

# THE RIDE

I

The Ride

The field was wide and beautiful.

I sat on the lawn of beautiful green grass.

I sensed He was standing on the balcony and watching me.

Another walks over to me and says, "You are wanted in the field."

I turned and was looking up at the person but the sight of the Son was so bright on him, I could not see his face.

I stood up, making sure I did not step on my long white beautiful dress and followed the person across many fields and beautiful flowers until we reached an area where there was a very large number of horses and many, many warriors practicing battle maneuvers.

The person I followed was standing at my side.

The commander was standing and watching every movement of the horses and the riders.

Another commander was on a horse and he was yelling commands.

I jumped because I did not see him. When I jumped, the ground commander instantly knew I was there and turned and walked over to me, before he could speak, I turned and walked away and picked up the pace and began to trot, then began to run.

They all watched me as I did not stop.

I ran and ran.

I could not stop running.

I passed blurred images.

I assumed they were building and people.

I continued to run until I came to an open field I had not seen before.

I was alone.

I began to scream and stomp my feet and swing my arms.

I screamed and I screamed for days.

I began to walk to get some more pain out.

I walked passed a beautiful blue pool of water and at the end of the pool I decided to stop and wash my face with the water.

I sat down and my eyes were staring into the blue water until all I could see was my past.

I saw my husband I met in college. He became my best friend. He always anticipated my needs. He knew when I needed a book for class or did not have any food in the refrigerator or did not have my part of the rent. He always came up with the much needed funds, even though he was also a student.

We began dating and having sex.

I had committed myself not to have sex until I was married.

I wanted to marry a preacher and I would teach school.  
Before I began to have sex with my boyfriend, I would spend my weekends reading my bible. I did not go to church with my roommate but dedicated myself to fasting, prayer and reading my bible each weekend.  
Of all the girls on campus, he chose me.  
I was so thrilled.  
He became my world.  
He began to take up every inch of my time.  
He would always find something to do on the weekends or go somewhere. Sometimes, we would go to strange seminars or conferences.  
I did not understand what the people were talking about.  
My boyfriend would be intensely looking at my face, like he was trying to read my mind.  
At the end of these conferences and seminars, he would go quickly to some of the people there or walk into another room.  
I was thinking, "That's odd, he told me that he did not know anyone."  
Several times, I got up to follow him and was cut off by some of the attendees, which became physical.  
I would push them out of my way and they would push back.

My boyfriend would always come back at the nick of time, and putting something in his pocket, would grab me by the elbow and hurry me out of the building.

I would tell him, I did not like the people and would not go back to the strange lectures and seminars.

He will go start to debate the essence of what was being said.

I would always tell him nothing they said made any sense. I stopped going to his seminars.

He was so upset.

I told my mother and she said, he was not right and asked me to stop seeing him.

I told my mother I had sex with him often.

She was quiet.

She again said, "Stop seeing you, and make sure you don't have a baby."

I hung up the phone making a promise to never speak to my mother again.

The next day, I got a phone call saying she was dead.

She had a stroke during the night, and because she lived alone, she had no one to call for help. A coworker came by to pick her up for work and did not get a response. She used a key my mother gave her and unlocked the lock.

She found my mother lying across the bed as she was apparently getting off her knees from praying.

My mother was my life.

I was devastated.

It was only the two of us and plenty of uncles, aunts and cousins.

There he was, standing across the street on that cold and rainy day as we piled out of the many vehicles to go to the church for repast.

My Uncle Bill, who was very quick, Walt up to me along with Gwendolyn, my mother's sister, and they walked by my side keeping my ex boyfriend at bay.

They gave him an extremely evil look. I saw their look, but did not understand why, especially since they never met him.

I could not breathe.

I ran out of the church into the cold and rain to breathe - to let the fresh air feel me up.

I bent over and hollered out loud.

My very best friend and was gone. No longer on the earth.

No longer for me to get mad at and slam doors, or screened at, or disagree over a dress or her wild haircuts.

My Aunt Gwendolyn and Uncle Bill were watching me from the church doorway.

My cousin Jeff pushed pass them and walked over to me.  
He held me for a long time.  
Jeff's was the gang member of my family.  
Everyone had been praying for him for years.  
I loved him.  
He taught me to fight.  
He taught me to run also.  
We would be fighting in the streets and sometimes, we had to run to safety.  
Many of his friends were dead.  
I prayed for them.  
They were our age, nineteen, twenty and twenty-one.  
Jeff said, "Who's that?"  
I did not turn to look.  
I said, "A boy from school."  
Jeff said, "He came all the way here."  
He pushed me back from him and said, "Do I need to take care of this?"  
I looked at my ex-boyfriend and said, "No."  
We turned and walked back to the church.  
My Uncle Bill was a mighty prayer warrior.  
He lived a few doors from us.

He would always sit on his porch with his bible and read and pray from the time he got home from work until his bedtime.

People would wave and say, "Put me on that prayer list."

He would nod his head and continue to pray.

He and my mother and Aunt Gwendolyn would get together every Saturday afternoon and pray.

They would intercede for many. If they had to work, they would do a conference call.

Their chores would be done through the week or Saturday morning. They were committed to praying before God in Jesus' name.

After I graduated from undergrad, I moved home and stayed in my mother's bungalow.

I taught school and continued to attend graduate school.

After two years, I got my masters.

Jeff was killed by the police.

My heart was broken.

Aunt Gwendolyn's boy.

She was torn. She kept saying, "my boy, my boy."

Uncle Bill did not attend Jeff's funeral service.

He had a stroke and could barely feed himself.

All I could think was "My best fighting buddy is gone. I sure want him to make it to heaven."



Then I thought, "Whoa, we are having a lot of bad things happen to us over these three years; Mom, Uncle Bill and now Jeff. What's going on?"

I stopped by to see Uncle Bill after Jeff's service and brought him an obituary and a plate from the repast.

I sat in quietness.

Uncle Bill looked at me.

He finally said, "Reminds me of your mom."

He was straining to speak.

I looked at him and said, "Yeah."

Don't talk. Eat what you can. TV?"

He said, "Yeah."

I turned on his TV and his lights and made sure all the windows and doors were locked.

He was watching my every move.

I opened his refrigerator and standing back, I said to him, "I'll go to the grocery store tomorrow."

He nodded his head.

I said, "I wasn't here this week."

I looked at him. He was very sad and I did not know why.

I said, "I'll do the laundry tomorrow also."

He tried reaching the carry out container to me. I walked over and took the container and placing it in the running over trash.

I tied the trash bag and sat it by the back door.

Uncle Bill had gotten up and put on his pajamas.

I waited and he came back and laid on his sofa and took his wife's picture with their children and kissed it. He placed it back on the end table over his head as he laid on the sofa. He took his bible and placed it on his chest.

That was the way they found him the next morning.

I hollered when I got the phone call.

Aunt Gwendolyn and her sons, Bruce and Bryce had gone by Saturday to get Uncle Bill up to bathe and shave him and give him his exercise. Bryce was a physical therapist and was very good at his job.

When I ran down the street in my pajamas, Mrs. Kaye was walking her dog and yelled and said, "Gal, where is your clothes?"

I kept running.

Then she must have realized that something was wrong.

She and her dog ran to Uncle Bill's and heard our crying.

She stood at the front steps until the ambulance came.

Then the police came.

The neighbors gathered.

I slid from the wall to the floor and sat there for hours.

Mrs. Kaye walked into the house and said, "Gal, get up. You have been there for hours. I've been to the grocery store and gassed for my car up and got my hair done, and you're still sitting on this floor. You can't bring him back."

She stood and looked around and sniffed.

Her dog walked into the house and laid by my feet.

Mrs. Kaye walked over and took the garbage out of the back door.

She came back and locked the door and opened the window, to let out the scent.

Mrs. Kaye sat in a chair next to the TV. She looked around at the house and said, "Thirty years, and smiled. This place has not changed since Joyce. He missed them. Her and the boys."

I faintly thought about them.

"That was a terrible fiery car accident. But he's with them now. They are happy."

She looked over at me and said, "Come on child, let's go."

Her dog stood up and nudged me.

I looked up at Mrs. Kaye.

A neighbor of my mother's.

A retired bakery worker.

A faithful church going member.

A thither

A hell going Christian.

I stood up with Mrs. Kaye's help.

She did not look at me, but said, "What child?"

I said, "Don't let anyone keep you from heaven. Ask Jesus to save you."

Mrs. Kaye did not say a thing. We walked out of Uncle Bill's door - she said, "Key?"

I shook my head for no and she locked the door from inside.

We walked down the sidewalk.

She said, "You got it?"

I said, "Yeah." She lived a few doors between us and Uncle Bill.

I walked home and went in and took a bath for a long time.

The telephone was ringing.

Aunt Gwendolyn was calling.

I said I'll call her back when I finished my bath.

I began to cry.

I don't spend time with no one the way I should. Suppose she's next, or me?"

After a long time in the tub, I got up and dried off and put on a new pair of pajamas, thinking what am I saving these for? I called Aunt Gwendolyn back and we talked for hours. She completed Uncle Bill' obituary while we were on the phone.

I asked her about Uncle B ill' wife and children.

Aunt Gwendolyn said, "Why?"

I told her Mrs. Kaye had mentioned "they are together now." Aunt Gwendolyn.

I listened. It never happens Aunt Gwendolyn sighed so I knew it was important. I got comfortable on the sofa and was looking around my living room suspiciously.

Aunt Gwendolyn said, "You were not born. We were at your mother's wedding. She married Joyce's brother. It was a truly lovely ceremony that Saturday at the church.

There were yellow flowers everywhere - roses, daffodils, daisies, etc."

I shook my head for yes. My mother loved her yellow flowers.

Gwendolyn continued, "Uncle Bill was told to drive mom home, but the church was a nasty. We had to clean it up so the Joyce volunteered to drive mom home, she and the boys. When they dropped mom off and entered the freeway,

a truck hit them and continued. The driver did not stop. It was just weird. We got the call hours later. I dropped Uncle Bill at him and we were wondering where Joyce and the boys were. Uncle Bill passed out. He blamed himself these thirty years. Your mother and father did not know until the next day. She and your father stayed at a hotel that night. Needless to say, your father, Joyce's brother and uncle to Mike, Theodore and Woody were unbelievably not hurt. After the funeral, your mother and your father had to leave and to go to his military station. Five years later, you were born and your father died the next year on a mission, which was a mystery to his unit. So you have a short version of our family. One mystery after the next. That's why we would intercede all the time. Not only for our family, but for others."

I said, "Aunt?"

She said, "Yes?"

I said, "Did you ever see answers to your prayers?"

She said, "Sure did. One was that ex-boyfriend of yours. It was something creepy about him. In case I die tonight, don't ever get back with him."

I just shook my head at Aunt Gwendolyn Candor.

She continued, "Now Ben at the funeral home is eligible."

I sat up on the sofa with a look of disgust and said, "Whew. No. I'll talk to you later Aunt Gwendolyn."

I hung up the phone and laid on the couch and pulled the blanket on me I left on the sofa.

I could not shake the image of Ben from my mind.

Aunt Gwendolyn began to sift through her pictures of Uncle Bill. One picture caused her to hold it up and stare at the picture very oddly.

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As I walked between the tomb stones/name markers, I saw my father's and mother's next to each other. I just flopped down at their feet and could only think, "Why? Why was I robbed of both of my parents? If I didn't have my large family, I would be alone."

Then I looked over a hundred headstones and saw Junior's, Aunt Gwendolyn oldest son. He was riding his bike one Saturday and was hit and killed instantly - he was only ten. He would be, I guess, thirty six now. I wonder how Aunt Gwendolyn deals with the deaths of her children. Now Jeff next to him. They never found Aunt Gwendolyn's husband. They said he and three more men were lynched when they

went fishing. I think that's what drove Jeff to the gangs to be protected from the streets and that did not include the police. Bryce walked over and tapped me on the shoulder. I reached my hand to him and he reached his hand to me and lifted me up.

Mrs. Kaye looked and kept going to her car. I said, "It seems like this whole cemetery is our family."

Aunt Gwendolyn passed by being held by Bruce.

They were followed by Aunt Alice and her entire family of twenty sons and grandchildren who was the on the way back home to Detroit when they got the call at the gas station.

So, they turned around and stayed the next day for Uncle Bill's funeral. Aunt Alice said, "It's just too many bad memories," and she had to go.

They did not stay for the repast, but had their cars gassed up the night before and immediately went to their cars to leave.

Aunt Gwendolyn and Aunt Alice stood alone and talked.

When they finished, Aunt Alice was led by her eldest son to the passenger side of the car. He walked around and waved at Aunt Gwendolyn and getting in the car, waved his last goodbye.

A month later, we made the trip to Detroit.

Bryce decided to drive and I rode with him.



He drove the whole way and stopped only once to fill up.

We talked about nothing all the way.

Then suddenly he said, "I believe we all have been marked."

I choked on coffee and spewing it out of my mouth onto my brand new coat that I should have taken off earlier, quickly used the napkins and cleaned the spill off.

I said, "Me too."

Bryce looked at me and we began to compare notes.

I said, "It's like something is strategically eating away components of our family."

Bryce said, "Exactly."

I said, "Bryce, what are you planning - do you want to run to somewhere else?"

Bryce said, "You see it does not matter where you run to, it follows you. Aunt Alice took John and Aletha to Detroit when they were just babies. Her husband and her eldest two children were killed in a car crash. And now is dead from a heart attack which makes no sense. But he at least had three children and two have six children. Now Aletha on the other hand was out there with all types of men. She had five children and her boys have four children - and they are young."

I giggled.

We pulled up in front of John's house. He made a good living as an attorney in Detroit, well the suburb of Detroit. His wife, who is also an attorney, greeted us and told her maid to take us to the guest rooms to get dressed before everyone else arrived.

We greeted everyone including Aunt Gwendolyn who looked so nice.

Bryce noticed Aunt Gwendolyn and aid, "Whoa mom looks good."

I said nothing, but nodded my head.

I thought about Bruce who could not come because he had no time to be off.

Aunt Gwendolyn rode back with us.

I drove nearly all the way so Bryce could rest.

Aunt Gwendolyn and Bryce were switching seats so he could rest.

I said, "Aunt Gwen?"

She was strapping on her seat belt.

She said, "What?" As she was looking down at the seat belt to get it right.

I said, "I'm going to sell mom's car; it's about ten years old, and buy me a new type of car. Maybe a sports car or a luxury car."

Aunt Gwendolyn - "Why you doing that? You don't need any bills!"

I said, "Well, I only have the house stuff and two credit cards. One for emergencies, which I don't use and the other one to shop at the stores."

Aunt Gwendolyn, Yeah, I been meaning to talk to you about that."

I looked at her.

She said, "Don't be looking at me. You have gained weight."

And Bryce, who was laying on the back seat, said, "Huh, Huh?"

I looked back at Bryce.

Aunt Gwendolyn - "What is that, about thirty pounds?"

Bryce said, "Yeah."

I looked up in the mirror at Bryce and said to myself, "I know that sissy ain't talking about nobody!"

I said, "No, twenty-seven."

Aunt Gwendolyn - "So you noticed your weight gain?"

Looking straight at me.

Aunt Gwendolyn - "Now lose it. No discussion ever again about it."

Bryce began to chuckle.

I rolled my eyes at him.

He said, "Maybe that credit card bill could go down.

Hey mom, did Uncle Bill leave any money?"

Aunt Gwendolyn - "A little. It should be ready within the week."

Bryce said, "Maybe that could cut down on her credit card bill."

They both laughed.

I became mad, because I knew Aunt Gwendolyn would pull something.

With my mom's money, she paid off the house and put the remainder of the money in a trust. She said for my old age or if I chose not to teach any more, I could live meagerly - besides shopping.

I did not get angry with her paying off my mom's house, because I could always sale it and then mom always wanted me to have a roof over my head.

I wanted to get back at Bryce, but could not find anything to say.

Three hours from home, we pulled up to a gas station.

Bryce got out and pumped gas. He went inside and bought refreshments.

He drove the rest of the way home.

I was thinking, "It's only two of them left - she and Aunt Alice. Their two sisters were killed in a house fire with grandpa. I thought Satan has been eating this family alive."

I feel asleep on the back seat.

Bryce pulled up to my house and Aunt Gwendolyn said, "You're home."

Bryce got out and opened my door as I stretched and yawn. He was looking across the street and said, "Nobody had any peace because of your snoring."

I rolled my eyes at Bryce.

Bryce said, "Hey mom."

Aunt Gwendolyn began to turn and peep out of the door. She got out of the car.

I got out of the car, not looking around.

Aunt Gwendolyn said - "What's going on over there?"

I looked up from the trunk of the car at the two of them.

They were looking across at Mrs. Kaye's house.

I looked over and saw several people standing on her porch and all the lights were on.

Bryce was looking at the men.

He knew Mrs. Kaye's only child was a homosexual, like himself and figured they were some of his male friends.

He began to walk and said, "Mom, I'll be back."

Aunt Gwendolyn knew what he was doing, but did not want to believe it. She was standing with her arms folded across her chest.

I said, "Shit!"

Aunt Gwendolyn looked at me.

I walked into my house and locked the door and leaned my back on the door.

Thinking, I said now if he moves in our neighborhood, it is going to be overrun by sissies and Bryce will be right over.

"I need to pray."

But I fell asleep on the floor, only to be woke up by Aunt Gwendolyn telling me Mrs. Kaye had a stroke and she was going to see her after church.

I, very sleepy, said, "Thanks."

Aunt Gwendolyn snapped, "I'll pick you up after church around 1:30pm. Be sure to wear something that fits."

I sat on the passenger side and rolled my eyes at Aunt Gwendolyn.

She looked at me.

We drive in silence.

We got to the hospital and Mrs. Kaye's son, Kenny, was there with his friends who were comforting him.

We only spent a few minutes with Mrs. Kaye.

She was in the hospital for over six weeks in that condition. I wondered what she was doing. She was getting right with God, or was holding on to see if her son would be straightened out.

I walked every morning and every evening.

I always stopped by Uncle Bill's and checked on his place.

Everything was left in order.

One evening, I was standing with a living room table lamp on and the front door opened.

A couple of Kenny's friends - white friends - stood outside in the yard and said, "You gonna sell this house?"

I slammed the door shut.

And heard them saying, "Fat bitch," as they walked away.

She was determined to get in shape.

As she came back from her evening walk, they all were sitting on Mrs. Kaye's porch.

Some were out planting flowers in her front yard.

I said, "Yeah, they plan on moving in."

I heard Kenny speak, but was so mad I just kept on walking.

And one of them in the yard planting said, "That's that bitch."

I smiled and finally stopped at the mailbox. It was overflowing with mail. I stopped at the garbage and threw away off of the junk mail. I glanced up at the front door and

the postman had placed mail on the front door because no more could be placed in the mail box.

I walked up to the front porch and got the mail. I went back down the front steps and to the garbage can, under the eyes of all Kenny's friends.

He said, "Wait ya'll, she has always been my friend."

Putting his hand up to his chest.

Then Cousin Bryce pulled up in the yard.

I looked at him and the one that called me "Fat," jumped and ran to Bryce and put his hands on his shoulder and looked back at me.

I knew that was not going to work because Bryce liked Kenny.

Kenny knew Bryce liked him every since grade school, but Kenny liked the white boys.

I thought Aunt Gwendolyn has got a lot to be praying about.

I finished my mail and rolled the garbage can towards the street.

Bryce yelled, "I got it."

I left the garbage can he ran across the street and pulled it down to the curb.

I watched him as he ran back across the street and was about to get in his car when the other person ran down Mrs.



Kaye's steps and got in Bryce's face and started rubbing his arm.

Bryce smiled and got in his car and left.

The other looked up at my window.

I heard him say, "I'm gonna get that house!"

No one, but Aunt Gwendolyn, knew Uncle Bill left everything to me. And his house would never be for sale. It was his shrine. A testament of God's goodness and strength through Jesus.

I had mail in my hands and was tapping the mail as I thought about the name Jesus.

I walked from the door and I was in empty thoughts and only the name of Jesus was in my mind and thoughts.

I sat at the kitchen table for a few minutes, with blank thoughts, and finally looked down at the stack of mail.

Mostly bill, I had paid.

But one piece was from a teaching seminar in Chicago with credits.

I had never been to Chicago.

I had been thinking about working on my doctorate. I have a few weeks to check on this.

The next morning after my shower, I decided to get on the scale. I had not gotten on the scale in nearly two months. I

was going to check only by my clothes. I got on the scale and I had lost 7 pounds. I was thrilled, that put a pep in my steps. As I was walking out of the kitchen door to leave, I glanced at the mail. I left the credit card bill and picked up the flyer about the seminar.

At lunch, I looked at the flyer and decided to call. It would be expensive to travel for two weeks, but I was getting excited. I would ask Aunt Gwendolyn to go with me. I would pay for her. She had not been on vacation ever.

I thought it would be good to get away.

A coworker was standing at the coffee pot. I knew she was lingering but she slowly walks out. I looked at her.

I gathered my stuff and thought; I have three weeks before school is out and then another week before the trip. I am gonna lose two more pounds.

I took the doughnuts and tossed them in the trash, as I walked out of the break room. As I did, I saw the coworker looking at me.

I thought, I don't like her and what the hell is she looking for?

After school, I went to the hospital to check on Mrs. Kaye and Aunt Gwendolyn was there and Kenney was running in before I could speak to Aunt Gwendolyn. I knew not to say anything. Aunt Gwendolyn was beginning to cry.

Me and Kenny's friend were peeping inside Mrs. Kaye's hospital room, and all the staff was working on her.

Bryce ran up and held his mother. The medical staff was great. They got Mrs. Kaye stabilized and me and Kenny's friend were relieved and happy. We heard the doctor tell Kenny, there was nothing else they could do and she needed to go to hospice.

Kenny ran out and started crying saying, "They kill people there."

He ran passed all of us and down the stairs and his friend looked at us and ran behind Kenny.

We stood in silence.

I noticed the doctor looked at Bryce and Bryce looked at the doctor.

The doctor had a wedding ring on and I assumed it was a one-time thing.

I walked over and looked at Bryce. He looked at me and said nothing.

I began to tell Aunt Gwendolyn about Chicago.

Aunt Gwendolyn said, "Not now."

I looked at Bryce and said, "The time is right!"

Bryce rolled his eyes at me and kissed Aunt Gwendolyn and said, "Mom, I have to get back to work. I'll stop by this evening."

He looked at me and touched my arm.

I said, "Forgiveness Bryce."

Aunt Gwendolyn looked at me, then at Mrs. Kaye's room.

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I was motivated to get the 10 pounds off. I said I would not get on the scale until the day I left for Chicago, because I would not by any new clothes.

Aunt Gwendolyn was very excited. She decided to get her hair styled with braids. I was very shocked along with her sons; because she was straight lace, but she really looked lovely and young. She was two years younger than my mom and they would have had a great time in Chicago. So I thought Aunt Gwendolyn was very bossy, and mom would not have it. I shook my head and they looked at me and she said "You don't like my braids?"

I knew I had to clean this up. I said, "Aunt Gwendolyn, you look good and young. I just thought about mom, if she was here."

Aunt Gwendolyn cut me off and said "Girl, we would be fighting in the streets of Chicago."

I say it, "yeah."

They all laughed.

Out of nowhere I said, " Aunt Gwendolyn, you never worked - how do you live?"

Her sons looked at, because I had no business asking her about her money. They still did not know Uncle Bill left me everything.

Aunt Gwendolyn said, "It's been a long time since I thought about it. My husband was a good provider. We met in college and couldn't wait four years. We were going to the justice of the peace, but my mommy was not having an unsanctified marriage in her family. We got married at the church in the pastor's office with mommy, daddy, the pastor and his wife.

Everyone was at work but that evening, we all met at my folks and everyone was there and we had a huge dinner and a beautiful wedding cake Mrs. Kaye made."

The phone rang and it was Kenny asking for Bryce. Bruce handed the phone to Bryce. Bryce looked at Bruce and then the phone.

Bryce said, "Hello." Then silence.

He finally said, "I'm sorry Kenny for your loss."

Bryce hung up the phone. He said, "Mom; Mrs. Kaye is gone."

Bruce said, "It has been twenty-one days since she was put in there."

Aunt Gwendolyn kept her pace and we turned to her as she continued to talk.

"My husband was a very hard worker. He wanted me to be home, but mommy and daddy wanted me to get my degree. So, I continued to get my degree and after ten years. . ."

Bryce - "Whew!"

Aunt Gwendolyn - "Yeah. I had that proud moment when I walked across that stage. With my proud family looking on. I didn't do anything with my degree."

Bruce - "What was your degree in?"

Aunt Gwendolyn - "Finance and Business."

Bryce stood up, "Damn mommy!"

Aunt Gwendolyn - "Curse again!"

Bryce - "Sorry."

"I developed a business plan for the family. My husband did all kinds of jobs and we put away money for each child's education. My older son died and we took his money and put it into the other key is education trust. When my husband died, he had a very large insurance policy which paid off the house and all of the bills and left a little each month for me to live on. Mommy and daddy what not let me work so each month they paid my utilities and bought my grocery. When Bruce did not go to college, the money for his education went for Bryce and Jeff."

Bruce, getting up and rubbing in his hair said, "Damn, mommy, I want it to go to college and play football, but I thought it would be such a burden on you, and I was not good enough to get scholarship money."

Bruce walked out of the house and got into his pickup truck and left.

Aunt Gwendolyn said very softly, "sorry," and her lips begin to tremble.

Bryce got up and looked out of the door after Bruce who was speeding down the street.

Bruce said to me, with his back turned to me, and still looking out the door.

"You really know how to open a can of worms."

Aunt Gwendolyn said stop, she'd get know anything about this. I guess to anybody looking, might think I had a lot of money. But every Christmas and birthday, your daddy's family made sure you all had more than enough.

Bryce walked over and Aunt Gwendolyn caught his hand and looked up at him.

I rolled my eyes at that sissy.

Aunt Gwendolyn said, "It's good to talk about it. About people who stood by you and helped you. Mrs. Kaye would bake extra cakes and sale them to us for discounts."

And I said, "Oh my God!"

Aunt Gwendolyn said, "Shush gal, that's what mommy would say to your mother."

We all laughed.

She said, "Mr. Johnson owned his own gas station. He would let us get a quarter of a tank for free. Not Mrs. Johnson because she wanted every dime. Mr. and Mrs. Hornsby owned the corner grocery store. They would always give me an extra gallon of milk and juice and a dozen of eggs. These are people who looked out for you in the community. Now you see naked and hungry kids out all night doing things they have no business doing only to get



something to eat or a place to lay their heads. It ought not to be this way."

Silence.

Finally Bryce sat down. He said, "Well, you'll be here next week. I guess they are going to have Mrs. Kaye's funeral within the next week."

He looked at me and said, "I see you have lost a few pounds."

Aunt Gwendolyn wore a bright blue dress suit to Mrs. Kaye's memorial service.

Kenny chose not to have an official funeral because the pastoral staff said he could not bring all of that debauchery in the church, with all the young kids.

So Kenny had a graveside service and a quick memorial at the church.

Aunt Gwendolyn and I were on the plane the next day heading for Chicago.

The 2-hour flight was delightful.

Aunt Gwendolyn being the light of the party, talked to everyone.

She was consoling to a young woman whose cat had died. I'd turn my head because I cared for no animals, not even Mrs. Kaye's dog who Kenny took.

We got off the plane and got our luggage and were standing outside to hail a cab when I saw a city bus.

I ran and asked the driver if he was going by the hotel. He said yes, so I beckoned for Aunt Gwendolyn who was bending down talking to a taxi driver.

She excuses herself from the taxi driver and tried to, very sophistically, trot to the city bus while the bus driver waited for her.

The people who were getting off work were annoyed and ready to go.

I looked at the people as I went into our transportation and got our bus fare. I paid our fare and grabbed both of our suitcases, and quickly stepped back to the elderly seats, waiting for Aunt Gwendolyn to take a seat.

She got on the bus and smiled at the bus driver and said, "thank you."

A man on the bus said, "Yeah, that all it took."

One guy looked over at him and said, "What?"

He nodded at the bus driver.

The other began to look and said, "Yeah. You're right. "

A woman was mad and popping gum.

We got to the hotel and about 20 minutes.

Aunt Gwendolyn was getting off the bus after me.

She said to the bus driver, "where do you recommend for us to eat dinner?"

The bus driver began to smile.

Both of the men began to look at their exchange.

One said, "That's trouble."

The other said, "Let's go man. You gonna make us miss our connections."

The other man said, "Charlie's right there," pointing to the window.

Aunt Gwendolyn turned around and looking out the window, said to the man, "And you thought of that yourself?"

The bus driver looked up in the mirror at his who had a perplexed look on his face.

The other rider looked across the aisle at him and said, "Man, I think she just called you dumb. I think."

The man just sat still like he was thinking.

The bus driver smiled and said, "It is a nice restaurant. I go whenever I can."

I was standing on the sidewalk sweating bullets.

I was thinking, she's about to get our butts whipped or shot up. I promised mom I would look after Aunt Gwendolyn and Aunt Alice because Uncle Bill did not need to be looked

after. If things get even hotter, I have to run, and explain something to Bryce and Bruce.

Aunt Gwendolyn turned to get off the bus, and said to the bus driver, "I'll be here for two weeks at the hotel. Look me up."

The riders on the bus started to say, "Oh."

Once my Aunt Gwendolyn got off the bus, the riders started laughing.

One young woman who was popping the gum opened the back and spit out her gum and said, "He's married."

The bus driver looked at her in his mirror.

The other male rider still sat with a perplexed look on his face trying to determine whether my Aunt Gwendolyn was smarting him or just calling him dumb.

Once the bus driver pulled off, the man yelled, "Yeah."

The man looked at him, turning his head, he looked straight ahead.

Another man said, "It's too late dog."

And many riders started laughing.

Aunt Gwendolyn said, "Are they laughing at me?"

I said no, "Let's cross the street."

We began crossing the street and Aunt Alice ran out of the lobby with her arms outstretched.

Aunt Gwendolyn was so shocked. I call Aunt Alice and made arrangements for them.

They each had separate rooms. I remembered mom's stories of how they had to share the bathroom and every day, they were blue and black.

We stood on the side walk for a few minutes.

I felt an uneasy presence and said to them, "Let's go inside." They said I was born with a veil over my face and could see ghosts.

They both looked at me and they quickly walked into the hotel.

I looked around but could not see anything. Well, I could not identify what I saw, so I followed them into the hotel.

Aunt Gwendolyn said, "It better not be that heifer on the bus."

Aunt Alice - "I was expecting a taxi, not a bus."

I said, "Aunt Gwendolyn was about to make us a casualty."

Aunt Alice said, "What?"

I begin registering us and could hear Aunt Gwendolyn reenacting everything to Aunt Alice.

I asked the person at the desk about a good restaurant and she recommended Charlie's.

We went up stairs and checked our rooms and unpacked.

We met in an hour and went downstairs to the restaurant. It was Sunday Brunch and it was very nice.

I pulled out our food envelope and was paying until Aunt Alice tapped my hand and said, "Honey, put that up."

Aunt Gwendolyn, giggling, said "we gonna save a lot of food money."

I looked at her and became worried. Each day, I would go running. I enjoyed the seminars so much. Aunt Alice and Aunt Gwendolyn would walk each morning, several blocks and eat breakfast at several different restaurants.

At the end of the seminars, we received very nice certificates. Aunt Gwendolyn and Aunt Alice attended along with their bus drivers; two- week boyfriends.

I would act as if I did not hear them coming in at all times of night and sometimes had the man in their rooms.

They swore to me they were not having sex, but playing dominos.

I called Bruce, but Bryce answered. I told him what was going on with Aunt Gwendolyn and Aunt Alice. He said at least they can't get pregnant.

A sissy's answer.

I hung up and did not speak to him for months.

In the meantime, I applied for the doctorate program and received my acceptance to the program.

It was so prestigious and I could get a much bigger paycheck and pension.

I took a few deep breaths and drank a glass of red wine and called Aunt Gwendolyn, who did not answer. I looked at the phone number I dialed and it was right.

I walked over to the window at Uncle Bill's house and her car was there.

I got up courage and took some deep breathes and went out the front door and picked up some paper and deposited it in the garbage can and pulled the garbage can down to the curb; even though I had a few days for the scheduled pickup.

I heard the sissy I did not like say, "There's that bitch."

Kenny said, "I told you she's my friend and leave her alone."

I couldn't think clearly. I just did not like that one. It was something there.

The rest just looked at me.

I crossed the street and Mrs. Kaye's dog would walk with me. So I waited for him and he came from the porch and walked the few doors down to Uncle Bill's place and stayed on the porch as I went in and talked to Aunt Gwendolyn and Bruce.

I patted Bruce on the shoulder and spoke.

Aunt Gwendolyn turned and looked at me. Something was wrong.

She said, "The taxes have not been paid on this property for three years and I received the papers that it will be sold next Tuesday at auction unless I can show the taxes have been paid."

I said, "Aunt Gwendolyn, I sent the payments by certified return receipts and got copies of the checks for the payments each year."

Bruce sighed a deep sigh of relief.

Aunt Gwendolyn yelled, "Do you have the proof?"

I said yes. I have receipts for the taxes and for the insurance while you yelling like you don't have good sense."

Bruce looked at his mother and she was so shocked at my tone with her, all she could do was say, "What?"

I said, "I thought this would not be hard anymore."

Aunt Gwendolyn was annoyed.

I said, "I got accepted into the doctorate program in Chicago. I'm moving to Chicago for two years."

Aunt Gwendolyn said, "What?"

I looked at Bruce and said, "Bruce, you think you could live in my place and take care of it for two years? You will need



to keep the grass cut and garbage cans pulled down and yeah, have no bricks thrown through my windows?"

Bruce smiled and said, "Yeah."

And, "I continued no one in mom's room and you have to bring your own mattress."

Bruce cut his eyes at Aunt Gwendolyn with his sneaky smile.

Aunt Gwendolyn said, "Why does he have to bring his own mattress?"

I don't want any accidents in my bed, I said.

Bruce said, "What are you talking about?"

Aunt Gwendolyn was staring at me and said, "What are you going to do about your mother's car?"

She continued, "Who's going to see about Uncle Bill's place and you have to recoup from our trip to Chicago?"

I answered her, "Aunt Gwendolyn, I am moving to Chicago for two years. I will be fine. I will go to Aunt Alice's for the holidays and rent a car."

