Too Much is Never Enough

Mary L Trump

Mary Trump is Donald Trump's niece. Her dad was Donald Trumps elder brother, who passed away in his 40 s since their dad didn't really help him. Mary was disinherited by her grandfather. Mary is a clinical psychologist.

Much of this book comes from my own memory.

I'd always liked my name. As a kid at sailing camp, everybody called me Trump, it was a source of pride.

There was no reason for me ever to visit the White House when Donald was President. The whole thing felt surreal when Donald invited the family to the White House.

With Donald, the story matters more than the truth, which was easily sacrificed, especially if a lie made the story sound better. When Donald announced his run for the presidency on June 16, 2015, I didn't take it seriously. I didn't think Donald took it seriously

In almost every family dinner, Donald would call many women ugly or fat and he would call many accomplished men losers.

A kind of casual dehumanization of people was commonplace at the Trump dinner table. What surprised me was that he kept getting away with it.

The media failed to notice that not one member of the immediate family offered Trump support during the entire campaign.

As Donald grew up, he was forced to become his own cheerleader, first because he needed his father to believe he was better than he actually was, better than his brother Freddy and finally he believed his own hype.

After a decade of failures Trump bogged down by bankruptcies, trying to sell Trump steaks to Trump Vodka, Mark Burnett gave Donald a break with The Apprentice..

Donald might have had a long undiagnosed learning disability that for decades interfered with his ability to process information.

His ability to control unfavorable situations by lying, spinning and obfuscating had diminished to the point of impotence in the midst of the tragedies we are facing. Its extraordinary that for all the attention Donald has got over 50 years, he has been subjected to very little scrutiny.

Donald has always been shielded from his limitations. Honest work was never demanded of him and no matter how badly he failed, he was rewarded in ways that are almost unfathomable.

Although my aunts and uncles will think otherwise, I am not writing this book to cash in or out of a desire for revenge.

Donald, following the lead of my grandfather and with the complicity, silence and inaction of his siblings destroyed my father. I cant let him destroy my country.

Child abuse is normally the experience of 'too much' or 'not enough'. Donald directly experience the not enough in the loss of connection to his mother at a crucial developmental stage, which was deeply traumatic.

In order to cope, Donald developed primitive defenses, marked by a hostility to others and a seeming indifference to his mothers absence and fathers neglect.

For some of the Trump kids, lying was a way of life, is some cases a way to survive. For Donald, lying was a mode of self aggrandizement meant to convince other people he was better than he actually was.

Its difficult to understand what goes on in any family, perhaps hardest of all for the people in it. Regardless of how a parent treats a child, its impossible for that child to believe that parent means them any harm. Donald's growing arrogance, in part a defense against his feelings of abandonment and an antidote to his lack of self esteem, served as a protective cover for his deepening insecurities.

Parents always have different effects on their children, no matter the dynamics of the family. For the Trump children, the effects of Fred and Mary Trump were extreme. Donald applied to the University of Pennsylvania and got Joe Shapiro, a smart mid to take hos SAT test for him.

In high school, Donald was a decent athlete, attractive with hos blue eyes, blond hair and swagger. His class chose him to lead the school contingent in New York city Columbus day parade.

Donald graduated from the University of Pennsylvania and went straight to work at Trump management. From the first day on the job, my twenty two year old uncle was given more perks, respect and money than my dad.

Donald never understood that running casinos was very different from running rental properties in business model, customer base etc.

When his ability to charm hit a wall, he would adopt another business strategy, throwing tantrums where he would threaten to bankrupt or ruin anyone associated with that business.

Everyone in my family experienced a strange combination of privilege and neglect. While the basic perks were there, there was also enough insecurity.

Donald's talent for deflecting responsibility while projecting blame onto others came straight from his father's playbook.

Donald secretly approached two of my grandfathers longest serving employees to gain a large share of the estate, thus planning to deprive his own brothers and sisters of what was rightfully theirs.

Donald was to my grandfather what the border wall has been to Donald - a vanity project funded at the expense of more worthy pursuits. My grandfather used Donald to be the public face of his own thwarted ambition.

The more money my grandfather threw at Donald, the more confidence Donald had, which led him to pursue bigger and riskier projects, which led to greater failures, forcing my grandfather Fred to step in with more help

Donald today is much as he was at three years old, incapable of growing, learning or evolving, unable to regulate his emotions, moderate his responses, or take in and synthesize information.

Donald's need for affirmation is so great that he doesn't seem to notice the largest group of his supporters are people he wouldn't condescend to be seen outside of a rally. Donald is not simply weak, his ego is a fragile thing that must be bolstered every moment because he knows deep down that he is nothing of what he claims to be. He knows he has never been loved.

Donald has not fundamentally changed since his inauguration. The amount of stress he is under has changed dramatically. He is not doing his job, he is only watching TV and tweeting.

Donald is completely unprepared to 0 solve his own problems or adequately cover his tracks. All systems were put in to protect him from his own weaknesses, not help him negotiate a wider world.

In an article in The Atlantic, Adam Serwer, write that, for Donald, the cruelty is the point. One of the few pleasures my grandfather had aside from making money was humiliating others.

His cruelty is also an exercise of his power, such as it is. He has always wielded it against people he saw as weaker than him or those dependent on him.

In 2020, his pandemic 'press briefings' quickly devolved into mini campaign rallies filled with self congratulation and ring kissing.

We must dispense with the idea of Donald's strategic brilliance in understanding the intersection of media and politics. He doesn't have a strategy, he never has.

This is the end result of Donald having continually been given a pass and rewarded not just for his failures but for his transgressions, against tradition, against decency, against the law and against fellow human beings.

The lies may become true in his mind as soon as he utters them, but they are still lies. It's just another way for him to see what he can get away with. And, so far, he has gotten away with everything.

The irony of the Covid crisis is Donald's refusal to deal with the truth. The warning signs were there from December.

While thousands of Americans die, Donald touts stock market gains. As my father lay dying alone, Donald went to the movies. If he can in any way profit from your death, he will facilitate it and then ignore the fact that you died.

Perhaps most crucially for Donald, there is no value in empathy, no tangible upside in caring for other people. David Corn wrote " Everything is transactional for this poor broken human being. Everything"