

I was very young, not yet a teenager, when my Mom began receiving what the doctor called electronic shock therapy. My Dad would take her 75 miles to Oklahoma City early in the morning. They'd return home again late in the day. I'm not sure how long this went on, it was a long time ago. However, I'm sure it was at least 6 times. I do remember that after each of these trips, it took her longer and longer to remember who I was. I didn't witness the EST, just the results. Trust me; you don't want to see the visions that were in my head at that time. I've learned a lot since then, but still there are still nightmares. This is one of the repeating dreams.

I find myself strapped to a cold table. Fear takes over as electrodes are attached to my temples. As the technician steps away and my fears begin to subside, I take a deep and relaxing breath. Suddenly, fire enters my brain. My muscles feel as if they've been asked to lift a car. Each and every one of them tightens so tight I feel like I'll explode. I can't even release that breath I took! Then, as quickly as it started, it's over. My stomach muscles are cramping, but I don't care. I'm just happy the fire is gone. As my muscles finally relax and I can at last exhale, the fire returns and it starts all over again.

This cycle continues until I awake in a sweat with aching muscles. I make this pledge to myself each time I wake from this dream; As long as I'm in control of my faculties, I will never intentionally allow the introduction of electricity into my body.

I firmly believe the Electroshock played a big part in destroying my Mom's memory and intensifying her mental illness. Bless you for your efforts to ban this barbarism!

A friend,

St. Louis, MO