

I don't really know how to do this all I know is this is something I have needed and wanted to do forever. Let me start by introducing myself, my name is Vickie Diane Gilliland Dike. At least that is the name that I am going by at this moment. I am currently on my 3rd marriage. I have 4 children 3 girls and 1 boy. I have 2 granddaughters and 2 stepdaughters. The list of my "adopted children" I believe is endless at this point. I have a story to tell and it is a whopper however every bit of it is true. This is a story of struggle, faith (lost and found), addiction, abuse, and at the very end of it I hope it is also about hope.

I guess you could say that my childhood started off as normal two parents, wonderful doting grandparents, school, friends, and a sister well two really. I was 7 years old when the nightmare started. I was outside playing I was wearing a red sundress, it always reminded me of big red gum. My mom, grandparents, and great grandmother had went strawberry picking that day. They hadn't been gone very long when my dad came outside and called me inside. He picked me up and sat me on his bed which had a thick velvet red comforter on it. He said to me, "Diane it is time you learned the difference between a pussy and a dick". Yes vulgar I know but I told you this was all true. And who was that person you may ask, well it was my very own father. Yes one of the people that was supposed to protect and love me. That is the day my nightmare began.

He laid me down on the bed and pulled my dress up and my panties down and spread my legs apart he touched me as he pulled down his pants and exposed himself to me and began rubbing himself. I began to cry asking him to please stop and he just looked at me and smiled and told me I would be fine I wasn't hurt, just scared. When he finally had his release he released it all over my stomach and rubbed his fingers in it and stuck them in my mouth and told me I should get used to that taste because I would be tasting it a lot in my life. While I cried and told him how bad it tasted he just laughed at me. He told me that if I told anyone he would kill my grandparents, mother,

and at the time the only sister I had. So I was so scared that I didn't tell anyone.

As time went on this became an occurrence everytime my mother left. After a few weeks he went from touching himself to making me touch him and rub him until he released and usually he would make me open my mouth for him to cum in my mouth and he made me swallow it. If I spit it out he would grab my hair or slap my face. After a few weeks of that he started inserting his fingers into me as he touched himself or made me touch him still releasing in my mouth with his fingers still in me. If I cried he just jabbed into me harder and laughed at me and told me to stop crying this is what I was put on this earth for. He would make me repeat over and over again that I was just a bitch, slut, and whore. That I would never be anything but a bitch, slut, and whore. He would tell me that he did the same things to my older sister because she begged him to and that my grandfather did the same thing to my mom to teach us how to survive in this world. He said my mom knew what he was doing and she was the one that told him to do it because I needed to be taught. So I lived with the thought that this was normal and above all things my mother had betrayed me. By this time school was in session, and my mom worked days so when he was home (he was an over the road truck driver) he would be waiting for me to come home from school. I would come home from school and put my books and stuff down and he would tell me to go ahead and take my clothes off and go lay on the bed and he would start again.

After some time I came home one day and he told me to go lay on the bed as normal and take my clothes off (I quickly learned that if I refused or stalled in any way it was just worse), when I did he told me I was ready to start to become what I really was and he climbed on top of me and penetrated me. I have never known such pain ever up until that time. By this time it was winter. I screamed so loud when he forced himself into me because he was all but gentle. He put a pillow over my face and told me to

stop screaming or the next door neighbor would hear me. I couldn't breathe so out of self-preservation I quit screaming and resorted to just crying. I was sobbing so much that I really couldn't breathe then either. He just laughed at me and told me how good my tight little pussy felt wrapped around him. He said yes this is what all little girls were made for. When he finally got his release he collapsed on top of me breathing so heavily all of his weight was on top of me I thought he was going to crush me and honestly at that moment I believed death would be a pleasant thing. Again he made me repeat the mantra of I am nothing but a bitch, slut, and whore. When he got off of me he made me sit up and tell him how much I liked it. I cried and refused and yelled at him, " I did not like it you hurt me real bad" He slapped my face and made me kiss his penis and apologize for yelling. It was covered with his semen and blood from my torn flesh. He let me get off the bed and he removed the towel he placed under me and I saw the blood on it, I almost got sick. He told me to go to my room and stop crying before my mother got home and I upset her because she would not want to see me acting like a baby when she's been at work all day and all he was doing was his job and teaching me what I would need to know to survive in this world. He said she would probably be mad at me and might spank me for acting like such a baby.

