

Dana Berenzon

Snakes & Ladders on the Way Home

I Am Life's Creation
Not a Victim of Circumstances

Contento de Semrik

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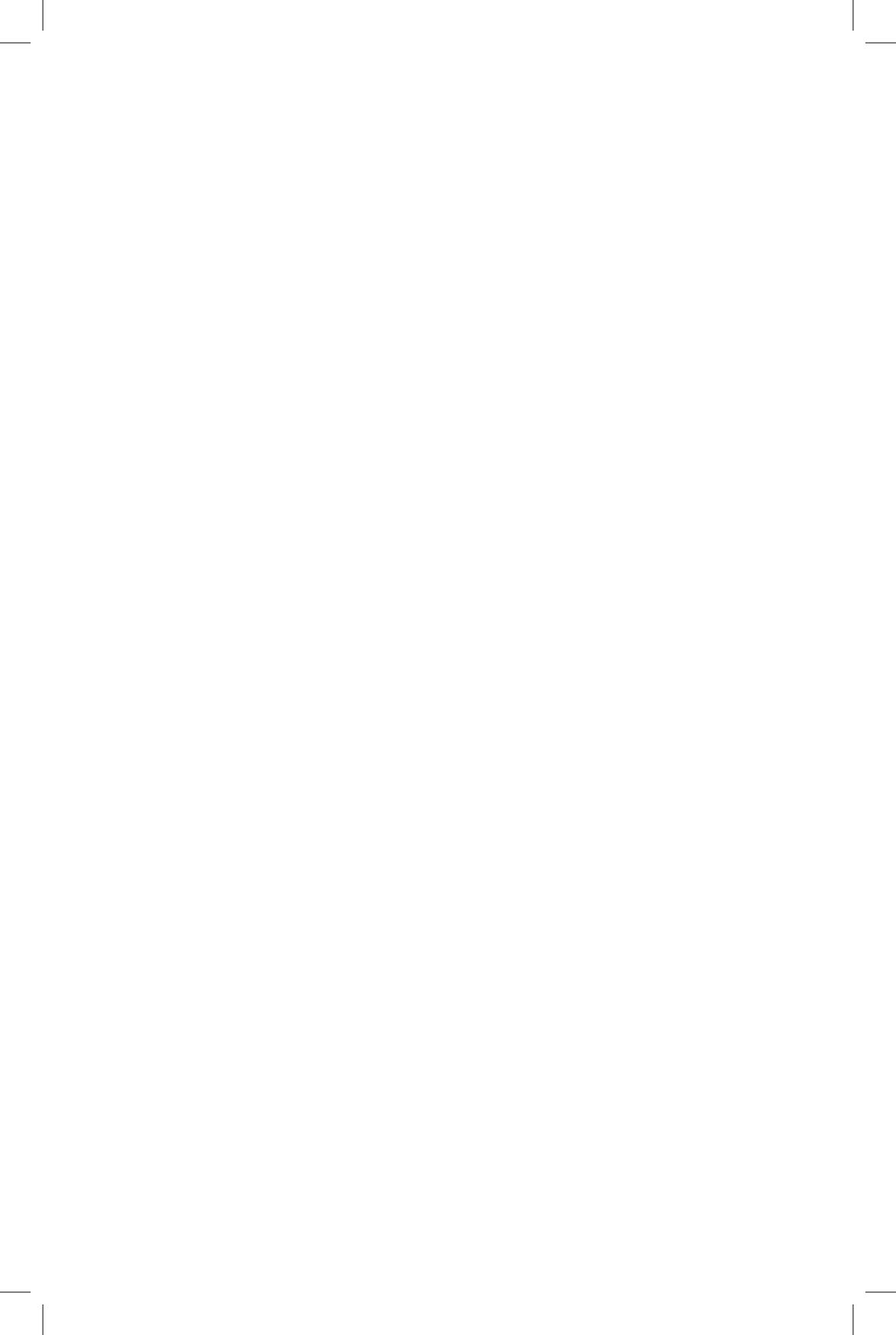
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Introduction

Fragments.

My life is nothing but fragments.

Long have I been collecting the fragments, not knowing where to place them. I was not even sure that a person will ever be found who can put them back together again.

They were buried for so long.

I was not sure they or I can even be revived.

Before I could put my fragments together or decide on the type of glue I should use, I had to first make peace with the incident that shattered me. At least I had to be willing to look at the fragments I'd collected, but kept hidden away and denied, avoiding pain.

I must dig out all the fragments, touch each and every one of them, then put them back into place, hoping that they will merge and hold.

This task sounded theoretically difficult and practically impossible.

One of the things that gave me strength to start the assemblage was the thought that either I would blow up the process or that my coach, Rafael, would give up hope and quit.

A dumb thought I know, but that's how my life was until then. I assumed responsibility for nothing. Every obstacle I encountered sucked me right back. People around me gave up on me and the obstacles I created.

I gave up on me.

There was no reason to believe it would be different this time, but there was great hope.

I wanted life to surprise me.

I started the coaching process knowing: It was now or never.

I had no strength, no ideas, nothing.

I just kept whispering to myself: "I will not live like a victim anymore. I want more than to just survive. I want to live life to its fullest. I want to feel. I want to breathe."

I started the quest for my innermost essence exactly 18 months ago. It was a mad, hard, painful, sad, happy, loving, and supportive voyage. It was a whirlwind of frustratingly wild emotions of madness, pain, hardship, and sadness, but it was a happy, loving, and supportive voyage.

This book is part of my healing process. I am writing it to set me free, let go, and reveal my secret. I am no longer ashamed of my secret. It no longer defines me.

I hope the story of my voyage will encourage others to follow their quests. Many have already bought a ticket and packed their bags, and the only thing that is missing is the decision to start marching. I hope that by breaking my silence, I'll help others to find strength to make their voices heard, to reclaim their lives.

I am going to scream.

I am going to expose.

I am going.

I am readier than I ever was.

I will shut up no more.

I want others to break their silence too.

We did nothing wrong. It is not our fault.

I am not a victim of circumstances.

I am life's creation.

The War Ends, the Coaching Starts

The Second Lebanon War ended.

I'm alive. I survived.

In my wildest dreams, I never imagined that the realization that I want to live would dawn on me under such horrid circumstances.

It was the first time that death chased me, not the other way around.

During that war, I had to collect my strength and all of my beliefs, goals, and dreams over and over again. Every day, I had to get out of my house and go to work in the mini-zoo.

Every morning I'd bid my dogs and parents good-bye because I was not certain I'd be back.

Lots of friends and family members called to tell me, that with all due respect to the animals, they are only animals and it was time I left them in Kfar Giladi and moved to central Israel. I could not make them understand that I would never leave those animals. I was unable to explain that these animals were my