

I HAD NO ONE TO TELL 2

The Curse

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Heading 1

"We've been cursed." I screamed out as I awakened from an eye-opening revelation. Immediately, I rolled over and began to draft the stories of each person. A rape generational curse plagued my family long before my children and me. My great grandma, to my grandmother, to my mother have experienced sexual abuse. The reason I Had No One to Tell is because they had no one to tell. Even when the adults did find out it's swept under the rug and life goes on as normal.

Unsure of the reasons why the adults don't pursue criminal charges, I can only speculate that these women feel like there's no way out of the situation. Especially if they don't know where to start or what will happen if the man lashes out violently, the fear would be paralyzing. The loss of income and love also could have played a hefty role in the decision to deal with rape or incest in their own way. I've even dealt with envy and jealousy from my aunt when she found out her boyfriend, she was in love with me, having sex with me and conceiving children with me.

Sometimes, because situations are swept under the rug, the conversation is never discussed. We are left wondering why the situations were not attended to in the most aggressive manner. Why has my family been cursed from generation to generation? Why had so many women in my family been raped, molested, and sodomized?

I'm part of the 4th generation of sexual abuse victims in my family, who's conceived 2 sexual abuse victims of my own. The same men who sexually abused me also sexually abused my children. Instead of me allowing us to be victims of incest rape, I probed the lands in search of Justice for my children. In return, I made my children and I survivors by fulfilling my quest to have the men who inflicted so much trauma in our lives arrested.

There's no right or wrong in the sun. It's just up there burning and forever shining, doing what the sun is supposed to do. No matter if it's on our side of the world or not, the sun still casts rays of light. It can't turn and do its job 1 day and clock out of work the next day and forever.

I reference this example to myself and the way I raise my children. There's no wrong in the way I raise my children and there's no right in the way I handle any situation concerning their well-being. Parenting skills are especially important. Getting justice for my children shows I love them enough to go to unlimited extremes to make sure they are taken care of properly. In each generation of my family, from my great grandmother to my mother, I wanted to understand why they didn't pursue the same punishment for the men who raped them or their children. Their parental alarms didn't ring like mine did, but I don't believe that means I'm a better parent. I believe our family curse controlled their sense of being, which made life experiences and choices difficult for them to make.

I question why my great grandmother allowed her husband to beat and rape her when she didn't want to have sex with him. I've questioned for many years why my grandmother knew her husband was not only beating and raping her but also raped their children. Mostly I questioned why my mother couldn't choose between her son and daughter when she was told that he raped me and my oldest child. I also wanted to know why my mom didn't see the warning signs of me being raped statutorily by my uncle before he raped our youngest daughter.

Love is the blindfold that shades the heart from making decisions of the mind. Love kept my great grandmother with her husband. Love kept my grandmother with her husband even though he physically and sexually abused her and her daughter's. She slept in the bed with him every night knowing the monster she had in her home. She made dinner for him, washed his clothes, lived in horror and fear just to have him by her side. Love kept my mother from thinking her son was a monster and brotherly love kept my mother from believing my uncle could impregnate me by statutory rape.

No matter how much I loved my uncle and my brother, love couldn't blind my eyes with darkness. I saw the evil in both of them and I personally knew the rapists standing in the midst of my children having a normal life versus their lives and mine being a wreck of psychological and physical abuse. In my mind, the safety and well-being of my children came before any man or any money. Nothing could stand in the way of the protection I knew my children deserved. Some people call it a mother's instinct, but I understand my natural instinct to be unconditional love and Care.

At the age of 14, I developed a profound sense of motherhood, vowing no one would ever harm my very first daughter as long as I live. My child would never know sexual abuse like I knew sexual abuse or have a man hurt her the way I've been hurt. I wouldn't be able to bear the thought of anyone hurting my precious child even if I had to keep her from every man I knew. I was afraid of her dad traveling with her alone because I was 12 the first time, he raped me, and he was 44. The age difference between us made him a child rapist in my eyes and for that reason alone I had my guards up when it came time for him to visit her.

He was my uncle and my child's father. Our age difference made me naive to the fact I would be his only victim. I shouldn't have believed him when he told me I was the youngest person he ever loved and would have sex with. He convinced me that he wouldn't harm our child in any way, and he loved her regardless of any negative comments anyone would say about him visiting our child. Deep inside, I didn't trust him with her anyway, but I gave him a chance to prove what he said to me. I made sure I was with him the entire time he visited with her so I could put my mind at ease. The interesting part about him being around is he never laid a hand on her, which convinced me even more that he was telling the truth.

For a young lady to already have her mind set to provide and protect her child makes it harder for me to understand even more why grown women in my family didn't learn and want better for their children. The generational curse on my family seeped deeply into the very beings of my great grandmother and continued to creep down until the curse reached my children. Regardless of how much better of a mother I thought I would be, a curse has a way of slipping past, the most protective of women.

Playing the blame game wouldn't help me break the curse no more than it would've helped the generations before me. I can go on and on about how my mom didn't do anything to help me or my grandmother didn't do anything to help her. What remains the same in each situation is simply, we all were sodomized, molested, and brutally raped. Because I had the courage to stand up after the sexual abuse happened to my daughters, does give my heart some solace but my courage doesn't erase the curse placed on my family. My children didn't have a chance to escape the grasps of the sexual abuse curse. The curse was powerful enough to make them victims and I was strong enough to make us survivors.

Fighting against a powerful generational curse such as sexual abuse requires the courage of an army and the strength of a 1,000 men. Being raped, molested, and being sodomized withdraws a lot of energy from a person. I'm not sure how I began to build the strength or fight inside of me. All I know is, the safety of my children was a priority, to me and once I felt like I failed them both, my first instinct as a mother was to show both of my daughters how to be strong. Most of all, the peace in being a survivor.

If my grandmother could have stood up against her rapist and the rapist of her children, my mom could have been strong enough to deal with my sexual abuse. She would have been more equipped with the use of her resources and sought justice. Her mind couldn't process the terrible traumas that happened to me when I was raped, beaten, molested and sodomized. My mother knew my hurt and she could feel the pain because she was a victim of rape. Even though she lacked the capabilities to process and press forward, perseverance is what makes the difference between her motherly instinct and mine.

Combined with a need to be more attentive and compassionate to my children, I felt an overly sensitive need to be the mother I knew it would take to be considered a fantastic parent. Striving wasn't good enough for me. I had to surpass everything my grandmother and mother ever were as parents. I told myself I would never raise my children to be comfortable with living in fear and torment. I also told myself, to be a better mother, I have to do more and be more than what I've learned watching and listening as I grew up. The way I lived in silence about my sexual abuse was not the way my children would live because I would be the type of parent my children could talk to about anything.

Sometimes I sit by myself and think about everything I've been through. I wonder what could have made things different for my grandmother to help her escape the physical, mental, and sexual abuse of my step grandfather. If she would have been strong enough to leave him behind, would my mother have become a different kind of mother. Would she be the mother I could talk to and put the trust in I needed to believe she would help me. Would she have been the type of mother I am to my children. Our generational relationships would have been closer because we could depend upon one another to be there when everything is falling apart.

The sexual abuse curse, the curse that has attached itself to our family has torn down the generations and separated us from the love and support we deserve to give to one another. My hope has always been that we could all come together and forgive each other. The biggest problem with us being a close family is the simple fact of communication. We can't talk about the people who sexually abuse us because the abusers are family and of course you have 2 people telling totally different accounts to a story.

My story was hard for my mother to accept because my brother said I was lying. My mom's story was difficult for my grandmother to believe because she was gullible. The difference is the story my children told, I believed immediately upon hearing the words my children spoke. I'll never forget the hurt I felt and the quick motherly anger which made me spring into action to do something to help them. Hopefully, I raised my children to do exactly what I did if the sexual abuse curse falls into the families they'll raise.

To me, the curse ends here but to stop the curse, we have to first look at how the curse started. In order to find the resolution to the curse, we have to then talk about the sexual abuse to anyone who will listen. The problem has to be put out into the atmosphere and discussed amongst the people who are strong enough to accept the truth. Comfort the victim to let them know you understand, reassuring them that they can come to you for anything, and you will further protect them by acting on the sexual abuse allegations.

A resolution comes when a person can accept the truth, confront the abuser or abusers and file charges. It takes a lot of nerve to open up to someone. Action is required to prove to the victim they're protected at all costs. If further action is not taken after the victim confides in you then the person will feel neglected, and he or she will never open up again. Most likely the abuse will continue because the victim will allow it so they can stay safe, and the abuser will be secure in the fact they're getting away with it.

For years I allowed my abusers to control, manipulate, overpower, and sexually abuse me. Somehow, I couldn't escape the grips of their corruption. The silence was louder than any words I could speak. Secretly I went through the torture and torment. Feeling like I had no one to tell or no one would believe me, I complied with the sexual abuse in hopes I wouldn't be physically abused. It's a scary way to live when you're physically abused as well as sexually abused. The physical scars I have from my first abuser haunt me with every single sight of them.

The mental scars both of my abusers left with me stain the membranes of my mind everyday. I've had nightmares night after night. Reminding me every day are the children my uncle gave me. Not having a chance to grow up and choose who would father my children, or to even make the choice of whether I had children was stripped from me by him. Nevertheless, I raised and loved them regardless of whom I conceived them with.

In the back of my mind, I know my children have to feel uncomfortable knowing their uncle is their father. It's uncomfortable for me as well. Explaining to my children the relationship between them and their father was one of the hardest conversations I've had with them. I've had to explain my past before I could explain the present so I would have an explanation about their future relationships with people in their own families. Especially if they came down with a disease that runs in their family genetic make-up.

No conversation can prepare my children to accept what their father did to me or how they came to be. I didn't want them to hate him, and I was ok with him having a father daughter relationship with them. The deed was done so hating him wasn't going to change the fact I have his children. Making my children hate him wasn't going to change the fact he was and will forever be their father. I just have to overcome the shame and survive the hand life dealt me.

Maybe I had no reason to be ashamed, but most survivors feel the shame of their abuser violating an area so sacred and private. I don't know if I felt shame or guilt. It could be a little of both. My mom and grandma have felt the same guilt, the same shame. I guess it comes with the territory. I'm quite sure my children felt the same feelings but as time goes on, the shame and the guilt fades away.

Considering the circumstances, my grandmother, my mother, my children, and I dealt with the sexual abuse in different ways. The only thing we have in common is we all survived because of the strength we formed within ourselves. We all were determined to be strong enough to not let our abusers have the upper hand over our minds even though they had the upper hand over our bodies.

Heading 2

My great grandfather was a tall slender dark-skinned man who kept his appearance nice and neat. He spoke his mind at times and could have a temper that would scare a bear. My great grandmother was a short medium built brown skinned woman. She wasn't a quiet or shy woman but very outspoken. As much as he was handsome, my great grandmother was beautiful and kept herself neatly fashioned from her hair to her apparel.

Living in the house with him couldn't have been easy for my great grandmother. She did everything she could to make him happy. She cooked the food he wanted when he wanted a particular dinner. She Ironed and washed his clothes when they were dirty. My great grandmother went to work and gave him all of her money. The man cheated on her with all types of different women, lowering her self-esteem and self-worth. He made her life a living hell for years of their marriage.

Growing up in a household where my great grandmother was physically abused by my great grandfather, I could see why my grandmother thought this kind of lifestyle was the way she was supposed to live with her husband. She saw so many violent rages, watching her mother being beaten up by her alcoholic father and verbal arguments, where her father would degrade her mother to her lowest point.

My grandmother is the eldest child out of 8 children, and she was the eldest girl out of 6 girls. She learned to cook, clean, work and perform all the chores a husband could ask of his wife, from watching her mother's relentless duties to her father. My great grandmother was a pillar of her community. She worked as a hairstylist and before that she worked in the fields to provide for her family. The strength of my grandmother mimicked the super strength of a woman who took care of them and provided a comfortable home setting.

`The odd thing about my great grandmother's lifestyle is no matter how the week looked, she always made sure her children went to church on Sunday. For those who went to school, she made sure they attended school and she made clothes for them to wear. A seamstress for her family, she also made clothes for whoever needed her services. She was a hard-working stern mother who disciplined her children the same way she saw her life, earning your way by force or by your own choice.

Every day was all about working and taking care of her family but for my great grandfather, his days were filled with determination to dominate. Working at a job where you're being called "boy" all day then coming home and being a family man proved to be difficult, especially with so many children. He drank moonshine to kill his sorrows, becoming an abusive alcoholic. Once he drank past his toleration limit, he made the house a scary place to live, and everyone would be on pins and needles.

At the beginning, the children were too young to understand the diverse types of abuse their mother was suffering at the hands of their father. They listened to the verbal abuse. They heard the mental abuse but as soon as the fights began to turn physical, they ran to their aunt's house. Fearing the worst and knowing she had to rescue her sister, she would walk in haste, from down the street, to defuse the situation by any means necessary.

After resolving the issues between her sister and her husband, she made sure the children were safe. Sometimes security for them all would be lending her house as a Haven overnight until my great grandfather would calm down. His head was more level and remorseful once the moonshine wore out of his system and he slept off the alcohol in his system. He could apologize and take his family back home, making false promises to never be violent with their mother again.

During the teenage years of my great aunts and uncles, life with their father had become intolerable. Living in a house with an abusive alcoholic changed years of simmering fear into a feeling of combustible rage and need to protect the woman who raised them. The love for their father was embedded within their hearts but seeing the physical abuse and listening to the cries of their mother, combined with years of bruises, brought them to a place of action.

One particular evening, my great grandfather came home drunk and began to yell at my great grandmother. He was cursing at her and yelling so loud, he could be heard by the neighbors down the street. My great grandmother tried her best to remain poised because she didn't want the argument to evolve into a physical confrontation. Speaking a few words here and there, she knew she didn't have to do much for him to get angrier than he was already. Maybe she said one word too many or a word he didn't like but he exploded in aggressive behavior, slapping her around like a rag doll.

As their teenage children watched in horror, their father battered their mother with an iron hand. Repeatedly hitting her, her body flung around, knocking down pictures and thudding against furniture. He didn't care about the children watching or the neighbors hearing the calamity taking place inside his home. The rage and alcoholic anger fueling his impulse to abuse his wife took over him and their children couldn't sit down and allow the abuse any longer.

Intervening in the fight, their children began to help their mother fight him off. They gave him the same iron hands they saw their father give to their mother. Punching and pushing him, the teenage children beat him mercilessly in defense of their mother. Somewhere deep down they found the courage and strength to protect their mother from being physically battered as she had been for the past several years.

They were once too young to step in for their mother. The most they could do was clean up the broken glass from shattered picture frames knocked off the wall during the middle of the fight. Not only did they have to put the house back in order, but they had to unscramble fragments of a wounded mother after she's been torn apart physically, mentally, and emotionally. Renewing her strength, they comforted her emotionally and put the necessary doctrines on her wounds to make her whole again.

As the days and weeks went by, tension between everyone died down. Everyone in the house was cordial and everything was good again. I guess you could say everything was back to the same routine. They showed no signs that anything went wrong with their relationships. Love overrules all hurt and pain. Forgiveness allows separation of love between people to be put aside for the sake of the family and for the sake of giving love another try more times than not.

Of course, it wouldn't be long before an old familiar act of violence would bring Chaos into the house again. He never stopped drinking, so it was only a matter of time before he felt the urge to beat his wife after an intense argument. This time, there was no one home to help her fight off her attacker. My great grandmother was forced to take the ferocious beating my great grandfather was giving her in his angry drunken stooper.

Although she survived each fight with only minimum bumps and bruises, the mental damage was done. To handle an abusive alcoholic husband and teenage children took a strong-willed woman. Physically and mentally, she was strong. Emotionally she was drained but you couldn't tell just by looking at her. Women in the 1940s and 1950s kept any kind of abuse private within their own home. So, to show her family and friends she couldn't handle her household would be a sign of weakness.

She hid her scars from everyone very well. Weaknesses on her part or her husband's part would be an embarrassment that they couldn't face society on a regular day. At times I could feel the struggle of her adult life just by looking at the way she carried herself. For those who experienced the rocky life with her, I'm quite sure the struggle of dealing with her lifestyle was felt even deeper inside. No matter how many times he would apologize, he couldn't help being exactly who he was.

The last altercation and physical fight with my great grandmother became his last time physically abusing her. The fights were so bad at home that the younger teenagers would climb up the tallest tree in the yard, around the same time every day, just to watch their father walk home from work. On the Walk home, his children could see him coming from 5 blocks away and they measured his physical state through his walk.

If the children saw him walking fine, they knew he wasn't drunk, and they didn't have to worry about him being aggressive once he got home. If the children saw him staggering down the street, they would climb back down the tree and warn their mother that their dad was on his way to the house. They knew this walk meant trouble was coming and they needed to be prepared for whatever behavioral mood he was going to be in.

After they watched their father come home on the day of his last fight with their mother, they climbed the tree and rushed inside to tell their mother. Not all the children were at home. Some of the girls were 2 blocks away at the church. My grandmother and her brother and sister stayed behind to help their mother around the house because they were the eldest of the children. My great grandmother needed her son in the yard doing field work and her 2 daughters performing house chores.

Her husband made his way to the house and went inside. He made himself comfortable after greeting everyone. Everything seemed to be normal until the children heard their father yelling and screaming, arguing with their mother. The girls stopped working and went outside to get their brother so that he could help them stop the fight between their mother and father, but he was already on his way because he could hear the fussing from the field.

Before walking inside, the children listened in fear of the things breaking inside the house and the young man couldn't take the screams from his mother any longer. He rushed into the house and grabbed the shotgun. Standing firm, he told his father to let go of his mother and not hit her again or he would shoot him. If for any reason his father thought he was joking, his son's facial expression of anger proved he would do exactly what he threatened.

In the midst of all the confusion and confrontations between my great grandmother, her son and my great grandfather, the other children were on their way home from church. From 2 blocks away, they could hear all the fussing and fighting. Knowing there was something terrible going on at the house, the girls put their ears to the air as they approached their house. They could hear their brother yelling at their father, telling him how tired he was of alcoholism and demanding him to stop beating on his mother for no reason because she doesn't do anything wrong or is worth the beatings she endured.

What they saw when they reached the house would scar their memories for the rest of their life. A battered mother stood between her son, who was pointing a gun at his father and his father positioning his gun toward his son. Everyone was screaming for them to calm down and put the guns away, but the 2 men couldn't hear them because they both were deafened by anger. Neither of them could back down. The son who was protecting his mother, as he's done countless times, was fed up and filled with animosity towards his father's alcoholic abuse against his mother. His father stared back at him violently drunk and focused on the movement of his son.

Suddenly, two shots rang out and blood spilled everywhere. Everyone stood around in complete shock to see what just took place. Screams could be heard from miles as my great grandmother and her children cried in grief and despair. Neighbors Even started to appear to see what had happened at a house they always heard violent outbursts in. As often as they heard the verbal and physical abuse, they never pictured anything as horrific as what they were observing would happen in this family.

Comforting the family, they watched as my great grandfather lay in the yard dead of his gunshot wound and his son bleeding from being shot by his father too. He couldn't believe he actually shot his own father dead after he was shot at the hands of his alcohol induced father first. Registering the pain, he was in from a bullet lodged in his leg was the last thing on his mind. He didn't want to kill his father, but he only wanted to hurt him to keep him off his mother.

When his father is drunk, he doesn't know how far he will go to inflict harm on his mother. He's seen him pull a gun on his mother plenty of times, punch her repeatedly, slap her, and verbally and sexually assault her whenever he was drunk. My great grandparent's son was injured and although he knew he was shot, the only thought still remained in his mind was his father cold heartedly aimed the gun that shot him and he pulled the trigger that put a bullet in his father, yet he didn't mean to kill him.

My great grandmother was in a state of disbelief and grief as well as her children. The children couldn't handle what happened. They showed their emotional state with overwhelming grief, yet they were more compassionate toward their brother. Their mother was concerned about her son being shot but she was heartbroken to see her husband was murdered in her defense. With tears running down her battered face, she checked her husband to see if he was dead. He wasn't breathing so she went to the aid of their son and daughters, waiting for the ambulance to get there.