This was the beginning of a new type of nightmare. Everyday when I would come home from school he would make me come in and take my clothes off and sit on his lap naked facing him and straddling him until he made me get up and go lay down on the bed with my legs spread. He would climb on top of me and do it all over again. The more I cried and begged him to stop the harder he would do it. Always making me tell him that I loved it when he fucked me like the bitch, slut, and whore that I was. And I always had to repeat the mantra over and over again.

I was so happy when he would leave to go out on the truck and I prayed that God would kill him and never let him come home. I began to withdraw

from everyone, and I couldn't sleep at night and I didn't want to eat. I didn't really go out and play with my friends anymore. I just came home from school and went to my room and lay on my bed and fantasized about how great it would be if he was dead.

When I realized God wouldn't kill him I began to imagine what it would be like if I was dead. I would find a dark room or dark corner to sit in and I would imagine where I would sit and sleep and stuff until I died never coming out. Some people that know me now would say that I have not changed much in that aspect because I keep my house as dark as possible. The difference now is that I keep reds, dark blues, and dark greens with minimal lighting because it is very soothing and makes for a calm atmosphere. At least I am calmer and more relaxed anyway. I began to be very hateful with my mother because I could not imagine how someone would want this for someone they were supposed to love.

Now when he came in off the truck not only would everything start over with him again he had a close group of friends that would come over to my house when my mom was gone and he would make me do those things with them as well. Then he started making me perform oral sex on him to get him hard and he would shove down my throat causing me to gag and not be able to breathe. If I got sick he would just do it again and again until I couldn't get sick anymore. Many times I would be coughing up blood and have a very sore throat when he was done. Then he would climb on top of me and shove into me making me tell him how much I loved him and what he was doing to me. He would say, "you're just a little slut aren't you, daddy's little whore with the tight little pussy, and you just love it when daddy fucks you don't you?" If I didn't answer he would slam into me harder or hit me or shove his finger in my anus until I did answer him. Several times he threatened to shove his penis into my anus but thankfully he never did. When his friends would come over I would watch them give him money or drugs and then he would make me go take my clothes off and lay down on

the bed with my legs spread. One in particular always performed oral sex on me before he penetrated me he said he loved the taste of young cunt. Then he would climb on top of me and slam into me he made me look at him the whole time he was doing it. This one in particular would make me take him into my mouth and shove down my throat when he was ready to ejaculate and make me swallow his cum. This became a very regular occurrence and he would stand there and watch them do these things to me and touch himself through his pants. This is when he would come into my room at night when my mom was asleep and he would wake me up to have sex with him. He even went so far as to make me sleep with no panties on so he would have easier access when he wanted me.

As time went on and he sold me more and more often he would make me come in after school and stand in front of him and strip off my clothes sometimes he would make me stand in the open doorway naked and bend over, thankfully we lived at the end of a dead end street and I don't think any of the neighbors ever saw me or he would make me lay down in the floor with my legs spread so he could see me, he would make me masturbate in front of him until he decided he wanted me to come and perform oral sex on him until he was ready to climb on top of me and do it again. By this time I didn't even cry anymore I was just numb and pretended I was somewhere else or someone else while he was doing these things and letting other people do them to me also.

At this point when he would have his friends come over he would make me get up in the middle of the room and take off my clothes and let them touch me before they did anything else. I guess he was letting them inspect the merchandise so to speak. Then he would take the money or drugs and make me go to the bedroom and lay down with my legs spread unless they just wanted me to give them oral sex then I had to sit down on the edge of the bed still with no clothes on and give them oral sex.

