Outline

Draft Title: Will You Be Made Whole?

Introduction

1. Purpose: The purpose of this book is to help women become who God has created them to be by using my natural hair alopecia journey as a metaphor of how I’m dealing with my childhood trauma.
2. What would the reader gain or what would be the call to action. This book is uniquely written for black women struggling to discover their natural hair, The Christian woman and the traumatized woman seeking to be made whole. No matter which one is reading this book it will have one common factor. The journey towards self-acceptance and authenticity or what I like to call being made whole.

Introduction

1. Before You Were In Your Mother’s Womb
	1. Who did God create me to be
	2. Bold & Courageous
	3. Rejected
2. Processed
	1. The Product
	2. The Burn
	3. Stripped Away
3. Care Free Curl
	1. Ideal Self vs. Real Self
	2. Instant Activator
	3. Accommodations
4. UnbeWeavable
	1. Tracks
	2. Deep Laceration
	3. Numb
5. The Big Chop
	1. Damaged
	2. Dramatic Change
	3. The Unknown
6.
7. The Relapse
	1. Insecurities
	2. Circles
	3. Going Back
8. The Diagnosis
	1. Alopecia
	2. Fear vs Faith
	3. Deciding To Fight
9. The Journey
	1. Boundaries vs Barriers
	2. Decompartmentalization
	3. Consoling The Little Girl

1. Her Glory
	1. The Real You
	2. Walking In Your Truth
	3. Authenticity

Nguvu is Swahilli for Strong. That’s my hair name.  Pronounced New Vu

*INTRODUCTION*

I was avoiding it. I saw it but I acted like I didn’t. Surely it is just a small spot and it won't grow any further. I can cover it up. So, I did. There were so many different ways I covered it up until I couldn't tell the cover from me and worse neither did those around me. It didn’t matter because I wasn’t ready to face it. Paid a lot of money for those covers and found different experts to create the perfect cover for me depending on the style of cover I wanted. If I’m truthful I didn’t always feel like wearing the cover. But every time I took the cover off, I noticed that the spot was larger and larger.

I would encourage myself by saying “you can face this” but I wasn’t faithful to “her.” I would get everything needed to make her strong and healthy. Educate myself on how to love “her” better. I even went as far as not allowing any processes to touch “her”. That was bold for me. I was so use to having “her” processed it didn’t last. I looked at her and did not cherish without the cover. I never learned how to take care of her on my own without the process and when I tried to imitate what I saw from others it never worked for me. So, I covered “her.”

A year or so went by and I had mastered the covered look! I never paid much attention to “her” again. She was faithful and maintained as much as she could even with the spot growing all around her. Then one day I heard Him say if you remove the cove I will heal “her.” I knew His voice; He was speaking to me a personal of not only healing but reconciliation between “her” and I.  I uncovered her again and told myself that I was going to go through a different process to get her back.

Little did I know what that process really meant. I told one of my sista-friends what he said and told her I was going to do it. Went back to researching how to take care of “her” Little did I know what that process really meant. The same old feelings came up and to make it worse people, my people made comments about her that made me feel insecure about her. I tried to stay focused and gain my confidence but I couldn’t take it. I had allowed who I was to be woven into the covers and now I couldn’t see myself without it. I only made it six months and I was back to wearing my covers.

This time when I went back it was different. I wasn’t happy with any cover that I had on, but the “her” spot was so large I couldn't just be naturally me. No compliment on my cover helped, no amount of money I spent on the cover helped, I was not happy with myself. I didn’t feel authentically me but I was lost.  She was dying and I didn’t know how to help her. But that’s not all ironically, the same thing was happening to my soul. Somehow my soul and “her '' are synonymously walking through the same journey that I had overlooked for so long. This was out of my comfort zone and I had no other choice but to get both of them help. I knew I could not continue like this. She nor I would make it.

I found “her”, my hair and soul professional help. I was referred to a great dermatologist. She told me that I had alopecia mainly due to my covers of braids and weaves. She began to ask me “what if I could get 40% of your hair back would that be, okay?”  I said “yes.” She asked “what if I could get 50% of your hair back would that be, okay?” I said “yes.” She finally asked “what if I could only get 60% of your hair back would that be okay.” My non patient self said “YES.” Then I remembered Genesis 18:16-33 when Abraham pleads for Sodom for Lots sake.

23 Then Abraham approached him and said: “Will you sweep away the righteous with the wicked? 24 What if there are fifty righteous people in the city? Will you really sweep it away and not spare[[c](https://www.biblegateway.com/passage/?search=Genesis%2018%3A16-33&version=NIV#fen-NIV-449c)] the place for the sake of the fifty righteous people in it? 25 Far be it from you to do such a thing—to kill the righteous with the wicked, treating the righteous and the wicked alike. Far be it from you! Will not the Judge of all the earth do, right?” 26 The Lord said, “If I find fifty righteous people in the city of Sodom, I will spare the whole place for their sake.” 27 Then Abraham spoke up again: “Now that I have been so bold as to speak to the Lord, though I am nothing but dust and ashes, 28 what if the number of the righteous is five less than fifty? Will you destroy the whole city for lack of five people?” “If I find forty-five there,” he said, “I will not destroy it.” 29 Once again he spoke to him, “What if only forty are found there?” He said, “For the sake of forty, I will not do it.” 30 Then he said, “May the Lord not be angry, but let me speak. What if only thirty can be found there?” He answered, “I will not do it if I find thirty there.” 31 Abraham said, “Now that I have been so bold as to speak to the Lord, what if only twenty can be found there?” He said, “For the sake of twenty, I will not destroy it.” 32 Then he said, “May the Lord not be angry, but let me speak just once more. What if only ten can be found there?” He answered, “For the sake of ten, I will not destroy it.” 33 When the Lord had finished speaking with Abraham, he left, and Abraham returned home. (NIV)

He was in that office with me, He being God. I knew he told me to stop covering my hair with wigs and weave and he would heal me but I didn’t have the strength to discover who I was without braids or weaves. Especially since I stopped processing my hair with perms. It was natural and like I said I was never taught how to take care of my natural hair. Her asking me these questions was like Abraham asking God if you have one of yours in Sodom would you spear it for their sake. God was having her ask me this question to say to me if I can save your hair will you go through the process with me. I was not saying Yes to her, I was saying yes to Him.

