L. Johnson

Chapter One

The Beginning

I was born to a single mother. The youngest of three. I didn’t always have a close relationship with my siblings, but we all showed love in our own love language. My mother worked full time, and there were times when we had to survive on our own. My mother always made sure we had food on the table and clean clothes to wear. She also made sure we completed our homework before going outside to play. Like most American families, she wasn’t able to be home with us most days because of her work.

I understood my mom had to work but it would have been better if I could have seen her more around the home and through my childhood. I always imagined how things would have turned out if my mom was there more and if my biological father was present. If they could have made it work. Upon asking several questions to my mom about my father. She would ignore me and change the subject.

As I go back to my childhood, it explained my present state. I felt a sense of rejections. I tried to figure out how to overcome and then settled for different friendship just to be around people most days.