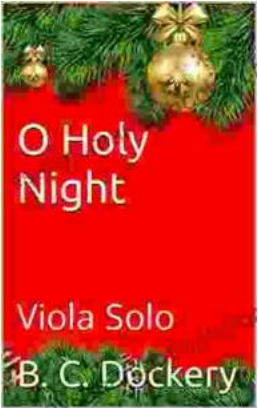
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