

Letters To Carol



By: Carol D. Mitchell

Dedication



I dedicate this book to anyone that loves the power of God. Many individuals have relied on the love within to get along in life. You are special, you are somebody. We all need to discover the sanctuary within our souls to rest, to be good to others, and more importantly, be good to ourselves. Your health is your wealth, your success is imminent!

Other Books by the Author



- Noah True Love Never Dies
- Your Rights
- Rovella Starr
- Ruthess Pamela Jean
- Debi Thomas What Really Happened
- Unstable
- Michael Jackson The Love He Saved

LETTERS FOR CAROL

This book is a work of fiction. The characters, incidents, and dialogue are artistic, written creations and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to actual events or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

CAROL MITCHELL BOOKS

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2011 Readers favorite book award, African American Literature Book Club, (AALBC) <http://authors.aalbc.com/carol.htm>, September, 2006 News Letter named Mitchell, one of their “Authors You Should Know,” for her comprehensive handbook, “Your Rights,” regarding employee employment rights.

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2011 Award-winner what Happened to Suzy, Carlton Press, (1994).

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Letters To Carol

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“No two lives are the same, such is the spice of life!”

-CD Mitchell

Other books by Carol Mitchell

What Happened to Suzy

Rovella Starr (A Love-Starved Bitch)

Your Rights What Employers Do Not Want You to Know

The Mad Sister

Dedicated to Letters for Carol

LETTERS FOR CAROL True Love Never Dies

Carol Denise Mitchell



LETTERS TO CAROL



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Chapter 1

The Opening



Letters For Carol is a handbook of love to a woman that lives within my soul. Many of us have altering sides to our existence. It is no different with Carol Denise Mitchell, for she has at least three (3) personalities that are here to help her tell her story. Because I cannot identify which of my personalities is responsible for spearheading “*Letters For Carol*” all of us shall take the credit for initiating and completing a cleansing of forgiveness for Carol. The point of this delicate creation is to talk about, explain, and eradicate the abuses of a magnificent woman named Carol Denise Mitchell. However odd this may seem to you; we have agreed on something. No longer will Carol Denise Mitchell be available to be anyone’s punching bag. Letters For Carol intend to open old wounds to create a separation that lifts

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Carol out of her old abuses. We are going to face abuse straightforwardly, to call out those who aimed to hurt this precious woman. Carol Denise Mitchell divided her mind in a closet at an early age. It happened the first time Madea made fun of her in the hallways of her home on Fowler Avenue in Scottsdale City. Next, Carol attended Arroyo Elementary School where classmates called her "*The Blob*." The collective issue of such abuses was so horrendous, this good woman had to initiate coping mechanisms that may be troubling to readers. Therefore, if you are one who is easily triggered on such matters, read Letters For Carol with great caution.

Carol Denise Mitchell is a famous writer of over twenty-five books. She is the recipient of two Readers Favorite Book Awards. Today, she is a 68-year-old angel of mercy that has found her way into being the freed woman she deserves to be. With an emotional makeup that is renewed, we are elated to announce this. No one will be able to make fun of Carol again. No medical professionals will be able to pine for her beauty to the point of compounding the effects of her pain. As you know, no one is perfect. Carol Denise Mitchell is not perfect either; however, in this handbook, her personalities have come together to help her face the demons that have haunted her for most of her life. Suffice it to say, there is nothing vindictive about her truths. Carol only wants a soul cleansing, which is well deserved. Let us affirm that to all of those who hurt Carol, you will find letters in this book forgiving you; and letting you know the relationships you once had with the author are done. To come full circle in life, forgiving abusers is

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essential. To that end, Carol apologizes to her two sons and to others she may have misunderstood or hurt in the past because she lacked the fundamental skills to be a better person. Letters For Carol are an important end to the abuses that were major setbacks in Carol's life. Via this tale, Carol has cried; now, she is claiming victory over her life. She chose to relieve a horrible past, to get it all out of her system. For those of you with similar journeys, we invite you to perform the same cleansing in your own life. If you do so, please remember that forgiveness is freeing. Carol Denise Mitchell is clean. It feels good to let go of the past fly high into the next phases of life.

Chapter 2

Hi Carol



I am sure by now you know how you have tactfully survived the most crucial moments of your life, because of your willingness to live. I see you smiling on an eve in the Bay Area that is quite warm. Dearest Carol, I am so glad that God was not having your attempted suicide. He brought you back to the Bay Area from Phoenix, Arizona, to finish the job life has for you. There are so many others that may be helped by your story. Moreover, readers will be able to commence on their own journeys of cleansing, when they see how well all this has worked out for you. Carol Denise Mitchell, let us stop to make one thing clear. My dear lady, you are a good person who has emerged from the kind of hell that will never be fully described. You are a talented, award-winning writer, Scottsdale City California's

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former Miss Congeniality, who has risen from the quicksand into becoming a revered refreshed soul. You are a Madea to two sons, a grandmother to children; and you are a friend to many who love you.

Carol, if you are ready, in this handbook we are going to release the abuses, the wrongdoings, all to free you of the traumatic events in life you did not deserve. Whereas people may believe that leaving the past alone is best; in your case it is not. Therefore, we are taking on this important journey so you will never attempt to take your life, again. Dear Carol, it may not appear so, but many people were disturbed when you took two hundred Unisom's to kill yourself last May. We are happy you won that battle. But there is work to do to ensure that you do not pursue that road again. You are no longer homeless! Now, it is time for us to clear the way for you to have a better life.

Please understand that before this book is over, doors will be open to release those demons which held you back for a long time. Letters For Carol are not self-serving platitudes written to demean the bad or to raise your value, rather; this book is for those who do not know how you have given much love to others who defamed and hurt you. Recipients of such love included those who did not deserve your love, while they took advantage of it. Carol, if I may, when you wrote "*Your Rights, What Employers Do Not Want You to Know*," Unions, employees and employers gave attention to your work, in ways that benefited hundreds. Many Californians saved jobs over that book. One lady's daughter told

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you how her Madea used a letter from 'Your Rights' that saved her job. The woman found a sample letter to the Human Resources Department. She copied the letter from your book. Next, she got a call from her employer that saved her job. Carol, none of your abusers ever saved a person's job or wrote books that were influential to a nation. None of your abusers cared enough about you to honor your grace. I recall how a major communications company told you not to sell one book to their phone company employees. However, they did not understand you were leveling the employment field; not dividing it.

"If you think you are going to sell 'Your Rights' to any of our employees, we will sue," you have been informed. Carol, AT&T threatened you upon visualizing you to be a woman of great importance. Many major industries had capitalized off the ignorance of its employees. You taught many American workers how to recognize their rights. It is too bad you never perceived yourself this way; as a giver; not a taker. In fact, for most of your life, you hid pain to protect the bad; while you were excoriated coming in; or going out, for it appears nobody understands you, Carol; nor will they ever understand your greatness. To that end Carol, I guarantee after America reads the truth about you, via these letters, readers will understand you better, for history's sake.

Chapter 3

Post Traumatic Disorder



Dear Carol Denise Mitchell, as we take you back in time for a necessary journey, understand how tormented you were. Know that *Post Traumatic Stress Disorder* meshed into your being on the day you were born on May 12, 1955. This awesome event occurred before there was a legitimate diagnosis for the condition; however, we cannot deny how badly you suffered from this illness. A host of terrifying events did not miss creating the consequences that cooked within your soul. Listen Carol, there was no way for you to understand the consequences of having PTSD if you did not know what it was called. Notwithstanding, like a “Prize-Fighter” you took the punches until the pain split your personality. You swallowed the insults; or you learned to love your haters; while you tucked the pain away to

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deal with later. In fact, you placed the full weight of survival on your heart, only. Sadly, the events of disenfranchisement, hatred, repudiation, annihilation, and pain that you experienced in this life, were real. In fact, such things were perpetrated on you for nine rounds plus and many more, for many years in succession. In time, nightmares came when your deceased -beloved grandmother passed away in 1965. Your beloved sat in a chair that teased you for decades. Upon falling asleep, you saw her sitting in a chair. Each night you hoped you'd reach the chair to turn it around to see Mama. Unfortunately, that dream never changed, for that chair was never turned around for you to see the face of your beloved grandmother, ever again. Let us embrace this moment in time with love and appreciation for the great times you shared together.

Then there was anxiety perpetrated on you, three-fold. These events found life redirecting the effects of PTSD; for it could not be controlled with knowledge or via intellectual appropriation. It is time, Carol, for you to get better. Unfortunately, any good doctor would say get the right treatment or else. But what happens when you seek the right medical attention to get help, only for that medical professional to compound the problems by sleeping with you? We will talk about it later, Carol.

Chapter 4

What We are Doing



Right now, as we are writing these letters to you Carol, we are preparing to take you back in time to a difficult past. We are doing this because we are hell bent on building a stronger foundation for your life; to take out the trash of your pain. Once and for all, we're going to back up your reserve with truth and positivity. We're doing this so, in the fourth quarter of your life, these topics will not have to be visited again. Whether we're split into one or more personalities, the person responsible for your survival is you, Carol. I am merely one of those parts of your consciousness who knows you well enough to help you tell the stories that you cannot tell, alone. Your highness, please do not be alarmed when varying parts of your personality Carol began writing these stories with me.

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I am merely an observer. I must help you to reopen doors you painfully closed.

Carol, imagine living with distressing events in your life that occur daily. What does it feel like to feel a slap as real today, as when the event took place in the 1970s, when you were only sixteen-years old? Have a seat dear heart. There is something I want to tell you in this letter. I need your full attention if you don't mind. Carol, I recall how you were wearing the most beautiful red leather skirt. You had on a white shirt with a red matching tie that you bought with the money you made in the Neighborhood Youth Program. I recall that night before you wore this outfit. As a high school Junior, you could not wait for your friends to see how great you were going to look tomorrow.

The following day, all day at school many complimented you on this outfit to your delightful, broadened smile. Later, at home, Madea ruined that day for you when she used her fingernails to torment you in ways that made blood rush down that white shirt. She dug further into your left cheek, until she grabbed pieces of skin from your face. Next, she yelled at you loudly, embarrassing you as family members looked on at the beating in shock.

Instead of fighting Madea back Carol, you kneeled at her knees with the great affection you always had for her. Next, you grabbed Madea around her legs. She was wearing the white stockings she wore to work as a nurse. While she yelled loudly at you, blood ruined the outfit that you loved so much, that many had praised all day. Following that incident, you never wore that gorgeous

outfit again. The white blouse, red leather skirt and tie, was ruined during this tousel with Madea. After this day, the outfit became a trigger to the constant abuse Madea gave you.

Carol, be ready to open wider than you ever have before. Much of this truth will be painful for you to tell again, like it was with the red leather outfit that you reluctantly took to the garbage that same day. However, cleansing your soul will make it harder for you to fall into homelessness again. Once the truth about the bad people that hurt you is clearly exposed, it will no longer be difficult for you to remove yourself from such poisonous people in your life. None of the perpetrators of your pain will ever be able to hurt you again; especially after you acknowledge the truth of the tormentor's intentions. Carol don't look for anything from those who hate you. Rather, you must pray for them. Make a vow to forgive them and move on forever. First, I need to point out to you who these people are, in ways that may be disturbing to you. The details of the truth of your abusers are going to be painful to revisit again, but you must walk through the fire of their ire to get to the other side of your pain, where there is cleansing. Stop waiting for phone calls from others from places that don't want you to be there.

In fact, one day soon Carol Denise, you will recognize who is for you. Moreover, you will know who is not for you. You will keep yourself free from ever having to deal with such nastiness again, for the rest of your life. Carol, I am here to help you take out all that nastiness, by telling you who these people are and

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exactly how they set out to ruin your life and how you ignored it. At last, you will address it; you will face the truths about certain individuals that have set out to hurt you, whether it was willing or not. Once the garbage is exposed; then when it is cleared out of your life, you will be free to live the life you always deserved, without needing those who hurt you. Dear Carol, you are as clean as a newborn baby in my eyes. Sadly, most of the misdeeds by these people were neatly covered up your whole life; so, we have a job on our hands today. This will be a special journey, a discovery of truth. It must be told for our clean up job to begin.

Chapter 5

How are you



May God be with you guiding the direction in introducing the monsters of your life. Of course, we do this without prejudice; so, may God forgive the ones that wantonly issued you pain. Not one of them had mental control over the terror they placed upon you; for you received the hurt gallantly like the classy woman you are. Dearest Carol, it is time for you to broaden your shoulders, as we expose the bad for the good that can derive from your past. I hope this and these letters find you in good health spiritually, and physically. As the voice that keeps you going my job will not be compromised by reverting to the Carol that received the pain. Rather, I am the one that will keep you stable, while you help me, by writing out this brave story. Our journey is about a life you have never shared out

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of fear, out of Post Traumatic Stress Disorder. Your consciousness is hereby released to reveal how you bravely tackled Madea, school, and the bad people who hurt you. Your story will be routed to a smooth end of life, of protection, of the kind God always had in store for you. We are headed for renewal and forgiveness in the name of God We Trust.

In getting straight to the point Carol, you grew up in a large family of 16 brothers and sisters where there was absolutely - little to no love. Fortunately, there was a brief relationship with your grandmother, Mama, who died when you were ten. The woman you affectionately called Mama passed at age 51 of Myeloma Bone Cancer. Carol, you are the sixth of sixteen kids. You loved the man you called Daddy; unfortunately, he was not in the home enough for you to know him well. Your father was illiterate, he could not read or write. A small man, 5' 4" slight in weight; one of the best times of your life were the few moments you enjoyed in your father's truncated presence in the home. Your small-framed father was a decorated World War II Veteran, who was recruited into Hiroshima at around 16-years old. According to Wikipedia, World War II took place from 1939 - 45. Your father joined the armed forces when an American Bomber dropped the world's first deployed Atomic Bomb over the Japanese City of Hiroshima. The explosion killed at least 80,000 people. Sadly, your father raged over his part in the war, never understanding the historical beauty of his participation in such a war. Ill-equipped to secure the benefits the US Navy failed to give to him, whenever you were around your father, you were proud of his service to this nation.