My younger sister was born by now and all I could think about is what if he did these things to her she was just a baby. As I got older and began to protest more he started giving me whiskey and drugs before he did anything. And by drugs I mean anything from pills to marijuana. The whiskey choice was seagrams 7. I didn't even get to mix or chase the whiskey I had to drink it straight. I remember one time in particular that he gave me a half pint and left and told me that I had better have it all drank before he got back or I would get beat and he would hurt my little sister.

I made the mistake that day of leaving a note on the door that said something along the lines of thanks to you now I am drunk and I am now going to sleep. I fell asleep on the couch and the next thing I knew I was being grabbed up by my hair and slung to the ground. He was absolutely furious he began to scream at me about just trying to get him in trouble if my mom came home or someone came to the door and saw the note I had left. He told me that for that little stunt my punishment was going to be very severe.

He told me to take all my clothes off and stand in the middle of the living room until he got back. He went off to the bathroom and shut the door he wasn't in there for very long I don't think but to me it was an eternity. He came out with no clothes on and a piece of paper he walked over and sat in the recliner and told me to get down on my knees and suck him until he told me to stop. When I refused and told him that I felt really sick he grabbed me by my hair and dragged me to the recliner he shoved me down on my knees and told me that if I puked on him it would be much worse, and I would have to clean up the puke. He then sat down in the recliner and looked at me and said yeah that's where all little sluts belong is down on their knees with a dick in their mouth. He then grabbed my hair and shoved my mouth down on him and told me to start sucking or he would choke me with it. As I was doing that he was writing something on this sheet of paper using the arm of the chair as a back. When he got done writing it he made me get up and

walk to the bathroom. Inside the bathroom was dark except for the candles he had lit, red ones. In the middle of the floor was another large sheet of paper with what I now know as a pentagram drawn on it, and there was a candle at all five points and one in the center. He made me sit down on the bathroom floor cross-legged and he did the same. He handed me this piece of paper and on it was a statement that I was giving him my body, soul, and mind to do whatever he wanted to do with it. He gave me a pen and made me sign it and then he cut my hand open just enough for it to bleed and he made me put a red "x" on it in my blood. I had no idea what was going on, then he picked up another piece of paper and what looked like some kind of picture said some words that I don't remember now and burned them both in the flames of the candle in the middle of the pentagram. I don't know if it was because of my drunken state or what but to this day I swear I saw small black creatures crawling out of the bathtub in the reflection of the mirror that was behind him hanging on the bathroom door. I swear I have seen those creatures and one very large one at various points of my life and the large one seems to speak to me sometimes and it is never friendly.

After that I began to feel that something dark and very dangerous transpired that day. When he was done he made me get up and go wait naked for the rest of my punishment to come. I got up and walked into the living room I was feeling really really sick by now and passed back out on the couch. Next thing I know I was being grabbed up and told it was time to go to work and take the rest of my punishment. He grabbed me by my arm and dragged me into the back bedroom this time and there stood three of his friends. All naked and with sick looks on their face. He told me to take my ass to the bed and get on my hands and knees like a dog long ways on the bed. When I climbed up on the bed and assumed his position one of his friends got on the bed and sat down in front of my face and told me to start sucking him. He made the comment of how good a young tender hot mouth felt, and the next thing I know I felt someone else climb on the bed behind

me. Then I felt him penetrate me, both at the same time. I was absolutely terrified and was in so much pain all I could do was force my mind to go somewhere else. After a couple of minutes I realized that the other one of his friends was standing beside me pleasuring himself while he watched what was going on. Suddenly I saw a flash of light out of the corner of my eyes and realized that my father had just taken a picture of what was happening. We had one of those Kodak instant cameras and so all I can guess is that he took the picture and put it up somewhere so he could look at it and get some kind of sick pleasure from it.

