

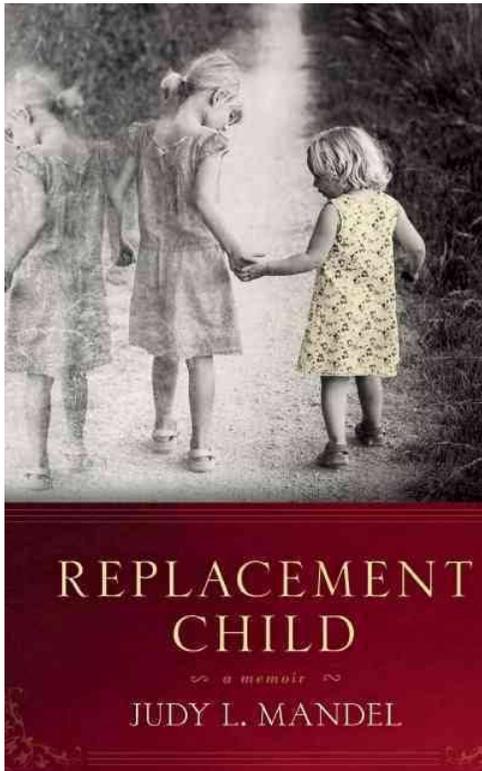


Global Webinar on Creativity

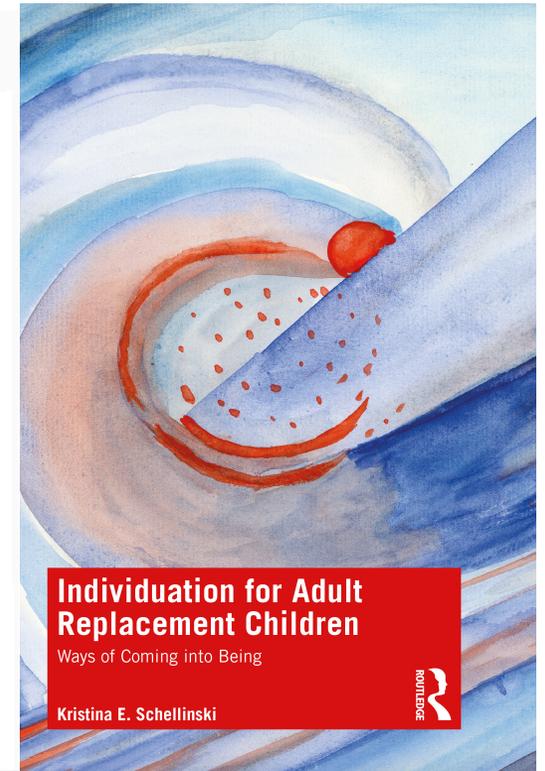
hosted by the [replacementchildforum.com](https://www.replacementchildforum.com)

6 November 2021

Co-Founders of
the replacement
childforum.com



REPLACEMENT CHILDREN
THE UNCONSCIOUS SCRIPT



Kristina



A spontaneous self-expression announcing the conception of a child and my self-birthing; it brought healing.

Rita



My spontaneous designs help me focus – uplifting and grounding, they give me a feeling of freedom

Judy



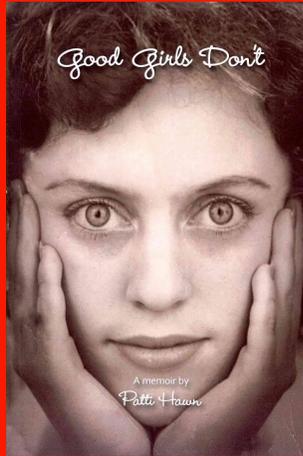
Music helped me express my authentic self, and to be closer to my father, who taught me to sing.

Hedwig



Happiness: Female and Male – Brother and Sister – Dancing around the Tree of Life.

Patti



Mother. I sit on the edge of the tub, watching you put on your make-up, a ritual I never tire of being witness to. Your lipstick is always bright red. The tube touches your lips boldly, outlining first your upper lip and carefully tracing the full line of your lower lip. Your dark eyes gaze into the small bathroom mirror with the fixed stare of a surgeon. My mouth moves automatically with yours and in that moment my transference to you is complete. You smile and your perfect white teeth glisten. It is usually at this point that my comparison to you begins. I am thin and angular with straight, red hair. You are small, curvy with curly dark hair. You are the ideal. I am the counterfeit. I linger in the bathroom after the make-up session is over and take your place at the mirror. I secretly try to imitate your seductive smile and your hooded dark eyes, but all I see is a pale, thin little girl, and wonder where have I really come from?

