

Love for A Soldier With a Backpack – Living and Dying Simultaneously

“When someone says to never judge a book by its cover, I truly believe that. For 35 years of my adult life, the strongest person I know, my mother Linda Wattley, shares her life story of trials, tribulations, tragedy and redemption. Until I read Soldier With a Backpack Living and Dying Simultaneously, I never knew what made her tick and what made her the beautiful woman that she is today. This book will show you that no matter how hard the devil works to shatter and crush you, through prayer and faith, you can triumph and continue to live and love life.

Through this journey, Linda will take you on a roller coaster ride of events of her life and experiences that will make you question yourself as to how these things can happen to one person, but yet still prevail. This book is great for anyone who has had any traumatic events in their life and who is looking for a form of therapeutic recovery by reading someone else’s experiences on how they were able to overcome their own traumatic experiences.

Multiple emotions will flow through you as you read about her childhood all the way to her husband’s death at an early age and being left to raise two boys by herself. But in the end, a smile will end up on your face as you share the journey that comes to an end in Soldier With a Backpack Living and Dying Simultaneously.”

Lovingly Submitted,
Robert Wattley III

From the Author

Ever since I can remember, as a child I had this silent need to understand why people were so unhappy and unable to love one another. It seemed adults were always fretful and disappointed with life’s experiences.

I know as a child my vision of what the world consisted of is very narrow, but eventually I grew up and ventured out into the world. Sadly to say, even away from family, the reality of mankind being unloving and cruel still existed. Then it dawned on me; I am not the only one who grieved for mankind. God, our Creator, grieved He had made man. Gen 6:6 “And it repented the LORD that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart.”

Where do you go after such a realization? Are we doomed? Did we miss something? Are we cursed? How do we get to love, peace and joy? I had to find out because I just could not believe suffering and turmoil is all we are born to experience, so I began searching for a truth, giving me hope and peace of mind.

I believe I found a path to peace and I want to share it with the world. We tend to be calmer and at peace in accepting undesirable experiences when we understand why we experience them. Before we can understand life's experiences, we have to understand who and what we really are.

Life is not just happening to us; it is showing us we are dimensional beings who exist in a dimensional universe. I am certain by the time you get to the last page of this book, you will see we are far more than we appear to be. Those moments of reality where only you can understand are, in fact, happening to you and you're far from being strange or questionable.

You will for sure love yourself more deeply and your fellow man because you will see that our multiple existences in one body package is very normal due to life's journey. I have always believed we are so far from the truth of our actual existence, but I do give mankind great credit for attempting to understand the meaning and purpose of life.

My confidence allows me to believe each one of us is a dynamic universe seeking to express itself. Coming from God, we must realize we are far more than drama. Drama is denial of our godhood and a need to release misused and undirected power. Our greatest challenge on earth is trauma; the experiences which automatically changes us to the core.

Out of trauma, much drama occurs. Trauma has so many levels of appearing in our lives from the war zones where our soldiers witness death and the survival of death, vehicular accidents, murders, catastrophic disasters, illnesses, rape, sudden deaths of our loved ones; the list is unending.

Directly and indirectly these endless forms of trauma infiltrate our lives. These experiences are so extremely personal and painful, we feel inhuman and embarrassed because we have an unnerving feeling of being naked when it occurs. It is a type of nakedness uncommon to the human eye because trauma vibrates heavily on the inside rocking every logical reality to nothingness. The sudden impact of trauma is like a glitch of nature being surreal. It is the big secret we as individuals and as a collective people keep hidden in our hearts.

The aftermath of trauma cannot be hidden. It permeates through our being during waking and our sleeping states of being. Something about trauma immediately makes us think no one will get it and there is no need in seeking outside of ourselves for someone to understand and comfort us because to convey our suffering seems impossible to describe. This causes the alienation process to begin.

How can anyone relate to us when he or she did not experience the inner catastrophic attack in our mind and nervous system? In fact, it is still there lurking around inside our bodies; a private hell we want to destroy. Sometimes the feelings and fearful thoughts of the new sudden experience feels like an avalanche erupted in the core of our being. The normal rationalizing of connecting thoughts and feelings begin to feel like an inner turmoil as the thoughts and emotions are slipping and sliding in their attempts to connect. Not able to get a grip on it at times can make us feel like killing the body to stop the madness.

In days to come, we use every ounce of our energy and mental ability to present ourselves to the world that all is well, so please stop looking at me. Often times it is when we get into our vehicles alone and lock ourselves in that some of the aftermath of the trauma seeps out causing us to release tears and anguish. By the time we reach our destination, we are once again able to produce a person free of pain.

Then we have a euphoric moment realizing we didn't let the private torture kill us and we're still standing. The cycles begin all over again, sometimes in lesser or greater

degrees. This continued cycle creates an epidemic of victims becoming consciously and or subconsciously unable to love or accept love. They would rather face life without a heart because it is much easier than to run the risk of becoming brokenhearted again.

Cycles can be broken when light is shined on reality. This is my purpose to shine light on the personal aftermath of trauma.

“And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.” John 8:13

INTRODUCTION

JaMar and I were having dinner one evening and he shared a conversation he and his wife were having about their childhood. Feeling relaxed and anxious to hear what he had to say, I sat quietly waiting to hear his story.

One day Katherine and I were having a discussion about our childhood. We asked each other, “What was the first memory you have of being a child?”

I told her my memory was when I was about four years-old. “I had gone to see my mom, and when I got to the doorway of her bedroom, she was in her bed crying. I turned and walked away.” JaMar said.

JaMar continued sharing their conversation with me and what Katherine, his wife shared was a very pleasant memory. I was glad to hear that because it gave me a chance to attempt to digest his first childhood memory especially when he eventually told me he later learned crying meant the person was unhappy.

He said all this with a perplexed look on his face as though he was reliving the moment.

“What was your first memory as a child, Mom?” JaMar asked.

Being stung by this new information pertaining to my life and my son’s memory, a serious wave of emotions rushed through my body feeling like a pressure cooker about to blow a gasket. Immediately, an attempt was made to eliminate the growing pressure of piercing energy rushing through my body. Appearance-wise, I was very successful in containing the pressure; but my insides collapsed feeling every bit like being burned.

“Wow! That was a tear jerker, JaMar.” I said as I fought back the unwanted tears.

He smiled and still waited for me to answer.

“You really don’t want to know,” I said with a painful look on my face.

“Your dad?”

“Yeah.”

Sitting there feeling the aftermath of the threatening pressure now shooting through my nervous system, I couldn’t help but wonder what it was making me feel like I was about to blow a gasket. It was as if whatever it was had been waiting for a golden opportunity to attack me,

break me down and change my life forever. For a minute there I thought I was having a nervous breakdown. If it wasn't a demon attempting to destroy me, what was it?

This is just one of the questions I asked myself. I wanted so desperately to understand the emotional and mental rush of mental and emotional forces rising and compressing inside of me. Where and what do I have stored in my inner parts from my past? How do I dispose of its impact on my present moments? Where do I begin?