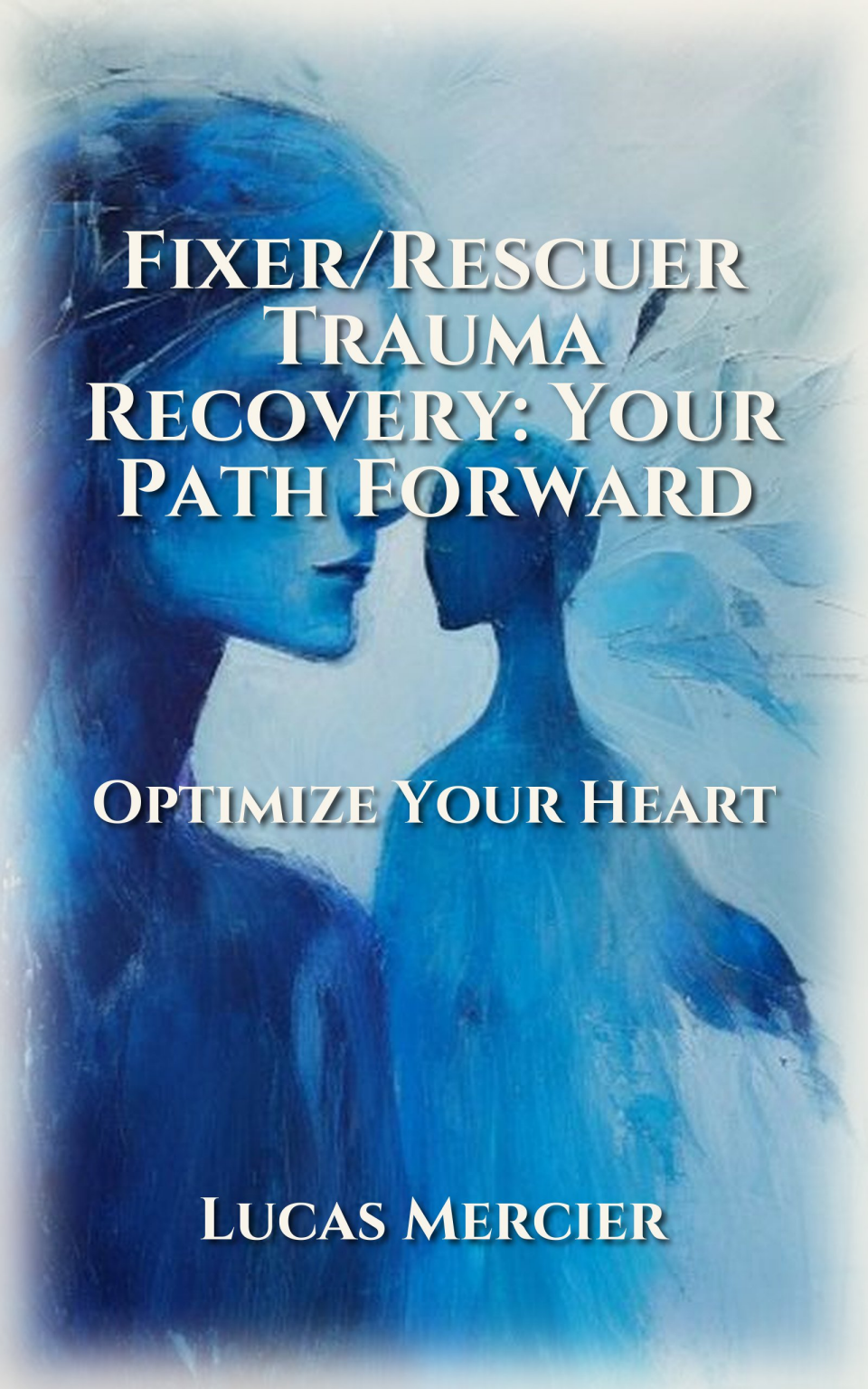




FIXER/RESCUER TRAUMA RECOVERY: YOUR PATH FORWARD

OPTIMIZE YOUR HEART

LUCAS MERCIER

FIXER/RESCUER
TRAUMA RECOVERY:
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CHAPTER 1

THE FIXER/RESCUER WAY: PRONOUNCING YOUR PASSAGE

The air in the group room always felt too thick after a period of necessary silence; you had carved out those few days for nothing but slow breathing and reading manuals on nervous system regulation, needing the quiet to simply *be* without managing anything external. When you finally walked back into the circle, expecting the gentle ebb and flow of shared vulnerability, what met you instead was an immediate, palpable wave of expectation. Someone leaned forward, eyes wide with a need that felt less like genuine connection and more like a sudden demand for inventory. "So," they started, their voice pitched just high enough to suggest urgency, "now that you're back in the fold, can you tell us exactly what your 'quiet time' was like? We all feel so adrift right now; we need to know how you processed the fog." The request felt less like curiosity and more like an audit. You had spent those days gently re-establishing boundaries around

your own bandwidth—boundaries that required no performance, no explanation, just the right to exist at a lower energy level. Suddenly, you were expected to furnish them with narrative proof of your healing process, as if withholding details meant you hadn't actually been doing the work. It was exhausting, this immediate vacuum-filling expectation. You resist the urge to launch into a detailed recitation of mindfulness techniques or journaling insights, because that would be giving them the control they are subconsciously demanding: the comfort of knowing where you stand so they don't have to feel the uncertainty themselves. The subtle pressure is enormous; it suggests that your self-maintenance is somehow an act of charity owed back to the group for having tolerated your absence. Understanding this dynamic requires a profound shift, one that feels dangerously close to admitting fault just for needing space.