It wasn't long after that that he decided I needed to go on a road trip with him to visit relatives in a nearby town. We got there and I met some relatives that actually I don't remember to this day names, faces, or anything about them. I saw a monument or two in that particular town ate at a nice little burger place. Nothing too eventful up to that point. It was the drive home that turned bad. We had gotten I guess about halfway home and it was really late at night and he made the comment that we were going to run out of gas and wouldn't be able to make it home. I asked him how we were going to get home, he informed me that I would be making the money to get us home. I had a feeling that I knew what was coming, so he pulled into a truck stop and got out and told me to wait in the car he would be right back. When he came back he pulled up next to a semi truck with a really creepy looking guy in it. He told me to get in the truck with this man and do whatever I was told to do and when he was done and I got back in the car he would collect the money that I earned. I cried and he told me that if I didn't shut up he would let this man leave with me and take me wherever he wanted and he would tell people that I ran away. He told me that this is what I was here for and this was the only way I would ever be able to survive and I may as well start now. So I reluctantly got out of the car and for a brief moment thought about just running but I had no idea where I was or how to get home.

When I got into the cab of that truck there was a smell there that I remember to this day. The driver told me to get in the sleeper of the truck and take off all my clothes so he could see what he had just bought. I got into that truck sleeper and started to take off my clothes I didn't realize it at the time but I had started crying. The driver just looked at me and laughed and said he liked it when he made his girls cry. He reached back and grabbed my nipple that had just recently started budding and twisted it when I cried out in pain he let go and undid his pants and he was already hard. He started stroking himself and told me to spread my legs. When I did he shoved a finger inside me and then another and sat there and shoved them in and out of me roughly while he was stroking himself. He then climbed up in front of my face and shoved his fingers in my mouth and then told me to start sucking him, he grabbed the back of my head and shoved my mouth down on him so far it choked me. He just laughed at me, then he told me to lie on my back with my legs spread. When I did he shoved a finger in my rectum and said that he would love to get a hold of that tight little hole, but he would settle for the one he paid for. He climbed on top of me and entered me and he let out a groan then started to pump inside of me hard and fast, the whole time he was saying how good it felt to be in a tight young hole. I don't think it took him long to finally release but I'm not sure because I made myself go somewhere else in my head. At those times I imagined that I was someone else and that I was watching all this happen to another girl who just happened to look like me. In this day and time psychologists call that disassociation.

When he was done he told me to get the hell out of his truck, he was done with me then he called me a little whore. I climbed down out of that rig that night, I had no idea how I was going to do it but I knew that I had to escape somehow. I got back into the car and my father told me that I had just began to be what I was destined to become.

Now I guess I was probably 10 or 11 then, this was a continuous thing. Everyday when he was home and during school breaks sometimes I had to go out on the road with him, and this was a regular occurrence, not only was I his sex toy, but I was a source of his income.

Finally in 1986, March, a series of events was put into place that led to the end of this chapter of the nightmare anyway. I was in school, and I remember that day clearly. I had been very sick and my father was home and was making me turn tricks at the rate of sometimes 2 or 3 a day, as well as coming into my room at night and enjoying himself at my expense. I had been hurting very badly in my vaginal area. So for some reason or another there was a bottle of Tylenol with codeine in the cabinet. So he gave me a couple of those pills to take with me to school. Well another kid told on me for having them and I was called to the office. They suspended me and then told me they were fixing to call my father. I screamed "NO please don't he will hurt me more and I am hurting so bad now." What I meant was he had already told me that if I got into trouble at school then he would allow a bunch of his friends to have me all at once and they would be fucking not only my pussy and my mouth but my ass as well and then he would take his turn. The very thought of this absolutely terrified me, I have never been so damn scared in my life. The principal asked me what I meant, at that moment something clicked in my brain, it clicked that this was my chance to get out, to escape, I would be able to protect my sister, mom, and grandparents but this was the only way.

So I sat there and told the principal what had happened and had been happening for the last five years. I had no idea though what was to come and even now the fallout continues, I sometimes wonder if it was worth it. When I was done, the principal sat there for a minute, got up and walked out of the office. I guess he was making the necessary phone calls but I think he was a little sick at the same time and needed to just breathe for a minute. I am really not sure.

The next thing I know there was the assistant principal, and another office person in the room, all just looking at me. They said they had called the police and my mother and that it was finally over. I wasn't sure how I felt at that moment, because I also had just realized I had just destroyed my entire family.

