

1

The Truth

“Why did you bring me here?” Is the first question I can remember asking myself as a girl. As I sat on the living room floor, crying in the dark, with my knees covering my face as my family watched tell-LIE-vision. No one could see my tears. I felt trapped with no answers.

LOST! STUCK! BURIED ALIVE!

A little girl just afraid. Nowhere to go. ***Asking myself*** “Who are these people?” I didn’t know them. They called themselves father, mother, sister, and brother. The world called us ***“FAMILY.”*** But I didn’t know who they were. If we were all from the same place, why did we all act so different? Stuck with a thousand puzzle pieces around me. All alone with no directions.

I wanted a real family. One that stood on the principles of God. Anything that didn't feel like Heaven was not for me. Everything has an expiration date if God isn't in it. Use it today or lose it tomorrow. I'm way too good at saying goodbye for the greater good. At age 22, I met a guy at a party over at my cousin 's house. We later saw each other at a club that same night. We exchanged numbers and the rest went from there. He was a gentleman and a sharing, hard worker. He wanted to have a baby and get married. And that's exactly what we did. He never wanted me to work. I wanted that life, it was a blessing. Or was it? Jennifer Hudson made a song called "Spotlight" around that time. That should sum up the relationship for you. Before we got married he accused me of cheating on him because he found a condom in my apartment. I didn't understand where it was coming from, considering we were always together at his apartment and people stayed with me at my apartment all the time. Then there was the incident when my cell phone just miraculously came up missing an entire day and showed back up in the same spot I remembered it originally had been. I thought it was just a phase because every man always thought someone could steal me from them. It was just a phase, I thought. After we were married, we had a beautiful, healthy baby girl. Within 2 weeks of her birth, he came home accusing me of cheating. Stating he had gone through my purse and found a guy's telephone number. Not realizing that I had retrieved the guy number from his work uniform while doing laundry, days prior. There is nothing like being accused of cheating when you truly love someone. Especially when they go around telling everyone who would listen. They were lies ***(At first).***

That crushed me and honestly, I couldn't get past it. I tried though. But it began to get bad. Bad. If he thought you were looking at another guy, he would get jealous. He would walk off his job if he couldn't get me on the phone. He also lost all of those jobs too. I eventually got a job, and he called my work phone the entire time. When he couldn't talk to me, he would put out a hood alert. You never knew who would pull up on me for him. I was not born to be a dog. I wasn't made for cage life. I knew that I wasn't long winded or long suffering for no bull shit. The day he didn't show up to our daughter's blessing ceremony because of one of his little boy tantrums, the marriage ended right then. I told him and he didn't believe me. ***Let me repeat one thing before I go forward: The cheating was a lie at first. Here is the truth.***

I was working as a security guard at a steel recycling plant in Alabama. I was the only black girl and I was surrounded by all men. Men that catered. I was in Workers Heaven. Free food

and Good Conversation. Well as time pass I got to know everyone. As I would make my hourly rounds, I would talk to my people. I started talking to one guy more than the rest. I didn't see no problem with it. Boundaries was all over me, until one day I found out my friend was going on vacation. In that moment I realized that I had grown to love him on another level without even realizing it. Considering I couldn't talk to my insecure husband about anything. He was like another child to me. Without my friend there to talk to every day, I would be subject to waiting until he returned to get the attention he was giving me without noticing. Except, he was feeling the same way but understood he too was trapped by boundaries. When he was off for that week, he brought me lunch and I made sure I was looking good. When he came back from vacation, we decided to cross those boundaries. He treated me like his woman and he was my man. Like T.I said "You can have whatever you like". He was about that life. We were just friends and before you know it we were together.

Now I understood how my father felt.

I didn't want to be a cheater. But can someone tell me what do you do when you are searching for relationship help and can't find it. I asked people what it meant to be submissive. What do you do when your spouse doesn't understand? That relationship showed me that the grass is possibly greener on the other side. ***And I wanted to see!*** ***Religion*** says God hates divorce; if he's not cheating, deal with it? Shhhhhhhhhittttt! So you're telling me I am supposed to wait until he dies! This was a tough spot for me. I got on my knees and said,

"God if it wasn't meant for me to make a decision, then I would not be in this position to make one. I just pray whatever decision I make, that you be with me on it."

I got up and said "I'm out." I was done with Him. I decided I would use all of the income tax money to pay for the divorce. I called the lawyer to get the necessary information and he asked for the marriage certificate. I call to get one and the court clerk said that there was not one on file. **THE MARRIAGE WAS NOT LEGAL!!!!**

Goodbye.

I did love you.

There was no love lost.

My children will not become me due to the sins of the father.

They were going to be free. Not slaves.

I left that relationship with the mindset of Chrisette Michelle song "Blame it on me." And that's exactly what he did. He is another example of seeing someone else's flaws instead of self. Never willing to take responsibility. He ***was a grown man on the outside but an abused little boy on the inside*** that was always trying to prevent himself from being abused again. That ruined everything in his life. His father was a cheater, killed by a woman

when he was four years old. He was raised by a single mother who suffered with abandonment issues due to her mother leaving her with her father as a young girl. Shortly afterwards, her father was murdered by his wife. Then she went to live with her paternal grandfather and his wife. She said, "his wife never liked her and treated her like trash." She got pregnant at a young age and suffered from abusive relationships over and over again. Because she never experienced her desired love, she did what most mother's do: Pain loved her children so much that she ruined them. She was the mother in law from hell with the most disrespectful children from hell. She was a nurse but never owned anything due to her trying to be her kids' Savior and they still disrespected her. She was like the devil in their eyes and they used and abused her too. She was a compulsive liar and manipulator. She was also a home wrecker. As she cheated with one of the married men in my family. Then told lies on me, to cover up the reason why I politely put her out of my house where God lived. She had three sons and she ruined each and everyone of their marriages. One by one. Because they weren't taught, leave and cleave, they lost everything due to the unseen pains of their mother. She is currently living in her own hell, and her sons are with her in theirs. I forgave them. I understood.

What else can you expect from them, when everyone around them was being tormented day and night. They were buried alive, but I could see the little child on the inside.

How did I know? I too, was buried alive.