I then heard her say some of your alopecia in the center of my head are due to traction alopecia and the edges of my head are generational alopecia in your bloodline. After giving God my yes, I by faith said, I’m not worried about the generational alopecia, generational curses on my bloodline are covered by the blood of Jesus. She was clear that she could help me but told me straight forward. I will treat you but the day you put a weave or bread back in your head I’m sending you home and we are stopping the process, as she is looking at my head with a freshly breaded style. She had the type of personality I needed for this transformation so I knew she was the one God assigned to help me. I committed to the process, went to my last few events with my braids and took them out to never return.

At the same, my soul needed healing. I was once again referred to a therapist who at the time I had no idea she was going to help and inspire me to write this book. I told her nothing about my hair, but only that I know I have to do something because I could not continue like this. I had been raised by young unhealed parents, sexually touched by strangers, an uncle, and an aunt, homeless and so much trauma that I as so many other black women pushed it aside and just moved on with life. But it caught up to me. Ironically at the same time my alopecia did.

You may read this book and say “I don’t have alopecia so this is not for me.” As crazy as it sounds, God used my hair to teach me how to deal with the trauma in my life. So, use my hair as a symbol of your trauma and allow it to guide you to your healing.

You may read this book and say “I don’t believe in God or your God.” It’s okay, God is my source. Take the lessons and healing journey to walk towards your own healing journey. And if you discover my God along the way. Praise God.

You may read this book as a black woman who needs encouragement on wearing your natural hair with confidence. Trust me you are going to get that in this book.

No matter where you are when reading this book, it is my desire that you ask and pray full answer the same question my therapist asked me that inspired me to write this book. That question is “Will You Be Made Whole.”

Chapter 1. Before You Were in Your Mother’s Womb

They say that trauma is passed down from generation to generation. That when you have experienced something so traumatic that it lives inside of your cells and the effects can be carried throughout your legacy. In fact, that trauma now becomes the legacy in which your family is known for. It’s not until someone in your generation decides to be healed from the family trauma that your cells stop reproducing pain. I guess it was inevitable for me to have trauma at such an early age. It was passed down to me. Story has it that my grandmother was living on a farm in the south with a woman who always accused her of sleeping with her husband. Strangely this woman was her mother so she thought. My grandmother didn’t understand why when her father was playing and being nice to her, her mother saw it as flirtatious. That was until a car pulled up to the farm and a woman who just got out of prison told my grandmother that she was her mother and took her from the farm.

That was the only day she probably told my grandmother she was her mother. The rest of her life my great-grandmother always bragged on how she was so glad my grandmother never had an ounce of her blood. You see, when my great-grandmother went back home to Clarksdale Mississippi after being released from prison and introduced my grandmother to the community, they looked at her like a poor child. No one ever knew my great-grandmother to be pregnant. They did know that my great-grandmother was released from prison after serving time for killing her lover and his wife. But where was their child? Oh, people did inquire but a black girl child being missing in the south wasn’t top news. I guess it wasn’t anyone's business when that child showed up with the killer years later.

Verbally abused, uneducated, rapped and young with two children is how my grandfather probably found my grandmother. But he loved her and brought her to Chicago. They had my mother with trauma carried in her cells who at the age of fifteen had me.

Strong, stubborn, bold, courageous some might say fearless is what my other would use to describe her way back in the beginning. That’s before the world touched her. Not afraid to stand out or challenge the norms, without even knowing she was doing so. Trauma didn’t escape the generation before her so the effects of life weakened her and she was no longer her natural born self. And reflecting over the process it started at her young age.

I remember knowing that something was wrong. The tension around me was evident as my parents walked in and out rooms. I was around three or four years old and yet I remember that feeling even today. My dad who I so loved was fun, at least with me. I would follow him everywhere because he would let me be me and nothing had to be in place. Unlike my mother. She has always been such a beautiful darkskin woman and a girly girl so having a daughter meant she needed to be the same way. Accept if her daughter was me. I wasn’t interested in being a girly girl at all. I hated pink, I hated dolls and I could care less about my hair being neat and every strand in place if it meant I could climb, run and jump.

  I could do all of that with my dad. He would let me run, jump, climb and play in the sandbox all I wanted to. Even today my mother tells the story of how she had to wash my hair every night from playing in the sandbox no matter how many times she threatened me not to. She says no matter how many times she would tell me not to go in there I would come back with a head full of sand. That I guess was part of my strong, bold and fearless nature. Poor mommy, she hardly has one picture of me looking cute and girly with my hair all in place.

 My daddy didn’t care. He called me his pretty girl no matter what I looked like and I believed him. It was quite different with my mother. She always said she never wanted children. I didn’t understand that it was her trauma expressing itself but growing up I felt I wasn’t chosen to be here. I was just an accident. This mostly added to my rebellious nature. That and the DNA of my grandmother.  After enduring so much trauma she finally turned into a fearless, outspoken no-nonsense woman. She didn’t overcome her trauma; she eventually learned to not let anyone add any more to it.

My grandmother was so naturing to me and since my mom had me at fifteen years old, I grew up with her spoiling me as if I was her own. In fact, until her dying day she told everybody I was her child even though she had 12 children of her own yet only 10 survived. My aunties and uncles were between four- sixteen years older than me and I always had someone to play with yet still felt the luxury of being spoiled. My mother said we moved from my grandmother’s house on the southside of Chicago to the northside when I was very small. My grandmother moved up north pretty soon after. I saw my grandmother so much it felt like I was still living in her home. Looking back, it appeared to be a close net family. I would have never known that things were about to change.

 The tension that I now call discernment got thicker. I couldn’t begin to guess what it was until I saw my mother crying as my dad was yelling at her. I didn’t recognize him. This wasn’t the person that threw me in the air and called me his pretty girl. I was afraid and having nowhere to go in this one-bedroom apartment I made at the age of three or four a decision I would have to spend over fifty years correcting. I hid inside of myself. Within me I could control what I saw, what I felt, my surroundings and keep me safe.  I don’t know what happened when I discovered that the two people raising me were not able to keep me safe but I did. Not having the maturity obviously at that age to express that they were causing me trauma I played right into the generational curse of trauma…isolation.

This happened quite often but since I naturally had a very creative and imaginary mind it was easy for me to do. I would be somewhere in a matter of seconds in my mind I could and live out physically where I wanted to be. Except the day I heard a loud knock at our door. My daddy asked “who is it” and they said “it’s the police.”  I saw my daddy turn to my mother and whispered something to her but by the look on her face it wasn’t good. I quickly hid back inside myself. I don’t remember what happened with the police but the next time I came back to reality my other grandmother, my dad’s mom was there yelling at my dad. I couldn't come to myself to hear what she was saying but even though she was only a 4ft woman my dad knew not to mess with her.  Her body language was scary and she was slapping my daddy like he would slap my mom.  It was like his face was turning from the slap in slow motion as my grandmother continued to yell at him. I quickly retreated once again back into myself. It still wasn’t safe in reality.

