

MY ANGEL TREE ANGEL HELPED ME REMEMBER A PAINFUL CHILDHOOD TRAUMA AND FINALLY HEAL

I recently recovered a memory, one that I blocked for decades. A childhood trauma that broke something in my psyche when I was 12 years old. I suppressed that memory for 48 -- nearly 50 years.

Yup, I'm kinda' on the older side, but I'm boyishly handsome still (joking)...

I attended Catholic school back when I was 12, classes were held in a large school room, it was a class of around 30. The lost, repressed memory involved the scheduled Christmas gifts exchange between students, which were selected randomly out of a hat.

On the day before getting off for Christmas break, all the students exchanged gifts. I don't recall who I was supposed to get a gift for, I'm sure it was a toy of some sort. But what I received is where the trauma started. All the other kids were ripping open wrapped toys. When I was given mine, it turned out to be a 3 pack of number 2 pencils.

My desk was left of but nearly in the center of the classroom. When everyone was playing with great, thoughtful gifts and toys, I looked at my pencils in shock, then at all of the kids around me, having a great time with their new gifts and toys.

Something broke deep inside—I never felt so embarrassed and marginalized before. I couldn't hide but I had to retreat somewhere, such was my embarrassment, but not necessarily at the present I was given...

I covered my face and wept silently, convulsively for about 5 minutes, but I don't think it was all because of the shitty present.

Looking back upon recall, I wept primarily because—

I knew there would be no present for me at home. No Christmas tree, no gifts. And indifferent parents that didn't care about me at all. I WAS ONLY 12 YEARS OLD. That is the trauma I made myself forget, so I COULD STAY STRONG.

I BEEN GETTIN' KICKED IN THE NUTS BY LIFE EVER SINCE...

Sister Josephine must have noticed. Later that day, she brought me a 50s Chevy model kit and delivered it to my home. I remember that cool model. My mother answered the door. She was cooking dinner in the kitchen at the time. I was watching tv. They didn't speak of the incident, didn't exchange many words at all. That nice nun passed away months later from cancer.

From age 12 until I left that house for New York city and trade school at 17, my parents didn't celebrate Christmas with me. Not my birthday either. My mother hated my father, and neither of them cared for me. All I remember are hand-me-downs until I grew too big to fit them. And indifference to my existence. They couldn't be bothered by being my parents.

I swore that I wouldn't have a bad marriage like them and ended up having one that was worse. And an aborted baby girl at 18 weeks late gestation; I begged my wife to let our child live. It was, of course, her choice, but they took that fetus in the most brutal way possible. My baby's life was painfully chopped up and sucked out. I was in shock because I KNEW HOW THEY WOULD TAKE HER; I was powerless to save my child. I WILL NEVER HEAL FROM THAT LOSS.

There was no explanation forthcoming, why I didn't merit a Christmas, and I didn't ask. They slept in separate bedrooms at either end of the house. I was the last son left of five. They argued all the time. I was stuck in the middle of that stress filled childhood. Life was miserable, then I discovered the HS library, girls, and team sports.

I can remember the last Christmas I had. I was about 9 or 10, and my immediate older brother by 3 years and I had to share a toy Evil Knievel motorcycle and rider set that would take off

after launching it from a crank mount. We would rev it up and make it jump off a ramp made from open books. I remember it because we broke the damn thing less than an hour later.

My parents made me start working at a grocery store when I was 13. Remember I had to lie about my age by a year. And I remember, there was no Christmas at that house, from age 13 onward. It never felt like home. I never had a home.

I was in the general labor force for from New York to L.A. for 42 years, before I caught an aneurysm / stroke. You name the occupation, and I've probably done it for a living at some time in my life, even a very brief stint in this man's US Army. Very briefly, I joined at 30, intent on securing the Montgomery G.I. Bill, so I could return to college and study industrial design.

I broke my foot and got ELS AFTER FOUR MONTHS.

I should have joined right out of HS. I WAS ACCEPTED AT ONE OF THE TOP COLLEGES IN THE WORLD FOR I.D. PRODUCT and TRANSPORTATION DESIGN. MY FATHER REFUSED TO HELP ME PAY TUITION, NOT EVEN FOR ONE TRIMESTER. I BEGGED HIM ON MY KNEES. STILL, HE REFUSED. I TOLD

HIM, “DAD IF DON’T HELP ME, MY LIFE IS OVER.” HE WOULDN’T EVEN LOOK AT ME. I DIDN’T ATTEND EITHER OF MY PARENTS’ FUNERALS. I.D. WAS MY CALLING. MY FOLKS DIDN’T CARE ABOUT MY FUTURE. I WAS LUCKY MY MOTHER EVEN HAD ME. SO, FOR THAT, I AM GRATEFUL...

I grew up to loathe the holidays, but I forgot why over the decades. I also suffered from chronic depression and low self-esteem because of my upbringing in a house with cold, indifferent caregivers. I am a CRIPPLED neurodivergent, introspective recluse; an otrovert, high-functioning CREATIVE on the autism spectrum, in treatment for depression most of my life. I get around in an expensive electric wheelchair with Ferrari emblems on the front and rear. Thank the creator I can still use the restroom, shower myself and change my own clothing. At 6’-3” I can stand for about 30 seconds, therapy helps, but the stroke/ aneurysm fried some electrical circuits (joking) in my brain.

December of 2025, I saw a video of this sweet young lady buying gifts for kids anonymously. They were on an Angel Tree List, something I didn’t know existed. It was a holiday tradition to shop at the local Walmart or Target, wherever it was. I believe she said Angel Tree shopping started with her mom, a

schoolteacher. I wish they had angel tree angels when I was 12.

The young lady instantly became my hero. She has a solid internet presence; she has built it into a cottage industry, with a whopping 20 MILLION followers across several platforms, as a super talented, comedic content creator. I've grown to love her, to her mortified consternation, but I am working diligently to 'get a life', act my age and get her out of my heart.

She is very beautiful, humble, kind, funny, and has a benevolent, angelic soul too. But I must admire her from afar from now on and, not embarrass myself anymore online. I am sure I'm not the only one addicted to her videos.

Of course I will never be able to meet her, I am incapacitated after the stroke / aneurysm, the right side of my body became partially paralyzed. I had to move (at a young age) into a nursing home for 24-hour nursing care. I take 15 medications a day to live; how long I have left on this earthly plane is anyone's guess at best.

I live with my mortality day to day. I hope to get 30 more years, but I don't know. When I will try to rest at night, I worry that I won't wake up the next day. Most nights, I'm too scared to sleep, so I stay up all night internet surfin' and working on this portfolio. It's my legacy.

It's also a time capsule in a way. I have amassed a corpus of information, and a second brain for future mechanical engineering and industrial design students on QUANTUM EVERYTHING; from physics to consciousness; Robotics, AIG and AGENTIC AI; AEROSPACE, OTS TRANSPORTATION, BRAIN SCIENCE, MEDICAL SCIENCE, LONGEVITY, CONSCIOUSNESS, THE SOUL'S JOURNEY, APOTHEOSIS, FURNITURE DESIGN and surface computer countertops, TYPE ONE PROPULSION and GENERL AEROSPACE, AUTO DESIGN, ARCHITECTURE, UAP History and Disclosure; I write and conceptualize ORIGINAL FACT-BASED near-future SCIENCE FICTION and screenplays. A Restaurant National Chain Executive Summary, A Christian Children's Book; study AI HYBRID FILM MAKING. QUANTUM INTERNET progress, and a DATALINK SPATIAL COMPUTING GLASSES concept.

I CAN ONLY TYPE WITH ONE LFT HAND FINGER.