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Your father's headstone proudly displays Zebbie Charles, US Navy World War II January 12, 1925 - April 4, 1997.

Carol Madea was born May 24, 1929. She died May 14, 1993, at 63. Born with a silver spoon in her mouth, Madea was one to always get her way. She got anything she asked for from her Madea who had her at only 14. With her stunning looks, Mara mastered the husbands she always controlled, until one husband took her to court. One of the most hurtful days in Madea's life took place in a Martinez, California courtroom when her second husband Kent Coulter proved to the judge that Madea cussed so prolifically, he wanted out of the marriage. With that, it was 1954 when Kent would end up taking two of his kids with Mara with him. The only child born to Debbie Pierson; Madea was a scholar. She performed well in school and was a lead majorette throughout high school. Feeling she held the reins of her life and others, Mara ordered her friends in Los Angeles not to tell your father where his kids were in 1966, when Mara moved you all to Scottsdale City, California. Used to getting what she wanted in life, Mara used her brilliant intelligence coupled with her incredible dark beauty to monopolize husbands, friends, and her many children.

Chapter 6

A Challenging Life



Carol, before you were even born many things took place that would set a specific tone for how Madea would treat you. Subsequently losing two children to her second husband, mentally destroyed, Mara. She began lying to others about what happened to those boys. When she transitioned into a relationship with your father, where she had one child after another with your father. Jasmine was first. Next, you were born in front of eight-more children your father had with Madea. In time your home in Los Angeles was not stable. Both of your parents were lawbreakers, looking for shortcuts that often got your father jailed. Madea became a mentally challenged liar, child abuser and a thief. There were rat infestations in Watts that the entire family fought together in front of Ray Charles singing “*Hit*

the Road Jack.” In and out of the home from Los Angeles to Shreveport, Louisiana, more than anything in the world, you wanted a relationship with your father, who remained distant from Madea, from 1955 to 1973, when you left home. In Los Angeles, prior to Madea leaving for Scottsdale City, you’d see your father after he robbed a bank. He’d bring home those oatmeal-colored gunny sacks, he’d scream to his children, “*Y’all go for what you know,*” while hundred-dollar bills spilled out of those sacks onto the floor. Following a bank robbery or such, invariably, the Los Angeles Police Department were regular visitors to your home, who would take your father to jail. Oftentimes, your father would steal new cars to impress the family. He came home to give these vehicles to Madea. Later, she drove them until she was pulled over for theft.

Chapter 7

You really loved her



Carol, your relationship with your grandmother was so short lived, for you only had her the first ten years of your life. This Angel of mercy was Born September 13, 1913, to parents of Irish/Black descent. Beautiful in her late 40s, Mama was a robust, thick woman with white skin that was pale. Her multi-colored right eye was two colors blue and gray, while the other eye was sea blue. To you, she was an Angel who revered the sight of her many grandchildren. Her quaint home in West Los Angeles on Cambridge Street was decorated in warm red and teal for the overall comfort of her grandbabies. Mama was a famous Beverly Hills cook, whose homemade pies were always a family treat. Even when Mama's weight ballooned to 250 pounds, the fair-skinned blue-eyed Angel presented to the world as being one

of the most loving grandmothers, who would sadly, be gone too soon. From her quaint home in West Los Angeles, Mama was the type of woman who was committed to all her “mad” daughter, sat before her. Carol, you do lovingly recall how Mama played cards with your father. You loved it when Daddy cheated to get a laugh out of Mama. However short these scenes in life were, the relationship your grandmother had with your father was an enviable one with multiple layers of love.

You wished Daddy could be this playful and happy with Madea, but Mara was as busy as she was angry. She had little time for your father’s affections. However, such good times were short-lived when the fights between your mom and dad worsened. Nevertheless, for the ten-years you knew Mama, you learned how exceptionally good this woman was in and out of her business as a professional cook for the stars. Mama did anything for her daughter, making it difficult to trace back where Mara got her ire and penchant to hate her own children.

While Madea laid up and had one kid after another; your grandmother was said to be a domestic worker for movie stars in Hollywood, who lauded her as being an artful cook. According to your brother’s wife Perry Peaks, Mama worked as a domestic Engineer in the 50s for notable professionals including Gene Norman and J. Paul Getty. Mama was a cook for Cardiologist Dr. Myron Prinzmetal; she was also a cook for actress Debra Paget during the time she worked on the classic movie, “*The Ten Commandments*.” You saw the woman you affectionately called

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“Mama,” on the weekends. Upon arrival at her home, the aroma of fried pies, meatloaf, and succulent culinary cuisine met you at the driveway of her quaint white-washed one-bedroom home in West Los Angeles. Inside that gorgeous setting, Mama washed your hair in the kitchen sink, where contrary to the hatred of Madea, Mama gave you nothing but great care, tenderness and love that was a dream. Her small abode in West Los Angeles was fitted with a washboard on the back porch giving you a feeling of belonging, when your grandmother washed out your clothes. Those special moments of her singing from the old radio on her dresser were joyous memories for you. Also, the sizzling hot good food had you and Jasmine fighting over who had the biggest bowl. Following those loving years, Carol, you were devastated when Mama died two-months after your tenth birthday, on July 17, 1965. Because Madea chose not to let you have a final goodbye with your grandmother, nightmares of wanting to see her one more time besieged you.

Chapter 8

They Called you the Blob



Without your beloved Grandmother, many things would change in your household. When a child leaves devastation in the Urban wars of Los Angeles during the 60s, moving should be a solution to many years of living in degradation and poverty. Families seek the serenity of better schools outside of the rotting South-Central, low-income environments. Black children often get better education outside of the packed Los Angeles School District. Sadly, Carol, your sixth-grade elementary school teacher Mr. French, a lazy South African, stood by silently while the white kids in your new school in Scottsdale City, California called you the Blob?

Dearest Carol, the moment you were introduced as the new

girl, white students laughed, while you stood next to the Blackboard waiting to be seated. It was a warm day in Scottsdale City. Outside the gold bald mountains, and the welcoming hosts that delivered oranges to Madea's house, showed Scottsdale City was going to be a good place to live. Instead, as you stood shaking at that Blackboard, the teacher did nothing as those kids screamed at your balding head, your dark skin, your turned in feet and your crossed eyes. Madea told her Madea she was going to get surgery on her eyes, but your grandmother argued against it. She said so long as you had 20/20 vision, to leave you alone and that's what Madea did. However, you were shattered to smithereens at how different you looked compared to all these mean white kids. Later in class while kids gathered around you screaming in your face,

"Get her out of here!" they shouted. "This is the Blob. She is too ugly to be in this class," one white girl screamed. While you raised the wooden board at your desk to hide from the mean kids, the teacher did nothing to stop this mayhem; instead, he yelled at you, as tears rained down your sad face. And then he had the audacity to say.

"Carol Denise, please lower your desktop. You have not been instructed to go into your desk at this time," he ordered, as the teacher walked over to slam down the desktop.

"I don't want her sitting next to me," one white kid hollered. "Me either," said another white boy. Later, the teacher crossed his arms across his chest, while white kids continually took turns calling you the blob. It took one Black kid named Clark to call off

the wolves. Overweight with black-rimmed glasses, Clark was known to be a quiet introvert, until he chose to speak out for you. Whereas it took guts to speak out, Clark knew he had to stop the bullying.

“Leave her alone. What if somebody called you names,” the little boy defended. Carol, you, and Clark were the only two blacks in the classroom. The name-calling went on for a year. Such nastiness caused you to believe Madea was right when she promised you’d never amount to anything in life. At this point, at eleven, you were critically abused. Pummeled over your dark coloring and looks at home and at school, you were tormented in ways few people will ever experience.

Carol, you were so overwhelmed with abuse, you sat in your closet at home and split your personality to help you deal with all this trauma. Daily, the chants at school made you cry. Sadly, without your grandmother being around anymore, you had no one to help you with your tormented life.

You did in fact, split your personality to deal with a bad life at school, bad life at home, and eventually sexual abuse by your brother. Thankfully, some of these life pressures would be relieved when Dane entered the service.

Those early reflections on such a bad past were inevitably going to seriously affect your adult life in many ways that were unpredictable at that time. However, tucking matters away was a coping mechanism, not a permanent solution to all the pain you experienced at that time. Following such crass matters of abuse,

it's unthinkable to bear that a few hours after school, multiple other forms of abuse were waiting for you at home.

Carol, when you were a baby, according to family members, specifically your oldest sister, Madea, did not like you; but now, this is no secret. Madea never would like you, period. The more she hurt you, the better she felt about herself. Madea will die without ever having told you, "I love you." Instead of calling you by the name her Madea gave you, (*Carol Denise*), the callous woman that carried you for nine months distanced herself from you permanently, which was a severe disadvantage to your future and to your overall battered life.

What Happened

I saw you crying a few minutes ago Carol. I want to apologize to you again for this trauma. My dearest Carol, the decimation of your heart began when you were born. Unfortunately, when individuals are ruined in life, sometimes abusive events occur without the victim ever knowing what happened; yet they are being damaged at the same time. Whereas you ignored important features all your life, you failed to mention such derailment in either of your biographies. Carol, I do recall when your sister told you how Madea often alienated you. It was bad Carol when Madea stowed you away in a room. Siblings say Madea was most inattentive to your needs.

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Carol, what you endured from 1955-1973 would have been impossible for most people to bear; you found warriors inside that closet of your home. With all your pain and suffering Carol, you did great in splitting you into personalities. Splitting us gave you room to deal with the daily pressures of being pummeled; otherwise, you would have gone crazy enough to be institutionalized. Your heart fluttered each time somebody called you The Blob. You refused to bring home the pain you suffered at school, because you were aware how much Madea did not want you. You were even more reluctant to bring to school your pain at home, until you attended Junior High School.

Chapter 9

Gone is the Wind



Dearest Carol, your Award-winning novel, *What Happened to Suzy*, is another one of your accomplishments that you should be very proud of. Your book is chronicled in the nation's Library of Congress Washington and Jefferson rooms to be exact. Carol, though many can't understand the genius of you, The Library of Congress took no sides when they interned your first novel in their archives, for life. It's imperative that this writing reflects the truth of your genius, for there is not one person in your family tooting this horn. Carol Denise, be cognizant of the fact, this is your history. It is also your children's and grandchildren's future as well. Further, I must explain to readers how you really felt about important things in your life that you could not bring yourself to fully talk about. I

am even going to expose the main facts about the kids you had... that you truly love, whom you believed you failed as a *Madea*, when they both grew up to be addicts in a home where drugs were never used. You believe this way because you simply could not distinguish the extent to which you loved your own children after multi decades of child abuse. Your children are at this writing 47 and 40; your sons have suffered irreparable damage because of your abuses and for your not being willing to partake in the use of drugs. You had two boys, Matthew and Joe, of whom you raised the best you could.

As we're back in the present, Carol, I want readers to know that as soon as you found housing, March 09, 2023, I saw you more relaxed than you ever were before. Carol, I aimed to take these great feelings further by extinguishing the bad memories from your past that played into your being homeless. Even though you announced to the world your writing career stopped after your last book *Unstable*, I knew there was more about Carol Denise Mitchell the world needed to know; for I want the world to see your good side and the woman you became after the abuses. I was most certain of this when you allowed me to enter the picture two days after you had settled. I want to compliment your emotional security, for being open to allowing your personality to speak for you. The pain you have been wearing since 1955, is lifting as you are willing to let it roll out. People don't understand you, Carol. After this writing effort, people will know Carol Denise Mitchell.

Carol, allow me to take a moment to apologize to you. There

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were people who cared for you amidst a life of human frailty and pain. Clark, from Arroyo became your lifelong friend. You never gave yourself credit for the fantastic woman you turned out to be. Sadly, nobody else thought enough about you to tell you how great a woman you are, except for your longtime friend, Sonia Lizette. You did all this no thanks to Madea, father, brothers, or sisters. Carol Denise, whereas you have always been ready to embrace your siblings; that opportunity was never available for you. It was time to let go years ago when it came to your siblings. Please know there is love there that many of your siblings don't deserve. In what should go down in the Guinness Book of World Records, everybody abandoned you, which I might add is something you would never do to a family member, not even today. Carol, do you recall that time Jasmine raced to your house with Curtis seeking a respite from Madea's ongoing demands? Here is how that scene went.

“Suzy, Suzy,” Jasmine screamed as she raced up to your front door. 7 months pregnant with your first child, you were eager to answer the door to help your older sister, Jasmine.

“What’s wrong?” you asked her.

“Madea’s such a bitch. She is using me. I need a place to stay for the night,” she screamed. With her thin moo-moo falling off her emaciated shoulders, you straightened your sister up. Later, inside you offered her a respite in your home.

“Jasmine, you can stay here with Curtis and I for as long as you need to,” you offered your sister. Disheveled, and shaken by an

argument she had with Madea, Jasmine, a year older than you, was confused.

“Can I sleep in your bathtub until morning?” she asked you.

“You can sleep in our bed. Curtis and I can sleep on the couch,” you offered.