Cutting off Aunt Gwendolyn while I was talking.

I continued, "She's only four hours away and if I am not in school during the summer, I can stay here in Uncle Bill's house and not put Bruce out of my place."

Aunt Gwendolyn looked at Bruce.

Bruce looked at his strong will mother.

I said, "First I am selling mom's car. I have three weeks before the program starts in Chicago. I'll go through my clothes and try not to take but two suitcases and have Bruce send up my winter clothes in a box." Thinking I would dare not ask you.

"And I used my tax refunds to pay for our trip to Chicago. Therefore I did not go into debt."

Aunt Gwendolyn said - "How are you going to pay for that expensive program and school?"

I said "Mom, I mean Aunt Gwendolyn. I applied for grants I will know with the next two weeks if I will get them. If I get them and with the sale of the car, then I can make it. I will be living in graduate housing near the school. If I don't get the grants, I will stay here and go to the local graduate school, which is much less prestigious.

Looking at Bruce, I said, "Sorry."

Bruce shrugged his shoulders. He stayed with Aunt Gwendolyn. He paid the utilities and she bought the groceries and cooked. Both of them were benefitting from that arrangement. Aunt Gwendolyn was squirreling away every penny until she reach sixty two to start her social security and then she would be fine. And she changed her life insurance policy and Bruce would get sixty percent and

Bryce would get forty percent. They both were pleased and agreed to her policy after she removed Jeff.

Bruce - "What about this?"

I said, "It will never be rented or sold. It will be taken care of."

I turned to Aunt Gwendolyn. She shrugged her head and said, "I guess I can take care of it, when I am here."

Bruce said, "You guess, what does that mean?"

Aunt Gwendolyn - "Since my girl is moving to Chicago, I got another place to go and I can be close to Alice. Get me those tax payment proofs. Shush."

Bruce looked at me.

I turned my head.

Aunt Gwendolyn turned towards the door and Bruce opened the screen door while Aunt Gwendolyn shoved her feet at Mrs. Kaye's dog to move.

Bruce mouthed to me, he will call me.

I shook my head and waved my hand for alright.

I looked around and cut off the light and exited the house, locking the door. Mrs. Kaye's dog walked with me back home.

7-6-2019 (3)

Finally my award letters came the week I should be leaving for Chicago. I received all the grants and then Bruce sold my car to an old girl friend

I put those funds in the bank.

I gave Aunt Gwendolyn a copy of the proofs of the taxes being pay. I kept the other copies in the safe deposit box, with all of my other important papers at the bank.

I had one day to get everything done.

A filed a complaint with the tax commissioner about Uncle Bill's taxes and sent a copy of the full pay tax receipts. I received a letter of apology from the tax commissioner and made a copy for Aunt Gwendolyn.

I had my winter clothes boxed and sitting at the door for Bruce to ship to me.

My school gave me a reception on Friday, after the faculty meeting, which I told them I had been accepted into the doctorate program and would be gone for two years. Aunt Gwendolyn, Bryce and Bruce, a surprise to me, was there along with Kenny.

The school secretary had called Aunt Gwendolyn for the reception and she showed up with new braids and a new outfit. She really looked nice. I told Aunt Gwendolyn about my coworker I did not like at the punch bowl. Aunt

Gwendolyn leaned over and said, "I don't like her either, I don't know why. Here she comes."

The coworker walks over to Aunt Gwendolyn reaching her hand out to shake Aunt Gwendolyn hand; she did not move. She continued and said to Aunt Gwendolyn, "Don't I know you?"

Then Aunt Gwendolyn had a strange look on her face and I could not tell what type of look it was.

Then the principal said, "I got an announcement. Rather two announcements. I want to introduce your replacement and he winked his eye at me."

He said this is Ms. Mallory; a young white teacher.

Aunt Gwendolyn said, "Huh?"

"And he continued as he beckoned a young woman with a long dress and long sleeves walked in.

This is Miss Solomon. She is single which means she will be totally dedicated to our students. Ms. Wilson - she will be your aide."

Ms. Wilson's face was very tight.

Aunt Gwendolyn turned to look at her face which was pale and tight. It took a minute for Ms. Wilson to respond.

Ms. Wilson said, "It's about time."

Walking towards Miss Solomon and said, "Welcome."

But I and Aunt Gwendolyn noticed she did not reach out her hand.

Bryce was about to pick up one of the cups of punch Ms. Wilson had poured for the guests.

Aunt Gwendolyn said, "No."

And Bryce said, "I'm thirsty."

The secretary walked over and Aunt Gwendolyn said, "Those were poured and someone sneezed over them."

The secretary turned up her nose and gathered the three cups and tossed them in the trash as Ms. Wilson looked on.

Aunt Gwendolyn stared at Ms. Wilson who gave it back to Aunt Gwendolyn.

Bryce and Bruce both saw the staring.

Bryce said, as he turned his back to pour himself some punch, "Mom, you ok?"

Aunt Gwendolyn said nothing.

Bryce looked at his mother.

Bruce was too busy staring at the secretary to care about his mother's response.

The secretary saw Bruce staring and walked back across the room and said to Bruce, "Punch?"

Bruce said, "Sure."

The secretary looked at Bruce and was about to turn away.

Aunt Gwendolyn said, "She wants you to pour her punch."

Bryce began to laugh.

The secretary was standing with a half smile on her face.

She questioned his intention because she did not understand Bruce's reaction.

Bruce was still looking at the secretary, up and down, especially at her high heels and stockings.

Bruce took a cup of punch over to Kenny.

Aunt Gwendolyn's eyes swell with tears.

Aunt Gwendolyn said to Bruce, "Get her some punch boy!"

Bruce jumped and said, "Sure!" He poured the secretary a cup of punch and they walked away.

I looked at Aunt Gwendolyn and said, "You don't have a reason to come to this school - so don't."

Aunt Gwendolyn said, "I can volunteer where ever I want."

She immediately walked up to the principal and started talking.

Mr. Wilson leaned forward and was peeping at the principal and Aunt Gwendolyn. Her aide, Ms. Solomon looked and had a very peculiar look on her face.

She looked up and saw me watching all of them, and she walked over to get some punch. After pouring a cup, she turned to look at the scene and Ms. Wilson.

As she put down the punch cup to get a cookie, she slyly said to me, "What's the history?"

I said, "Your Holiness?"

She smiled and said, "Yes." She was about to say something else, but I cut her off and said, "You are deceptive and that's a form of lying. You can't have any victory over the devil if you are a partner with him. And if I were you, I'd start praying to Jesus for forgiveness and deliverance."

I'll walk away from her and thought, I learned that from one of grand daddy's old sermons. I touched my Aunt Gwendolyn on the arm. She looked at me and excused herself from the principal.

Bruce and Kenny were already at the door and giggling.

Bruce was getting the secretary's phone numbers and I yelled, "Bruce."

He yelled back, "Okay."

Aunt Gwendolyn, passing Bryce and Kenny, said in a very low voice, "You bitches come on."

I said to her, "When they are this old, they stay together."

They stood in shock that Aunt Gwendolyn would say such a thing.

I held my head down in embarrassment as a scolded child; then went to Aunt Gwendolyn car.



The next day, I said goodbye's to them at the airport. I reminded Bruce to get his own mattresses, especially because the secretary had a reputation with her three boys. Bruce hugged me and said, "Everything will be okay sis." Kenny and Bryce hugged me and Aunt Gwendolyn. As I looked back at my family watching me; I watched them as I disappeared into my terminal. On the flight, I thought about my kids and asked God to bless and keep all the kids. I asked Him to send a special angel to remove the evil from the kids, their homes and their pathways. I prayed to God and said that there was something about that Mr. Wilson. I asked that He send something to destroy all the evil she could do at the school. I asked God to deliver my beloved Bryce and Kenny and help Bruce find him his God prepared wife. I continued to pray through the two hour flight until the plane was landing and I said, "In Jesus' name." I actually felt my heart disconnect from my family. I said in fear, "What is this?" I began to cry and was pleasing with God to show me what was going on - they were my world. I kept saying, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus. The stewardess said, "Ma'am, it okay; we have landed."

I was so afraid.

The people near me were looking at me thinking I was afraid of the flight. It was something more diabolical. I've never had that feeling - ever.

One man was watching me.

I could not move.

I waited until the plane was empty and the stewardesses were leaving.

I walked off the plane with them.

I simply was scared to death.

When we exited the plane, the man that was staring at me was leaning against the wall, waiting.

The stewardesses looked at him.

He looked at me and said, "Ma'am."

I began to run.

The stewardesses looked at me and then at him.

One said, "Sir!"

He held up his hands and he had a business card in one hand and reached it to the stewardess who confronted him.

She looked at his card and said, "What?"

He said, "If you ever see her again, give it to her and tell her I will be praying for her along with everyone there."

The stewardess looked at the card and the others were peeping.

When the man walked away, one of the stewardesses said, "What does the card say? Is he a psychiatrist? I'll even take a psychologist or counselor; whoever can help me stop dating married men."

The stewardess with the card said, "He's a pastor."

The stewardess said, "Is he married?"

The other stewardess who was not saying anything said, "Girl - Bye," as she went to meet her drug dealer.

I ran all the way to baggage claim. I collected my bags and ran out of the airport to get a taxi.

There was a man was standing back watching me.

Someone caught his eye and when he turned his head to look, he lost sight of me.

All he saw was a taxi driving off.

The man saw the stewardess he gave the card to.

She was exiting the airport and looking at the taxi that just pulled off.

He figured I was in that taxi.

He exited with his carry on.

His wife was waiting outside.

He got into the car. His wife looked at him and began to tell him all the activity at the church that day.

The man looked at his wife and said, "We have to pray very hard."

His wife said, "We do that anyway."

He said, "Baby, there's hell coming."

The wife looked at her husband and saw fear in his eyes.

She said, "You are really scared."

He said, "A woman was on the plane. She was a young black woman. She was very scared and crying. God said to cover her in prayer. I tried to reach out to her and give her my card, but she ran. Baby, you know I want to help anybody.

I gave my card to the stewardess to give to her if she ever saw her again.

His wife said, "honey let's start praying for her now, and every time we get into this car and whenever we are together."

The couple got to the church. The pastor had evening service once per month, because he was acting senior pastor at a church. He told his congregation about what had happened on the plane.

The congregation asked, what was the woman's name?

He said, "I did not know her name, but she was a young black woman around twenty five or twenty six. I know we need to put her on our Church's prayer list and we all need to pray for her every day."

I arrived at my graduate apartment. We had a front desk person. I was happy to see that. They had to buzz you in per your ID.

I opened my room door and the apartment was nice. It was bigger than the rest of the rooms per the guy on the front desk.

I pulled the suitcases from the hallway and was about to unpack. I fell on my face on the floor and just began to cry. I did not know what was going on.

I stayed on the floor and cried all night.

I could not think to even ask god and Jesus, what was happening?

I just cried.

The next morning around 9:00 AM, I felt like someone removed their hand off my back to allow me to get up.

I flipped on the floor and sat against the bed for a long time, with my knees up to my chest.

I could not say anything.

My phone was ringing. I looked and it was Aunt Gwendolyn.

I answered with a very low and weak voice.

Aunt Gwendolyn said "baby, what's wrong?"

She was holding that strange picture of Uncle Bill.

I began to cry and tell her I did not know what was going alone, and I felt overwhelmingly evil.

She was looking at Uncle Bill's picture and said, "Baby."

I covered my crying to hear Aunt Gwendolyn.

She said, "That Ms. Wilson was in Uncle Bill's picture at Jeff's birthday party; the night he had the stroke."

I said, I don't understand.

Aunt Gwendolyn - "She caused Uncle Bill to have a stroke."

I said to Aunt Gwendolyn, "You stay away from her.

I have to get to my orientation to get my ID and complete my registration for classes. I have to go. You stay away from that woman Aunt Gwen."

Aunt Gwendolyn said I will.

Aunt Gwendolyn got down on her knees at the couch and began to pray.

I rolled my suitcase over and pulled out a wash cloth, towel and my toiletries bag.

I took a quick shower and put on the same jeans and a white shirt with pockets.

There was a knock on my door.

I opened the door, as I looked over my room.

The box I mailed a week ago was delivered.

A couple of girls passing by said, "Hello. Do you need help?"

Before I could say anything, they pushed the big box in and stood up and reached out their hands to shake mine. What if anything was the bob stood up there and Steve

I looked at their hands until they were embarrassed and removed their hands.

They walked out of my room and said, "See you around."

Then they looked at each other.

I closed the door and leaned against it was a while.

I combed my hair and put on a pair of pearl earrings and my pearl necklace. My favorite casual set I wear every day.

And, since I will be taking my pictures, I put on makeup.

I picked up my pocket book and my bag I had all my papers in.

I saw the girls standing in line.

I walked up and they looked at me.

I said, "Let me apologize. I don't touch, but I am not rude. I do thank you for helping me with the box."

They said nothing.

I knew they would not speak again.

I went back and stood in line.

It took all my strength to take my ID pictures, get registered for my classes, find the book store and get a copy of my room keys and mail a set to Aunt Alice and Aunt Gwendolyn.

When I got back to my apartment, it was after 9:30 at night.

I was dragging up stairs when I ran into these girls coming down the hall to leave.

As they passed by me when I was at the door trying to unlock it, they were talking.

One of them said, "Hey, do you want to go with us to get some pizza?"

Trying not to be rude, I looked at them as I was going inside and smiled and said no thanks.

Stepping into the room, I heard one of them say, "at least she was not rude.

The other one said, "Yeah."

I kicked off my shoes first, and walked to the unmade bed and sat rubbing my feet. I thought I saw something move in my room.

I said, "Devil, get out now in Jesus' name and you nor anything that belongs to you better never come in here near me or my family."

I thought something hit my door.



I got up and grabbed my bag and saw where my first class was the following day at two o'clock. I said, "Thank you Jesus. I really need to rest and get organized."

I got up and open the box and took out my disinfectants and sanitized my entire apartment. I kept smiling. Something stood in the middle of the apartment.

I got on my knees.

I heard some voices passing by.

"That's strong - a strong odor."

I got on my knees and asked God to get rid of that smell and all evil in Jesus name.

I got my sheets out of the box and was about to put them on the bed until I thought about what my grandmother used to do.

I took the olive oil out I boxed to cook with and I blessed the olive oil and touched my bed and each wall, the door, the windows, the floor, the toilet and tub. I blessed all closets and cabinets and everything in the kitchen.

I looked at my watch. It was after twelve thirty. I thought, good God, and turned and ran my bath water and made up my bed.

I feel asleep in the bath tub and was sleep for hours.

I was awakened when I thought my door opened.

I jumped and got out of the tub, wrapping my towel around me, I stepped out of the tub and walked out to the apartment room and rechecked the door.

I put on my night gown and fell across the bed and slept until around ten thirty am. I looked at my watch and got up quickly and stumbled and fell over a suitcase.

I knew that suitcase was not there earlier.

I said to myself, "Holy Ghost, what is this?"

I took a shower.

I put on a second outfit I ironed and put in the box.

I felt like someone was watching me.

I said, "Holy Ghost, I know for years I have not turned to you and God and Jesus. I need your help. Tell me what to do."

I was quiet and standing up.

I kneeled and was quiet.

I heard, "Ask God to loose the warring angels."

I said, "Father, please loose your warring holy angels to put an end to this and issues with my family. I have been angry with you. Please forgive me."

I stayed on my knees for a while in complete silence.

Then I felt I could move.

I got up and looked in the box for another pair of shoes.

I got my purse and put my computer in my bag and left. I found my class room.

The class was three hours long, but I enjoyed the subject and the instructor was one of the instructors from the summer seminar, who recognized and spoke to me.

Two women who were sitting in front of me kept looking back at me.

I looked at them and said to myself, "God, please loose the warring angels against these two, in Jesus' name."

After class, I asked around for a hardware shop.

I made it to the hardware shop and saw a soul food restaurant.

I stopped and loaded up on vegetables.

I was not going to gain any weight and already got back down and was determined to get smaller.

On the bus back to the campus, I heard a woman crying over her son in a gang.

I jumped off the bus too early.

I walked to my apartment room crying and asking God to please deliver the woman's son out of the gang and put them out of business in that neighborhood.

I spoke to the person at the front desk and got to my room and entered in.

Everything was in order.

I put the food on the kitchen counter.

I went immediately and took the kick stick out of the bag and put it behind my door.

I pulled the covers to my bed back and searched my bed.

Then I went into the shower and put my night gown on.

The phone rang and I looked over and it was Aunt Alice.

I said, "Hello Aunt Alice."

She said it was late, but she was calling to check on me.

I told her I was getting used to it.

We chatted for about an hour.

I got up and put the leftovers away in the clean and sanitized refrigerator.

Brushed my teeth and looked over my schedule for the next day.

It was a heavy day. I had four classes.

Fear of failure.

Fear of not grasping and learning hit me.

I fell off the bed onto my knees and said, "Help me God, in Jesus' name."

I fell asleep on my knees.

I woke up to others running down the hall.

I looked at the clock and it was eight fifteen am.

I had to rush to get to class.

I showered and pulled out another outfit from the box and put on my sneakers for such a long day.

I dressed and was about to rush out of the door.

I stopped and dropped to my knees and said, "God, I ask for forgiveness and your help today in Jesus' name."

I got up and went to my classes.

I went back to the soul food restaurant and got vegetables again.

I got on the same bus and I looked around for the woman whose young son was in a gang.

I saw her.

I walked back to her.

She looked at me.

I said, "I was on the bus yesterday and heard your conversation about your and the gang. I prayed for you and your son very hard last night."

The woman was surprisingly polite.

She said, "Thank you."

I pulled the cord to get off the bus and the woman said, "Miss?"

I turned and looked at her and the little girl leaning on her.

She said, "My son was picked up by the juvenile authority."

I did not understand.

She said, "He'll get out in five days and his daddy is coming from Germany to get him. Thank you."

I said, "Thank Jesus."

The bus stopped and I got off.

I thought about that child and his mother.

I got to my apartment room and nothing was out of order.

I went through my routine. I put my food on the counter and placed the rick stick behind my door and took a shower.

I looked over my work for the three-hour class. I completed the work for another class and was falling asleep when I remembered to get on my knees and pray and thank God for helping the woman and her children.

Aunt Gwendolyn called and woke me around ten o'clock and I thought she already knew my schedule.

She said, "Hello"

I said hello.

She said - "I'll be up there for Labor Day and you drive over to Detroit to Aunt Alice."

I said okay.

He said, "How are things going? Anymore demons/"

I said I'll see today.

She said, "Alright, talk to you later."

I got up and was kind of disorientated.

I was confused.

I said, "Holy Ghost, what is this?"

I heard Him say, "The food you left in the refrigerator."

I said, "What am I supposed to do?"

He said, "Ask for God to cleanse your body. You did not bless your food when you began to eat."

I thought, "How could I forget my grace?"

I said, "God, please heal me in Jesus' name."

I sat on the bed for about a half hour.

I felt nauseous and ran to the bathroom and threw up.

I drank water from a bottle I bought. I laid down for an hour.

I felt so much better when I woke up.

I threw out the vegetables and after my shower; I took another pre-ironed outfit out of the box and fell on my knees before I left. I asked God to bless that day in Jesus' name.

When I got to class and sat down, I looked for the two women who sat in the seats in front of me.

The instructor said two of the students dropped the course.

Therefore, we will be moving to a smaller classroom. It is in this building, down a floor, beginning next week.

I said, "Thank you Jesus. I am here to learn and not be attacked."

7-7-2019 (1)

I was glad to see Aunt Gwendolyn.

I took I-94 West all the way.

Aunt Gwendolyn and I talked all the way.

We talked about everything.

She cried over Bryce.

She said Bruce and the secretary was seeing a lot of each other.

She is that someone was trying to get Uncle Bill's house, but the way they were going was blocked.

I tell her I thought it was the sissy.

I'd tell her the horrible things I had gone through.

Gwendolyn said, "You are special."

I looked at her.

She tapped my hand and said, "You have a little gift. God is going to use you for something big. Start now spending time with Him. If something like that happened to you then you time with God.

She pointed.

We pulled up in front of Aunt Alice's.

We got out and had a beautiful couple of days.



I had to leave.

I did not spend the entire weekend.

I drove back in less than four hours and returned the rental car at the airport.

I got on the city bus and the driver remembered me and told me he knew Aunt Gwendolyn was with Aunt Alice and he and his friend was driving over to see them.

I thought, "What?"

I smiled and got off the bus. I thought, as I was walked to my apartment room, Aunt Gwendolyn and Aunt Alice are too old. And Aunt Gwendolyn just got her first social security check.

I got back to my room and felt like someone was following me from the bus stop.

I asked God for the warring angels to be sent and resolve who was following me.

After I got into my apartment room, I said, "Oh."

When I kept asking Aunt Alice what was going on to take Aunt Gwendolyn to the airport in a week, she kept saying she'll be alright because they are going to be double dating.

I unpacked my tote bag and showered.

I made up my bed with clean sheets and studied until the next morning.

I slept until noon.

I thought, I am so glad this is a holiday.

I uncovered the plate of food Aunt Alice gave me and ate part of the over filled plate.

They were having a study group for one of my classes.

I got dressed and was heading out of the door when I felt - no.

I backed into my room.

Put the kick stick behind the door, start pulling off my clothes and studied by myself until late that night.

7-7-2019 (2)

In my sleep, I heard some noise. It sounded like shuffling. I was so sleepy, but I was able to look towards the floor of my door and saw shadows.

I fell back asleep.

At 4:00 my cell phone when off and I never set the alarm, nor did I know how to set it.

I heard a noise at my door, and then I smelled an odor. I saw my door open and several people came in and grabbed

me and bound my feet and my hands and covered my mouth. I was paralyzed and could not move.

They were taking me out of my room and my head fell to the left and saw one of the girls from thirty days ago who helped push my box inside my room.

I heard "Loose the warring angels."

I could not talk, but said in my mind, "Warring angels in Jesus name."

I woke with someone slapping my face and it was a paramedic.

There were a large number of police.

The paramedics sit me against the wall and bent down by me for a long time.

The police was examining my room and what the folks did to my kick stick to get in.

The president of the university and many people from his administration was upstairs and standing by me.

The police was questioning the girl I saw, like she was a victim.

I motioned by waving my hand and a young black female police officer saw me motion.

She looked at the woman and said something to the man in plain clothes.

He was an older black man who came and kneeled by me. I said, "She's behind this. There is another person missing. The older black man and another middle aged white man walked over to the white female student.

They said something to her and led her passed me with handcuffs.

As she passed me, she mouthed something to me.

I attempted to stand up and the paramedics helped me to my bed and I fell on my bed while they were still working on my room.

All I heard was, "Is there somewhere you can put her?"

My cell phone kept ringing.

I slept until Aunt Gwendolyn and Aunt Alice voices woke me.

I was in the hospital, sleeping off the chemical they used to knock me out.

I touched Aunt Gwendolyn's face. I looked around the room, and saw many of my family members and police in uniform.

Some more people in plain clothes were standing in the hall.

I looked at Aunt Alice and said, "How did you get here?"

She said, "We got a ride," and smiled.

I thought about the bus drivers and said, "Oh."

Aunt Alice's grand children, who I loved so much, ran to my bed. The girl (who was eight), and her brother (was fifteen).

I was so afraid for the boy, I thought about him all the time.  
I thought, "God, what to say to them?"  
I just held the boy and girl.  
Aunt Gwendolyn and Aunt Alice knew I loved them so much.  
All they did was smile.  
I said to the children, "Always ask God to loose His warring  
angels in Jesus' name. Whatever you want, ask God in  
Jesus' name, okay?"  
The children, wide-eyed, said, "Okay."  
I said, "Ya'll need to go and get ready for school."  
They thought I was talking out of my head.  
Someone stepped inside and was whispering something to  
the black older police.  
He stepped forward and said, "Can I clear the room? We  
have questions for the victim?"  
My family began to move.  
I said, "No. They stay."  
The older black man looked at me with a mean look.  
I just looked at him and wondered.  
Aunt Gwendolyn and Aunt Alice saw his look and looked at  
me. They both said at the same time, "No. We are staying."  
My aunts told the kids to go to their parents.

The children left out and the man with the suit and several other people stepped inside.

I said, "What time is it?"

Aunt Gwendolyn blinked her eyes and had this questioning look.

Aunt Alice said, "Five thirty."

I said, "This won't take long."

I looked at the people and said, "Who are all of you?"

The man had a very mean look and said he was the district attorney and introduced his staff and the different police officers in the room.

I said, "What do you want/"

He looked at me and said, "I want the truth." Leaning on my bed.

I said, "Get off my bed."

Everyone looked at him.

He got up.

I said, "How did you find out something was happening?"

The black older police said, "We can't tell you that."

I said, "Get out and don't come back."

The district attorney said, "Wait."

He said, "Someone, who will be named later was flying a drone and saw a person being kidnapped. They

downloaded the pictures to the police and when the police arrived, that's when they caught the men who attempted to kidnap you."

Aunt Gwendolyn touched her heart and said, "Good God."

Someone came to the door and beckoned for the black police officer.

I stared at him.

He starred at me.

The district attorney saw the stare down and he said to me, "Do you two know each other?"

I said, "No."

He said, "What's that stare about?"

I said, "I believe it's called God's spirit of truth."

The district attorney stepped back.

The black police officer stepped in and spoke to the district attorney privately.

The district attorney turned and looked back at me.

He walked forward and said, "We found, rather the FBI found the other kidnapping victim. She is alive."

Aunt Gwendolyn sighed and said, "Thank God."

I said, "No."

They all looked at me.

I said, "There are a lot of children."

The district attorney said, "Where are they?"

I looked at the older black police officer and said, "Ask him."

He broke and ran out of the door. Everyone ran after him, but the district attorney, who was in shock.

We heard several shots.

The district attorney took the chair from Aunt Gwendolyn and tried to brace the door.

Several of his people were standing against the wall.

I continued to lie in the bed and Aunts Gwendolyn and Alice were standing by my bed.

The district attorney looked at us and yelled, "Hide."

We did not move.

Aunt Alice said, "All the killings, murders and death brought to this family, I want to see him."

Aunt Gwendolyn had that "me too" look on her face.

We heard a police radio outside the door.

The district attorney kneeled down on the floor.

His assistant was nearly hysterical and thought she was about to scream. The other two assistants were crouching down.

The person pushing the door open said, "It's safe. We got him."



He walked in with his hands up followed by several police officers.

The police officer said, "He tried to shot himself, but I shot the gun out of his hand; that's why the gun went off."

District attorney - "Where is he?"

Downstairs.

The police turned and looked at me and said, "How did you know."

I said someone said his name.

The police officer said, "My sister was kidnapped on the way home from the school bus stop. She yelled and I saw them put her into this car and screamed for man and ran after the car, dropping all my books, but I could not catch that car. My folks and all the neighbors were running to catch them. My sister's body was identified years later. Every waking moment and when I am asleep, I rehearsed her not being kidnapped; her not being raped; not being physically abused and tortured and surely not being killed."

His hands gripped my bed foot rail as he lowered his head in pain.

He said, "That's why I became a police officer."

A police officer walked over and put her hand on his shoulder.

He began to sniffle and cry.

The ignorant district attorney said, "Well, we have to work this case."

I cut him off and said, "You are extremely ignorant."

He said, "I beg your pardon."

I said, "Since you don't know God and Jesus, this case has been given to you because of the prayers of his sister. She prayed that no other child would be kidnapped. God led her brother to become a police officer so he can be released from the pain and un-forgiveness. She had to release the pain and un-forgiveness so she could die and go on to heaven. As long as she held onto those things, she was trapped in pain and misery. She was freed at death."

The police officer lifted up his head.

A black female officer, very nastily stepped forward and said, "How do you know that?"

I said, because I see her and her heart as God and Jesus do. And, I just want through the same thing.

She spewed, "You're alive."

I replied, "By the end of this day, your sins will find you out."

She pounced towards my bed and both Aunt Gwendolyn and Aunt Alice met her.

The police officer that had her hand on the shoulder of the police officer, grabbed her and stood in front of her to keep her from going any further.

The district attorney yelled, "Get her out of here."

The other police officers pushed her outside.

He looked at me and held his head down.

He said, "I'll see that you are released and in police protection."

Aunt Alice said, "No police protection."

All the police and district attorney's staff looked at the unwavering Aunt Alice.

The district attorney walked out of the room and looked at the black female police who was forced out of the room.

She was still spewing her attack against the victim. The district attorney walked to the nurses' station and stood a few feet from a doctor who was standing talking to the nurse.

The doctor turned to walk away and the doctor was also the pastor from the plane.

He looked at the police and then at the district attorney because he recognized him from television.

Then he nodded at the district attorney and walked away wondering what was going on.

He heard the district attorney say, "I want her to be released."

The doctor/pastor heard "her."

He was leaving for the day and was about to walk down the stairs when he turned around and walked to the nurse's station and said to the nurse, "Who is in that room?"

The police officers were looking.

The nurse swallowed and standing up, pointed to a line on his chart. Then she sat down with his chart and only had time to write victim, while a police officer walked over the doctor/pastor looked at him and said nothing.

The nurse stood up and handed the doctor/pastor back his chart, pointing to the word she wrote.

The pastor/doctor turned and he heard the elevator ding and off step some plain clothes officers.

The police officer stepped back to the patient's door.

The nurse knew the people had to be bad because of the police officer's reaction.

The nurse said, "Excuse me."

One of the women held up her hand to say, it was alright.

The doctor/pastor was shocked.

The district attorney stepped outside the room with his staff to leave.

The pastor/doctor was about to leave when he heard a voice that was so light say, "Stay."

He looked at the nurses and said, "Did one of you say something?"

They looked at him and said, "No."

He heard the quiet voice say again, "Stay."

He was so shaken; he went and sat in the hallway and was flipping and staring at his chart. Until he saw the word "Victim."

He looked at the nurse who wrote it, looking at him.

She got up and got her purse and was leaving when the other nurses started coming back from a meeting.

She greeted them and was walking towards the elevator when all the district attorney's staff and the last set of people got on the elevator.

As the nurse walked fast to catch the elevator, the woman who waved it was alright, held the elevator door for her.

The nurse looked at her and said, "Thank you."

The pastor/doctor said to himself, "Gay."

He never thought that about her.

The other nurses were looking at him as the boisterous police officer was pushed onto the elevator by several other police officers.

The only police officer left was the one in the room with the victim, along with the victim's Aunt Gwendolyn and Aunt Alice.

Aunt Alice was talking on her cell phone and a young woman got off the elevator with a bag on her hand.

She walked pass the nurse's station and went to the victim's room.

Aunt Alice told her daughter to go to my room and bring me a change of clothes.

The police officer stepped out and I changed my clothes and then I opened my door and walked out with my cousin and both Aunt Gwendolyn and Aunt Alice.

The pastor/doctor was peeping around the corner and he saw me first and fell back on his seat and did not move.

The nurses saw him.

He was afraid because I was the woman from the plane and the Holy Ghost must have been speaking to him in an audible voice.

We walked pass him.

When I got on the elevator, I saw him and screamed and pointed at him. "That's him!"

The police jumped off the elevator with his gun pointed.

We all got off the elevator.

The pastor/doctor held up his hands.

The nurses ducked behind the nurses' station.

The pastor/doctor had his hand up.

I step beside the police officer and said, "Who are you?"

The pastor/doctor could hardly speak because he was so afraid.

He said, "I am a doctor. I work here. Ask them.

The nurses were hiding and he said, "Nurse. Nurse, tell them I work here."

One nurse shook her head.

The police officer said, "Spill it. Now!"

The pastor/doctor with his hands up in the air began to talk.

He said, I was on the plane a month ago.

She was on the plane. She was very scared and crying and my heart went out to her.

I felt God was saying to reach out to her. So I waited outside the plane and when she got off, I tried giving her my card with my church and my information on it but she screamed and ran away and the stewardesses nearly jumped me, until I gave them my card."

He shook his head and said, "That's the God honest truth. I swear."

The police officer still had his gun pointed and said to me,  
"Does that sound right?"

I said yes.

The police officer lowered his gun and put it back into the holster.

The nurses stood up.

One nurse began to yell at the police officer.

He looked at her. He got quiet and left.

The pastor/doctor was putting his hands down.

Aunt Alice yelled, "Nobody told you to lower your hands.

Now put them back up."

The pastor/doctor threw his hands back in the air.

He said, "All I want to say is that we are praying for you."

I turned and walked to the elevator with Aunt Alice and her daughter.

The police officer and Aunt Gwendolyn were still standing in front of the pastor/doctor.

The pastor/doctor said, "Can I give you my card?"

I said no.

The police officer said, "Give me the card."

The pastor/doctor was so afraid to have a gun pointed at him.

He was still shaking.



He forgot the pocket did not have any more cards.

He yelled to the nurse, 'Card. My card, please.'

One of the nurses looking on the desk found his card and handed it to the police officer.

The police officer said to Aunt Gwendolyn, "Get the card."

Aunt Gwendolyn said no.

The police officer said, "Please."

Aunt Gwendolyn said no.

The pastor/doctor said, "Could one of you bring the card, please!"

One of the nurses ran with the card and handed it to the police officer and she stood there and smiled at him, kind of twisting.

Aunt Gwendolyn looked at her and said, "Move!"

The nurse ran. The pastor/doctor looked.

The pastor kept his hands up.

Aunt Gwendolyn and the police officer got on the elevator.

Aunt Gwendolyn said, "Stank heifer."

We all looked at Aunt Gwendolyn.

She became violent.

The elevator closed and the doctor/pastor still had his hands up.

The police officer looking at the card said, "The church is not far. Do you want his card?"

One reached for it; so he put it in his pocket.

He walked us to our car.

Aunt Alice said, "You need to pack and leave."

I said no.

Aunt Alice said, "What are you talking about?"

I said, "Aunt Alice."

I walked over and touched her face with my hand.

She looked at me and said, "You used to touch my face like this all the time."

I said, "Don't you want to know why all the killings, murders and tragedies are in our family?"

Aunt Alice began to cry and said, "Yes."

Her daughter helped her to my bed and she sat down.

Aunt Gwendolyn walked and sat and held her sister. I

walked over and got on my knees, in front of them.

I said, "I don't know about this.

I know God has brought me up here for a reason. I need you two to continue to be brave and courageous."