At a young age I knew from the start that I couldn't let other children know what my home life was like. I don’t know why at that age how I knew that but I did. The person inside who created a false reality of herself had to now act out this false reality in real time. It was okay though. I was keeping my family together. This mask at the age of four was created in hopes to betray a life that people thought we had. I listened to people talk about their childhood to see at what age they go back to and I rarely hear people talk about themselves at the age of 3-4. That’s how I knew it was the trauma that was sealed within my bones that allowed me to pull it to memory.  Unfortunately, that wasn’t the worst memory. There was a night that changed my childhood forever.

In our one-bedroom apartment I slept in the bed with my parents. My baby brother slept in the crib right next to me. I got up in the middle of the night with that feeling again. I jumped up and didn’t see my parents so I did what every four-year-old does when they want permission to get out of bed, pretend they have to use the bathroom. I got up thinking I was going to act out the I have to pee script but as I was rubbing my eyes coming out of a dark room looking into the front room, I saw blood. Blood was all over this bright white shirt and I was frozen. I couldn't move. I was scared to lift my head up but started moving it slowly. When I finally saw her face a short sign of relief came over me because it wasn’t my mother but one of our neighbors. By that time, I realized it wasn’t my mother I could hear her screaming…SABRINA GO TO BED. My mother by the way is always screaming but this time I was relieved and said I gotta pee and went to the bathroom.

The next day I was still thinking about what I saw. I can only imagine if it was my mother who had on that bloody white shirt what that would have done to me. So, I came up with a brilliant four-year-old plan. I said to my mother “mom why does daddy hit you.” She said “I don’t know.” I said “Why don’t you ask him to stop.” She said “Okay.” And although to this day this conversation brings tears to my eyes with my innocence still in tacked, I believed this was the solution until my daddy got home.

My mom said “Caleb, your daughter asked me why her daddy hits me.” With no hesitation he picked me up and said “I don’t know baby girl but I won’t do it again.”

I gave him the biggest hug and felt so accomplished. I saved my family!  I went to bed feeling good knowing that I would never wake up like I did the night before. But I was wrong. There’s that feeling again. My eyes jumped wide open and with the mirror of the dresser in the back of my brother’s bed I could see a reflection of my mom's hands up and then she said “okay Caleb don't hit me again.”  My daddy replies “If you wake her up I will kill you.”  I shut my eyes and went to sleep. I didn’t want my daddy to kill my mother because of me. Believe it or not, I’ve battled this decision all my life.

The next morning, I woke up aged. I can’t explain it but I was no longer just four years old. I remember feeling like the first man that I loved, who accepted me for who I am, who took me everywhere and never yelled at me was the first man to ever lie to me. I also realized that a mother who loved me but often wanted to groom me into someone I wasn’t and who expressed that she didn’t want children was not safe here. I know she knows how much I loved my daddy so I went from saving my family to saving my mom. At least in my mind. I’m sure my mom had a plan of escape but I also believe she consider me and my daddy’s relationship. At the age of four I said to her, “Mom, I think you should leave dad.” I don’t remember her responding. Even now I weep again imagining a girl dad having to say those words at the age of four. The trauma went from being passed down to now being sealed in my bones. And it was just the beginning.

The bible talks about  In Jeremiah 1:5 “Before I formed you in the womb I knew[[a](https://www.biblegateway.com/passage/?search=Jeremiah%201&version=NIV#fen-NIV-18952a)] you, (NIV) I believe this was one of the moments the devil used to try and stop me from becoming who He knew me to be.  The devil knew the history of my generational trauma and how no one had been healed from. It was easy for the devil to allow unhealed people to live out unhealthy lives knowing that they will create an incubator for continuous trauma. My grandmother's trauma led to my mother’s trauma which led to me at an early age to create a false reality, an invisible mask, experience rejection, began suffer emotionally and have daddy issues which resulted in loss of my identity before I was old enough to even know it.

At the time I also didn’t know that it was the devil’s assignment according to John 10:10 “The thief comes only to steal and kill and destroy;” (NIV). He is just walking out his purpose so that I wouldn’t fulfill mine. The four-year-old didn’t know that Jesus gave the answer in His response to the second part of John 10:10 “I have come that they may have life, and have it to the full.” (NIV) Life defined as “The state of one being possessed of vitality. It separates the living from the dead.  Jesus doesn’t want us to just live with His breath but to live full. What does it mean to live full? Full means to live superior, extraordinary, surpassing, uncommon. God created us to do something on the earth extraordinary that surpasses understanding…something uncommon but we are often destroyed by the enemy before we come to this realization.  The traumas of our lives are often such a massive shock to the soul that our spirit is not equipped to resuscitate us.  There are very few of us that are willing to do the work of self-healing to work out Jeremiah 1:5 so we continue on with the life we created instead of the life He knew.

It’s not hard for the devil to have an entry way because he comes through the open areas generations curses that our ancestors did not work on healing. God in His awesome mercy will allow us how to close that portal if we are willing. The question standing before you and me as it was with Jesus standing in front of the man at the pool of Bethesda “Wilt thou be made whole?” (John 5:6 KJV).

Let me set the screen. Jesus is traveling again and comes to a pool by a sheep market. At this pool known as Bethesda the people there are helpless and powerless waiting for the water to look agitated or as the bible says for an angel to trouble the waters. When the waters were troubled healing was available and whoever made it to the water first would receive healing.

There was a man who for eight years tried to get to the troubled water and could not. His trauma was hindering him from getting in the pool, but Jesus asked Him “Wilt thou be made whole?”  Like most of us the man blamed others for not accessing his healing. No one will help me, people are walking all over me, I don’t have what I need to get there. Jesus didn’t pay any attention to the excuses and told him to RISE. Not only to rise but to pick up your bed and walk. Rise up and carry the thing that has been carrying you and walk. This is where the work comes in. You have to face where you are and your trauma and decide to RISE UP. You have to work through the pain that has crippled you and RISE UP. You have to forget the people around you and RISE UP. You have to decide that you want to know the person God knew before you were in your mother’s womb and RISE UP!

That’s when we get to walk out Jesus' promise in John 10:10b “I have come that they may have life, and have it to the full.” (NIV) The man decided to do so and the bible told us not that he was healed the scripture said “And immediately the man was made whole,” (John 5:9 KJV).  Jesus didn’t ask him if he wanted to be made healed. No that’s life, life more full is being made whole. Whole in Strong’s concordance is not only healthy but restored (5199). Restored back to the person I knew before the world crippled you. Restored back to the person before your mother’s womb imparted the cells of her trauma into you. The man decided to RISE and carry his bed. He was made whole without having to go into the pool. He only had to decide to believe that Jesus could heal him and the courage to RISE.