“No!” Jasmine screamed. She continued, “Just let me sleep in your tub. Bring me some cover. I will be okay,” Jasmine cried. Carol, you were 19 and Jasmine was 20 when this event occurred. 45-years later, when you called Jasmine seeking refuge for being homeless, Jasmine slammed the phone down in your face, as if you were a stranger. Like Jasmine, even when you stuck your neck out for people who should have been there for you, they treated you like a dog. When Jerry needed your expertise to get a trainer’s license for athletic purposes, you wrote those papers about the Staples Center for your brother, who bragged about being invited to family reunions you were not invited to. With one sister, you burned a bridge when you simply could not cosign her being so fake. That sister Carol would have been there for you to help you through homelessness, only your Dear John letter to this sister in 2000 ruined any chance you’d two ever would unite again.

Chapter 10

Power Seekers



Your older sister spearheaded a vicious attack on you that was not warranted. Debbie's power branch in the family kept you from being invited to the family events. Your brother Jerry often bragged about attending events without you.

During the time when your eldest sister started the attack on the freeway, you were a sleek size eight, which was reason enough for your hateful sister Jasmine to be jealous. The others that beat you up along with Debbie that night, went along with it because the older sister made them feel it was okay to torture you on the Santa Monica Freeway, because you were not good enough to them, for Madea's love. You had moved up North away from Los Angeles in 1977 to get away from an abusive Madea. You married

in Northern California, in fact your eldest sister Debbie came to Vegas to see you marry your husband, Joe. You were coming home for a family reunion, looking better than ever, and that made Jasmine extremely jealous. Following the beating, Madea directed you to go back to the airport. Once home again in Oakland, California, your husband forbids you from visiting family members again. Therefore, from 1983 onward, the only time your siblings saw you again was for Madea's funeral in May 1993.

I was always impressed with how well you have handled yourself with such evil siblings. These letters I am writing to you - will explain to readers why it's so important for love to begin at home. Carol, we must do this for your own clarity, to explain why your life ended up in the horrid kind of turmoil it was hard for us to get out.

We're writing these letters to you Carol for forgiveness, because it's imperative to simply clarify to you how you survived important events in your life; even though you tucked back some things that need to be said. Therefore, we're writing these letters with the intent to never go back to life's treachery again; while I get inside your brain to tell your real story.

Some of these topics about your family will all be shocking enough that you are not going to be ready for the truth. Hang in there for, I am simply being honest with readers about all you have gone through. Together Carol, we will get to the end, when you become homeless. None of your being homeless was your fault, no matter what anyone tells you. Jasmine should be ashamed of

Letters To Carol

the way she hung up on you when she received your call for help! Moreover, bad decisions played into your homelessness. Therefore Carol, you deserve a standing ovation for keeping Carol intact during the most difficult times in your life.

First, I want readers to know you are good now. You have a beautiful car, a reasonable car payment and low car insurance. You are living in a divine high-rise senior home where you belong, back in the town you first came to when you were 22 years old. You are near Lake Merritt in Oakland, California, where you can be found on the weekends walking around the scenic lake. Whatever challenges you face, you will not leave your home. Rather, next time you will deal with your issues in ways to ensure you keep a roof over your head, period. Carol, you have always been a beautiful, loving spirit that cared about others; even when they were pummeling you into the ground or stabbing you in your back. You have always been a good person. Recently, when a man said he needed your walker for his wife; you gave him your walker, even when you had an arthritic flare up. Unfortunately, you were never sure when you were doing the right thing by the horrible people that hated you. Upon peeling back, the moments in your life that set out to ruin your success as a human being, there were surprises. We learn that nobody won against you Carol. You held on when you were on skid row, where you kept some important things, including your pride, your dignity and self-respect. You never let a bad situation define you, Carol. To that end, you should be most proud!

Chapter 11

I Love You



Hey Carol, how are you feeling at this moment? Please smile, for when these letters to you are over, others may learn important lessons on how tough of a cookie you are. Carol Denise Mitchell, I Love you; and the others do too. As personalities that derive from you, we are all respectful of the roles you meted out to us in your life. Conjoined in this victory, your personalities have had your back, so far. We will continue to love you forever more!

That said, I am so glad God sowed me into your being, where I can't imagine another American woman, I'd like to be with more than you. If others knew you Carol, the way I do, your life would have involved much less pain, for I am the part of your personality

Letters To Carol

you have not talked about before. I think I am well-qualified to help you tell a story of survival that will impress all that take the time to really get to know who you are.

Carol, I hope you don't mind my saying congratulations to you for plowing through the garbage others left for you; to tell a story that will help many others. Through my candor, at last, the world is getting the truth about who Carol Denise Mitchell is. Carol, you survived the shame, the struggle, and the many challenges of being homeless, in major ways. One evening when you were on the brink of giving up, I entered to steer you back in the right direction.

"Hold on Carol," I said, as I gently emerged from your subconscious to save your life.

"Who's that?" you shot back. You were parked at St. Joseph's Hospital in Phoenix, Arizona, where you slept in your car most nights.

"It's me, Carol. You must take the terror of being homeless one day at a time, or you will die," I told you. Afterwards, you thanked me out loud. Rats in your car had bitten your right cheek. You were terrified when we relaxed you enough to sleep the rest of that night. Carol, you are a winner. We are aiming to keep you that way. My good lady, even today while you are approaching your 68th birthday, on May 12, 2023, from your high-rise apartment in Emeryville, you keep pinching yourself, not believing how you have survived homelessness; yet you are not oblivious to life's new challenges. I am not surprised you survived

Carol. However, you have been in survival mode since May 12, 1955, when you came out of Madea's womb a fighter. Because I live within your soul, I gave you a hug each day Madea frowned at her beautiful bundle of joy. I did this even when you felt that no one else was there. Sometimes you even hugged me back, Carol. Before we go back to when you were a little girl, others must know that since 2016, you have been homeless off and on for seven years. Point blank, it all had to do with slum lords and lack of money. Having consolidated the important issues of your life, God wanted to give you a car that required a struggle; so, when housing materialized, you'd have a car and a great place to live. Carol, I concluded that if you had another upbringing, the scary homelessness you just suffered -never would have happened to you.

What people don't know about you Carol is how you never gave up on all the abuses you incurred in life. In fact, you were everyone's punching bag, until you learned how to receive pain. As simplistic as this may be, it was the only reason you survived. Whether you were parked in a gym parking lot, or were sleeping in a hospital garage, here is what I heard you say to yourself, Carol, that was very touching to myself and to the other personalities that love you.

"Dear God, please allow me to get through this trauma one day at a time, as I was told to do by the inner me. If I were to embrace all that is going on with me, including lack of food, no place to call home, aging, and illness, it will all kill me. Thank God for the inner voices that are

Letters To Carol

taking care of me.”

Carol, the first time you prayed this way was on Fowler Street in Scottsdale City, when Madea made fun of you to your family. Since then, you have prayed nightly on the streets; never understanding how it was Madea, your sister, your family, a bad psychiatrist, and many others who marked you for death. Unfortunately, cruel human beings held more power over your mental development than they deserved; but during this exploration, I want to show you how to embrace those enemies, without denying how badly they hurt you.

Ms. Carol Denise Mitchell, you lovely soul of God -I lived inside your soul, to learn that you are the most beautiful person in the world. Carol, you are capable of the kind of love God placed on this planet for humans. From the moment of your birth, I watched you love the abusers that sought to cripple you. I was the one crying beneath your own tears when Madea hurt you or when you were made fun of at school. I have seen you take punches that you did not deserve. Dear Carol, you are alive today, because of how much those of us that know you best, love you, Carol. You loved each of the abusers that placed you on a trajectory to end your life, because God made you an Angel.

I cried for you. In fact, I am crying now -never expecting that I would have been a major voice for you. I knew your prayers were genuine, with my being able to share your blood. I truly hope you don't mind me sharing your feelings with the world, in ways you can't ever do. No one is prouder of you Carol, than I am. Whereas,

Carol D. Mitchell

we went on this life journey together, every day of your life, you lived a life I saw differently; yet I followed your footsteps. When you did go down, I knew God would be there to rescue you and he did. Now God wants true revelations to end with love and prayer for all those who wronged you. People need to know who you are, Carol. The world needs to know why you are so important to me, to history, and to the world. Carol, let us stop here for a moment. As I watch you type, you look beat. The writing is about to become a true revelation of unthinkable events and admissions that everyone is not going to understand. You need a breather here. Go collect yourself, darling. Watch TV or listen to some relaxing music. When you return Carol, be ready for us to go back to day one.

Carol, it took you a few days to return here. First, I am so glad to see you back, as are the others. Already I see the tears forming in your eyes. Of course, you know where we're going. Settle down. Buckle your seat belt. The world needs to eat every kernel of your experience. Herewith, the important event of your birthday took place on a Thursday morning at 8:30 a.m. to a woman who was as far removed from being a parent as one can be. According to Wikipedia it was day 132 of 1955. The weather was beginning to be warm. Tailfins on cars were a popular thing at this time. Rock and Roll was beginning to take off and poodle skirts were the style. At the time of your birth, Madea was ill, so, your grandmother

Letters To Carol

named you Carol Denise. When Madea awakened from a brief illness, she was not happy with the name, Carol Denise. She liked the name Suzy, which had nothing to do with you. From the moment Madea heard the name her mother had given you -she imposed Suzy on you, which back then was a white girl's name. In fact, she made everyone in your family call you by this name as well. Her Madea was away Monday through Friday. She'd never know you were not being called by your real name. Carol, this was the saddest event of your upbringing, as it was a way for Madea to remove herself from you, personally. The only time you heard Carol Denise was on the weekends at your grandmother's house, or when Madea was mad at you, or perhaps when there was roll call in grammar school, Junior High, and High School. The name dismissal marked an event of your birth that shaped the way you would be treated in your household. It was such a vital occurrence, that upon your grandmother's death, she took one last chance to remind you, your name is Carol Denise. Dear Carol, I shiver to think of the challenges that a good person as you are, was about to encounter, via a parent who hated you.

Upon your birth, Madea made a vow to treat you like you stole something. She'd take joy in berating you, in making fun of you, until other members in your family hated you as much as her. Madea decided on her own that you were not worthy of the birth name your grandmother gave you. To her, you were ugly; your features were too small. Your face looked deformed. Your hair was very thin; it was spaced out over your head, like someone on chemotherapy, while your skin was too dark. Moreover, you were

pigeon-toed; you were cockeyed. Carol, none of this was your fault; but it may as well have been for the way you were treated. Your poor little heart fluttered when you heard your own Madea berating you. Nevertheless, you loved this woman with all your heart; that is why we are here today, to reclaim your value to publicly dismiss those awful ways Madea treated you. Madea Carol did not deserve your sweet, innocent love. This one thing bothered your sister Jasmine the most. We will get into that a little later.

Carol, truth, and candor is freeing; therefore, these are tenements we shall look for on your way to a new birth. We must release the bad energy today, by being extremely pragmatic about some tough issues in our life. Keep in mind during this process that your cleansing does not have to be vindictive. We'll say it, we will acknowledge your past, but peace must rule in the end. Later, we will release your pain to forgive the offenders for you to move on. Otherwise, the poisonous acts tie together the emotional turmoil that you were going to encounter in your young-adult life. It would interrupt your future life as a mother to two sons. Carol, emotions from your early childhood played a big deal in the instability you would encounter later in life. Acknowledge it. Cleanse the bad stuff from your soul to allow you the freedom to move on.

Carol, I recall the day your sister told you how when you were a baby Madea left you in a room with hot sweet-potatoes pies. She placed the pies within your reach. She knew if you touched these

Letters To Carol

pies, you'd be burned; so, when you placed your baby fingers in those pies, you had no protection. You were not important to her. So, when your grandmother was not around, Madea preyed on hurting you. She abused you in all ways possible, with no apologies. When your grandmother visited on the weekends, she lovingly lifted your tiny body into her arms, where she greeted you with the warmth you deserved from Madea. It was your grandmother who raised you out of Madea's messes. When you were younger, about five or six, your grandmother called you her black China doll. Debbie was aware how much Madea hated you; because frankly, Madea hated her too. Moreover, when Madea placed you in the room with those pies, your sister recalled an important detail. She explained to you how you stuck your baby fingers in each pie, burning your little fingers. This outcome infuriated Madea, for of course the pies were more important to her than you were. Others may laugh this off Carol; but this was early child abuse, that sadly never had a cessation period the whole time you were around Madea. This is not a funny event. It is quite dangerous to leave hot food near an infant. Rather, it is the beginning of a string of abuses Madea placed on you; ones that you excused her for in all your books about this topic; it does not matter Carol, now what people think, this is chronic child abuse, that we must face and release. This truth, despite your constant resistance to telling it, must be told. These letters are written to you as a reminder of what's going on behind the turmoil you experienced in life. These events turned out to be too traumatic for you to admit. This time, we're writing for your good health.

Carol D. Mitchell

We are going to restore you back to the person you were meant to be.

Chapter 12

Truth and Consequences



The truth about your family is there are a few others around you, Carol, that despise you equally to Madea. Keep in mind there is not one family member you despise. We know this because during the entire time you were homeless, even when you reached out to your family, nobody cared enough about you to honor the fact you have the same blood, therefore, help was not offered or given to you. This was especially true with the one sister that tortured you the most, Jasmine. Considering to what extent Jasmine hurt you, forgiveness will be hard but essential for you to move on. I must say, shaking Jasmine needs to be a permanent venture, for which there shall be no return.

We will get more into her later. Therefore, to keep renewal in

your life, I am also writing these letters to you, as a reminder that it's not you that's so messed up Carol, rather, it's the positions that others wantonly placed you in. Additionally, there is a list of others whose main goal was to hurt you. This was all callously wrong, but your lack of family love was a true conspiracy, to peel you away from the family. Carol, you are the kind of person that will always help your family, no matter what. Even after the heinous revelations, you are yoked never to turn a family member away, no matter how badly you have been treated by them. Considering such, I must warn you Carol, if you open to a family member, do so without expecting anything in return.