The police came and took a statement while the paramedics checked my great grandfather for a pulse. They pronounced him dead on the scene, then they rushed over to stop his sons bleeding and took him to the local hospital. He was treated for his gunshot wound but they couldn't cure him of guilt of knowing he murdered their father and left his mother mourning the loss of her husband. The sorrow he felt from his actions were too much for him to bear.

Although everyone in the family and neighborhood knew he killed my great grandfather in self-defense, the police didn't think he was within his legal right to pull the trigger on his father. They arrested him and placed him in jail, charging him with murder while his mother and my grandmother were left to plan for my great grandfather's funeral. Everyone of the remaining household family members dealt with the heartbreak of losing their brother as He was sentenced to 3 years after the funeral and trial.

Heading 3

My grandmother helped her mother provide and take care of the children left behind after the tragedy. With only 5 girls in the house now, including my grandmother, she was a tremendous help around the house and the time of living in a toxic household was over for her. Although she missed her father, she didn't miss being scared to come home or sleep at night because of her fear for her mom's safety.

A few years after her father's death, my grandmother became old enough to date. By this time, she was 16 years old and had met a man of her own. They fell in love with one another and developed a steady relationship. Her heart was filled with happiness again. She was so smitten with him; they went out on dates often and she couldn't bear the minutes until she saw him again.

One day before her 17th birthday, while my grandmother and her new boyfriend were alone and deep into each other's company, they became intimate. He was older than her, old enough to lead them into a world of sexual pleasure she had never experienced before, and she fell even more in love with him. Even though they were young, the temptation led them to give themselves to one another completely. They shared more than their hearts that day, they shared their bodies and became one.

There was no mystery why they were sexually and physically attracted to each other. My grandmother was an unbelievably beautiful woman. At 17 years old, she had the body of a full-grown woman. Her skin was nice and smooth with a light brown complexion. She was 5'7 with beautiful long legs and gorgeous black shoulder length hair. They were equally matched in physical appearance. He was 2 inches taller than her with dark skin and broad shoulders. He always dressed nicely like a cowboy, even down to the boots and smelled good.

Their relationship became more and more sexual. A few months later my grandmother found out she was pregnant with their first child. Taking a moment to collect her thoughts, everything in her began to feel different because she knew she wasn't ready to be a mother, but she realized she had to accept her pregnancy. Her boyfriend was a hard worker so she knew the baby would be taken care of but telling him and her mother was going to be the most perplexing task of all.

After gathering her thoughts and putting her sentences together, she decided who she would tell first out of her boyfriend and mother. Knowing my great grandmother would be furious, she made the ultimate decision to discuss the pregnancy with the child's father first, once he arrived home from work. She figured he would be accepting of the idea of raising a family with her and building a new Life.

She showed up to his house unannounced to give him the news. Walking to the door, she became anxious as he met her on the front steps. He invited her inside and she sat on the couch. He made a couple of jokes and saw that she was barely laughing. Sitting next to her, he sensed something was on her mind, so he asked her to talk to him. With her nerves getting the best of her, she told him she was a couple of months pregnant, and she wanted to keep the baby.

A stillness came over the room. Everyone and everything was quiet. Her boyfriend didn't Know what to say or how to answer her. He jumped up off the couch and went into his room. After a few minutes of Wondering what he was doing or why he left the room, she followed him to see how he felt about her keeping the baby. She pushed the door open to his room and saw him sitting on the bed drinking moonshine. Curious of his frame of mind, she asked him how he felt about becoming a father.

My grandmother wasn't too enthusiastic about having a child and neither was her boyfriend. They just knew they had to have and take care of the baby the best way they knew how. Unfortunately, she had to go tell her mother she was pregnant, and they both knew that would be hard to do considering the fact she still lived in the same house as her mother. Her boyfriend was reluctant to go with her because her mother didn't like him, and my grandmother had to go face her alone.

Arriving at the house, my grandmother walked inside and greeted everyone. Her mother was in the kitchen cooking dinner while the other girls were playing music on the record player. Making her way slowly into the kitchen, she looked at her mother and told her she had some important news to tell her. My great grandmother told her to spit it out and let her hear it. Nervously, my grandmother told her mother she was pregnant by her boyfriend, and they were keeping the baby.

My great grandmother became furious at the news of my grandmother's pregnancy. Her face turned a solid pale color and her smile turned into an angry frown. Her voice became hard and terrifyingly loud as She began cursing at her and degrading her by calling her a whore. She even told her that her boyfriend wasn't going to amount to anything, and the baby wasn't going to be anything special because the parents weren't. Her mother told her she couldn't raise her baby there and she needed to find the Daddy of the baby and move in with him now.

Hurting deep inside her heart, my grandmother stormed away crying. She went back to her boyfriend's house to tell him how her mother took the news. When she got to the steps, she heard a woman's voice laughing and talking with her boyfriend in the house. Everything in her was telling her that he was in the house with his family and not to worry so she listened at the door, but She couldn't make out any words they were speaking.

Knocking on the door, my grandmother stood patiently waiting for an answer. Suddenly she heard a voice ask who's at the door and the door abruptly opened. She looked inside and saw her boyfriend's mistress sitting on the living room couch. The town was small, so she knew exactly who the woman was and knew exactly why she was there alone with her boyfriend. They looked as if they were about to have an intimate night because he thought she wouldn't be coming back to his house until the next day.

Even though her boyfriend tried to explain, my grandmother wasn't convinced he wasn't cheating on her. Looking at the woman, she couldn't understand why he wanted to be intimate with her. The woman couldn't compare to the beauty she possessed nor was she carrying his child. She couldn't help but curse him out because her heart was broken but he sweetly told her and manipulated her into staying with him. He sent the other woman home and promised his girlfriend, who was carrying his unborn child, he would never see the woman again.

After the woman left, they became intimate, kissing and touching the memory of the other woman far away. Making up from the argument and caressing the pain away, they gave each other the passion their bodies longed for. My grandmother wanted to remind him of the woman and his child he could have lost by chasing behind another woman. He almost threw their relationship away for a night of dishonest pleasure.

The next morning, she explained to him everything her mother said to her, and he refused to let her be out in the cold with nowhere for her and their baby to live. He sent her to her mother's house to pack up her belongings so she could move in with him, something my grandmother was happy to do. She didn't want to be without the love of her life. She was sure moving in with him would keep his eyes solely on her and he wouldn't think about cheating with another woman again because she would be there to supply his every need. He would have every desire fulfilled.

Entering their fourth month living together, my grandmother noticed some familiar Ways about him. Reminding her of her father, was the way he drank and became verbally abusive. Degrading her to the point she didn't feel the love she thought he had for her. He was mean to her when he was drunk, a side of him she had never seen in him, and she questioned whether or not living with him was the best idea. My grandmother couldn't stay with her mother anymore due to the pregnancy. The only choice she had was to make the relationship work with the father of her child.

He also cheated with the local women in the small town. She couldn't understand why he would be with anyone else because she was all the woman he needed. My grandmother cooked, cleaned, and carried his child with care and love. Not only did she do her household duties, but she also supported him and encouraged him to be everything he could be for their family. She thought she satisfied him in every way a woman could, but she soon realized he had an insatiable appetite for women and moonshine.

Around the seventh month of them being housemates, his drinking became more uncontrollable, and the verbal abuse turned into him becoming physically abusive. She thought she wouldn't be the person who had to worry about a man beating on her, yet she attracted the same type of man she saw her father be to her mother. My grandmother thought she left that life behind her once my great grandfather was murdered for physically abusing my great grandmother.

The first time he became physically abusive, my grandmother was late coming from the midwife's house. After checking on their baby, she walked in the door to her boyfriend on the couch drinking and asking questions on why she was so late coming home. He accused her of cheating on him and as much as she tried to combat with him of the idea, the alcohol made him think she was lying. Before she could get another word out in defense of herself, he slapped her in the mouth a few times and she began bleeding from her busted lips.

He walked away and went into the bedroom with his moonshine still drinking. Ranting about how she made him act out of his character. She agreed with him and took her blame for making him angry. Sitting on the floor crying and in complete shock, she knew she had to do better to keep him happy. She blamed herself for being late and not being there to cook his dinner at the time he wanted his meal prepared. Her current lifestyle echoed her mother's old lifestyle and she felt if she loved him just a little harder then she wouldn't have to feel physical pain from his anger.

My grandmother got herself together and went into the bathroom to wipe the blood away from her mouth and chin. Because the bathroom was directly across the hall from their bedroom, she could see him in the mirror, sitting on the side of the bed. He watched as she swallowed her tears and cleaned herself up. Something in him felt sorry, he hit her the way he did and from fear of losing her, he got off the bed to apologize to his girlfriend. She forgave him and they both discussed the alcohol abuse wouldn't happen anymore because she was pregnant, and they risked the chance of losing their child. He agreed.

The next morning, the two acted as if nothing happened and life went on, even though my grandmother's lips were still swollen. She didn't recognize the night before but when she stood in front of the mirror, she saw she had also developed a bruise on her cheek from the fight. The first person she saw was a reflection of her mother wiping the blood away from her face, touching the bruises on her cheeks and she looked like the woman she tried to save or protect her teenage life. She was in a relationship with the same type of man who scared her as a child, but she was sure that would be his first and last time hitting her because he said he wouldn't.

My grandmother gained more and more weight as she got closer to her last month of pregnancy. Some nights when her boyfriend would get drunk, he would verbally abuse her severely concerning her weight. The worst part for my grandmother would be the way he demanded sex from her after the insults and expected her to give in to him. If she wouldn't give in, he would pull down her clothes and sexually assault her. He didn't care about her being pregnant at the Time. He just wanted to do whatever she could do to satisfy the sexual tension brought on by liquor intoxication.

After he forced himself on her, she began to go into labor with their first child. He called the midwife and her mother to come deliver the baby. While my grandma was crying and giving birth, he decided to get drunk, watching her from afar. It was like he had no regard for the woman who was in labor and in pain from the contractions. She was too focused on pushing the baby through the birth canal, she didn't notice he was gone but he appeared as soon as the baby girl came out the womb.

He smiled an extremely big smile when the baby was placed in his arms. In his heart, he was proud to have his first born. Before giving her to her mother to nurse, the new parents named their child. He wasn't concerned with the first and middle name of their child. All he wanted was to give the baby girl his family last name. She would be the first of his own bloodline and he intended on signing the baby's name on the birth certificate, making sure she had his last name.

Everything at home seemed to go full circle. My grandmother was intrigued because he was being a good father. Not only was he taking care of the baby, but he also asked her to marry him. She said yes and the 2 went to the courthouse and got married. He wasn't drinking as much, and he kept his violent outbursts to a minimum. The most he would do is critique her parenting skills and verbally abuse her. He believed my grandmother didn't know anything about life and called her stupid all the time, considering her to be inferior because she was a woman.

My grandmother didn't know but the abuse was about to get worse. Everything she thought was progressing within their family was building up to fall apart. She catered to her man and the baby every day, trying hard to satisfy him. Her dedication to homemaking required her to solely focus on the needs of her family. She took all the hard days with him with a grain of salt and kept doing the best she could.

The bond between the parents was tense but the bond between the father and his daughter was growing as the months went by. She was close with her mother and her father was close with her. Still a baby, she didn't know the verbal and mental abuse was as bad as it was because she was too young to understand. Living with an abusive alcoholic would only register in her mind when she's older. She spent the majority of her time with her mother, so she didn't repeat the disgusting words her dad used against her mother. Her mother was teaching her to walk and talk. Her mother was teaching her to feed herself and go potty. By her 3rd birthday, she could do everything her mother taught her. Also, by this time she was able to tell her mother who the man was sexually hurting, molesting, and raping her.

Heading 4

My grandmother was beginning to get suspicious about certain behavior her daughter was displaying. She noticed how her 2-and-a-half-year-old didn't want to get in the tub or be left alone without her mother around. She stopped wanting to go outside and play. Certain days, she became distant and non-compliant. Her daughter didn't even want to sleep in her own room anymore. These behaviors were new to her, and she wasn't understanding why her daughter was acting so strangely but she was determined to find the underlying cause of her daughter's troubles.

A couple of months before my aunt's 3rd birthday, my grandmother went to the store and started getting items she needed to make sure her daughter's birthday was great. She picked up the balloons and the food she was going to cook for the cookout, along with some groceries for supper that night. She left her daughter at home with the neighbor so she could take care of her errands quicker. She knew she had to start getting things while she had money to get a few things at a time and she knew she left her daughter in good hands.

Returning to the house 4 hours later, my grandmother walked inside with bags of groceries in her hand. Sitting them down on the table, she heard her daughter crying in agony. The crying sounded as if they were in the house, so she followed the sound to look for her daughter. As she called for her daughter, her father came out of the room and slapped my grandmother to the ground. He was beating her, punching her over and over again, accusing her of being gone with another man for all the hours she was shopping.

My aunt ran out of the room crying, pleading with her father to stop hitting her mother but her pleas were in vain. He pushed the little girl to the floor and continued to physically abuse her mother. The screaming of her mother scared my aunt, and she became extremely horrified by the amount of blood gushing from the face of her mother. Listening to her mom scream for him to stop was breaking her down even more. She ran next-door and got help from the neighbor because that's the only thing her "little girl" mentality could think about to save her mother.

Once the neighbor grabbed my aunt's father off my grandmother, they took him outside to talk about why he was beating her up so badly. He accused her of cheating with no evidence of the betrayal, only suspicion and jealousy. My grandmother yelled from the house defensively saying she was out shopping not cheating and was willing to show him the receipt. Her husband wasn't convinced by anything she tried to tell or show him because he believed he was right, and she was always lying.

Later that evening, the tension between my grandmother and her husband had calmed down. Talking to the neighbor got the argument to stop and the love to ease itself back into the hearts of the couple. They laughed, talked, and joked over a nice dinner even though my grandmother was sitting there bruised and battered in the face. Blood stains remained on strands of her hair and her lips were still swollen. Her eyes were black and so swollen she could hardly open them. She accepted his apology as she did before, and things were back to normal.

But something came to her attention while she cleaned the dishes from supper. She was replaying her arrival home from the store and realized her husband was home before her. She didn't know why he was home from work early, but she understood why he went and got his daughter from the neighbor's house. Their daughter was screaming and crying when she got home. Realizing she never got the chance to ask my aunt what was so upsetting that she was screaming like someone was hurting her, she decided she would ask her before she put her to bed. My grandmother didn't want to ask her husband because she was scared an argument would come from the question and spark his anger. She didn't want to fight with him again.

When the kitchen was clean and she picked up the broken pieces of glass and broken furniture, my grandmother put my aunt in the tub. Again, she was sobbing because she didn't want to get in the water. Becoming completely occupied with getting her into a bath and ready for bed, she forgot to ask her about the incident that happened when she got home. Her primary focus at this point was to keep the noise down because she didn't want her husband to get angry enough to start verbally abusing her. She just gave her a bath and put her in the bed.

Tired from her day as well, she soaked her body in a tub of hot water to relax the tension in her muscles from the terrible beating her husband gave her. The house was quiet and peaceful, so she laid back in the tub and closed her eyes. She nodded off by accident but the sound of her daughter's voice, talking to someone who sounded like a man talking back to her, scared her enough to get out of the tub and put on her housecoat. She tipped toed through the house, ease dropping, to see if she could hear and recognize voices but she couldn't. She knew she could be hearing her child and father talking but her motherly instinct tells her to keep walking.

Barging into the room, she flicked on the light and saw her husband in the room with her daughter. She didn't think much of the situation and probably would have if she didn't look down on the floor and saw they both didn't have on any clothes. They both looked as if they saw a ghost that scared them half to death. He thought my grandmother was going to be in the tub as long as she normally would be, but she snuck out of the bathroom when she heard her daughter's voice.

Tears rolled down my grandmother's face to finally uncover the mystery of why her daughter was displaying her odd behaviors. Never in her wildest dream would she have thought her husband, her child's father, would be raping and molesting her. He's the reason why her private part hurts when she gets in the tub. He's the reason why she cries when she stays home with him. Her husband is the reason why her daughter was screaming when she got home from shopping. He didn't get a chance to finish what he started because she walked through the door and disrupted any sexual activity he planned to perform on his daughter.

My grandmother was in shock as she stood at the room door of her daughter, watching as they struggled to put their clothes back on. Her husband attempted to give his wife an explanation for what she saw but she was not listening to his lies. She scooped her daughter up in her arms and hugged her as she cried on her mom's chest. Nothing he said could make the incident less disgusting and intolerable. She didn't know what to do but get her child out of the house without fighting with her father because of her departure. He was already in an unstable state of mind. He was yelling and arguing with her like she was in the wrong for catching him raping their daughter.

She waited until he went in the bathroom, and she took her daughter over to the neighbor's house. Before she could tell them, what was going on, she grabbed the phone and called the police. To hear my grandmother on the phone with the police, telling them why their presence was needed triggered an empathetic feeling in the neighbor's heart. They cradled the young child in a way that allowed her to feel safe and secure in their home until her mother hung up the phone with the police.

Realizing he was ranting but no one was responding, my grandmother's husband emerged from the bathroom and put his shoes on. He went outside and began to search and call out to his family, but he ran into the police pulling into the front yard. They exited their cars and asked him for his name. Checking to make sure he was the suspect they came there for, they handcuffed him and listened to his side of the story. Of course, he denied everything, so the police decided to listen to my grandmother's side of the story.

Flashing police lights brought my grandmother and her daughter outside to talk to the police. She gave them a full account of what happened to her face and conversed with the police about the sexual abuse her daughter suffered at the hands of her father. The police believed every word my grandmother said about the physical abuse she was suffering and the sexual abuse her daughter suffered so they placed him under arrest. They put him in the car, as he was ranting and raving, and they drove off. She didn't want to press charges but at this point she had no choice because the police were involved, and she knew there was nothing she could do about it.

For a few weeks, my grandmother and her daughter lived in a house that was peaceful and serene. They weren't scared anymore. My grandmother didn't have to worry about being beaten and raped by her husband. Most importantly, she didn't have to worry about her daughter being raped by him either. The two could talk and spend time with each other. With all the peace my grandmother was feeling, she was still wondering how long her husband had been raping and molesting her daughter. The day she caught them played in her head like a bad dream. She was so bothered by the thought, she decided to go out to the bar and have a couple drinks.

While she was at the bar, she met a man, and they danced the night away. Laughing and drinking, they became comfortable with each other. My grandmother felt the difference between her husband and the guy from the bar. She never knew fun like this before or felt wanted in the way this guy wanted her. He bought her alcoholic drinks and showed her what a good time was like. She enjoyed talking to him and laughing at the jokes he told.

Infatuated and drunk from all the alcohol beverages, she invited her new friend to her house for a night cap. With her daughter staying the night at her grandmother's house for the night, she talked with the guy for a little while. Even though she was married, she allowed the conversation to evolve into a sexual encounter. Kissing and touching, they let themselves go into the depths of a one-night stand with a guy she just met in a bar with no thoughts about her wedding vows.

The man left after the sex was over and by that time day had broken. Morning had snuck up on them and the sun casted a silhouette of the night before yet bringing reality back to a life before she met this incredible young man at the bar. He didn't leave without getting her phone number so they could keep in touch and hook up for a good time every now and then. Because she was a married woman, they both knew they couldn't have a steady relationship and they accepted their romance under the terms of not interfering in each other's life.

My grandmother loved her husband so much. She didn't want to see him go to jail but the day had come for her to go to court to face the man who rape her child. Her heart was racing, and her nerves were all over the place as she entered the courtroom. Seeing him in the jailhouse jumpsuit made her emotional for her husband and watching him stand before the judge made her heart sink into the pit of her stomach. He was sentenced to 2 years in prison by the judge and my grandmother cried as they carried him out of her life for the next couple of years.

In the meantime, my grandmother and aunt moved in with her mother and her new boyfriend. She couldn't afford the bills at her house because the primary source of income was gone after her husband went to jail. Living with her mother again would be an even bigger challenge. My great grandmother expected her to get on her feet fairly quickly and every day she came home without a job, her mother would discourage her. She told her she was too stupid to get a job and accused her of being too lazy to work.