I was 49 when I decided to RISE. It’s when Jeremiah 1:5 came alive to me and I asked God “who did you create me to be?” That question agitated my soul like the angel agitated the waters at the pool of Bethesda. By this time obviously being saved, a pastor and sr. leader in the ministry, I was operating as so many other leaders. Healing others while broken.  I was at my lowest and I knew that I could not keep going. I was looking for the Shalom of God. The peace of God where there is nothing missing or nothing lacking. I wanted the promise in John 10:10b. This is a scary decision. Like the man at the pool, you can’t look at the situation around you and blame people or life for your circumstances. You have to have the ability to recognize the areas in your life that may be empty, unfulfilled or lacking peace and the capacity to reach within to heal it instead of searching outside of yourself. You have to desire to know Who God has created you to be and decide to walk boldly in discovering that person with no fear of how others may perceive you. You have to decide you want to be made whole.

Will You Be Made Whole Take Away:

Prayer:

Chapter 2. Processed

Walking towards wholeness is confidently admitting your weaknesses with the understanding that it doesn’t make you weak. Living a life of wholeness allows you to be content with what you have and the desire to obtain what else is yours. Wholeness silence your critics, makes your prayer for your haters and overlook your doubters. Being Whole is not arrogance, or lack of empathy. Wholeness is living out the thought that God had for you.

I didn’t just get to this mindset. It was a process for me and the tools God is using to help me with my childhood trauma and journey towards wholeness are my therapist and my natural hair journey. Yep, my hair. The hair my mother worked so hard to keep in place and I cared less about is instrumental in my healing.  Of course, it took trauma to make me want to heal my trauma. I’m healing from alopecia. I was diagnosed with alopecia about 3 years ago but when I look back the signs were always there. But why face it, I can do what the four-year girl did and mask it. Wigs, weaves, and braids will cover up the small spot on my head. It’s not that big and I don’t want to go to the doctor for them to diagnose me with alopecia. It will go away. But it didn’t. Trauma never does. It grows until it’s unrecognizable and by the time you do you are so overwhelmed and the preventative care that you could have taken doesn’t work.

 I’m seeing my therapist trying to work out my trauma only to know I have to go to the dermatologist to face the truth. But God, like always, is with me. He was just waiting on me to come to Him for healing. In fact, six years prior when the circle in the middle of my head was small, I heard Him say “if you keep the weave out of your head, I will heal you.” Now, don’t come for me, stylist. I’m not here to suggest or debate weave. This is what He was telling me. It had more to do with the mask and control then the hair. Like most Christians I was excited! God is going to heal me and so I told a close friend of mine and started off on the journey of no weave. I had already stopped perming my hair after having them since I was 7 or 8 years old.

My mom was so over my head that she thought getting me a perm would help. Like most black girls it was our righteous of passage for child to young lady. I remember sitting in the chair as the beautician as we called them was putting this glob of white stuff in my head. It was burning so bad I kept moving and my mom in true fashion was yelling be still. The trip to the shampoo bowl was such a relief. I remember the beautician saying the burn is just temporary, until but come back in 3 months. And we did it as an acceptance to society. Natural hair was not acceptable at all but at some point, my hair was so damage and a handful of black girls with this pretty curly hair was natural so I tried it years before my diagnosis. So now no weave…No problem.

Well, It was HARD! I made it six months then I went right back to the weave. Why? Because without the weave my mask was stripped away which was now my hair. People said how pretty I was with weave. Like my daddy used to call me. My natural hair didn’t seem to have the curly look I was looking for like the other black girls I envied so the only other acceptable way to wear your natural hair was straightened. Even with straight natural hair it had to be tamed. I was burning my hair every day to get the perm look but could brag that I was a natural. If I didn’t straighten it or had a jacked up two strand twist, I got the look. It wasn’t other races that looked at me funny when trying to wear my hair natural. It was my own. People close to me would comment “I couldn’t wear my hair like that” or “if I go natural, I need my curls to look like that” “I tried to go natural but whew” or “I wear my hair natural but I have to straighten it out.” It’s the w modern light skin vs dark skin battle but with 3a vs 4b hair. My hair is 4ab so no matter what YouTube video I watched I couldn’t get the 4ab look pretty.

As I think back, I didn’t even know my hair type or what my hair really looked like prior to my mother changing it. I never learned how to take care of my hair because I was always at the hair salon and when we didn’t have money a box perm was the extent of my hair skills. My mother never taught me how to take care of my hair. She never learned how to take care of hers. She doesn’t know how to French braid; she has light curly irons skills and till this day over products her hair. That’s what she passed down to me, and again with good intentions. My mother explained to me one day at the salon that she was very tenured headed as a young child and always said her hair was just nappy. I never saw her nappy head because she would have it so nicely relaxed and straightened. She had long “beautiful” hair. And I found it hard to believe she was tender headed since she used to pull and pop the top of my head all the time. She told me that one day she was crying so hard when my grandmother was pulling and popping her on the head that her daddy, my beloved granddaddy Campbell, told my grandmother to stop and that he would pay for her to get her hair done every time.

On the outside looking in, that's great, however she never got to the root and learned how to love herself the way God created her. Not that there's anything wrong with getting your hair relaxed if that’s what you desire. At this stage in life, I’m an advocate of needing to know your roots, know how to love yourself how you were created but most of all how to teach the generation behind you to do the same. If not, you’ll easily return to devices instead of growth. That’s what happened pre-diagnosis. I returned to weave, braids, “pretty hair.” I abandon God’s promises because I was stripped of my confidence at an early age.

I had developed strong barriers that prevent trauma from breaking me. Funny saying this because looking back I was already broken. I just masked it will. Even with my mother. My mom was good at providing. She unfortunately was a great father but never got the chance to be a mother. She wasn’t nurturing. She was strict and very into discipline. She probably felt like she had to, however I needed nurturing. One of her strict rules was we could never go anywhere. If it wasn’t to my grandmother’s or the few times, we visited my dad it wasn’t happening. I remember a time being at my grandmother’s and my aunty and uncle (the two youngest of the twelve) were going to visit their dad my grandmother’s second ex-husband. It would have left me in the house without anyone to play with. The rest of my aunts and uncles and were older and moved out so I wanted to go with them. My grandmother called my mom and asked her if I could go and my mom had an extremely -firm NO! She expressed to my grandmother that she would come get us before she let me and my brother go with their daddy. My grandmother 2nd husband wasn’t my mother’s biological dad. I remember being so upset with her. Why is she so strict? So, imagine my surprise the summer she allowed me to go down south with my grandmother and great-mother. My great-grandmother still lived in Clarksdale Mississippi and I was so excited.