During these truth sessions, we established earlier that Madea did not love you, Carol. It is nothing to be embarrassed about. This pain must be established without doubt to free you of a horrible past. As hard as you tried to make Madea love you, she did not love you Carol, not ever. Even at the time of Madea's death in 1993, she did not love you. Remember how you searched for Madea's Bible to find your name? Madea had handwritten all her children's names in cursive at the end of her Bible. After her death, you searched for each name, and were shocked to find the words Carol Denise written artfully above Jasmine's name. You had not been treated like a daughter. However strange seeing your name in Madea's Bible was to you, we at least know Madea did consider you, her daughter. Those said, she never acted like a Madea to you; not ever. Growing up in a large family was precarious for Madea. There was no help. Carol, Madea was your priority. When she needed help, you were there for Madea.

Letters To Carol

Even above all your other family members, you arose late in the evening to help Madea rock the baby to sleep. Carol, the moment you arrived to help Madea, she was impugned by your presence! Dearest Carol, this breaks my heart, like the time before her death. You visited Madea in the hospital. You leaned down to kiss her when she cringed. There was a new baby every year for 16-years; that drove your older brother insane. Oftentimes, you'd find Madea in tears; she was insane; it was well chronicled in divorce papers, care of Martinez, California, during her divorce from her second husband. She'd be rocking the baby. While the other siblings slept, you crept out of bed to help Madea because regardless of her lack of maternal love for you; you loved her. One night, you offered to give Madea the peace she refused to ever give you. You walked up to her slowly. You reached out your arms for the baby to give Madea a break.

“Madea, can I help you?” You'd ask her.

Burdened with 15 other children, no man, a mother who died too young, with a house full of dependents, Madea did not deserve your kindness, Carol. She handed you the baby, never feeling the weight of your love for her. You were doing this for her out of something she did not have for you, which is love.

That evening, tears rolled down Madea's cheeks, as she ever so reluctantly handed you the baby and went to bed. Handing the newborn to someone she hated was easier for her than being up with the down syndrome child, all night. While you did good Carol, none of your efforts calculated correctly with Madea and

never would. After you rocked one of her babies while she slept; the next morning, her torture against you resumed like the evening before never happened, when she made fun of you up and down the hallway of your home on Fowler Avenue.

Evil, Madea was a sick woman who was incapable of giving love. Having witnessed your reactions to her from the time of your birth; to her death in 1993, Madea's feelings for you never changed, Carol. Not once in your 39 years of life did Madea ever tell you, she loved you. Sadly, this is worth repeating for how horrible it was. You never asked Madea how she felt about you. You experienced her dislike of you daily until you did not expect love from your own parents. Again, Madea Carol, was not capable of loving you. One of the worst things of many I saw Madea do to you was heinous. I know you Carol, perhaps at this moment, you're thinking not that again, but I want to tell the story in ways you refuse to tell it Carol; because the life you have left Carol is short and is waiting for a fix. No more hiding behind your love for Madea. Her contribution to your future homelessness situation was gigantic. As all of this is heating up, I must plead with you not to abandon this project, lest you repeat the failures of your past. I hate to say it this way to you Carol, but please read the next letter.

Chapter 13

How Bad Was It



Carol, you abandoned this project again. I am so glad to see you back. If you want to heal, you must stay with the letters. I hate having to get tough with you. I saw you tuck the computer away and say forget about it. Thank God another of your personalities has you back on the computer again. Tough love means you can either go with me with this, or you can continue to be hurt over the mayhem presented to you by your family. We, in the last evenings of your life, are going to lay the truth about your tortures on the table; even as I am seeing how difficult this is for you. Our mission is clear. We need to save your life. We are doing this to free you of the emotions that have handicapped you for life. Carol, if you are not willing to do the work, stop the letters right here. Otherwise, let us continue.

Carol, that was a tough moment. So glad to see you at the computer again. Let us do this now. You are not writing only for you; terror has been represented in many venues that will appreciate your openness. Moreover, here's a wish hoping that we do not have to cover these issues again. However, readers must know that each morning you arose in daylight, Madea drew a crowd in the hallways of her three-bedroom home. The cruel woman did this so she could mock you Carol, in front of family members. Carol, Madea hurt you in ways humans will never believe. Moreover, she hated you enough to create a circus around the features she gave you at birth. During your formative years, Madea wanted each of your siblings to feel the same hateful way about you that she did; sadly, over time Madea got exactly what she wanted at your expense. On the sad days she mocked you, Madea waited for attendance to arrive. Those siblings who refused to watch her terrorize you, were threatened with a beating. The only person Madea could not convince to hate you was her own Madea who died at age 51 of Myeloma Bone Cancer. I know this telling will sound all over the place sometimes, but I must add what happened the day Madea received the call that Mama died. There was a pink Princess telephone in the kitchen of Madea's three-bedroom townhome. The house was quiet while you all waited to see if Mama would make it. Then, the phone rang. At that time the other kids were away at Griffith Park with your older brother Dane and sister, Debbie. Madea took the call. At once huge tears raced down her saddened face when she got the news that Mama died. Close to Madea, you raced into the kitchen at the

Letters To Carol

same time Madea handed up the pink phone.

“You have me Madea,” you said. You tried to hug Madea to a stretched-out arm that shoved you away. Together you both cried over the grim news that Mama was dead.

Chapter 14

It just Got Worse



Carol, may I apologize to you for that day? As a ten-year old you did not deserve the kind of dismissal leveled at you by Madea. Albeit, after your grandmother's sad, untimely death, Madea was left with the freedom to hate you in ways where she highlighted her hatred of you, to the entire family. As the proverbial punching bag, immaturity left you without a defense against Madea's cruel actions. Carol, the saddest thing about your relationship with Madea is this. You loved her. You truly did not know how to dislike Madea, no matter how badly she treated you; no matter how fervently your sister Jasmine preached "leaving Madea alone," to you. As a child, when you were picked up by your grandmother for weekend visits, you could not wait to get inside to call Madea. You idolized the one figure in your life

Letters To Carol

who caused you the most pain. This is the first time Carol; anyone has brought this to your attention. You are in tears, so am I, as you are writing. I am so sorry about this. Go ahead and cry. You have never dealt with this pain before until now. Don't apologize to anyone for having to lay these details out again for clarity. We're going to tear the remnants of Madea's cruel hatred against you out of your soul. Carol, you deserve to be happy in life.

The last letter was a hard one to write. We're back again to continue the cleaning. These are things about Madea's dislike of you, that you should know. In fact, the people who observed what Madea did to you - were helpless family members, observers, who would in time, take Madea's abuse against you, Carol, as their own. Sadly, this same woman abused each member of your family, in varying disgusting ways. You certainly were not her only victim. This woman, an only child, should never have had children. Remember the conversation you had with Sandra in 2011 when she refused to help you after what could have been a life-changing surgery? I know I am changing the subject, but I must ask you this, Carol. Let me ask you again. Do you recall when she told you this, Carol? Here is what she said.

"Suzy, I have no respect for you. I don't want to care for you after your surgery," Sandra admitted.

You asked Sandra why, having no clue as a formative teen, that Madea taught each family member to hate you. Here is a bit more of what Sandra said.

"Suzy, you allowed Madea to make fun of you, daily. She

abused you too much, while you never fought back. All you said was how much you always loved her. That was so weak that Jasmine and I both started disliking you at the same time. Furthermore, this is why I don't respect you, Suzy, why I will not help after your medical procedure."

Carol, because Sandra had no respect for you, you canceled that surgery. It did not help that Jasmine further convinced your sister you were not worthy of their help. I wish you had taken what your sister Sandra said to heart; but you could not fix; what you could not see. Madea tortured you for the first 17 years of your life, by performing daily enactments in the hallway of your home, in front of your siblings. Madea painted you as an ogre to family members while she performed cruel enactments of you, in the hallway of your home in Scottsdale City, California, that truly depicted how insane the woman that raised you was. Family members peeked from your home's doorways, petrified that their own Madea would do such a thing to her own daughter. Helpless, they stopped what they were doing in the bathroom and the kitchen to catch Madea's horrifying depiction of you.

Carol, your heart was broken during these horrifying depictions/ enactments. The only thing that kept you from fainting was your love for the victimizer. Carol, it is difficult to recite for readers the horror of Madea's bullying against you. However, this must be done. It took 68 years for you to even acknowledge this pain. Now is the time to live it, purge it, and move on. Here is how those horrible enactments ensued. Here is

Letters To Carol

Madea. Carol, before you read the next sentence, take a break. I need you to breathe deeply for a few minutes. It's okay to cry, because we are putting this all to bed. Remember how free after this you are going to be. When you're ready to continue, I will be right here to guide your fingers to type out the following events.

Chapter 15

Good Grief



“S uzy, this is you,” Madea began, to a stunned audience. When Madea launched into her act, some family members cried. She usually wore her gold moo-moo with her pink house shoes with blue rollers in her hair. The baby was crying on Jasmine’s hip. Martha sucked her thumb, while other family members were in visual shock, while you hugged both your arms tightly as you waited to be made fun of.

“Shut up or you will be next,” Madea shot back at Jasmine. While you stood in the hallway shaking like a hurt puppy, many of your family members were scared into silence. *Carol, you must not cry. Stay with me love, this will not take long. Carol, if you are ready, let us move on.*

Next, Madea scowled at you.

“I wish I had never had you, Suzy!” she shouted, as the loud air conditioning sounded like it was complaining about running a hundred miles per hour. Instantly, you held onto your arms tighter, while you lowered your head to the floor, thinking what you could have done to avoid the forthcoming attack. After grabbing the sides of her face, Madea rolled up the material of her colorful plaid moo-moo in front of a background of the fresh aroma of Jasmine’s Folgers Coffee. Jasmine frowned, while Madea rubbed the cotton material. Mara had to know how such enactments hurt you when she discovered you were rocking on your knees to go to sleep at night. During the time of this enactment, you wore a dark spot mid-forehead, indicating Carol, with all Madea had done to you, you were disturbed emotionally. Nevertheless, in a very deformed manner, Madea was into this act, while she walked crippled down the hallway, while her legs were turned inwardly. To drive home her point, Madea’s tongue was hanging out of her mouth, as she drooled openly in the hallway, mocking you.

“Suzy, this is you!” she screamed, as more tears streamed down yours and your sibling’s faces. For added drama, Madea cocked her eyes; while she mocked your pigeon-toes as she walked crippled down the hallway of your small home, the whole time reminding you, this was you. *As fate would have it, a few years later, Madea had a life-threatening stroke, in the very spot where she performed such enactments against you.* However, this day,

to drive her abusive points against you home, Madea separated you from your siblings with these words.

“This is you, Suzy,” she growled. As a confused child, tears continually raced down your gentle chocolate cheeks, while Madea yelled at you repeatedly to watch her making fun of you, while she hunched her back down to the floor as she painted a scene of permanent dislike of you amongst your family. While other family members began whimpering for Madea to stop, Madea paced down/up the hallway making sure family members, those unwilling partners, were forced into watching a show of hatred against their own sister, that unknowingly, some of them would embrace.

Carol, the mark of your survival was contingent on how you did not focus on the cruelty Madea displayed against you. You knew how to tolerate this cruel woman, via love. The problem is you did nothing wrong. She carried you for nine months; she should have been prepared to love whatever the good Lord gave her. If Madea had problems with how you came out looking out of her womb; it was her fault, not yours. Disgracefully hurting your child over their looks in such an inhumane way is criminal child abuse. This is what happens when motherly love runs amiss. Such abuse garners long-term Post Traumatic Disorder and other mental illnesses in the victim.

Carol, the insults your mother launched against you repelled some publishers. When asked why they would not publish *What Happened to Suzy*; one Publisher said he did not like Suzy. Readers

opined how they don't even like you because your pain is unbelievable. The kind of life Madea set you up for is the reason you ended up homeless; but later we will see how pain also garnered you many wins in life. It's easier for other people to hate you Carol, if Madea hates you first. Notwithstanding, from 1955-1993, Madea tortured you daily in ways few have ever heard of before. Typically, Black families don't want to hear the words, "*Child Abuse.*" In fact, they typically hide similar abuses in their own families; calling the topic dirty laundry that does not need to be exposed.

Dearest Carol, in this letter, I must tell you how proud I am of you for having survived such pain. You skated around this truth of your upbringing in your award-winning novel, *What Happened to Suzy, merely to survive the most heinous abuse a parent could perpetrate against their own child.* You have been marching to this one-day-at-a-time mantra of love for Madea, since the beginning of your abuse. Let us be frank. Carol, the mother that had you, did not deserve your love! Period. Whereas Carol, people urge others to forget about the past to move on; you did that, but the horror of your early life of living in an environment full of hate, colored you to become that person that ended up living on the streets; while in your earlier years, the same pain propelled you to success, when you began fighting for the rights of yourself and others. Dust broom in hand, you swept things under the rug without knowing how or why it all was happening to you. For telling the truth, for dealing with the true pain, we are freeing you to live a better life hereafter. Dear Carol, it is okay not to like Madea. Thank God

she is dead. You will not ever have to see the likes of such a tyrant, again!

Carol, I am going to need you to quit tripping. You did not like what I said. I am sorry if thanking God your mother is dead bothered you. Move on. No matter how hard you fight the hurt, the pain, the alienation begins to take a toll on your life. It is not about your mother Carol; it is about you.