Aunt Alice sobbing said, "I ask God everyday for courage."

She was sobbing so badly between her speaking.

Her daughter Aletha began crying.

I looked at her and said, "Aletha."

She looked at me as she wiped away her tears.

I said, "Your fifteen and eight year olds are God's warriors.

You go to teach them to stand and fight."

Aletha said I know. I just don't know how to."

She looked at her mom and said, "I knew they were a gift from God. God use to talk to me when I was a child and He told me He would give me children for the last day battle. I did not want my children to grow up, just to fight and to die! So, I did not have children for a while. I figured if I had them out of sin, that God wouldn't use them."

But she burst out in tears.

She said, "I found out His word could not change and I could not make Him change His plan. I went out and got pregnant by the worse folks in Detroit, knowing He would never use their children."

She started stomping. "It was not about the babies, it was about who I am in Him."

Aunt Alice jumped and grabbed her daughter.

She continued. "I knew God's words could not be changed. One night when I was pregnant with my girl, I just felt something and I went into my son's room and Jesus was there. He was actually there (she pointed). He was seated

and facing my sleeping son. He was reading to him out of a book. He turned and looked at me. It was actually Jesus and all I could do was fall on my knees, and I stayed on my knees for hours.

When Jesus was finished teaching my son, He disappeared and I fell forward on my face."

Aunt Gwendolyn shaking her head.

I got up.

Aunt Alice said, "All that our family did not complete, let's finish it."

She reached for Aunt Gwendolyn's hand and I stood up and walked and hugged Aletha.

Aunt Gwendolyn said, "Does this mean I have to give up Jimmie?"

Aunt Alice - "Yes, and I have to give up Blan."

Aunt Gwendolyn had a sick look on her face.

Aunt Alice showed me she was actually the spiritual power of our whole family.

Aunt Alice said to her daughter, "Honey, God had many Jonah's. You thought going the opposite and to the bad folks that their blood line could over power Jesus' blood. No. Nothing can. Now we will teach our family to stand and fight to do God's will and honor Jesus."

After about an hour, they left.

Never to see each other again.

7-7- 2019 (3)

I made a settlement with the school for the next year, or until I finished the program for a doctorate. I will go to the school for free. They agreed.

I saw a house in a nice neighborhood. I wanted the school to purchase a very nice house for me as part of the settlement. They offered me \$50,000. I told them I'll take my story to the press.

The university voluntarily included the purchase of my property in the settlement.

The investigation was ongoing.

I could not understand who was out at that time of night flying a drone. I know God and Jesus had all of this under control.

Most of the children were recovered.

Some of the children had been killed.

Even siblings were kidnapped and some siblings were killed in front of their brothers and sisters.

I prayed for them.

I noticed if I prayed to God in Jesus' name, the thing manifested.

Whether it was understanding a statistical problem or how to do an administrative project, they were there with the answer.

One night I had restless sleep.

I was tossing and turning.

Flipping from the head of the bed to foot of the bed.

Throwing covers on my body to throwing covers off my body.

I fell out of the bed onto my knees and said, "God, what is wrong? Why can't I go to sleep? In Jesus' name.

I crawled back onto the bed.

I was exasperated.

I could not understand some of the course work.

I had to turn the completed work in tomorrow by class time.

I could not use the excuse of being traumatized to get away for not turning my course work in; especially, since I have been functioning in all areas.

I laid there and just kept picking my cell phone up every fifteen minutes.

Finally, it was six am and I had rolled over on my side.

I just got up and turned on my computer and re-read the assignment and thought if I could complete one section,

because it would take about ten hours to complete the whole assignment.

I sat at the computer and it was like a bubble popped in my brain.

I began to answer and complete the work.

I finished in three hours.

I submitted my completed course work and laid in my bed and went to sleep.

I thought I would miss my first two classes.

I went to sleep and slept well.

I was awakening and stretching and I jumped up knowing I had slept all day. I grabbed my cell phone and it was showing nine twenty six am.

I said what day is this?

I said, this is not right.

I checked my computer and it was the same day.

I jumped up, showered, got dressed and ran out of the door.

I went the whole day without eating, and went to the soul food restaurant and got two meals and caught the bus back to the apartment room.

I noticed the people on the bus were eerily quiet.

I stepped back off the bus.

The children were crying.

I said, "God, what's going on? Please stop the evil in Jesus' name.

The people at the restaurant were looking out the window and saw when I backed off the bus and they called the police.

I stood there in quietness.

The people rent out of the restaurant to me and asked me if I was alright.

I said children are on the bus.

The police started following the bus.

I stood there.

I began to cry.

I called a taxi and went home.

I sat in a hot tub for a long time.

I got out of the tub and had to rest.

I had no peace.

I could not eat or drink or sleep.

I did not want to know what happened to all those children and how they were looking at me for help.

I heard someone say, "You ask like the world."

I was in deep depression; I did not know how to respond.

The voice said, "You have hope."

I still did not pay the voice any attention.



A thought came to me to turn on the television and catch the late news.

I turned on the television and sat on my bed, waiting for the evil.

The aunt the breaking news came on.

There was a hostage situation on a city bus.

A number of children were on the bus and the bus driver was shot and snipers were positioned, but they did not know who the suspects were.

The police believed the suspects were from a robbery at a local check cashing place.

I heard the voice again.

It said, "You do not know who you are."

I heard it but did not respond.

The voice said, "Pray for the safety of the people and their deliverance."

I said, "God, please give safety for the people and deliver them please in Jesus' name."

Instantly a shot was fired into the bus and the lights went off on the bus.

The SWAT team forced both doors opened and started pulling people off the bus.

The suspects yelled, "I give up!"

The SWAT team pulled the three suspects off the bus.  
The children were screaming and crying.  
I heard the voice and said, "It was your prayer that was answered. Its"  
Then I heard the voice.  
I was scared.  
I could not think.  
I just sat on the bed and did not move.  
I then knew I was hearing a voice telling me what to do.  
I could see the television, but I could not hear the television, only the voice.  
The voice said, "You need to ask God for forgiveness for fornication. The act of fornication was a sin against your own flesh, which opened many doors for the devil to attack you."  
I was so scared.  
I said, "Help!"  
I could not move.  
I sat there.  
The voice became very stern and said, "Ask God for forgiveness!"  
I flew off the bed onto my knees and my mouth was trembling from fear.

I muttered, "Forgive my fornication in Jesus' name."

I woke up on the floor around one o'clock pm. My only class that day was in an hour.

I did not know what happened to me for over twelve hours.

I got off the floor and went to shower and get dressed.

I was walking around in a fog.

My doorbell rang.

I turned and looked at the door.

I tipped over and peeped out. It was the police officer from a month ago.

I opened the door, and said, "Hello."

He peeped around and looked at my apartment.

He said, "Is this a good time?"

I giggled and said, "No. I am on my way to class."

He said, "I'll make this quick. Do you want to go to church Sunday?"

I said, "No."

He said, "Are you sure?"

I said, "I am sure. Do you want to walk with me to my class?"

He said, "No."

I laughed.

He reached me his card and I put it in my purse.

There was some noise coming from the woman's apartment who was involved in the sex traffic.

I said to him, once the maintenance women passed by with boxes, are they supposed to be moving stuff?

He, looking around, said, "No."

He turned to me and said, "You go to class."

I ran down the stairs.

He radioed for backup.

The two women were going down the back hall and speaking to each other and speeding up, pushing the trash bins.

I was concerned about the police officer.

I heard the voice say, "Pray and ask God for hi protection."

I said, "God, please protect him in Jesus' name."

Before I could get to the next quad, there were a number of police cars entering the campus area and I could see they were blocking the street.

They surrounded a van that was trying to exit the campus.

I stopped waling and turned around and was watching.

The women exited the van with their hands on top of their heads. The two men in front exited the van with their hands on top of their heads.

I squinted my eyes to see him clearly.

I thought I had seen him before.

But I did see the police officer who ran up to the van with his gun out.

I turned and continued to my class, being only fifteen minutes late.

I slipped into my seat.

I went to the student study hall and worked on course work until ten o'clock pm.

I looked at my watch and got my stuff and left walking to my apartment room.

I sensed someone was watching me.

I sped up my walking and turning about me, I did not see anyone.

I got to my apartment room and went through my routine of a shower, but I did not feel like eating.

I sat on my bed in my nightgown.

I saw a shadow pass in the hallway.

I forgot to put the kick stick behind the door.

I jumped up and put it behind my door.

The shadow came back by and stopped at my door and twisted my door handle.

I looked down at the door handle.

I tried peeping out of the door, but the person had his hand over the peep hole.

I tipped to the kitchen and got a knife.

My cell phone rang.

I tipped over and answered.

It was Chris, the police officer.

I told him what was happening.

He told me to stay put.

About 10 minutes later after the police ran up the stairs; I could hear the person run down the stairs, but was cut off by a second set of police officers on the back side.

Chris called me back.

I told you I was safe.

He said to me, see you tomorrow and get some sleep.

I fell asleep across the bed with my cell phone on my stomach plugged into the socket.

As I slept, I heard the voice say, "You are living separated from God. Sin separates you from God. Jesus redeemed you. You do not think about God, or Jesus and you do not read and study the bible. Every day you should ask God to forgive your sins. The more time you spend with God, the more you will know Jesus."

It was like a recording.

It played over and over, but it did not disturb my sleep.

I got up and showered and dressed and had my hand on the door handle.

Then I thought something was said to me and I could not remember who said something to me; maybe it was Chris. I'll call him later.

With my hand on the door handle, I said, "God forgive me for all my sins and heal my body in Jesus' name."

I thought, "What was that about?"

I had a cyst, but I was going to wait for Christmas and go and have it removed, while I was home for three weeks.

I shrugged it off and went on my business day.

I caught up with the bus situation.

They were all safe and the bus driver had a flesh wound and would be fine.

The children were safe.

Now the school will help provide transportation.

I walked out of my apartment room and shook. It was getting cold.

It is only September.

I thought, "I'll call Bruce to send my boxes."

I went out and started my day.

At the end of the day, I returned to my apartment room and checked on my grade for the course work.

I got an "A."

I was shocked.

I showered and turned on the late news.

I did not feel hopeless as before.

Now I turn on the late news and I ask for help.

I am not as scary.

I was angry for the attempted robbery last night.

Chris said the campus police said the person was wanted for breaking and entering in the dorms.

7-8-2019

Every morning before I left for classes, I got on my knees and asked God for forgiveness of my sins. Besides the fornication, other sins would come to my mind I did not think of as sin.

The more I asked forgiveness for sin, I committed, it seemed that I could think better and clearly. I could understand my course work and give the correct responses.



I thought if I were still working as an elementary school teacher, where everything is patterned and fixed, I would not have known my mind, my brain was bound up by sin, I committed.

I thank God I remembered to get on my knees to give God reverence.

When I am doing my course work, when I get stuck or tired, or sleepy or bored and my mind starts wondering, it's like I could hear the voice say, "Pray." Then I ask God to help. Several times I was left in the library or study hall because I had fallen asleep or been so deep in thought about nothing, that I did not realize where I was and what time it was. It was like I was not there. I started sitting in the front by the employees.

But the more I asked God to forgive me of my sins, it seemed like a bubble would pop in my head and I could think better.

At night, I would get on my knees to pray and a lot times, wake up the next morning on the floor and sometimes, on my knees, but well rested.

There are times when I barely woke up; it was like someone nudged me and I could barely crawl on the bed. It was like I was somewhere else talking to somebody. And what they

said to me was taking over my brain and their words were bulldozing over the emptiness and wrong thoughts; the wrong thinking.

One morning I just got off my knees from my one minute prayer of forgiveness. My eyes fell on mom's bible on the night stand. I never opened it. I put it on the night stand as a reminder of her - a tribute to her.

I sat on the floor and stared at the bible.

I thought about how the co-worker found her lying across the bed where she died.

Uncle Bill said she was getting off her knees praying and fell onto the bed.

I don't know. The tears started to fall. I found myself wiping away so many tears that I had to get up and go into the bathroom and get toilet paper.

I came back and sat on the bed, then fell over and cried for a very long time. I knew I missed my class. That thought came to me in the middle of the meltdown.

I had never missed my mom, never allowed myself to think about where she was; if she made it to heaven.

I never allowed myself to grieve for her.

Then I felt guilty and begin to "boo hoo" all over again.

Someone knocked on my door. I did not answer.

I continued with my meltdown until I feel asleep.

I woke up at some point and my eyes looked around and it was dark.

I felt around for the lamp and turned it on and looked at my watch. It was twelve thirteen at night.

I was about to cut off the lamp and go back to sleep.

My eyes fell again on my mom's bible.

I did not go through a meltdown again.

I got up and pulled my clothes off and put them on the chair because I had a full day ahead.

Bruce had texted me he mailed both boxes of my winter clothes.

I smiled.

I got off my knees and said, God, forgive my sins in Jesus' name."

I got up off my knees and sat on the bed. I reached for my mom's bible and flipped through it.

She had made markings on the pages.

Some were question marks, star and exclamation marks.

I wondered what she was questioning.

I rent some of the bible passages, but did not understand them.

I put the bible back on the night stand in its place of tribute and fell asleep.

I woke up later that morning feeling lighter and refreshed. It was like in the center of my stomach, a load had been removed.

I woke up, got dressed and said my forgiveness prayer. I was getting off my knees and glanced over and saw mom's bible. I touched it.

Someone was knocking on my door.

I walked over and peeped out. It was a courier from the university president's office.

I took the package and went and sat at my kitchen table.

I looked over the documents and it was what I wanted. I called Aunt Alice's daughter-in-law and told her I received the package and the right words were stated.

I told her I was on my way out to class and she said she was on the way to court and for me to call her back tonight.

As we were hanging up, I heard her yell, send me a copy.

I got the package and put it in my bag and made it to class ten minutes late.

The teacher looked at me.

I apologized and sat. Normally, I would not apologize for stuff.

I noticed I was quieter on the inside. My mind was not drifting off. I could give my full attention to class. No other thoughts were was taking place in my mind and I was not as forgetful.

The next day I went to my one class.

The instructor walked in after me, which was unusual. She was usually present and had her computer on and ready before I entered the classroom.

I notice as she walked up to the desk, she had a snag in her walk.

One of the male students looked at her very hard.

I wonder why.

She started out as usual, "good afternoon class. I was told the dean's office informed you I would miss the prior day of instruction."

The male student said, "Right."

I looked that him, as he got out his notebook.

The instructor looked at him also.

All I could say was, thank God, I did not have and missed class on my record. It was like God needed time with me and He knew the class was cancelled. And, I did not get a mark against me.

After class, the man went up to the instructor and was expressing his concerns.

The instructor was very cordial and told him his concern was appreciated, but she was in a car accident and because she always pre-planned her course work with additional information, so her class can always be ahead. I said, "Smart."

She opened her computer and attempted to show it to him, but he said he was not interested in her computer program, but in the coursework he did not get and will take his concern to the dean. She told him to do so because the dean had to approve her program. He said, "We'll see," and walked out.

The instructor looked at me and said, "Are you waiting to see me?"

I looked around to see who she was talking to and two other students were standing in the back looking also.

I thought she was talking to them, until she called my name.

I looked at her and said, "No."

I got my bags and walked out along with the other students. Then, halfway out of the building I realized I left the package I needed to send to my cousin.

I took my time and walked to give the instructor time to leave because I did not want to run into her again that day.

I peeped in the window and I did not see her. I opened the door and looked around. I did not see her, but her stuff was still on the desk.

I quickly walked to my desk and got the package I pulled out as I was getting my computer out.

I heard a voice, which I was used to now say, "I would have turned it in to the dean's office."

As I began to walk out, I glimpsed a movement and looked up and the instructor was on her knees in the far corner, apparently praying.

I walked out and went and uploaded the package to my cousin.

I studied until just about when my cell phone rang.

It was my cousin, the lawyer.

I answered. She said, everything was fine and she electronically signed and I could sign and return it to them in about ten days.

I was gathering my stuff up.

I thanked her and asked how she and her kids were doing.

She said they were making it.

She asked me where was I?

I told her at the library, but now leaving to walk to my apartment.

I was walking out the door and said, "Whoa! It is really cold."

She said, "Do you have fall and winter clothes?"

I said "Yes. I boxed them up before I came here and called Bruce to send them to me. He said he did so yesterday."

She said, "I'll stay on the phone until you get to your place."

I told her I was fine.

She said, "I am signing the document and sending it to you now."

I said, "Whoa. Thanks. You are great!"

She said, "I don't have anything lying around. I believe in a clean desk policy."

I said, "I'm at my apartment. Thank you. Good night."

She said, "That was fast."

I said I was cold. I ran all the way.

She said good night.

She completed the transaction.

The scene shows her partner sitting in front of her with his legs stretched out and looking over some papers.

She said, "There. Finished."

He said, "Are we finished, it has been six months."



She looked at him and said, "Finished!"

He stood up and tossed the case on her desk. She looked at him. He bent over her desk and put his hands on her desk and said, "After undergrad, law school and twenty-five years, you are finished. I have been more than accommodating."

She said, "Larry, twenty-five years of adultery is enough for anyone. I decided . . ."

He hit his fists on her desk and she jumped.

She said, "You have a wonderful wife. Belinda . . ."

He cut her off. "Don't you tell me how great my wife is!"

She jumped, but saw Belinda's daughter outside her door.

Belinda and Larry did not have any children. Belinda had a daughter and son from her prior marriage to a Marine. And struggled until they finished college and now have a very nice life with Larry.

Belinda knew about their relationship having walked in on them numerous times.

But she still introduced Larry to her mother.

They dated for a year and got married.

They have been married for over fifteen years.

Belinda's daughter has worked for the law firm over seventeen years and they hired her straight out of paralegal school.

She did not have a chance to go to law school because she had three boys to raise, whom she had while in high school. She was extremely promiscuous in high school and had three boys by different people including her grown science teacher.

Belinda was filing a statutory rape charge against the science teacher. When he found out she was a sculptress, he got his wife to give Belinda a contract to do a million-dollar project for her company in exchange for her silence and dropping the charges.

When Belinda dropped the charges, the science teacher and his wife moved to Hawaii and raised their four children. His wife got him a job at a local college.

They have never returned to the main land.

She especially did not want her children to know they had a half-black sister or brother.

Glenda looked older than her thirty-five years.

Joyce said it was her boys. She knew she had boys because she had three. The principal and teachers had her

phone number on speed dial. She could always tell how bad it was because of the number of people calling her.

She and Larry was the best defense law team in the city.

They only handled the big cases and had built incredible wealth over the twenty-five years.

She was presenting a murder case before the judge, even though her phone was on mute, they could hear a noise.

Larry knew it was her cell phone. She kept talking as though she did not hear it.

Her husband was in court because the case was big; one of those cases that took place once in a life time.

He was an attorney, but was a federal government attorney. He made a living, but Joyce was hauling millions of dollars every year.

She told her husband to put up the books, for the checking and savings accounts, in the lock box.

She said we can keep your salary information around.

He looked and said, "Baby, I love you and I love my job."

And he stood up. She realized he was very angry. She walked over to him and rolling on him, she leaned on him and continued to rub him.

He said, "You knew I like that freaky stuff," and threw her on the bed.

She said, "We can't tell the boys; they would kill us to get the money."

He was nodding his head.

They heard the boys snickering and the badest said, "Go daddy."

The mom and daddy didn't stop; they pretended not to know the boys had opened their door.

The next day Joyce was getting dressed for work and her husband was sitting on the bed putting on his shoes.

She was looking in the mirror across the hall at her boys and saw them open one bedroom door.

She said to her husband, "I know you are going to deal with them about last night."

He said, "I've been thinking about those monsters all night. I'll get them."

As she was walking out of their bedroom, she said, "Don't kill them."

And the husband stopped putting on his shoes.

He said, "Shush. You took away my plan. See you can be my defense attorney and we can move to another country and live off your money."

She stopped walking and stared at him.

We she got to her car the maid was coming in to work and she said to her, "Good morning Mrs. Smith."

She got in her car and looked at her house and said, "God, please don't let him kill them. I can't worry about what he thinks."

She looked up in the mirror and backed out, starting her early commute.

She pushed them out of her mind all day.

When she returned late that night, she walked in and heard no sound; even though it was late.

She walked over to her bar and poured her a glass of scotch.

She kicked off her shoes and took a deep breath. When she got to her sons' room and slowly pushed the door open, she did not see any blood nor weapon left behind.

Her husband was sitting up in bed wearing a muscle t-shirt and pajamas, reading over work papers.

She got to learn the papers over the years.

She stepped in her bedroom and looked at her husband with her scotch in her hand.

He said, "No. I did not kill them. I know you were thinking about that all day."

She said you're right.

He said I didn't even beat them.

She said what?"

He said yeah. Mrs. Smith was in the kitchen. I told them to come into the den.

He flips over on the bed towards her and said, "Baby, can we run away? Can we leave them?"

She said as she sips her drink, "I'm thinking." And steps into the bathroom and then the shower.

He's peeping in the bathroom to see where her drink is and gets out of bed and tip toe against the wall and peeps at his wife in the shower and slides across the doorway to reach his hand onto the sink and get her drink.

She opened the shower door and said, "Don't."

He sulked and stomped back to his side of the bed.

And whined, peeping into the bathroom until his wife was coming out, he threw the cover over his head.

She looked at him, swallowed her drink and went back into the bathroom and brushed her teeth and gargled her throat.

Her husband was peeping in the bedroom.

She came out of the bathroom quickly and caught her husband faking.

She said, "I know something else is up, what?"

He said I sat in front of them on the coffee table."

She said, "I told you not to sit on my coffee table because you could break it."

He said, "Excuse me! And rolled his eyes. "I sat the three on the sofa and told them I was going to beat them."

The oldest said, "For what?"

I said, as he got out of bed and under his wife's watchful eyes, "Tell me which thing you did that requires a beating.

They told me."

Husband beating his fist into his hand and bending over touching his temple.

Wife sat down on the bed with a blank face.

She said, "What they say?"

She had gone into her defense attorney mode to quietly listen and get the facts.

Her husband began to re-tell their children's escapades.

He said that the little one started off and relayed what he did.

When he finished with him, he paced the floor.

She said, "That's fixable. The Washington's like seafood, we want a seafood feast.

He said, "We ain't gonna give them nothing; those no good n.....s!"

She threw up her hands for him to stop and not say the word.

He turned his head sulking.

She said, "Next."

He pushed his hands out and raised them up.

She looked at him.

He began to tell her about the oldest boy's adventure.

He said, "And he calls them his adventures."

She sat for a while and then said, "I'll contact them to donate some money to the church."

He said, "When will you call - since you are soooooo busy."

"You haven't heard about your middle son."

She said, "Wait a minute, my middle son."

He motioned for her to be quiet and he began to explain what the middle child had done.

She was so shocked and could barely talk. "Did they call the police?"

He said, "No. At least they did not come to this address."

She stood up from the bed and peeped around her husband to the boy's open room door.

He looked at his wife and a glint came into his eyes because he knew she was going along. He smirked.

He thought about something else and said, "Your middle son."



She turned from looking out the door to her husband and she hit him on his arm.

She said how did he just get to be my son? I did not make him by myself.

He kinda turned his head.

She looked at him and sat on the bed.

She was in thought and said, "Did you get your passport renewed?"

He jumped across the bed to his night stand drawer and pulled out his passport and started wildly dancing.

He said, "Where are we going baby?"

She said, "I don't know."

He said, "Well we can decide later," as he pulled out their suitcases.

She went to get her passport and kicked one of the suitcases and then she stooped and tried lifting one and she could not.

She called to her husband who was already changing his clothes and getting his toiletries bag.

He came out of the bathroom.

She looked at him and said, "You been working out?"

He said, "Yeah. I packed our suitcases and practice everyday running with them. See."

He picked up the suitcases and began to run around the room.

She said, "I'm impressed. Wait a minute, as she looked in her closet. Is that where my vacation clothes disappeared to?"

Embarrassed, he said, "Yeah. I thought if I told you of my escape plan, you might not go along with it."

He said, "Guess."

She said, "No."

He said, "Day O, and if we run out of money, I can always work on a banana boat."

He began to laugh.

She said, "why are going to the airport now?"

He said as he was looking at his baseball jacket. "If we leave now, we can make the two thirty flight." As he turned, he saw his wife's nakedness and she said as she stopped pulling off her gown, "You checked on the time flights leave?"

He said, "yeah. If we miss that flight, we can catch the three fifty flight."

She stopped pulling off her gown and sat on the bed.

He ran over and said, "No. No baby. Let's go."

He kneeled on his knees in front of her and started rubbing her thighs and put his head on her stomach and kissing her stomach and looking up at her sexily.

She said, "No. We can't loose them on society."

He said, "Baby, I already paid Mrs. Smith for the week and they have enough food to last the next few days. They're fine and you know Mrs. Smith won't work after her last paycheck.

She touched his face.

The youngest boy said, "I can see you. Close your door."

The daddy got up and slammed the son's door shut and pulled out a key and locked their door.

She said, peeping in his hand, "A key. Go back and unlock that door."

He said no.

She held out her hand.

He gave her the key and she said, "They are not animals."

He sulked and said, "Who said?"

She looked back at him and unlocking the door, she heard the oldest boy crying. She said, "Good night."

The boys did not respond.

She went back to her back to her bedroom with the key in her hand.

Her husband reached for the key, and she through it in the bathroom.

He jumped out of the bed, falling over himself to get the key.

He got on the bathroom floor and found the key.

As he was getting off the floor, she said, "When did you have a lock put on the door?"

He passing by her said, "You forgot I worked at the locksmith shop all through undergrad."

He turned and looked at the door and said, "I did a good job. Don't you think?" He nudged her.

She looked at and went to bed.

He smiled and jumped in the bed and moved closer to her.

She said, 'I have been going with Larry all my life.'

He said, "I know."

She said, "I love you with my whole heart."

He leaned his chin on her shoulder and said, "I know."

She said, "The boys are yours."

He lifted up his head and said, "That middle boy?"

She said, "Yours."

He said, "Dog!"

She said what?

He said nothing.

She said, "All that bed shit from your family just showed up in their DNA."

He said, "What about your crazy uncle in prison?"

She shook her head.

He said, "Hey, sitting up in bed, that's a thought."

She said, "What? Let them go to prison. They are six, eight and ten. We are going to work hard, not only at our jobs, but also at our marriage and our boys."

They heard one of the boys run down the stairs.

She said, "Who was that?"

He said, "Don't worry, the house is locked up."

She said, "I don't want to wake up with a knife in my forehead."

He said, "That's a good one baby. I'll have to use that. Give me some love."

Then their door slammed.

They looked at the door and continued.

She said, "Camp."

He said, "What?"

She said let's send them to camp.

He said, "Yeah, baby, yeah."

She said, "Maybe a military camp."

He said, "Yeah or one of those straight camps where ex-convicts work and mad men with meat cleavers.

I'll get started on that tomorrow.

I like that."

The next morning, she was already gone to work.

Mrs. Smith was in the house and whenever the master bedroom door was left cracked by the wife, it meant to wake her husband and get him out for work.

When Mrs. Smith arrived, she saw the luggage and said, "Oh my."

He was lying on his side and heard his wife get up and leave for work. He could not sleep the whole night.

He heard his boys' door open.

Mrs. Smith said, "Good morning."

No response.

Mrs. Smith - "I did not have to wake you?"

He was up and walking towards the bathroom.

He leaned back towards the door and said, "Mrs. Smith greeted you. Speak to her."

They said, "Hi."

With their heads down, they began to go downstairs.

He thought.

He said, "Good morning."

The boys walking said Hi.

He said, "That's all I get."

Mumbling he said, "It's a start."

Mrs. Smith looked at his pajamas and said, "Huh."

He looked down and closed his pajamas.

Mrs. Smith said, "Do you want breakfast?"

He replied very stern, "stay in your place Mrs. Smith."

She turned and went downstairs as she peeped back at the luggage in the middle of the floor.

He was in the shower.

The doorbell rang.

Mrs. Smith knocked on the bedroom door, as he was putting on his shoes.

He said, "Yes."

Mrs. Smith said, "The police."

He looked out of the window and already saw the neighbors stopping and looking.

He said, "Mrs. Smith call my wife and tell her."

Mrs. Smith called and told her.

She immediately left work.

The boys were scared.

The youngest boy got up from the table and walked to the police, turned and put his hands behind his back for the police to put handcuffs on him.

The daddy walked in and tapped the boy on his head and said, "Go and finish eating breakfast."

He saw the police car in front of the school bus.

The police officer said, "We got a call."

His wife taught him to be quiet and let the police talk.

Volunteer no information.

He was looking at the police officers.

"The caller was a young child. They said they had been bad and wanted to go to jail so their parents did not have to run away."

Mrs. Smith was standing behind the door listening. She knew it was about the bad boys. The whole neighborhood talked about the boys.

The police officer said, "I can't tell you what to do, but work on it."

He said, "Sir, I thank you. I will do my best."

He reached out his hand and shook the officer's hand.

They left.



The police were getting in their car when the mother drove up. She remembered the one getting in on the passenger side.

They arrested one of her clients for armed robbery.

She got him a lesser charge and set up for an appeal.

The police officer threatened her.

She filed a claim with his deputy director.

He asked her to drop it so they what not have to fire the police officer.

She dropped it, because she did not want her family to be a walking target for the police department.

She was about to jump out of the car, when the phone rang and it was Mrs. Smith, who was looking out of the window.

She told the mother what the police said, and what the youngest boy did. Mrs. Smith said the police tell her husband to work on his family.

The police officer recognized her and walked back to her car.

She slowly rolled her window down, and said to Mrs. Smith; "Mrs. Smith, I'm on the phone and on my perch."

She said, yes officer.

He said, "thank you for dropping your claim."

She said, "Thank you for your help and counseling today."

The police officer stepped away from her car and drove off.

The neighbors started going back to what they were doing.

It was time for the school bus to start for the school.

Her husband, who was peeping out of the window, saw his wife.

She sat in the car and turned around and went back to work.

He had to drive to work because he would be late if he took public transit.

He walked out to his car and stood with his door opened and text as his children went and got on the bus in front of their house.

One of his boys said, "Bye daddy."

He did not look up from his texting and said, "Be sure to get lost, today forever."

Mrs. Smith heard him.

He stopped texting and walked behind his boys and grabbed them from behind and turning them around, he got on his knees and say, "Come her guys."

He hugged them.

The youngest was on the bus in his seat. He was crying.

The bus driver looked up in the mirror and said, "Hey Josh, there's your dad."

He looked out there.

She said, "I'll wait. Go to him."

Josh looked out the window and saw his dad looking up at the bus. Josh jumped off the school bus steps and ran over to his brothers.

His dad said, "You know what Josh, I'm not going to fuss about you jumping off the bus steps."

Josh said, "Really daddy!"

He ran and gave his dad a big hug.

His daddy hugged him tight and began to cry.

A neighbor walked his daughter to the bus because of his bad boys. He put his daughter on the bus and said, "Don't sit by those boys."

Mrs. Smith held her chest.

The daddy looked at the neighbor and he thought, I really cannot say anything because if I had a daughter, I wouldn't want her to sit by them either.

Both daddies' waved.

The boys' daddy slightly leaned over to the girl's daddy and said, "My wife wants to throw you'll a seafood fest. You just have to tell her when."

The girl's daddy said, "Saturday at 6:00 PM. I'll e-mail her with all the details." He walked away waving at the bus.

The boys' daddy twisted his mouth because the man had bested him.

Mrs. Smith was standing by his car. He left his phone in the car. Mrs. Smith quickly grabbed his phone and was about to read his text when he grabbed his cell phone from her.

Mrs. Smith jumped as he snatched to cell phone.

He said, "I told you about overstepping your boundary."

Mrs. Smith said, and" school is out for week. Where are we going?"

He held his head down and said, Jamaica.

Mrs. Smith said "Day O!"

He said tell your daughter to arrange it. I'll tell my wife.

Mrs. Smith - "The one who lives here?" Pointing. "Especially since you're already packed."

He stopped backing out the car.

Mrs. Smith started clapping in excitement.

The neighbor's maid was out at hr new car and talking to her boss who just put his daughter on the bus.

He looked back at Mrs. Smith and went into the house.

He said to Mrs. Smith, "You better be glad they saved you."

Mrs. Smith turned and went into the house.

She called her daughter and said, "Guess where we are going?"

He pulled the car back up to the garage door and said, "I'm never going to get to work."

He heard Mrs. Smith on the phone.

He said, "Is that your daughter? Tell her one suite with two bedrooms, and a room for you." And she rolled her eyes at him.

He said, "I need you to have seafood fest for about twenty on this coming Saturday at six o'clock pm."

Mrs. Smith said, "This Saturday? When am I going to have time to get my hair done?"

He said, "Mrs. Smith."

He held up his hands and walked out the door. He heard Mrs. Smith yell, "He's upset because Mr. Porter got the best of him at the bus."

He yelled, "He did not!"

Mrs. Smith ignored him and said, "Book two suites. One with two bedrooms for them and a second suite with two bedrooms for us."

Mrs. Smith's daughter was talking.

Mrs. Smith said, "Child, no. You book them at that hotel and you book us at another hotel. I don't want to be near the on vacation with those bad ass boys. No. We will just tell them we could not get anything but a suite at that hotel. They will

believe it; especially him with his cheap ass. I have to go and order this seafood for him and make an appointment for me to get my hair braided."

7-9-2019

I entered my apartment and placing all of my bags on the kitchen table, I shook from the cold.

I went into my closet and got my warmest clothes in front and my summer clothes in the back.

I kicked up my boxes, trying to think what I'm going to do with the other items I left in the boxes.

I bent over and started looking through the first box. I get back my heart where's, which were a few sheet sets, a comforter and several blankets and a bunch of socks.

I pulled out two blankets and several pairs of socks.

Now I have been offered a settlement, I can purchase the house and move out and I'm going to leave this stuff boxed up.

While I was all my knees, I scooted over to the next box.

I heard a noise at my door

I leaned back and looking at the door, I look at the shadows under the door and then at the kick stick next to the door and

thought, "I always step inside and immediately behind the door; where's that kick stick? How could I forget that?

What do I have to do?

Raising my hand up, I saw my watch, eleven thirty two pm. I jumped and ran to the kitchen and pulled my drawer out with my knives. They are gone!

I ran to my night stand and looked for the knife I put in mom's bible. It was there.

