



Imagine you have a therapist and he doesn't know

09.11.2022

He, in his mid-20s, sat across from me on the train. In his hand a book about psychotherapy and trauma.

We began to talk. He reads the book as part of his training. He wants to be a therapist. He will become a therapist. A likeable young man. I daydreamed he was my therapist.

I told him I was adopted. And that being given away is a trauma. I asked him if that was mentioned in the book.

He looked at me like I was off my rocker. The thought that adoption was trauma had never occurred to him, he said.

There's still a lot to do.