You were not an addictive personality Carol; these are the things that helped you survive the horrible incidents that were placed upon you in life. Please don't ignore the next letter, Carol. It's something you also must face, something you have been avoiding all your life. I know it's a lot, but let's talk about it. Let's go over how you really feel about your older brother, Dane. After seeing how you looked after we handled Madea, Dane's issues are going to be tough. Put on your big girl panties Carol. We need you to continue this ride with us. Albeit, when it comes to the older brother who did not want to be Black, ambivalence was the call of the day. As your definitive personality is on a role, Miss Carol Denise Mitchell, please go take a break. What's coming next is nothing nice!

Carol, do you recall telling your brother Dane, he was your favorite brother? You lied to him to assimilate to the house rules which were added abuse on your siblings. Madea's first-born child Dane, who is 7 years older than you, forced you to become a LA Dodgers fan. It was his team; not yours. He made you like Ron Cey, Steve Garvey, and the others because the Dodgers were his

team; not yours. When you cheered for these ball players, you did it to please your brother and for an opportunity to keep your eyes open; while your siblings had theirs closed. After your beloved grandmother died, Dane was inconsolable over your grandmother's death, enough so he locked himself in the closet for a week, refusing to talk to family members, proving something was wrong with him. Carol, your brother was a prime nutcase. If my saying this bothers you, take another break. In addition to that, Madea sanctioned Dane's in-house abuse, while she was out working as an LVN nurse to support the family.

"I must go out every day to make money for you all. I can't work very well and come home to the issues of 16 children," Madea argued to Dane, who agreed to punish his siblings for Madea.

"Well, you need to quit having all these kids," your brother shot back.

"Boy, who do you think you are telling me how to live my life?" Madea defended.

"I was just saying," Dane answered, looking troubled.

The Boys Room became a state-of-the-art concentration camp that was one-of-a-kind. The creator was a man-child who did not want to be Black; yet he oversaw 13 other Black children. His job was to get us up for school. When we came home, we were imprisoned in his room for Girls and Boys punishment, until it was time to go to bed, which could be as late as midnight.

Eyes were to be closed. Kneecaps were squashed when Dane used the heel of a Wing-tip shoe to keep things dead quiet in The Boys Room. The added stress of Girls and Boys punishment made living in your household intolerable. However, living in a family of many abuses had you readjusting your behaviors, to accommodate whoever was abusing you at any specific time. Carol, In *What Happened to Suzy*, you held no prisoners in describing the types of abuses Dane indoctrinated in the boy's room prison, which was your home.

Carol, I tell you, as I am forcing you to face these realities, I can't say I know how we got through all this. One way to explain tolerating such abuse aims at the strong character of you. Carol, you are a victorious figure, we are going to give you the glory today. Please accept the praise. Now that the shaking of my head has stopped, let us get on with our cleansing. Okay, with an uncaring Madea at work, with an older sister that was self-absorbed and a mentally challenged sister, Jasmine; as the sixth oldest in your family, when it came to Dane, you were on your own. In real life, you could care less about these ball players Dane imposed on you. But like it was with Madea, you accommodated abuse as a specific survival mechanism. You wanted to please all abusers at your own expense. Things were no different with Dane than they were with Madea. He was an incessant abuser against you. You had no choice but to go along with the program. Without your grandmother, there were no allies; for no help was on the way. Your siblings disliked you. Your father was never home to help, as by now he had married another woman in

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Shreveport, Louisiana where he later died. Of course, Madea detested everything about you, including your own name. In fact, Loman Alfred is your favorite brother. In fact, in 2016 when Loman was diagnosed with Esophageal Cancer, your selfish siblings turned down his request for help. Carol, you were the only one who said yes. You nursed your brother for a year before he died. Your love and dedication led you into a precarious situation. However, being helpful is you, Carol. You lied about Dane being your favorite brother, feeling there was no other choice but to lie to Dane.

With Dane being Madea's first born, if anyone rose to be her favorite, it would have been Dane. However, Madea used him mercilessly, as well. But there was a person in your life you hated; and turned hate into love, the same way you did it with your cruel Madea. However, you lied about loving Dane for over sixty years, thinking tolerance could be mistaken for love. Carol, you do not love Dane. He is another family member you may as well kiss goodbye! You tolerated this man to cope. You are quite ashamed of how he abused you to this very day. The truth is you are very uncomfortable around Dane in person and on the phone. Carol, you have yet to address these issues with him. Like Madea, Dane is sick. We are calling your spades to the table now, Carol.

Dane, 6'1" was a handsome, immature kid who hated Black people. With ginger colored skin, perfect white teeth and shiny black locks, all his idols from Elvis Presley to Ann Margaret were white. With a father who was half French, Dane did not identify

with the Black and or African American culture. Though he performed a Sam Cooke song in the 70s when he was on the Gong-Show when he tied for first place, "*Another Saturday Night*," was not what he wanted to sing. Dane was a wild Elvis fan who knew all the words to every Elvis song. The man could care less about Sam Cooke. With silky-curly hair, Dane rejected his heritage, while he wore his hair jiggling in the front like Elvis Presley, who was his infinite favorite entertainer.

In *What Happened to Suzy*, your award-winning novel, you wrote out the intricacies of that abuse; but you left out your real feelings about Dane. With luggage loaded with abuse from Madea, there was no room for added abuse, when you still had to deal with the pain that was meted out daily on you by your Madea. Nobody knew the truth until now. Carol, here is an assignment for you. Use your fingers to type these words. "I do not like Dane." Thanks, Carol. Truth is freedom. Thank you for this. Carol, you despised Dane; but you are too nice a person to voice this truth. At night, after the Boys Room, when he laid on top of you in the "Boys Room" on that twin bed beneath that small window on Fowler Avenue, it sickened you. You lay back as he mounted your shocked body with attempted rape, while he kissed your neck, while he grinded on top your body. Whereas Madea's abuse was out there, up front, Dane camouflaged his abusive acts by wearing a white sheet around his shoulders. To roll on your innocent body, Dane recited these words: "*I am Dracula*." He turned mounting your 16-year-old body into a sick game you had no choice but to go along with to cope. You certainly had no allies in the Charles

family.

To Dane, it can't be sexual harassment if it's Count Dracula. Frightened, you were a virgin; an innocent high school student, who suffered multiple layers of abuse. While Madea's abuse was placed here; then Arroyo's abuse was placed there, you already had two personalities, while one more was on the way. Now you had to create another for Dane, who was enjoying the fact you were out of Elementary school, where daily you were called "The Blob." At school things were worse. Within multiple layers of pain going on in your life Carol, your personality is not geared towards hurting others; even when those people are hurting you; so, you smiled during Dane' sick nightly Dracula acts/attacks. As he grinded your body, you smiled, you cried at the same time. You performed as you did when Madea tortured you; but you never liked any of this. Before long, there would be only so many ways you could split your mind to manage abuse. With all of this going on, the burden of dealing with Dane's girls' and boys' punishment and abuse was heavy. The damage was being calculated in the subconscious annals of your mind as the personalities were being called upon endlessly for help. In time, you were going to be homeless because of this betrayal, and because of your inability to call abuse, abuse. You were troubled deeply over your older brother's nightly molestation against you and against other female members of your family. In time, the damage your older brother laid upon your mental health would be difficult to overcome. To this day, you do not want to be in Dane' presence.

Chapter 16

Hiding the Bad Stuff



It is time for you to know this Carol and talk about it. When Dane assaulted you sexually your brain lapsed into remote control to find ways to cope with the tragic events of your childhood. Therefore, when Dane liked The Dodgers, you loved them. When he forced you to memorize Elvis Presley songs, you did so to cooperate with your brother's insane demands. When he insisted you close your eyes or lay on the floor with your hands and legs up, you did that too; while tears drained along the sides of your face, causing you a level of discomfort none of us shall ever forget. When Madea got home after work, she raced to her room to sleep. There was no help against Dane, even when you prayed that your dead grandmother would arise in time to walk through the Boys Room door; nothing happened. Subsequently, this kind

Letters To Carol

of mind control was used to tolerate Madea. You excused abusive behaviors by loving your offenders in unhealthy ways that had lingering consequences, later in life. Carol, you must stop this. Stop loving your abusers today. Here is why Jasmine, Mara, Dane, Leonard Hoffman, they all hate you. Otherwise, none of these figures would have taken liberties to hurt you. You are out of the Boys room. There is no need to continue a love for Dane that never existed; therefore, allow him to live the rest of his life with your earnest forgiveness. Forgiveness does not mean you ever have to be in this man's presence again, Carol. It is time to release this man from your life completely. Forgive your brother Carol, and move on, because that is what we're here for. He is not going to be there for you in a time of need, because he never has.

Instead of being able to verbalize abuses, you ended up chronically homeless, without fully knowing why, when you should have faced your demons. During the crux of homelessness, decision making was not your strongest skill, as conflict took over. Decision making became difficult when you could not call on any of the monsters that tortured you in your childhood, to help you find housing. It was inevitable that the abuses in your past would rise to the fore. Therefore, while life's hard, cold, reality pounced on you, there were no reserves left to harbor to overcome homelessness. You had used up your fighting mechanisms coping with the child/adolescent life that left you mentally scarred for life.

The pain of multiple childhood abuse formerly neatly tucked away surged amidst anxiety, all the way to the fore, during the

most difficult time of your life. Helplessness, confusion, mental anguish all consumed you out of the hidden enclaves of your mind where you placed them to deal with later in life. Carol, the emotions you tucked away should have been addressed at the time of the offenses, lest they fester in your mind creating long-term damage to your mental health. Only, you were not a disruptive person, so addressing abuse was not your thing. Whereas, your sister Jasmine, knew how to bark loudly at family offenders, because she was too one of them, you Carol, lived by a nice-girl rule that excused bad behaviors; but it messed up your mental health terribly.

When Dane tortured you as Count Dracula, you made yourself believe it was cute or funny. You had to. Otherwise, you would have been broken over so much abuse. However, the real feelings were tucked away to create a complexity of your inability to bring forth Madea or your brother's abusive behaviors. Jasmine added on to that pileup by asking you to open your mouth. You did and she spit in it. Moreover, Dane tortured you harder than Madea did, because it was physical; it was mental pain in disguise, with no way out. Whereas these things are difficult to talk about, you must talk about it all Carol.

Sexual and or mental torture tarnished your childhood history. The formative years for a child are the most important ones. That is when the formations of a child's thoughts or opinions make them the person that eventually they will be. You learn about life's changes and how to deal with life's challenges. Your darkened

Letters To Carol

childhood history is without a doubt a main contribution to the eventuality of your being homeless.

Carol, no other family member that grew up with you, had to fight off the kinds of abuse you did in your family. When others suffered similar insults from family members, they incurred anorexia nervosa, or varying other kinds of illnesses that were not like yours. With you Carol, it was one slap in the face after another, but you were good at hiding pain, via the personalities. On the contrary, your most cruel sister Jasmine was too dumb to recognize the extent of her child abuse.

Chapter 17

Tucked away



Madea gets on my nerves. When you were growing up Carol, I am the personality you suppressed that wanted to tell Madea what time it is. I was the fighter that would have handled your family life differently. To me, it is no surprise that Madea was married three times. As soon as her husband realized what a bitch this woman was, they left her. Those aside, Madea was bright. In her professional career, she was an astute Licensed Vocational Nurse, who unlike her family, lauded her patients and took care of them. Your father was her fourth husband, but for you and Jasmine, she did not put Charles on your birth certificates in hopes she could keep up with Kent Coulter, who had her sons. It took many years for you and Jasmine to realize that your real father's name was not on your Birth

Letters To Carol

Certificates. By the time you questioned Madea about this, she told you both to kiss her ass. Because your father had difficulties securing employment after World War II, oftentimes Madea went along with the robberies he committed in Los Angeles. She even had ten kids with your father, because she believed she loved him. Now's the time to credit a family member you have wrongfully called a liar, about a sexual assault. Your older sister said your father sexually abused her and he did. This is a true story, Carol. I saw it happen, while apparently you blocked it out of your mind. The only reason you denied this is because you and Debbie have different fathers. In fact, you do not like her much because she was the one that had Jasmine kick your ass on a freeway in 1984. Your father sexually abused her; this is important, because it is consistent with how you deny bad things perpetrated by people you claim to love. When she told the family, you defended your father, it was wrong for you to deny your sister's pain. Your father is guilty of that abuse. He cannot be excused of rape merely because he is your father, Carol. In one incident both Madea and Daddy were arrested. Subsequently the two were in the newspaper for the theft.

From abuse to theft, your home was never a safe place for you, or the other children. In fact, most of the child abuse took place before social services were trained to intervene in such matters.

At home, the pile-on of abuse got heavier. Still, even as far back as when you were a small child, you decided to take it all, one day at a time. Moreover, for years as the punishment worsened, Madea

Carol D. Mitchell

did nothing about it, while your older brother abused you daily, until he joined the armed forces when you were in the tenth grade. Your reserve bank for punishment had a lot of pain in it, Carol. There was no way in hell you could ever lead a sanguine or normal life, with such a heavy cache of pain unless you divided up the pain in your mind, or at some point released all of it, which we are doing now.

Chapter 18

Dear Carol



Let's go back a little in time. Your grandmother had died. Madea lived in Watts. By this time, she told neighbors she was moving and not to tell your father she was moving to Scottsdale City. Dane was still traumatized over your grandmother's death. This is when Madea placed the burden on him to father his own brothers and sisters, which was a huge mistake, because the monster Dane allowed him later to perpetrate familiar child abuse tragedies on his own kids, later in life. Carol, because you are such a nice person, subliminally, you understood the pressures Madea placed on your brother, Dane. You knew more after Dane married Perry. She defended his heavy abuse of his siblings. That is why you wrongfully believed tolerance was love again. Notwithstanding, and on top of the pain

you endured at home, at school it was worse. Following tortuous hours of “Girls Punishment” with your neck cracking, your body tired, and after hours of abuse, you had to straighten up to go to school for more abuse. It’s important to state that at eleven-years old, a child is not mature enough to know what compounded abuses can do to the maturation of a growing child’s mind. This is why the child internalizes dangerous emotions that can ruin a child’s emotional maturity, much later, in life. This is another reason why by the time you were in your mid-sixties, your inability to find and or handle housing matters had a lot to do with the interruptions of your now fragile emotional stability, which began a huge pile-up from 1955-2023.