First the police came and they talked to me, then my mom came, then social services, and the next thing I know I was being taken to the hospital for an exam. The exam was done and the findings were very conclusive. My vaginal opening was indeed much larger than what it was supposed to be, I had extensive interior bruising and even scar tissue. There was no doubt that I was telling the truth. So they went to my house and arrested my father, bad thing was my younger sister was there with him at the time. We got there at the same time they were walking him down the sidewalk in handcuffs. He turned around and called my mother's name and said that I was lying there was no way he would do this. I turned around and looked at him and our eyes met. That was it he was beyond furious and he hated me and I was ok with that.

After that however came the hard part, rebuilding and healing. My mom was suddenly a single parent of two. And honestly I don't think she had any idea what the hell she was going to do now. Thankfully though we still had my mamaw and papaw. So they stepped up to help us out and they did so in ways no one can ever imagine possible. I am so thankful to this day that I had these two beautiful, wonderful people in my life.

Now in light of the circumstances the school decided to not suspend me at home but instead put me in in school suspension. However I was given an ongoing excused absence for three days. The house was so eerie that night. Noone spoke, every one just wandered in disbelief. I guess it was too much for my mom to handle, the loneliness and the idea of what had just transpired, so she loaded up my sister and me and we went and stayed with

some cousins of ours for a few days. Subsequently one of those children were also a victim of my father's. And better yet we were right next door to my grandparents.

The next day my mother whisked me off to the local mental health outreach and set me up for therapy which I might mention lasted forever...I still have to go back every once in awhile for a bit. Then off to the social services office to talk to those tyrants, and then the detectives came, then the trips to the prosecutor's office. It seemed like it was never going to end. And really it hasn't. Then the time came for us to go back home, my mother cried at the thought of having to go back into that house. Really I wasn't too fond of the idea either, but it was necessary. I remember looking at my mom and saying, "come on mom we gotta go back, but he can't hurt us anymore." And so we went back.

Life went on as best as could be I guess, I went and did my time in in school suspension, but by the time I got out the whole damn school knew what had happened and I was never treated the same again. Yet it was at this time that I met one of my future husbands, and that will come later in this story.

Eventually he pled out and was sentenced to 20 years with the possibility of parole in four. And they sent him off to prison. We went to the parole hearing in the state capitol when it was time and spoke to the parole board and he was served out on his sentence. Now keep in mind this was about 1990. It was later that summer that my papaw passed away, and things really went to hell with me then. I'll never forget that night either.

Throughout the course of the years my mother found it necessary to get me to join an all girl's type of club and we were at a state convention with that very club when the phone call came. It was the middle of the night and I had fallen asleep listening to knocking on heaven's door by guns n roses that night. I was woke up by the sound of my mother crying and trying to

talk. I got up out of my bed in a haze and walked over to where she was and asked her what was wrong. "It's papaw she said, he has had a heart attack" I didn't know what to do. I just looked at her and asked if he was ok. All she could do was shake her head no. I felt my whole world crumble in that moment. I felt that the earth itself had ceased moving.

So we left the motel and started the four hour drive back home. I don't remember much of it really, what I do remember is pulling up at the funeral home. I don't actually remember getting out of the car but I do remember walking into that door and that smell, oh my God that smell. I was literally nauseous. My grandma was already there, so my mom went into the office with her and I sat down in one of those weird chairs and waited. I don't know how long I was sitting there all I know was the only thought that was going through my head was why did God take my papaw. I just could not fathom a reason good enough. Well we went home and then all the people started showing up, bringing food and stuff. My grandmother stood with strength, poise, and gentility through the whole thing. I just did not know how she did it. But I felt her pain when I looked in her eyes, it was so strong.

Then came the funeral, and I will never forget the sight of his face in that casket ever. It is an image that is burned into my memory for all time. I even remember the stitches in his mouth, and the knot on his head where he had fallen and hit his head. They did a really good job with the makeup but I did see it but I stood there and stared at him for so long.