My grandmother lost her self-esteem, but she didn't lose her drive. She ignored her mother's words and kept searching for a place to work. Her search would be short lived because three months into her search she found out she was pregnant by the guy from the bar. Since two of her sisters had moved up north to Michigan and New York, she went and spent a couple of months with them before it was time to have the baby. Interestingly enough, my great grandmother also found out she was pregnant by her boyfriend before my grandmother left and they were both carrying babies at the same time with similar due dates.

The man my grandmother met at the bar was in a relationship with two other women in the same town my grandmother lived in. Needless to say, he was a lover of women and the women loved him. While he had gotten my grandmother pregnant, he was working on 2 children, both girls, with one woman and a young man with another woman. Finding out my grandmother was pregnant with his child only added to the number of children he was conceiving in the small town. He was a man of good standards and involved in a relationship with the woman he was having the 2 girls with.

My grandmother vacationed with her sisters, carrying a child but living life to the fullest. She spent months with them spoiling her because she was pregnant. Exploring the scenery in New York first, her sister who was only a year younger and married to her first love, showed her all the beautiful landmarks. Although she was fascinated with the big city, she only spent a few months there then went to Michigan and spent time with her other sister who was one of the twins that moved away from the small town, southern lifestyle.

Due any day now, my grandmother went back to live with her mother and give birth to her baby. She was only home for a few days before her mother went into labor with her baby. My great grandmother called the midwife to come and deliver her baby as my grandmother watched over her. Not too long after the midwife arrived, she gave birth to a beautiful baby girl.

A month later, in June 1960, my grandmother went into labor. She was having contractions, but they were not close enough to start delivery. Having time to call the father of the child, she decided not to. Her pride and shame of being a married woman yet pregnant with another man's baby aided in her decision to keep him from being involved. The father wasn't there to witness the birth of their baby, so she had to call the midwife herself. She wasn't alone with the midwife. Her mother came to welcome the baby into the world just as she witnessed her give birth to her baby sister.

After hours of hard labor, my grandmother gave birth to my mother. She was a beautiful light skinned baby girl with gorgeous curly hair with light brown eyes and a smile to match. My grandmother immediately fell in love with her, regardless of the circumstances of how she came to be. All she knew was the baby girl was hers and she had to take care of her. She decided to worry about the outcome, on how to explain the baby to her husband, when the time came.

Heading 5

A year had passed, and my grandmother was working. She had built a life for her and her 2 children. Thriving in her own place, she maintained the upbringing of both her fatherless daughters. My grandfather had been in and out of my mother's life, spending minimum time getting to know her. My grandmother wasn't interested in having him around, knowing her husband would be home from prison in a year. She missed him dearly and wanted him home with her.

She had no plans of leaving her husband even though he was an abusive alcoholic and a child rapist. All of her heart was tied into loving him and making a Lifelong relationship with him. Her faith was in his rehabilitation so that he wouldn't be the same man he was before he went to prison. He was going to be a changed man, a better man, and a loving man, who would be scared to rape any of her children. She hoped prison would scare him so badly, he wouldn't think of beating and raping her as well as anyone else.

Preparing for his return, throughout the year, my grandmother remained a single mother. She had a few guy friends, but they were nothing more than men she could keep company with to fulfill her lonely nights and sexual urges. Today those types of men are called "sugar daddies," back in those years, they were called "uncle". Her daughters never got close to these men although they've met them and knew of them from the small town. They were too young to even understand why they were coming around. My aunt was four years old, and my mother was two years of age.

Following my mother's 2nd birthday, there was a knock on the door. My grandmother went to open it and saw her husband standing there. He greeted her with a hug, and she greeted him with kisses of I miss you as she walked into the house. Walking into the bedroom, she sat with him on the bed. They had to have a discussion about all the drama that transpired before he went to prison and the new things that happened while he was gone.

The first topic to speak on was the drama that sent him to prison. Before he left, he beat her and raped her multiple times, and she wanted his solemn promise he wouldn't hurt her like that. Even more she wanted him to recognize his alcohol abuse was the problem and not the solution to their problems. She allowed him to explain and with all Sincerity, she listened to his apologies and his vow to never hit her again or rape their daughter. Acceptable of his apology, they kissed and made up concerning that subject matter.

The second topic would be much harder to explain to him, but she knew she had to give him a good explanation before he saw her other daughter. She told him she slept with another man and gave birth to his daughter. Unknowing of his reaction to the news, she smoothed the conversation by expressing her undying love for him and my grandfather meant nothing to her. My grandmother asked for his forgiveness with hopes of starting anew and he gave her the forgiveness, along with the acceptance, of having a new child by another man.

With all the conversations out of the way, my grandmother called the girls into the room to welcome their father home from prison. The eldest daughter walked in, saw his face and immediately was in shock. Her mother wrapped her arms around her and told her everything was fine now. She stepped up to her father and faced him head on as he reached his arms out to hug her, but she stayed close to her mother and waved at him from within the safety of her mother's arms.

When my mother walked in, she was introduced to him as her father. As he looked into my mother's beautiful brown eyes, resentment from him being fathered by another man filled his heart but he didn't let himself show it from the outside. He reached his arms out to hug her and she hugged him back. She didn't know the monster inside him because she wasn't born when he tormented the life of her mother and sister.

My grandmother was pleased to see him react so kindly toward the girls and she was happy he wasn't angry by the fact she had a new daughter. As she sent the girls into their room, she made her husband comfortable and went to cook him a nice dinner. She was so glad to have him home that she cooked all his favorite foods and the family sat together at the dinner table, enjoying the feast.

The night was lovely. She gave her husband everything he had been missing and got everything she had been missing from him. The next morning, his wife woke up early and made a big breakfast for the family. They sat at the table and his daughter finally conversed with him like nothing ever happened. Giving him a second chance to make things right between them, she released all her fears of being abused again and treated him like her father.

Within a week, my grandmother's husband had found a job and began working at the sawmill, which was not too far from the house. As a matter of fact, his job was within walking distance, so he walked back and forth to work every morning. On his way to work one morning, he met up with some co-workers and they walked to work together. Some of his family members also worked there and everyone was happy to see him get on his feet.

This year was 1963 and life was looking better for the family of four. The first year he was a free man. He was giving my grandmother a good life, but he argued with her in a frightening tone to let her know he was the man of the house, putting her in her place; the same way he was before he started being physically abusive. Everything still seemed to be good though, until he ran into one of his old girlfriends and began a romantic relationship with her while still living with my grandmother.

Every Saturday, he would tell my grandmother he was at work but really, he was with his mistress. One Saturday, around noon, my grandmother made him some lunch and dressed up beautifully to surprise him at work. When she got there and asked his supervisor if she could come in and give him his lunch, the supervisor told her he wasn't working today. A family friend who knew exactly where he was, ran out to the car and told my grandmother everything he had been doing with the other woman every Saturday.

With her heart broken into pieces, she went to the woman's house and confronted them both as they stood in the doorway reeking of alcohol, but he denied sleeping with the woman. My grandmother just got back in her car and drove home emotionally upset because he had been lying to her by seeing this other woman behind her back after claiming he's at work on Saturdays. She thought everything was going so good between them but she was wrong.

She was home 30 minutes before he came into the house. Confronting him about cheating again, my grandmother screamed and yelled at him to go be with her if he wanted her. When he saw there was no sweet talking his way out of this confrontation, he began punching and slapping her violently. He went back to what he knew would put her back in her place of fear with him. He felt she had no right telling him, a man, what he can or can't do. Most of all, liquor induced his violent attacks on his wife, and he would ultimately lose control of sound judgement.

The girls ran into the living room to investigate the horrible sounds of their mother screaming. Realizing there was nothing they could do because my mom was four and her sister was six, they ran into their rooms and closed the door. Hugging each other and crying, they listened to the faint screaming of their mother until the fighting, yelling and loud banging stopped. They were scared to move or make a sound out of fear they would be next to endure such violence.

After my grandmother got a horrific beating, she went into the bathroom and cleaned the blood from her busted lip. Grabbing a cold washcloth, she cleaned the blood gushing from her busted nose. Looking in the mirror at all the swelling appearing on her face, she cried to herself, wondering what she did to deserve this. The belief she does everything right caused her to underestimate the power within her. Those wounds she was suffering became scars that reminded her of how unhappy she was making her husband, not wounds that told her how badly she needed to leave him because she deserved better.

All the abuse produced another conception. Love was far beyond the reason for them to share in romance. He had sex with her after a fight or raped her when she didn't share the same urge to have consensual sex. There was no love making. There was no passion. Having the feeling of being wanted was deprived from my grandmother by the way he treated her everyday. He loved her and she loved him. They were comfortable in life with each other. For some odd reason, she felt she deserved to be treated the same way her mother had been treated. It was normal.

Nine months later, my grandmother gave birth to a little girl instead of the baby boy she prayed for but either way she loved the little girl with all her heart. The other children loved her too and helped their mother as she needed. Her father wanted a son, but he treated the baby as if she was an angel sent from heaven. Regardless of how he was feeling about the fact they couldn't afford another mouth to feed; he still built a close relationship with the baby.

The seasons changed, time passed, and days felt like years to my grandmother. A cheating abusive alcoholic husband is all her life consisted of. She couldn't even leave the house without him because she was scared, he would accuse her of cheating. She had friends and most of her family she talked to lived in the small town. He was so insecure of her befriending another man, he made sure he screened all her calls and visits. She could only go 3 houses up the street to his sister's house without him thinking she would meet someone better than him. He was controlling everything she did.

One day she had to go to the store to get milk for the baby. She walked to the corner store and came directly home before her husband came home from work. On his way home, he saw his cousin and his cousin told him he saw my grandmother at the store buying milk for the baby. The cousin didn't know he would get furious by telling him that she was at the store, but his cousin noticed the look of pure anger and rage on his face.

Soon as he got close to the house, he saw her standing outside talking to her neighbor. She greeted him, welcoming him home but he grabbed her by her hair and dragged her to the house. She started screaming begging him to stop and tell her why he was mad, but he wouldn't. They only got as far as the stairs when he started punching her, knocking his wife on the ground. Then he started kicking her in the face with his cowboy boots, as she screamed for help, until the neighbor's husband intervened to stop him.

My grandmother was seriously injured this time. Laying on the ground, she cried and moaned as the pain of his beating intensified in her body. The neighbor's wife tried to help her up and make sure she was able to move but my grandmother was to hurt to get up. Blood was all over the porch stairs and the ground. Her nose was broken, her mouth was bleeding, she had a loose tooth and bruising to her ribs.

The neighbors called an ambulance to aid her, and the police came also. He was placed under arrest and was taken to jail, charged with battery while my grandmother went to the hospital to get checked out from the worst beating, he's given her up to that day. The worst part of the hospital visit was to find out she was pregnant with his child once again. Her baby girl was only one and a half years old. She was shocked to find out she would be giving birth to another child.

Leaving the hospital, she fell into a deep depression about having another baby. The last thing on her mind was having a baby by the man who just caused her so much pain and grief. Her heart was racing so fast she thought she could feel her heart pulsating in her stomach. Shock took over her mind and a lump swelled inside her throat on her quiet ride home. She thought about how to tell him they were having a child and she didn't want to tell him until she felt secure enough.

Pulling into her driveway, she noticed someone sitting on the porch steps. They seemed to be waiting for her. She shined the car lights toward the porch so she could see a little bit better, and she could see the person was a man. The man came walking towards the car to meet her and she rolled the car window down to see what he wanted. When he got into plain sight, she became frightened because the man was her husband.

He opened her car door and helped her out of the car. Apologizing once again, he pled for her forgiveness on her way into the house. She gave him her forgiveness and they kissed to seal the deal even though my grandmother was scared because he bonded out and without her knowing. She wasn't expecting for him to be at home so she could think and ultimately get well for the next couple of days. No matter what people thought of her, she always took him back and she wasn't leaving her husband.

Waiting until she was almost showing a full stomach from being pregnant, she sat her husband down and told him they were having another baby. This time he didn't take the news so easily. He began to make claims of the unborn child not being of his bloodline. She insisted that he was the one and only man she's been in any kind of relationship with, especially sexually. He refused to believe her and with an open hand, he slapped her a few times across the face as she cried for him to stop.

He stormed out the door and left her in the bedroom crying. She couldn't believe he was so mad this time and he couldn't believe she was being faithful to him when this child was conceived. Even though he wasn't happy with his wife being pregnant, deep inside his heart, he knew the baby was indeed his and he knew he had to face the facts. Knowing there was no need to deny he was the father, he bought and drank a couple of beers, then staggered home to his wife.

Once my grandmother went into labor this time, she gave birth to her first and only son. She was so happy to have a son. To her, he would be a gift she would hold dear to Her heart, and she could teach him to protect her from his father if he had to. Her husband was immensely proud to have a son finally and he was going to teach him to be just like him. They both welcomed their son with love and happiness, dreaming of the strong man they knew he was going to grow up to be.

The children were happy to have a brother. There were a lot of girls in the house, and they were fine with being with each other even though they would argue, fight, and get spankings together. A brother was like a breath of fresh air to them. They also knew he would grow up to be a protector of the family for his mom and sisters from their father. They all shared the same loving and warm thoughts about the newborn baby boy coming into their life to change the undesirable lifestyle they were living. Surely, he would change everything.

Heading 6

In the 70s, Cocaine made its way into the streets of the small town. It was easy to come by and even easier to sell. With 4 children and not enough money coming in to support them, my grandmother's husband decided to talk his cousin into giving him some to sell. Having so much of the cocaine to sell, his cousin gave him some to make money for his family.

My grandmother was not pleased with the idea of her husband selling drugs out of their house, especially with the children living there but she knew not to question anything he did. She knew a discussion could lead up to a physical fight and she was getting enough beatings already. Then again, she made herself think the money was good for them to ease whatever doubt she had in her mind.

As he sold the drugs, he also started to indulge in the cocaine himself. Partying every weekend, he was drinking and using cocaine with his friends and family while my grandmother was home with the children. The cocaine made him angrier and agitated whenever he would come down from the high. He had everyone in the house even more afraid of his violent rages. His wife and children would try to pretend like they were sleeping when he would come home so they wouldn't do anything to make him angry.

Friday nights were the worst of the rages. Once he got off work, he would come home, get dressed up and sit around the house, waiting for the cocaine users to cash their checks so they could come by to buy drugs from him. He would go in his room and get high and drink liquor he kept at home while addicts went in and out the house buying drugs. My grandmother cooked and fed the children after they came home from school. She kept them out of the way of her husband and the people who came to buy cocaine from their father.

By this time, my mom was 11 and learning to help my grandmother out around the house as did the rest of the children. She noticed my grandmother was a little more edgy. Every day they came home from school, the children would do their homework and do the chores around the house while their mother worked odd jobs as a housekeeper. Sometimes their mother wouldn't be home from work until late so they would have to cook for themselves and their father.

My mother was afraid to be there with her stepfather alone. Because of the fighting and his violent rages, she was scared he would try to fight them while my grandmother was not at home. She would also see him watching her older sister like he wanted to have sex with her. He had already raped her before and now that she had been developing in her womanly areas, she looked more appealing to him when he was drunk and high.

One day when my grandmother came home, my grandfather was at the neighbor's home, a couple of houses down the street. He stopped my grandmother and asked if he could see his daughter because he wanted to introduce himself. My grandmother went to the house, got my mother, and took her down the street to meet her father. She looked at the man standing before her and asked her mother who he was. My grandmother looked at her and told her, the man was her real father.

Realizing she had been lied to about who her father was for so many years of her life, she was ready to embrace her real father. She was glad to know another man was her father in hopes he could give her a better life. He wasn't there to give her that life she hoped for, yet he wanted to get to know her and to let her know she had other siblings living in the same small town. Not only that, but he also wanted to see how big she had grown.

My grandmother walked her back home after the visit with her father. She was listening to her mother explain to her how her stepfather was not her real father. Amazed and confused at the story her mother told her, she silently took it all in as she walked back to her home, which didn't seem the same to her anymore. To her, she had half-sisters, a half-brother, and a stepfather instead of whole sisters, brothers, and a father. She was the only child in the house with a different father after having her stepfather raise her for so many years.

Walking into the house, my grandmother was met by her husband. He began to question her, asking what took her so long to talk to my grandfather. Jealousy and rage began to take over him. Because he had been drinking and doing drugs all day Saturday, the argument was harsher than usual. He began beating my grandmother for taking my mother to meet her father. The children ran for help as they heard their mother screaming and begging for him to stop.

My grandmother's brother was walking up the street. He saw the children running for help and he came to his sister's rescue. Pulling her husband away from her, he punched him and told him to keep his hands off of my grandmother. As my grandmother's husband lay on the floor, he picked my grandmother up and took her and the children to my great grandmother's house so she could get cleaned up. He knew she would be safe there because their mother didn't allow him to come to her house being abusive.

My grandmother's brother sat down at his mother's house and thought back to everything he just saw. Looking at my grandmother and thinking about everything she just went through, the scene looked familiar to him. He witnessed his mom go through the same physical abuse his sister was going through with her husband. The same type of man his father was, his sister married, and he didn't want to go back to jail for killing her husband like he killed their father. He wasn't trying to make the same mistake of interfering with anyone's relationship, including family.

He listened to his mother advise his sister to leave her husband because he's been beating her excessively for years and the physical abuse had to stop before someone ended up seriously injured or something much worse, dead. My grandmother knew her mother was right, and she wanted to make plans to leave him for good. She wanted a fresh start and a peaceful life because she was tired of being beaten. Twelve years of being sexually, emotionally, and physically abused was enough.

Meanwhile, my grandmother's husband was back home getting high and drinking. He invited a couple of his buddies over and a few women so he could have a party peacefully while my grandmother took care of the children at her mother's house. He didn't care that she was gone because he could do whatever he wanted to do at the comfort of his own home, and he wasn't sorry for how he had beaten my grandmother until she was pouring blood. All he cared about was having his drugs, money, women, and liquor until he was sober enough the next day to make him breakfast or cater to his every need like his wife did.

He knew he had to get her back home somehow. Monday, after he came home from work, he served a few cocaine addicts, sniffed a line, and got dressed up nicely to go bring his family home. My grandmother gave in to his pleading and begging once again. She grabbed her things and took her family back home. She could never stay away from him long enough to get herself together and live a normal life. She had to have him by her side no matter what the cost was. The price was very expensive, but she was willing to pay that price even if it meant the safety of her children.

Even though her mother pleaded with her not to go home, and her brother fussed, her decision had definitely been made. No matter how much cocaine he was doing, cheating and being an abusive alcoholic, she continued to love him. She ultimately gave herself to him entirely and gave up on the idea of being without him or raising her children without the father they'd known their whole life. Most of their days with him are good days. She didn't want to give those days up for a few bad days when he was the man taking care of his family.

The children had seen so much violence in the house, but the cries and physical abuse of their mother still scared them enough to get help whenever he was beating her. They loved their father but the love they had for their mother was heartfelt and deeper connected. Any harm that came to her saddened their hearts and hardened their hearts against the person who was creating a problem for their mom. They connected more with her than they did their father and, staying out of his way because of his anger, kept the distance between the children.

Because their father knew my grandmother was weak for his sweet talking and empty promises, he used his words to his advantage, playing her on her every emotion. They were only in the house with him two weeks before he became himself again and the terror always started with him starting an argument with my grandmother about something she wasn't doing right.

High on cocaine and drinking substantial amounts of liquor, he became unsatisfied with my grandmother about the way she dressed to go to bed with him. He complained so much, my grandmother just wanted to get away from him until he cooled down and sobered up enough for her to lay down in their bed. She couldn't understand why he was attempting to create a reason to be mad when she does everything the way he likes it.

She tried to walk out of the bedroom door, but he grabbed her by her arm and pulled her back inside the door. Slamming the door, he turned around to ask her where she thought she was going. Sitting on the bed in shock and wondering what he was about to do next, my grandmother became nervous. From her evaluation of the scene, she's seen the way his frustration turns into a fight and began to anticipate the beating she was about to receive.

Walking up to her, he slapped her, and she fell onto the bed. His drug-induced alcoholic rage intensified the situation as he jumped on the bed and started ripping off her clothes. She squirmed and attempted to move off of her, but he overpowered her enough to continue ripping at her clothing until she was naked. Sobbing uncontrollably my grandmother sat up on the side of the bed once he got off of her and stood up.