In 1966 you were in the Black schools, like Mark Twain and Ralph Bunche, where it was normal to be a dark-skinned child. When Madea moved to Scottsdale City in 1966, your dark skin was not accepted by the white kids in Scottsdale City.

Carol, by the time you entered Junior High School, you were dealing with the pain of an enlarged heart, Post Traumatic Depression, abuse by your brother, Madea and a sister that hated you. It was the end of three-years of being called, “The Blob.” You were tired mentally. You have now stored over a decade of abuse in your emotional cache. The personalities are tired. We have all waited decades for you to be ready to tell your “real” story. To that end, we are all proud of you. At home, things worsened when

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Madea called you lazy. Getting up to do household chores was dangerously killing you. One day on the track at Garey High School, where you attended for three years, you ran the track. This occurred late in the afternoon. The football field where the *Vikings* practiced was empty. On that unusual eve you collapsed. As a child without guidance or love, you took care of yourself. You lay on that track, with horrific pain in your chest. On that ground, you prayed to heaven for your grandmother. You knew at any moment you could die, but this was to you another challenge you had to get through. You lay where one of your personalities showed you how to breathe. There, you clutched your heart, not knowing what a dangerous situation you were in. All you knew was there was a lot of chest pain. You laid on the tarmac of the racetrack until the pain subsided, having no clue that your heart was attacking. Later, at home you performed your household chores, including washing walls in the house on Fowler Avenue. You tired easily, but you washed the walls anyway. You did not have support from family to even tell one soul you had a heart attack. A few weeks later, when the school district ordered a physical, their medical staff wrote Madea a shocking letter. In it they told her you had an enlarged heart. Back then, instead of Madea checking all this out with emergency doctors, she continued to ignore the matter not caring about the outcome.

“You have an enlarged heart,” she said to you one day when you were sixteen. Giving you this information, did not include following up. In fact, Madea simply waited for you to die.

If you can't accept this information about Madea, your end-of-life maturity will be heavily compromised, Carol. You are not writing this all down for brownie points, or to impress anyone. This is being said correctly now because this is your life. This is a moment of clarity, which will in turn, save us from being on those cold/hot streets, again. We must get this all out. You must cry. You must embrace this pain with the knowledge you never afforded yourself to engage longer than a fly before. I love you, Carol. I know this is hard for you. If Madea thought so little of you to not take care of your mental or physical health; then why would she care about your having an enlarged heart? I am sorry that you are crying. Cry. You must cry to release these feelings from your wreckage of memories of the past. These are the things about your upbringing you refused to face in the past years. You are facing these issues now. This is the most important information of your life. We hated being on the cold streets not knowing how we got there. This information is being given to you, through me, by God.

Moreover, Madea was more vicious towards you than you are willing to talk about Carol. What mother allows her older son to daily punish and molest a child with a life-threatening medical condition? It's time to purge the pain Carol, please ask God to forgive your demons, Carol. You must see Madea for what she was; instead of what you wanted her to be. Carol, this is a must. When people criticize you...When they say leave it in the past, surge forward. This is your life. You are already being freed, as you tell your story through me. Here is where the truth will not

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be a stranger. Here is where nothing will hide. All human beings deserve to be heard. Listeners will be educated. History will be informed, while this time potential publishers will know the real you. I want them to know that Carol Denise Mitchell is an honest, amazing, smart, beautiful woman, who is at last owning the rights to her safety. Carol deserves love. Carol is for the first time becoming whole. Carol's story is one of sheer survival!

If we could forgive a nation for the wrongs they placed on Black people, why can't we forgive the torturers in our own families? As noble as that may feel to some, those family members that are tormented over abuse, are entitled to be heard, Carol. The first person that must heal from physical and mental and psychological abuse is you.

The Black community may reject your truth; but your consciousness will be free to heal. Healing, and not yielding to the pain of the past, is a good thing.

Chapter 19

Help Was Needed



Carol. Take yourself out of the picture, while you clean up your past. I loved you then when we were going through all this mess. I still love you for wanting to learn how to heal this past; how to clean it up and move on. As the inner you allowed transparency, I was the part of your personality that came to the fore. On March 09, 2023, when you walked into a permanent home, that no one will take away from you, I took your hand and said this.

“Carol, you have risen above the pain to do well. Few others would have walked on the fire and nails, as you have towards survival. Helpers in the social realms of society, tortured you. Do you remember the conversation you had with the so-called

Letters To Carol

Director of the in-car parking Program? We must talk about it, Carol. Here is what happened. Around September 2022, you drove to California from Phoenix Arizona, looking for a cure for your homeless situation. After arriving in California, you entered a parking program, which allows people that live in their cars to have a numbered parking spot. The program included a key to a shithouse. The Director was a very cruel narcissistic Black man, who was mean. Instead of viewing car owners as homeless people who were looking for a way out, John despised you, Carol.

Moreover, as a woman with a nice 2015 Nissan Altima, who was also a well-published writer, when John studied your application, John felt like you did not deserve to be in the parking program; therefore, he slid into your life, as another opinionated abuser, who often yelled at you. In fact, he detested you for having placed yourself in the homeless position. Moreover, John informed you that to find housing, you would have to lower your standards to the program's slow, snail's pace. Many who parked in John's program had been there over a year, with no results. In fact, all the other parkers had was a key to a shithouse. John allowed you to charge your phone, or he set up an RV with coffee and Ramen soups.

One day John was talking to you in a way that was so cruel, it forced you to change your direction. As you sat across from him in his trailer home office, his ire was stunning.

“Carol, if you don't conform to the program's methodology, you will never find housing. You must not expect things to happen

quickly around here. You have a parking number where you can sleep in your car, charge your phone, or eat in our kitchen. After looking at your past, it's no wonder your family won't help you. You don't deserve help, Carol. You should not be homeless in the first place." As abusive as John was, his words sparked the beginning of your freedom, Carol. It was the first time in your life that you rejected your abuser before things worsened. With tears streaming down your face, images of a horrible childhood, molestation, disenfranchisement, molestation, beatings, suddenly surged forward. Your emotional bank for storing bullshit was full. There was no more room for John's abuse!

"I will not let you talk to me this way," you defended, shocking yourself. That is when John went harder.

"You have nothing, Carol," he shouted back. He continued, "You brought your homeless situation on yourself. You need to quit blaming others for the awful position you are in!" John shouted.

"You obviously failed to make the correct choices in your life," John ended. At that moment, I was so proud of you Carol, when at last you fought back! John became that South African grammar schoolteacher, Mr. French, which allowed his class to call you, "The Blob." You were not going to take this anymore. In my own voice, you stood up to that man!

"John, I don't care what you say about me, I will not allow you to take away my dignity, by telling me you don't blame my family members for not taking me in. I did write all those books. I did

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take family members in before. I am somebody; therefore, I am giving you back the key to your shithouse. How dare you even open your mouth to talk to me that way,” you screamed.

Carol, I was so proud of you. You could sleep anywhere. You did not have to wait two years to find housing. You saw how much John was in a heavy relationship with his purported “Housing-Counselor.” You were right when you determined that the “Housing-Counselor” was not interested in finding you housing; when you ascertained she was more interested in having a relationship with John, it was clear why the others had not acquired housing as well. Not one of the parking lot members in John’s program had secured housing. You watched a woman sit in that shithouse for hours. The pungent smell of nearby odors was sickening, when other parkers could not get how long she was committed to being in the shithouse. Carol, the day you left the program was the beginning of your renewal; and I almost want to say, I thank John for it. You left that housing program, November 2022. By March 2023 you had housing. If you had handled earlier abusers the way you handled John, in the parking program, Carol, you would not have ever been homeless at all. I am so proud of you for finally standing face-to-face with your abuser. Those said, we must continue with the earlier parts of your life that I want you to see.

For now, however, program after program felt you were overqualified to be homeless; none were able to see how much pain was stored in your reserves. However, you deserved this help

for those elements in your life that helpers could not see. That is why you must tell others how inhibiting your life pain was.

Many see you Carol, as the award-winning writer of class and intelligence. Your heart is filled with a yearning for helping others; but there are times when you need help too. Therefore, it's important that you are not afraid to finish your story. If you don't do it for anyone else, Carol, peel back the covers of your pain, to tell the truth for you. We already know those who don't like you have already secured those permanent walls against you. Let us not get this twisted, for you want nothing from those who hurt you but clarity, so that you can end poisonous relationships with forgiveness. With this, you will see them through clearer eyes. Additionally, it will hasten your desire to be free of individuals who set out to hurt you and then you will never be shocked why certain individuals are not there for you. You began to do this in your first book, *What Happened to Suzy*, but you never finished telling the world how bad your formative years really were. If you don't do this Carol, I will. Let's talk a little more about the monster Madea who was in physical pain.

I hear you saying, "We have said enough about my Madea." Carol, if you need to take a break, take it. I will not allow you to keep important details of your pain inside. Like you did with John, it must be exposed to leave your subconscious, to force you to do better for you. I know you think I have told the readers enough. Unfortunately, there is more. Oh, don't worry about the abusers not talking to you anymore. That is exactly what we are aiming

Letters To Carol

for. We want your abusers out of your life for good! Even if those details arise unexpectedly Carol, we are going to talk about it. Carol, let me say this. Publishers opined they did not like What Happened to Suzy, because they did not like you. Readers opined they did not like “Unstable.” They read you wrong. Once individuals read Letters For Carol, they will get your story much better than they had gotten it before. Let’s go.

Chapter 20

Betty Jean Schorr



Carol, this letter is important to me; and is one of the hardest ones to write. Within the framework of all the abusive sessions I saw you have in life, Betty Jean Schorr was the best thing to happen to your maturation years. However, at times some may feel she crossed the line by nurturing you in ways that were not all that healthy. Carol, this is something you never wanted to admit to anyone and it's okay, because abuse, mistreatment and the likes of them, had you confused about your sexuality. You felt a strong same sex attraction to your counselor, until it was clear she merely was more focused on helping you grow into a mature woman. Nonetheless, sexual confusion made it impossible for you to see what was going on; because whether you can admit it or not you were attracted to the one person that

Letters To Carol

bent over backwards to give you a sounder foundation of strength in character, in education, and in your overall growth patterns. Because there was no name-calling or physical abuse, you misinterpreted her kindness as love; when in essence whether BJ knew it or not, you were totally sexually stimulated by her, but she had to nurture you to greatness despite it. Overall, Betty Jean Schorr was a much-needed adult mentor in your life; the beautiful dark-haired Jewish woman handled your affections for her with maturity and grace. She helped you grow into better things.

Sexual ambiguity along with a host of emotional uncertainty ruled your life, Schorr helped you battle through it, by giving you the tools to grow.

“Carol, it’s okay to love me. It’s also okay for you to date boys,” she told you. Carol, we must gain ground for a clean slate, by breaking this all down to you, while you are in a healthier state-of-mine. Your three-year relationship with Mrs. Schorr ended in the 9th grade. Schorr carefully crafted a hurt child into becoming a beautiful flower, by financing your meals at school, every day from the seventh to ninth grades. Aside from feeding you daily, she and her husband Jay, were even set to adopt you. However, Madea was not nice to this counselor. When BJ arrived on Madea’s doorstep, seeking to take you away, the counselor was shut down by Madea’s madness. On Madea’s part it was not love, rather it was possession. No matter how cruel Madea was, she sought to keep her kids together, in the same home. Still, you never had the confidence to tell Madea you were being mentored

daily by your Junior High School counselor. Madea had lost two sons to an ex-husband, who won custody of the two lost brothers in a court battle. For this, Madea lied to the family for many years, telling all that Dean and Jared were kidnapped by their Merchant Seaman father. This was not true, Carol. Court papers in Martinez, California tell the true story about a mad woman who used profanity on such a regular basis, the ex-husband used these details to win custody of his two sons and a divorce from Mara. Sick, and too embarrassed to tell her kids the truth, Madea suffered mentally for many years after the two sons were given to the father for child-rearing. Shortly after all this Madea had you.

Carol, you had this information about your brothers being stripped away from Madea in a Martinez, California court room. However, you decided it was too many years after the fact to help your other siblings find your lost brothers. Yet, still close to your truth, you ignored the tangible evidence that Madea lied to the family about, regarding your missing brothers. This child theft story Madea made up did resonate within your family. It is one of the basic reasons why Madea hated you; why she went crazy; why she was not fit to be a suitable parent for any of her children, following such life-changing events.

Carol, from 1955-1973 you were desperate for love. However confusing emotionally, it was, at least you had a feeling of love with Betty Schorr. It is okay to love her as you did all through Junior High School, so long as what went on has been placed here in the right context. Whereas you were intimately attracted to

Letters To Carol

Mrs. Schorr, she never crossed the line. It's her fault for not seeing that you needed her to fill a host of love vacancies. That is how many rooms for love were available in your heart. The counselor went along with raising you, Carol. Later, you appreciated her mentorship.

A lot of people are abused every day, Carol, but not in the ways that you were abused, which makes it terribly hard to figure you out. Understanding your upbringing and certain significant moments in your life will allow people to read the truth about you without judging you. One of the proudest moments of your life took place in 1972 when you were only 17 years old. Three years of a loving relationship with Betty Schorr grew your confidence. With her you learned self-love and how deserving you are of success. Madea did all things possible to rob you of this opportunity, but the strength in you fought for what was inevitably going to be yours. This, to me, is the proudest moment of your life. It's worth looking at.