The house we stayed at had two doors on the front porch and chickens underneath the house. One of the front doors led to go into my great-grandmother’s house and the other her neighbor. There were three memorable things that happened to me on this trip. One was the trip to the story. Me and a group of friends walked down the road to the local store without asking permission. I had such a great time being free. I can see our faces laughing and joking walking down the dirt road which in itself was different from the streets of Chicago. We were in the store grabbing things and making fun of each other while paying for our snacks. I couldn't tell you today who these kids were but at that moment you would have thought we were best friends. I remember laughing so hard that my stomach was hurting when all of a sudden, the bell over the door started chiming. I turned around only to see my great-grandmother at the door with a long switch from a tree. She hit me so hard I thought I was about to lose my backside. I ran home so fast to my grandmother in total fear. My grandmother stopped my great-grandmother from hitting me. Even if I was in the wrong, reflecting on how my great-grandmother treated her wouldn't allow her to discipline me. Whew I dodge that bullet.

The second thing I remember from that summer was playing on the porch and stumbling off. I got up only to find a chicken looking dead at me. This may have been something natural for these country kids but I wasn't use to looking chicken in the eyes. This chicken looked so mean and I was about to feel his raft. I got up and started running around the house but the chicken started chasing me. It’s funny now, but it was when it was happening. You don’t have to deal with livestock Chicago. I screamed and screamed until once again my grandmother saved me. She yelled come back on the porch and so I did. I guess my fear didn’t allow me to think of that. The chicken stopped at the stairs and I ran into my grandmother’s arms. She of course was use to this but I was traumatized. I’m never coming off this porch again is what I was thinking. Whew I dodge another bullet.

It’s the last bullet that I didn’t dodge that would cause real trauma and leave a hole bigger than my little self could handle and my grandmother couldn’t save me from it.  The second door to my grandmother’s neighbor was always open. An old man with scaly gray eyes lived there.  One day while on the porch I vowed not to leave. He asked me in for some lemonade. It was so hot outside I said yes. I don’t know why. By this time, I was seven or eight years old and was a highly trained latch key kid. I was responsible for walking to school by myself, watching my baby brother, locking the door when leaving the house, calling my mom before and after returning. Again, all the product of being raised by a single mom. I knew the story about talking to strangers and my mom had schooled me over and over on perverted men. I don’t know why I said yes…but I did.

It was dark and he walked ahead of me into the kitchen. I knew I was in trouble. That same feeling that I had when living with my dad was with me. Something wasn’t right but I couldn’t move. He handed me the lemonade and told me to sit on his lap and I did. As I was drinking the lemonade, I could feel his fingers playing between my legs and instead of yelling I went inside of myself again. I struggle today to remember how I got out of there. I know he didn’t touch me with anything but his fingers but that’s all. I went so far inside and can’t remember.

I did it again. I made the same decision that I would once again blame myself for like I did in that one-bedroom apartment when my dad threatened my mom. WHY didn’t I do something, say something. Where was the bold girl who would ask any question and speak her mind even if it meant getting popped in the mouth. The product of my surroundings was stripping her away. She wasn’t gone yet but she was struggling. I never told anyone what happened to me. I blamed myself for being so stupid. It wasn’t like I didn’t know better but I don’t know what happened. I let my guard down. I trusted somebody. This was the second time a man had failed me.

Will You Be Made Whole:

Prayer:

Chapter 3. Care Free Curl

Just as my innocents was stripped away at such an earlier age, we tend to strip a huge part of our identity which is our hair. Simultaneously I found myself getting to know myself at the sometime I was getting to know my hair. After being diagnosed with alopecia I could do what I did the first time which was becoming a product junky and spending all day to get my hair to look like my favorite influencer. It never worked and my scalp was too sensitive. The emotions of losing my hair took my confidence to a all-time low but I had to go through the process or I was in jeopardy of losing it. Curly or nappy I wanted to wear my own hair regardless. It’s the old saying of “you never know what you got until it’s gone.” I realized I spent so many years mistreating my hair that I never treasured it.

It maybe strange to say but God knows exactly what I needed. See I've acted out the strong, stubborn bold, courageous and fearless person so long that it became my persona. I know she was inside of me before I was traumatized as a child, and lost her so inside with the trauma and only I know I’m not that confident anymore but baby I know how to act her out. It takes strong people to handle me. My dermatologist is just that. When I got to her office, I had the nerve to have a head full of braids. She said after examining my head. “If you come back in here with a weave, I’m not going to see you anymore.”  LORD! Straight to the point but that’s what I needed. I said “I have a party to go to then after that I’m done.” That’s what we do. Get that last fix before we start our process. She then proceeded with a series of questions that reminded me again of God and His word.

She said “if I can get 40% of your hair back would you be okay with that?” I said “yes.” She said “If I can get 50% of your hair back would you be okay with that?” I said “yes.” She said “If I can get 80% of your hair back would you be okay with that?” I said “yes.”

How does that remind me of His word?

Genesis 18:22-333 (NIV) says

**22** The men turned away and went toward Sodom, but Abraham remained standing before the Lord.[[b](https://www.biblegateway.com/passage/?search=Genesis%2018%3A16-33&version=NIV#fen-NIV-447b)] **23** Then Abraham approached him and said: “Will you sweep away the righteous with the wicked? **24** What if there are fifty righteous people in the city? Will you really sweep it away and not spare[[c](https://www.biblegateway.com/passage/?search=Genesis%2018%3A16-33&version=NIV#fen-NIV-449c)] the place for the sake of the fifty righteous people in it? **25** Far be it from you to do such a thing—to kill the righteous with the wicked, treating the righteous and the wicked alike. Far be it from you! Will not the Judge of all the earth do right?” **26** The Lord said, “If I find fifty righteous people in the city of Sodom, I will spare the whole place for their sake.” **27** Then Abraham spoke up again: “Now that I have been so bold as to speak to the Lord, though I am nothing but dust and ashes, **28** what if the number of the righteous is five less than fifty? Will you destroy the whole city for lack of five people?” “If I find forty-five there,” he said, “I will not destroy it.” **29** Once again he spoke to him, “What if only forty are found there?”He said, “For the sake of forty, I will not do it.” **30** Then he said, “May the Lord not be angry, but let me speak. What if only thirty can be found there?” He answered, “I will not do it if I find thirty there.” **31** Abraham said, “Now that I have been so bold as to speak to the Lord, what if only twenty can be found there?” He said, “For the sake of twenty, I will not destroy it.” **32** Then he said, “May the Lord not be angry, but let me speak just once more. What if only ten can be found there?” He answered, “For the sake of ten, I will not destroy it.” **33** When the Lord had finished speaking with Abraham, he left, and Abraham returned home.