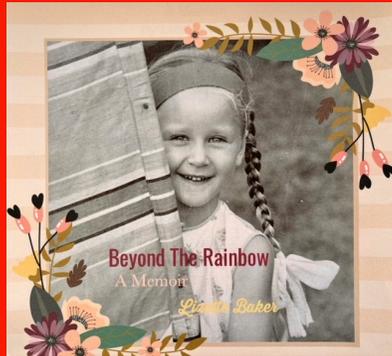
From: Patti Hawn, *Good Girls Don't* (2010)

Joanna



Creating a therapeutic floral display vivifies my spirit with natural forms and color.

Lizette



A couple of weeks before leaving for Provincetown, and on the same day my Dad flew with his new girlfriend to stay with her family in New Zealand, I went to see my therapist, Mandy. I explained that I was feeling nervous travelling from London to Boston then onto Provincetown. Despite my travels to Italy the year before, I still got anxious at the thought of travelling alone. Mandy said, “When things don’t work out the way we plan, it means we are meant to have a different experience. If you can manage your anxiety, be aware and ride the wave, the journey becomes exciting.” I loved this perspective.

“I am aware my anxiety creates confusion but when you put it like that it feels more empowering.” I needed to share how inspired I felt from her analysis.

Then I added, “But my emotions tend to yin and yang depending on my expectations.”

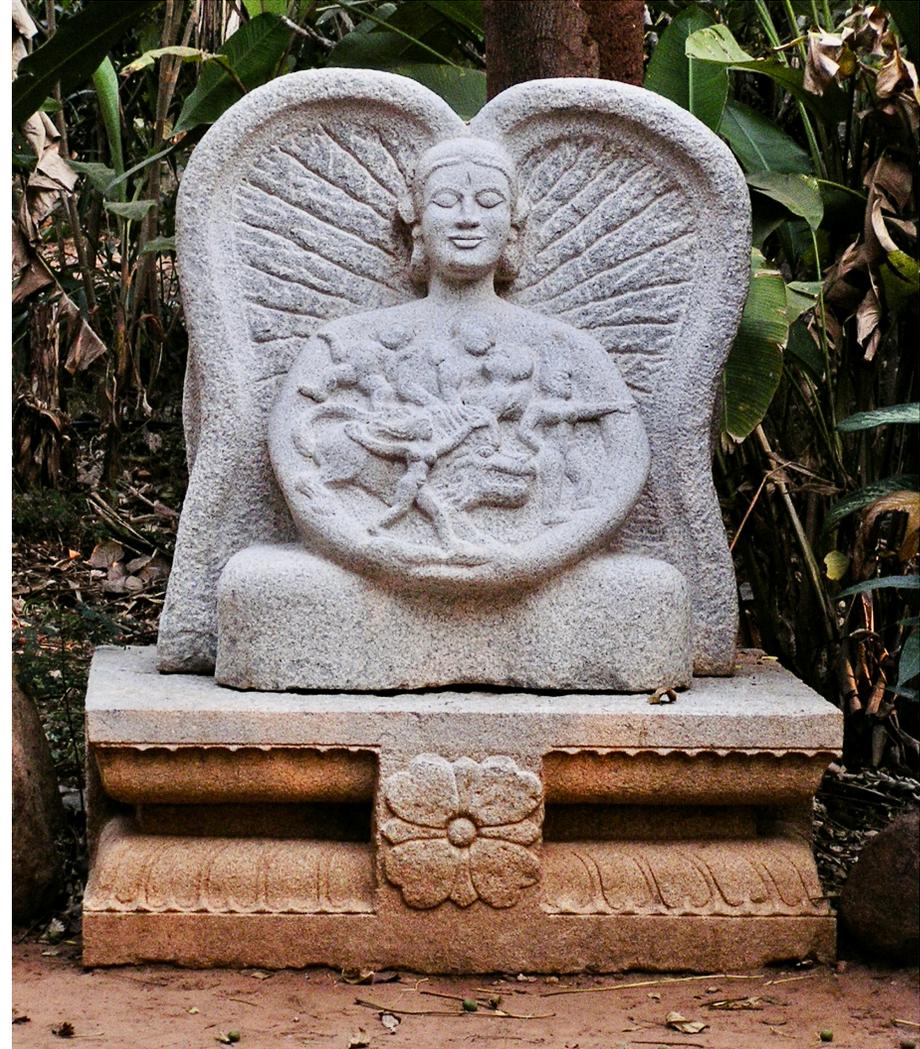
She replied, “Stay with your awareness. If you become aware of what is happening for you, it gives you a choice. You don’t have a choice over things you are not aware.”