Chapter 21

The Miss Scottsdale City Valley Pageant



Carol, let us take a breather before telling readers about one of the most glorious, iconic moments of your life, when you won *Miss Congeniality in the Miss Scottsdale City Valley Pageant, April 1973*.

I want to talk about this story for its overall importance to your professional career; and to highlight the significance of this moment to American history. What happened here was a bigger gain than you were ever led to believe; or were given credit for. Your gains, and how strong of a person you were in the eleventh grade are worth looking at. It was during the most trying times of

Letters To Carol

your life when you shined brighter than before; when your own Madea doubted you should even be in a beauty pageant, until you showed Madea that you were the captain of this ship. You were the child who had an entire class afraid of your Ebony skin. Carol, your successes during your formative years are imperative to note. Let us stop again to say Carol Denise Mitchell, you are amazing! Rejected by all; you rebuked the negativity to claim a clear path to a monumental personal victory. Betty Jean Schorr fixed your wings for you to soar. Like an angel from heaven, you grew stronger from a tragic beginning. Betty Jean said:

“Carol, never forget your value. You are somebody remarkable.” You asked her:

“Are you sure?” she answered back,

“Eat right. Stay in school. Do not let anyone crush your destiny.” The blue handbook Ms. Schorr gave to you on the last day of Junior High School prepared you for incredible successes in life, that must be better said. Aside from your beautiful grandmother, who died too soon, nobody had given you anything before. This is when you decided to take control of your life in order to put into play the beginnings of being the remarkable person you are today. To that end, Betty Jean Schorr constructed your future for three years, when daily, she let you know you are somebody. Her council had you leaving Fremont Junior High School stronger. Next, you ventured to pursue certain challenges against the odds. All of this was about to pay off for you. You were about to win a major victory with a newfound way of deflecting

the negative. No matter how bittersweet one victory would be, you were well-prepared for change.

As a result of such a change, you are chronicled in world records for one once-in-a-lifetime event. You should be very proud of this incredible accomplishment; yet there was no one in your family to tell you how special you were for daring to enter The Miss Scottsdale City Valley Pageant, 1973. The value of this victory carries significant weight for it is a proud moment that is worthy of looking back on. To build a bridge of solid strength for your future, we must pull those special moments from your past. We must do this because those moments made you the stellar person you are today. Carol Denise Mitchell, you have a heart of gold. For even without knowing it, you opened doors for women like Vanessa Williams to win the Miss America Pageant.

Carol, I have been waiting for this moment. It is time to let readers know that you are the recipient of Miss Congeniality 1973, Miss Scottsdale City Valley Pageant, sponsored by JC Penney's, Bank of America Music Award, 1970-1973. Prior to this significant accomplishment, entering this contest was far bigger than you could ever imagine, without the support of your family. You entered the pageant to dispel a long history of being called "*The Blob*." Tired of Madea making fun of you at your expense, you had to prove to Madea during your last two years of high school that you are somebody. Despite how badly you were treated at home, you were going to rise above name calling, labeling, and other abuses. In high school, you were a member of

Letters To Carol

The Honor Society Club. A straight A student, Madea was no longer your focus. By 1972 Dane took his abusive manners to The United States Army to ensure a monthly check for Madea, who was now a Licensed Vocational Nurse. While Madea worked hard as a nurse, you Carol was popular at Garey High School, where your star began to rise. A valued member of the Honor Society Club, you were the number two tennis player at Garey High, where you won a high percentage of your tennis matches. Additionally, you were already attending Cal Poly taking prep courses for Junior college. You did all of this on the wings of confidence given to you by the counselor who cared. There was zero support from Madea and family.

On April 1, 1973, your story hit page 21 of the Progress Bulletin, where the pageant was officially announced. In turn, girls from Diamond Bar, Azusa, Claremont, and nearby cities entered this pageant, leaving Madea highly skeptical that you were suited for such a competition. Carol, you loved the Miss America pageants that Madea watched religiously, once a year. When you learned Susan Anton was the guest of honor at the Miss Scottsdale City Valley Pageant, you were thrilled. The pageant took place on the night of the Academy Awards; by then Madea was able to get you the accessories you needed for the pageant. But her insolent behavior towards you, was enough to ruin it for anyone. The talk Madea had with you Carol was consistent with her negativity against you, overall.

“I know you don’t think you’re going to win a beauty pageant,”

Madea warned you. By this time, you were becoming more of your own person. You felt worthiness from Betty Schorr, who taught you how to better groom yourself for such events. With her advice on eating well and having more protein in your diet, you were on your way to success. Moreover, Schorr's counseling, however imperfect it was, gave you more confidence than you had prior to meeting your seventh-grade counselor. The pageant was a very difficult venture that required grooming, social training and lots more. Whereas thousands of girls entered this pageant, "mostly all white" only a dozen of those girls made it as finalists. Carol, this is how you can tell what a loving young woman you are. In an all-white pageant, you impressed the judges with your quiet demeanor, grace, and manners. With your family, you have seen enough pageants on television to know the basic requirements. Additionally, being in the Honor Society Club at Garey High gave you poise, classic communication skills and solid stature. Before the judges chose the 13 finalists, those questions and answer segments made the judges fall in love with you; especially when they spoke to a clearly articulate young woman. You scored higher than those white girls from Diamond Bar and Azusa that Madea opined were a threat to your success. Carol, you were raised above thousands of young women into a role nobody expected you to conquer. You made the Scottsdale City Progress Bulletin Social pages when you were selected a finalist. Later, when you won Miss Congeniality, 1973, it took place during Academy Awards night 1973. In one of the few times your mother showed up for you, Carol, you had center stage. Dane was on leave from the armed-

Letters To Carol

forces and was at home babysitting, while your mother, who drove you to the pageant told you,

“Suzy, you had the prettiest legs in the pageant.” It was the one and only compliment Madea gave you, your entire life! Winning a scholarship to college was about to change your life.

In the pageant, when you were announced Miss Congeniality, you never had a moment to enjoy the true efficacy of what that title meant. Just a month after winning that pageant, Madea put you on the streets; and because you had no place to put your Miss Congeniality Award, you lost it while you moved from one place to another on the streets, searching for stability.

“I have been waiting for this day all my life,” Madea said, when she came to the girl’s room on May 11, 1973. It was a sad day for the nation when Lex Barker, the man who played Tarzan in five films died of a heart attack. You and friend Linda had cried about it earlier, when Denise packed your brown bags.

“Why are you packing bags for me?” You asked Denise.

“Mother wants you out Suzy,” is what she said. Carol, you knew better than to question Madea’s move.

“I want you gone tonight, and out of my home permanently, before I get home from work tomorrow,” she told you, later that night. Silenced by almost two decades of abuse, all you wanted to do was go to bed.

Until this very moment, you had not had a minute to gauge

how monumental this accomplishment was. It's now listed in Prabook of America and Who's Who in America. Unfortunately, you never took credit for winning that title, because months later Madea cruelly put you on the streets. When you received the two brown bags of belongings Denise packed for you, it was a matter of time before your plaque would be gone forever.

Carol, we are giving you your flowers today. For each bad thing that happens to you, we give you twelve red roses. Ms. Carol Denise Mitchell, you need to take credit for it now. You went down into world history for this title, it's time for you Carol, to congratulate yourself for the real gains you earned on your own. Congratulations, Carol. You were and will always be, Miss Congeniality. You earned it. It was not an easy feat. You won because the real you was witnessed by others who could see the worth of Carol. She is the one that was rejected repeatedly by society, until she decided she could win. The way you presented yourself in that pageant, Carol, is the reason you survived being homeless. You are a sweet person. You are kind. You deserve all the accolades you were given in that pageant and more.

Chapter 22

The truth about Jasmine



Okay, here we are. It is time to talk about the wicked witch of the North. For 66-years, you were emotionally measured over a sister you loved. As children, you and Jasmine played together. You even almost got kidnapped by your father holding Jasmine's hand; until Madea demanded nipped it right away!

“Suzy, Jasmine, you already know Kent snatched my sons from me. When your father tries to load you in the car, run. Don't ever leave this house without telling me first,” Madea screamed.

You loved Jasmine more than life; so, wherever she went you would be with her. If any one person on earth did not deserve your love, it is Jasmine. Carol, stop typing. I am another of your

personalities. The last one is on break. Jasmine is a bitch. Remember it. Don't you ever pick up the phone to call her again, as long as you live!

You believed she was the most beautiful woman you ever saw, until you bored others with this topic. You idolized Jasmine Elaine all the way up to age sixty-seven. With her high-cheekbones highlighted with Hershey chocolate chiseled features, men were drawn to the waif-like Jasmine like a magnet. In high school when Jasmine was engaged to both Michael and Mitchell Kirby, you were thrilled to use this against her for more food. Jasmine always meted out more food to family members that did what she told them to do. Carol, you were most happy to call Jasmine your sister, until your own husband informed you about the knives Jasmine had in your back. However, Jasmine did not feel the same way about you. Unfortunately, had Jasmine shared those sentiments; had she felt the same way about you, it would have gone a long way in your life.

For all the love you had for Jasmine, she despised you before you even knew it; partly because Madea taught all her children to hate you. To your siblings, they believed Madea. Jasmine was the ringleader of hatred against you. To Jasmine, you were the ugly, pigeon-toed fool that Madea imitated via the hallways of your home on Fowler Avenue. At home, like yourself, she hated and despised Dane, who used the heel of a wing-tip shoe to bang onto Jasmine's bony feet. Dane called Jasmine, "*Super-Chicken.*" Jasmine's fights with Dane were classic. At Garey High School,

Letters To Carol

Jasmine was considered the most beautiful woman on campus; while you always felt you were not good enough to be an understudy to such a striking beauty as your older sister was. Moreover, Jasmine wore attractive clothes; she honed mature hairstyles, while she mimicked the styles of stars like Lana Turner, Susan Hayward, and Joan Crawford. Having seen it, you knew Jasmine could stop traffic with her beauty. Carol, you were proud of Jasmine for this. It was her way or the highway unless Jasmine approved it. You went along with it. She even allowed you and one of your brothers to go steal candy from Unimart, so long as you brought her back her favorite, Chocolate Covered Raisins. Such attention by men got Jasmine many of the material things Carol, you never would have. Jasmine's games with men got her homes in Chino, and in Riverside, California. Therefore, who had to be intellectually sound, when beauty and manipulation led Jasmine to all kinds of financial success and gains. However, Jasmine's biggest target to secure Madea's love, was one she never acquired. Jasmine's lack of ability to reign queen with Madea was shocking to her; that is why Jasmine was a Charles Linebacker, when it came to making it, so Madea did not favor another of her children over Jasmine. Hence, Jasmine was committed to tearing down anyone that got in the way of her trying to win first-place sibling with Madea.

Whereas you were considered big-bone, Jasmine was smaller in size, prettier in looks; she was loyal to a Madea who hated all her kids. In 1984 your father called you while you were living in Oakland, California to remind you that Jasmine had good hair;

while yours was bad, Carol. Suffice it to say, when it came to Madea, Jasmine, with all her good looks, good hair, lies and demands, meant nothing to Madea. If she could make coffee, bake a meatloaf or feed sixteen kids, that was all Madea sought from Jasmine. It would take ages for Jasmine to realize she had been duped by a Madea who could not love anyone. Carol, Madea's lack of love for you, did not leave you with the same pain Jasmine had. It took her decades to realize that Madea hated her as much as she hated you, if not even more.

Whatever the case, your beloved grandmother managed to love all her daughter's children equally. She dressed you both alike in pink and blue seal-sucker short sets. At school Jasmine was afraid of dogs, until you came to the rescue. Therefore daily, you were the smarter, uglier, stronger sister, who would make sure the pretty older sister was not mauled by the dogs you two saw on your way to and from school. As Jasmine's sister Carol, you imagined spending the rest of your life around Jasmine until you even told her so one day.

"We're going to grow old together Jasmine. We will sit on the back porch drinking lemonade together." Carol, I recall the stank look on Jasmine's face when you said this to her. From that day on, Jasmine made sure that day would never come for you. Your older sister was your idol, someone you felt honored to protect and in no way did Jasmine ever return to you the same sentiments. None of this would change until you were 66-years old, until you realized how much disdain your sister held for you.

Letters To Carol

Unfortunately, we must pull back the skin of your relationship with Jasmine. This beast of a sister shoved you away from a Madea who never intended to express love to you or to any of her children, for that matter. Carol, Madea was not available for Jasmine. Notwithstanding, it did not stop Jasmine from mowing down family members for a starring role with Madea that did not exist, nor would it ever. Unlike yourself, Jasmine was not willing to accept how Madea was not capable of giving love. Notwithstanding, Jasmine ironed Madea's uniforms, she fastened her nylons onto a tight-fitting girdle,

"I never want to get as big as Madea is, Suzy," she told you. Each day at home, it was Jasmine's job to fasten Madea's girdle for work, to iron her uniforms and to make supper each day for a growing family.

"She's so fat, it's ridiculous. It takes a village to get her into those uniforms," Jasmine complained, after this chore. Carol, you were not a part of the daily demands Madea placed on Jasmine. The first time Madea tried to force you to cook meals, you burned the hot links so badly, Madea only relied on Jasmine's cooking in the household. Moreover, while your other siblings left Madea to her own auspices, Jasmine was the "can-do" puppet on whose strings Madea always controlled. Carol, your love for Madea withstood the test of time, while you felt most sorry for Jasmine. The imitations, the strikes, the beatings, the whippings, the shame, never stopped you from loving Madea. Jasmine was not having it; as she was willing to cut Madea's throat for her love, the

moment she realized that Madea may have been using her. To further solidify her standing with Madea, Jasmine did all she could to incinerate yours or anyone else's love for Madea.