The transgression arrived during session three when Mark decided that the concept of emotional containment was something he needed immediate clarification on, and apparently, his textbook understanding was insufficient because you had mentioned feeling overwhelmed by somatic sensations

last week. Without waiting for a gentle prompt or an invitation to elaborate, he began detailing your past pattern of minimizing distress—the very thing you were actively trying to deconstruct in therapy. "But if it's always been 'just stress,' how can you truly differentiate? You have to talk through the *specific* moments where you suppressed feeling X," he insisted, his tone authoritative, as though possessing a diagnostic manual for your internal landscape. A sharp tightening occurred in your chest; this was not inquiry, but assertion. You found yourself instinctively bracing, ready to deploy the precise vocabulary of psychoeducation to correct his overreach, to gently but firmly guide him back to using 'I' statements and respecting narrative pacing. Yet, you paused, feeling the familiar, unwanted surge of needing to *fix* the conversational imbalance, to restore order with perfect articulation. You realized that stepping in to manage Mark's misunderstanding—to explain precisely why his framing was invalidating or too advanced for the current group readiness level—would be a monumental overreach. Instead, you simply looked at him, letting the silence stretch until it felt taut and uncomfortable for both of you, refusing to offer the unsolicited correction that would feel so natural, so protective of the process, yet so profoundly boundary-crossing.

The following Saturday proved difficult because your partner, seeing the residual tension in your shoulders from the group work, decided that your self-care was incomplete without his expert input. You had spent an entire Sunday journaling about the pattern of preemptive emotional shutdown—the ways you build walls before anyone can truly get close enough to see the cracks. When you finally recounted a particularly fraught interaction with a former colleague, detailing the specific physical sensations accompanying the withdrawal, your partner immediately cut in, his concern sounding remarkably like instruction. "So, when that happened," he stated, leaning closer, his voice pitched with helpful certainty, "you probably just need to build in a three-minute grounding ritual *before* you even leave the room. You should try box breathing right then; it's really effective for those adrenaline spikes." The delivery was framed as care—a desperate attempt to soothe your perceived ongoing fragility—but its structure felt entirely prescriptive, stripping away the mystery and the necessary ambiguity of lived trauma. A wave of unexpected guilt washed over you, a potent, familiar poison. You immediately started mentally reviewing all the times you've managed these moments alone, analyzing where you might have missed

an opportunity for *his* preemptive intervention, convinced that if you had just been more diligent, less messy, less deserving of struggle, his worry would not have materialized so strongly. The urge to accept the advice, to nod and say "You're right, I should do that," was overwhelming because admitting he was wrong felt like admitting you needed rescuing from your own coping mechanisms.

The dynamic shifted noticeably after that instance with your partner's unsolicited procedural advice; the air around him seemed to develop a palpable expectation of perfect emotional transparency. You started withdrawing not out of distress, but out of a quiet, deliberate need to protect the fragile ground you were finally mapping for yourself. When he cornered you later that week, ostensibly wanting to "understand better," he demanded a chronological walkthrough of your entire therapy session from the previous Tuesday. "I just want to understand what they talked about so I can be better equipped when things get intense again," he pleaded, his brow furrowed with genuine anxiety mixed with profound curiosity. It was an attempt to annex your healing process, to use your vulnerabilities as material for his own sense of preparedness and control within the

relationship structure. You felt a sharp prickle of resistance—a protective instinct you hadn't realized you possessed until this moment. Saying no, simply saying, "It's between me and my therapist," felt like standing up against a physical current. The effort required to maintain that small boundary, to refuse the easy narrative summary, left you drained but strangely steady. He reacted with wounded disappointment, his expression shifting from concern to something resembling accusation: *How could you withhold this knowledge?* You watched him recoil slightly when you simply stated your right to privacy regarding your care, recognizing in his face the pattern of needing to know everything so that nothing could ever surprise or destabilize him again.

YOU'VE READ CHAPTER 1.

YOU ALREADY KNOW THIS ISN'T GENERIC
ADVICE. THIS IS YOUR MAP — BUILT
SPECIFICALLY FOR FIXER/RESCUER ENERGY.
THE PATTERNS YOU JUST READ? THEY'RE
YOURS. NOT ANYONE ELSE'S. YOURS.

THE OTHER FIVE CHAPTERS ARE WHERE IT
GETS PRECISE.

CHAPTER 2 GIVES YOU PERMISSION TO STOP
FIGHTING YOUR OWN NATURE. CHAPTER 3
SHOWS YOU EXACTLY WHERE FIXER/RESCUER
ENERGY CONSISTENTLY WINS IN TRAUMA
RECOVERY. CHAPTER 4 NAMES THE STAKES —
WHAT YOU LOSE WHEN YOU IGNORE THIS.
CHAPTER 5 IS YOUR FULL TRAUMA RECOVERY
PLAN, BROKEN INTO THE CYCLES THAT
ACTUALLY WORK FOR YOU. CHAPTER 6 IS
YOUR INTEGRATION — WHERE THIS BECOMES
IDENTITY, NOT STRATEGY.

MOST PEOPLE READ CHAPTER 1 AND THINK
THEY UNDERSTAND. THEY DON'T. THE
ARCHITECTURE ONLY REVEALS ITSELF IN
FULL.

SEARCH FOR "FIXER/RESCUER TRAUMA
RECOVERY: YOUR PATH FORWARD" TO GET
THE COMPLETE GUIDE.

ALSO BUILT FOR FIXER/RESCUER: WORKPLACE
TOOLKIT FOR FIXER/RESCUER.

THE SAME DEPTH. THE SAME PRECISION.
APPLIED TO A DIFFERENT ARENA OF YOUR
LIFE.

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