As he looked her up and down, his hormones raged out of control. Almost instantaneously, he reached forward and put his hands around her neck, choking her while pushing her down on the bed. My grandmother cried in fear, but she knew what he was about to subject her to, and she didn't want to have sex with him after having her clothes ripped and her face in pain. He pulled his pants down and forced himself on her as he lightly choked her. My grandmother was crying and struggling to move him because he was hurting her, but he fought with her, choking her harder and harder until she stopped fighting.

Raping my grandmother over and over again, he didn't stop until his cocaine high had come down and he was completely satisfied. She lay on the bed naked and coughing, trying to catch her breath from being choked repeatedly. With no remorse for all the coughing his wife was doing, he walked over to his dresser, sniffed a line of cocaine, and started drinking his liquor straight out the bottle while he watched my grandmother suffer from a lack of oxygen.

The children were sound asleep and didn't hear the commotion going on in their parents' room. Their mother had been through a terrific ordeal, and nobody was there to save her this time. She learned that night, no one could save her from her husband but her. He's going to continue to rape her and continue to physically abuse her until she makes the decision to leave him.

My grandmother had many excuses for the reasons she felt the need to stay with her husband. No one in her family could understand what those reasons were but they stuck beside her throughout the years so far. One reason for sure was the love she felt deep in her heart for him. She wanted to be the woman he was with when he decided to change and be the great man, she knew he could be, but the timing was far longer than she imagined.

The next morning after he raped her, she watched him as he walked through the house unapologetically. This was the first time she didn't run away, and he had to sweet talk her into coming home. Unfortunately for her, she could see he wasn't sorry about slapping her or raping her the night before. He acted as strict and intolerable as any other day when they all lived together. His attitude was nothing like he would be if he had to sweet talk into coming back home.

The difference between this time and any other time was the simple fact she didn't pack up, leaving him to think about what he did to her. She got to see, in person, how he acts the very next day after he gets violent with her. He wouldn't have anyone to cater to his every need or no one to abuse or mistreat but rather he'd be home all alone without his mistress being able to stay the night or live in the house with him. He wouldn't have control over his wife while she was out of his site and jealousy would fill his heart because he thought she would go for another man who would treat her better. My grandmother was a beautiful woman, and any man would have been happy to have her, but he didn't want to see another guy give her everything he wasn't.

Oddly enough, he loved her too. He didn't know how to show her the way he needed to. His children were loved by him as well, but he couldn't show them either. For all they knew, he was raised in a house the same as the household he provided for his family. Surely, my grandmother was raised in the same way by her mother and father that her husband and children were being brought up.

Once the children awakened, the day continued as any other normal day, but they could tell something was wrong with their mother. They knew their dad must've done something to her and they didn't know what it was. Sexual abuse isn't a kind of abuse that can be seen from just looking at someone and the subject wasn't up for discussion by their mother because she felt like her children didn't need to know about an adult situation like what she went through.

My grandmother suffered many of his cuts and bruises, busted lips, and swollen eyes. She had lost count of how many days she went to work with signs of physical and emotional abuse advertised like a billboard on the side of a highway. Everybody knew he was beating her, but no one could get involved because she didn't exactly want to be away from him.

Her family worried about the way the children would be subjected to the violence going in behind closed doors in their house. They kept the doors revolving for anytime my grandmother and her children needed to get away from the house. Most of the time, they needed the doors open to them as he became more and more violent throughout the years. My grandmother didn't know it but there was a new scare on the horizon and if she couldn't deal with him abusing her, she was not going to be mentally capable of dealing with the threat coming.

Heading 7

My mother was developing into a beautiful young lady. She had light brown eyes, beautiful light skin and she was very lovely to be only thirteen years old. Her meek and mildness surrounded her like an array of calmness for she was a quiet young lady. She had long beautiful legs and she stood out from the rest of her siblings because they favored their father, but she favored her father. All of the girls were light skinned and beautiful.

Knowing my mother wasn't his child, it gave her stepfather more than enough cause to look at her beauty as a conquest. He lusted at the way her breasts poked out of her shirt and how her legs looked in shorts. His patience grew thin as he watched her grow from a child into a teenager. He raised her from a child, but he still didn't connect to her as his own flesh and blood. The way he thought of her was of no way a responsible stepfather would think of a child he's brought up into her teenage years.

Because my grandmother wouldn't get a divorce from her husband or live without him, all of the girls were his for the picking and he was at the stage of pedophilia where choosing for himself which child he wanted was inevitable. He had already had the first daughter, yet he wanted the second daughter to fulfil the sexual fantasies he had been developing as she grew into womanhood. His attraction to his wife's daughter was filthy but he didn't think of his sexual desire, for her, as nasty. He wanted her and he intended on getting her.

The consequences my grandmother would give him, for raping and molesting her daughter didn't matter. His plan was to wait until they were all alone to take advantage of her sexually, but she was hardly ever alone because the other children were always there. My grandmother went to work on Saturdays, and he didn't so he would have all opportunity to have her to himself.

He hit a line of cocaine as my grandmother prepared her lunch for work. After she was done, she went inside the room and undressed, putting on her work clothes then her steel toe boots. She gave her children the usual instructions while she was gone, reminding them to do their chores before they went outside to play and to stay out of their father's way. Kissing the children and her husband, she walked out the door to go to work.

The anticipation was killing him as he stared out the window, waiting for my grandmother to finally get in the car and drive away. Soon as he saw her depart from the driveway and turn the corner, he went into his room to sniff another line of cocaine before he would approach my mother. Closing the blinds to all the windows, he looked around the house to see what part of the house each child was in and began his preparation once he had located all of them.

My mother was cleaning the bedroom she shared with her sisters because Saturday was her day to have their bedroom as a chore. Her older sister was cleaning the kitchen and her younger sister was cleaning the bathroom. Her brother was outside raking in the backyard. As she was making the bed, she could feel someone watching her, so she turned around to see her stepfather standing in the doorway peering in on her. She considered this situation to be unusual because he never stood in the doorway of their room before while she did chores.

Reluctantly, she nervously asked him if she was in trouble or if she had done something wrong. With no answer or warning, he stepped inside the room and closed the door behind him. My mother became even more fearful of what he was about to do to her. She didn't know whether to call out for help or just see what his agenda was being in her room with the door closed but she knew whatever he was about to do was out of the ordinary. The way he was looking at her, with a smirking smile, was unknown to her.

He moved closer to her as he unfastened his pants and pulled them down around his ankles, which frightened my mother terribly. Grabbing her by the arm, he pushed her down on the bed and pulled her pants off. Kicking wildly, my mother tried to get him off of her, but he was so strong, he overpowered her. He told her if she screamed, he would kill her and her mother. She believed him, knowing how violent he was on a regular basis.

Time seemed to pass like a slow workday for my mother as her stepfather molested and raped her. The temperature felt as if it had dropped to the lowest of degrees. The walls looked as if they were drastically closing in on her. Her heartbeat increased with every second she was being sexually abused, knowing nobody could help her. Nobody was there to protect her from him, and she had to endure the rape, in complete silence laying on her bed.

She sobbed throughout the entire ordeal and even more once he was done. He got off of her, pulled up his pants and walked out of the room, leaving her there to drown in her sorrows. Suffering with the physical pain of the rape, she rolled over in the bed, pulled up her clothing and cried profusely. She didn't know what to do about the pain other than cry and try her best to get through it until she could feel good enough to get up from the bed.

Not only did he violate her teenage body, but he damaged her very being. Mentally, emotionally, and physically, she lost herself. Telling her mother was going to be the hardest part for her. Because he told her not to tell, he mentally scarred her by telling her he would kill them. She was in fear for her life, her body and she became a nervous wreck. Emotionally, she couldn't stop crying and her upbeat personality dwindled into a quiet, soft-spoken little girl.

My mother believed the physical pain inside her vagina was the worst of the traumatic experience but for a young lady, who just got her virginity stripped from her like she was nothing, her mindset was logical. She had never known pain, like having her virginity forced from her, before. Holding her stomach, she looked to the ceiling, hoping the pain would go away before her mom returned from work so she could get up and act like nothing happened. She wanted to make sure she finished her chore so she didn't get in trouble, which would be more pain on top of the pain she was already experiencing.

Eventually, she got up and walked slowly to the door. She opened it to look and see if anyone was nearby. Her brother and sisters had no idea what had happened to her, but they were concerned because she looked as if something was wrong with her. They asked if she was all right and she lied to them, telling them yes, she just needed to use the bathroom.

On her way to the bathroom, she could see her stepfather smoking a cigarette and laying on his bed watching television, but she kept going until she entered the bathroom, shutting the door behind her. Running the water in the sink, she pretended to use the bathroom and she had to make it believable, so she flushed the toilet before exiting.

She rushed to her room as fast as she could to avoid everyone in the home. Taking her time, she finally finished her chore. She went outside to play and for the remainder of the day, she stayed outside to keep from being in the house with her stepfather. The physical pain in her vagina and stomach kept her from playing so she just sat outside, watching all the other children have fun.

The sun began to set as she watched for her mom to come over the railroad tracks. When her mother pulled into the driveway, she felt safe enough to return indoors. My grandmother noticed my mother wasn't herself but didn't bother to ask her if anything was wrong with her or if something happened to her. She was more concerned with her daughter finishing her chores and getting ready for supper.

My grandmother greeted all the children and walked into her bedroom, closing the door behind her. She greeted her husband as he sat on the side of the bed awaiting her arrival. Taking off her work clothes because they were filthy from work at the Mill, she retrieved her night clothes from the dresser and went into the bathroom for a nice hot shower.

While my grandmother was in the shower, her husband came to my mother and reminded her not to open her mouth, to tell my grandmother, about the sexual abuse he subjected her to. She agreed she wouldn't tell her mother out of fear he would make good on his promise to kill them both. Satisfied with her answer, he snuck back into the bedroom, as if nothing happened, and waited for my grandmother to get out of the shower.

Left in a compromising position, my mother debated with herself whether to tell her grandmother, while she sat in her room and waited for supper to be served. She knew her grandmother would understand yet she was unsure if her grandmother would tell her mother out of pure concern for her. Back and forth she tried to find a way to tell someone, anyone who would listen but keep the sexual abuse a secret until the time was right to inform her mother of the traumatizing encounter with her stepfather. Her nerves were so shaken up, when her mother called out to her to come eat dinner, she nearly jumped out of her own skin.

She didn't want to go but her stomach was rumbling in hunger. Her head held down with shame, she walked into the kitchen and retrieved her plate. Sitting down at the table, she felt as if everyone knew what happened in her bedroom and was staring at her because they were judging her conduct, wondering if she was going to tell their mother. Her anxiety levels were through the roof and hoped to get through dinner without the conversation coming up at the table before she finished her meal.

My grandmother could see the changes in her daughter. She knew something just wasn't right, but she couldn't pinpoint what the circumstances were. Her motherly instinct tuned in like an antenna adjustment to clear up a television screen. My mother was quiet during dinner and her silence was out of the ordinary. My grandmother could see her daughter was not in the best of moods either, which made her further suspicious.

Once the children were settled in and my grandmother's husband was comfortably relaxing in his room, with a full stomach, my grandmother left the room to talk to my mother about her strange behavior. She took her daughter into her bedroom and closed the door. Looking her in the eyes, she asked her to tell if anything happened to her while she was away at work. My mother replied with a no and my grandmother became upset because she could sense something was wrong, yet her daughter wouldn't confide in her.

Demanding a truthful answer from my mother, my grandmother aggressively asked her again to tell her why she was acting so strangely. My mother again replied she was alright, but she just didn't feel good. My grandmother asked her if she had a stomachache or any type of sickness. My mother told her how badly her stomach hurt, and my grandmother gave her mustard, which was a home remedy to help with bile movements.

Before she left her daughter's bedroom, she reassured her that if anything happened to her, she could confide in her confidentially. My grandmother still wasn't satisfied with the answer my mother gave her, but she let the conversation go for now. She went into her bedroom and looked at her husband, wondering if he had done anything to make her daughter act the way she was acting. Even he was acting just a little strangely, his level of relaxation confused her, and she didn't want to start a fight, knowing she would get the worse end of it.

Her trust for him decreased after he raped and molested their oldest daughter. Although she was hesitant to leave her children, especially the girls, alone with him, she had no one else to watch them while she helped bring in an income for the family. Her belief in the girls confiding in her, if something happened, kept her guards down just a little bit more. She knew they would at least go next door and ask for help if they felt threatened in any way or at least she thought.

Waking up the next morning, my mother had blood in her panties from the rape trauma. She rushed into her mom's room, in a panic, and asked her mother to come take a look at her issue. My grandmother put on her robe and met my mother in her bedroom. She looked at my mom's panties and told her she got her period. All women have those and you're going to bleed once every month. My mom was scared but my grandmother comforted her and let her know she would be just fine so she didn't have to fear anything. You're a woman now and you can have babies so don't have sex with no men.

Secretly, my mom knew her period was only part of the problem. Revealing the reason, to her mother, how her period even started would mean she would be killed by her stepfather. Her fear of dying captured her voice, making her silent and plagued her like the worst disease in American history. She refused to involve herself in such a dramatic death as the one she was promised by her stepfather and insisted on growing up with all the other children.

Her oldest sister had already gotten her period, but she didn't explain to her younger sisters they would be afflicted by the same misfortune. My mom wasn't educated about her menstrual because in her day, those conversations were discussed at the Time of occurrence. The elders didn't want the children to be too grown up before their time, but lack of communication led to the miseducation of most children growing up in the 70s.

My grandmother told my mother what she needed to know about her cycle and returned to her room. Her husband asked her about what my mom needed with her, and she informed him of my mother's conversation with her. He became nervous because he knew he was the cause of her menstrual cycle coming on and he portrayed the image of a concerned father.

For days, my mother remained in her room, avoiding any encounters with her stepfather. Throughout the week he and my grandmother worked at the same place, so they arrived home at the same time. Coming home from school everyday, she didn't have to worry about him sexually abusing her because he wouldn't have a chance to. Her only unsettlement was being scared of the day her mother would be physically beaten by her stepfather.

Thinking of her own father, she considered the fact that he would never hurt her like her stepfather did. She knew all fathers weren't like him and she longed to know that lifestyle of living but until she could find out what a different life would be like, she did what was necessary to stay alive. Most of the time she played with her sisters outside to stay out of the eyesight of her mother's husband. Having fun with them allowed her mind to be at ease and kept her busy being the child she was supposed to be.

Heading 8

He waited several weeks, expecting his stepdaughter to unveil the horrific sexual abuse he subjected her to. Guilt was not a mindset he possesses but he began to be paranoid about my mother exposing him. Going back to jail was not an option and he searched his brain for an excuse to substantiate the lie we would provide my grandmother. He designed a story so good; my mom would seem like she was lying on him or confused about what exactly happened to her.

The days were more pleasant than the days before the rape occurred, and my grandmother thought life was looking better with her husband. He cooked out and held family gatherings, disguising the paranoia he felt from his disgusting sexual encounter with his own stepdaughter. Posing as a genuine family man, he made sure to have his cocaine and alcoholic violent rages to a minimum, producing only fun times for the family. He even took them on family outings, fishing, and shopping trips.

His wife proudly accepted his kindness, doting on her husband's change within the household. She hadn't noticed anything wrong but how everything immediately became right. The closeness he was developing with only his children went unnoticed by my grandmother and she misunderstood the relationship between him and his stepdaughter. To her understanding, her daughter wasn't as outgoing as the other children, so she believed my mother was being herself.

Once my mother passed his evaluation of keeping her silence, he began to plan his next move on this stepdaughter. Routinely, my grandmother prepared herself for work Saturday morning. She cooked breakfast and settled the children while she got dressed for work. The children washed dishes and their mother gave them their house rules while she made their lunch, preparing her lunch as well.

By this time, my mother had dropped her guard because for the last couple of weeks he hadn't touched her. She was always cautious of her stepfather's ferocious attitude, but she knew how to stay out of his way, so she didn't have to reap his wrath. Unfortunately, she hadn't learned how to keep him from putting his hands up her shirt, rubbing her breasts or putting his hands in her panties to rub down there.

He kissed his wife goodbye as she left to make it to work on time and watched her get in the car. After she left the driveway and crossed the railroad tracks, he went into his room. Pulling out his sack of cocaine, he put a pint of liquor on the dresser within arm's reach. He sniffed his cocaine and swallowed a mouthful of liquor, giving himself a minute to feel the effects of the high as it mellowed with the low of alcohol.

Looking for my mother, he walked out of the room and found out from the other children, she was in her room. He sent his children outside to play, locking the door behind them. They didn't have a clue why he had sent them outside but not my mother, nor did they question him. My aunts and uncles did exactly as they were told so they wouldn't anger him.

My mother was in her room, sweeping the floor, when she heard the door creak open. Nervously, she looked up to see who was at the door even though she had a gut feeling the person was her stepfather. She gripped the broom tightly because her body was reacting to the nervousness she felt as her stepfather approached her as he unzipped his pants.

There was that ole clock again. The clock that showed the time slowing down as her stepfather sexually molested her right before he pulled her clothes completely off. Laying her on the bed, he raped her as she moaned in pain and turned her face away from him. He yelled at her to be quiet and she attempted to be silent, but the pain was too severe for her, so she settled down to a whimper.

Repeatedly, he raped her until he had enough and rolled over on the bed. She immediately jumped up, put her clothes on and left the room. Running into the bathroom, she sat on the toilet and sobbed quietly while holding her stomach. The rape was so upsetting, she knew she couldn't keep quiet any longer, but she didn't know whom she could confide in. She didn't trust anyone to help her other than her mother's mom, but she couldn't decide on whether she would fall through with disclosing her secret.

He wasn't concerned with how she felt physically or emotionally. All he cared about was making sure she never told. As she exited the bathroom, he was right there waiting on her so he could threaten her about telling on him. She reassured him that she wouldn't expose him to anyone so he could allow her to live and be released freely to join the other children.

My mother's oldest sister sensed something was terribly wrong this time. She looked at my mother and saw that she was shaken up by the distress she displayed on her face. My mother's sister led her around the house and said asked her if their father was raping her. My mother said no but her sister told her she was lying because he had been raping her for the last 5 years and all of a sudden, he stopped only to start raping you. Her sister knew the look on her face because she demonstrated the same distress on her face every time, he finished raping her. She didn't tell anyone either.

At this point the only alternative they possessed was to stick with each other and protect one another the best way they could. The aggressive threat he forced on his oldest daughter, he also forced on his stepdaughter. They didn't want to know if he was telling the truth about killing them and their mother. The thought alone was frightening enough to do what he demanded of them. Avoiding the violation from their father's hands, sexually abusing them was all they knew to do in order to survive the drama and trauma.

The girls stayed together the rest of the time their mother was at work. A few hours later, their mother returned home and pulled into the driveway. All the children greeted her as she stepped out of the car and shut the door. She hugged them and asked if they were being good children and they replied yes. Walking into the house, she asked them what they would like for her to cook so they could make dinner. They all agreed on a meal, so she went into her room to change clothes and wash up to cook for her family.

Greeting their father, she told him what the children wanted for dinner, and he disagreed. My grandmother explained to him that she wanted the same meal. He replied in the harshest tone she hadn't heard since he'd changed his ways and she was shocked. He told her what he wanted for supper and left the house to deliver some drugs to his client, after demanding his dinner be ready by the time he came home.

Her husband returned home an hour later. Walking through the door and looking on the stove, he noticed his meal had not been prepared yet, the children's dinner was cooking in the pots. He became furious and yelled at my grandmother because his demands were not met or taken seriously. She tried to explain but he didn't want to hear anything she had to say to him. He over talked over her and interrupted her when she spoke.

Gripping the scolding hot boiling pot, he picked it up from the stove and walked over to the kitchen sink. He poured the food she was making into the sink and rinsed it down the drain with water. Dropping the pot in the sink, he turned to my grandmother and began to choke her. She started to gag and gasp for air as the grip of his fingers became tighter and tighter. He shoved her into the dining room and hit her multiple times in the face and arm.

My grandmother screamed thunderously, suffering every Punch he was throwing at her. The children heard her cries and came to aid in her defense against him. Watching their mother attempt to shield herself from the physical abuse of their father, they pleaded with him to quit hitting their mother as they pulled his arm away from connecting with her face and body.

