



Allow Me to Reintroduce Myself

Description

I've been thinking a lot lately about how I want to get my kickstart back into writing. I even posted, asking what you, the public, was interested in reading about, and the responses were great. However, something kept holding me back from taking the leap and actually putting my thoughts to the keyboard. Then, as I left my therapist's office, it hit me: how can I, Kate Robinson, kickstart my writing after a two year hiatus, if I'm not the same writer I was two years ago? A lot has changed for me over the past 2-3 years, and I've taken a long time to get back to the point where I'm ready to share myself and/or whatever stories I may have, with the rest of the world. But in order to do that, I feel I must, in my own way, reintroduce myself.

Back in 2014, when I first started this blog, I was happily married to my best friend in the entire universe, and the mother of three incredible children.

Fast forward to 2018, and I'm now a divorced mother of three children. OH, and I'm also a lesbian, so there's that. I know people have been asking me to write about my coming out story, but I'm not ready to, so when I know you'll know.

This post will probably not be a very long one. I was given an assignment to write about my fears and my vulnerabilities, and I was also told to write it for myself and no one else. But I'm going to share this brief commentary with you, because of all the feedback I have received from my posts, the most consistent one has been that the reader appreciated my honesty, and that I helped them feel like they weren't alone. And I **know** what it feels like to feel lonely. I know what it feels like to feel constantly guarded and afraid to let those around me in. I live in a perpetual self-fulfilling prophecy that I will end up alone and friendless. I constantly question people's motives, and I'm terrified to accept friendship because I've been burned in the past. That's a big reason as to why I started therapy; to figure out *why* my armor is so thick. *Why* I am always second guessing myself, or assuming the worst when things don't go as planned. No wonder I'm always tired: aside from raising 3 kids, I'm also constantly at war, within myself, with regards to my interpersonal relationships and self-worth.

Here's the bottom line. Feel free to roll your eyes, because I'm about to sing my own praises, something **anyone** who knows **anything** about me will tell you is the opposite of my style. But again that is because I am always extremely guarded, always waiting for the other shoe to drop. What an exhausting existence. But here's the truth my walls are absolute bullshit. I'm a very self-aware person, so I **know**, without a doubt, that I am a good person. Yes I have a vulgar mouth and a dark sense of humor. But if you only judge me on that, you're not seeing me for me. The reality is, I'm kind. I'm compassionate. I love making even the smallest positive impact on people's lives. Every time someone tells me I've inspired them, in whatever way, a part of my deep-seeded pain heals. I care what people think of me (to an extent). I feel left out when I see friends out and I haven't been included. I act like it doesn't bother me, but it does.

Funny thing, when I was straight, I got invited to lots of parties and events; once I came out as gay, I feel like a lot of that immediately stopped. I don't know if there's any sort of correlation, but it still stings. It brings back memories from my childhood. I **remember** being the leftover pick during PE. I **remember** never being asked to dance. I never even went to my own prom, or any prom for that matter. It sucks. And the 39 year-old me still sometimes reverts back to that little girl who just wants to be loved and accepted. Perhaps even more often than sometimes. But I don't wish to continue to live in my head or allow these thoughts to get the better of me. I **want** to learn to accept people's friendship. I **want** to not assume the worst about people, and be at least *willing* to give them a chance. Where I live, however, it's not easy, **whatsoever**.

I've met a lot of women in my area (all straight, story of my life), and the truth is, I can't relate to most of them. Before I go any further, I'd like to state, emphatically, that I have also met some incredibly amazing women in this community, and I am so happy and lucky to call them my friends; but this tends to be the exception and not the rule. I am an empath, so when I walk into a room, I can literally *feel* the energy in my environment. Unfortunately, a lot of these women live very false existences and are in miserable marriages, but are so stuck with the idea that their identities are wrapped up in the **stuff** and the **perks** that they forget they're humans they aren't the **stuff** they aren't the **perks**. I can't figure out how people can get so caught up in appearances that they ignore their own psyches, and then expect to be happy. Again, I'm not in any way making a jab; if anything, I want to help these women be honest with themselves. **Nothing is freer than being yourself, totally and completely**. I'd rather be me than have the **stuff**. I tend to judge these women in my head, and then I check myself and think, Wait! how **exhausted** they must be, having to put on two different faces, every single day.

I'd also like to add that several of the moms about whom I speak, follow my social media posts religiously, yet never comment, like my posts, or even attempt to speak to me, in person. I see them at school and I want to just grab them and say, **It's ok! Ask me a question!** but alas, I don't. It's not my place. But in keeping to myself, perhaps I've also alienated myself from others who may have otherwise wanted to get to know **me**. I don't give them the chance. That's **MY** fault. That's **MY** bad. That's **MY** insecurity. I hate feeling vulnerable. I loathe it. I'm terrified of rejection from my peers, so instead, I just keep everyone at bay. The ones who manage to stay and still try to get to know me find that I'm so much more than just a loud jokester who constantly wants to make people laugh. So much more, in fact, I'll just say it. **I'm a fraud**. So much of why I constantly entertain, is because if I'm not being funny, I'm being serious, and it's in the moments of seriousness that my vulnerabilities show. **F.T.S.**

So while I know many of you were hoping for me to jump right back in to some sort of funny, sexual contentâ?| and fear not â?? I shall be writing about that shit, as well in the near future, I felt it was more pertinent that you meet me, again, as I feel on some levels that lâ??m meeting myself for the first time.

World, my name is Kate Robinson. I am a mother. I am a friend. I am a lesbian. I am a work in progressâ?|. with a huge emphasis on *progress*. And itâ??s very nice to meet you.

Kate

Category

1. Uncategorized

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