When it was all done and over with we did what we did best once again and that was begin to rebuild. I always wondered how my mamaw did it, she never had another man again, and she continued her life and helped us sustain ours throughout all of the years. Always with a smile on her face, I'm still not sure how she does it to this day. So school started again, and yes I was still in therapy but now we had a new issue. This is where the next nightmare begins.

At this point in my life I decided I liked to drink, and yes you guessed it I drank whiskey. I smoked, cussed, got into fights, started failing in school, and I have to admit the company I kept was less than good. About 85% of them were guys. And not the good ones either, the rebels, the troublemakers, the bad boys. In all honesty most of them were just really good friends. I mean really with guys there is less drama and weakness. However there were the few that I did have illicit dealings with. I became very promiscuous, and honestly I was a hell raiser. At least by the standards of those days.

Then at some point I decided to give the military a try. I joined the Army Reserve. That lasted less than a year. I was discharged due to some previously unknown by them, mental health issues. However to give you an estimated time frame here, the day I came back from the MEPS station, was the very day we flew the first air raids in Operation Desert Storm, yes the first one.

When I came back from Ft Jackson that year, my reign of terror continued and escalated. I wouldn't come home for days on end stayed laid up drunk in various places with various people. And honestly just did not care about anything anymore. I guess my mom had had enough at that point and our relationship was so strained that I felt I had to get out. So I did at age 17 I moved out of my mom's and married a man I had barely known 4 months. This was a whole different type of hell. I ended up pregnant, and I couldn't get hired anywhere and he refused to get a job so we moved from place to place couch to couch for the entire time I was pregnant. He would stay gone for days at a time out drinking and partying and whatever in the hell else he did while I was left in places with people I barely knew pregnant and in most cases starving. After I had the baby he began to kick my ass on a regular basis.

A few months after I had the first baby I was pregnant with the second. We had a place in the projects by this time but this was no cake walk. I knew nothing about keeping a home, taking care of a baby, cooking, nothing. I was pretty good at taking beatings though. Eventually social services stepped in and took the kids albeit for just a short while a month or so it still happened. Then one night he delivered me a beating worse than all of the others, he went to jail-finally and I was free. Well for a minute anyway.

So now I have 2 kids and I am only 22 years old, they are toddlers now, and things began to happen again. I met another man, in a bar, and he came to spend the night one night and didn't leave for awhile. He was just out of prison on some violence charges, and was a self admitted drug dealer. Yet I still fell for him. We did split up for awhile and I met up with that one boy I mentioned earlier and we had a quick affair and it was over, and the other guy was back in my life, and the childhood friend was back to his woman and his life. Real quick in and out.

I found out I was pregnant again with my third child and I was only 22 years old. I was in a pretty bad car wreck with her and I almost lost her. Yet this man at least worked, yes he was a raging maniacal drunk but he did work and I thought I had upgraded. As time went on and I had the baby he too became very abusive. Which resulted in the removal of all the kids once again, the cycle just continued and I had no idea how to break it. I begged God for answers, and just for a way out, yet the answer seemed to never come.

By this time I was in and out of active addiction, booze, pills, men, sex whatever made the pain go away. Yet it never did and I just did not see that at the time. I could not see the way out. I don't know maybe I was subconsciously begging for death. I probably was but just wouldn't admit it to myself. Finally he went to jail for a stint long enough for me to make my escape, I moved in the middle of the night, all in one fell swoop. He was

released and even though it took him a bit to find me he eventually did. I had come home from the club I was working in as a cocktail server one night about 4am. As I was walking down my hall He attacked me from another room, I never saw him coming. I didn't know what had happened in that moment, all I knew was that I was getting beat senselessly and for a little bit I didn't even know by whom. Finally I managed to get flipped over and I saw him, just as he grabbed me by my throat and started squeezing. I'm not sure but I think I lost consciousness at some point but when I finally gained my senses somehow or another I managed to grab the phone dial 911 and throw it under the bed only hoping they would trace the call, I just knew that night I was going to die. The beating just continued, until at some point there was a knock at the door and somehow I managed to get to my feet enough to get to it and open it, I fell through the screen door trying to get out. A police officer caught me before I hit the porch, my clothes were ripped off me and everything and I had just suffered the worst beating of my life. I couldn't even see out of my eyes, couldn't breathe in my throat, and couldn't open my mouth. He had fractured my eye socket, my jaw and choked me to the point I had hemorrhages in my eyes. They arrested him after he fought with them for a few minutes and they finally locked him up for 4 years.