Successfully, they influenced him to retreat from the fight with their mother. Lifting her from the floor, they sat her on the couch and comforted her, wiping her tears with their arms around her, as she cried on their chests. They all heard him in the room ranting and raving to himself because no one was in the room for him to argue with. All the children were scared he wasn't done but they continued to sit with their mother and staying out of his way.

My grandmother wasn't the only person within the house he didn't have a problem with physically abusing. The children have experienced his abusive behavior more than my grandmother. In relation to their mother, they've been beaten and raped, enduring the same physical, emotional and sexual abuse their mother had. Comforting her was their way of showing the sympathy they hoped to receive from her in their time of need.

Falling asleep in the living room, surrounded with an enclosure of serenading comfort, everyone awakened to a peace that only love can provide. Their love for each kept them protected and serene throughout the night. The house was peacefully quiet and calm because my grandmother's husband was gone earlier in the morning than usual. They were all rejoicing with a big breakfast and gospel music blaring loudly from a record player while they danced to praise God for waking them up in a peaceful house that morning. With the man of the house being gone, they were free to be themselves and give thanks to God for as long as they wanted.

He was away for the majority of the day, selling drugs and visiting with his family. They plowed him with alcoholic beverages and used enormous amounts of cocaine until he was immensely inebriated. Laughing and enjoying himself, he presented himself to his family as a man who didn't have a care in the world, until he staggered to his car to go home.

Confronted with life once again, he stared into the darkness of his home. Midnight had caught with him before he knew it and the house was peacefully quiet. Everyone had fallen asleep, and he had the alone time he needed to sit in the car without the interference of anyone. He didn't want to enter the house, not quite yet. His reflection of everything that happened, before he left, had to settle into his conscience. None of his errors made him feel guilty, especially since he was intoxicated. The type of man he was didn't allow him to be weak but to consider his character justified was his only rite of passage.

Finally, he emerged from the car and went into the house to get ready for bed. He looked at his wife and saw she was in a very deep sleep. None of the noise he made woke her from her sleep because she had a long day, and her undisturbed restful sleep was well needed. She was so tired, every person in the house could hear her snoring if they were awake.

After he undressed, he checked to see if my grandmother was still sleeping soundly, then he left the bedroom. Walking through the house, he went into his youngest daughter's bedroom and stared at her as she slept. Nobody slept in her room with her that night because my mother and her oldest sister were protecting each other from being raped by their father. Remaining in each other's company was the surest way to keep themselves safe from the rapist who prowled through the house in search of any of the girls who stood alone.

His couldn't control his compulsiveness to molest and rape the girls of the house even though their mom was home. He climbed into the bed with his youngest daughter and caressed her underdeveloped breasts while he pleasured himself sexually. Stroking himself up and down until he climaxed on her sheets. She didn't realize he was in the room with her, touching and defiling her 8-year-old body, as she slept comfortably in her bed.

Sneaking back into his room, where my grandmother was still sleeping tiredly, he delicately crawled to his side of the bed and laid down beside her. She instantaneously woke up for a split second to see his face then went back to sleep. Because he was so inebriated and satisfied from molesting his youngest daughter, he fell fast asleep like he was tired from working a twelve-hour shift.

Despicable wasn't the way to describe the man my grandmother fell in love with. He was selfish and only considered the needs of himself. No matter what the circumstances were, he wasn't a participant of anything unless he was the beneficiary from the outcome. He didn't take into consideration anyone he hurt, nor did he have compassion for anybody he mistreated.

My grandmother couldn't recognize the evil within his soul and the disregard he had for humanity. His heart was empty and incapable of feeling love for the family he lived in the same place with. The children he shared with my grandmother lacked the emotional attachment to their father they so desperately needed but their mother substituted his lack of emotional support with her own form of love and affection.

No relationship is perfect, and he proved just how imperfections can cause a stable lifestyle to crumble into a million pieces. Your cheerful home can become an unhappy building with four walls because of the inability to make the right decisions to benefit the family dynamic. Selfishness can only lead to a lifetime of loneliness because in order to receive, much has to be given for the purpose of stability.

Raising a family is not an easy job but my grandmother and her husband made life complicated for themselves. The children were living in fear of a cocaine and an abusive alcoholic whom they tried to not have any encounters with. They valued their lives and the life of their mother so dearly; they did everything they could to keep their father from exploding in anger. His rage scared them severely and watching their mother be beaten implanted a lot of unrest within them.

If his outrageous attitude wasn't scaring them, the oldest two sisters would have to secure the other day by day, minute by minute and hour by hour from their mother's husband. His intense desire to molest and rape them became an occurrence that was happening way too often. They couldn't tell anyone, nor could they do anything to make him stop sexually abusing them. They were intelligent enough to know they had to think smartly and react quickly whenever their mother left him home alone with them.

Occasionally, they would ask their mother to send them to their aunts or my great grandmother's house just to have a peace of mind while their mother was working. At their relatives' house, they were safe, and he wouldn't come to pick them up from there. The protection no one knew they needed was sufficient enough to allow the girls to be themselves and gave them a sense of relief.

Unfortunately, they didn't know the lengths their mother's husband would go to keep them in his possession. He couldn't stand not having the girls at his disposal to sexually molest and rape. While they thought they had come up with an extraordinary plan to stay away from him, he was thinking of the ultimate game plan himself.

Heading 9

Over the summer months, in the following year, my grandmother's husband had a drug evolving out of his control. He ultimately used more drugs than he was selling and blaming my grandmother for the drugs he was missing, even though she didn't use cocaine. His escalation caused my grandmother to be physically abused more often and her daughters to be sexually abused more violently.

Accusing my grandmother of stealing his drugs didn't prevent the drug dealers, he owed drug money to, from confrontations about payment of the money. The dealers were in business with him and if he didn't have their money on time, they promised to turn their confrontations into altercations or maybe even murder. These people were serious about the threats they were making even if my grandmother's husband didn't take heed to them. His cocaine addiction made him think he was invincible.

The dealers gave him a deadline of a week before they came back to collect on his debt. He tried adding baking soda to the cocaine to increase the amount of cocaine he could sell and replacing the cocaine he used for himself. The cocaine he added to the baking soda to didn't produce the same flow of money as the pure cocaine because it wasn't as strong or pure as before. No one would buy it like they were therefore he couldn't profit enough to pay the dealers back.

Arriving at my grandmother's house, the night of the deadline, the dealers waited on him to meet them outside. Because he didn't have their money, he was scared to approach them, so he told my grandmother to go outside and tell them he wasn't home while he retreated out the back door. My grandmother tried to appeal to the drug dealer's soft side, in her husband's defense, but the dealers didn't have a soft side. They only wanted their money and there was no way to talk them out of retrieving it.

While my grandmother had the guys occupied, her husband quietly tiptoed out the back and slowly closed the door behind him. He walked behind the house where one of the men was waiting on his attempt to flee. The guy screamed to his friends and let them know they caught him running. They all met on the back of the house and the men beat my grandmother's husband until he was laying on the ground brutally battered with blood pouring from his face.

Screaming and crying, my grandmother ran around the house to assist her husband and help him back into the house. She took him into the bathroom and tended to his wounds. He was bleeding from a gash in his forehead, his lips were busted, and his nose was pouring blood profusely. His head had a contusion making him dizzy and my grandmother put ice on it while she gently cleaned the blood from his wounds.

Ironic isn't it. She was nursing the man who's given her the same wounds before and made her bleed the same way countless times. His erratic behavior with his wife caused her to know exactly how he felt, being beaten up the way he was. The way he mishandled his drugs, earned him a beating worse than the beatings he's given his wife. Only one person beat her but three people took turns attacking and wounding him.

Undeserving of his wife's sympathy, he received the help she was giving him. She felt sorry for him when she should have felt a sense of conquered retaliation even if she wasn't the person who physically retaliated against her husband. He deserved the treatment he got because now he could feel the effects of the physical pain he inflicted on his wife. She didn't hesitate to do her wifely duties toward her husband even though he didn't return the same heartfelt responsibility to his wife. Instead, he put her in harm's way, by his own hands, as often as he wanted to.

Consequences for his actions were retributive to his need for karma. My grandmother never thought that way and placed him in bed comfortably, illustrating her concern for her husband's misfortune. She went into the kitchen and cooked him something to eat. Still shaking from the horrific altercation her husband had with his dealers. She hoped he learned a valuable lesson behind cheating these dealers and wanted him to never try something so stupid ever again.

She didn't get much sleep that night, in fear of her husband's drug dealers coming to finish him off. Tiredly, she still got up and made sure she provided everything he needed before she went to work Saturday morning. Her supervisor wasn't allowing her time off work, so she ordered the children to stay home and watch over him while she was away. The children agreed and made the plan to only send their brother into the room if their father needed anything, after their mother left out the door to get into her vehicle.

He was known to be a person who could manipulate people to get what he wanted, anytime or anyway he wanted. Waiting only an hour, the children raced out the door to play yet listening for their father's voice to call out if he needed something. They completely understood their mother's wishes, but the day was winding down into night and they wanted to have fun before nighttime sent them in for the night.

Calling for his oldest daughter, he yelled out her name so she could come inside and find him a shirt. My mother told her not to go but her pleas were in vain because her oldest sister thought she would get in big trouble with her parents if she disobeyed his command. She tried once again to convince her sister that her dad could find his own shirt but again her sister refused to be disobedient and walked into the house.

Suddenly, a cry for help rang from the bedroom of my grandmother's husband. The children outside didn't know what to do to help their sister. My mother ran to her grandmother's house and told her uncle to come help her sister. They asked my mother to explain the situation and after her confession, her uncle hurried to provide his assistance to his nieces.

Arriving back to my grandmother's house, my mother went inside first but she was too late. The damage had already been done and her sister had been raped at the hands of her father. Tears rolled down my aunt's face as she hysterically ran out of the house and into the arms of her uncle. He held her tightly until she calmed down and promised to get their mother to get something done about the sexual abuse the girls had suffered. He was scared to handle their father himself, in retrospect of his consequences, after he killed his own father because of the abuse his mother suffered at his abusive father's hands.

He gathered the children and took them to their grandparents' house to wait for their mother's return from work. My great grandmother questioned the two oldest sisters on everything they had been subjected to. The girls spare no time revealing all the details of every sexual assault they've endured living in the house with their father. They filled their grandmother's ears with such disgusting information, she could only console them and offer her sincerest apologies for what they'd been through.

Unless their mother could release the courage to leave him, pinned up inside of her, my great grandmother knew the end result was out of her hands. The girls were thirteen and fifteen years old but had lived an unbelievable lifestyle. Their survival story was remarkable, and it was a miracle they triumphed in the end. The tribulations they conquered would have a normal person in shambles but not these girls. They had incredible strength who my great grandmother proclaimed to come from her and passed down to them.

My grandmother returned from work and my uncle flagged her down along the route she took to get home. He took her to her mother's house, where her children awaited her arrival. Wondering why her children were there, instead of at home, she asked her oldest daughter if there was a reason, she left the house with her brother and sisters. She was reluctant to inform her mom of the sexual abuse, so my great grandmother relinquished all the traumatic encounters between the girls and their father.

Shocked from everything she heard, my grandmother cried inconsolably. She never knew they were suffering through the sexual abuse, keeping quiet about the horrid life they were living. Her persistence to keep her family together cost both her daughters their virginity by the man who promised to love, honor, and protect them. His persuasive personality misled my grandmother into believing he wouldn't ever sexually assault her children again. She was wrong to believe him after all he's put her through alone, trusting his word should've been the last thing she ever did, especially when he promised to stop physically abusing her but never quit.

Leaving the children with her mother, my grandmother went home to address her husband with the accusations their children brought to her attention. Upon entering the house, she found her husband in the bedroom sleeping. Shaking him, she woke him up and told him they needed to talk. He told her he was sleeping, and they could talk later but she refused. She relayed the conversation she had with the girls even though he didn't want to talk.

Of course, he completely denied everything. His denial was to be expected. My grandmother wasn't assured by his response and every excuse he replied with was questionable. He blamed everyone but himself and even blamed the girls for being temptresses. Irrefutably putting his uncontrollable impulsive sexual abuse of the sisters solely on them. For the purpose of my grandmother's compassion and pity, he even shed some tears.

Although my grandmother was upset, she decided to forgive her husband in hopes he would change his ways because he was exposed by the girls. He could display the ultimate betrayal, yet my grandmother couldn't find the courage to walk away from her relationship with him. She had much faith in him changing his life for her and being the man, she always knew he could be. Her marriage to him was more important than anything in the world and she couldn't lose him or let his mistress have the father of her children.

My grandmother called her mother and asked if the children could spend the night at her house until she figured everything out. Her mother agreed and the children spent time with their grandparents for the night. They were content with being away from the house because they knew they would be safe and secure in the custody of their loving grandmother. They had a home cooked meal and slept without worrying about who would harm them.

The next morning, my great grandmother cooked all the children a huge breakfast before their mother would come to escort them home. After their stomachs were full, their mother walked through the door. The girls were scared to go home upon hearing their mother and grandmother argue about their father still being present in the house. His threat to kill them for unveiling his secret with them, upset the girls and they begged their mother not to take them home with her, but she attempted to take them out the door anyway.

Intervening for the sake of the sexually abused sisters, my great grandmother offered to let them stay with her for the rest of the summer. My grandmother agreed with minimal hesitancy because she knew their sanity was worth leaving them where they felt safe being and she could work without worrying if anything was happening to them, inside the house.

Sadly, my grandmother left her girls behind and took the youngest two children home to their father. He was happy to greet them, but he noticed they were the only two children entering the house from outside. His wife informed him of the oldest girls insisting to stay with their grandmother for a little while. He was in a nonchalant mood after hearing his wife's explanation and retreated to his bedroom.

Once my grandmother had everything sorted out, she prepared herself for work and left her youngest children alone with their monstrous father. She wasn't worried if he would sexually molest or rape them because one child was a boy, and the other little girl was his favorite daughter. The little girl didn't know her father would creep into a room late at night while she was fast asleep, so she didn't have any stories to tell about her father sexually abusing her. She had no reason to be afraid of him.

He thought hard about the girls living with their grandparents and how he issued threats, but the girls still exposed him to the family regarding their sexual abuse. Rage and anger filled his heart, but he couldn't take it out on the oldest children. The only person he knew to extract his frustration on was his wife. She believed them more than she believed him, and she left them at their grandparents' house to prove she did. He couldn't settle down knowing he had no one to rape or molest in the house anymore due to his wife believing the girls over him.

Angrily, he dropped the children off at his aunt's house and left them to go to his wife's workplace. Under the influence of alcohol and cocaine, fueling his rage, he demanded my grandmother come from the back of the mill and see him. Thinking something could be wrong, she met him inside the lobby where he proceeded to yell at her and embarrass her in front of her co-workers. They had no clue he was being accused of raping his daughters until he confronted his wife, on the accusations, while at the job.

Before being asked to leave, he instantaneously hit my grandmother and beat her continuously in front of everyone of their co-workers. He kept hitting her until some of the male workers, from the mill, stepped in the fight to pull him off his wife. She was bleeding badly, and they couldn't understand why he would continue to beat her after seeing her like that unless he was used to beating her, until she bled, often within the home.

With all the commotion being heard by the supervisor, he fired them both and sent them both home. My grandmother asked him why he came and physically abused her at work like that, but his response was not the real reason he came to the job. He said someone told him she was cheating on him with a guy at work and his jealousy got the better of him because he was in love with her.

Oddly enough, she forgave him and reassured him she would never leave him or cheat on him because she loved him most of all. To further reassure him, she got inside the shower, cleaned up and made love to him while they had the house all to themselves. She truly didn't recognize his plan of manipulation worked as he planned. He was a perfectionist when it came to controlling the mindset of people, especially her. Getting fired wasn't part of the plan but everything else worked in his favor and he wasn't done scheming quite yet.

Heading 10

The younger two children living with my grandmother were without protection because the older two remained in the house with their grandparents. Anytime my grandmother's husband physically abused her, the children would run away from home to a family member's house, while the fight ensued at their house. My grandmother would leave the house on the weekends just to avoid fights with her husband. No one felt safe without the girls there because he kept some good days in his pocket to keep my grandmother and the girls around. Now that the girls were gone, he could be himself and let out his frustration on my grandmother, in the form of a brutal beating.

He blamed her for the absence of his oldest daughter and stepdaughter. My grandmother allowed them to live with their grandparents and to him, her defiance was a total betrayal. In her heart, she knew why he was truly mad, but she couldn't accept the fact that her husband wanted her daughters at the house more than he cared about her being there. She was expecting their marriage to regain strength and love while the girls were gone yet things were the total opposite.

When school started back, my mom decided to live with her grandmother permanently while her oldest sister went back home to live with their mother, father, and siblings. Her life was better with her grandmother, and she enjoyed being there without worrying about being sexually abused. Her mind was at ease knowing her grandmother would watch over her and take care of her even though her mom lived a couple of blocks up the street.

A few months later, my grandmother found out she was expecting another baby. She didn't want to tell her husband, but she knew she had too eventually. Withholding the pregnancy from her husband until she started showing her baby bump, her secret was exposed, and she had to tell him about the baby. Gaining weight was not a lie she could've gotten away with because her husband didn't allow her to be bigger than the size, he liked on her. Any size over 200 pounds would have to be explained and with the knowledge of weight gain during a pregnancy, she was only going to get bigger.

Influencing him to have a quiet night, while the children were at their grandparents' house for a sleepover, she made a nice dinner. As they talked at the dinner table, she slid an ultrasound to him and announced her pregnancy. She didn't know what to expect from him because he had voiced before that he didn't want anymore children and for her to be pregnant might cause him to leave her and live his life in the arms of another woman.

Looking at the ultrasound then looking back up at his wife, he denied the baby being his as he threw the ultrasound to the floor. My grandmother was in complete shock and tried to explain to him that he was the only man she has been with. He called her a lying whore and rose up from the table. My grandmother rose from her chair as she watched her husband walk towards her enraged and bracing herself for the worst.

Accusing my grandmother of adultery, he snatched my grandmother by the arm and pressed her head to the dining room table. He demanded that she tell him who the baby belonged to because he was not the father. My grandmother, with tears rolling into the tabletop, swore she had been with no other man but him. She struggled to get up, but he pushed her head even harder to the table and continued to demand his wife to provide him with the name of the child's father.

My grandmother didn't have a name to give him, so he let her get up and he went into the kitchen to grab a knife. His wife tried to run but he caught her and pushed her down on the couch. He sat on top of her, putting the knife to her throat and demanded the name of the child's father once again. She stayed silent. He pressed the knife to her belly and threatened to slice open her stomach to kill the baby. Again, my grandmother remained silent and cried from the thought of him cutting her stomach open.

He pressed deeper and my grandmother became even more convinced he would cut her so she spoke up in hopes he wouldn't kill her or the baby. His ears were listening for another man's name, but she could only give him the true and rightful name of the father. She spoke his name, the name of her husband and the father of all of her children except the second born daughter.

Angry and intoxicated, he beat my grandmother for being pregnant again. She screamed and folded up to keep him from harming the baby. Her husband kicked her in the stomach and punched her repeatedly so he would be sure she would miscarry. He didn't want any more children he told her, and he believed she cheated on him no matter what she said, lashing out at her until he was tired from yelling so loudly.

The neighbors came to her house and banged on the door, but the door was unlocked. Entering into the home, they stepped on broken glasses and stepped over broken picture frames. The house was dark, but they called out to my grandmother in hopes she was alive and could answer back to them. They feared the worst because this fight was worse than they had ever heard before. My grandmother screaming don't kill me please scared them and they knew they needed to come help her immediately.

Beaten and bleeding severely, they found my grandmother on the couch in the living room, barely breathing. They picked her up and rushed her to the hospital. On the way there, her neighbors encouraged her to fight for her life. They meant for her to fight for her life expectancy and to hold on until they reached the hospital. Her neighbors were also friends who didn't want to see my grandmother beaten up. They wanted the best for her life, and they were sure one day he was going to accidentally kill her. To prevent her murder, they instructed her to remove her and her children from the home for good.

