

# **My Mother and I**

## **INTRODUCTION**

I often thought of writing a book about my life but was scared to do it. I thought perhaps a retelling of my story would help me cope with my mind and the afflictions I am left with; at the same time, I was afraid to relive it. The remnants of my history continue to torment all that binds me to this world. In thinking of writing a book, I honestly didn't even know where to begin. The true accounts of my life as a child are filled with hatred, pain, sadness and altered emotions. To further complicate things, I realized that to completely understand the life that I have led, you would have to not only come to know my past, but equally of those involved in it; a detailed account of their lives would be ideal. Though I would love to fully illustrate for you the lives of all those involved, to better understand their role in this story, I can only attest full truth in what I have lived, that which I have seen, all that I heard, and that which I have felt.

On account of the events that took hold of our lives for so many years, I bonded with my mother in ways that I could never come to explain. We ultimately found the obstacles from our past becoming lessons of life, which we then sought to share with others. In part, we hoped we could aid the women and children who have lived and/or live similar to our story; for others, we hoped to evoke prevention, and for some, understanding. All those remaining will get a brief look into the lives we led, and how we ultimately conquered our misfortunes. Truthfully, what I am ultimately looking for is meaning to my life, and why I lived all that I lived.

In my youth I once stated, “It is not enough to conquer, one must know how to rule...” Each year that passes, I become more aware of the meaning of this phrase and why it became so important to me. For so many of those years, it seemed that overcoming our obstacles was enough, only to eventually discover that the aftermath of what we lived would take its toll on our lives and leave us

with a lifetime of coping. I am still not certain that I can ever be fully “fixed”.

The scars and wounds continued destroying our family and the bonds that were once so beautifully intact, for many years thereafter. We would ultimately conquer our obstacles, as is as evidenced by the fact that we are alive and living relatively normal lives; but now we must learn how to rule the kingdom known as our life. We are left to fend for ourselves in a world that doesn't often understand us. Almost daily, we must deal with all of the emotions and traumas that unfortunately endure.

There are several memories which, at first, were quite muddled and almost seemed like fantasies. Upon recounting these supposed fantasies to my mother, I ultimately came to find out that most of those stories were of real events which took place as far back as my second year of life. Many of those memories surprised my mother by the mere fact I even remembered things from as early as just over 1 year of age. For me, the

memories of events that happened before my age of understanding are nothing more than images in my mind, mental pictures I am somehow able to recall. My mother as, over time, come to fill some gaps of the actual events that plagued my mind for so many years. Recalling the events that took place still causes me sadness, but no longer frustration. I am now able to sort and organize those images in my mind and make sense of them more clearly; they have officially become memories.

On account of having gone through so much in my life, I often feel like an old man, only to be reminded when looking in a mirror that I am still only 29 as I start this book. While some days I am glad to be alive, other days haunt me with memories and the reality that I am still here and I potentially have many more years to live with the knowledge of my past.

understand, in reading this story, most of you will come to wonder if anything good ever happened. There were many times when the world smiles for us, despite the darkness of our secret life.

Just as with any family, there are good times and bad times. It just happens that our bad times were, well, really bad. In general we tend to remember pain more than the positive feelings that causes us to smile.

My life is nowhere near its end. My sisters, mother, and I often wish we could be done with this life, but we all know there is much left to do and still more to learn. So we are content as we can be in sustaining the life we have. We continue to push forward, making each new day an individual success. Through constant struggle and force of will, we have slowly begun to place the shattered pieces of our life back into relative order. Though they will never be as they once were—nor will the memories ever truly disappear—we stay strong and retain our pride as we continue to face the world around us, whether in ridicule, resentment, or love.

I often wished as a child that I could have lived a different life. A feeling I am certain many of us share, for whatever reason. So many things came to play a major role in who I am today and why I have

done what I have done. Some will read my stories and judge me harshly, as if I had some blame in becoming who I am from what I lived as a child. Others will see beyond that, and come to understand my constant struggle to merely appear normal. I am, in truth, a gentle person with nothing but love for the world. After a lifetime of studying, and drawing from the books I read and the experiences we lived, I concluded that after leading a life much as my own, we are left with only two options:: To Take what we learned and sadly repeat the same idiocies on those who surround us; or to become the complete opposite of our past and lead a life centered on love, understanding and acceptance. I would like to believe I have chosen the later; but in my journey, most especially as a child, I became a product of influence and experience. Many of those who know me personally would agree that the second option suites me best. The stories you will read from when I was about 11 and 12 years old will better illustrate the moment—a truly disturbing memory—in which my life took it's most important and dramatic turn in shaping who I am today.

I have dedicated my entire life to my mother, and thus, I find it rather befitting that I should dedicate this book to her as well. In that same light, I dedicate this equally to my sisters Emery and Sarita, as we all lived this together. In relevance, they are as much a part of my life as is the flesh on my back, or the eyes with which I see. To them, I give my love, my respect, and my apologies for those moments in which I could do nothing, on account of being so damned young and fragile. I wish I could have been their savior.

“Mother, Emery, and Sarita, one day we will run for the last time, but not in fear. When this day comes, we will never again look back, and at that point we will finally be free to be at peace with our world, our life, and our memories. Until that day comes, allow us to rejoice and cherish all that we can as we grasp for any bit of happiness we can encounter. I love all of you with every fiber of my being and wish you all the best that life has to offer.”