

Sibling day. My Brother Got me into Buddhism.



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Today is happy sibling day. I have a brother. We have not seen or spoken a word to each other since 2010. The last time I saw him I went to Arizona to get metal caps taken out of my teeth. I was in pain. My parents had the dentist replace the caps but not clean my teeth. I went when my parents were out of town but my brother was home. Needless to say that kind of abuse put a permanent end to any trust with my parents and I am not sure my brother knows what they did.

When we were young our parents, well my mother, pitted us against each other. I was the good student. My brother did not care. He saw how my parents treated me despite my good grades and figured what was the point. Our IQs were tested in school. Mine was around 150 to 155. My brother was the same or a point higher. My mother made sure I knew that. But I never saw my brother as stupid. I played card and board games with him and we were always evenly matched & he was better at chess and war games. I beat his ass in cards and memory games.

We did fight when we were little. I remember we got in a fight in the car when I was 5 or 6. He took his nails and dug them into my face near my nose. I ended up with gashes on either side bleeding. We were on a trip and staying in a motel. I remember being in the motel bathroom and looking at the wounds in the mirror. Another time my brother got into a fight with one of my parents. After the argument I walked by him and he slammed his fist into my back. I do not remember ever striking him back. I would complain and my mother would ask what did I do to cause it. Now I know that what I was dealing

with were narcissists. To the neighbors my parents were good people. To me they left me with a sense I was flawed and unloved.

The fighting stopped once my brother started school. In high school I was on the track team. My brother got bullied by some kids. I found out one of my friends threatened to beat up the bullies if they did not leave my brother alone. After that my brother and I gelled for awhile. In college I refused to talk to my parents so my brother would call for them to find out how I was doing. My mother once said at least my brother and I loved each other. But my mother seemed to hate it.

In graduate school my parents put down our dog. I never asked about him because I did not know he was sick. My parents saw my lack of questions as a sign I did not care, or an excuse. He was my dog originally. I found him. But my brother shared a bond with him. I remember telling my mother however that if our dog was dying I would want to be there. My brother had exams. They decided not to tell me because they were afraid I would tell my brother. They could have trusted me. My father used to say I needed to get out of the gutter and into the sewer with everyone else, yet they still thought I would be careless with my brother's feelings. Grades were always important to me. I'd not screw my brother like that.

There was an additional irksome fact to the story. My parents chose to call me on a Friday night when I had a date over. They did not know. My parents lived in some kind of warped reality where daughters do not have social lives. Ironically I do not have one now. I have been traumatized so much and feel so bad about how I look there is no point in going out. I get hit on by 60 year old men now who remind me of my father and make me disgusted with the male species. I deserved to have a life of my own. Not be made to go take care of parents whose idea of nice is giving me funds so they can say they own me. Yet my father has said he wants my Twitter stalker caught and has never said he wants me giving up acting. I digress but I love scripts not plays. I love film acting. I love the subtlety and the vulnerability. Emotions frowned upon by my parents.

My brother moved to Arizona to live with my parents in the 1990s. I stayed back east. He tried being a cop but that did not work out. However he became more and more like them. I kind of hope he did not vote for 45. He was an independent last time we

talked politics. He even tried to get me to read the Dalai Lama. Yes my brother in 2005 when I had cancer tried to get me into Buddhist thought. I rejected it at first. I eventually discovered it fit who I am.

My brother I think now is a libertarian. I know he is OK with guns. I hate them. I am not sure what my parents have told him about what happened to me. I do know my mother drove a stake into our relationship. She wanted my brother not loving me but all hers. She did not want to let either of us grow. She still will not accept I am not her child anymore. I will never see myself as their child again. To be there child is to be abused and alone. I am alone but at least part of me feels I am free to think and be me.

I miss my brother. I want my parents to leave him everything. I have decided love was not in the equation for me. Too much jealousy in the world. Love in America is about financial arrangements and not love. I feel as if people have been trying to force me into a relationship and not letting me love myself and stand on my own. I do not want to be in an abusive relationship and if the guy I am with is your typical macho American into cars and football I will not feel safe or at home. I hate men who do not respect the planet or love guns.

I do not want to see my brother again. Not while my parents are alive. I do not want to fight with him.

I wanted a man in my life who would take me away from them. Not men who want me to win my father's respect. My respect should be what matters. One thing I learned having a brother. Some men do listen and pay attention and remember if you ask for or about something. My brother had a sense of honor and a concern for life my parents lacked.

So I say good bye. I have to. I do not want my brother in my life. I need autonomy from my parents and I would chose homelessness or death before taking the road they want me to take with my life. I think it is sick people here in California have been abusing me and not letting me have safety work I love and peace.

I am having a hard time seeing the good in a world where people are abusing me for trying to escape abuse and find love and peace.