My grandmother and the baby were thoroughly examined at the hospital for several hours, but they kept my grandmother overnight for observation. The next day, she was given a clean bill of health and my pregnant grandmother returned home from the hospital. Her neighbors welcomed her home by having food already prepared, waiting on her so she could relax and heal from the trauma she went through. They kept her company and gave her anything she needed to ensure themselves of her comfort.

After a few hours went by, my grandmother noticed her husband hadn't come home. She asked one of her friends if they knew where he was. Her friend informed her about her husband going to jail for beating her when she was admitted into the hospital. They assured her, she would be well taken care of while he was away and encouraged her to get some rest for the baby's sake. Her friend didn't want her upset but wanted her to enjoy the peace she'll have knowing he could do her no harm.

My mother and the rest of the children came home to help their mother heal comfortably. They didn't want her to be alone and they wanted her to rest as much as possible until she was better. The children found out she was expecting another baby and they were happy to welcome the new baby into the family, but they were also worried about their father harming the baby. They knew their baby brother or sister was coming into an unstable household, but they prayed their mother wouldn't allow her husband to come back home after this time.

For a few months, everyday was great. My grandmother healed and all the children were happy. The new baby was days from being born and the preparation started to show in everyone. They spring cleaned the house and made sure their mother would have everything she needed to take care of the baby. The children were all old enough to take care of themselves for a few days, but the oldest two girls would be there to babysit.

Bringing home, a baby girl, the following week, my grandmother came home to see her husband was home from jail and the children were extremely nervous. She didn't know what to say or do as she walked into the house holding the baby, bundled tightly in her arms. He had walked in the door and an hour before their mother walked through the door.

He walked towards her and reached for the baby as he kissed his wife hello. She returned a reluctant kiss back and placed the baby in his arms. Her hands were full of baby stuff, but she put them down on the floor. Walking around him, she looked at her children to see if anything was out of place on them. Once she could see they were fine, she allowed them to get up and welcome their baby sister home while she went into the bedroom to put her hospital bag down.

My grandmother met the family in the living room while everyone visited with the baby. Her baby sister wasn't enough to keep my mother home with the rest of the family. Once she visited with the baby, she went back to her grandmother's house and discussed everything that happened at her mother's house. Talking about the baby, she voiced her concerns along with how she and the other children thought the baby was beautiful.

My mother went to her mother's house only when her mother was home. She knew her stepfather's work schedule and she planned her visitation accordingly. Her mother was always happy to see her come home and hoped she would one day return to stay in the house with everyone else. Considering the reason why she left home, her hopes were in vain, and she understood the way my mother felt. My grandmother wasn't going to make her come home if my mother felt unsafe around her husband.

He still had his sights on a daughter in the house. My grandmother could watch him, trying to prevent him from molesting and raping her children but he was a manipulative man. He would wait until she was feeding the baby and leave the room, because my grandmother was busy, pretending as if he was going outside. Then he would ease himself in his daughter's room and molest her. Or waiting until my grandmother was too tired from caring for the baby all day to make his move in the middle of the night.

The baby was too young to talk. Molesting her became his way of keeping himself from exposure. He could do whatever he wanted to her, and no one would ever find out. My grandmother didn't expect him to continue to sexually abuse any of the children after she found out everything. She was sure he didn't want to go back to jail yet he continuously physically abused her anytime he felt the need to because she wouldn't call the police to have him arrested.

Most of my family couldn't understand the concept of my grandmother's lifestyle. She disappointed everyone's expectations of her life's possibilities. Her mother wouldn't have imagined her living, for so many years, the same lifestyle she lived with her father. My great grandmother tried lecturing her on how to live better for the sake of her children and to have her daughters feel safe in the house they live in. She wanted her to survive being physically abused and overcome the psychological effects being beaten could have on a woman.

Also, the lectures went into her interpretation of what a life for herself is supposed to consist of. My great grandmother explained to my grandmother that a man is supposed to be kind to his wife, love his wife, protect his wife, protect his children, provide for his family, and be committed to his family. All of these characteristics did not describe the husband my grandmother lived with at home. She knew her mother was right, and she knew she deserved better for her and her beautiful children.

My grandmother underestimated the audacity of her husband. Some days she saw so much potential in him but most days she could agree with family and friends on their opinion of her leaving him to build a better future for her children. There was nothing positive about being in a marriage with a man who made her life a living hell for so long. In many ways, she felt she deserved everything he put her through and in other ways she knew her children didn't deserve to live in a house with the man she married.

She was afraid to leave and have a normal life. Her primary focus should have been on raising her children the way she knew they should be raised but she couldn't leave him. His lifestyle wasn't fit for a family, yet she compromised her family every day. All the drug use and alcohol abuse he struggled with put her and the children in dangerous situations. She never knew when he became irrational and lost control of his psychotic rages.

In order to deal with him and everything around her, she started consuming alcohol and smoking cigarettes. Having this in common with him made life a little easier. She could drink and party with him on the weekends to cope with not having a good relationship without doing something he liked to do. The alcohol made everything easier for her to forget what kind of man he usually was and made the beatings hurt less. She could sleep better at night without overthinking her bad decisions every night.

Whenever he would go out to the clubs, she would join him, and they would drink heavily. Their oldest daughter was made to babysit while they were enjoying the night out. The thrill of those nights mostly ended with him fighting my grandmother over some man talking to her at the bar, looking at her, her behavior or dancing in the bar and his jealous insecurities. He didn't like to see her having a good time around people unless he was in the center of making her time enjoyable.

Eventually, she stopped wanting to go to the bars with him and decided to stay at home with her children. The beatings were happening every weekend they would go to the bar together and she thought if she stayed home, she wouldn't anger him so often. She would buy her liquor from the store and get intoxicated at home, attempting to fall asleep by the time he arrived at the house.

His cocaine use would keep him awake even if she was asleep and he would come home to rape her most of the time. Usually, he would cheat with any woman who would befriend him but when he couldn't find a woman to sleep with, his wife would become a target. His children were also a target. In his mind, he could do have sex with his choosing, including his own children and he was fine with the lifestyle he lived. No matter what he did to anyone, he was in full control and the power aroused him. He was unstoppable.

Heading 11

Seventeen years since my mother's birth and she was about to begin a life of her own. Her life with her grandmother, for the last year, brought her to a place where she could step out into womanhood and find out what kind of hand life would deal her. She could make her own way, different from the life her mother gave her, living with her stepfather. Internally, she planned her life for the better and she would never allow a man to own her as her mother did.

My mother dated her first boyfriend, and the relationship was hot before she could have time to explore other possibilities. Her boyfriend was medium height and dark skinned. Although she wanted better for herself, she fell in love with the same type of character flaws her mother's husband possessed. He smoked, drank liquor, he ran with a rough crowd of aggressive family members and could be verbally abusive at times. Contrary to her stepfather, he would protect her from anyone, and he treated her better than her mother's husband did.

Not quite the catch but she was in love with him. Nearly 2 months into the relationship, she became pregnant with her first child and moved into a house with her boyfriend. She was very scared to tell anyone so she kept her pregnancy a secret until she could no longer hide her growing belly. The response she received wasn't the response she expected. Her mother, who was already a grandmother by the first daughter, and my mom’s boyfriend were fine with the pregnancy.

Even though my mother didn't have a good paying job at this time, she was still involved in school and getting ready for graduation. She worked a few odd and end jobs to provide for herself, but her boyfriend was the primary income source. He paid the bills, and she was content in her own home, satisfied with being away from the harm of her stepfather. She hoped they would have success in their relationship for the sake of never living in the same house with her mother again.

They were always seen together at any event and spent all their spare time with one another, especially while my mother was pregnant. He introduced her to his family, and they appeared to be a happy couple. His family welcomed her as a part of their family and they all blended together perfectly. His family reminded her of her own family, and she felt right at home with them at family gatherings.

At the end of November, she went into labor. Scared, she went to her mother's house in search of security and help on how to deliver her baby. Her mother called the midwife and they waited on her arrival as my mother went through horrible labor pains. Every mother is scared to have their first child and my mother was different. She didn't know how badly having a baby would hurt and the pains made her think twice about conceiving another child.

Suddenly the contractions came closer, and the midwife had not yet arrived. My mother told my grandmother she felt like she had to use the bathroom as she made herself comfortable on the floor. She pulled down her pants so my grandmother could see if the baby was coming out before the midwife could get there. My grandmother didn't know anything about delivering a baby. She only knew, by her own experience, what it was like to have a child.

The baby was coming, whether the midwife was there or not, and all my mom could do was push. She pushed as hard as she could to get the baby's head out first and the crown of the baby's head appeared. My grandmother comforted her as my mother, exhaustedly, took a break from pushing. Her mother wiped the sweat from her forehead and rubbed her hands as she periodically caressed her stomach.

Arriving just in time, the midwife came into the front door and helped my mother complete the delivery of her first child. My mother was tired but with her mighty strength, she gave birth to a baby boy. The midwife cut the cord and placed the crying baby in my mother's arms as she cleaned the afterbirth. My grandmother, lending a helping hand, brought towels and water aid in the clean-up of her grandson. They were all overjoyed to see my mother holding a healthy baby boy and they marveled at him as they exhaled a sigh of relief.

Until my mother healed properly, she stayed a few nights with her mother before returning to her own home. Her boyfriend, since the day the baby was born, visited her and the baby while she was staying with her mother. He was glad to finally bring her and his son home to be with him. Together, they started a new life as parents, and they subjectively grew into the routine of caring for a newborn child.

During the first couple of months, my mother noticed her boyfriend's drinking had increased tremendously and he was becoming more absent from the home they were building. He liked to be with his friends at the bars more rather than being a good father to his son. She was in love with him and didn't want to return home, so she started to go out with him to the bar. Leaving the baby boy with his father's family members, they frequented the party scene together.

My mother wasn't a drinker or smoker, but she enjoyed laughing and gathering with his family. Sometimes her sisters would come along, and they would all socialize with each other in bliss. They would try to influence my mother to drink but she would only drink a wine cooler socially. Alcoholism and drug abuse were addictive, so she wanted no part in becoming what she's seen those types of people be when they are under the influence. She had a child to raise, and she wanted to keep a clear mindset to always care for the child.

The more her boyfriend drank, the worse he became as a person. He liked to fight and one day he was drunk enough to fight with her. She doubted she'd see a day when he hit her, but that day happened. Her love for him stopped her from calling the police and sending her son's father to jail, yet she left him because she didn't want to live the lifestyle her mother did, no matter how happy they were together.

She moved in with her mother and a day later, she found out her ex-boyfriend got into a fight. He went to jail and his sentence would keep him there for a couple of years. They lost their home and now she had no choice but to live with her mother. She was overwhelmed with grief, knowing she had to watch herself around her mother's husband, unknowing if he would attempt to rape her again. Her boyfriend was no longer around to threaten her stepfather about raping her and she had to protect herself from the evil acts of his.

Finishing High School, she was home alone with her son while the other children went to school. Her older sister had already left home and created a life with her husband and two children, but she was the only child, of her mother's, at the house. Some days she spent time with her grandmother, laughing and reminiscing about the good old days while her son crawled around the house. On other days, she would be alone in her mother's house while her stepfather desirably watched her,

As she lay in the bed, taking a nap with her son, her stepfather sat in the living room and intoxicated himself with liquor. His cocaine use was more out of control than she had previously remembered, and he was sniffing cocaine on a daily basis. He was more open with his drug use as well and would sit in the living room, getting high in front of anyone he wanted to.

In the drug and alcohol induced state he was in; he couldn't control his fetish with my mother. He crept into the room with her, while she slept and attempted to rape her. She pretended to be sleeping as she pinched the baby softly, in hopes the baby's cries would alarm him enough and he would run away like the coward he truly was. Her plan worked like a charm of good luck, and he crept back out of the room. She spared herself from the rapist's grasps from being raped while he thought she was asleep.

She didn't feel safe at the house while he was there, and her instincts proved to be correct. Her sanity depended on removing her and her son from the toxicity of her mother's house. Hostility against him grew inside of her like a black mold and she wanted to do anything she could to keep herself safe. Once she realized the crying baby plan worked, she used it to defend herself from him on the nights he tried to enter her room and rape her.

Applying for a low-income apartment, in a housing project, she was fortunate enough to sustain her own apartment. She immediately moved out of her mother's house, into a house of her own, and lived in peace with her son. One of her ex-boyfriend's sisters remained in a close relationship with my mother and visited her nephew often. She helped my mom furnish her home and brought her two sons to play with their cousin. My mother was finally in a space of happiness, and she wasn't worrying over anything. She felt secure and self-reliant, only focusing on the perfect peace she had found.

My grandmother would come visit with her and bring her siblings but her absence from her husband would cause her to be physically abused because of his jealousy, pertaining to her whereabouts. She wouldn't visit often but my mother would go check on her as long as she was at home, which was only on her days off from work. Her fear of the youngest sister being abused drew her to my grandmother's house, often allowing her sister to spend nights at the new apartment.

The escape my mother provided for her sister was appreciated. In the midst of a fight between her mother and father, my aunt stepped in to help her mother but was struck in the head by her father, with a beer bottle. Bleeding immensely, she was taken to the local hospital and had her head stitched up by the physician on call. My grandmother brought my auntie back into the home, to live, with a man who had total disregard for her safety and well-being.

From that day forward, my mother didn't trust the decisions of my grandmother, even more. She considered her little sister to be in harm's way and the love she felt for her sister couldn't allow her to be beaten by her father, not in this manner. Their mother wasn't reliable enough to secure a safer environment for her children, even after all these years. My mother knew, as a mature adult, certain positive changes had to be in effect, in order to protect the livelihood of a child and as long as her sister was in her care, she knew she would be well taken care of.

My grandfather's son also came to my mother's house to visit. Even though they were raised by two different mothers', the women would often plan play dates for the children, in hopes they would get to one another and become great companions once they were adults. They were close in age, with my mother being the oldest of the two. He made sure to keep a watchful eye on her well-being and she did the same in return. They loved each other wholeheartedly and always maintained a close bond.

She used a village to help raise her son. For years, she lived a single lifestyle. Many guys would ask my mother to go on dates or be in a relationship with them, but she wasn't quite ready to settle down. Some of those men wouldn't take no for an answer. They would try to force themselves on her and flashbacks of her stepfather's sexual abuse would cause her to react violently, fighting them off. She would scratch their faces until they bleed but the last guy she scratched, angrily bit her nails off in retaliation for scarring him.

My mother didn't want to have a relationship with any man who proved himself to have any of the character and personality traits of her stepfather or her child's father. She refused to date them once they portrayed signs of any of the men she's been exposed to and every man who approached her, didn't meet her standards of approval. Her mind was made up and she wasn't settling for anything less than what she perceived as a man worthy of her companionship.

Considering the circumstances, she spent her first four years single-handedly raising her son. He showed signs of behavior problems at an early age and her primary focus was to train him to act as a young boy should. She took him to be examined by a specialist and they diagnosed him with behavioral and some psychological disorders. His mental instabilities were not something she could control without medication, but she refused to subject him to the side effects produced by medicine.

She dealt with him, the way he was, as best as she knew how, and the task was difficult. Teaching him to read and write wasn't easy for her. Sacrificing her availability for love and opportunities as a success in the workforce, she dedicated herself to preparing him for his future. She enrolled him in school and provided him with the opportunity to prove he could excel like the normal children in a regular classroom setting.

He passed from grade to grade by applying as much of himself as he could, and my mother was proud of his ambition. Although his grades were low, he managed to elevate to the next grade level, but my mother could still see the trouble in him. She would get phone calls from his teachers complaining of his behavior and lack of participation in class assignments. He got into many fights with other students and was a troublemaker who disrupted the class every day.

Shortly after reaching her breaking point with him and his father's routine incarcerations, my mother accepted her first date. She tried to introduce a positive father figure into his life. He needed a male role model and she needed help keeping him on track by disciplinary measures at times she was feeling overwhelmed with his behavioral issues. She believed her new lover would be the best man to have in the household because he was different from any man she'd met in an exceedingly long time.

After a night out with her friends and being introduced to her newly discovered lover, she began a relationship with him. Allowing him to come over, she spent much needed time on her dating life and minimized her role in motherhood. Her son had been the center of her attention for the last six years and she was more than happy to welcome a cool breath of fresh air. He was an alternative to the lifestyle she had been living and a change in her family dynamic was needed at a pivotal point in daily life.

Although the man was short in stature, wore glasses, smoked marijuana, and drank, he was a calm and hard-working male figure. He was smart and graduated from high school just as she had. She could sense his character and personality were unique in many ways, far from the man her mom married or her son's father. He wasn't aggressive, he hadn't been incarcerated and he was very well dressed every time she saw him. She saw him as a provider, and she knew her family would love him. The way he interacted with her son was even more appealing. She loved everything about him and she, for once in her life, was sure she had captured the man of her dreams.

Heading 12

Reconstructing her life, my mother moved her new boyfriend into her home because she was pregnant with his child. The happy couple started a new life together as they made preparations for the new baby. Living in a 2-bedroom apartment, they made the best of the space they had and decorated their bedroom to accommodate the newborn. She told her son about the new baby and in a motherly fashion, allowed him to make his own preparations, as a big brother, of the new baby. He had to come to terms with not being the only child and allow himself to be taught how to help take care of the baby.

In the month of December, my mother went into labor, and I was born into a world where everything looked to be safe in the arms of my parents. They were smiling down at me as they proudly held me, and I looked around into my new universe. Starting out, all I could do was be a baby and live in a world of carelessness. My perspective of the world was far from the truth of the real world outside my mother's embrace. The world they knew was full of secrets, lies, pain, predators, abuse, and every other form of human destruction.

Even though they knew the world, they conceived another child the following year. She was born in February and now I am a big sister. My job was to do everything in my power to keep her protected and out of the same grasps my parents vowed to keep me safe from. Being we are a year apart and in our toddler years, we both wouldn't find out how important my job as a big sister really was until we were in elementary school.

The apartment was too crowded, and my parents decided we needed a bigger place for all of us to live in comfortably but before they chose the perfect house for us, my parents married each other. They conjoined the families, and everyone loved and accepted one another with warm hearts of love. Even my brother's aunt, whom my mom remained close with, after his father went to prison, befriended my mom's new husband. My grandmother was proud of my mom for picking a better man than she had, and my father's mother was just as happy.

We lived in the apartment until I was four years of age. My mom and dad had finally saved up enough money to buy some land in the country. He bought a 3 bedroom, double-wide trailer to put on the country land in Alabama. The move from Florida to Alabama suited my dad's wife just fine because she loved the new home and the excitement of rejuvenating her life from only 20 minutes from the town, she's called home her entire life.

Four years before my mother married my father, my grandmother separated from her husband. After years of abuse against her and her children, she moved into another home after her children were adults. Her husband moved into a house with his Mistress where he spent most of time, the last couple of years of his marriage with my grandmother. He left her but he would still visit his wife from time to time, riding by her house and continuing to keep her on the bottom of his boot.

Once my mother and father moved us into our new home, I was only there a week before my mom dropped me off at my grandmother's house. I was in elementary school in Florida and my siblings started school in Alabama once my mom moved. Fortunately, I didn't get a chance to meet or have any abusive situations come with my grandmother's husband because only my uncle lived in the house with my grandmother. There were no fears for me to have. No sorrows or worries for me to stress over.

My grandmother and my father worked at the same company but different shifts. My dad worked the day shift, and my grandmother worked the night shift. Every Friday at 6pm, my grandmother would take me to the company and make the exchange from her to my father. I would get to come home and see my family, play with my sister, and spend the weekend enjoying the country air of Alabama.

Those weekends were everything to me and I lived the country life like I've lived for the outdoors my entire life. I ran across the land my father bought and watched the cows, across the street from our house, swat the flies away from their bodies. The horses in the field next door to us ate the sweet grass growing in the pasture and to the left of us, only the neighbors' cornfield separated us from their house in front of the main highway.

For the next year, I lived with my grandmother and went to school in Florida. She spoiled me, buying anything I wanted and doing anything I wanted to do. My grandmother spent so much time with me and showing me how to fish was the best part of our quality time together. Some family members claimed she was raising me differently from the way she raised her children but the grandmother she was to me was the only person I knew her to be, and I loved every minute of being with her.