The only light that was on was the bathroom light. I did not realize how much time I spend going through the boxes.

I heard the voice, "Ask God for the warring angels and to give you strength."

I kneeled in the middle of the floor and said quickly, because my door was opening, "God, loose the warring angels in Jesus' name."

Someone grabbed me and threw me onto the floor and another covered my mouth and another was peeping at the door.

I had the small night in my hand.

I was able to take the knife and stick it in the wrist of the assailant. I drove it all the way in and I zig zagged the knife until the person started screaming. It was a woman. I lost

the knife in her wrist. She failed next to me and tried to get the knife out.

The one at door was a female and ran over and said, "What?"

While she was running over, the one that had me pinned down was a male. He was trying to grab both of my arms.

That time, my door was kicked in and several campus police entered with guns drawn and pointing.

Some of the other residents were in the hallway and peeping out of their rooms.

I could tell by the sounds what were going on. The female by the door ran and tried to jump out of the window.

The male threw up his hands.

The other female, lying on the floor, was trying to take out of her wrist.

The campus police pulled the hood off my head and untied my hands.

I jumped up from the floor.

The campus police pulled off the assailants hoods.

The man was the offensive student in my class.

The woman, I cut with the knife, was a female Asian student who worked in the library.



The woman who tried to get out of the window was an older white female.

The campus police recognized her from the university president's office.

The guy at the front desk was unfamiliar with them as they entered the building with access codes and badges.

He let them pass but called the campus police.

Some of the residents were not familiar with them and called the campus police.

I thought the Chris and told him what happened.

He said, "What? I'm coming over."

I said no, it's after two am and I'm going to bed.

Later that morning, I heard someone knocking on my door.

It was Chris.

I got up and stumbled to the door.

I let him in.

The campus police was standing at the door. I spoke to him and let Chris in.

I was so sleepy and couldn't shake the sleep.

Chris said Chicago is not your city.

I said, "What are you talking about?"

Chris said, "Well, the student at the front desk was in on it.

Another student said they heard them talking early that day."

I said, "wait Chris, I need to be alert."

I went into the bathroom and washed my face and brushed my teeth.

I still had my clothes on from the day before. I motioned for Chris to come and sit at my table and cleared all my bags by putting them on the floor. I sat at the table.

Chris walked, but stood and looked out of the window.

Chris said, "You have been played."

He turned around and sat on the window's ledge.

I did not move. I wanted to hear and understand him.

Chris - "Somebody has been watching you and manipulating your every move. I believe God is going to reveal it to you.

But this. . . This fast fiasco was a botched kidnapping. They confessed since they got caught and said they were going to exhort your settlement money which the suspect from the president's office would claim she knew about. I don't understand why anyone would put their life on the line to get a mandatory ten-year prison sentence..."

A knock on the door. Chris stood up and put his hands on the weapon.

The campus police looked inside and it was the president of the school, his assistant, the dean and instructor from my class.

I did not get up. They noticed.

The president looking around said, "Nice apartment. Large because it's in the corner."

The assistant shook his head.

The dean reached out his hand to be shaken. I did not extend mine.

They said they were glad I was unharmed.

The president looked at my floor and the cut out carpet from the suspect nearly bleeding to death.

He looked at his party and they said, "Have a good day."

The instructor stayed.

Once they left, the instructor tip toed to the door and peeped out of the peep hole.

The campus police was still at the door.

She tip toed back to the table and sat.

She said, "I am a believer in Jesus. I have been watching you since the summer program. You have to become stronger. You are called by Jesus to do something great and you must spend time with God and Jesus to be ready for that time."

Chris said, "That's the same thing the pastor said this morning."

I said, "What pastor, the one from the hospital?"

Chris said, "Hush woman," and turning to the instructor he said, continue."

I wanted to jump Chris.

The instructor said, "Well, the other day this student, the male, just made a scene about me cancelling the previous class. I told him I was in a car accident and he would not lose any ground with the course work. He said he was going to the dean.

So went into prayer God told me to go to the registrar office.

I went to the registrar of office after you left.

She began to whisper. The guy who complained is not registered. The only place his name shows up is on the roster for my class. He only showed up when the women did not come back."

She started gathering from bag and said, "God has been keeping you now. You have to step in up and began to fight two. I had that finder bender and had to cancel the class.

All of it was for a reason and part of the reason was to confirm my suspicion about that man.

I have to go.

I am going to cancel the class for today to give you time to go before God and Jesus."

She stopped and looked at me.

"I believe God has brought you into this earth for a fight. He brought me and you together for a reason."

She leaned forward and had a hard look on her face that scared me.

"Look girlie, spend at least one hour in the morning, one hour in the afternoon and one hour at night. And one hour at mid-night in prayer. Then God will instruct you what to do.

You are not going to stop me from getting my blessing."

Chris couldn't speak, he reached her a card.

She took the card and stormed out.

Chris looked at the door, and then he looked at me.

I said, "You know they had been in my room earlier yesterday."

Chris did not say anything.

I told him, "I was confused when I got home. I always immediately put the kick stick behind the door then enter my apartment; but last night I came in and reviewed by settlement package..."

Chris - "Settlement package?"

I told him I would talk about that later.

I continued, "Then I started going through the boxes when I heard a noise, and ran to the kitchen. All of my knives were gone, but I remembered I put a knife in my mom's bible, so I

ran and grabbed it. I heard a voice that said, "Pray for the warring angels," so I did as they were breaking in. Also, that woman that worked in the library, there were times I would fall asleep and called security to let me out. I would always smell something like incense and smelled a light odor of it last night."

Chris said, "Well, your instructor cancelled class today. I suggest you take her suggestion and pray, starting now." I will, she said.

Then Chris leaves her apartment.

She runs her bath water.

The university president is holding a meeting with most of his administrative staff.

He says, "How did this man get passed our administrative systems that he can come and go as he pleases. Who registered him and how did he get into that class?"

The president's secretary walks in and hands him some papers.

He looks at the papers and tosses them on the table.

He said, "Well, we have three more law suits from students over the campus."

He sighs.

Several members of his staff sigh.

He turns to the university's attorney and said, "Can she add another claim?"

University's attorney - "Yes."

The president turns to his secretary and said, "Was the settlement package delivered?"

His secretary said, "Yes sir."

The university president said, "I do not want any more bad press. Susan, you are publicist; make sure no bad press and show the community all the safe guards we had in place to keep all the plans from being executed. And, where is her signed settlement because, I do not want to pay her any more money."

One of the administrators did not like the way he said that and looked at him.

In the mean while, the instructor was completing her questioning with the FBI.

She walks out of the conference room with another administrator under the eyes of the university staff whose eyes were on them.

The university' president beckoned for them and they walked into the conference room.

The instructor looked around the room and saw her friend and very dignified spoke to them.

The university's president said, "I have one question for you."

The instructor started racking her brain and asked God for the response He wanted her to give.

The university's president said, "Ms. Mallory, you have been an instructor here for three years."

Her dean looked at him.

The university's president said, "How could you not identify that he was a fake student?"

The instructor was very dramatic.

She threw her free hand to her chest and exclaimed, "Me!"

She continued, "Sir, I only teach. I go by what roster is given me. I don't know what a kidnapper looks like; especially not now. I am not trained to decipher any behavior and ... She's moving her free hand as if in an assembly line. Then she said, this behavior, or these clothes or this pair of shoes represent a kidnapper no more than I can identify a rapist or terrorist sitting in my class, Sir."

He dean was sitting to the university's president left and he could not see the dean and another administrator snicker.

The university's president cut her off and said, "You're excused Ms. Mallory."



For effect, she stood for a moment and kind of curtsied, acting very dense and walked out; she along with the other administrator.

The university's president said to the administrator, "Stay." Ms. Mallory left the campus under the scolding eyes of faculty, staff and students.

She got in her white BMW with the dent and drove the hour and a half home.

She stopped by the store and picked up a few items and filled her car with gas.

When she arrived at her quaint house, she went inside and locked her house and went through the house and the basement to make sure nothing was disturbed.

She stood and looked around. She only used the basement as a storage area and the upper level as the living area.

She sensed a presence. She stood and then went upstairs.

She opened the closet that she prays in and bent over to take her kneeling pad out.

She stood up and walked through her house.

She only cut on the hall bath light.

She got another pillow out of her guest room and a quilt and went down stairs.

She felt she was being followed, but everyone at the university knew where she stayed.

That's why she only teaches one class twice per week, because of the drive.

She loved her community and the church she attends.

She lives a very simple life so she can spend her time with God in prayer.

It was three thirty pm on Thursday afternoon and she did not stop praying and get off her knees until Sunday morning around eight am. She said, that took care of that presence forever."

She said, "I kinda like this basement."

And shook her head for yeah.

She sent upstairs and checked her emails, texts and messages.

She received a message from Chris asking if he could attend her church because the pastor/doctor would be on vacation until next Sunday.

She texted him the church's address and then thought, "How did he get my phone number. I'll find out how if he comes."

She put on her running outfit and ran for several miles until around nine thirty am. She loved running in this crisp air.

She got home and made herself toast, jam and black coffee.

She looked at the clock on the kitchen stove, as she sat and enjoyed her toast and coffee and said, "Well, well, I have time for a bubble bath as opposed to a shower.

She got up and washed her cup and bread plate and walked down the aisle to the main bathroom and ran her bath water.

As she sat on the rim of the tub, her mind went over the stepped up attack in the city and wondered if her student was really seeking God.

She got dressed and drove the ten minute drive to church.

She looked for a different car in the parking lot for Chris.

She did not recognize a different car. She drove in the gravel parking area and walked into the church with her bible and notebook.

As she entered the church and was looking around, she saw Chris waving at her, and her student peeped around Chris.

Ms. Mallory was thrilled.

She came over and sat with us.

I was not listening to the service.

The child in front of me, who was about three years old, must have never seen a black person.

After church service, Ms. Mallory wanted to introduce us to her pastor.

Chris really enjoyed the service and I waved for them to go ahead while I sat with the three year old.

People came by and spoke as they were leaving.

Most were going down the back stairs.

I could smell food but figured it did not taste like my soul food restaurant' fare. Therefore, I was not interested in their food and wanted the three year old to go. Just go.

He jumped off the pew and ran passed me and down stairs.

I said, "Good!"

About fifteen minutes later as I was sitting and looking around, I glanced something next to me that scared me and caused me to jump.

I looked around at the sight as Chris and Ms. Mallory were returning. It was the three year old and he was holding out to me a chocolate cupcake.

I said, "Oh, a chocolate cup cake?"

The woman that was with him said, "He doesn't know anything about color. We don't teach it or show it. He likes chocolate and he got you what he likes."

I looked at the little boy and said, "You got that for me?"

He shook his head for yes.

I took the cupcake and said, "Thank you so much. Thank you for being my friend."

The woman looked at me and Ms. Mallory as the little boy ran back downstairs, swinging his hands and happy.

Chris walked by me and extended his hand to the woman.

Ms. Mallory told the woman, "This is my student."

The woman said, "The one I've been praying for?"

The little boy reemerged with a little girl and a little boy standing back.

The little boy said, "Friend, come."

I said, "You want me to follow you?"

He nodded his head and said yes.

The woman looked at me.

I said, "Show and tell."

I stood up with the cup cake in my hand to follow the child.

Chris grabbed the cup cake from me, and I followed the little boy.

The woman looked at us with her eyes as we disappeared downstairs.

When I emerged from downstairs, as the little boy escorted me back to my pew, I bent over and said, "Thank you very much!"

He smiled and ran back downstairs with his friends.

The woman was staring at me.

I looked at her and pointed at her and walked closer to Chris and Ms. Mallory.

Ms. Mallory's pastor was approaching us and saw the woman staring at me.

He stood still.

The woman said, "Ma'am, you are not here by accident."

I thought, "Great prophecy."

And started gathering my coat and handbag.

She said, "My grandson took to you for a reason. Don't disappoint him."

I looked at her and walked to the end of the pew to leave.

The pastor held out his hand to shake mine.

I spoke to him and smiled; to let him know I did not touch.

He said, "You are welcome here and don't be a stranger."

I nodded my head and Chris and I left.

Ms. Mallory, the woman and the pastor headed downstairs.

I said to Chris, did you eat my cupcake?

Chris said, "Are you mad?"

I said no.

Chris said, "Yeap, I ate the cup cake."

It was a very pleasant drive to the city.

Chris said, "You were the subject of the conversation."

I said, "Because I'm black?"

Chris said nope. "They all think you have a special assignment on earth that affects a lot of people lives."

I said, "Oh really?"

Chris said you are not buying it?

I said no.

Chris said, "Have you been praying as Ms. Mallory, Patricia, asked you to?"

I said, "Chris, so not it is Patricia?"

He smiled and said, "Have you? Seriously, have you been praying as she told you?"

I said yeap.

Chris - "Can you tell if anything has changed?"

I said you mean those who tried to kidnap me this week?"

We both laughed. I knew he was serious and I said "No."

We had a beautiful ride.

He dropped me off and he went home to get prepared for the week.

The investigation was ongoing and they projected it would continue up to a year.

The other students who filed law suits wanted me to join them. I told them no.

I called the real estate agent Friday and wanted to know if condos were available. She said no.

I wanted off that campus.

I signed and returned the notarized settlement on Friday.

The university's president asked if I were going to sue the university. I said no, but I want off the campus immediately.

He said he understood and the university has received an additional sixteen law suits.

He said he knows they will settle, but it will be a process.

7-10-2019

I did not tell Chris and especially not tell Ms. Mallory that over the past several days, I did not know what to pray, so I wrote down scriptures and prayed the scriptures for the first hour.

I heard a voice that said, "No. God is not moved by your much speaking but by your faith. Speak in your heavenly language."

This was the first time I every acknowledged the voice.

I said, "Who are you?" I hear you, but how do I trust you that you belong to God and Jesus?"

Jesus was standing behind her.

She could not see him, but could only hear His voice. She did not know whose voice it was; as she looked around



searching the room, as to anything that could be causing her to hear a voice. She had thoughts about going to a psychiatrist, but she would not because all they would do is prescribe some expensive hallucinogenic drug and make a study of black people. So I "x" that especially after all these attacks by white people with the exception of that Asian woman.

The voice said, "Each time I spoke and you obeyed, you won."

I thought, "Well, that is right."

I said, "God, what is this voice? What is this heavenly language? I am not crazy. I hear a voice."

I awaken from falling flat on the floor.

I thought, "I didn't think I was tired."

In my mind, I could see Matthew 3:11.

I sat on the bed for a while. I knew Matthew was in the New Testament of the bible.

I reached over and picked up my mom's bible. I held it until I felt a push. I looked behind me and said, "Now touching? I don't like touching of any kind. Until I know who you are and what you want with me, refrain from touching me!"

I heard a very loudly Matthew 3:11.

I looked at my apartment door, thinking somebody else had to hear that.

A man was seated at a desk. Only the top of the desk could be seen because a very large book was on the desk.

He was flipping through the pages and finally stopped on a page with a lot of writing.

I turned to Matthew 3 and read the whole chapter. I went back to verse 11 and read it over and over.

Every day at the same time, I read Matthew 3:11.

Then on Saturday, I heard Acts 2:4.

I did not question anything. I picked up my mom's bible and said, "Do, I continued with Matthew 3:11 and Acts 2:4?" I did not hear the voice nor did I get a push.

I thought "Do."

I read both scriptures over and over all through the prayer times.

I returned to my apartment room and immediately placed the kick stick behind the door. I quickly walked through my apartment and looked under my bed, in the closet and bathroom.

I closed my curtains, which I leave open for light, but forgot in my rush to leave the bathroom light on.

I put my bags down and checked for the knives I bought for the kitchen and the new one for the bible was there.

I went into the bathroom and took a quick shower and put on a new cheap jogging suit and cheap tennis sneakers. I felt funny. I laid on the bed and read the scriptures.

I was falling asleep and saw Luke 3:16. I turned to Luke 3:16 and read the scripture.

I heard a squeak outside my door.

I saw a scenario of people in black robes. I thought I needed to run and open the bedroom window and push out the panes. I ran into the kitchen to get two specific knives. I went into the bathroom and wet a wash cloth and held it to my nose and put the pillows in my bed and hide behind the boxes in my closet.

I moved quickly and did as I saw in the vision.

Several people eased into my room. I did not move.

They spread something in the air and I put the wash cloth over my nose.

I could hear the spray.

They ran to the window and pushed it out to look. I heard a radio communication. I heard several footsteps and could not tell how many people there were. Then suddenly the closet door was pushed open and I was grabbed by my hair

and, as in the vision, I plunged the cleaver knife all the way into the person's throat and they fell down dead. The two other people in the room rushed me.

I fell on top of the dead body to retrieve the cleaver, which I did.

The one that pulled me by the hair, I took the cleaver and fell back under his force and power and the other one ran over and hit me in the head while the other was covering my face with a vile smelling liquid.

Before I lost consciousness, I took the cleaver and plunged it into the person's side as I saw in the vision.

And passing out on the person with my full body weight, the cleaver could not be retrieved.

I could feel the person beating me.

The one under me was pushing me off them.

I said in my mind, Jesus. Let me finish them."

I became lucid enough as I was being pushed off the one on the floor. I had enough strength to take the second knife, which was perfect.

It was perfect in length; they could not see the knife. The knife was perfect in density because it would pierce the skin. Jesus knew I would ask for their lives. He planned it out.

As the one was over me and when the one was pushing me off, I forced the knife into the throat of the one that was beating me and I would not let go.

Many people ran into the apartment.

The FBI figured they would try again and had wired the apartment and several buildings on campus.

They figured everything was more than what we thought.

I heard many voices.

I woke to the scene again of Aunt Alice's two grandchildren (the fifteen and eight year olds) were in my hospital bed room. They were sitting in the chairs.

Chris and Ms. Mallory were standing back with extremely sad faces.

I looked at my best friends and they were crying.

I sat up on the bed and said, "Don't you'll cry. I know your mother and your grandmother are in heaven and they made your paths even clearer.

The kids jumped on the bed and we were hugging.

The fifteen year old still crying said, "Whose gonna love us and take care of us?"

I said, "Your mom give me power of attorney over everything and I received your guardianship papers a few days ago."

The fifteen year old said, "She knew?"

I said yes.

We all cried very heavily.

Ms. Mallory turned to Chris with tears in her eyes. He held her.

So, twenty-five years ago, I came to this church under the persistence of Chris, your pastor.

This is where I met my intercessor partner who offered me a chocolate cup cake.

I accepted his friendship.

God has sent me all over the world to preach about the end of time.

The end of this earthly walk and the eternal life with Him and Jesus the Christ.

I did not know why Chicago; I moved away from my comfort zone and branched out by the Holy Ghost.

My boyfriend, whom I was sexually involved with, very sexual active with, was a devil worshipper.

His job was to cause me to get into sin.

To dull me from hearing God and forgetting about Him.

He wanted to destroy my relationship with Him.

Jesus told me to confess my sin of fornication.

He delivered me from fornication sins and as He delivered me from those sins, I began to hear Him and to hear more clearly what the spirit was saying.

Being delivered from all those devils that were assigned against me, cause me to be obedient to God's word.

When He told me to do anything, the cleanness of my heart caused me to do so and get the victory.

I know if my heart was not truly clean, my struggle would have been great, with the devil getting some ground over me.

Jesus told me when I was christened; I was baptized with the Holy Ghost and fire.

He said my mother thought I was having a seizure because of the fire. He anointed me with a double portion because I had to be obedient and go to the nations.

My grandparents knew I was called and spent time explaining the bible to me.

So when I went astray, I had the most powerful weapons to get back to Jesus.

I had the Holy Ghost and His word.

Jesus would visit me and hold very long teaching sessions with me; as He does you Aaron and with you blessed sister Sarah who is with Him.

Sarah was my eight year old niece who I received guardianship over when her mother and grandmother were killed by a drive-by in front of the two.

Chris and Ms. Mallory, who is your co-pastor, went to Detroit and packed some things and brought them to me while I recuperated in the hospital from one of the last attacks.

God knew Satan would kill the children's support. He showed it to their mother and she was very prudent.

She immediately gave me power of attorney and guardianship of her children. We talked about it and I agreed to take the ones I loved into my life.

I went before God and asked Him to let the children be out of violence and harm's way

They would live a full and productive life and above all, to want Jesus with all of their hearts and to grow into Jesus every day.

They were no trouble at all.

I love them with all of my heart, touching my heart.

After all the mess at the university and all the dirt cleared, they were running a sex trafficking business and a satanic cover.

I am not going to sugar coat anything.



The last time I was attacked at the university, I killed three people.

I have no remorse.

One of the people was the vice president's wife. One was the university's attorney and the other as one of the security guards.

The one who beat me pretty badly.

The two who ran out of the building, the FBI let them get to the van and escaped only to be followed.

They were followed way out to a distant building.

The other two students they had kidnapped were in the back of the van.

But, they were not the students; they were FBI agents.

The FBI agents quickly changed and got into the van. On was a female agent and the other was an Asian male, small enough to be similar in body shape of the kidnapped students.

They were outfitted with cameras and had on body armor and firearms.

When they arrived at the building, the surveillance showed over a hundred vehicles at the building. The hoods on the FBI heads were replaced with surveillance hoods so they could see everything that was going on.

The students who were kidnapped were making a lot of noise about the attacks on campus. And one of the females had also filed a lawsuit against the university.

The FBI covered the entire parameter of the building and the woods.

The called in FBI agents from all of the closest districts.

When the students were walked into the building, the Asian male agent dropped something on the floor to let the agents know which way they went.

Several teams immediately followed them into the building.

When the agents were stopped and the hoods were moved, the agents saw the extremely large room was filled with witches wearing black robes with hoods and had a blood stained table and knives. The university's president

snatched the hood off his head and said, "Who are these?"

The two men looked and realized they were not the woman they kidnapped.

The agents knocked off the false handcuffs and fell down pointing their firearms.

The room was stormed by agents with masks on and pointed their guns.

A couple of agents who used to be gang members, went and disabled the cars as their supervisor looked on.

They tried to escape and realized the other doors had been blocked and the roof was covered. The children were crying in the basement. Several teams went into the basement and the children pointed and ran, leading the agents to even more children.

The university's president was a runner and he avoided the agents through a secret escape he had, but the former gang members had disabled all the cars.

The university's president was surrounded by the agents, as they passed corpses of children in the basement.

The university's president started to fight the agents, so they shot him.

The FBI supervisor had attended college and played on the football team with the university's president. He told the agents not to shot because he wanted to bring all of them down.

He walked over to the university's president and said, "You want die by our hands tonight."

A shot was fired.

Everyone ducked.

Eric, the university's president was shot and falling.

They turned around and saw a little girl with a bloodied hospital gown and blood stain legs.

The supervisor ran to her and took the firearm and the girl just cried. She had seen them (male and female) rape her and her sister until they killed her sister and threw her body by the door to be taken away in the trash.

Eric Weston died.

His wife and the rest of the seventy six people were arrested.

A command center was set up at the building.

When the case came to court, one hundred and twenty five high ranking people from across every political, educational and religion spectrum were tried for murder, kidnapping, sex trafficking, rape and a host of other crimes.

They all received mandatory life sentences.

All their early possessions were taken from compensation for some of the victims.

Most of the victims became murders; they were suicidal, drug addicts, homeless, schizophrenic and bi-polar.

We have been tracking and reaching out to as many as God lets us find. Praying for deliverance and healing for all so they can accept Jesus as Savior before it is too late.

They were trying to kidnap me for sacrifice and when that did not work, kidnap me to stop the settlement.

After all the arrests, we said farewell to the kids, mom and grand mom.

Our beloved Aunt Gwendolyn had suffered a stroke and was incapacitated.

I moved my two beloved cousins to Chicago and put them in private Christian schools.

I decided not to buy a house, but a condo.

We were in the midst of Christmas shopping and going home for Christmas, when Bruce called us and said mother was gone home to be with Jesus.

Bruce said her funeral would be before Christmas. We decided to drive so we could talk and cried and screamed.

We stopped at a hotel and stayed the night.

We got home and Bruce already had moved out of my place to Aunt Gwendolyn's.

He had my place professional cleaned and Uncle Bill's place.

We rested and went to Aunt Gwendolyn's service the next day.

We did not have a tree, but we put up decorations, had presents and good meals while we were home.

I thought, "Boy, six funerals in less than a year."

But the three of us would pray and study the bible each day.

Aaron wanted to get bad for a couple of years. I knew God was working on him and for me to stand back.

I completed my doctorate program, and I became certified. But I was traveling all over the world to teach and preach. That's when Pastor Chris and co-pastor Janice Mallory stepped in and helped me with my family.

I traveled when God told me and I would take the children when He told me.

So, Aaron went off to school and played basketball.

He completed his education in Religion and followed me all over the world.

Bruce pass three years ago and we thought all of this dying was over. We had to leave our baby many times at home with Pastors Chris and Janice.

They really took very good care of her.

We were in Paris at a crusade when Pastor Chris called and said she was hit crossing the street. I sent Aaron home, while I finished up the crusade.

She passed a few months ago from the complications of so long ago.

I began to cry.

I do not know why she was not healed.

We had her home going service here.

Co-pastor Janice performed the service. And we took her to Detroit and laid her to rest with her mom and grand mom.

"I was down trodden, but God said He had not failed to do what I asked. He said, He gave them a hunger and a thirst to want more of Jesus and that is what He did."

God has taken me all over the world for twenty five years, coming up against witches and child abuse.

Pastor Chris and his lovely wife Joanna and their three children, I say I love you and thank you for being such wonderful friends.

Aaron was staring at his aunt and his best friend.

He believed he was prophesying her end.

His eyes filled with tears, and loneliness began to seep into his soul.

Pastor Chris met his wife, Joanna, for the first time I was in the hospital from the attack.

She handed him her card for Pastor Johnson's church.

She had to go and get the address from Pastor Johnson.

They dated for years and finally got married; and started their family.

They took my two in as family.

I love you for that.

Co-pastor Janice was picking up that she was about to leave, so did Chris.

Pastor Johnson had given Aaron a word she would be leaving soon.

I will be leaving to go home soon.

God has stated my death will not be sickness or violence.

It will signify the rapture; the going home is imminent.

So the rest of you must be vigilant and go and tell everyone Jesus' return is about to happen.

Go everywhere and invite all to the marriage supper of the lamb.

Aaron, baby you will be alone for only a brief moment.

I promise.

Let's get busy people and prepare the path of our Lord and King Jesus, the Christ.

The chocolate cup cake person stood up and clapped.

Followed by co-pastor Janice.

Everyone was standing.

7-11-2019 (1)

The entire church went to the fellowship hall for a delicious meal.



I catered the fool.

Others brought home made dishes.

My intercessor partner brought chocolate doughnuts.

I sat next to him for the remainder of the service.

Over the years, I rarely saw him, but God was using him powerfully.

His grandmother passed when he was only five, his grandfather held on until he was ten.

Because he had no relatives, co-pastor Janice adopted him and they have been together ever since.

She said it was rough, but God was working stuff out for her. Jesus was working out her soul's salvation.

He did not go away to college, but got a job at the local fire department.

Since he worked there, the number of emergencies was decreased.

He met a girl and brought her to the church that evening to meet everyone.

He had moved into his grandparent's house and he recently painted the house inside and outside, updated the appliances, the heating and air conditioning units.

He was an expert at landscaping because he tried his hands at that for a few years before he got the job at the fire department.

He was making minimum wage as a city employee.

They hired him because a devil of autism attacked him and he qualified under special hiring.

He loved the firemen and he kept the yard immaculate and did a lot for them.

The firefighters would get together and buy him a ticket to the baseball game or football game and take him to special events, or out to dinner.

He had been working there over five years.

They mostly attended the service at night, along with many of their family and loved ones.

The church was packed with crowds standing.

Pastor Johnson's church came and many law enforcement.

The overflow was seated outside in the gravel parking lot because the caterers were bringing in food.

Scot, my chocolate cupcake and intercessory partner leaned over and whispered in my ear.

He said, "Now you tell me after I fixed up my house."

His friend had this smile on her face and cut her eyes at me.

I thought, "She's quick."

Scot leaned over and nudged me and cut his eyes at her. I turned to look at her and I caught one of the firefighter's eyes.

I said to Scot, "Is her father a fire fighter?"

Scot replied, "Yeap."

Pointed and the woman peeped around the man and she was all smiles along with the man.

I waved. I said to Scot, "No."

He was so shocked and made a move to stand up, but sat.

The girl looked at him and then me.

I looked at her and turned back to the service.

Co-pastor Janice and Pastor Chris were watching.

I thought they have learned to be quick over these years.

Chris watches over Jesus' body like he watches over his own family. He turned from the police force the first day of retirement. Chris lived in Chicago and loved the city's atmosphere. He did not want to move to the quiet town the church was in, but he was at the church every day, praying and helping God's people.

Chris took his lump sum retirement and paid off their house and bought both of them new cars and gave their older cars to two of their children.

His wife continued to work as a nurse and all she had to pay was utilities and buy food.

Chris said, "I see now why God told me to pay off the debts. Looking at me he said, we all are going home soon. I did not want the devil to use the door of finances to cause ruin between me and my beautiful wife. This would have also caused damage to our relationship with Him and damage to His body. I understand that now."

His wife was waving at him.

He stopped and said, "What is it dear?"

She came forward and stood on the pulpit and asked Chris for the microphone.

Chris stood at the side so she could be at the pulpit.

Joanna said, "Two years ago, Jesus told me to quit my job and stand by Chris in this ministry. But I did not. I like stuff you'll. I liked nice, very nice stuff, as you can see by how I am dressed."

Everyone smiled, and some laughed.

Joanna said - "I have been disobedient. She started crying very profusely. Her daughter ran to her.

Chris did not move.

Joanna cried and turning to Chris, Joanna said, I quit my job today. To miss Jesus and God for all eternity is not what I

want and it's not what Jesus wants. I am so sorry for being disobedient and I repent."

She looked at me and mouthed, "Thank you."

She continued, "Jesus knew He was about to come back and He wanted me to be doing His work, not my work where I got a good paycheck. He wanted me to have His good paycheck. Eternal life. Let's go home you'll."

People stood up screaming.

As she turned and hugged and kissed her husband and pulled her daughter to them and their sons ran to them on the stage.

One of their girlfriends would not move. He took their baby out of her arms and ran to the pulpit and her child from a previous relationship was trying to follow Chris' son.

She would not let the child go.

Scot saw it and yelled, "Let him go!"

And the girlfriend turned the little child loose who walked to Chris' son.

They repented of their sins.

They gave their lives to Jesus.

Chris asked the co-pastor to open the doors of the church.

Janice called everyone up to repentance. Scot and I ran to the alter with Aaron and so many, that they were told to sit or stand where they were.

The trinity was present.

The Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

I looked at the firefighter and he shook his head for, "No."

He and his wife and daughter walked out.

Scot did not turn around.

Some of the firefighters saw their department head walk out.

Along with others who left.

We praised God, Jesus and the Holy Ghost for hours.

The people delivering the food came upstairs to see what was going on and they confessed their sins and repented their sins and asked Jesus for salvation.

The service started at noon and lasted until eight thirty pm.

Many of us stayed later, talking and cleaning up the church and the parking lot.

Pastor Chris, Janice and Johnson commissioned hundreds of people to discipleship.

While I was sweeping and Scot was vacuuming the floor, I looked at him.

He stopped the vacuum and he looked and said, "I won't miss her. I had started having sex with her. I felt it was not

right, but I allowed the devil of loneliness to get a strong hold. I thank God for deliverance. He delivered me today and I will never look back. It was her dad that got me that job. It all was a setup. Who would let their daughter date an autistic guy to the point of marrying?"

I looked at Scot

I said, "Scot!"

Scot, "yeap, that autistic devil is gone. It left tonight when Jesus came in."

We gave each other a high-five.

Chris said to me, "Why are you concerning? You are going home."

Scot looked at me.

I said, "I don't want their fire for Jesus to be quinned."

Chris said, "That's Jesus' job. Let's go and see if anything is left."

As he looked around the church, many people were still at the altar.

Joanna was approaching, balancing three plates.

She gave each of us a plate and said, "I'll be back with water, maybe even punch or who knows, a soda.

She and Chris laughed.

Scot and I said, "Married people."

Chris said amidst tears, "My God, He had us all setup. You at that hospital (I never go to). Meeting Joanna, marrying and having some bad children."

She came back with water and said, "Habit."

She heard Chris say, "If you would not have been here and gave your life's testimony, I would not have come forth."

And she began to cry and hold her chest and fan with one hand.

"See Chris and I had been praying for our children to accept Jesus the Christ. But they did not. We felt Jesus' return was close. When He told me to quit my job and I did not know."

She put her face in her hands and begins to boo hoo.

Chris held her by her shoulders as he continued to eat.

After a while, she continued.

"I did not know that act of obedience would break the devil's strong hold over my children and they would be free to accept Jesus. We would not have our grandbaby."

Chris said, "He's not ours."

Joanna - "I felt that so stronger tonight. When the sin of disobedience was forgiven, I am sharper. But Chris, we love him and his brother still."

Chris still eating said, "Yes. We have pure hearts now."



Joanna turned, smiling at us and clapping her hands on her thighs said, "Yes, we have grace."

7-11-2019 (2)

We sat and talked all night about the Word and Jesus and His soon return.

Scot got up and walked and secured the church.

He came from downstairs and cut off the lights from the back of the church. Scot said, "I'm going home. I will see you warriors later."

I felt funny, but did not know why.

Joanna said, "You'll, I feel creepy."

Aaron, who had joined us waiting for me, was at the altar praying over the many people who were left.

We all went up and interceded for the people and pastor Johnson and his wife laid on their faces from the time the service ended until the next morning.

I called Scot to pick up some refreshments from the store and drop them off at the church and I would pay him.

No answer.

I said, "No answer."

Co-pastor Janice, who was lying on the first pew, interceding raised her head up.

Aaron was laying hands on people to receive the Holy Ghost and he looked at me.

I said, "I'll go by Scot's and then to the grocery store and come back."

Joanna said, "I'll go with you."

We got our purses and walked out and got into my car.

Joanna said, "Do you feel that?"

I said, "What? My whole being is on Scot"

Joanna said, "I think we are to go to the grocery store first and bring the food back to the church and then go to Scot's.

We ran into the grocery store and grabbed juice, milk, coffee, cereal, utilities and pastries.

Joanna called for Chris and Aaron to meet us at the car and take the stuff to the church.