I am in awe of Mandy’s wisdom. I wish I could take her with me to Cape Cod.

From: Lizette Baker, W.I.P. Memoir

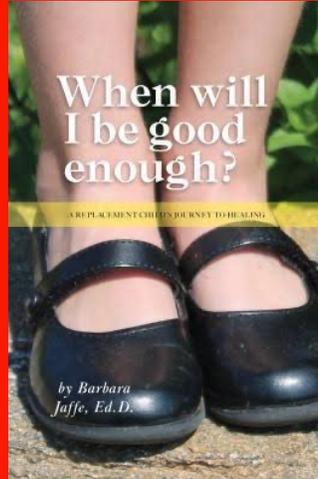
Working Title: Beyond the Rainbow

Caroline



Holy Mother Wisdom: how I rediscovered the Feminine, as an individual and in the collective

Barbara



I am the replacement child—the child born after the tragic death of my brother whom I never knew—the almost two-year old cherub, whose giggling, dimpled, chubby face peers at me from multiple locations in antique frames strategically arranged throughout my childhood home. Jeffrey, the forever perfect golden-hair little boy, who never had the opportunity to grow up and grow old. Jeffrey, whose place I suddenly took as “second” child, child Number Two. He was the family member about whom I wasn’t supposed to talk or ask questions, yet through my mother’s whispers and unspoken words, I implicitly knew I had to quite impossibly measure up to an unlived life.

“If Jeffrey had lived, you wouldn’t have been born,” my mother would often say throughout the years. Thus, even from an early age, I sensed that I must have done something horrific to cause my poor brother’s demise.

From: Barbara Jaffe, Ed.D., *When Will I be Good Enough? A Replacement Child's Journey to Healing* (2017)

Eric

THE STOLEN CHILD

Jean-Claude Denniel
(composer)

Eric Dulorier (lyrics)

[https://soundcloud.com/
talktomedarling](https://soundcloud.com/talktomedarling)

I've come to bury the
ghost

Replacement child

The most wonderful
surprise

Replacement child

I've come to claim

what's mine

Replacement child

The soul of a replacement
child

Replacement child

I've come to try and find jest

Replacement child

In a heavy sigh

Replacement child

A way to resurrect,

Replacement child

Come into being,

Alive

Replacement child

I've come to take the
ashes

Of the stolen life

To reignite the flashes

In the eyes of a

STOLEN CHILD

Spraying acid in the toxic
nest

Radiating love, radiating

I've come to the Temple

Sheer martyr

Used to scavenge all night

Camouflage

I've come to the Temple

Sheer martyr

Used to camouflage itself

All night

Replacement child

It never ceases to amaze
me

Johanna



My name is Johanna. I come from Germany, Bavaria.

My brother died in 1961 in front of the eyes of my mother in a very tragic traffic accident. He was only five years old. In this moment, mother died also, not physically, she continues to breathe, but she was not with us, she left behind a husband and three children, her soul was with her dead son.

Mother decided to have another baby. 1964 she received a present, Johann became Johanna.

My life was marked by fear, loneliness and confusion.

At the age of 46 years, I discovered the term "replacement children".

The time of unconsciousness has left deep marks and scars, but one day I discovered that there was something within me that was very strong, that has a strong will to survive. I discovered that this something has to be myself. And so I started a journey to myself. I wanted to meet this lonely girl, this confused woman. Lonely, confused but obviously strong.

On this journey a book was created. The German title is "Federn haben eine starke Mitte" (Marta Press in Hamburg)

In English: something like "Feathers have a strong centre".

To create this book was an interaction:

to write brought me to myself and my myself made me to write.

Johanna Glaser: *Federn haben eine starke Mitte*, 2021

Hedi



Creating a face for this fidgety little ghost helps me to let it go...

Sarah



Only silence has stretched between us, warm and flat as the grass on your tomb.