The school year ended, along with summer and I moved in with my mother to start school in Alabama. I wasn't too happy about leaving my grandmother's house but at age five and half, I had no choice but to do as my parents wanted. They expected me to come live with them and my siblings, as a family once I finished kindergarten. No one planned for me to live with my grandmother permanently but me and my friends in Florida.

First grade was going great, and I was excelling in school. Being rewarded with high grade point averages and first place prizes for reading excellence was more than an incentive for me to forget about school in Florida. I began to make plenty of new friends and developed a habit for making my parents proud of progressiveness. The change seemed to coincide with me and my behavior. I was short and light skinned, with a decent attitude, good enough for the students to gravitate towards me. I prided myself on being the most intelligent person I knew, and I was intrigued in the high regard everyone showed me.

My home changed after a couple of months after me moving in with my parents. As good as school was going, I came home on a typical Friday evening and played with my sister as I usually would. Once my dad came home from work, he and my mom started to get dressed to go out with some friends. I hoped to be dropped off with my grandmother, but she was working so I had to go with my mother to her friend's house until she came back to get us.

Her friend had boys only. My sister and I were the only girls there. My brother had boys his age to play with so me and my sister played with one another. All the boys were over the age of 13, except for one who was my age. They were my brother's first cousins because his father was different from the father my sister and I shared but their interaction with us was no different. My sister and I were treated like family as well.

The night was going great. We played video games and ate snacks. We got to stay up late and watch scary movies before we went to bed. My sister and I were asleep in the boys' room when suddenly I heard the door creak open. I wiped my eyes and looked up to see my brother standing over me. He got in the bed with me and put his hands down my clothes as he kissed me. Pushing him away, he became more aggressive, and held me down as he molested me.

Then he proceeded to pull down his clothes and sodomize me. I had never been through anything more traumatic in my lifetime. The pain I felt was like no other pain I had ever been through. He didn't seem to be feeling the way I was feeling. As I cried, he got up and left the room as if nothing happened. The floorboards were creaking as he walked away and when I heard him get back to the older boy's room, I snuck into the bathroom, where I could be alone. I sat on the toilet and listened to the night as I sobbed in pain. I could hear a porn flick being played on the television and realized where he got the idea to do such horrible things to me.

Hoping my parents would come back soon, I crept back into the bed and waited silently while the boys laughed, discussing the adult video they were watching. I turned over to deafen my ears to the sounds of the television and stared at the wall in front of me. Dozing off, I tried to hold my eyes open, but I fell asleep before my parents returned because my eyes were heavy from crying.

When I woke up, the morning sun shined through the window of the bedroom we were sleeping in. I jumped up and ran to find my parents, who were already up in the kitchen, awaiting breakfast. They asked if I was hungry and told me to wash up for breakfast. On my way to the bathroom, my brother stopped me and demanded that I didn't tell our parents what happened while they were gone, or he would hurt me. My brother was bigger and stronger than I was, and I believed he would do exactly what he said.

After breakfast, we got in the car and made our journey from Florida back to Alabama, which was only a fifteen-minute drive. I was silent on the ride home, unable to look at my brother and I stared out the car window as my dad drove to our home. My silence was unusual, but no one asked me why I was so quiet, everyone's interpretation of my silence with blatancy and didn't question it for the entire time we were in the car.

Experiencing a traumatic sexual abuse as I had changed my attitude for the worse. I was angry and didn't want to be around anyone but my sister. My grades at school remained the same but my attitude towards people changed, making me unpleasant to be around other students. I started to get in trouble at school more often and my fear of going home from school, for the weekend, became overwhelming inside my mind. The dread of going home on Friday evenings made a place in my life and I chose to remain there for years to come.

My parents liked to enjoy the weekends and I was well aware of the danger I would be exposed to while they were gone. There was no way to avoid the horrific sexual abuse I was facing in the absence of my parents' care. I could beg my parents to stay home or hide all night long and still couldn't escape the predator living inside the house among us. He had violent outbursts and my parents didn't know how to handle his behavioral problems. Their lack of discipline designed a problematic teenager who wasn't scared of consequences because he rarely was punished for any of his wrongdoings.

Because my brother was not the son of my father, my mom felt my father's disciplinary actions were geared towards favoritism and not in the best interest of her son's improvement. My father only wanted to prepare my brother to be the best young man he could be and to teach him how to achieve his highest potentials, especially in school curriculum. My brother wasn't concerned with my parents' expectations of him. His main goal in life, at the time, was to defeat his opponents, whether it be in video games or fighting them. He was overly aggressive toward people, and he was well known in school for fighting anyone who bothered him.

My sister was quiet, bashful, and mostly kept to herself. She had a few friends at school and her grades were good. I helped my sister study, to keep her grades up and if anyone mistreated her, I was always there to fight her battles. With the anger building inside of me, with every encounter of being sexually abused, I fought my peers and had more aggression to spare on her peers too. My overprotectiveness manifested itself and I wouldn't allow anyone to fight my sister because my love for her made me protect myself from anyone who set out to harm her. All she had to do was point me in the right direction of her assailant and I was there to unleash the rage built-up inside of me, on anyone.

My sister and I were remarkably close, yet I still couldn't tell her what I was going through with our brother. I believed if I kept quiet about the sexual abuse, she would be safe, and no one would choose her. For a seven-year-old, I endured a lot of pain to keep my sister as innocent and pain free as she could be. We were raised to look out for one another and never allow anyone to harm the other. My parents could tell I was well capable of taking care of myself and my sister so they didn't worry about my safety as much as they should have.

Sexual abuse was the last thing my parents thought they would have to be concerned about in our home. They knew I would tell them if anyone hurt me or my sister in that way. By me not saying anything about what my brother was doing, they believed everything was simply fine inside our home and that my brother was capable, by his age, of looking after his younger sisters. They never would've expected him to abuse us in any type of fashion and they trusted him to make the right decisions while they were away.

To make sure there weren't any problems, my parents would typically send us to bed when they were going out on the weekends. My dad's brothers and sisters came to our house and partied, just as well as my mom's side of the family would come from Florida to party or spend the weekend with us. Whether we had a cookout, or the grown-ups went out, both sides of the family always got together to have an enjoyable time.

My good times depended on the simple choice of my parents to go out and party, leaving my brother to watch us or if we went to Florida for someone else to babysit us all. Their choice to go out and leave my brother to babysit his sisters always ended in a disturbing night of sexual abuse for me. I feared bedtime because of him, and it didn't matter if I were asleep or awake, expectedly he would come into my room to get me. He was the monster I feared at night while other children were afraid of the monsters they watched in movies.

Many nights, I wished to be in my bedroom my grandmother had for me at her house. I was much safer there and I had never been through anything like I experienced at the home of my parents. I missed my grandmother and the supervision she applied to my life with her. My parents would have protected me if they knew I was being molested and raped inside the home but living with my grandmother, I didn't have to be afraid of being sodomized.

Better days were on the horizon. I was getting tired of hiding my pain. The shame was equally tiring, and I just wanted everything to be over. I put my fears to the side and finally agreed with myself to tell my mother everything. My attempt to wait for the perfect time was in vain once my mother caught him molesting me. I was relieved that she did. He thought my mother was too busy to notice we were missing, and he couldn't wait until Friday night.

Thinking my prayers were answered, I told everything, yet nothing happened to him, other than getting a beating from my father. In return, I could expect to get the same beating, from my brother, for telling my truth. Unfortunately, my mom told me if it happens again don't tell your father and what happens in this house stays in this house. From this day forward, I thought better days were coming but I was wrong. The worst days of my life had just begun to unravel.

Heading 13

Throughout my childhood, I was beaten and raped repeatedly by my brother until he went to jail. The moment I thought I would be safe and in the clear of any sexual predators, the realization that predators were everywhere around me, caught my full attention when my uncle sodomized and molested me at the age of twelve. His timing couldn't have come at a more damaging place in my life. The scab my brother left over a healing wound was reopened and the site of the sore bled even worse than before.

The method he used was different from my brother's. He was not aggressive with his approach, and I was confused. We had conversations about my past with my brother and he convinced me of his worth of my trust. Beyond the point of no return, he used me and manipulated me in ways only a person with expertise could disfigure. A child, such as I, could never understand the complexity of his manipulation enough to save themselves from his sexual abuse. He was a professional at infiltrating the minds of those who were vulnerable and used his wit to outsmart the wisest of people.

I grew up fast and I was a swift learner. Everything was interesting to me. People would complement me on my knowledge of many different things and admire my wisdom. I thought every situation and problem out to the furthest extent, making sure I was careful in my decision-making. My school grades proved I was well beyond my years and my systematic ways of doing things, created a person of excellent magnitudes, unrealistic to some people. Most people couldn't Pierce my intellect and persuade me to do anything I didn't want to do or something I haven't thought completely through.

No amount of strength could fold me, and I adapted to life as the earth rotated on its axle every day. Thirteen years in the world and I was already the brightest star shining. My potential to be someone great was upon me and I directed the path my life would take. I never thought of the twists and turns of the road I was guiding myself down. To me and everyone around me, I had a perfect road map for my future.

Turmoil followed me closely on my road to success and tribulations waited in the darkness to steer me off my lighted pathway. I went through years of sexual abuse with my uncle. He was the turmoil, lurking behind every progressive turn I made for myself. Preparations for my life were ultimately in his hands because I was too young to understand his wisdom. He had lived 32 years before I was born and no matter how much knowledge I possessed; he was always one step ahead of me.

He changed my plans for the future when he statutorily raped and conceived a child with me. As a fourteen-year-old girl with all promising potential in the world, he chose to shatter my dreams with his selfish act of inconsideration. A 46-year-old man should have never had the chance to impregnate me and have me bear his first child or my first child, at the early age I was. I had no plans of becoming a mother and raising a child. He disregarded everything I worked so hard to secure for my adult life. I didn't get the chance to choose the father of my children or choose not to have any at all and he rejoiced in the disruption he implemented into my life.

Imperatively and with self-motivation, I surpassed the trials of my teenage years. After being raped and bearing the product of my rapist, I swore my success would solely depend upon myself encouragement. The mental and emotional damage I suffered was worse than the physical pain inflicted by any of my rapists. I was relentless in my strive for a great future and I, even with a child, was not giving up the fight.

During high school, I was repetitiously being raped by my uncle every single day. My uncle, no matter where or how he had to abduct me, would find me, and pick me up. He didn't think about the confusion he would cause when my parents couldn't find me, nor did he regret taking me to a hotel room to rape me. Nobody would be suspicious of him taking me anywhere because he was a part of the family.

Capturing me Away from my home was easier for him to take me without having to give an explanation of why, when or where he was taking me. He would show up at the end of my band practices, after school events or plays, Friday night football games, while I was alone at my grandparents' house and even just simply walking down the street just to transport me to any secret location he desired.

His lack of observation of how much time he spent away with me showed his disregard for how anyone else felt but himself. He would molest and rape me for hours, without caring about who gets mad or who starts wondering where I might be, especially my mom. In his mind he knew he had manipulated her very well, even more than his brainwashing I was subjected to. He promised my mother our relationship was a basic relationship between an uncle and a niece so there was no need for her to.

Submitting to his every command, I allowed myself to be swallowed in my entirety, as a snake devoured its prey whole. The snake I encountered had two legs and walked upright. He sunk his teeth in me and dispensed a poisonous venom, enough to kill thousands of women who didn't have the strength to survive an outrageously painful bite like the one he injected. My uncle had me exactly where he wanted me, vulnerable with a child by him and ultimately defenseless against my will.

My uncle knew I had no one to tell, no one to help me, no one to protect me and no one to rely on for support to fight for justice against him. Taking full advantage of what he knew, he kept me subdued within his grasps. He could rape me for years, and he did, without no one to stop him. Having the type of power, he had over the situation left me out in the open so he could impregnate me with his second child. I couldn't escape him. I didn't see any way out and I settled with the outcome of everything he'd impose on my well-being.

Giving birth to another child slowed my progression and succumbed to the pressures of being a model parent. I thought back to the years my brother raped me and physically abused me. In retrospect, of the years before my uncle conceived any children with me, I knew I had to be a parent who watched her children like a hawk. I never wanted my children to be a part of a world filled with pedophiles, preying on young innocent girls.

Then I looked at the way I was sodomized by my uncle. The pain I felt, how I couldn't sit down on my bottom because my butt hurt or walking on my tiptoes to ease the pain from my rear end, I didn't want my children to know of it. Having my innocence stolen from me and feeling afraid for my safety, I didn't want my children to relate to the unrest of it. The anxiety and paranoia of not knowing when I was going to be sodomized by my rapist or where I would be when they decided to fulfill their sexual desires, guided me in my decision to keep a watchful eye upon my children. Their pain would be my torment and I wouldn't allow them to undergo anything I've endured as long as they were in my care.

My love for my children sustained me as I raised them throughout the first years and months of their lives. With a father like theirs, I had to be cautious of the time he spent with them. I chose to be around, when he interacted with them, to gratifyingly ease the tensions between him and me about whether he would rape them or be an awesome father towards them. I didn't want my children growing up without their father, especially if my paranoia of him raping them was the cause of them being fatherless. Thinking they would be rebellious teenagers and hate me for their lack of a father figure, persuaded me to give him a chance.

I remember when my mother and father divorced. They had to share custody of us and some days our mother wouldn't let us see our father because she was angry with him. My sister and I harnessed a resentment toward her for years and I didn't want my children to harness the same resentment toward me because I was unsure if their father was an incest rapist of his own children or not. The relationship I wanted with my children and lots of persuasive speeches from their father aided in my decision as well.

Choosing to be the best parent my children could ever ask for came with an expensive price tag and I would spend a lifetime paying the debt for my excessiveness. I was obsessed with shielding them from all the abuse I experienced within my years of living, I became blind to the same type of people I wanted to secure them from. Unfortunately, some of my life choices weren't the best and therefore I had to atone for them in an unimaginable way.

When I moved to California, I couldn't take my oldest child with me, unknowing what circumstances I would be facing. I left her with my mother until I could figure out what life had planned for me in an unfamiliar place. What I thought was best for my child ended up being one of the worst of my decision-making. Thinking she was safer with my mother, for a brief period of time, I moved to California to prepare a better life for her and to remove myself from the rope her father was hanging me with.

My mother moved my brother into the house with them, while I was away, and he violated her innocence by molesting her just like he molested me. He raped her just like he raped me, and he scarred her just like he scarred me. Helping himself to having his way with her, he was positive I wouldn't find out and if I ever found out, I wouldn't give him the consequences he deserved. He wasn't held accountable for the sexual abuse of his sister, his little sister, so why would me or my mother hold him accountable for sexually and emotionally abusing his niece.

Once I was aware of his actions toward my daughter, my eyes were open to the first type of people I should watch my children around. THE PEOPLE WHO ARE FAMILY. I had to watch for child rapists like my brother and people like my mother, who have been tortured so long without resolution, she could decide on the first place to start on the road to my daughter's healing in the aftermath. She should have taken her to a hospital, called to inform me of the situation and called the police to have him arrested for sexually abusing her granddaughter.

She didn't have to do the deed but when I found out everything, I came home to Florida to seek justice for my child. By winning the case and prosecuting her abuser, I proved to be the loving, caring, watchful, fighting and overly protective parent I wanted to provide for her. She deserves the type of mother I am to her, and I needed to show her she is worth every ounce of energy I use for her. No one will hurt you and not be punished severely for the harm they subject you to. In order for her to have the type of justice seeking mother I never had, I did something to support my objective so she knew her mother would always be there for her.

The second worst life choice I had to Atone for came at the expense of my youngest daughter. Giving their father the chance to set the example of father of the year, gave him opportunities to molest her just like he molested me, rape her just like he raped me and violating her innocence just like he violated me. The only thing he didn't do to our child was sodomize her like he did me. Helping himself to having his way with her, he was positive she would never tell because she was only 4 years old. The same age her older sister was when my brother raped her.

He was exposed by his daughter but before he was exposed, I saw signs of the same exact behaviors he exhibited towards me when he was raping me. I noticed he paid way more attention to her than he did to our oldest daughter. He bought our baby girl everything she asked for and yearned to be near to her every single day. His excessive desire to be around her and his aggression when he couldn't be around her set the scene for my suspicion.

Upon questioning our youngest daughter about his interaction with her, she informed me of the sexual abuse she was suffering by her own father's hand. She confirmed my thoughts of foul play and I immediately sprung into action by taking her to the doctor to have her evaluated. Along with the doctor's confirmation and the help of the failed lie detector test results from her father, I was able to seek justice for her rapist as well. The case was won, and her father was incarcerated.

Although psychologically my children were emotionally and mentally scarred, my youngest daughter was affected the worst. She went through stages of emotional breakdowns and unruly behavior while my oldest daughter suppressed her feelings until they came out in emotional outbursts. They both were damaged by these men, the same way their mother was damaged by them but all three of us were supportive of each other's healing until we all healed. Our bond, over our sexual traumas brought us close enough to comfort each other and from there the comfort of love that bonded us together was the glue to our healing process.

Neither of my children hate their abusers and they understand why they don't have those men in their lives today. Since they've grown up to be an adult and a middle-aged teenager, they accepted the gift of forgiveness. They're old enough to know they have to heal and move on, thanks to my motherly obsession to be the best parent they'll ever have. The resentment I thought I'd feel, for exiling these rapists out of their lives, is non-existent and our bond couldn't be any more loving, or any stronger.

Communication between us and years of respectfully cherishing one another has really made us build a relationship so special. I've relentlessly sought to keep our bond strong. Bitterness toward any of these sexual predators would only complicate our healing and we've refused to be defeated. We've come a long way from feeling broken. We will never get to that sad point in our lives again because we have conquered the hardest part of the healing.

We're leaning towards the future and talking about our revival of breaking a curse that's been plaguing our family for a long time. I have successfully broken the generational curse tearing at our family. My grandchildren will never know the feeling of being sexually abused and the oppression that comes along with being molested, raped or/and sodomized.

By teaching my children to watch out for warning signs in a certain kind of man, they are equipped with the tools necessary to prevent my grandchildren from being a part of the generational curse. Once we opened up a dialogue and we're able to discuss everything we've been feeling for days, I'm proud of the children I have brought up. Despite the odds, thriving is the number one priority and as long as we are thriving, everything will be a success story.

Heading 14

In the midst of everything I had going wrong in my life, my mother had yet to become the survivor she was meant to be. With all the strength my mother carried, her will to overcome her bad taste in men, had come full circle. She met a nice hard-working man in October, the year of 2003 that would change her life forever. A man, proving he could be the best man she ever had if she would give him a chance to be in her life.

My mother was intrigued by all the sweet things the man said and all the romantic things he did. He was winning her over quickly and she was ready to finally settle down after years of being alone. Her children were grown and had moved out. They were out making families of their own, well at least I was because my brother was in prison for raping my oldest daughter and my sister hadn't bore any children yet.

The first time I met the man, he was very drunk and aggressive with me. He wanted to argue or fight with me, but my mom wouldn't let him. At that point, I realized he was abusive and could possibly be physically abusive to my mother. I didn't like him from the day I met him because I sensed his nice demeanor had a more sinister personality, lurking in the shadows. His apology for getting aggressive with me made me even more suspicious.

As the months went by and after I gave birth to my 2nd daughter, my mom became more than absent from our lives. My instincts were telling me to find out why but every time I saw her, she acted as if nothing was wrong. I called her and I wouldn't get an answer most times and the only time I saw her was when I would go to her workplace unannounced. I couldn't believe for a minute she would stay away from her grandchildren because she loved them too much. Someone was controlling her every move and I knew exactly who he was. Now her husband, he changed into the abusive alcoholic he had always planned to be.

One day I was on my way to visit her in the city, but I met her coming down the highway to our hometown, where I lived. She pulled over in the median and I pulled along the side of her to talk to her. She was wearing shades in the evening, and I knew in my heart something was wrong. Without my mom saying a word, I told her I knew he would beat her and to take off the shades so I could see. A broken battered woman stood before me and even though my mother had neglected us for him, I sent her to my house to soak in a soothing bath so she could relax.

Just like my grandmother, she went back to him, and they were doing good for a while. Once my mother started to neglect us again, we knew he was physically abusing her. The days when she's had enough, she would run from him, and we would welcome her back like nothing even happened. There were times when she would put him out by police force and my sister, my children and I would go live with her for a couple of weeks. She was afraid to be alone because she didn't know when he would come to her house to harm her. My being there provided a safe haven for her. He wouldn't come to harm her if I were there to protect her.

