

Me. No apologies!

I am autistic and I am unique. I love gardening and fossils and rarely look sleek!
I only got diagnosed 3 years ago, I've always been confused and it came as a blow.

A fantastic one though, coz life could now change. I could seek some help, learn and begin to re arrange,
the way that I suffered, that life is too much and now I know why it is people speak double Dutch!

I could begin to speak of the constant daily pain, of trying to connect with others and how much I daily feign,
but misery would ensure and I would fill to the top and like a can of coke getting shook, I'd honestly go pop!

So instead I'll have a laugh and a lighthearted look and open myself up to you like a simple little book.

To give to an insight in to my story, the highs and the lows in all there raw glory.

I was born Jennifer Claire in May 77 and nature took over me before the age of 11.

My family were lovely and always encouraged, me even though I was a whirlwind with a voice like a banshee!

I could never listen or stick to one thing, havoc I caused and big stress did I bring!

I didn't connect so well with my young peers, who talked about stuff that caused me big fears.

I joined then the young ornithologists club and explored, bird watched and identified shrubs!

But I couldn't stand school and got ever so picked on and it made me feel sad and it all felt very wrong.

Coz I was treated by them like a lesser person, because I loved birds, wouldn't budge and was certain,

That THEY were so boring and horrid and dull, coz who wouldn't want to identify different species of gull?!

From the blackheaded one with its wonderful shriek who fed on my playground and by no means was meak,

As they bullied the wagtail just minding its business and he was like me surrounded by the witless.

(I didn't mean to be so arrogant and rude but they didn't understand me as they handed out their abuse)

So I crossed my arms harder as I usually did, and gritted my teeth, bad feeling I would rid,

As I found stag beetles on the way to school, watched a sky full of wings as I sat on a wall.

Penny was my birdclub leader (and now a life long friend) I had no care for young mates or a scary wierd boyfriend.

I wanted to learn loads of bird calls and identify the crow species having a brawl. Identify trees in the winter and summer. And of sparrows and puffins I dreamed of in slumber.

I went all over the country in coaches on trips, with the adult RSPB club, only kindness on their lips.

They were 50 years and upwards now HERE I felt good. I couldn't connect with kids my age and totally never would.

The retired couples took me under their wings, conversations were "Subjects" like how a skylark sings.

And they'd teach me rhymes to learn the bird songs, I loved how I didn't seem to ever get much wrong!

As here I excelled and I felt I fitted in, I never cried like at school and just always seemed to grin.

There was no confusion no there was no doubt, because I realised this was what life was all about!

They taught me how to identify birds on the wing, when girls of my age went to town to buy bling.

I learnt how to identify trees by their buds, and passion and excitement ran from me like a flood.

I was bullied and mocked all my life but who cares, I learnt resilience and to be as strong as a bear.

To cut a 40 year story short and miss loads of years, despite beings a person daily drowning in fears,

I traveled the UK in search of its nature climbed mountains, nightwalked for owls unaware of the dangers.

And as I grew older my interests they grew, from history to archeology and of art and I flew...

...to Spain to see swallowtails of the butterfly kind and all these new birds they fair blew my mind!

I've taken kids on walks along Dorset seashores to ignite their excitement and to them I'd be kind.

And show them they can be their own version of cool, and why they shouldn't listen to those being cruel.

And live their own lives and pursue their own dreams, even if there's "1" in their own personal team .

Even if their friends are the trees and the flowers, instead it will be yourself you'll empower, I said to them, then added, " And be yourself and never ever hide away on that dusty old shelf"

Even though it seems hard now you'll never regret it. You'll walk that hard road and you'll meet your true spirit.

You are golden and rainbow like and you have so much to give, even though very often it feels to hard to live.

I spend hours organising my art things and pens, I enjoy this and confess that they are my friends.

They are useful and bright and they never judge me and I am not confused and believe me that helps me!

In a world full of stress and of upset and panic, I love to delve in to the world of botanics,

with flowers that smell of the fragrance of spring, my heart out in nature I can join in and sing.

Whereas people and shops they just stress me out, I stamp my feet and begin to shout,

I don't mean to attract your looking at me, but I'm in pain and I'm scared why can't you see?

Instead you accuse me of being unhinged, you have no idea what it's like clinging stuck on the fringe.

Coz I don't feel I belong here and I never have, and your laughing at me has made me feel bad.

I feel bad for not knowing what to say or to do, I feel bad for acting "strange" and then YOU don't know what to do.

I feel bad for not understanding your words, I feel bad I'm always misunderstood and misheard.

You think I'm weird coz I love a limpet more this more than you, but I do cox their awesome but you treat me like a glue

Clinging to dear life to what it is you say, then you say "Stupid woman you took it the wrong way!"

I love how a stalking it sings and it mimics, the sounds all around him, his voice has no limits!

Coz that's who I am and you can all sod off! I am who I am and you can call me odd, but my answer to you, (excuse me!) is SOD OFF!!

My weirdness is your problem take a leaf from my book, I love learning the differences between a crow and a rook.

And I no longer care what it is is that you think, and for the record, your opinions- they stink!!!!

I laugh and I joke but don't get the wrong idea, I love to be silly but I'm daily in much fear.

I can't organise myself and I can't cope well at all with lots of belongings.
And life is too much and I Just cannot cannot cope, more often than not I feel I'm
hanging on a rope.

I changed my name to "Willow" one of my favourite trees, like me it gets bent and
torn but doesn't break in the breeze.

It gets weathered and scared and it definitely hurts, but here its feet stay centred,
rooted in deep in Mother Earth.

The amazing fortitude I found in my self, when the world feels against me and
starts to engulf.

The smells and the people and my gazillions of feelings,
In Nature and Art I have found my true meaning .