



Chapter 6 – Breaking Free

Excerpt From
***Out of the Cocoon: A Young Woman's Courageous Flight
from the Grip of a Religious Cult***
www.outofthecocoon.net

As we started to drive away, my mother reached through my open car window and tightly squeezed my neck, sobbing uncontrollably. She only released her grip once the car's acceleration ripped me from her grasp, but even then she continued to run beside the car. When she could no longer keep up, she stopped and threw her tear-soaked face into the palms of her hands. I knew I was responsible for her wrenching grief. In her mind, it was as though I had just died, or at least just condemned myself to death...While I felt empathy for her and fought back the sick, sinking feeling that encompassed my heart, I also felt strangely liberated. Like a deer caught in headlights, the brilliant light of her religion had controlled and paralyzed me. Which way should I run? How will I see my escape route if I am blinded by the spotlight on me? And like a deer, it was my agile, free spirit that dodged those lights and took that leap of faith to reach the banks of safety....(continued)

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