We saw Janice running to her car, along with Chris.

Aaron was running to the car with them.

Pastor Johnson and his wife were standing on the porch.

He was on his phone and they were looking at them.

I jumped out of my car and started getting the grocery out and Pastor Johnson was talking on the phone to his office.

He said, "I will be late today."

They grabbed the groceries and we took the grocery inside and Joanna and I ran to the car and drove to Scot's.

Scot's car was parked outside.

Janice was unlocking the door.

Joanna said, "Where did this glass come from?"

We heard Janice scream and Chris and Aaron stood in the doorway.

We heard the fire engine coming.

I stood still.

Janice slowly moved towards the porch, and peeped in the door and ran with her hands up.

The firefighters had parked and were getting out of the engine when one reached for the screaming Joanna, who ran to me.

Joanna - "He's dead!"

I stood frozen.

I did not know he was going to beat me home.

The firefighters rushed into the house and call it in.

It was eight forty five am and some of Scot's neighbors were home and came out of the house and some passing by, pulled their cars over and got out. Some who were taking the children to school and were returning to the

neighborhood, pulled their cars over to see what was going on.

We stood all day, until the children began to come home from school. The children were looking.

Joanna had returned to the church with Janice and Chris. Aaron and I were wondering why some of Scot's windows were busted out.

We walked the grounds to the house.

Aaron whispered, "Aunt."

I said, "Yes."

Aaron said it's someone watching us.

I said, where?

Aaron - "Two houses down."

I was about to look when several of the children from the bus were looking and slowly walked up into the yard.

The men from the church were pulling in the drive with plywood to board up the house.

The children stopped.

But one inquisitive little boy walked over and said, "Where's Mr. Scot?"

We walked towards the children.

Aaron bent down and said, "Scot, Mr. Scot has gone to heaven with Jesus."

One little girl said, "He was my friend." Can I go to heaven with him and Jesus?"

One of the men from the church looked at her and then at us.

We also knew she was abused, either sexually or physically. Aaron pulled the children to him and prayed over them that they and their families would accept Jesus.

He gave them his card for contact.

I smiled.

We waited until the men of the church secured Scot's house.

We all left the house at the same time together.

The little girl was looking out of the window as we left.

7-12-2019

Aaron drove back to the city.

I bathed and went to sleep.

Aaron was sitting in front of the television.

From the settlement from the first attack, I purchased my first house.

I chose a townhouse in an up and coming area close to public transportation. It was larger than the other townhouses. The contractor miscalculated about a foot in

each area. This was home for the three of us. Each had their own bedroom and we used the formal dining as a study and had a day bed, a roll-a-way in case they had any of their hundred of visitors. The loft was a Christmas decoration storage and day bed area. I filed a five million dollar lawsuit against the university. They asked me to reduce the amount and they would settle with me. My cousin told me to settle, but not for less than half because I had the children and would be traveling. I settled for three million and put in an account for the three of us. I did not control the amount but used it under God's direction and did what Jesus said and I found the money was not diminishing, but it was staying still, if I was not doing something Jesus told me and when I walked in total obedience, the money would increase. The house I bought doubled in value and the neighborhood became a gem in the city.

When Jesus directed, we three, would always go into the bad areas of the city and the gang infested areas.

We had to trust Jesus and fight the devils.

The children would be afraid. We worked through the fear by obedience and faith that Jesus would bring us out victorious.

Many times, we were beaten, threatened and followed close to home.

I was so upset about the children being beaten.

Jesus said, "I have a reason."

The children learned something valuable which was to take authority of the devil spirits controlling the area in Jesus' name and cast them out of the country.

One night the children were not in the house.

I had to shop.

The children did not go and it was a day after we were attacked and the children were beaten badly. I was fighting and yelled to them to cover their faces and heads, and to fall down on their stomachs. When we finally got on the trains, people were staring and both of the children were crying. I tried to comfort them; they did not want me to touch them and turned their backs to me.

We finally got home and they locked their doors and ran bath water. I was standing listening at their door.

I knew God told me to go.

I went into my bedroom and cried the whole night; because I would never hurt them or put them in harm's way.

I know God tells me where to go.

They were only sixteen and nine years old.

People especially wanted to jump on Aaron because he as a young black male.

I cried out and said, "God, when will this attack against our black boys stop?"

I was in pain; pain of heart more than physical pain.

I got up to make breakfast and had only rations left.

I went to Aaron's door and knocked.

He did not answer.

I brushed his door handle as I turned away and it moved.

I was walking away. In my mind, it moved. It's unlocked.

I stepped back and knocked and entered into the room.

Aaron's back was to the door and he was facing hi window.

I went in and sat on his bed and touched his back very softly and said, "I don't know if you can hear me. I am sorry for this beating not only this one, but all the rest. I know God told me where to go. It just doesn't show me God in the situation. I am so very so sorry."

When I got up to leave, I saw my baby girl standing in the adjoining bathroom door.

She closed and locked the door.

I was wounded beyond what my heart can take.

I walked out.

I sat in the living room for hours.



They did not move.

I finally got up and showered and put on clothes.

I was on my way out when the door opened. I turned and went back and knocked on each door and said, "Guys, this is our day to shop."

No answer.

I boohooed on the way out of the door.

As I locked the door, neighbors were passing and looked at me.

I got on the train with a half swollen face and a black eye.

I opened my purse and realized I didn't have any more money and it being Saturday afternoon, the banks closed early.

I looked at my cell phone, no calls from the children.

I stared at the phone and tears of my heart began to well up.

I had on jeans, sneakers and a sweat shirt with my hair pulled back. I was getting my doctorate in two days.

The children and I would always go to shop on Saturday.

We would get groceries and lunch and bring the groceries home and put them up and go back to the shops.

I lived off the interest each month of the money. It was enough to keep us in food and clothes.

We were to be shopping for our outfits.

Now they are scared up.

I turned my head from the people and wiped the tears from my face.

One white man was getting off the train and stopped in front of me and I looked up at him and he said, "You need to get off this train and go back to your neighborhood."

And he kicked my feet as he got off the train. Along with some non-white female, one white man jumped up and said to him, "Hey."

I was thinking about the beatings of my babies and how I told them not to fight back and show love to these monsters, and be Christ like."

I jumped off the train behind the racist white man and the transit cops were looking and he turned around to hit me with his fist, but I caught his fist and busted him in the eye with my cell phone.

The transit police ran to grab me, but the white man on the train yelled, "He kicked her."

And the women were standing in the door.

The train was about to pull off.

The man was holding his eye.

I said, "Pull the tape."

The transit police looked at the man and said, "Do you want to press charges against her?"

He said, "Hell, yell."

One transit cop said, "We have to pull the video and attach it to the file and if you are shown kicking her, or saying anything to her, you will be charged."

The white racist man stood there for a minute and said, "No."

But he looked at me and said, "I'll remember you."

I thought about the racist heart of this man.

And I felt a nudge from the Holy Ghost.

I did not move.

The transit police turning to me said, "I know you."

I looked at him.

He said, "You're a witness in that big kidnapping case."

He said do you have anything to say to him?"

I felt a push in my back.

I reached in my purse and gave the transit cop a "Jesus is Love" track.

He and the others looked at it and smirked.

He reached it to the white racist male and he looked at it and balling it up, threw it on the floor and stepped on it.

The transit cop smiled and said, "You need to pick that up."

The white racist male said, "Make her pick it up."

They looked at me. Nodding for me to pick it up, I said, "I am from the south. I am used to your threats and acts. Let's go to jail."

An Asian man stepped up and began filming.

The transit cops looked around and many people were watching and recording and streaming it live.

After about seven minutes, the train station was flooded with transit police.

I gave my statement.

The transit supervisor and the transit police supervisor told the transit cop and the white racist man to come with them.

I gave them my statement and personal information.

The train was still there. I ran and jumped back on the train.

The man and woman moved to let me on.

The doors closed.

People were looking at me.

An Asian man, fifty something, was leaning forward on his seat looking at me.

He said, "Ma'am, ok?"

I smiled at his broken English and shook my head for yes.

I heard him tell another Asian, "Every Saturday she and her kids come to my shop."

The other Asian across from him shook his head for ok.

The young thirty something white male said, "You shouldn't let anyone beat you and your kids."

I looked at him.

He said, "I saw you and your kids being beaten by that group of men and women. My God (shaking his head to shake away the memory); the little girl!!!"

My eyes filled with tears.

He said, "Your God should have told you not to go into that neighborhood talking about Jesus. But to beat the children and they had no help because you told them not to fight back."

He shook his head.

He said, "I don't want Jesus if He lets you get beat like that."

The train stopped and he got off.

I turned to look at him as he disappeared as the train pulled off. I had missed the bank and had to use my card. I ordered us outfits for my graduation.

I could not think.

I was just going through the motions.

I went and got some groceries and went to the Chinese restaurant to get our food.

It was later than usual.

When I walked into the restaurant the Asian man from the train was talking to the customers in their language and they were looking at me.

I walked in and placed my entire order to go and paid.

The young cashier looked around and said, "Where are your children?"

I smiled and shook my head for "No."

She said "No."

I said they are not here with me today.

She said, "I was asking . . ."

The older woman cut her off and moved her from the cash register.

I thought about the many times I caused the children to be beaten, and saying it was God' will.

And, it was not.

I could not understand how I missed God and it caused so much pain on the children.

I would not even scold them, not alone beat them.

I just sat and cried.

The older woman and the younger woman were looking at me.

The older woman nudged the younger woman to bring me the order.

The young woman said, "This a lot and your bags, can you carry all of this?"

The young woman disappeared and came back and said, "The man over there is a taxi driver and will take you home." I thought and looked in my purse.

I had only five dollars.

The young woman said, "Go and buy something and we will give you cash back."

She said something to the standing in their language.

He nodded and looked at me.

I was walking to the cash register looking for my cards and a big Hispanic guy was at the counter talking on the phone.

I stood behind him and got my card out.

The woman with him said something and he looked around at me and punched me in the face.

The woman started laughing.

The Asians stared.

I looked up.

He said, "I told you I better never see you again." He gave his cell phone to the woman who was holding a baby and laughing. I recognized his, he jumped on me and my babies a few months back when we were in their neighborhood evangelizing and passing out tracs.

I had to take Aaron to the dentist because his tooth was broken and the braces were messed up on both of their mouths.

My hand was still in my purse.

I reached the older woman my card.

He came down to hit me in my face and I sprayed him with mace.

He yelled, "That is Kool-Aide; it means nothing to me."

I told the older woman, "An order of egg rolls."

She nodded her head.

The woman holding his cell phone and the baby on her hip said, "You gonna get your ass kicked."

He ran upon me and jumped on the table and I came out of my by bag with an ink pen. I hit him in the eye with my ink pen and he screamed and covered his eye with his hand.

His woman screamed and said, "Beat her ass."

He took his hands down.

I kicked him in his face over and over until he dropped on his knees.

The older woman was saying something to the younger woman in their language.

All the Asians were standing up and looking.



The taxi driver was very calm and standing in the middle of the floor.

The young woman said something to him.

The younger woman said, "He said he will charge you thirty five dollars. How much cash you want back?"

At that time, I was stomping that fat boy and holding on to the table and kicked him in the head over and over.

I said, "How does this feel - you kicked my babies."

The taxi driver blinked.

I was making sure I beat him. I jumped on his back and was pounding his head into the floor over and over.

The taxi driver and the middle aged man from the train came and was pulling me off him.

And I was still kicking him when the police arrived.

They looked at the fat man on the floor.

They pulled out their hand cuffs for me.

The younger woman started talking in their language.

The white police officer asked the Asian police officer what she said.

The children ran in the restaurant and called me and were running to me when the police put out his hand and the police saw their swollen faces.

The white officer said, "Who did this?"

Did he do this?"

Aaron pointed to his tooth and then to the fat man and the woman who had eased out the door and running down the sidewalk with the baby on her hip.

The white police officer ran behind the woman and caught her.

She was yelling, "Police abuse."

People were looking, especially with a baby.

The Asian police officer was watching them out the door.

The two Asian men were holding me and the one from the train whispered and said, "You were about to kill him. I had to stop you."

The Asian police officer looked and he looked at the fat man on the floor and called for an ambulance.

The white police officer walked the woman and the crying baby back to the restaurant and made her sit in the back.

The fat man began to grunt and move his head.

She said, "Baby, are you okay?"

The fat man tried to get up.

The police officer tried to get him up, but could not because he was so fat.

The man was able to sit on the floor on his own.

The Asian police officer stooped down and said to the fat man, "Sit still. An ambulance is on the way."

The man from the kitchen brought the order out.

The older woman at the cash register said to the kids, "Come and get your food."

The Asian police officer held out his hands in a questioning figure and said, "Ma'am? Really!"

She said, "They paid for it. It would be bad customer service not to give the customer what they pay for."

She said to me, handing me the fifty dollars.

The taxi driver took forty dollars and handed me the ten.

I looked at him and said, "More people, pointing at the children. He put his money up."

My baby went to get the order and she saw the television and yelled, "Aaron!"

Aaron ran and they were looking at the FBI went into and arrested the entire shop.

They called for me.

Everyone in the restaurant was watching.

The young woman tapped the Asian police officer.

He turned to see the fat man easing out of the door.

He ran and caught the woman and baby.

The white police officers were getting out of their car and saw the fat man crawling down the sidewalk.

The ambulance approached and stopped.

The young woman took the food out of the bag and placed it on the table.

I sat with my children as everyone was watching the special report.

My baby - "When we saw that, we had to find you. We looked at our usual Saturday places."

Aaron - "We were really, really ad with you and called Auntie to get us."

I sat and cried uncontrollably and said very quietly, through tears of anguish, "I am so sorry; seventeen beatings; I can't bare it."

Janice and Chris walked in.

Chris talked to the several police officers.

They pulled the video and talked to the witnesses and took statements.

Janice sat next to Aaron and held him.

He and my baby girl began to cry uncontrollably.

I began to cry with great sobbing.

I said, "I swear I heard from God to go into those neighborhoods. I was obedient to God until these babies' beatings."

Janice sat quietly.

Aaron said, "While I was talking to Auntie, she handed the bible and it was Matthew 8:31-33. When I finished talking to Auntie, I read it. Like you said to pray and ask God to explain the scripture. We did. She heard to bind the devils and loose the holy angels."

My baby began to speak. She said, "I prayed God don't let us hurt from all these beatings anymore. I don't want to do this anymore. If they don't want Jesus, send them to jail." She continued, "We went to our rooms and began to pack." I broke down and continued to cry.

Then their Auntie walked in the door. She was chauffeured there when Aaron texted her the address.

Her limo driver was double parked, so she could run and get the kids and go to their home and get their luggage and take them back to the airport to go to Detroit.

She would work out everything with their private schools.

She was so very angry with me and walked in and looked as if she could kill me. I did not blame her.

She said, "You filth; come on kids."

The kids were getting up.

Chris and the Asian police officer walked back to the restaurant, as the female accomplice and her baby were taken into custody.

Auntie looked at them.

A woman ran into the restaurant and said, "That's my baby."

The police officer said, "Wait a minute; to the Department of Children Services."

Chris and the Asian police officer turned to hear the fiasco.

The police said, "Where is your proof?"

The young woman went into her bag and pulled out her ID.

She said she did not have anything, ID, for the baby because she did not know she had to carry anything.

Chris was listening.

Auntie said to the kids, "Let's go."

Chris said, "Don't move."

Auntie said, "What?"

Chris and the Asian police officer walked toward the women.

The shorter one broke and ran. Chris ran her down.

The other woman was about to run and the white police officer caught her.

The shorter woman, the police officer assumed she was about thirteen.

When Chris ran after her and she nearly got away, but another woman cut her off with her baby buggy. She fell onto the woman's baby and struggled to get up. Chris grabbed her and put handcuffs on her.

While she was still cussing the woman and saying, "You need to go and hide that ugly baby."

The woman started crying along with the baby.

The suspect stuck out her tongue at them as another police car pulled up.

The woman got her baby out of the buggy and was patting the crying baby.

The woman was in the back of the police car sticking out her tongue.

The white police officer told the Department of Child Service to take the baby.

The woman looked out at the police car where the shorter one was in. She whispered and said to the police officer, "I want a deal."

The white police officer said nothing but put her in the police car next to her friend.

The white police officer looked up the sidewalk and saw the other police officers putting the fat suspect into the

ambulance and one police officer was in the ambulance.  
The other followed the ambulance in his police car.  
Chris walked back in and Auntie who was peeping out the door with all the activity and the young Asian cashier saw Chris. They quickly moved from the door.  
The white police officer met Chris and they stood at the front of the restaurant with the Asian police officer and were discussing what to do.  
The police officers looked around and did not see anyone up front at the cash register.  
They held a meeting.  
The older woman and the fifty something man from the train were sitting on the floor behind the counter eating out of bowls, so they could hear.  
All of this was exciting to them.  
The police officer in charge called the FBI and wanted to know what to do about the woman and children.  
Auntie heard their discussion.  
The young Asian woman had her order pad and asked Auntie what she and Janice were having.  
Auntie - "Girl be quiet so I can hear."  
Chris heard her and Janice turned her head to the back wall.



The police officer in charge completed his conversation with the FBI.

When he turned he saw the reflection of the older woman and older man sitting on the floor behind the counter listening.

He motioned for the other police officers and peeped and saw them.

The woman saw the police officers in the mirror she had positioned over the counter.

The older man was still eating. She nudged him. He looked at her. She nodded in the mirror and he looked only to see the four police officers.

They stayed still and did not move eating their noodles and looking at the police officers; slurping up the noodles.

The police officer in charge walked with Chris to the back table and the young Asian waitress nearly bumped into them to bring water to the table they did not ask for and she slowly walked away.

The four police officers looked at her.

The police officer bent down between Aaron and the baby girl.

He said, "I cannot take away your pain, but I will put as many as I can in jail."

The children began to cry along with me.

Aaron and my baby girl hugged the police officer.

Auntie was watching.

Janice was watching.

When the police officers walked away, Chris stepped to the table and looked at the grocery bags and said, "Is the food okay? You've been here for two hours."

I looked at the bags and said, "It does not matter."

Auntie was watching.

Chris said, "How are you getting home? I know she is taking the children."

The baby girl whispered to Aaron and Aaron said something back.

Then she leaned to Auntie and whispered.

Auntie looked at her and then Aaron.

The taxi driver came to the table and said, "Ready to go?"

I slowly got up and Auntie said, "Wait. I'll drop you off."

She got on her cell phone and told the driver to pull around.

The taxi driver walked and handing me the forty dollars back.

I told him, "No."

He looked at me and nodded his head for thank you.

I managed a small smile.

I said, "Janice?"

She said, "Can I crash at your place until church tomorrow?"

I nodded yes

Janice said, "Is there room for me in the limo?"

Auntie said, "We'll make room with all this food. Bring that stuff right there."

Janice said, "Everybody grab a bag or two."

The baby girl grabbed the store bags and looked at Janice who laughed.

Aaron got a few grocery bags and went to the limo.

Janice grabbed about four bags and I was trying to put some of the food in the take out boxes.

The older woman reached me my card as I walked up front to leave.

I nodded thank you.

We all piled in the limo and rode the several blocks in complete silence.

Janice was looking out the window the entire time.

Auntie was looking at Janice.

We pulled up to our house.

We all piled out with bags of groceries.

The little one ran to the mail box which was her chore.

Aaron kept straight to the door, unlocking it, he did not look back.

Auntie, Janice and I looked at him.

We unloaded the limo and went into the house.

We nearly stumbled over their suitcases.

We unpacked everything.

The little one ran into her room with the bags and opening the bags, we heard her running to Aaron's room and knocking on his door. She said, "This is yours."

Auntie said, "This is yours," to herself.

And she went back into her room and we heard her say, "Wow!"

She asked for one dress and because it was hard for her to decide which on, I ordered both.

She yelled through her door, "Thank you."

I said you are welcome.

Auntie was staring at me.

The little one came out of her room and reaching me the bag, said, "This is yours."

Auntie early screamed to herself, "This is yours."

Janice rolled her eyes and said, "Shush."

I said Janice, before I finished, she said "Loft. I got it" She took her bags upstairs.

I told Auntie "The daybed is ready in the extra room.

Auntie walked and knocked on Aaron's door and said, "It's Auntie."

The door unlocked.

She went into his room.

She was looking around the room.

I heard her say, "This is a nice room. Did you decorate it?"

Aaron said yes. "Well she picked out the furniture with my approval and I decorated."

She walked through the bathroom into the baby girl's room.

Baby girl said, "Knock please."

Auntie stood there for a minute to realize a child was telling her what to do.

Then she thought, and knocked on the door.

The baby girl said, "You may enter."

Auntie looked around the baby girl and walked over to her closet and was looking at her clothes.

Baby girl said, "What are you doing?"

Auntie forgot she was a child and said, "I'm looking at your clothes, do you mind?"

Janice and I were in the kitchen and heard the exchange.

Auntie walked out of the little girl's room.

Baby girl locked her door and went to Aaron's room.

They talked.

She said, "I don't know if I like Auntie.  
Aaron said, "We don't have a choice."  
The little girl said we do. Auntie is mean.  
The other one don't fuss and hit us.  
Aaron - "Na'll, she let others do that."  
The little girl started crying.  
Janice, Auntie and I could hear them.  
I went out and sat on the glassed in deck for hours.  
I did not pray.  
I did not say anything to anyone else.  
I had decided not to walk away from God, but not to actively pursue Him.  
He knows I love those children and I put them in harm's way.  
How could they love me or believe me or trust me?  
I sat in darkness.  
Janice called the kids and knocked on Aaron's door and said, "Do you want a snack?"  
Aaron said no thanks.  
Janice knocked on baby girl's door and she said, "Come in."  
Auntie was drinking water and she shook her head and mumbled, "I aint knocking on any children's doors in my house."  
Janice heard Auntie mumble.

She opened the door and baby girl had her pajamas on sitting in the middle of her bed playing with her dolls.

Janice walked in with the snack tray and sat on her bed and said, "What would you like Madame?"

Baby girl began to laugh and said, "Those cookies and milk Madame."

Janice and the baby girl ate cookies and drank milk.

When they finished, Janice said, you know what to do. Wash your face and brush your teeth."

Little baby girl said, "Do I have to? I don't like washing my face."

Auntie stepped to the door and snapped, "Wash your face and brush your teeth and go to bed!"

Janice even jumped. She patted the baby and said go on.

She got out of bed and closed and locked the bathroom door.

Aaron was sitting up in his bed with his headphones on and playing a game.

The baby girl walked into Aaron's room.

He took off his headphones and stopped his game and she told him what happened.

Aaron - "We have to go. We called her and she came on a private jet to get us. We have to go."

Baby girl started crying and said, she said she was sorry and meant it and she would never let us be hit again.

Aaron pointed to his broken tooth and she said, "But she got it fixed."

I came from the deck and locked the door and secured it.

I heard Auntie snapping.

Janice was walking out with the snack tray and said to Auntie, "you need a snack."

Auntie turned to see me standing there.

Janice passed by me.

Auntie said to me, "you have an extra pair of pajamas or something for me to sleep in?"

I told her to look in the daybed and get a pair of new pajamas or gown. I always kept extras just in case Janice stopped by.

Janice knew to look up at the top of the linen closet to get her pajamas and toiletries bag. She retrieved her bag and pajamas under Auntie's scouring eyes.

Janice looked at her and pointed to the bathroom and said, "Shower?"

Auntie shook her head for no.

I went to my room and showered and put on a night gown and fell asleep across the bed.



The children usually cut off my light.

When Janice had gone upstairs to the loft, Auntie was out on the dark deck smoking.

Aaron heard the alarm and go off and looked around and saw Auntie on the deck.

Aaron said, "The alarm was about to go off because you did not reset it."

She realized he was correcting his grammar to keep her from fussing.

Aaron came back to his bedroom and saw my light on.

He cut off the light and went into his bedroom and his sister was asleep in his bed without washing her face and brushing her teeth.

Aaron locked his door and went into his sister's room and made sure her door was locked.

He went back to his room and fell asleep next to his sister.

As he was falling asleep, he glanced at his bag from the store.

The house phone rang.

Aaron answered.

He came to my door and turned on my light and said, "Chris."

I could not wake up.

Then Janice came and asked Aaron who was on the telephone and he said Chris.

Janice peeped into my room and saw I was fast asleep and she reached for the telephone.

Janice said, hey Chris, she's asleep. You're outside, come on in.

It was nearly twelve thirty am.

Auntie sat up in the daybed to hear.

She had closed the folding doors because they kept a kitchen light over the counter on that shone into the hallway, but could not be seen from the street.

Janice tried to wake me.

Aaron looked into the kitchen and Auntie followed him.

He opened the back door while Janice was opening the front door.

Auntie was watching him.

He pulled the deck lock closed and secured it, because Auntie opened the door to let the smoke out. Aaron stepped back into the house and locked the back door and secured it.

He set the alarm so when Chris left it would be activated.

Aaron looked at Auntie standing watching him. He said, "What?"

Auntie - "Nothing," and walked away.

Aaron got the animal crackers and poured him a glass of milk.

Janice opened the door and Chris and Joanna walked in. Chris did not see me and he peeped into my bedroom door and saw I was asleep and saw Aaron eating out of the box of animal cookies.

Auntie turned and saw Aaron and said, "It's too late to be snacking."

Aaron said, "But I'm hungry."

Auntie took the box of animal crackers from Aaron and put them on the counter.

Chris, Joanna and Janice looked at her.

Chris said, "I have great news. Joanna and I are engaged and will be married the third Saturday of Jun."

Auntie said congratulations.

Janice said congratulations.

Baby girl heard the voice and came down the stairs.

Chris hugged her and said, "Guess what?"

She said, "What?"

Chris - "Ms. Joanna and I are going to get married when you'll get back from Italy." And point to her said, "We want you to be our flower girl and you have to shop for a pretty dress."

Aaron - "We won't be here. We are moving to Detroit."

Joanna - "What?"

Chris putting the baby girl down.

Joanna peeped into my room.

Janice said, "That' depression."

Chris said, "Well, what I am about to say o not go outside these walls. I know you all were beaten. I do not know why, but I know that lady in there did not plan on you'll getting hurt. I know she is so sorry."

Baby girl - "Are you going to have a baby?"

Joanna said eventually.

Chris continued, "I know now God works in mysterious ways."

Aaron - "What's mysterious about a butt whipping?" And continued eating out of the box.

Auntie said, "What your mouth. Did I not tell you to put those cookies on the counter?"

Aaron looked at her and said, "Yes you did and I got them because I am still hungry."

Chris was watching Auntie.

He continued. "The fat man and the women were running a stolen baby ring. Nobody knew. They jumped on you'll..."

Auntie said, "You all?"

Chris said, "Ya'll to scare you out of the neighborhood so you would not have found out. They took over the entire neighborhood and made the people take care of the babies and children."

I'm still not saying beating you was not God's will, but if you had not gone into that neighborhood, we would not have recovered thirteen babies under twelve months and seventeen children under seventeen.

The middle-easterners that jumped on you'll last night."

Auntie sighed.

Chris kept talking - "The FBI sent the police to ask about the incident and they denied it until we showed them the video. The FBI was called in because it was considered a federal crime. The FBI had a hint they were doing something, but did not have the authority to go on the premises until the video. They searched the place and they are still there. It is the biggest terrorist bust on U.S. soil. They were able to locate a number of cells and sent many teams all over the country.

I hate this happened to you, but you saved a lot of people."

Chris looked at Auntie because she thought he was going to say "ya'll, or you'll."

Aaron said - "So this is a big deal. We are like heroes."

Chris - "Yes. Yes you are."

Baby girl said, "We were jumped on seventeen times. That's only two times, holding up two fingers."

"I prayed and asked God if these bad people did not get saved for them to go to jail."

Chris said, "That's a good prayer. I know the police are working on those neighborhoods."

He continued - "What time are you'll leaving tomorrow?"

Auntie throwing her hands up said, "Probably late afternoon so everybody can get some sleep tonight."

Janice said, "I'm going to church this morning. I'm showering here and Leslie is picking me up and dropping me off at the house so I can dress; because I am the presenter for this program."

Chris turned to Joanna and she smiled.

Chris said, "We can pick you up and go to your church tomorrow. What time - about nine am?"

Janice said sounds good.

Chris and Joanna said, "We'll see you guys in the morning to say our good-byes."

The little girl yelled out, "I don't want to go since ya'll going to have a baby."

Chris and Joanna said, "We'll talk about it in the morning."

She said, it's already morning.

Aaron was saying nothing, but crunching his cookies so Auntie could hear it.

Auntie took a deep breath and went in the study and closed all the doors.

Chris and Joanna left saying good night, including Auntie.

Janice closed and locked the door.

Aaron set the alarm.

The kids went upstairs to their private floor.

Janice listened at Auntie's door.

Auntie heard her stopping and said, "Can I help you?"

Janice began to tip away and said no.

She went to the loft.

Auntie laid awake all morning thinking.

Janice lay awake all morning praying.

I slept all night with my door opened.

The children slept all night.

Aaron would wake up off and on all night to play hi games.

Chris dropped Joanna at home.

He sat up the whole night thinking about all the children they saved that day and finally falling asleep on his sofa and awaking to the birds and his alarm clock.

7-13-2019

Auntie got up and looked around the house.

She looked into the kitchen and opened the refrigerator looking at the food she bought for the kids.

Janice had cracked her door to listen. She was up all night praying, especially since her friend had given up on hope. She had given up on God and Jesus. Janice had no idea where the day would lead.

Auntie went through all the cabinets and saw a door which led to the laundry room.

She saw another door by the deck.

As she was going to the door; she stopped and looked out at the very nicely manicured fenced backyard with nice flowers.

She saw Aaron's basketball goal.

Aaron had been listening and peeping out of his room.

Janice saw Aaron.

Aaron saw Janice.

They both watched Auntie open the locked door.

The alarm goes off.

Auntie jumps, and covers her chest and breathes.

Aaron runs in the hallway and cuts it off.



Auntie goes into the door which is the garage and turns on the lights and stepped down.

It is extremely neat.

She sees the luxury car, the rack hanging the kid's bikes and her bike, the skate boards and helmets.

She walks and opens the blinds and looks out.

Aaron tips downstairs to see if I was awake.

I was not awake.

Janice tip toe downstairs to see what Aaron was doing.

Aaron left my room and walked to the garage door and looked at Auntie.

Janice went back upstairs to the loft.

Aaron went back upstairs.

Auntie said, "I'm looking out the windows.

Because I wanted to see what she has and what she has and what she did for the children. She has a nice life so far for them, materially. But I don't like the abuse."

Aaron said judge not, that ye be not judged.

Auntie - "Look boy, you don't tell me what to do!"

She closed the blinds and turned to confront Aaron.

She looks around the large garage and at the door which was the way she left it.

She ran up the steps screaming.

Everyone heard her.

The children knew not to come down, if they heard screams.

Janice runs down from the loft.

I was coming out of a deep sleep.

Aaron was yelling, "Auntie. Cousin."

Auntie screaming, ran by a frightened Janice and ran into the study and tried to put on her clothes, but was falling down and tripping.

I was shaken by Janice, and woke up.

Auntie yelled someone is in the garage.

I jumped up and grabbed my gun.

Janice was shocked I had a gun.

That's why I told the kids never to come down stairs if they heard a noise.

Some ran passed Janice to the garage.

With the gun pointed, as Chris taught me.

I braced myself and looked around the garage and saw nothing.

I looked under the car.

I yelled all clear. No one is here.

I told Janice to tell Auntie to come to the garage.

Auntie was shaking and still trying to put on her close, but was failing trying to do so.

Janice was startled looking at Auntie.

The kids ran downstairs, and into the garage to see.

Aaron looked around and saw nothing.

He touched the car; he said he wanted to drive to school.

Aaron said, "Who did she say?"

I shook my head indicating I did not know.

I came back into the house. Janice was holding the girl by the shoulder as she ran back into the kitchen.

Aaron stepped back into the kitchen and Janice and my girl stepped aside for him to enter.

He went and picked up his box of animal crackers and started to eat them and sat at the counter.

The little girl went and sat next to him and held her hand out.

He gave her one animal cracker.

She looked at him and kept her hand out, and he gave her two more.

Janice said, "Aaron!"

I stepped back into the kitchen and closed the garage.

Aaron said, "Nice gun. You gonna let me hold it?"

I looked at Aaron and yelled, "Auntie!"

She did not respond.

Janice and I walked into the study. She was sitting on the floor still trying to put on her pants.

A walked to my room followed by Aaron and put up the gun.

I've turned and looked at him.

I thought my hiding place for the gun will not matter since they will be gone.

Aaron, eating his animal crackers, turned walked into the living room and sat down and watches Auntie on the floor in the study.

I walked into the study and said to Auntie, "What's wrong with you?"

Auntie - "What's wrong with me? You are the beater."

I said, "You are on the floor with your legs in the air."

Auntie stares around and drops her legs and tries to get up.

Aaron was sitting and watching and eating his animal crackers.

I would not help her.

I said, "Aaron help her off the floor."

As he passed me, I took the box of animal crackers.

Aaron said to Auntie, "See what she did?"

Auntie did not respond, but finally was off the floor.

I washed my face and brushed my teeth. I went into the kitchen to prepare Sunday's breakfast.

Janice was standing still by the deck door.

Aaron walked in the kitchen and said, "An abuser and a crazy lady; which one sis?"

Janice said "No you two."

Aaron picked up the box of animal crackers and none was left.

The abuser had put them in a storage bag and gave the girl a few and put the bag in a secret place.

That the girl saw and exclaim in joy.

I said, "It doesn't matter, you leave today."

She held her head down as I walked out of the kitchen.

When I returned to the kitchen, Aaron shook the empty box at me.

I pulled out eggs, bacon and sausage and made biscuits and toasts and juice and coffee.

I purchased the expensive jam Janice liked and gave it to her to take home.

Janice was happy.

We sat down to eat and Auntie had not come in. I said I'm gonna show her we don't yell in this house.

I walked to the study and knocked on the door. She did not answer.

I walked around to the living room and stood in the door and said, breakfast is ready.

Auntie said with trembling lips, "I'm not hungry."

I yelled, "You damn better get in here and eat something. Bringing all this ruckus in my house."

Auntie looked at me.

Janice and the kids jumped, but turned around quickly before I returned to the kitchen.

