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**The Perfect Freedom Essay**

Freedom is more mental and spiritual than physical. There are people who are not confined in any prison, mental hospital or even anywhere (Brach, 2012). They walk freely in our streets but deep down, they are slaves. They are not free. They do not have the perfect peace and mind a free person should have. Freedom can be found anywhere, be it in a hospital or in a bullying environment.

When I was a kid, about ten years of age, I was a very hyper kid. Always causing trouble. I am the last born in a family of three. My eldest brother and sisters complained about my behavior since I never used to assist them even with the house chores. I argue with them for no good reason and shout on top of my voice if they did not do what I wanted. Both my parents were working, my sister and brother went to school, and I had left home alone, talking to myself before I started schooling. It is like I was an outgoing kid but probably am the only one who knew that. The other family members thought I was mad. At school, I would talk to anyone, and if they did not answer back, I explained myself.

My parents thought I was not mentally okay and so after some consultation, they took me to a mental hospital. I was under tight supervision, and I hated my parents for doing this to me. Deep down I knew I was fine, but my dad who is a doctor thought I was showing some signs of being insane and so I needed some monitoring. As days passed by, I tried convincing my parents that I was not sick, but they refused to believe me. I had no choice to abide by their rules. The mental home had become my second home.

I never used to talk to anyone in there except to my therapist who would come and ask me some questions. One day I asked if I could have a book and a pen. He asked what I wanted to do with them and I said since I am always bored in here, I would want to keep myself busy. The good thing is that he agreed to it and thought it was a positive sign I was recovering. I used to write short poems and articles in that book and read them to myself. When he told my parents about this, they thought the same thing as well, that I was showing definite signs of healing.

I found the inner peace of mind in a mental hospital, and I could write several articles in a day. When my therapist saw that, he asked if he could assist me with more books to help me and I said yes. It was then that I discovered that I had a passion for writing. I read the literature books he brought they and me improved my writing skills. It appeared to me like I was lost when I was a free child out there, but now, I found myself. I hated my parents for bringing me to a mental hospital, but I found the freedom which I never heard out there, the mental and spiritual freedom. I finally got out, and I continued with my article writing.

When it downed to me that I was going to a mental hospital, my heart was broken. The thought of staying in solitude broke me down. Considering I was a ‘parrot', I talked too much but now am going to be alone with no one to initiate a conversation with. But then I consoled myself that I was talking to myself out here when people refused to speak to me, it would not make any significant difference. I will continue talking to myself. It was not easy because, the first days I had no one to talk to but the therapist (Kornfield, 2017).

Life in confinement, away from the physical freedom I never comfortable. Malcolm X found his freedom in prison, and I found mine in a mental hospital. One positive thing about confinement is that it gives your time no meditate upon yourself, your life and what you would wish to become. Probably that is what drove Malcolm X to start studying for himself, and it is what made me start my writing career as well. My room became my best place, and I could spend hours indoors trying to make sense out of what I was writing.

In a mental hospital, you meet people who are sick like seriously sick and need help all the help they can get. I used to talk to myself for fun, to console myself after being disappointed by others, but I reached in there, I found real people talking to themselves in a severe way. Can you imagine a person storying with him/herself for like one whole hour? I realized why my parents thought I was mentally ill when I witnessed this.

It is funny to think that I began my writing career in a mental hospital. I stayed in the psychiatric facility for almost a year, and I can say those were my best days. I was confined yes and had no physical freedom, but I enjoyed the mental and spiritual freedom more than anything. Malcolm X enjoyed his stay in prison because he found something useful; he could do with his life. It is like finding a purpose to live. When you see the inner peace a use for your life, life becomes very much exciting and meaningful regardless of the environment one is in (Kornfield, 2017).

People always have a formed opinion about social settings like hospitals, prisons, rehabilitation centers, and even mental facilities. The opinion might not change if you never got to visit such a place. For instance, I knew in prison there if freedom of noting, not movement, studying or even reading. I was wrong because Malcolm had the freedom to study for himself in prison. The same to a mental facility, I did not think for a second that my therapist would give me a pen and a book to start my writing. I always knew that in such places there was no freedom of doing anything except for worship.

I found my perfect freedom, one I can say I never had when I was a free kid. Perhaps I had not thought I could be a writer. I was too busy with other things to realize what I was capable of doing. Or maybe I just needed that moment of solitude to think for myself and discover who I really was and what I was capable of doing (Nunnink, Fink & Baker, 2012). I never liked the idea of going to a mental hospital but it really helped me in my career and today, I can write poems and articles as well. Physical freedom is very important but spiritual and mental freedom is equally important to a person’s life.

Confinement institutions may not be a place where one would enjoy all the freedom, he/she wants in life. However, it is a place where some people may find the perfect mental freedom they never had in the free world. I would recommend that the confinement institution have various departments to assist people who find their passion and a purpose for life in such places better themselves.

References

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