I still didn't have custody of my children but I was actively doing everything I could to get them back, and eventually I did. However in this process, I had met another man, a younger man. He was so good at first, then I found out he had fidelity issues, yet for some damn stupid reason I still married him. I guess this is where it gets really bad, there are still some allegations being made by my children about the abuse they suffered at his hands. Most of those are very founded, yet since they are adults now there is nothing that can be done. My issue with him was that he too did not want to work and so I found myself very often working two sometimes three jobs to take care of our family. And as I said before there were very serious fidelity issues. However at age 30 I had my youngest and final child. Now husband number

two and I did eventually split up, yet we still spent the night together occasionally, and we discovered that we really liked doing cocaine together. Which led to him getting a trafficking charge, and me a possession charge. So we were both convicted, and sentenced. I went through a rehab program and have been clean every since, yet for really stupid reasons my probation was revoked and I gained myself a contraband charge which sent me to prison for four years. Yes four years. Really my first time in any real trouble and my sentence was actually 21 ½ years which I did four flat and made parole. Since my release 3 years ago I have been in no trouble, never failed a drug test did my best to take care of my children and have somehow made it to write this novel and tell this story.

Now for the final chapter so far. Two years ago, I ran into this childhood sweetheart I mentioned earlier in this story. We decided that since we had been off and on for 30 years that maybe we should give it a real honest try and we did and we got married. Now my husband is my best friend, my lover, my confidant, my partner, but he is at the same time my biggest adversary, biggest challenge, and biggest pain in the ass. I love him but this has not been an easy two years. Let me tell you this part of the story.

My husband is a drug addict, and his ideas are very different than mine. He still believes the woman is the woman and the man is the man and the children are still the children. The husband runs the home and the wife and children do as he says. Now that is not a very popular belief in today's society and definitely not in my world. Not after all I have been through in my life. So yes we butt heads a lot!!!! However we seem to continue to make it through. He has relapsed since we have been together and the result of that was one time he went off to a 6 month inpatient program, and once he has had to do an intensive outpatient program. Yet he does try and so far he's doing pretty damn good. He has done a lot of time for his addiction and yet he still manages to rebuild somewhat.

In the two years we have been together a lot has happened. I have had two granddaughters born a year apart. I have a grandson on the way in just a couple of months. Yet in the midst of it all my husband lost his son last year to a terminal illness, that child was only 17 and one of the most beautiful souls I have ever met. His only son, he has other children but this was his only son. The worst part is, my husband was in the 6 month inpatient program when it happened he got to leave for one day for the funeral and had to return the same day. My two daughters fell victim to active addiction and their daughters, still babies were taken out of their custody and placed with my mother and me.

One of those daughters became very angry one night because I told her to leave my home because she was high and didn't need to be around the baby, and called social services the next day with what have turned out to be false allegations, resulting in the subsequent removal of my oldest granddaughter from my custody and put in foster care, and I do not have the money to hire a good enough attorney to get her back. Her mother is incarcerated at the time and has no way to get her back either. So the fate and future of a two year old baby has been determined by an angry 19 year old kid, and a vengeful unfair system. The worst part my mother co-signed her bs. My 13 year old stepdaughter was removed for the very same reason but thankfully she had family to go to. So you see this is a story of survival. And I know that the only thing that has kept me alive long enough to tell this story is God. I believe that through all of this there is someone out there this will help. Please no matter what keep going, keep persevering, keep faith, because everything happens just like it is supposed to in this life. When God has laid out your destiny no one can take that from you. Humans my dear are not that powerful. You are fearfully and wonderfully made and God said he would give you beauty for ashes. Remember God does not lie nor can he fail.