The people had sinned against God and Abraham was inquiring if you find a few faithful would you save them and God said yes. It was as if God was saying I know I told you six years ago that I would heal you if you stop wearing the weave but If you go on this journey now I will keep my promise and heal you. My yes was not to her but to God.

Trying not to have a praise break in her office I focused on my diagnosis which was traction alopecia in the center of my head and more like generational alopecia around edges. She said I may find more hair growth coming back in the center than the edges because it’s generational. I told her not to worry. Jesus has broken every generational curse off my life so as long as I stay in faith, I’m good. She told me how scared I was due to the weave. She said that wearing a weave is like putting a paperclip on one string of hair and asking it to carry the weight, but if I went through the process, she was sure she could restore some of my hair. I told her I was going through the process.

She looked at me like yeah, we’ll see. Me being outspoken asked why the look You don’t believe me. She said “she has so many girls and women who can’t go without the weave.” “Their identity is in weave and to wear their hair is unnatural.” They start the process, stop the process and come back when it’s irreversible. She has no idea how close that hit home. I was that girl who went from an invisible mask to a weave mask without knowing it. How did that happen? How did who I am get caught up in my hair? Now I know how much hair means to a woman. Having alopecia is devastating even as I am walking in faith. But how did allowing someone else’s hair define me? Not even the struggle about losing my own but not being pretty without wearing someone else's hair. ‘

I allowed compliments vs critique to feed me instead of asking why does the critique triggered me?

It was easy to push aside because this is not an area in my life. I am strong willed in so many areas. Why does the word pretty trigger me? Why does someone saying nappy or kinky have me looking for Brazilian hair? Why isn't my God given hair out of my head enough for me regardless of what people think? I left out of her office with these questions but also with another scripture.

**“**But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Do not fear therefore; you are of more value than many sparrows (Luke 12:7 NKJV).

I walked out believing that God was going to heal me and I was going to not only be healed but Whole. I was going to find out with the help of my therapist the answers to why.

Before talking to my therapist, I cried. With all the strength I felt from the faith that God was going to heal me, the fact that I was losing my hair and would have to expose it at some point not only hurt but made me feel ugly. Crying for me was different. I can count on my hands how many times I cried as an adult. It wasn’t often. I was going to not only find inner confidence but beauty as well. Something I don’t ever think I had to define myself as. Something that made me feel uncomfortable. Being pretty. It was that trigger word again. After crying it hit me that I’m not only a pastor at my ministry but the online pastor. I would be presenting myself to the world week after week with no mask.

I hadn’t felt like this since I got my care free curl in fifth or six grade. I had long “pretty hair” by now and was comfortable with it until a series of events made me once again question my beauty. Besides I had another traumatic express at home that I was yet again masking. My mom being such a hard work took care of the family whenever she could. She would let my uncles and aunties stay with as much as we went home to grandma when we needed to. One of my uncles was a known pedophilia got married to a woman with daughter. We later we discovered that he would go get her out of school and have sex with her. She was expose to sex earlier and unwillingly so it was no surprise that she was promiscuous. She would tease me about not kissing a boy yet. I didn’t know how but I was only in 4 or 5 grades besides my mother made sure that I didn't. My mother and The Man In Mississippi.

One night she was lying in bed with me and asked me if I wanted to practice with her. I was confused but living up north homosexuality was all around me so I didn’t think anything was wrong with it. Besides my aunty had told me that sucking her breast was okay as well. She kissed me and she started to grind on me. I was confused. I know that I really like boys but she was causing my body to react in ways it should only react for a boy. This would happen often until she couldn't come over anymore. Mentally I was confused. I’m I gay? This and my environment had me questioning my sexuality for years. That was until my uncle moved in with us. My grandmother was having trouble with him and my mom being older and stable wanted to give my grandmother a break. He was only four years older than me so it couldn’t be that bad. We would have fun like we use to.

 He transferred to my school and we went to school and came home together. It was like having a big brother and someone else had all the responsibilities. Only he wasn’t responsible at all. He got in just as much trouble as he did at home. I had my own trouble at school so adding his name next to mines at the front office was hilarious. At least to us. It stopped being fun one day after school when he crawled into my mom’s bed with me. He didn’t take off my clothes but he would kiss on me and grind on me. At least that’s all I remember. I fade out of the details because I went into my secret place. By this time, I had been touched so much I didn’t think to tell anyone. But I didn’t see myself a pretty any more so I didn’t take care of my hair. She said going to cut all my hair off and I was getting a care free curl. I thought nothing of it. With all I had going on what was hair.

 I found out the next day at school. My favorite teacher looked at me with a look of total confusion and said “what did you mother do to your hair.” “She cut off all of that beautiful hair of yours.” If I didn’t know it knew then the importance of a black women’s hair and how it is perceived society. I guess that’s why as I got older, I stuck with the hair trends instead of seeking out my own expression of beauty. By the time I got my diagnosis I had discovered how I wanted to express my beauty. I’m urban girl and proud of it. I know urban is thought of as ghetto, however I’m a city girl and in spite of what happened with a southern twist. And although I am an urban girl at heart and who love to wear headwraps, the choice to not wear them felt like it was taken from me.  At the same time, I didn't want my head wraps to be my new mask as I was working to undercover the old one.

My diagnosis It was a lot to try and take in but after a few weeks I spoke to my therapist. I had been seeing her for around six months by now.  She is the one who asked me the questions Jesus asked the crippled man at the pool of Bethesda “Will You Be Made Whole.” We didn’t talk about my hair but because she was working on me facing the little girl, I knew it would help. God knowing me not only sent me the right dermatologist but the right therapist as well. She knew and had heard about me as a pastor and leader at my church and she knew that if she directed her questions based on what I knew not only about the word but ministering to God’s people she could get me to self-reflect and minister to myself.

In my sessions I had to distinguish between the ideal self and real self. The ideal-self is what the little girl created when she went inside herself. The real-self was who I had become. I lived out to everyone else the ideal self and disconnected from my real-self. My ideal-self disconnected from her emotions years ago so she could walk in confidence while the real-self setup so many boundaries no one could get in. The ideal-self projected who she wanted to be while the real-self had no idea who she was. The ideal-self ministered from the word but the real-self did not minister the word to herself. Not in the ways that matter. The real self could keep the law but did not give herself grace. The ideal self could preach the word but could not feel those who she was preaching to. The ideal self believes that God is a healer but the real self wasn’t healed.