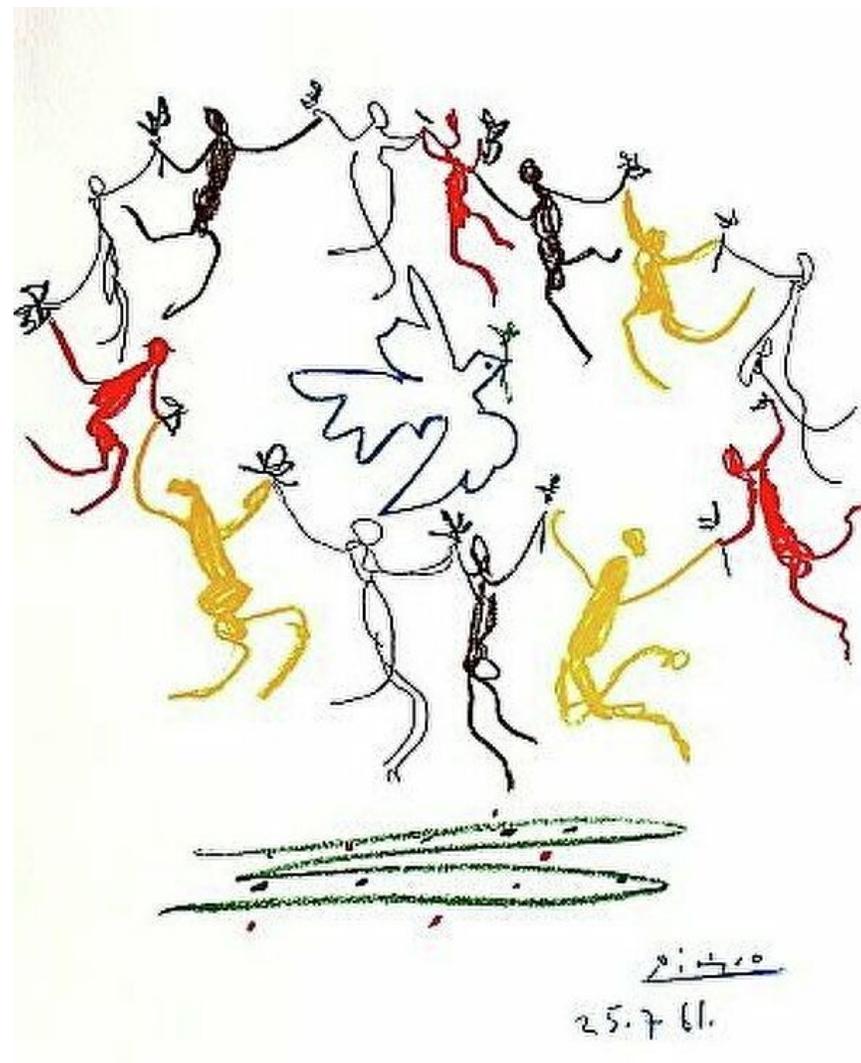
You were six when you died and a little girl, so I was never mad at you, even though mom always said that you were perfect, and you were everyone's favorite.

It occurs to me now that you never asked for that legacy, and that actually, you have nothing to do with it. It makes me happy to imagine you scoffing at mom, rebelling against your angelic reputation. Maybe we could have gotten into a lot of trouble together. I'd love to see how you would have proved mom wrong. Domestic, married, home with kids? Surely you would have done the opposite. Maybe you would have been the cool big sister with gorgeous floral tattoos, bohemian perhaps, you would have lived in New York City before I got there and introduced me to all of your theater friends. I would have slept on your patchy velvet couch and heard all about your latest lovers and auditions. We would have stayed up late, lighting candles and draping scarves over the lamp shades for ambiance, while we ordered Afghan food from your huge folder of take out menus. Maybe you would have been a vegetarian, and dating the handsome dog walker who cared for your rescued greyhound named Stella.

I don't want to idealize you either, so I need to think of your flaws. You and I would have hurt each other sometimes, even the best of sisters do. I hope you would have been flawed in tons of ways but that I could have counted on you, and known that you had my back, just as I would have had yours.

Sarah Vollmann, manuscript of forthcoming publication

Evgeny



Healing & identity came to me in a dream. 'I' as protection and 'I' as protected, as son of a replacement mother.

**Dr. Andrea Sabbadini,
Honorary Board Member
(RCF) observed:**

“This event is a very creative way of approaching the issue we are all concerned about, the replacement child; it is to allow, to encourage everybody to be creative in their own ways.

I was particularly impressed how wonderful it is that people have decided to express their creativity in so many different forms...and how important it is to have discovered one’s identity through the creative act or someone else’s creative act ...how that has inspired one to get in touch with one’s own identity, which might have suffered from a sense of confusion because of the very nature of the condition of being a replacement child, because of the kind of expectations and projections of others who want to attribute features and characteristics of someone else who is no longer there.

Some parents find it easier to conceive a new child than to mourn a lost one; grieving could help prevent that children are seen as replacements.

See also: Andrea Sabbadini: The Replacement Child, in: Contemporary Psychoanalysis, 1988, 4(24), 528–547



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<http://replacementchildforum.com/>

"The privilege of a lifetime is to become who you truly are."

Carl Jung