Eventually, she allowed him to come home and be with her again. He was treating her fine until the 4th day of his being there. I woke up and went into the kitchen. My mother was standing at the sink making breakfast. My observation of her led me to believe he had beaten her the night before because I noticed she had circular bruises, in a straight line, down her back. When I asked her what happened to her back, she covered the bruises and changed the subject.

Later on, into the evening, she told my sister and I to move out of the house. My sister and mother exchanged words, in the kitchen, about us having nowhere to go on such short notice but my mother was adamant about us leaving. Before we could exit the kitchen, my mother's husband came around the corner, arguing and punching me because I wouldn't leave fast enough for him. I reached into the sink and grabbed a knife to protect myself and my mother jumped between us, yelling at me to go. I dropped the knife; we gathered our belongings and left my mother with her husband.

The last time he came back, my sister and I vowed we wouldn't go back to save her. My mother would kick us out, with nowhere to go and take him back in over and over again. Our refusal of being her go to after she's had enough of his beatings and being thrown away after they make up forced us to move forward with our lives so she could figure out how long she was going to accept the man he was being to her.

Years passed so quickly and by this time I was in the process of going through relationship troubles. My children had gotten older, and I was preparing to have my children's father prosecuted for raping our youngest child. My mother was in and out of a relationship with her abusive alcoholic husband. She would only be available to us when he was in jail, or she ran away from him and would try to pick the pieces of her life back up. He had gotten her fired, she'd lost her house and car. He had damaged all of her most prized possessions, including pictures of her mom and brother, from her dad's side, after they passed away months before. He was a different kind of evil but the same evil she lived in a house with her entire childhood.

Due to our relationship problems, my mother and I had moved into a hotel to get away from our significant others and tried to rebuild everything that was stolen from us. I visited her room and checked on her and she did the same for me. The children were happy to have her next door to us. They missed her and we had been through so much since I discontinued my relationship. I went to jail for a day, had been homeless and living with relatives for months so having my mom around again was heaven for my children.

After saving up enough money to get a place, my mom and I moved in together. We were helping one another emotionally overcome our break ups and retain some stability in all of our lives, especially my children. We were happy for a few months then my mom received news my brother was getting out of jail. She invited him to live with us until he got on his feet, which bothered my children and I but as a mother with overprotective characteristics, I vowed to protect my girls at all costs.

My brother moved in, and we locked ourselves in the bedroom, only coming out to leave, eat or use the bathroom. He was only supposed to stay a month, but I caught him recording my children and I asked my mom to make him vacate the property. She found him a house across the street the following day and he moved out. Much to our relief, he started a relationship with a friend of mine and moved her into his home as well. She took his focus away from my children and put it on her, which allowed my children and I to live a more easy-going lifestyle.

In the meantime, my mom and I were getting on bad terms. The only time she would avoid us was when her and her husband were back on good terms. I found out I was correct on my assumption when we planned Thanksgiving with my sister and my mom took all the food away to have Thanksgiving with her husband. My sister and I had to buy more food and spend Thanksgiving without her. Our feelings were hurt because my sister had moved out of town and married the same type of man controlling, abusive man but he finally permitted her to come home for a holiday. She had two children with him, the oldest girl being five and the boy being 2 years of age.

Two weeks after Thanksgiving, my mom tried to make me move out of the house we shared so her husband could move in and when I refused, she turned the electricity off, leaving us without a place to live once again. I tried to remain in the house, so I talked to the property owner about signing a new lease without my mother and I was denied because my mother told the property owner not to rent to me. The news was hard to hear but I moved back into the home with my cousin and searched for a new home.

Unsuccessful in finding a home in my price range, three months later, I moved back to the hotel only to find out my mom and her husband were living there also. At this point, we were no longer on speaking terms, and I could see he had been up to his same abusive alcoholic ways. I couldn't understand why my mom started a new relationship with him after we were progressing too effectively. Her husband was a tall light brown man with a low top curly hair cut. He wore women clothes; he was bisexual and a controlling abusive alcoholic who didn't care anything about her.

He convinced my mother he had changed and stopped drinking, yet he continued to drink and abuse her once he persuaded her to come home to work on their marriage. My mother believed him and wanted to work with him, but he would abuse her so badly. He wouldn't allow her to maintain a job or be around us anymore. She wouldn't communicate with the children unless he was gone, or he was in a good mood.

I had gotten to the point where I didn't concern myself with the troubles my mother had with her husband. I could only be concerned with taking care of my children as a single parent. My mother was involved in a marriage she couldn't get out of. If he didn't physically abuse her, he would beat her down with words. In the presence of me and my family, he wouldn't show the darker side of him, so nobody knew he was standing over my mother, calling her curse words before he beat her horribly. No one knew the multitude of danger my mother was in because she kept his abuse a secret and I hadn't seen or heard him mistreat her, I wouldn't believe he would degrade her myself. If I hadn’t snuck up to their house and heard him talking to her cruelly, I wouldn’t agree if anyone said differently.

The hotel room was ours for two months and over the summer of 2014, a friend of mine asked me to come live with her. I moved, along with my children there. I only lived with her a month because the person from my last relationship found me and caused us to be put out of her house by attempting to fight my friend. My friend didn't want the person to be around, but the person insisted on causing confrontations about being able to enter my friend's home uninvited.

I was homeless again and moved in with the person from my last relationship best friend. Living with her gave me a chance to settle the rattling in my mind for a few weeks. I didn't know where I was going or what I was going to do about getting on my feet and all I had time to do there was pray. My worrying stopped for a few weeks, that's until she moved her new boyfriend into the home. He was abusive and beat her often. To keep my children away from the violence, I would walk them down the street until the fights were over.

A month after I moved in, my mom moved in with my brother. She had left her husband for a week because he beat her horribly. My mother found me and came to visit me because I was broken from the death of my best friend. Her husband was following them around and trying to retrieve my mother's car for his personal use, but she wouldn't give the car to him. Sometimes he would be outside my brother's house stalking my mother.

Tracking my mother as if she were a wild animal, he eventually found her, at her mechanic friend's house while she was getting a service check on her car. He drove around in his new girlfriend's car, with her inside, and spotted my mother, along with my brother's girlfriend, who was now pregnant with my mother's grandchild. He punched my brother's girlfriend as she tried to keep my mother's husband from stealing my mom’s purse with her car keys in it.

My mother's friend was a guy mechanic, and he threatened her husband with the police. My mother's husband retreated to his car, put the car in drive and ran my mother over, knocking her into a ditch. As she lay brutally injured in the ditch, her attacker fled, and the mechanic called the police to get my mother to a hospital. Once I received a phone call from my brother, informing me of what happened, I immediately met them at the hospital to make sure everyone was at least living without life-threatening injuries.

While comforting my mother at the hospital, I asked her was she finally done with her husband. The family had been through so much in the last 9 years of their marriage, but no one had been through more than my mother had. I wanted to know if she was going to be with him until he kills her, and I buried her or was she going to protect him from prosecution. She answered me with the saddest voice I've ever heard from my mother. Not only was she in unbearable pain, her spirit and heart were shattered into a million pieces.

No one understood why my mother was the way she was throughout life, but I did, and I felt so sorry for her. My sympathies and empathies manifested in my heart for her because she just wanted someone to love her. She wanted someone to be good to her and after being raped by her stepfather, emotionally hurt by my father leaving her, and the physically abusive, drug addicted alcoholics, she felt no man thought she was worthy of love. My mother held onto these scars like a disease and fed these diseases as much of her as she could.

With pain in her voice, my mother asked me to follow up on whether the police found him and arrested him or not. I wanted to hurt him for hurting my mother, but the police had him in custody before I could get my hands on him. My mother and I had some problems in the past, but I couldn't accept her karma for all the unthinkable things she did to me, my children, or my sister. We were homeless a couple of times and she put my children outside by themselves while I was at work before, shut out and neglected by her because of him. I still remained by her side.

August approached and I received a phone call for an available apartment. I signed the lease and moved into my own place immediately. My mother was living with my brother, and he helped her learn to stand up and walk again after her husband attempted to murder her. She healed slowly, taking each day to build her strength and with me living 7 blocks down the street, we all put any differences to the side, to help her with anything she needed.

I talked to my mother, learning of how she was tortured throughout her relationship with her husband. He brutally raped and beat her for nine years of their relationship. His love for her was never there because he only cared about his liquor and his men or women. He humiliated my mother and had her terrified her entire relationship with him. They had a few good days, but those bad days outweighed the good days Tremendously. All of her life had been hell, yet she was finally understanding who was there for her and we had all the love she'd been searching so hard for, especially her grandchildren. His five-year prison sentence was the time she needed from him. Her breakup with him became the start of the renewal of her relationship between her and her children. The renewal of love and Hope for better days between us.

Heading 15

Forgiveness is hard to find but I am a living witness to the power of forgiving people so I could live a happy, ball and chain free life.

Forgiving my brother, my mother, my uncle, and anyone who does me harm has alleviated all the stressful things holding me down with depression. Emotionally scarring me and soaking up all my daily energetic spirits made my life lose its purpose. I refused to allow it for me and my children, so I developed the strength it took for me to stop being angry and recycled the feeling into forgiveness.

Our family was cursed from my great grandmother to my children and the generational curse we suffered through was broken when I put my abusers in jail. My life and the life of my children were forever changed by my relentless courage to act on the strength I contained inside. My courageous fight brought strength to my children and a joy I wish my mother could have felt. Giving up wasn't a part of my survivalist plan and I wanted to set an example for my children that would save their children as well.

I often think back to the actions of my great grandmother. She was struggling with her ability to dismiss herself from the abusive alcoholic husband she married. The life she lived was hard and exhausting, full of unknowns she couldn't have fathomed on a day-to-day basis. Common bonds, binding her to her husband and the lifestyle they lived, provided the course of abuse that spread throughout our family like wildfire. The damage fueled by the fire of abuse left cinders in the wake.

Unsure of how my great grandmother's mother lived her life, I wouldn't know if she was abused or not. Explaining why my great grandmother tolerated her husband enough to deal with his alcoholism and his abuse would be outside the realm of explanation. All I know is the mental and physical hurt is excruciatingly painful for us all. My great grandmother set the stage for the lifestyle my grandmother lived with her husband. She watched her mother be beaten up by her father for years, until her brother shot him.

`Battling with the choice to leave or stay unlocks the person shattered within. The uncertainty confines you and the indecisiveness overrules your critical thinking. My great grandmother searched for the change she couldn't find throughout her relationship. His murder redefined the love she felt for him. She had no choice but to live her life without him even if she wasn't ready to. There wasn't a chance to get ready for his departure, yet she had time to prepare if she left him.

Either way her husband was no longer in the home, and she had to make a decision to move forward. Her children had no choice but to live in a fatherless home. Traumatized by his presence and the sorrow of his death, they were still emotionally scarred. These sequences of events set the stage for the life my grandmother and mother would have to live. Seeing my great grandmother go through the grief process over a man who physically, emotionally, and sexually abused her had the ultimate effect on the way my grandmother would choose her husband.

My grandmother married a man who physically, emotionally, mentally, sexually abused both her and her children. The timeline is significant because she came from one abusive setting to another. Alcoholism played a big part in the abuse her and her mother suffered. My grandmother had the worst man between the two. He was on drugs and alcohol. His cruel nature stemmed from his substance abuse. From his tumultuous temper to his desperate need to rape his children, were elevated by his cocaine and alcohol abuse.

He caused his wife and children more pain than anyone could endure. He had no compassion or guilt behind the fear and torment he instilled into his household. Maintenance of his relationship with everyone in the house was needed but he didn't care to give anyone the love they needed. My grandmother chose the same type of man and married him but when the time came to demolish her marriage with him, she couldn't.

She became a slave to the oppression of her lifestyle. Her household was in shambles, and she worked long hours just to relinquish any responsibility for the chaos her husband caused in their home. All of the children were left to be raped, molested, and damaged by the father of the house. They couldn't avoid him or de-escalate any of his drug induced alcoholic rage. The neglect they succumbed to threatens the livelihood of each child in the home.

My mother was raped repeatedly, and he subsequently caused a lot of trauma to the little girl she was supposed to be. She had to watch herself around her stepfather, which made every day horrific. My mother had no one to tell and the outcome of his abuse toward her, proved to be detrimental in many ways. Without someone to protect her or keep her in the best environment, she couldn't develop in the manner a child should be.

The generational rape curse was marking my family tree. My grandmother embraced the essence of the curse and allowed it to have longevity within her household. She tried, at least once, to recognize the destruction the rape curse was causing. Her attempt to destroy the generational curse, by placing her and her child's abuser in jail, but she was possessed by the evil curse once her abuser husband returned from years in prison. She failed in the end and the generational rape curse came back stronger than ever.

Unfortunately for my mother, the curse aimed at her with a distasteful vengeance. Her innocence was intact before my grandmother's husband came home from prison. His reign of terror only affected my grandmother and her oldest daughter, at first but once he came to a child that wasn't his, my mother was in immediate danger. My mother wasn't used to the harmful and abusive personality of her stepfather, but she was soon to have all of her securities breached by her mother's husband.

Now that my mother had been sexually abused, with no one to tell, the generational rape curse was flowing like the river's water currents. My grandmother and my mother, along with her siblings were all feeling the impacts of the rape curse. He was raping all of the girls in the house and the physical, mental, emotional, and sexual abuse was consistent enough to drive them into different stages of psychological issues.

Fear, mistrust, disloyalty, broken Faith, and hopelessness filled the entire household. No one knew the answer to removing the rape curse from the family. The children were the most at risk and my grandmother retained the key to helping them all. Her resistance to escape the origin of the curse showed the dwindling of her strength and her lack of desire to destroy the very evil tormenting her family. All of her will and energy to fight for her children's wellbeing was in a losing battle. She needed to be strong, but the generational rape curse was absorbing everything she had left in her.

Claiming the award for the worst form of neglect would be my grandmother. She didn't teach my mother the knowledge she needed to protect and fight for her children. My mother couldn't help me because she wasn't helped the way she was supposed to be. She deserved the best life possible, but she didn't receive it. The way she was raised, the secrets of rape, the sweeping of molestation under the rug, the “What goes on in my house stays in my house,” rule and all the physical abuse my mother was exposed to, dismantled her psychological stability.

Equipping a young lady with the tools to be an awesome mother comes with the upbringing and knowledgeable information provided by the mother. The unstable life my mother lived was an open door for the generational rape curse to follow her into her parenthood. After the possession of my great grandmother and my grandmother, my mother became the next victim. She was the most vulnerable of my grandmother's children and the rape curse made an impressive entrance.

Armed with a creatively new way to introduce the predators, my life was the target of the generational rape curse. Maneuvering through the process of making me the victim of sexual abuse, the rape curse prepared the first abuser of whom the family would be shocked the most by. He was not a father or stepfather like the cursed victimized before. The curse had a new idea and a new way to torture for amusement.

My brother was chosen by the demonic spirits of the curse, and I was in the bull's eye. I was sodomized, as a new technique of rape, by the generational rape curse. The sexual abuse, I endured, brought about the diverse ways rape could be presented. Molestation and sodomy entrapped me like a bear caught in a bear trap. A whirlwind of pain and fear surrounded me before I was able to understand exactly what happened to me.

Aggressively attacking me, the generational rape curse defiled my innocence as often as anyone else had gone through. When I tried to free myself of the stronghold of the curse, I wasn't protected the way I should've been, and the curse came back with an even more aggressive demeanor. To keep my mouth shut down and exposing the generational rape curse for the monster it was, I was physically abused before I was raped by my brother. The terrifying nature of the experience allowed the manifestation of a whole new way of demoralizing me.

Once I thought my life couldn't get any more hopeless, there was a more sinister plan in the making. I didn't know if things could get any worse until my brother went to jail for beating my mother and my uncle came in to take his place. The advice I was seeking from a man I trusted, backfired on me and the curse continued rain destruction into my life. I wasn't expecting to be in the same situation after having my brother eliminated from the family, but I wasn't safe for long. The predator, the rape curse planned next, changed my life forever...

My uncle raped me with niceness. He presented himself as a person who cared, and he spoiled me in excess. He was the typical predator, looking for young girls who were easily manipulated and didn't have anyone to depend on for the proper protection. His patience was admirable, and his kindness was his form of easing guilt from what he was about to do to me. When the opportunity arose, he had sex with me and eventually, I was impregnated, at age fourteen, by him.

The generational rape curse laughed hardily at my expense and declared war on my life for trying to expose the curse. My attempt to get rid of the generational curse only made it worse for me. The attack on my life was the primary focus and it wouldn't stop until I was a complete demolition site. It wanted to knock me down and tear me apart, until there was nothing left of the person I was supposed to be in the future. My energy and strength were fuel added to the fire of the rape curse and the more strength I accumulated; the more fury raged for my demise.

Victimized and losing the fight for control over my life, I gave birth to two children by my uncle. I had given up all hope that this rape curse could be lifted from my family. By my children being girls, I knew how susceptible they would be to the same lifestyle I was exposed to. I vowed to my children, I wouldn't let anyone hurt them and I would protect them from being victims by any person for as long as they live. My overprotective mothering would change the course of their lives and they would be safe within my care.

The essence of the generational rape curse plotted against everything I vowed to my children. After my exhausting possession, the spirit slithered into both of my daughters. The endurance of the curse strengthened into the biggest battle I would have to fight in my life. There was an evil plan to conquer my strength and I was convinced that I was no match for the force's attachment to my children, but I was insisting on being the victor.

My children were raped by the men who raped me. Their dad raped the youngest and my brother raped my oldest. I was hurt by their traumatizing experience. Devouring the vow I made to my children, the rape curse overtook the final notch in my family's generation. Throughout the years, my family suffered and struggled with sexual, physical, mental, and emotional abuse. Somewhere inside of me I found the strength of all the women who suffered in my family, and I developed a plan of my own.

I declared war on the generational rape curse for the survival of my children. Going on a quest for justice, I filed charges on the men who sexually abused me and my children. My refusal to be subdued by the curse strengthened me within. Love for my children gave me an overwhelming sense of power and I couldn't let us down. Someone had to break the cycle and stronghold the sinister rape curse plaguing our family for several decades. The war was on, and I was victorious.

My mother and grandmother couldn't fight the curse. My mother had to overcome the rape of her husband, even as an adult. Once the generational curse, seen, we weren't easy to bring down, it went back to a victim that psychologically didn't make the survival list. Shockingly, I had to provide the blueprint for my mother to follow. She was happy I became a survivor and my daughters as well.

In retrospect, I never gave up on the fight for my life and I owe my strength to my children. The war couldn't have been won if I didn't have them to fight for. Yes, we were cursed but curses can be broken. My great grandmother, grandmother and my mother needed help becoming survivors. They didn't know the first step to breaking strongholds or declaring war for the survival of their children.

Love is a powerful emotion. Love conquers all evil things. The humility you show to others reflects the person you are. Choosing to be humble enough to love a product of your abuser takes pure love and humility for a single life. These men didn't take anything more from us than our bodies. Our spirits are high. Our hopes are even higher, and we have a newfound outlook on life.

The protection of our children is paramount to their development. They need us as a safe haven in their journey through life and it is a parent's job to provide everything a child needs. Their future depends on our success as parents and the most important people in the world will be our children. No matter the generational curse plaguing your family, you hold the key to unlocking your strength and declaring war on generational bondage for the purpose of victory. We are no longer victims. We are survivors.

The origin of a generational curse can be traced back to the beginning of a family tree. Rape and molestation can plant roots and grow like a wildflower. Destroying the foundation of an otherwise healthy family relationship, the curse can eliminate all possibilities of normalcy. The one you least expect holds the key to unlock the forbidden to break the unbreakable. Families will be destroyed. Lives will be lost. The root of this evil must be plucked, and the time is now, but no amount of strength can survive the torment of this curse. Until someone decides to take control and fight against the curse, rape and molestation will tear family trees down limb by limb.

We won’t apologize for ending this curse. No matter the timeline, justice was served in its own way. We are survivors because of the action after the fact. This curse will meet its end with my will to survive, to protect, seek justice and heal.