After the session realized that God was requiring me to walk out my alopecia in full transparency. In order to minister to His people, I had to experience Him in a way I have never experienced Him. I had to feel it. Why? So, I could share His healing from a place of knowing instead of reading. The little girl had to be healed so that the women could come out. My hair was just symbolic to what I had lost over time and did not tend to so it got worse. My hair was just symbolic to me not feeling beautiful because I didn’t line up with what my mother thought a girl should be. My hair was symbolic of being lied to by the only person who told me I was pretty. My hair was just symbolic of me lying to the world about my life because I didn’t want them to know what was going on inside my home. My hair was just symbolic to the emotional detachment that I created between me and people. God is challenging me to fall in love with my hair the way He created it. To learn how to nature and present it.

As painful as it is, I’m on this journey of being made whole so that I can become who He knew me to be before I was in my mother's womb. As a spiritual leader the spirit of shame tries to attack me from even writing this book. The ideal self won’t care but I’m not writing from that place so the actual person does. But more than me being healed and prayerfully you too. I’m determined to break the generational curse off my life so that my children won’t have to. I gave birth to my children before I was healed so they have trauma in their cells. But the thing about cells is that they have the ability to recreate themselves and go through the process called cell division. Since God is the one who created our bodies, I believe by faith that God will allow every traumatic spirit to divide and break off the cells of my children and they will not carry that spirit in their DNA.

Take a deep breath with me and decide to be made whole as well. My transparency on these pages is for you to know that you are not alone. Put away your titles, expectations, net worth, mask and let’s face our fears together. I know that most spiritual people don't claim fear. I’m not asking you to claim it, I’m asking you to admit it and then address it so you can overcome it. And you will. We will. God has not given us the spirit of fear but of love, power and a sound mind according to II Timothy i:7 (NKJV) but it doesn’t say we won’t feel it just empowers to handle it when it comes.  You can’t keep leading sheep, your home, your community walking around crippled by trauma. It may not be their hair that God is permitting to draw you. It could be alcohol, drugs, sex or some other type of device the devil is using to help you cope instead of heal. Whatever it is it will never replace the other side of God’s Wholeness. Allow the little girl or little boy that never had the just to develop into God created them to be due to traumatic experiences heal.

Will You Be Made Whole Take Away:

In John:5 it says at verse 6 When Jesus saw him lie, and knew that he had been now a long time in that case, he saith unto him, Wilt thou be made whole?

I want to encourage you that Jesus sees you. He knows that you have been in that situation for a long time and He is presenting a miracle to you of healing, however you have to take the first step of faith. In that step you must know that you don’t control the process. I have so many days when I want to cut my head bald because I don’t see any growth. I don’t control the process, just the decision to believe. Not in my hair growing back but in being healed.

Let me explain. I believe that God is going to heal me and my hope is that the healing comes with a head full of hair. But rather God heals or He heals I’m going to be healed. Meaning, if He decides to heal me by growing my hair back praise God but if He decides to heal me by taking it all away praise God. Why? Because at the end of the day I’m healed.

Sure, I desire that He heals me one way and I would be devastated at first if the outcome is different. My prayer is because He is sovereign, I would challenge myself to say to God “what did you really heal?” I’m not at the end of my alopecia journey to answer that. But while I’m on the journey I know He sees me and He loves me.

Prayer:

Spirit of the living God, we thank you for seeing us. Your word says that we can cast our cares upon you because you care for us and so we come casting our hearts to you. God, we want to be made whole so walk with us on this journey of healing. Lord rather our trauma is generational or self-inflicted allow us the strength to overcome it.  God, we believe in your word that says you come that we may have life and life to the full and since your word will not come back void but will accomplish what is sent forth to do we believe that as we press into you, we will be made whole. Father, we don’t want to leave this earth not becoming who you created us to be. Help us Holy Spirit to be led into all truths and to face all fears. Heal our hearts, heal our minds, heal our souls.

In Jesus Name Amen!

I Peter 5:7

Isaiah 55:11

John 10:10

Chapter 4. UnbeWeavable

 Things at home were unbelievable and I like most young people couldn’t wait to be grown. By this time, I was in 8th grade and so rebellious and clueless as to what life really had to offer. I just felt like being on my own would be better. When I say on my own, I mean living with my grandmother which is where I went as often as I could. My grandmother moved so much we use to call her the gypsy women. Not that we were any better. We moved so much I remember locations rather than addresses. There was never a since of home. I don’t know if I blame my mother for that. She worked really hard but life is hard. The summer before 8th grade my mom started dating someone with two boys and we were living with my grandmother again. My mom had us over her new friend’s house for a few nights and in true grandma fashion she showed up with all of our belongings. She was moving again and since my mother seemed secured, she saw no reason why we couldn’t stay where we were. The is one thing I wish my grandmother never had done. It not like my mother hadn’t been in a relationship before but this new person was not what I was accustomed to my mother entertaining. My mother was hard worker and loved new clothes and nice things. My mother kept a clean house and even with her yelling would try to the best of her ability to have fun with us.

This new person was to me none of those things. Their house was junky, they didn’t have a job and they called me and my brother spoiled and I of course was bougie. I was. I wasn’t a girly girl but I definitely liked good things. I could order off the menu like an adult and could go around the name brand stores with my eyes closed. My mother worked hard for that so again I have no idea how we ended up here. My mother could tell right away that I didn’t like it but she didn’t really care. It was as if my mom had been an adult all her life and this person allowed her to live free. I kept waiting for us to find our own place. I wanted to leave this filth that I wasn’t accustom to. We did end up leaving but not like I wanted to. In the middle of the night the duplex caught on fire. We lost everything. We all made it out and the feeling that I so often felt when things were going to go bad came over me. As my things were going up in flames it my life was changing again for the worst and it would literally take me years to reclaim the status we once had.