Aaron whispered, "Which one?"

Janice looked at him.

The girl (Sarah) said, "I don't know; both are crazy."

I walked into the kitchen, made me a plate and sat at the table to allow Auntie to sit with the children at the counter.

I bowed my head to say grace. I lifted my head up thinking "Grace? God doesn't hear."

I began to tear up.

The children looked.

Auntie went into the bathroom and yelled out of the bathroom, "Wash cloth!"

I got up and walked to the bathroom and pointed to the cabinet. She opened the cabinet that was full of wash cloths, towels and toiletries.

Auntie looked at me and said, "I already have a toothbrush."

I closed the bathroom door not to hear anything else from her.

She yelled, "I know what a shut door means."

Sarah said "Abuser."

Janice pretended she did not hear.

Janice looked at me when I walked back in and went to the table. I touched my food and it was cool.

I got up and went to the microwave and heated my plate.

Auntie walked into the kitchen. She looked at me and I rolled my eyes at her.

Auntie said, "Don't roll your eyes at me. Maybe if you rolled your eyes . . ."

Sarah cut her off and jumping up from the counter said, "Good morning Auntie," and hugging her.

Auntie hugged her back and looking at me said, "You better be glad this baby saved you."

I walked away from the microwave, slamming the door.

Aaron jumped. He had not decided.

He knew I was not compromising, but did not snap. He thought about some of his friends; where they made the wrong choice about who to stay with and they cried all the time.

He thought.

Auntie said, "Where's the fool?"

Aaron said here.

Auntie looked over and said to me, "Make me a plate and bring it here."

The kids moved.

She looked at them.

I walked passed her and said, "Starve."

Janice did not know what to do.

Auntie got a coffee and came and sat at the table with me.

She said, "Are we going to have a civil conversation?"

I said no, and snapped my bacon in her face.

Auntie looked at me and said, "You swore to their mother you would take care of them . . ."

I cut her off and said, "I have," still eating my bacon.

She looked at my bacon and slightly turned, said, "Somebody bring me some bacon."

Janice jumped up and put two slices of bacon on a plate and smiled and put it in front of Auntie. Auntie looked at the plate.

Janice said, more?

Auntie said yes.

Janice went and came back with three pieces of bacon.

Auntie frowned and looked back at the warming station and saw Aaron get the last slice and was eating it with his elbows on the counter. He turned to listen to our conversation.



Janice was about to leave the table when Auntie said, "Bring me a crumpet with that jam and turning back around said, put some eggs on the dish."

I said, "You manipulated to have someone else make you a plate and serve you. Incredible deceptive."

Auntie - "You call me deceptive. I am a defense attorney. Listen to who is talking about deceit."

I said, "I have always been open and honest with the children."

Auntie said, "And about that man. The one you said was your boyfriend. I checked you out before I put my signature on the papers for you to have the guardianship."

I was frozen. Auntie thought she had me.

Janice looked at me especially about the man.

I said, "Larry, for thirty five years."

She said choking on her food, "That was over when my beloved husband died last year." Whimpering.

I said very cold bloodily, "Thirty four."

Auntie jumps from the table, slammed down her napkin and takes another sip of coffee and walks from the table. She picks up the package of coffee to see the brand.

As she is walking out, she says very boldly to the children, "Get your stuff so we can leave."

The children did not move.

Auntie turned and looked at them.

She said, "Did you all hear me?"

Aaron said, "Yes Auntie, we heard you and so did the neighbors."

Auntie said, "I do not care about your neighbors. Let's go!"

Sarah said, "One is the mayor and I play with his daughter."

Janice said the other neighbor is a congressman that oversees the appointment of judges.

Auntie was quiet for a moment. "He appoints federal judges. You don't say."

Aaron - "Do not."

Janice said, "He will be attending our church today."

She looked at the clock and said I've got to take a shower.

Chris and Joanna will be here in a few."

I looked at Auntie. She felt my staring. She turned and looked at me.

I said, let the children stay. Let them go to my graduation, finished their two weeks of school and our three weeks Italian vacation. Let them attend Chris and Joanna wedding. I'll bring them to you or you can come and get them. That one week Aaron can finish his driving course and Sarah can attend her cheerleading camp."

Aaron pumped his fist for yes.

Janice who was coming down the stairs said, "How did you know about Chris and Joanna's wedding?"

I was sleep; I could hear but not move.

Janice said, "That's call sleep paralysis."

Aaron - "does that happen often?"

Janice said, "I don't think so. A friend of mine has that only when she's under a lot of stress. This like giving the mind a chance to de-stress."

Aaron looking at me said, "How often does that happen to you?"

I said Aaron, it does not matter because the keys to the car are hidden.

Aaron angrily turned around.

Sarah turned from me and snapped her fingers and said, she forgot you.

Janice went into the bathroom to shower.

Auntie was standing in the kitchen thinking.

The kids were whispering among themselves.

I reached over to get Auntie's last strip of bacon and she said, don't touch that!

She started to walk over and glanced in the hallway and yelled, "Somebody is in there."

The children ran over to me.

Janice was in the shower and said, "They just have to get me."

I looked at the security panel; the kids looked at the security panel.

I got up and walked into the living room, my bedroom, the study and my bathroom and closet. She and the children formed a train behind me.

I walked into the living room and opened the curtains. I was so proud of the living room, it was really nice. I had worked on it and the children worked on it.

Aaron said, "I'm going to miss this room."

I said to Auntie, extending an invitation to sit.

Auntie sat.

I sat.

Sarah came and sat on my lap.

I looked at Aaron and patted the seat for him to sit.

Aaron said, "I'll . . ." Auntie sighed.

Aaron looking at her said, "I will get a better start to run.

How do you like that grammar Auntie?"

Auntie did not say anything.

Chris and Joanna rang the doorbell.

Aaron looking out the window, saw their car and went to the door and peeping out the peep hole, saw them. Chris always told them, "don't go by what you recognize, go by what you know."

Aaron unlocked and opened the door.

Chris and Joanna entered.

Chris looked around at the conversation room.

Joanna looked and said, "Is that breakfast I smell?"

I said help yourself.

Auntie said to Chris, "There's someone in here."

Chris looked at her and followed Joanna into the kitchen.

I said, "You had to open your mouth."

Janice came out of the bathroom fully dressed.

She walked into the kitchen and greeted Joanna and Chris.

She told them she would be right back.

Auntie said, "He's a cop and carries a gun."

I said, "I got a gun."

Auntie said, "You did not have it when you needed to."

I said, "Incorrect grammar."

Auntie said, "I know what happened."

Chris had walked up and said, "What?" As he was crunching on a crumpet.

I said nothing.

Auntie said, "It was not a nothing, but it was a something."

Chris was lost.

Sarah said, "Auntie saw someone in the basement."

I said, "aint nobody in the basement. And, I 'm not going to grammatically correct anything!"

Auntie - "Can you look? I'll feel much better."

I said, "Better about what; you are leaving today."

Auntie rolled her eyes.

Joanna and Janice came into the conversation room at the same time.

Joanna said what's going on?"

No one said anything.

Chris went into the kitchen, put down his plate, pulled out his side arm and preceded downstairs.

He opened the garage door that led to the backyard.

He walked into the backyard and put up his side arm because the mayor was sitting his deck.

Chris said good morning Mr. Mayor.

Mayor said good morning. Is everything alright over there?

We heard some screaming.

They could hear the conversation.

I shook my head.

Chris said, "Oh, their house guest thought she saw a rat."

Mayor started looking around his feet, and said, "I hope you don't find that."

Chris was so tickled he turned his head and walked away pretending to be looking at the flowers.

Chris said, "She did a good job planting these flowers."

Mayor still looking around, barely responded. "Yes . . . Yes, she really did."

Before Chris could be back into the house, he heard the mayor's door close and lock.

When Chris came into the house, he fell out laughing as he closed and locked the door.

Joanna stood at the steps and said, "Baby, what is so funny?"

Chris could barely talk as he was coming up the steps.

He said, "The mayor thinks they have rats."

Joanna removed the smile off her face.

Chris saw her and grabbing her shoulders, told her he made it up because of Auntie screaming. And the major freaked out.

Joanna said, "That really not funny."

She left him in the kitchen and told the rest of them.

I looked at Auntie.

Auntie said sorry. But I know what happened.

Chris' cell phone rang.

He answered the phone. He said, "What?"

Walking briskly through the hall, Joanna looked at him.

Chris said turn on the television.

Sarah jumped off my lap and got the remote and turned on the television and looked at Chris.

Chris said six.

Everyone moved in.

Chris said, "Yes sir."

Everyone was looking at the television.

Chris said, there' a gang war going on in three of those neighborhoods you'll were in. Pardon my grammar." He looked at Auntie.

Aaron's mind went to his friend they saw running from a group of gang members, because he walked down the wrong street from school.

Because he had his head in his game and missed his street.

They kidded him.

He was a Christian.

The police was running behind the gang, but they shot his friend before the police got to him.

We all jumped out of the car and when we all ran to him, he was giving his last breath.



The children were devastated.  
His mother knew something was wrong because he should have been home.  
She followed the crowd and saw his sneakers and ran and Aaron was holding him.  
She grabbed her son.  
Aaron sat and cried.  
There were shots fired.  
Everyone fell down.  
We attended this fifteen year old funeral service.  
I could not explain the evil that killed this child.  
I remember the Negro who had the gun and that fired the fatal shot.  
I told Chris, but not the children.  
I could not understand how any parent can go on with lost life of a child.  
Your only child.  
Not by death or illness, but the evil hand of a killer.  
I heard someone speaking.  
It was Aaron's friend's mother.  
I snapped back into reality.  
She was standing front of her church.  
The church her son's funeral was held.

The gunfire could be heard.

People were running and screaming.

The news reporter said, "This is a war zone.

You lost your only son last year to gang violence. How do you go on?"

His mother said, "First let me clear something up. I don't want anyone to think my son was a part of any gang. He was a Christian. He always went to a Christian school, was a community basket ball league player . . ."

The reporter cut her off and said, "Yes, but how do you live here?"

The woman said, "Don't cut me off again. My son was coming home from school and he had his head down on his game. And he not looking turned down the wrong street. The murders ran and shot my baby down because he was on the wrong street."

The reporter cut her off again. They went to commercial break. A woman reporter said, "Ma'am continue."

His mother said, "How do you live and continue when your only child is dead? .

Any child, it does not matter the number. I could not continue. I went through the motion. I could not think of how my God would "Isaac" my child for these evil doers."

Reporter - "Which change?"

The woman said, "I'm going to give my son's testimony. We prayed every morning and every night for Jesus to change the neighborhoods. The devil knew that so he killed my son to stop the change. But it cannot be stopped because many people are seeking Jesus. I was so depressed and lonely one evening last year and seemed as the weight of the world with all me. I had stop praying and seeking God. All I want it was revenge on these killers. I get home in a "Jesus is Love trac was in my door." She showed the trac.

Sarah - "That's ours."

I begin to cry.

Auntie looked at me.

The woman was crying.

"This little trac saved my life. I don't go anywhere without it."

"I realized that God used my son, the main person praying for change, who gave his life and made a bridge for others to follow.

I was told those two brave children and young woman were beaten in each neighborhood, especially, the boy (because

they wanted the young boys). People started yelling "Here comes the police" and all these bad boys ran.

So today a war has broken out between them.

God does not expect us to sacrifice our children so their blood can be used by the devil. His son Jesus did that, but there are times that one ear of corn must die to bring forth much fruit.

This is how I live with change.

A lot of children were running to the church.

The reporter was crying.

The camera man went back to her.

Then to commercial.

Chris looked at Aaron and hugged him.

There was a knock on the front door.

Chris looked out.

He opened the door and said, "Come in Sir."

Chris' phone rang.

The mayor and his wife said, "Good morning. We did not want to disturb you, but I had to drop in on my way to church to say thank you."

He patted a crying Aaron and held him for some time.

Chris walked back.

The mayor handed Aaron to Chris.

Mayor, "I used to see these children and you beaten and their clothes torn and the boy putting the tracs in their garbage. I sneaked out one night and went into your garbage can and got that same trac.

He points to the television.

I said to my wife, looking back at her and she grabbed his hand. I'm going to church. I don't know God, but if everyone is putting their life on the line, I can too. I thought about calling. Well, I did call the Department of Child Welfare and they told me I did not have a case."

He bit his lips. I don't have a case against God. He smacks his lips. Good people, I am going to church. I had not been to church since my grandmother's funeral. Looking at his wife. I was eight. God failed me when she died and I ran out of church that day never to return. When we got married, we had our wedding at the Botanical Gardens and the preacher had to come there. It was a beautiful autumn service, wasn't it honey?"

His wife fighting back tears, nods for yes.

"My mother's funeral service, last year, was held at the chapel at the civic center. I closed the government for four hours so employees could go just to justify using the city's property."

Looking at his wife he said, "I am lucky to have you."

He turned to the rest of us and said, "I have known my wife for fifty years.

We met at my grandma's funeral. She was just attending the church. We went through elementary, high school and she joined the Navy when I joined. We thought because we joined together, we would be together. They shipped us to the opposite ends of the world. She made it a career only retiring when I won last year. Me, I was up all night waiting for my discharge papers, with my clothes and shoes on.

I met them at the door and signed the papers and had a taxi waiting for me and they said, 'we have to ask if you want to reenlist'. On the way out of the door I said, "No sir." I wanted to say something else, but was scared they may hold me. I was the nicest hardest working service man because I did not want nothing to hold me back. Spent eight years in school, six to get a bachelor's degree and two to get a masters in a subject I did not want. I spend fifteen years on Wall Street to learn what I could do before coming home and starting my own business.

Why God does things the way He does them, hunching up his shoulders, we don't know, but we reap the benefits. Let's go to church."

His wife looked at Auntie.

She said, "I know you. You are that famous defense attorney that's been on a lot of talk shows."

Auntie got back in her character. She had on pajamas and stood up and said, ""Pardon my attire. Yes I am. Do let me properly introduce myself. Giving me a scouring look.

The mayor said, "uh, uh."

Reaching out her hand to shake.

She said, "Young people these days. I am Joyce Bethany Delowe. I am a widower for over a year now. He was a government attorney."

Mrs. Mayor said, "Oh."

Auntie Joyce said, we are having a family dinner. I invite you to attend. You know it is a family thing."

Mrs. Mayor said I don't know.

Everyone looked at Auntie Joyce.

Mrs. Mayor - "One of our friends moved here; he just made Admiral.

Auntie - "A black admiral?"

Mrs. Mayor shook her head for yes.

Mr. Mayor said, "Do you'll have rats?"

Auntie Joyce waved her hand for no and pointed at her feet.

Mrs. Mayor - "And single."

Auntie - "Girl, invite him over. What about five pm, since everybody has a lot of programs to attend."

The mayor started shaking his head.

Auntie Joyce - "It's such a simple menu. I'll see you all then. Let me open the door. Bye."

Auntie Joyce leaned on the back of the door and started mumbling to herself.

I said, "Are the children staying?"

Auntie Joyce mumbling, "Ten people that's three ounces each."

I said, "Woman!"

Auntie Joyce still mumbling her menu, stopped and looked.

Auntie Joyce, "What?"

I said, are the children staying?

Auntie Joyce turning around said, I don't have time for this. Continually mumbling and went into the kitchen looking in all the cabinets.

We heard a partial scream.

But she covered her mouth. I looked out the window, the mayor was pulling off.

I said, are you crazy?

Auntie Joyce was jumping up and down in the hallway with her hand over her mouth and pointing to the kitchen.



Chris said, "aint no rats. You'll, we got to go!"

His phone rang and he walked in the room and stood by Sarah, who was still watching the television.

Chris said, "Baby, please go in there with that crazy woman."

Sarah - "Which one?"

Chris said pick one.

Sarah got up and walked in the hallway next to Aaron.

Sarah - "Are we going or staying?"

Aaron said we might know by dinner.

Sarah - "Can we go to church? I want to go to church."

Aaron - "Well.

I said yes. "

I turned to Janice and Joanna. "Can you take them?"

Joanna and Janice were staring at Auntie Joyce.

I told Aaron and Sarah they had fifteen minutes to shower, comb their hair and dress.

I said, "You use my bathroom and hurry."

I turned to Joyce. "What's wrong with you?"

Joyce - "There's a man in there."

Joanna and Janice looked.

Chris passed by and walked into the kitchen, he came back.

Joyce said, "He said Judge not that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged."

The all said "Jesus!"

Aaron said Matthew 7:1-5.

I said Aaron, how are you dressed so quickly when you just went up stairs?

Aaron - "I put this together last night to wear on the private jet."

Auntie Joyce stopped long enough to say, "Private jet?"

Aaron said, how were we to go back with you?"

And shook his head.

Auntie Joyce said commercial. Did that boy just shake his head at me?

Janice said you got bigger things than a private jet to be concerned about.

Auntie Joyce - "Am I going to hell?"

Aaron walking back to brush his teeth said, "Yes."

Chris looked at Aaron.

I went into my bathroom to help Sarah get dressed.

She put on one of her new dresses and I combed her hair back and pinned it. She looked so adorable with her purse and all.

Sarah, "We need money for church."

I said, you got your allowance. Use it.

Joanna said "Come guys."

Chris said seventeen gang members are dead. Thirty three are in area hospitals and sixty three arrested.

The children heard the statistics.

They went out the door and Chris whispered, "I'm going to have a picture for you later."

I shook my head for yes.

Janice said, "Can I spend the night since I have to be at the school by eight in the morning?"

I said yes.

I closed the door and put my head on the door and thought, "Now to deal with this fool."

Auntie Joyce said, "Why are you putting your head on the door? I am the one Jesus is after."

I said why is that Joyce?

Auntie Joyce said, "I don't know."

I said are you going to let the children stay or, are you taking them with you today?"

Auntie Joyce - "Each time I think about taking them with me, I see Jesus."

I threw my hands up and went into my bedroom.

She followed me into my bedroom and sat on my bed.

I looked at her.

I started cleaning my bathroom and took Sarah's clothes to her room and straighten up her room.

I went into Aaron's room and straightened it out and took all their dirty stuff downstairs.

I came down the stairs with a laundry basket full of their dirty clothes.

I looked towards my bedroom and continued to the laundry room and put in the first load.

I started to clean the kitchen.

I went into the hallway closet and exchanged the sheets from the study and the loft. I took all those sheets and put them in the laundry.

I went into the guest bathroom and began to clean and realized I had not confirmed my order for tomorrow.

I rushed to the phone in my bedroom and Joyce was still on my bed. I told her it is ten thirty; you need to get to the grocery store.

Hello Mr. James, I wanted to confirm my order for tomorrow and you are going by the bakery to pick up the cake . . .?

Auntie Joyce was saying something.

I said, "What?"

Auntie Joyce - "Don't talk to me in that tone. Add four additional servings."

I said, "Mr. James, can you add four additional servings to everything; but the cake and ice cream. Use the same card. Thank you."

I yelled at Joyce.

"Get off my bed. Call your driver. Get dressed and go and buy dinner and you need to go to the store and buy you something for this dinner and the graduation and buy yourself some underwear!"

She was still sitting on my bed.

I walked in front of her as she was dialing a number and said, "Get off!"

She got up exasperated and sighing. Her driver answered and she said, can you come now and pick me up.

He said yes.

She ran into the study and put the clothes on from yesterday.

She yelled, "Come on, let's go. He's here!"

I walked to my door after refreshing my bed and still having on my pajamas I said, "I'm not going with you."

Auntie Joyce - "The hell you aren't!"

I told you that doesn't make sense.

Auntie Joyce - "Why doesn't it make sense?"

I said because I have to clean up and set the tables.

She said, how do I know what stores to go to?

I said, "First go to the grocery store. Here is the store; they have really fresh meats and vegetables. Get several different types of flowers and whatever else you want.

Go next door to the bakery and select at least two desserts and your breads. The wine shop is only opened from ten am to noon. Go there first."

Auntie Joyce - "You're sure you don't want to go with me?"

I said you will do fine. Send the groceries back by your driver, while you go shopping for something to wear - especially underwear. I will help you all of your adult life. You've had maids and cooks. Go on and call me if you need help, but hurry."

She was walking out the door and stepped back and said, "Do you have any money?"

I said, "Use your card!!!"

Auntie Joyce said okay. I can take the outfits back tomorrow and get my money back.

I screamed at her. I pushed the door up and said, "You are one of the richest women in your state. You have been wearing the same clothes for years and been driving the same old beat up car. You better not return anything and ask the sales person to help and not buy that old timey stuff."

Auntie Joyce slammed the door.

I locked the door.

I had a terrible headache.

I wanted to lie down but I had a lot to do for dinner and for tomorrow.

Joyce called from the wine shop. I said, "Joyce, get two of each, white, rose, red and burgundy. Don't get the brands I hear him telling you. Yeah, get that one."

I finished the laundry and made up the loft.

I was coming back downstairs when Joyce called from the bakery.

I got sick to my stomach.

I said to myself, I really need help.

I told her to get a plain cheesecake and a torte; along with assorted dinner rolls.

I ran into my bathroom and took three aspirins and then got scared.

Joyce called from the grocery store.

The door rang and it was Joyce's driver.

He handed me the food.

He said he was going to pick her up.

I took the food into the kitchen.

I took the flowers and placed them throughout the house.

I opened the wine to breathe.

The house looked very nice and inviting.

I put the rack of lamb and chicken in the oven.

I put the string beans, potatoes and asparagus on the baking dishes.

I walked through the house again and I realized I did not have the candles out, nor the coffee pot set.

I ran and put everything out.

I took a deep breath.

The door bell rang; it was Joyce.

I was worried what she had bought.

I told her I wanted to see the outfit first.

She said no.

Then she brought her bags and showed me what she bought.

She had two very nice outfits for this evening and tomorrow and she had underwear.

I called Mrs. Johnson and told her to help Joyce.

She turned around and looked at the conversation room, the study and the kitchen.

She said very nice.

I said you need to get ready; it's four thirty pm.



I said they did a very good job on your makeup. Don't mess it up in the shower.

I went upstairs and got the children clothes together for the graduation and the clothes for school.

I took their packed suitcases and put them in my bedroom.

I closed all the curtains and the garage door and opened the deck door to let in fresh air.

I placed the desserts on the next counter, along with the breads and different butters.

The antipasto platter was put out.

I closed the laundry room and took the last basket of laundry upstairs.

The door bell rang.

I looked at my watch, it was five twelve pm.

Joyce peeped out of my window.

I was at the top of the stairs.

Joyce was looking at me.

I said, "Get the damn door."

The door was opening. Chris unlocked the door. The mayor, his wife and the children were entering followed by the admiral, Janice, Joanna and Chris. I missed a step and belly flopped on top of the laundry basket all the way downstairs onto the hallway floor.

Sarah said, "Whoa!!!"

Aaron looked, tossing his football into the air said, "but we can't do it, shaking his head, went into the conversation room and sat.

The admiral looked at Aaron, while he closed the door.

Joyce was standing with the antipasto platter in her hands.

Chris and the mayor ran to help me up.

Mrs. Mayor ran.

Joanna and Janice stood with their mouths opened.

Aaron got on his game.

Sarah walked in the hallway and got the laundry basket and put it in the laundry room.

I stood up and by the time I gained my composure, the admiral and fake Joyce approached.

I said, "I'm sorry. Please come in. I need to change. I'll be right back."

I said - "Joyce please."

Joyce did not know how to do anything.

The admiral took the platter from Joyce and said, "May I?"

Joyce fell for him at that moment.

The mayor's wife looked at the mayor and everyone went into the conversation room.

The mayor's wife said, "He is a doctor if she needs help."

I went and laid down.

I called Janice on her cell phone and asked her to take the food and set it on the counter.

Joyce held him by his arm.

The admiral said, "I am a psychiatrist."

When he said he was a psychiatrist, Joyce let go of his arm.

Chris put up his guard.

Janice tuned everybody out, even Sarah who was sitting on her lap.

The admiral sat close to Aaron and spoke softly, "What's going with you?"

Aaron said thinking about my mom and grand mom.

Admiral said where are they?

Joyce was trying to give the platter to him - to distract him.

The admiral said no thanks.

Aaron said, "In heaven."

Aaron got up and went to his room.

Sarah got off Janice's lap and went to her room.

Janice went into the kitchen to take the food and place it on the table.

The mayor's wife said, "Can I help?"

Janice shook her head for no.

And said both the children went to their rooms, okay.

Janice told the mayor's wife the children's mom and grand mom were victims of a drive-by shooting.

They died instantly and by the time the children came home from school, everything was cleaned up and Joyce and her husband had flown out of town.

The mayor's wife said such sadness.

She looked at Chris pouring another glass of wine.

She said I think that goes with dinner.

Chris stopped pouring and gulped down what he had poured and asked Janice, where are they?

Janice said in their rooms. She wants them to eat with us.

Chris said okay. As he set his red wine glass down by Mrs. Mayor.

Mrs. Mayor said, "Don't be offended Chris; take it as a learning experience."

Chris walked passed her and went up stairs and walked into the conversation room and said, "Dinner is ready."

The mayor said, "Do you suppose to say that?"

The children came down.

They had a wonderful dinner.

I sat in a hot tub of Epson water. And then when the water became cold, I rubbed my body down with alcohol and medication and wrapped my elbow, ankle and wrist.

I put on a night gown and went to bed.

Around eight pm, the children knocked on my door and came in.

I never lock my door; it is always opened and if it is closed, knock and then come in.

Joyce saw them.

The children came in and I sat up in the bed and we talked about their mom and grand mom.

They cried.

I cried.

We held each other.

I told them, "You'll can sleep in here."

Sarah pulled off her dress and socks and shoes. She had on her slip.

I said, I have to plait your hair

I was plaiting her hair when Chris knocked on the door.

I told him to come in.

I knew he had the picture.

I told the kids, "Go and brush your teeth and put on your night clothes."

They went the back way to their rooms and cut off the lights and were coming back when Chris showed me the pictures of the dead gang members.

I pointed to the one who had the gun that killed that child.

The mayor sent another team out that swept the neighborhoods. He put a curfew in order. He cancelled school for the next day.

The second sweep by the police netted an additional two hundred and three suspects.

Fifty of them were injured and needed medical care.

Sarah was trying to get in the bed, but Chris was sitting on her cover. She said, "Uncle Chris."

Chris said, sorry and stood up.

Aaron was suspicious and he looked at Chris' cell phone with pictures.

Chris said, "Man, I'm not going to lie. The one that shot your friend last year died today."

Sarah started clapping.

Janice knocked on the door and came in and said, "Is there some more wine?"

Chris said yeah.

Janice started laughing.

I told her no.

Janice said, "Guys, you don't want dessert?"

I told her no.

Janice said Sarah, what made you so happy that you were clapping?

Sarah - "Nothing. But Jesus answered one of my prayers."

Chris' phone rang.

Chris said, "Why me? Okay."

He was peeping trying to get Joanna's attention when Janice opened the door.

He could not.

He said I have to go.

Joanna was laughing and walked in and said, "What baby?"

Chris said huh?

Joanna said weren't you motioning for me?

Chris said I have been asked to report immediately for this gang thing. I won't be able to drop you off tonight, so you can get to work tomorrow.

Joanna said, "I'll take a cab."

Aaron said, "I'll walk you to the train; it's not late."

Everyone said no, even Sarah.

I said we can drop you off tomorrow.

Joanna said I got my stuff in the car. Problem solved.

They walked out and stepped out on the porch for privacy.

Chris went to his car and got her tote bag and came back and escorted her in the house and said good night to everyone.

It was after nine o'clock pm.

The mayor said, "Sorry Chris."

Chris said, "It's my job."

Chris winked at Joanna and left.

The mayor and his wife said, "Oh."

Everyone laughs.

They had coffee and desert and left nothing.

They all left around ten pm.

Joanna aid, "I'm staying the night. Chris was called in tonight."

Janice said, "Well, I can drop you off because I have to be on campus at eight am.

Joanna said perfect.

Janice - "I need some help to clean up."

Joyce was making her bed.

Both Janice and Joanna looked at her.

Joyce continued to make her bed and went into the bathroom and put on her pajamas and brushed her teeth.

She walked in the kitchen and said, is anything left?

Joanna looked around and said no.



Janice said it was such a good evening.

Joanna said yeah. She needs to do this often.

Joyce looking at both of them said, "It was my dinner."

Joanna said, but she prepared everything.

Joyce said, "It was my dinner."

Joanna went into the conversation room and got the flowers and candles.

She looked at the seated Joyce and said, "Are you going to wash the makeup off your face?"

Joyce patted her face and said no.

Janice said, "The makeup will mess up the sheets and can break out your face."

Shaking her head for no.

Joanna putting everything up said, "I think I am going to ask her to help me with my wedding, even though it is going to be very simple and not expensive at all."

Joyce walked back to the kitchen with a makeup stained wash cloth.

Janice said, "Yuck. Put that in the laundry room."

Joyce went and put the wash cloth in the laundry room on top of the washing machine.

She said to Joanna, "All you have to do is hire a wedding planner. Problem solved."

And walked out of the kitchen.

They stared behind her and Janice shaking her head.

Joanna said, "Well everything is put up. I'm going to bed."

Janice said, "All doors are locked. The deck is locked. I'll double check the front door."

Joanna was making up the leather sofa in the study.

Janice said, "I don't know her security code. I'll put these kick ticks behind the doors. There are three of them."

Janice put one behind the front door, the deck and garage door.

Janice came to say good night and use the bathroom. She looked at Joanna and said, what are you doing?"

Joanna said, "Trying to get comfortable."

Joyce laughed.

Janice looked at Joyce and told Joanna that the sofa was a queen bed.

Joyce said, "A queen bed!" Sitting up in her bed to see.

Joanna got up and she and Janice pulled out the bed.

New sheets were on the bed. Janice fell asleep instantly.

Janice was brushing her teeth and went back into the kitchen to cut off the lights and saw a shadow on the deck.

She looked and ran into the bathroom and rinsed her mouth and cut off the lights.

She tried to wake Joyce and Joanna by saying, "Guys"

She was met with snoring.

She was in the middle of the hall jumping around.

She saw the figure touch the door and the door handle moved.

She said, "God help. In Jesus' name."

She ran to my bedroom and pushing me awake, said someone is on the deck.

I looked at my sleeping babies.

We heard gun fire.

I pushed the kids onto the floor.

I said, "Janice, where is Joyce and Joanna?"

Janice said sleep.

I told her to lay flat by the children.

I crawled to the study and saw flashing blue lights.

I crawled to the study and tried to wake Joanna and Joyce, but to no avail.

I was in the hallway between my bedroom and the study.

Someone knocked on my door and had a flashlight.

I said, "Yes."

A male voice said, "The mayor wanted to make sure you were safe."

I said, "Yes."

He said, "Everything is under control."  
We lifted the kids and put them back in bed.  
Janice went upstairs to the loft.  
I fell asleep in the midst of the flashing blue lights, holding both of my babies.  
I kept my bedroom door open.  
I did not close the folding doors with Joyce.  
I was very tired.  
I only woke when I heard Janice and Joanna leaving about seven am.  
They went and got into Janice car and left.

7-14-2019

After a very nice graduation program, we returned home  
I had ordered a car to make going to and from the event easy.  
I also hired a photographer who takes very good pictures.  
Joyce had invited the admiral.  
They made a striking couple walking on the campus.  
Mrs. Mayor did not have any appointments and wanted to go.  
So they were able to get pretty good seats.

After the graduation she and her guests were invited to a private reception with the university's president and guests.

I called for them to leave and come to the car.

The admiral had his own car and Joyce and Mrs. Mayor rode back with him.

Joyce had invited them to the small soiree.

Aaron and Sarah had been rehearsing a couple of songs on the cello and the violin.

So we changed my graduation to a soiree.

James Caterers came an hour later and brought the food.

Mr. James recognized the mayor's wife and he was very honored.

As Mr. James brought the food in, I put the food in serving dishes and immediately put the trash outside for the next day pickup.

That's when I saw a man standing across the street in between the shadows of the houses. A good hiding place.

Mr. James was leaving. I said thanks again. The mayor was coming over. He stopped and talked to Mr. James and took his business card.

I waved at the mayor and went to the mailbox to get the mail.

Then I turned, walked across the street to confront the man standing in the shadows.

He turned and ran.

When I watched him running away, I turned and crossed the street. That's when I saw the admiral, Sarah and Aaron looking out of the window.

The admiral turned from the window.

I came into the house and locked everything. The admiral turned to me when I walked upstairs. He didn't say anything. We had a lovely time.

Joyce was on the phone with her office. She said she would be returning the day.

She and the mayor's wife became good friends.

They were talking about when Joyce was on a national talk show, about how the host got very belligerent and how Joyce went against what he said point by point.

The admiral and Joyce exchanged contact information.

The admiral came over and sat with me and the children for a moment.

He said, "Don't stop doing what God has called you to do.

You are the brick masons for the building of God, He and Jesus are building. Sometimes you hit your finger or drop a brick on your toes."

Sarah - "Does it hurt?"

Admiral - "Yes sir, it hurts. My wife and five children were killed. It will be thirty two years this coming June 15th.

I don't know the reason and I had to fight through the droughts and storms of this life. Jesus keeps us safe.

I truly believe those lives were taken while they were or before they could start living for Jesus. That is why if we do what God has called us to do; it helps them to get their crowns and their rewards."

Tears filled my eyes.

He said, "I lived in that neighborhood that is understood siege. I went to that church the lady was at yesterday. But I left and never came back. I married my wife the next day after we graduated and left. But over the years, I used every benefit that was available.

I wanted to know why people did what they do and can you medically stop them.

I went to undergrad forever and got my degree in psychology. That did not help with my career goals. Then I continued and got my medical degree which took six years because I was constantly being deplored. I completed my psychiatry residence five years old ago. I have been a psychiatrist for five years. I will retire on June 15th.

Sarah - "Can you fix people, especially bad people?"

Admiral - "No, only God."

Aaron - "How does He fix people?"

Admiral - "He either changes them or He removes them from the earth."

Admiral said - "He was a shadow. He is real, but that was his spirit, not his flesh."

I looked at him.

The mayor walks over and said, "Hey, it's time for you to be on the road."

Admiral getting up said, I invite you all to my retirement celebration. It won't be as grand as this, but you are invited. If you ever need to get out of the city, I have a little farm way out in Maryland and you can hang out there.

The kids were excited.

I knew he was giving me a warning.

