

# After the Storm Passes

By Laqwanda Roberts



For some reason, I found myself in my feelings last night *again*. It seemed to just hit me all of a sudden. I have learned to expect moments such as these. They pop up and leave just as quickly as they arrive. In the past, I was once afraid to acknowledge these occurrences because of the Get Over It Movement.

There is a tendency for some to encourage others not to experience these feelings but reject or ignore them as if to do so were taboo. Honestly, I find myself taking it personally. Every day, I have to constantly remind people that it is okay to still feel hurt and experience pain from time to time. It is an aspect of their humanity and no one has a right to place a timeline on their healing process.

The interesting thing about all of this is that people forget that the pain from the initial event usually does subside. Now here is the part where most miss it. Subsiding emotions does not rule out their existence. It simply means the pain associated with the event has lost some of its hold over a person's emotional state.

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I would wake up in the middle of the night crying. Over time, I would wake up feeling sad, but tears no longer accompanied the feeling. It didn't happen magically. I actually had to work on several things. I had an awesome support system in place, and I allowed people to dismiss themselves from my life. In spite of this, I still get caught up in a moment here and there.

At this place in my life, though, things are different. It's not the storm of betrayal that I'm fighting through; it's the emotional cleanup. It's the things left over, the broken pieces that everyone forgets about: fear to trust, fear to love, fear to be vulnerable, fear of depression, and much more.

I did not have these issues prior to but it's what I have left now. It's what I have to clean up in order for someone new to enter my life. Unlike how it is presented by some getting over it, moving on, and whatever else they say ain't fixing this. Work. Process. Time. This is what I have to use to go forward.

Yes, I actually have to work on my issues. I just don't sit with them. My past shows that it's dangerous for me to do so. Thus, I bust my butt when needed to ensure that I am okay. I have people that I check in with or I have people to check on me. I give certain people permission to ask me if I am okay. If I am not, I tell them.

Even with this safeguard, there are still the issues with men. I have a lack of trust in men. I question their words and doubt their actions. I have never been this way. I have always been the woman that told herself the next man would not pay for the last man's mistakes. Everyone had a clean slate with me, but not this time. Ironically, it's not because the last man mistreated me. Actually, I was treated quite well and there lies the problem.

It has become difficult for me to grasp the concept that a man could mean me well. This is why I had to work on it. I had to begin the process of replacing my experience with the written thoughts of other men. In addition, I had to reinforce the relationships with men already present in my life, those who have been there to protect my heart and remind me of myself when I forget myself.

I have to know that men still exist who are true to who they present themselves to be. Yes, I know to some it may be a bit much, but the man who will love me appreciates it. He will know that I worked through issues that most men say they are tired of dealing with in relationships. I also will appreciate it. I didn't give in to the quick fix move on suggestions. I stayed true to myself and understood the process that needed to take place.

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