We ended up in a hotel and my mom put me and 3 boys in one room and her and her friend in the other. That never happened. My mom always kept us close. I just assumed we wouldn’t be in there long. I was wrong. My mom would keep us in the room for hours. They would bring us food and leave. I think this was the beginning of me becoming claustrophobic. The boys were having a great time but the walls were coming down on me. I was in eighth grade by this time and ready to return to my last year. Eventually I did only to have students singing “Burning Down The House” Talking Heads It’s funny now but not at the time. I didn’t know what was more embarrassing, them singing the song or making fun of my thrift store clothes. I had never worn theft store clothes and I didn’t like it. This laid down the tacks of the next series of traumatic experiences. Yeah, I know used clothes isn’t traumatic but it was. For a girl who didn’t feel pretty or pure my outer appearance become the only weapon at the time that I had. it only got worse. My mom new lover somehow convinced her at least in my preteen mind to quit her job, rummage through junk yards and sale those items that eventually ended up in our house. The only clear picture I can paint for you to relate to is the tv show Sandford in Son. I think the last resemblance to my mom that was taken was her hair. She for the first time in her life cut all of her hair off. My grandmother was furious. My mother’s hair was also tied to her identity in my mind. It made her the polished refined black women. It was gone.

 So was my mom. At least the one that I had known. No matter how much my mother yelled or kept us aligned she always put us first. Always. That started to slowly change and I could feel the tension with my mom in the house. I think she recognized at some point that this person was not for her but she stayed. When they argued my house felt the uneasy feeling of when my father and her lived in the same house. My nervous were bad and I went from going into myself to music. The way these kids walk around with headphones on today is how I kept my radio to my ear. And when they came out with Walkman. That was it. I know had a beat to go along with the imaginary life I wanted to be in. everyone’s life was better than mines. At least I thought.

My high schools were nothing that I hoped for. The dream I had of enjoying high school went out of the building. I was awkward and lost all sense of confidence need to strive, but I couldn’t let anyone know it. I would around with my head down. Yeah, the bold four-year hold did that without really recognizing it. Oh, but believe me. If someone did anything I didn’t like I would be started it just to release some of the pain. I was already in full accommodation mode so if I was drinking or smoking it made it worse. I was a natural leader. I would always get people to do things and never have it point back to me. Like the first year I attend my high school is the year they decided to have closed campus. I waited so long to be able to go to lunch off campus without having to sneak only for them to stop it the year I showed up. Nope! Not having it. I got a group of youth to protest but I never showed up. I was the brains I said. Someone has to plan. The Vice President knew I was behind it. She would call my mom oftern to tell her she knew it was me behind the mischief but she couldn’t prove it. My mom knew it I use to protest at home when we couldn’t go outside but since they didn’t have any evidence she never said much.

My grades where horrible. It wasn’t that I not smart having no way to express my trauma made me day dream in class more than doing my work. I went from being one of the smartest children in school to my teachers telling me I may need special education classes. That never happened. I would pick up the pace right before they tried to fail me or after that weapon I received. So, if you saw my high school grades you wouldn’t believe that I’m actually very intelligent. Perhaps not as academically or at least that’s what I was told. My acholic math teacher knew better. She saw how I would go from getting an F to an A in a matter of weeks. She looked at my report card and saw that I had A’s in some of the toughest classes. She called me out all the time and told me I wasn’t trying. I should have appreciated that but no words could build up my confidence by this point. I remember regrettable in the hall way she asked me where I was going because she knew I was supposed to be in class. She was looking out for me but it was one of those hard days so I returned her kindness with “Why the $#@%” do you care? I’m not going to your class!” Yes, them accommodations were strong. She called my mom that night but I just told my mom she was racist and that was that. Living up north I had been called nigga so much that it was believable.

I did have one thing that I loved in high school and that was dancing. I had a group and we would rehearse all the time. We did so many talents shows and people were starting to notice me for more than my bad attitude. One day we had an audition for one of the talent shows on tv. We worked really hard and I was so excited. As we were on our way, my mom pulls up in the Sanford in Son truck, calls my name out real loud and tells me to get in the truck. I was so embarrassed. I cried so hard. My high school life was over. They kicked me out of the group, let me back in and kicked me out again. I tried out for the cheerleading team and the dance team. They really wanted me on the cheerleading team but I didn’t take the audition serious enough for the dance team and me and my dance mate was beefing at the time so I didn’t make it. I did make the cheerleading team but one day at rehearsal the cheer coach said to me “you that dancing girl from the group right.” I said “yes.” She just looked at me. I never came back. She could have been happy to have me on the team but my low self-esteem could phantom that. Besides I couldn’t afford the uniform.

I didn’t feel like we could afford much of anything. Me and the boys use to work Jewels and Dominick’s to eat. We would walk around and eat the open cookies and snacks or they would ask if they could help carry bags home for money. I never liked that. I worried about my brother being sexually abused by people but we were desperate. Sometimes we would be at the library falling asleep in the aisle waiting to be picked up. Those were the days we moved too far to walk to school and had no bus money. At one point we were homeless sleeping in a van. It was a couple of days before my mom took me and my brother to my grandmother house to stay. I never felt so happy to sleep on the floor. It didn’t last. After only a few days I could hear my grandmother on the phone with my mother. She was telling her she was coming back to get us but she didn’t have a place to stay yet. My grandmother asked her why would you take your kids who have a roof over their head to put them back in the streets. My mom answered and I could hear my grandmother cussing her out. You’re going to take your kids because they children can’t stay where they at. I couldn’t believe my ears. Why would my mom let us go back to the streets. I heard my grandmother pleading with mom and say you all can stay here in my one bed room apartment. That was big for my grandmother because she didn’t like my mother’s friend. My mother must have said no so my grandmother said Well at least let Sabrina stay. She’s a girl and she doesn’t need to be in the streets. My mother said no. That conversation was a huge blow to me and my mom’s relationship.

Not to soon after wards school had started. My senior year and I couldn’t wait to graduate. We couldn’t move into our new apartment yet so we would wash up in the McDonald’s bathroom before going to school. One morning a white lady came in as I was dressing. She gave me a look that pierced right though me. You’re A Nothing is what her eyes said it stayed with me until God found me almost 10 years later.

I didn’t really know how to be a friend though. The only true friend Lisa had moved to the southside and I couldn’t risk being vulnerable with one else. I would flirt with other girls’ boyfriends even if they were my friend. I didn’t really want them. I only had one true crush in high school and he only like my Hispanic sisters. Probably not what I was calling them at the time. I had been exposed to inappropriate sexually interactions that my body was the only thing I felt people wanted so if someone showed me some attention I flirted back. I was sexually active though. I really didn’t even like for anyone to touch me but my hormones were all off. I know you probably thinking girl you know better than to be missing with another girl’s man. Especially your friends. But were they, my friends. They probably thought so and truthfully, I probably acted as if they were. But I was so emotional disconnected that I had no feelings. None that I could tap into. A regret I have to this day is not getting close to anyone that I could call friend.

I ended up leaving home a couple of weeks before my birthday.