I always kept my car full, and I always kept water and extra clothes in the trunk.

Extra money, I hid in the car.

The admiral looked around the house and said, "God gave you a very nice house; in a good neighborhood and the way you dress, because you stood and what you been through."

He looked at me.



The mayor was walking him to the door with a plate in his hand. His wife caught him and took the plate out of his hands and kissed the admiral.

Auntie Joyce followed him to the car and watched him drive off.

The mayor found his wife and took his plate back.

Auntie Joyce returned to the house all smiles and said, "The admiral said he enjoyed your playing hostess and maybe you can at his ceremony.

What is he talking about?"

The kids started high fiving.

I said, "He is retiring June 15th and maybe we can go.

Because Chris and Joanna are getting married that next weekend."

Auntie Joyce - "What are you talking about, I'm taking the kids."

I said, "Get out! Pack your bag and leave now! We will fight it out in court and I will have the admiral to testify about what he saw this weekend.

You can't raise children; you did not even raise those bad boys you had. Other people had to feed them because you and Larry were too busy building your law empire."

Auntie Joyce was out done.

The mayor's wife come in and pulled Auntie Joyce out of the conversation room into the kitchen.

The mayor was leaning on the wall eating.

Aaron said, "Can I go skating?"

I said Aaron it's after five pm. Only be gone for two hours and take your cell phone and the backup phone, your watch and transit card."

Aaron - "Yes ma'am," as he was jumping side ways to get upstairs.

Sarah said can I ride my bike?

I said only to the next block and back.

Janice and the other guests moved to the kitchen.

I passed the mayor and he whispered, "Are you putting her out?"

I said yes.

I went into my bedroom and quickly changed from stockings and heels to a sweat suit.

And ran to the garage and unlocked the door and let the kids out.

I said to Aaron, don't betray me.

Aaron shook his head for yes.

Sarah was standing waiting for her bike.

I got her bike and helmet and pads. She put on all of them.

She does not like falls and scars.

I was cleaning up.

The last guest left at six thirty pm.

Janice looked at the clock.

Janice said, "I'm about to go. It's twelve after seven."

I laughed, and told her she did not have to beat around the bush.

I was waiting.

I told Sarah to run her a bubble bath, because they had school tomorrow.

I walked Janice to her car and put the remainder trash in the garbage.

I had taken all of Auntie Joyce's stuff and put it in a big shopping bag.

I went over the house several times to make sure nothing was left.

I put her stuff on the front porch.

She was staying at the mayor's house.

His wife said he and to get Joyce's stuff.

I pointed to the front door.

He stopped and said, "Anymore of that brisket left?"

I shook my head it for no.

He said, "Greens?"

I shook my head for no.

Janice said, "Goodnight Mr. Mayor."

Then Aaron came flying down the street. He yelled, they're after me!!

The mayor stopped.

His guards pulled out their guns.

I told Aaron, 'Get into the house.'

Janice said, "What?"

I told Janice to leave.

The black SUV pulled up and a bald man jumped out and stepped into the street under the eyes of the mayor's bodyguard and he smirked.

He said, "We're back!"

I pulled out my gun on his surprise and began firing and they pulled off while the bad one was running to get in the car.

I shot out all their tires.

Their car was armor with bulletproof windows.

I saw to keep shooting a certain spot as I ran behind the car.

And when he let the window down, I fight into the car several times causing the car to crash into the light pole.

The police surrounded the car. They took two of the four into custody and the other two to the hospital.

I walked back to my house.

Joyce and Mrs. Mayor were on the front porch looking.

The congressmen and his wife were looking.

Janice had run into the garage with Aaron.

The mayor ran and said, "What was that?"

I said the sex traffickers are back.

The mayor remembered I had something to do with stopping them.

Chris drove up with Joanna.

I yelled, "The sex traffickers."

Chris yelled to Joanna, "Get out!"

He sped down the street.

One car drove up and said, Mr. Mayor, you've got to see this."

The mayor handed the bag to Joanna and said, "Give it to her."

We all went into the house.

I told Aaron, "Go and take your bath and get in the bed."

Aaron said, "What? It's too early."

I took Aaron into the house and upstairs.

Sarah - "I need a towel."

Janice looked at him with disbelief.

Joanna said what happened?

Janice told Joanna what took place.

Joanna said I'm marrying into this!

Joanna began to think.

Janice looked at Joanna.

I said, "Janice, you have a long trip ahead of you."

Joanna asked where are you going?

Janice said Oklahoma.

Joanna said whoa; are you going to see family?

Janice - "Family farm. I had not been home in a decade. I intended to stay the whole summer until it was time for school. But, I feel I won't stay that long."

Joanna said you will miss our wedding. What about money?

Janice - "Joanna, you are always worried about money. She helped me figure that out. I filed my tax return and claimed some credits and got a decent amount back as a refund. So I am using that to live on."

Joanna said whoa. What's wrong with Joyce?

I said - "Out."

Joanna said for good?

I said yes.

Joanna - "Kids?"

I said yes.

Joanna - "Food?"

I said no.

Chris drove back and the mayor got out of the car.

The congressman yelled, "Martin, what's going on?"

The mayor - "Sex traffickers. She busted one of their major operations. They had missile launchers, rockets and all kind of stuff in their armored car."

The congressman's aide said, "She needs to move."

The mayor said what?

I stepped out of the garage and said, "You are probably one of the sex traffickers. Look at the colors you have on for a signal to the rest of them and the ring you have on your finger. You are probably assigned to the Congressman to set him up so you can blackmail him and use him."

Chris was in the street standing at his car listening.

The bodyguard for the Congressman was listening and the mayor's body guards were listening.

The congressman said, "What was that last night?"

The mayor waved his hand, "that was about me."

Joyce ran off the porch to me on the sidewalk and said, "Give me the children."

I said, "Get out of my face before I bust your head open."

Before Joyce could say anything, the mayor grabbed her by the arm and walked her back to his house and he said,

"Listen, they are in an endless battle with your clients, sex traffickers. When you are in war, you have a space for down time. They were in a down time mode. Leave them alone. I warn you."

Mrs. Mayor comes and gets Joyce and walks her to the guest bedroom.

The mayor throws her bag out of the living room to the hallway.

The wife sees him and knows that means he doesn't like Joyce.

The mayor went into his office and sat down. He picks up Mr. James' card and was looking at it when his wife walks in. He looked at her.

She sees he is very upset.

She whispered, Joyce?

He waved his hand.

His wife stepped out and closed his door.

He picks up his phone and dials.

He turns on his computer.

The admiral answers as he is driving.

The admiral said hello.

The admiral saw a blink on his face.

The mayor said, 'Hey man, you should be half way.'



Admiral - "Just about half way. What's wrong?"

The mayor tells him about what happened and about Joyce.

He tells the admiral, "I don't see you with her."

The admiral did not say anything.

They continued talking.

After about an hour, they hung up.

The mayor spent all night getting reports and working on speeches.

He left home around five am.

As he walked down his steps, he looked at the neighbor's house and held his head down.

His chief body guard walked over to him.

The mayor said, "Keep watch over them."

Body guard whispered, "I already am."

Mayor said, "That's why I love you."

They both laughed.

The mayor looks at her house and then at his and the congressman's house.

I am in the window watching. I began to laugh.

I said he'll figure it out later.

Every day for the next two weeks I walked the kids to the train and let Sarah ride her bike.

I would take Sarah's bike and helmet and let them ride the train by themselves. Many children rode the train.

I would let Aaron go from school and ride his skate board but I demanded for him to be home at seven pm. He missed the mark every night. He started approaching eight pm.

I became angry. I knew something was pulling him away to get him caught up in some evil.

Janice had boarded her house up, stopped her newspaper and had the post office to hold her mail. She had a neighbor to cut her grass.

As I talked to her on the phone that morning at five am., she was checking out her car, water, radio, snacks, gas, gun and ammunition.

I'll miss my buddy for several weeks. I did not expect her to be gone all summer.

I told Sarah, "We have to pray very hard for Aaron, because the bad people are back and they want you and Aaron. I'll kill them. They can't have you."

She hugged me.

I sat in the dark until morning and I did not spend all the hours I had in prayer.

I said, "God, I need you to deliver these children and not let Joyce get them. I asked you to put a permanent end to this coven, in Jesus name."

I sat at that window for the next two weeks, not praying, but saying "Thank you Jesus." I just could not pray anymore.

But God had brought someone in to help - the admiral.

During the two weeks when the children were attending school, I pre-packed their suitcases.

Aaron was getting trouble.

I just couldn't pray anymore.

I called the admiral and he answered.

He said I am interceding for you. I have an attorney for you.

I asked why.

Admiral - "Against Joyce."

I said she was in the back of my mind.

I called the attorney the last day before our vacation. I met with the attorney later that day.

I secured the house and packed the car.

I had the gardener come that day.

I pulled the car out of the garage, onto the street.

It was nine pm.

No Aaron.

I had to go to keep from being confronted by Joyce.

I knew they were going to serve me around nine or nine thirty pm.

I pulled off. I had set the automatic timers.

Sarah screamed. Why are you leaving Aaron?

We had gone a block when the process servers passed us.

I yelled at Sarah, "That's why!"

Sarah said, "They came to arrest you?"

I said I don't know. Joyce wants you'll."

Sarah screaming - "Why? Why is she doing this? Aaron"

She was pointing at a naked boy running.

Several men were running behind him across the expressway.

I said, "Call Uncle Chris and stay down."

I got both guns and begin to run after the men.

One man in the back of the pack was slow enough for me to catch. He looked back at me and pointed his gun. I charged him and knocked him off the bridge. One of the men heard him and turned around to see him on the expressway.

The police stopped just short of running him over.

Chris had radioed for help.

Sarah was in the car crying and the police car pulled behind my car.

Chris had already told them my tag number.

Sarah was in the car and he told her to stay down.  
The police came to the car.  
Sarah started screaming.  
They had to call Chris.  
People stopped their cars.  
The police had to tell the motorists, "Everything was under control."  
One of Sarah's teachers got out of her car and stood at the back of the car and bending down, she saw Sarah.  
She said to the police, "That's Sarah. She is one of my students."  
She held up her hands.  
The police officer said ma'am, I can't let you go to the car.  
The teacher said, "Where are Ms. Tyler and Aaron?"  
The police officer said who?  
Chris pulls up and jumps out of the car. He looks and said, "Hello Ms. Bennett. Hi Sky and Jerome."  
The children started yelling, "Help Sarah!!!"  
Ms. Bennett's father was in the back seat. He started chanting, "Help Sarah, Help Sarah, Help Sarah!"  
Chris looked in the backseat and said Mr. Johnson stop.  
Sarah jumped out of the car and ran to Chris.  
Chris pulled her to the side and said, where is she?

Sarah pointed.

As she was point, they heard numerous gunshots.

Everybody ducked.

Sarah screamed.

Chris sat her down by the back tire.

Mr. Johnson was trying to get out the back seat, but could not, when the gun shots started he fell back into the car.

Chris told the officers on the passenger side, "Set up a parameter. Sarah lay flat on the ground. You come with me."

Ms. Bennett ran and laid next to Sarah.

Chris and the other police ran in front of the other police.

Chris had already radioed and told them the victim was a naked sixteen year old black male.

The other drug dealer saw me and just as he began to shoot, I saw to shoot out the street light above him and roll on the grass. He and another (who had run back) started shooting. Because I saw to roll in the vision, I continued to roll until I bumped into a tree.

I thought, "Oh God!"

Then I heard "psst."

I thought did I hit my head?

"Cousin, psst."

It was Aaron. He was up in the tree.

I said stay there. Be quiet.

When I shot out the street light, the drug dealers were distracted for a minute and Aaron had a chance to duck in the trees and the shooting drowned out him climbing the tree.

The police were running from each direction, especially when the light was shot out.

The drug dealers yelled, "Let's cut down everything!"

The police helicopter had just arrived, by the mayor's request.

The helicopter's spot lights were very bright.

I was kneeling down behind a tree.

Aaron was in another tree.

I had a gun in each hand.

A police officer's gun was at my head.

He said, "Put the guns down and put your hands behind your back."

I recognized the voice.

I said, "Mark?"

Mark said, who are you?

I said one of your students.

Mark radioed that he had me. The person said, "Where is the minor?"

Mark said, "Do you know where the minor is?"

I said he's in the tree over to your left.

Mark told two police officers to get him out of the tree.

The police swarmed the drug dealers.

The drug dealer that was shooting ran into the woods.

He stepped back and several guns were at his head.

He raised his hands up.

The police got the gun.

Threw him on the ground.

A naked Aaron had climbed out of the tree.

Chris got him.

I crawled to them.

I said thanks.

Aaron said thanks.

Chris said go!

We crawled back by the police officers.

A naked Aaron had to be embarrassed.

We crawled all the way over the expressway.

When we got to the area where I pulled the car over, we heard a large amount of gun fire.

We were crawling so fast.



Aaron out crawled me.

My hands were hurting.

The police yelled, "Stop!"

We stopped.

They said, "Hands up!"

I said what?

We got off the ground from our hands and raised our hands up.

The police rushed forward.

They say the naked teenager.

Sarah was peeping from underneath the car and she jumped up and yelled, "That's my brother!"

Ms. Bennett was behind her, holding her by the shoulders shaking her head said, "Those are the victims."

She was so scared.

We were so scared.

The police officers said, "Stand up and come with us."

Aaron said, "Can I crawl to the car?"

The police officer said yea.

We got to the car and Sarah ran around it and saw Aaron and said, "Boy put some clothes on, nobody wants to see that!"

Aaron ran to the car and sat in the front seat.

Sarah yelled get off my seat!

Aaron - "Sara, I'll give you something."

Sarah - "Get!"

I said to Sarah as I went into the back seat and got Aaron's backpack; "Sarah stop. Don't do that."

I got a pair of gym shorts and a tee-shirt and his slides.

We saw the two men the police brought out of the area under hand cuffs.

One man said, "They killed my sons. I kill them."

Mr. Johnson jumped out of the car and started yelling, "Free them! Free them! Free them!"

Other people began to chant, "Free them!"

Chris came back with the drug dealer.

Everybody started booing him.

He stared at Aaron, I walked in front of Aaron and he looked at me.

The police were receiving some calls.

Aaron gave his statement.

He was going to the park after school where he met his friends and skate boarded with, and these guys came up and pulled guns on them and wanted their clothes and stuff. He was giving them his stuff and the other two boys said no. When they said, "No" they shot them and I started running.

Sarah said, "We were running from the police and I saw naked Aaron."

The police officer looking at me said to Sarah, why were you running from the police?

Sarah said so she and Auntie would not have to go to court after we get back from vacation. Is that right?"

Yawning, she got into the front seat and got a towel and put it on the seat and went to sleep.

I wanted to choke her.

The police officer said, "Is that right ma'am. You are fleeing a warrant for your arrest?"

I said no.

Police officer said what then?

I said her auntie and I are going to court and she has to serve me like them, pointing to the sheriff that passed by us.

I said we have to face her in court.

Police officer said, "Isn't that what she said?"

I said no. That is not what she said.

Mark walked over and handed me my guns. He walked away.

Police officer looked and said, "Where are you going?"

The other police officers were listening.

I said I fought against a sex trafficking ring in this city. That is one of the main questions their snitch would ask I am not telling you anything."

The chief officer walked over and said you are free to leave. I got in the car, after midnight and drove over six hours to our log cabin in Kentucky.

It was a modern log cabin.

It was my hiding place when we had to get out of town.

No one knew of the place, but Mark and Chris.

They had to get out of town until the police caught the mobsters' leak in the police department.

I was glad the children were sleep so they could not remember how to get there.

I pulled the car around to the back, and stopped the car in front of the back steps.

I got one of the guns and the keys to the cabin and a flashlight and went to the backdoor.

It was day break. I still did not want any light.

After I had checked out the cabin, I went and woke the children and brought them in. We stayed at the cabin until dark.

I cleaned up.

The nearest neighbors were a mile on both sides and I could see their places well.

I drove without car lights.

Feeling my way to the main street.

I drove the four hours to Tennessee to my condo.

I parked the car and went out the front with our suitcases to the waiting taxi that drove us to the airport.

We had enough time to make the plane.

We landed in Jerusalem.

The kids slept all the way.

We stayed in Jerusalem for a week.

We went to the Dead Sea.

We continued to Egypt and saw the pyramids, had a river cruise down the Nile River.

We went to Petra, Macedonia and Turkey.

The trip changed the children and me.

We had a non-stop to Chicago.

We got a taxi to the house.

The children had been taught not to ask me any questions around strangers.

I was so regretful I brought them into a life of running and hiding. I thought about the places we just visited how those people had to run and hide.

I thought, Not with Jesus."

I thought about them going to Joyce.

But Joyce could not provide anything but monetary value.

Sarah, who had her back to me sleeping, said, "We don't want to go to Auntie Joyce."

I looked over at the sleeping Sarah.

We pulled our luggage up to the front door, cutting off the alarms and checking the entire house.

Then Sarah ran to the mail box and got the mail.

Aaron pulled the trash can back to the house.

We went in and bathe and showered and slept until we heard a bold knock on the door.

I looked out of the window and it was the sheriff.

I walked out of room when I looked up Aaron and Sarah were standing at the stairwell.

I said, "It's okay. Go back to bed."

I opened the door and said, yes.

They asked my name.

I told them to give me the papers and leave.

The mayor was coming in and stood and spoke.

The sheriff turned and saw the mayor and his wife. They spoke and left.

The mayor said, "Ms. Tyler, can I have a word?"

I shook my head for yes.

His wife followed. He looked at her.

He and his wife came over.

I had sweats on.

The children had on their pajamas.

I held the door, and immediately locked it.

I pointed to the conversation room.

They sat.

I stood.

The mayor said, "Let me give you a breakdown of what happened while you were away in the Holy Land and not Italy.

The congressman found out his aide was setting him up to be blackmailed. He was arrested.

The two sex traffickers that were hospitalized died. The two that were arrested got into fights with the inmates and were killed.

The drug dealers that killed those boys and robbed your son."

Mrs. Mayor said, "Cousin, dear."

Mr. Mayor said, "I know what I said dear. Seven of them were killed by the boy's father, and he is out on bail and they

had a double funeral service for the boys and buried them with their skate boards. I attended the service. It was quite sad. The other two, the one you threw off the overpass. . ."

"I forgot that one."

Mr. Mayor - "That's what I told the district attorney. You were under duress.

Your son . . ."

He looked at his wife.

"Was naked and chased by armed murders. He said he will wait until you get back from Italy."

He looked at me and I did not blink.

The one drug dealer that was arrested is in jail and will be tried for first degree and capital murder. He won't ever get out. I hope he gets the death penalty.

I put police mini precincts in all those neighborhoods. We went in the back of those neighborhoods and put up surveillance and if anyone tampers with them, they are immediately arrested. I talked with the Department of Child Welfare and they have agreed to put a mini office in each neighborhood only if their employees had police protection. What else, oh the weapons in the trunk of the car are being traced to a particular arms dealer."

I blinked.



The mayor and his wife saw me blink.

The mayor said, "I had so many police officers to volunteer to be stationed in those neighborhoods. Because they are beginning to move into the better neighborhoods as evidence of them hanging out and attacking your son."

He looked at Mrs. Mayor.

Mr. Mayor said, Thank you. If you don't do anything more, the city thanks you and your children.

Sarah had a black board she was writing each police bust on.

Aaron said, "What are you doing and where did you get that from?"

Sarah - "Uncle Chris gave it to me and said when God and Jesus beat the bad people in those neighborhoods to write it down."

The mayor and his wife were walking out and saw the kids sitting on the stairwell, and said, "Good night kids. You'll have to tell me about your trip."

Sarah said pointing, "Aaron and Sarah."

The mayor bowed, "I am sorry. Good night Aaron and Sarah."

Aaron - "Apology accepted. Mom and we get pizza?"

The mayor laughs and his wife was quiet.

The mayor's wife was on the porch and the mayor winked and nodded about the hearing papers.

7-15-2019

I said "Aaron, it's too late for pizza; we'll get some tomorrow."

Aaron - "For breakfast?"

The mayor stopped and said pointing at the door, "Bullet proof."

I said Good night Mr. Mayor.

I had the school to buy me the townhouse and I put all the specs in after the arrest and death of the coven; so no one would know.

I sat and read Auntie Joyce's request for a hearing. I began to write down my argument for each.

Aaron walked in and said, "Can I see?"

I thought they have gone through so much.

I handed it to him.

He said, "We can't go because aren't we going to the admiral's service?"

I looked over and said, "You're right. Good boy. I didn't see that."

\*\*\*\*\*

The mayor was lying in his bed reading.  
He was looking around his bedroom.  
He mumbled the word walls.  
His wife said what are you talking about?  
He said, "Can you hear anything over there?"  
She said, "No, not even a pin drop," flipping through a  
magazine.  
The mayor got up and started tapping on each wall.  
His wife looked at him.  
The mayor runs out of his bedroom and starts drilling.  
The mayor's wife jumps up out of the bed and tried taking  
the drill out of her husband's hand.  
He would not let go and then the drill hit something. He said  
bullet proof. He threw his hands up in victory and said, "I  
rest my case!"

\*\*\*\*\*

Sarah walked to the hall computer.  
I said "Baby, it's late and you will be in cheerleading camp all  
day."  
Aaron was walking and stopped at the computer.  
Baby girl said raising her hands up in a questioning manner,  
"Mom, I want to look good for daddy's ceremony. Can I get  
a new dress?"

Aaron - "Yes, mom, can I get some new shoes?"

Pulling the chair from Sarah to get up so he can sit down and shop.

I heard the children call me mom and the admiral daddy. I couldn't register it.

I went and got on my computer and deleted all hundred of my e-mails and paid all of the utilities and paid all of Janice's utilities. There was an e-mail from Joyce.

Joyce - "I am aware you were not served before you jetted off for your Italian vacation. You will be served the moment you step back on U.S. soil. And as you say, we will fight it out in court. Looking forward to the fight."

I just looked at the e-mail.

The children were at the door for me to pull up and order them the items.

Aaron said, "What's wrong?"

Sarah - "Yeah."

I said, "Just a strange e-mail from Auntie Joyce."

Aaron - "Can we read it?"

Sarah - "Yeah, can we read it?"

I got up and said, "Sure. Don't delete it."

I got my card and went to the hall computer. "Aaron?"

Aaron - "I knew that was going to happen."

Aaron - "Coming mother."

I said, "Aaron I am not going to buy you or anyone a two hundred and fifty dollar pair of sneakers. No discussion."

Sarah sitting on the bed and reading all my e-mail said, "My dress doesn't cost nearly that much."

Aaron clicked on another shoe that was high. It was one hundred and fifty dollars.

I looked at him.

I ordered the shoes and expedited them, to have them before we left to go to Maryland.

I ordered Sarah's outfit and was to pick it up from the store the next day.

I walked back to my bedroom.

I said Sarah we have to take those braids out this week and get your hair done. Mine's too."

Aaron going upstairs said, "I want braids."

I said, "I have to unpack our bags and re-pack a smaller suitcase."

Sarah's mouth flew open, "Is this ours?"

I pulled my computer from her and said, yes.

She jumps up and runs down the hallway, and said, "Aaron, we got a new car! We got a new car!!"

Aaron runs down the backstairs to my bedroom and said,  
"Let me see."

Aaron holding his head with his hands in complete surprise.

Aaron said, "When do we get it?"

I said tomorrow.

Aaron - "Wait a minute, how do we get my car from  
Tennessee?"

I said Aaron that is not your car. I left the car there so  
whenever I go or we go, transportation would be there.

Sarah asked "How many houses do we have?"

I said three. "This house, because I sued the university and  
they paid for it.

The log cabin in Kentucky. I bought it while it was in  
foreclosure.

The condo in Tennessee, I bought it from the Home Owner's  
Association."

Aaron - "What about daddy's farm in Maryland?"

Sarah - "yeah.

I said what are you talking about?

That is the admiral's place; it has nothing to do with me,  
putting my left hand over my chest.

Sarah - "Admiral said he had a dream you were his wife."

I said Sarah!

Sarah - "Didn't he say that Aaron?"

Aaron - "Yes. Are we rich?"

I said no.

Aaron said, "Did our mom and grand mom leave us anything?"

I said Aaron look over in my desk drawer and get the set of keys with the blue key and unlock my big drawer and bring me the blue folder.

Sarah - "She has keys for everything. Aaron do you see the key for the snacks?"

I said Sarah!

Sarah bunched up her shoulders and said, "A girl gotta know."

Aaron bring the folder to me. He got on his knees and I opened it and showed them the burial policy for his mom and grand mom.

I said, "Do you see how much their burial costs? Do you see what was left \$823.32? I divided that between you two and put it in the bank.

Aaron said, "So we are poor."

Sarah said yeah.

The computer beeped.

I said Sarah, what does the message say?

"I will file an extension tomorrow."

I said, "Say okay and send."

I sent an e-mail to my attorney to request an extension because we won't be here Friday. We will be in Annapolis.

Guy's money does not make who you are.

God and Jesus make who you are here.

I handed Aaron and Sarah bank books.

They opened the books and saw their names.

Aaron said, "What is this?"

Sarah, "Yeah, what?"

I pointed to the balance \$25,000.00.

Aaron fell off the bed.

Sarah - "What?"

I said, "I put enough money in these accounts so each of you can have some money. At the end of this year, I will put an additional \$25,000.00 for each of you. It is not a bribe to stay with me and not go to Auntie Joyce. I love you so much. I wanted you to have an inheritance. Something you can't depend on. Not depending on any one and not letting anyone get with you to eat out what you have. I kept this a secret because I did not want anyone to kidnap you and try to get your money.



Sarah - "Is that why Auntie Joyce wants to get this money?"

I said, "Auntie Joyce has so much money that it will last her a hundred lifetimes. I do not know why Auntie Joyce is determined to get guardianship of you."

"Aaron put this stuff back in the color folders and lock the drawer and put those keys back; don't forget about the bank accounts and never tell anyone about them."

Sarah laying on my bed with one knee up and yawning and her hands over her head stretching, said, "Not a word."

She turned over and went to sleep.

I was thinking, now I have to move her butt.

Aaron put up everything and walking back he sat on the bed and said, "Can we help Janice?"

I said I paid her utilities tonight. What else?

The computer beeped. He looked and said, "Janice."

I said, "What is she saying?"

Aaron - "Are you up?"

Aaron, "Tell her I'll call her in a minute."

Aaron sent a one word message saying "minute."

I said Aaron you have something to say?

Aaron - "Yea. We have a lot. We have three houses. And they are nice houses. I don't know all about condos, because we didn't go there. Can we help Janice?"

I said, " Aaron sometimes people do not want you in their business."

Aaron said, "Did you see her shoes at the graduation?"

I said no. I was not looking at her shoes.

Aaron - "They were a mess. And she had some type of black polish to cover up the tape she had on them."

I called Janice.

Aaron - "Can we have pizza?"

I said, "Boy, I told you no pizza."

Janice said hello.

I said hello buddy. How are you? How are things on the farm?

Janice - "I hate it. I am stuck in time."

I said, "Well leave."

Janice getting off her bed and biting her lips said, "Well, I can't."

I said "Why you can't?"

Janice - "Well I had the money from the refund in the bank and I had a number of checks that bounced and all the money was eaten up. And I don't have gas money to leave."

I said, "Janice, I thought we were friends. You were with me through all of that I have been through. I paid all of your utilities tonight because I had your address."

Janice - "That's why I can talk. How did you know to pay my utilities?"

I said Janice I did not know! I was paying my bills and thought about you. I will be leaving Thursday going to the admiral's ceremony Friday and I was trying to get stuff paid because and Chris and Joanna are getting married in nearly two weeks.

Janice stomping said, "Yeah. I want to be there."

I said Janice, "I'll put some money in your account so you can drive back and we can work on your finances. Oh, your bank account is messed up?"

Aaron - "You can wire her the money."

I said, "Janice, how far are you from a wire transfer?"

Janice said the next town.

I said when does it open?

Janice did not say anything.

I said hello, hello.

Janice said I don't know how to tell you.

I said Janice tell me everything now. If you don't, we can never be friends ever.

Janice - "That's shy I didn't want you to know." She began crying.

I started counting, "Ten, nine, eight."

Janice said, "My house is in foreclosure. My car is in repossession. My car insurance is cancelled and my driving license has been suspended because of all the parking tickets."

I said, "Janice, every problem you name is fixable. Go to my favorite stores and order yourself several outfits . . ."

Aaron said, "And shoes."

I said and shoes.

Janice said, "Can I order underwear? I pretty much don't have any. People thought I was trying to be sexy by not wearing any."

I said, "Send me your account numbers for all of these transactions and send me the store information."

I looked at my clock and said, "It's nearly midnight. I need to pay all of this stuff by midnight. Come on Janice."

Aaron is on his knees at the foot of her bed.

"Beep."

I said okay, this is her tickets. What?

Aaron jumped up and said, "How much?"

I showed him the computer.

Aaron - "Whoa! Whose account is that coming out of?"

I said be quiet.

I got the confirmation and sent it to her. I ordered the clothes and arranged for the order to be sent the next day. I paid her insurance.

I told Aaron to look up the hotel for the weekend and called for two bedrooms.

I made those reservations.

I paid for her house

I paid all the bills she had and we got the cancellation of the arrest warrants against her for bad checks.

The university terminated her contract because of the warrants.

I paid off her car.

I e-mailed a cake order for Thursday.

I e-mailed my insurance carrier.

I went on-line and bought Janice an airplane ticket back to Chicago for Tuesday.

I spend nearly a hundred thousand dollars to help my friend.

Aaron was asleep at the foot of the bed.

I got up and walked through the house and double checked all the doors.

I thought I saw someone.

I said, "I am not that Joyce. All that praying Janice does every day. How come she is in such a financial mess and

would not tell me. And can you please help the children?"

"Beep."

I ran to the computer.

Janice - "THANKS!!!"

I sent back, "You are loved."

I pulled Aaron from the foot of the bed to put him in the bed.

He twisted back to the foot of the bed.

I left him there.

I slept lying across the bed.

I woke up and sent Chris an e-mail and said, "Where are you honey mooning? My log home is available if you are in Paris France.

"Beep."

He sent an e-mail, "Paris France?"

I sent an e-mail, "You have a travel agent?"

Chris - "You."

I sent "Okay. What are the dates?"

Chris - "June 22 = June 29."

I sent, "Will do tomorrow."

Chris - "Love you."

I sent "Ditto."

7-15-2019 (1)

We left Thursday and drove from seven pm to seven am; stopping only twice in my new car.

We arrived at the hotel and checked into the hotel.

We had connecting rooms with Janice. I told Janice, we would only use the connecting door for safety reasons. She understood.

The ceremony was at seven am which gave us a nap time of two and one half hours.

We all rushed for those two and one half hour naps.

We called the admiral the moment we checked in. He was thrilled we made it. I told him we had new looks and hope we do not embarrass him too much. We walk all the way there.

Janice and Aaron were exchanging seats every few hours.

Sarah was leaned back and slept all the way, and slept for the two and 1/2 hours.

She was the first one that jumped up and went and used the bathroom.

After her shower, then Aaron. I was last and a bit slower.

We bought the cake and flowers inside and grabbed them as we were leaving. Janice came through the connecting

doors. She looked very nice. Sarah hugged her and said,  
"You look like a princess! And so do I."

I smiled.

I had a very long and hard talk with Janice on Tuesday before we walked to get the children from the train station. I told her I believed she was praying God and Jesus for me and my family and for me to grow. She was there. She was telling me she was a friend and not someone who wanted to latch on because of benefits. She said her student loans interest had gone up which nearly doubled her monthly payments.

I told her that's the case with both Chris and Joanna.

I said I wish they could let go of those second jobs now because if they don't, then they will depend on them for income in their budget.

I asked Janice what she was going to do about income, because she is an excellent teacher.

She said she did not know.

She was looking through the home improvement magazines Aaron had brought for her.

I thought I have not received a text from my attorney. I guess Joyce is sitting up in court; which is what I wanted.



Janice said, "You know I haven't bought new clothes in at least three years."

I said, "Janice, what do you and Chris be talking about?"

She slowed her walk.

I slowed, then I knew it was about money.

I said, "You better tell me the truth, or a friendship is over."

Janice, "You have done so much for me."

I rolled my eyes at her.

She turned her head.

Janice - "Fifty three hundred."

I said, "Why are you constantly lying? I do not understand your relationship to God and Jesus. Chris needs his money. He is getting married next week."

Janice began to cry. I said, "Shut up. I talked to you Monday and paid off your debt and you made a decision to not withhold that financial truth. People fall out about money. And, how long have you owed Chris?"

Janice - "Two years."

I said Jesus!

The children were at the hotel door. They knew not to go outside.

Aaron holding the cake said, "What are you'll fussing about? Everybody is looking."

I said, "Get the door."

I got in on the driver's side. And

Janice stood there and said, "I thought I was driving?"

I looked at her.

She sat in the back with Sara.

Aaron sat in the front seat with the admiral's cake.

The car was quiet.

I said, "Janice, call Chris."

Janice - "Why?"

I said, "Janice, don't play with me. You know why."

I picked up my phone and dialed Chris.

Chris said hello.

I said, "Are you busy?"

Chris, "Getting ready for a team meeting."

I said, "How much time do I have...?"

Chris - "One minute."

I said, "Janice told me, rather I forced her to tell me how much money she owes you. Do you want me to wire it to you, put it your bank or give it to you when I get back Sunday?"

Chris, "Put it in my bank account.

Account number 173600001."

I said bye.

Chris - "Thank you. I really, really need it. Tell Janice thanks too. Can you add a little bit more?" As he looked at another cop.

I said "Yeah."

I said to Janice "Chris said thanks."

Janice with tears said, "He's welcome."

I drove to the bank which was thirty minutes from the base.

Janice said, "Why did you stop here? We're going to be late."

I said "Chris needs his money now!"

Janice turning her head out of the window said, "I told you."

I said as at a scream, "I am not talking to you."

Janice, "Who are you talking to if not me?"

I said Janice, "I am not talking to you. I am talking to God about how much money to put in Chris' account. You are not God. If you were you would not be deceitful."

I got out of the car and went into the bank, which was Chris' bank.

I saw \$7,000.00 and Janice \$500.00>"

I sighed because I was through with that lying deceitful twit.

I saw an image of Jesus.

I said, "I can't talk to you. I can't complain about that air head. I am entitled to my personal opinion."

I saw Him open his hands and show the scars.

I said, "Oh Jesus," and went to the counter and deposited Chris' money.

I looked at my watch and very sarcastically said, "Can you get us to the admiral ceremony in fifteen minutes."

I reached the car handle it struck me. I began to cry and said, "Forgive me."

Then I saw "Janice" in a vision.

Janice and the children were looking at me.

I heard, "If I forgive you, why can't you forgive me Janice?"

I sat in the car and was quiet.

Nobody moved, not even bossy Sarah.

I went in my purse and got the five new one hundred dollar bills.

I got out of the car and opened the car door and reached Janice the money.

I said, "This is so you can have money in your pocket. I forgive you. I ask you to forgive me because I had money and could only think about Aaron and Sarah and them being comfortable and not ever going without because they have no one but me.

I saw the scripture, "But who so ever hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels

of compassion from him, how wellethe the love of God in him?"

Janice got out of the car and said, " 1 John 3:17."

And we hugged and cried until a familiar voice said, "Can we get a ride?"

We turned with tear stained faces, and the mayor and his wife were standing there.

They said we were in the taxi from the airport and the taxi broke down. If you had not gotten out of the car and stood here for a few minutes, we would not have seen you, and missed my best friend's ceremony."

Mrs. Mayor cleared her throat.

The mayor said, "You got things worked out?"

He pulled off his coat and got in the driver's seat and his wife got in the passenger seat with Aaron and put the cake in her lap.

We stood and looked at the bossy couple.

The mayor said, "Get in! I have been waiting to take one of these for a spin. Haven't I honey?"

Mrs. Mayor settling into her seat said, "Yes!" Grinning.

I walked behind the car and saw they had left their overnight case.

I picked it up and said, "Yours?"

Mr. Mayor said, "Yes, put it in the trunk."

As he was looking for the trunk button.

I put the case in the trunk and got in the car.

He was driving fast with one hand and was searching his jacket pocket with the next.

The mayor was not breaking until he was on the car in front of him.

We all were breaking.

Sarah couldn't take anymore. She said, "I see me and Aaron going through the wind shield!"

She held her head down, closed her eyes and put her head on her knees.

I patted her back.

I said, Mrs. Mayor?"

That heifer said, "Yes dear," like nothing was wrong.

I said tell your husband to slow down!

Sarah said, "I'm going to die, and begin crying."

The mayor said, "Girl get out of this car."

The mayor got out of the car like a superstar with his sunglasses on and putting on his coat blowing in the wind.

A sick Janice got out of the car holding onto the car.

Followed by a sobbing Sarah.

I got out of the car.

The admiral was standing.

He said, "Ne car? You should never let Ray drive unless you are on a lonely dirt road."

Sarah ran to him crying.

The admiral patted her.

The mayor moved Sarah and said, "Move out of the way with all that crying. Nothing was going to happen to you." As he hugged the admiral.

The mayor's wife got out, then Aaron with the cake.

Aaron whispered, "Get the keys!"

The admiral greeted us.

Aaron said, "Hello, where is the bathroom?"

Janice said, "Yes. Come on Sarah, you look too cute to have a tear stained face."

Admiral holding onto Mrs. Mayor by the waist.

I was looking the way my family was walking.

I reached my hands for the keys, the major pulled them back.

I slowly looked at him.

My phone rang.

They all looked.

I said hello, "Contempt of court. I thought you submitted he request for a postponement?"

The mayor's wife smiled. The admiral and mayor saw her.

"Well what happened, if you got everything stamped by the clerk and even by the judge's secretary, how then could he say he didn't get it?"

Aaron had walked back and heard part of the conversation and said, "Auntie Joyce."

He took the cake out of my hand while I held on, and reached for the keys form the mayor.

The mayor unlocked the passenger door, and jerked the keys back.

The mayor began to laugh.

The admiral said, "You have to be quicker than that."

Both laughed.

Janice and Sarah were coming back.

I walked away.

Janice looked at Mrs. Mayor's face and said, "What's going on?"

Aaron said, "The judge said something and she's mad."

Janice, with Sarah standing in front of her and having her hands on Sarah, said, "Mrs. Mayor, what is delightful?"

The admiral and the mayor looked at each other.



The admiral looked at his peers and jumped and looked at his watch and said, "I got to go."

The mayor said, "You know why there was delay?"

The admiral was walking.

Aaron ran to the admiral and said something.

The admiral patted him on his shoulders.

Aaron turned and sulked and leaned on the car.

The mayor laughed and said, "It didn't work, huh?"

I motioned for them to go on in before the service started and save me a seat.

I held the phone while I walked to the auditorium.

The attorney was filing a motion to look at the surveillance cameras.

I hung up the phone and walked and sat with my family.

The mayor and his wife sat down front.

The mayor said, "You have room for my people?"

The usher said "Yes."

The mayor beckoned for us.

We did not move.

The admiral was watching.

Aaron got up and went and sat by the mayor and the mayor moved the car keys to his inside coat pocket.

The admiral was watching everything.

The service was lovely and long. It was two and a half hours on the dot. We waited for the admiral and took a lot of pictures.

Aaron, patting his own chest said, "I made reservations at Seafood Place."

They all clapped.

Admiral said, "I really like that place."

Aaron - "But the reservation is not until five pm."

Mayor said . . .

My phone rang and I walked away followed by Aaron and Sarah.

The admiral said, "Ruining my special day."

Janice looked at him, then Mrs. Mayor.

The mayor looked at Janice.

Attorney - "I showed the video, and made me a copy, where your name was on the request. And since he said he did not get the request, I asked verbally for an extension of thirty days. He said no.

I told him I was asking for a special hearing tomorrow at ten am."

I said to the attorney, "I can't get back by ten in the morning."

The attorney said, "You don't have to, I'm calling his bluff.

It's a classic golf tournament he always plays in and if he

misses any section of it, he is disqualified. He's not going to miss this classic. He has not missed one in ten years."

I said, "Suppose you are wrong. I want that contempt order to be set aside and a postponement for thirty days. Does he have to be at the hearing?"

Attorney - "I didn't think so."

I turned around and the children were standing right behind me.

Sarah - "What did he say?"

I brushed her hair back.

Janice walked over.

Aaron, "Well, what she said."

Sarah - "She has a name and it is Sarah."

I said, "Well the judge swears he did not receive y written request for an extension; nor did he accept the oral request."

Janice - "They do that all the time."

Sarah said - "They don't like her."

Janice did not reply.

Aaron said, "If they don't like her, they truly don't like us. I think we should move the court room."

Sarah - "Auntie Joyce acts like she knows she's gonna win."

I said - "Something is said in those guardianship papers."

Aaron - "I'm sorry for calling her."

Sarah - "Yeah, it's all your fault."

I said, "Don't fuss. Janice and I let go our disagreement and Jesus blessed us."

As we walked back to them, so many people were congratulating the admiral.

The phone rang; it was Chris.

I said hello.

Chris said, "Hi, thank you. I got it just in time to pay some co-workers to keep them from reporting me to the supervisor. You have no idea what's it been like without money." As he walked through the store.

"I got my honeymoon package today. Think of the chaos if I would have gone to Paris on my honeymoon and owing them money. That is a second load off my shoulders.

I have just enough to pay my utilities, buy underwear, work boots, get a haircut and I'm gonna surprise Joanna with a suit or tuxedo. I got to go. Bye."

Everyone yelled bye.

He heard them.

I said, let's go and eat.

The admiral said, "Luci, do you have anything to do with this?"

Mrs. Mayor looked at the admiral.

The mayor said, "Who's driving?"

He tossed the keys and Aaron and Janice both reached for the keys and it was a trick.

He grabbed the keys.

The admiral laughed.

The mayor said "too slow."

The admiral said to the mayor and his wife, "You two can ride with me."

The mayor said, "Come on, and walked to the car, pulled off his suit coat and rolled down the car windows. And said, come on and get in."

Everyone looked at the mayor but his wife is who went and jumped in.

The mayor didn't look at her, but pointed and said, "You get in the back."

She got in the back seat.

The admiral said, "I guess that means you are to take my car."

He pointed.

We looked towards the direction.

We looked back at him.

He ran and got in the car with the mayor.

Aaron - "Can we call the police?"

The next scene shows Janice driving and I am looking straight ahead with my hair being blown by the hot air coming into the window.

I looked at the children.

Sarah was confused and looking straight ahead.

Aaron had his elbow out the car window and was quiet, staring out at the scenery.

They stopped in front of the fancy seafood eatery.

Janice backed the car in.

Sarah stood up to get down.

Janice looked at her, wondering what she was going.

Aaron did not care; he was still traumatized and looking outward.

I walked back to the truck.

I looked at Aaron and patted him on his arm to get his attention, while that bossy Sarah was standing up in the truck.

She did not know how to get out of the truck.

They were sitting on my jacket.

I let the tail of the truck down and told Sarah to come to me.

I said, "Hold on to my neck and I'll get you by your wrist."

I got her out of the truck.

She wouldn't let go.

I looked at her.

Sarah said, "Carry me."

I put her on the ground.

I said, "Come on Aaron."

Janice looked at him.

He stood up in the truck and held out his hands to hold me by my neck to get him out.

I was reaching for my jacket and Janice said, "Boy, what are you doing; sit down and step out."

He looked at me.

I put on my jacket, and straightened out Sarah's and my clothing.

Janice was hand pressing her hair and her outfit.

The family that was parked next to us was trying to get in their car. They were so bewildered by the fiasco of us trying to get out of the car.

Sarah stuck her tongue out at the girls that were getting in the pickup truck.

Aaron said, "People were acting like it was normal for kids to ride in the back of trucks. It didn't bother anybody. They did not look or stare. I am ready to go.

Sarah said where?

Aaron yelled at her, "Home!"

The man pulling out from next to us said, "Don't be yelling at her because you don't know how to get outta a truck."

They all laughed.

I held Aaron's arm.

I said, "Don't say anything."

Aaron was confused from his first ride in the back of a pickup truck.

Aaron - "I don't know what he said."

We giggled and walked to the restaurant and I told Aaron to tell them we were early for our five pm reservation.

We sat and sipped lemonade until I could not take anymore.

Janice was seated and sipping lemonade and enjoying herself. Sarah and Aaron were still in what I called "Country shock."

I told the waitress I was too hungry to wait anymore.

We had waited forty-five minutes.

She said, "You won't be able to be seated together."

Aaron aid, "That's fine. I don't want to sit with them."

I said, "Aaron?"

Aaron - "Yes. I said it."

He turned to the waitress and said, "Just bring me the check.

Better yet, give it to her," pointing to Sarah.



Sarah snapped out of her "Country shock" and said, "Who - check?"

Aaron said, "I gave you the money to keep."

Sarah said, "I thought you said I'm giving you money to take."

I said "Sarah, keep and take don't sound alike. You give him his money back. I mean it."

Sarah said, "Is that our car?"

The mayor had the music booming as he did his monster lean into the parking space next to the admiral's truck.

I said, "Listen. I am not upset about them or him driving the car. This man has helped us so much. I do not want to be angry and a "thing. You hear me missy. Let them have their joy ride."

Sarah said yes ma'am.

The waitress was standing.

Time the three got out of the car and up to the eatery, Aaron said, "This is my treat. Get what you want."

Sarah grabbed the admiral's hand.

I'm watching her to figure out what she was up to.

The waitress held the door for us.

Aaron held the door.

I was surprised. Aaron usually knocks everyone down to get inside because of all the attacks.

People stood and saluted when the admiral entered.

We ordered the giant seafood feast.

We could hardly eat the feast.

Mr. Mayor and his wife were catching the midnight flight and the admiral was to take them.

I walked to the car and got the cake and returned. I gave it to the waitress. Sarah gave the admiral his flowers at the base. He kissed her forehead and said you have given me my flowers."

I thought that was strange.

They served him the cake.

Many Naval personnel were there.

He stood and spoke with such dignity.

It brought tears to our eyes.

He ended it by saying, "To God, to country, to best friends and new friends."

We were crying.

The evening going into night was nice.

The mayor and his wife were somber, but very pleasant.

I looked at them.

Janice was watching them.

The admiral was being very sociable with the neighboring tables.

The mayor surrendered the keys to my car.

We all hugged.

I said, "I will be back Sunday night."

And looked at Mrs. Mayor.

I said, "Aaron planned this weekend. Admiral, you are invited. We are going to the Crab Fest tomorrow, after we check out. Then we will travel to Indiana for the Rib Fest."

The admiral said, "Boy, you better slow down you don't want to gain any weight."

We all laughed.

I thought I saw something behind the admiral. I could not figure if I saw anything or not.

Janice - "We were talking and maybe we will come here for the Fourth since you are retired. We can eat everything; cooking you know.

I looked again and thought I saw something.

Mr. Mayor and Mrs. Mayor followed my looking and seeing nothing, turned back around and looked at me.

The admiral said, "I may not be here."

Mrs. Mayor nearly cried, but tried to be sociable.

I saw something again and I twisted my head. Mrs. Mayor looked at me. I said, "God, I have not been praying to you and Jesus. You know what that thing is and if it is not from you, then I beseech you to destroy it."

We left the admiral, Mr. and Mrs. Mayor at the restaurant.

The kids were eating more seafood.

Janice was eating with them and looking at television.

I was laying over the bed praying asking God what it was I saw and to please help in Jesus' name.

I said, "Ya'll let us pray for the admiral."

Sarah said, "Okay. He did look sad."

Janice looked at me.

We called the admiral around ten am to see if he wanted to meet us for breakfast.

No answer.

The admiral was sitting and listening to the message. We left a message where all of us said, "Good morning Mr.

Admiral. Have a nice day."

We checked out of the hotel and drive three hours towards home and stopped at the Crab Festival. We spent the night at a very nice hotel, three hours away from the festival.

The next morning we checked out the hotel, gassed up the car and snacked up and drove to the Rib Festival.

We stayed there all day.

Janice drove to Chicago and stayed with us because she had not car to get home and she knew I was not taking her home.

When we walked in the door, I told the kids to call the admiral to let him know we made it home, late; looking at Janice slow driving.

He told us to be sure to call him once we got home.

The kids called his phone and no answer.

I was sick and holding my stomach and couldn't breathe.

I forced myself to the phone and Aaron was looking at me.

We all yelled, "Good night. We love you. We are at home."

I yelled, "Admiral, Jesus loves you!"

The message cuts off.

The admiral sitting looking at the phone.

The scene expands and shows he is sitting at the kitchen table and has the bible in front of him.

The sound of an ambulance is heard approaching.

The scene expands some more.

The admiral is sitting, for two days, with a double barrel gun to his neck.

He was waiting for them to get home.

The shot gun goes off as the paramedics enter.

7-15-2019 (2)

The scene shows the back of the admiral with a white linen shirt, walking into a cloud that shows the figure of a woman and five small figures.

The camera comes down to the admiral's funeral service.

It shows the admiral in the casket with his uniform on and full medals.

His service was held on the Naval Base in the same auditorium he retired from less than a week earlier.

People came from all over the world to say good bye to their friend.

I hired a private jet to take us and bring us back because Chris's wedding was the next day.

We all had to order clothes to wear, because I refused to have black clothes in my wardrobe.

Once we got home Sunday night and called the admiral, we all were tired and unpacked so we could meet with Chris and Joanna to pull together a very simple wedding.

I told Chris, I would help with his tax returns.

Joanna and Chris said they wanted everything simple and not fancy.

Chris said he rented a tux and he borrowed Aaron's large suitcase and he has already packed. He said he had all his other information in a briefcase.

He told Joanna what she needed to pack.

Joanna said she was already packed and ready to go where ever Chris takes her.

We all had unpacked and showered.

I had on my sweats in case I was arrested.

I put all the information in a folder and had it on the table in the study.

I went into the kids' rooms, thinking they were sleep, to get their clothes ready for a busy week.

I went to Sarah's room and pulled out her two pink dresses and hung them up and took out her pink tights and pink shoes.

Sarah said, "Is that too much pink?"

I said, "No. Go back to sleep."

I pulled another dress out.

Sarah said, "What is that dress for?"

I said "The wedding rehearsal dinner."

I pulled out her accessories for each outfit.

I said, Sarah, we have to make you a headband for the wedding.

Sarah said pointing at the long sleeve pink dress, "I like that one."

I said, "We are going to let Joanna decide."

Someone started to bang and knock on the front door.

Sarah sitting up in the bed, twisted and said, "Let's hide, it is the police for you."

I said, "Baby, stay in bed."

I began to walk down the stairs and called to Janice.

I said, "Janice."

She was already putting on her clothes.

I looked at the security camera, but I did not see police cars.

Aaron came to the steps and Sarah followed him.

I walked to the door and opened it.

The mayor was on my porch boo hooing, crying leaning over my rail throwing up.

I looked at his bodyguard who was standing on the sidewalk.

I was shocked. I knew something was wrong.

Janice came to the door and walked onto the porch with no shoes.

Janice said, "Get me a wash cloth and a bottle of water.

Go!"



I ran into the house and went to the bathroom and wet the wash cloth and I ran into the kitchen to get and got a bottle of cold water out of the refrigerator and ran back to the door. Janice was escorting the mayor into the house.

They went into the bathroom.

Janice was really good under pressure.

She learned to be calm coming from a farm and all kinds of accidents and injuries and deaths would take place.

I walked out on my porch and peeped over where the mayor was vomiting.

I turned up my nose and thought - bleach. I heard Mrs. Mayor screaming. I turned and went back into the house and looked at the congressman.

Janice led the mayor to the conversation room.

The mayor kept saying; "He's gone. He's gone. He's gone." Chris and the mayor's bodyguard walked in and the kids jumped off the stairwell and ran into the hall and stood in the doorway.

The mayor fell out on the sofa, just crying.

Mayor - "Oh my God. Oh God. He's gone."

The children ran to Chris. Chris held them.

I looked at the children who ran to Chris.

I looked at Janice; she looked at me and said the admiral?"

I went to my knees.

I did not have strength to move. I could not think. I could not hear. I felt my arms going and down I went.

The children were trying to pick me up.

Chris told them to leave me alone.

After about an hour, I heard white noise then fuzzy noise.

I started blinking and the children hugged me.

The children were guiding me. They led me to the sofa.

The three of us laid together on the sofa.

Chris walked into the kitchen and came back and said to Janice, who was standing against the wall with her arms folded.

Chris kissed Janice on the forehead and said, "I love you."

Janice smiled and said, "I love you."

The mayor's bodyguard came and lifted the mayor up.

He carried him by the waist and the mayor had his arm around the bodyguard's neck.

Mrs. Mayor was sedated.

The police came to arrest me for contempt of court.

The mayor's bodyguard said, "No. Go home."

The police officers saw the mayor and the congressman.

They knew something bad had happened.

Janice went to sit on the porch, but sat in vomit and stench.

She came back inside and poured bleach on the porch and railing and the ground.

She came back in and locked the door and went and took another shower and changed clothes.

The police knocked on the door and Aaron went to the door.

The police officer peeped around and said, "Tell her they will be back on Wednesday to arrest her if this is not resolved."

Aaron closed and locked the door and set the alarm.

They all slept on the sofa and Janice slept in the study on the day bed.

They all had a restless night, but Sarah.

Janice slept all night.

The clock alarm went off at seven am.

Sarah got up and then turned around and got on her knees.

Janice got out of bed and got on her knees.

I could not move.

Aaron got up and got on his knees.

Aaron said, "God bless our friend Mr. Admiral! I know he is with you, in Jesus name. Amen."

Sarah said "Amen."

Janice said "Amen."

I said "Help God."

The children went and started getting ready for the grammar enrichment class at the center.

Janice went and made coffee.

She was looking over the folder Chris put on the counter.

I got up and went into the guest bathroom and washed my face and hands and went into the kitchen.

I made the kids eggs, sausage, cinnamon rolls and juice.

I was standing in shock not saying anything.

Janice said, "I know you don't like to be touched, you need to get a move on. I'm shocked too, but the kids don't seem to be shocked.

If his funeral is Saturday, we can't go.

I said Janice!

I patted and hugged the kids and went to shower.

I came back wearing a pair of jeans, a casual blouse and shoes.

Aaron said we can catch the train.

I said, "Are you sure? You will be in school for three hours."

Janice said I want to go home.

I said, "I'm leaving home now Janice, so when I get home, I'll get . . ."

The telephone ring; it is the attorney.

He said, "I got a hearing at the 10:00 AM. I'll let you know how it went."

I said, "I have bad news, Mr. Admiral dies last night. The mayor told me."

The attorney said, "My God, when is his funeral and who is in charge?"

I said, "I don't know anything, but I think the mayor is."

Aaron - "The police came last night to arrest you and would be back on Wednesday."

The attorney said, "No that means they would be back today. Don't answer the door."

I said fine.

Janice said, "What about the kids? If you are not here, they have nobody."

I said Janice, you drive my car. I will work from home until this mess is over.

Janice ran and got her stuff together and left.

I said, "Aaron, please don't get into trouble, you and Sarah. Come straight home. I will order pizza."

I walked the kids to the train station and came back home. I locked the house down.

I went through Sarah's clothes and she had a white dress with navy trim. I pulled out her white tights and navy shoes and accessories.

I took the pink dresses down stairs because Joanne would be coming by after work.

I went into Aaron's room and into his closet and I tore the closet up. He did not have a navy or black suit.

I knew I did not have any black.

I picked up the phone and called Janice. I said, "Janice, do you have any black or anything to wear to the admiral's funeral - if we go?"

She said no. I told her when she goes home, find an outfit and send it to me by four pm for the next day delivery. She said okay.

I sat at the computer and ordered Aaron a black, navy and grey suit with shirts and ties. I ordered me a plain black dress.

I looked at the flights to Annapolis and they were not good.

I call Mr. James and asked him to cater the wedding for one hundred people.

I called the florist and ordered a hundred bouquets and fifty buttoners.

I called the party Supply Rental place and order the fountain and candelabras.

Someone was knocking on my door.

I looked at the security cameras and said," Police."

I stay calm.

I cried all morning over Mr. Admiral.

I called the florist back and inquire about flowers for the admiral's funeral. She said they had to be ordered twenty four hours before the service.

I kept forgetting to order me something pink this afternoon for the wedding.

I looked at my watch and said it the kids should be coming down the street.

The cops can't come in on the kids.

I have not heard from my attorney.

I've found a plain and simple pink dress. I ordered it.

I called Janice and asked if she found something for the admiral's service. She said yes and told me she would wear one of the outfits she wore this weekend.

The children were unlocking the door.

I leaned up.

Aaron quickly locked the door, and set the outside alarm.

The police had waited over four hours.

I said, "You all hungry." I said Aaron order your pizza or burgers for delivery. And use the money in the cookie jar. I don't want the police to ask the delivery person did a woman call in the order.

I said to Janice, are we going through this again? Joanna asked us to be ushers. We have to wear her wedding colors which are pink and yellow. I think you would look good in either color, but not vote is for pink.

Janice - "Is the police still there?"

I said yeap.

Janice - "Do the kids have food?"

I replied, I just told Aaron to order them something to eat. I really need to buy wholesome food.

Janice, this is my attorney. I'll call you later.

I answered hello.

The attorney - "I got it. And I got the arrest warrant rescinded, but still don't move until it is on the record."

I said okay.

Attorney - "Have you heard anymore about the admiral?"

I answered no, but I will keep you posted.

I called Chris and told him I got the postponement and the arrest warrant was rescinded.



He said he and Joanna were on the way.

The pizza was delivered.

Aaron was a big boy.

He went to the door.

Paid the man and tipped him.

Came back in the house and locked the door.

I said, "Ya'll he is growing up."

My stomach was upset.

I keep sipping on water all day.

I was able to order Janice stuff.

I laid on the bed.

When Chris and Joanna came, I got up and greeted them.

Chris said, "The mayor wants you to call him. Here's the phone number. Are you alright?"

I smiled and shook my head for yes, and took the note paper with the mayor's phone number on it.

Chris said "vomit is going to be out for a while."

Joanna was coming out of the kitchen with pizza.

Chris went into the kitchen and got two slices of pizza.

I showed them what I had done.

Chris said you have been busy.

I told them they had to pick out the wedding cake and the groom's cake.

I told them I could not find a photographer.

You need to decide on your wedding song.

I need to reserve a limo for you and a driver for us.

Chris said, "Are you sure?"

Joanna - "About what?"

Chris - "Money."

I said yes. Other things you need to pick out your photo album, champagne glasses, pillow for the rings and cake cutting knife.

Chris and Joanna looked at me.

I said "programs and invitations?"

I said why are you looking at me. These are basis.

I have worked up a budget.

You are having the wedding at your church Joanna. They are charging a hundred dollars for setting up and breaking down...

Joanna, interrupting, "We don't have any money."

I said, "Why did Chris bring this folder over last night? The rehearsal dinner can be at the church Friday night and it can be catered.

Joanna said wait a minute. This is my wedding, not yours and I will make all decisions, not you!

Aaron was standing with the pizza box.

And eating the slice of pizza in his left hand.

Chris looked at me and said, "What is it man?"

Aaron said, pushing the pizza box to Chris, "You want this?"

Chris looked for a minute and said, "Putting it on the counter, I'll decide in a minute looking at Joanna who had folded her arms and staring at me.

I looked at Joanna.

Chris looked at Joanna and looked at me.

Chris said Joanna, "she is paying for our wedding."

Joanna said, "Well why is she talking about a budget?"

Chris said, "You have to have a budget." Clapping his open right hand into his left opened hand. "You have to know what you need to do."

Joanna cutting off Chris, "Why does she have to pay for our wedding?"

Chris holding his head down, "Joanna."

Joanna said, "Joanna what? We are fine. We already had it planned where Pastor Johnson would marry us."

Chris said, "And our reception would be bottled water and individual packs of crackers in front of my family and co-workers Joanna. . ."

Chris shocked said, "Joanna, Joanna. What has gotten into you?"

Aaron and Sarah were standing in the hallway.

Aaron said, "The devil. Get her to Pastor Johnson quick."

Sarah said quickly!

Chris said let's go Joanna.

Joanna - "I'm not finished."

Janice who was on speaker said, "Finish what?"

Joanna said, "That's the other bitch."

Sarah - "Uncle Chris what is a bitch?"

Chris - "Nothing."

Sarah - "Nothing, then why say it?"

Chris - "Sarah, it's a bad word, don't repeat it."

Chris looked at Joanna and said, "Let go!"

Joanna said, "Not until I'm finished."

Chris said, "You cannot be in someone's house and talk to them like that."

Joanna - "Why can't I?"

Chris - "It's against the law and you could go to jail if she calls the police. Then this marriage really would be over."

Joanna - "So she can marry you?"

Janice yelled - "No me. Me! Me!"

Chris looked towards the telephone.

The kids came out of the kitchen. Sarah sat on the floor and crossed her legs.

Aaron sat on the floor.

Chris looked at the children.

I said, "Wait a minute. Ya'll, that include Janice.

We are supposing to be meeting to bring your wedding plans together.

We don't want Chris."

Janice yelled, "Speak for yourself sister!"

I disconnected the phone.

Janice - "Hello. Hello. I know she just didn't.

Joanna - "I told you they want you."

Janice began looking for her shoes.

Chris looked at the phone.

Janice was putting on her shoes in a hurry.

Then I realized Chris was thinking of Janice.

I thought, "Whoa."

Janice - "I'm coming. That's my man."

I said Joanna, you have been on that job and listened to those friends, who don't want you to have nothing and they want you to have water and crackers to look poor and destitute.

I don't want Chris. I have dedicated my life to Jesus.

When I was going through hard times, Jesus brought Chris into my life.

Jesus brought you and Chris together through my being in the hospital.

I do not understand, under Pastor Johnson, you can think the way you think.

Chris has been nothing but a life changing friend.

He helped me, being a racist, get rid of racism out of my being.

I thank God for being so merciful not to allow the devil to steal my walk with Him by hating people.

Chris had no idea that God was using him to deliver me, so I could go on with Jesus and not be stuck in quick sand and die and not receive the life Jesus died for me to live.

The horrible pain that I went through and these children. . ."

Chris looked t the children.

"Chris saved my life, over and over again and these children."

I began to cry.

"You think if he has a need that I could not put my life on the line to help him.

Your wedding is important to introduce you to society because Chris is lined up to receive a blessing from God.

He has been faithful.

If you don't want help, we can no longer be friends."

Joanna - "Is that how you dangle your money over all your friends?"

I said, "Get out and don't return."

Chris grabbed Joanna by the arm and they walked out.

Janice got to her front door and said, "God, I want him but he loves her."

She put her forehead on the door and cried.

Janice said, "God, I don't want not be alone. I want a husband. A godly man, who knows Jesus, and someone to pay these bills; but you sent her to do that. Someone I can cry with, laugh with, share a good run with. Jesus that's the life I want. She began to cry more and slid down the door and sat on the floor and began to lie on the floor. She said I don't believe that's my life" She cried vehemently.

Janice woke on the floor from the pounding on the front door. She sat on the floor as the pounding was jerking her back. She slowly stood up and peeped out the window, she sees Chris leaving.

Janice sobbed.

Chris knew since Janice did not answer her door to let him in, he knew that meant, "No" she would not let him into her heart and life.

Chris thought, "She is a good Christian girl and would not interfere with me and Joanna, but would only want the best, sacrificing her own life and happiness for mines.

She did not realize I wanted her as bad.

Chris pulled out and passed her brand new red car as he drove in rush hour traffic to Chicago to be on time for work.

Chris thought, "I'm going to Paris, even if by myself."

He called Pastor Johnson and sat and had coffee. They talked for a long time. Pastor Johnson got up and went to his job.

Chris was late, but his supervisor thought it was a late night planning session.

Chris had not invited anyone to his wedding.

His supervisor said, "Cold feet?"

Chris did not say anything, but "Sir, I am reporting late."

Chris volunteered to be reassigned to the worst neighborhood.

The mayor signed a bill that day to give all of those officers an additional ten percent increase in salary.



Chris and his supervisor were looking at the breaking press release.

Chris thought how did she know this?

Pastor Johnson had lunch with a very coy Joanna.

Her pastor looked at her and said, I talked with Chris this morning.

Joanna looked at the pastor and very flippedly said, "Oh, he ran to you and told you what happened last night at her house?"

Pastor Johnson - "Yes he did."

Joanna said, "What did you tell him?"

Pastor Johnson - "Not to marry you!"

I see that spirit you have. I did not see it before. But sitting here and talking to you, I see an embolden spirit of lying, deceit, control and nastiness."

Joanna completely shocked, stood up and said, "You are wrong!"

Pastor Johnson looked at her as she walked away.

Pastor Johnson pulled out his cell phone and dialed a number. He talked to his wife, whom he calls the co-pastor of the church. She encouraged Chris and Joanna's relationship.

She was truly stunned and she knew her husband was not a liar.

She hung up and walked back into the federal court house building and put on her judicial robe and entered her court room and sat at her bench. She told the bailiff to call the next case.

Pastor Johnson was looking at his cell phone, as he sat in the lounge on the floor.

Joanna was standing around the corner by the nurse's station dialing on her cell phone.

A nurse walked passed Joanna and ran into two other nurses and said something and they all started trying to see Joanna and started giggling.

Pastor Johnson - "They truly are happy."

Chris picked up his cell phone.

Pastor Johnson - "I told her I told you not to marry her.

Right? I saw a side of her I never thought she had. Right now she's standing on the corner talking to someone on her cell phone and the rest of the nurses are laughing at her."

Chris said thank you.

Chris' supervisor looked at him.

I woke up by the blaring clock alarm.

I had only been asleep a few minutes.  
My mind had been on the admiral all night.  
I could not shut my mind off with scriptures.  
I had no rest.  
My mind went to what day the admiral's funeral service would be.  
I got up and showered.  
I put on some jeans and went into the kitchen.  
The children yelled cereal.  
I put their bowls, milk and cereal on the table and pushed the fruit bowl close to their food.  
I went back into my bedroom and put on my shoes.  
I sat for a moment.  
I walked into the kitchen, when I heard the children, and sat.  
We talked about the admiral.  
They asked me did I know how he died.  
I told them no.  
It was eight am. We had to go. I walked them to the train and watched them get on the train with the other children.  
When I returned from walking the children to the train station, I saw the mayor packing his luxury car.  
His wife was coming down the stairs.  
I walked up to them and said, "Good morning."

Mr. Mayor said good morning.

I said, "Are you going to Annapolis?"

Mr. Mayor said yes. I can't think here.

I am his soul benefactor. I have to arrange the final burial details. He had completed all but a few.

I said, "What do you mean . . .?"

I could hardly talk.

Mr. Mayor - "You did not know but admiral was terminally ill.

We did not know (turning to his wife), until at his ceremony.

That's when . . . he began to cry and his wife patted and rubbed his back.

The mayor said, "I'm going to get more information. I am going to get the facts. The truth of why he died. He said held your children. They did not tell you."

I was so shocked.

I shook my head for no.

Mr. Mayor said, "We better get started. And I want to say to you, I am sorry for this mess with Joyce. I will see what I can do to persuade her to drop all of this."

I made no response.

Mr. Mayor said, "I'll call you with the details. Once the coroner releases his body, his soul is already with God.

I held my head down.

Mr. Mayor said, "I want to drive and think I will stay until Sunday..."

The mayor's bodyguard walked to the driver's side and put his hand on the handle, and looked at the mayor.

The mayor nodded his head for the passenger side and his wife turned and looked at me. I just looked at her.

The mayor had walked to the driver's side and opened the door.

He looked at me.

Hi wife got into the back passenger seat of the vehicle.

The mayor looked at me and got into the car and drove off.

He was dressed casually. Hi wife looked at me until he drove out of sight.

I watched the car until it was out of sight.

The bodyguard who was left at the house said, "You need some help?"

I looked at him and said no.

I returned and went into my house and waved at the congressman who was standing on his front porch preparing for a run.

I turned the water hose on and washed away the mayor's vomit. It smelled so much better.

The congressman ran pass and his security.

The police officer at the mayor's house said, "Ma'am, you need to get in the house."

I dropped the hose and got into the garage and closed the door as they pulled up to the house.

I could not see, but I heard the police banging on the front door.

The police officers asked the mayor's bodyguard, did he see me.

I heard him say she went towards the train station, but I thought all arrest warrants were rescinded.

I heard something strange. One of the police officers said their warranty. I could identify him through the blinds I had parted.