“Suzy, why do you seek love from a woman that hates you?” Jasmine asked you one day.

“I love her. She is my mother too,” you shot back. One evening in the kitchen, Jasmine cased up on you. Stronger in spirit, you matched Jasmine’s flair.

“You are ridiculous. The woman despises you. She beats you for nothing. She makes fun of how you look, how you walk. You call that bitch Madea?” Jasmine asked angrily.

“You don’t want this!” you shot back.

Carol, you feared Jasmine more than religious people fear God. To you, her words were gold; but you knew to what extent Madea was abusing Jasmine too. Jasmine checked the kitchen. She cooked all the family meals. She decided who got what in the family, down to how much food she’d put on their plate. Jasmine assumed her power position would earn her special grace with a Madea who was never available to pick the “winner” of her love. Jasmine worked hard; because she was not intelligent, she could not collect the material evidence of Madea's inability to love. Carol, while you were popular in high school, Jasmine wanted to please Madea; then, she pretended she hated the bitch to other family members. When Madea called Garey High School daily, demanding that the school administration send Carol and Jasmine

home, Carol, while Jasmine raced home daily seeking Madea's favor, school was your priority. Not once did you run home on Madea's whims. Jasmine showed up for Madea, every single time.

In one failed attempt after another, Jasmine needed constant approval by Madea; until her need for love from Madea evolved into hate.

"Hey, Dumb Dora," Madea called her, "The coffee is great this morning," Madea sang. Jasmine always had the coffee ready at the break of dawn for Madea, who'd never appreciated the efforts; rather, Madea felt entitled to them.

"You are a dumb bitch!" Madea shouted one day, to Jasmine,

"What did I do Madea?" the stunned Jasmine asked her. Dressed in her usual red head scarf, wearing a tiny moo moo, Jasmine, the full-time servant never wanted to disappoint Madea.

"You don't wait until the coffee runs out "Dumb Dora," to tell me we have no coffee!" Madea shouted at Jasmine,

"You let somebody know before that, you dumb ass bitch. Jasmine, I have never seen a person as dumb as you before in my life. You don't know your ass from a hole in the ground," Madea screamed.

"But Madea, I tried, I tried," Jasmine stammered back. Carol, you felt sorry for Jasmine when events like this took place. As you retreated to your hiding place in the closet with your friendly personalities, you loved Jasmine; you cried because of her. You

saw your sister rise early to take meat out the freezer for dinner. You saw Jasmine make lunches, wash dishes, do all the things to keep Madea's household running. Deep inside Carol, Jasmine needed your help. Only, she was too selfish to ask you for help. You were too afraid she'd accuse you of wanting Madea's love. Therefore, you never offered Jasmine household help. In no way was Jasmine willing to share a thank you, or any praise from Madea, for it simply could not be shared. This left Jasmine in a horrible position. She took on all the chores in the house other kids refused to do. Her need to get love from Madea was mind-boggling. To you, none of you would have survived your childhood around such a Madea, without Jasmine's stalwart dedication to this woman hence, this is why you allowed Jasmine to treat you like a dog. The consequences of not getting Madea's love left Jasmine dropping out of school to give Madea her full attention. Carol, you did not learn until 2022 that Jasmine never finished Garey High School. She stayed at home dedicated to every whim of Madea. Unfortunately, all Jasmine did to win Madea's favor left her flat. In turn, Jasmine hated Madea enough to want to take her life.

“Suzy, Suzy, one of your siblings cried into the phone. You were 35-years old and had long since left home, the day you received this phone call. Jasmine had finally calculated that Madea never had a special place in her heart for her. As an adult woman Jasmine realized she sacrificed a high-school education to please a woman who could care less about her. All the time Jasmine left Garey High School to unclog a toilet, or to cook for a large family,

Letters To Carol

zilch had meaning to Madea. It took a while for Jasmine to get it. When it finally clicked, as an adult woman, Jasmine traveled to Madea's home, where she drew a knife on Madea threatening to cut her throat.

“What are you going to do Suzy?” Your sibling Denise cried when she called you 500 miles away in Oakland, California. She continued, “Jasmine is over there now,” Denise screeched. At this point in life, Madea had only 4 years to live. You had moved away from Southern California decades ago, in June 1977 to relieve yourself of Jasmine and Madea and the likes of them. You wasted no time telling the caller this.

“Jasmine will not hurt Madea. Please call me when it's over,” you said, after slamming down the phone.

Carol, why are you crying? Are you still somehow feeling sorry for how badly Jasmine was used by Madea? Stop it now, Carol. Only a few months ago, you called your sister in Riverside. You told her you were homeless. Jasmine is 69. You are 68. What did Jasmine tell you Carol?

“Suzy, don't call my house again!” That's what your bitch-ass beloved Jasmine said to you, Carol. Keep it real. You do not ever have to call Jasmine again in life! Stop looking back at the past to save an evil bitch who does not give two fucks about you. Stop crying. No, you are not going to abdicate this matter; these letters will get published, for it's time for the truth to set you free, Carol Denise Mitchell. Do not ever forget that this is not about Jasmine. Fuck her feelings. This time Carol, it must be about you.

Deference to Jasmine helped get you into the hole you were in. Starving on the streets, sleeping on the ground, sleeping in hospital parking lots, enough. Carol Denise Mitchell, it is time for you to let that bitch go. Yes, I said let that bitch go. You will never say it, Carol. I am the personality you wear that will say it. You don't ever need to see, hear from or talk to Jasmine Elaine Berrand again. Quit feeling sorry for Jasmine. She did not feel sorry for you when Madea beat the shit out of you in front of her; or when Madea performed sickening mockery of you on the regular on Fowler Avenue. Jasmine thought she was better than you all that time. Good girl, Carol. I see your strength coming back. Let us get to the rest of this story. We have no time for you to retreat.

Seeing as we have set the table for this conversation about Jasmine, Carol, you must take off the blinders to see Jasmine for who she has always been. We must deal with Jasmine, the sister next to you in age by a year, for she is the one who hurt you most. Jasmine was born March 12 in 1954, in Martinez, California, only one year prior to your birth; and one year after your brothers were stripped from Madea in a Martinez courthouse. Her being abused by Madea set her on a mean path of denial about Madea's feelings about her. Jasmine set out to prove to family members how much Madea liked her the best; however, during all this Jasmine failed. In truth, your older sister was in servitude to Madea until she was 22. Confusion led her into abusing family members sexually - long after you extricated the home on Fowler Avenue. Rejection by Madea sparked the kind of sickness in your sister that left Jasmine wanting revenge. In time, Jasmine became one of the evillest

individuals in the Charles family. At this time, she bought and trained dangerous bull dogs; like the ones she was afraid to walk past in elementary school. Whenever a family member approached her Chino home, the dogs were the first thing they encountered. Up at the crack of dawn, Jasmine cooked, cleaned and nurtured Madea's needs to raise her stake in the family. In the meantime, your dangerous sister told you to back off loving your own Madea. When her favorite child ribbons never materialized, by the time one of your sisters had called you frantically worried Jasmine was going to kill Madea, Carol you were over it. Jasmine set out to destroy other family members, including your niece, who she lied to. Jasmine destroyed all that got in her way of reigning as number one to Madea. Carol, Jasmine wanted you to hate Madea, while she rose at the dawn of day to ensure that Madea's coffee was made. One of the worst things Jasmine did to you was use you to gain a large legal settlement.

It was love for your sister that had you fighting for her against her job over sexual harassment. A high school dropout, incapable of stringing sentences together, Jasmine used you to write letters to lawyers, to workers compensation attorneys, and doctors, promoting her side of the case. Jasmine normally gave you a week to get these projects done. Love for your sister had you finishing very complicated materials for her case in one day. Jasmine told you how impressed she was with you. It was all you needed to continue being her fool at that time.

“Suzy, you're the best. No one writes like you. This case will

give me tons of money. I will not forget to pay you for your work,” Jasmine promised. At the time of this request, you were so close to your sister, it did not matter if she paid you or not. You wanted Jasmine, the superior manipulator to gauge and see your worthiness, in determining how wrong Madea had been about you. Never once did you send Jasmine a bill for the many letters you wrote to win her case.

Of course, Jasmine told your niece she’d share some of the money with her and didn’t. Jasmine’s lies, her meanness caused many family members to stay away from her. The way she clowned at Madea’s funeral in 1993 had many family members calling her behavior narcissistic. Jasmine hired a stylist to perform duties on Madea’s hair. The woman did a great job, only Jasmine did not like it. She leveled the woman in front of hundreds who attended Madea’s funeral.

“Who in the hell gave you a beauty license?” Jasmine barked.

“If you don’t get out my face, I will call the police,” the stylist shot back.

“Good, maybe when I am in jail, I can find someone who knows how to use a hair curler,” Jasmine screamed. Later, Jasmine offered the woman a huge tip to do Madea’s hair and makeup over; until Madea looked the way Jasmine wanted her to; with a million unnecessary flowers in her hair. In events after the funeral, Jasmine started fights with family members that warranted calls to the police. Notwithstanding, whenever the topic of this sister arose, Carol, you defended her. Even when Jasmine stooped lower

Letters To Carol

and filed a restraining order against you, to keep you away from her home in Riverside forever, so your dreams of growing old together would not ever come into fruition; Carol, you found excuses for this woman. A judge leveled your sister. He told her he was not issuing a restraining order against Carol. Having observed your writing career, the judge told Jasmine to be proud of you, as a writer. By now, Jasmine was aware that a family member told you, Jasmine sexually abused her in 1973 after you left the family home. Carol, it was wrong for you to dismiss your baby sister's charges to defend Jasmine. There had to come a time in your life when you could see Jasmine for the Devil she is.

Chapter 23

Let's go There



Carol, the biggest lies you ever told to your heart were about Jasmine Elaine. Whenever anyone in your family told you Jasmine sexually abused them or lied to them, you protected Jasmine. You knew her best, so even if Jasmine sexually abused anyone to you Carol, Jasmine had to be forgiven for her service to the Charles family. After all, you were the one in A-Choir when Madea called the school for Jasmine or you to unclog a toilet. Knowing school was your priority, whenever Jasmine answered one of Madea's delirious requests, it broke your heart to see Jasmine running home from school.

The hurt and pain Jasmine leveled at your baby sister was sickening. When you left the home after the pageant, Jasmine

Letters To Carol

sexually abused her. You, Carol, were wrong in telling your younger sister to get over it. Sadly, even though you knew Jasmine was your enemy from day one, Carol, you were so invested in Jasmine, what others told you about her, went in one ear and out the other. You recalled the sad last day you and Jasmine saw your grandmother being hauled off to the hospital. Madea chose the two of you to take a drive to your grandmother's house for that one last time. Jasmine was bereft in pain over your grandmother's cancer. Because the two of you were so close in age, you felt your sister's pain. When later, the ambulance workers carried your grandmother's body out of her West Los Angeles home for the last time, Jasmine passed out in front of your grandmother's bedroom door. Then, you promised to protect your sister as you did in elementary school when Jasmine was afraid of dogs. The problem is Carol, Jasmine did not give a damn about you. She dismissed your loyalties to her as weakness. Nevertheless, it's time to uncover the truth and why you should never speak to Jasmine again in life.

Madea created many victims in your family of sixteen. Jasmine was indeed one of those victims. She did not have Betty Jean Schorr to lead her out of the depths of Madea's evil way. Jasmine shot herself in the foot along the way. Only, for 68 years you could not form one negative word against your older sister because you loved her Carol. Let me say this to you in the boldest language I know. Your sister does not deserve your love. Jasmine never loved you, Carol. Like your husband already said, she stabbed you in your back so many times, there is no way to keep up with such

hatred. When Madea demonstrates to other members of the family how awful a child is; something is wrong with Madea. Jasmine did this thinking that if she hated you as badly as Madea had, she'd get favor in Madea's eyes. Carol, you better sit down while I tell you the truth about your beloved sister, Jasmine. She turned you down in life at the very moment she should have been there helping you. She hates you so much Carol, she once told you to open your mouth. You opened it and your beloved sister spit in it. Madea told you daily you were a pigeon-toed-cock-eyed bitch and you completely forgot until this moment that Jasmine used to call you "pigeon." Carol, where did pigeons come from? It came from the name-calling Madea launched against you for the first seventeen years of your life. All your siblings embraced the vitriol Madea launched against you. They believed Carol, that you were those awful things Madea told you daily you were. You, as are typical of you Carol, took these asinine visions of you from your family, one day at a time. Often Carol, you promised to do better, and you had done nothing wrong. As an abused child in a family with a mentally challenged Madea, all you kids were victims. You are better off Carol, never speaking to Jasmine again in life. Not only does she not like you, but she also told other family members not to like you as well. That's why Sandra told you she did not like you. When you asked your other sister why, Sandra said. "I don't like the way you let Madea abuse you." You gave Jasmine all the platitudes a loving sister would give. She never deserved one iota of your love, Carol. She pushed you away later in life, in hopes that you did not discover that she was a monster. And then finally,

just a few weeks ago, you realized Jasmine is a monster for some horrible things she did to your niece. Once you eliminate toxicity in your life Carol, you will see it. You will let go because staying around people that bitterly despise you is not constructive. It's a good thing that Madea is dead. May she rot in hell for all the abuse she placed on you. People will say ah...forgive and move on. Madea, Carol was a huge impediment to your success in life. You can be a winner. You can take one day at a time, but people like Madea, your older brother and Jasmine are toxic. You never need people like them in your life. Period.

Letter to Carol

The Best Decision You Ever Made

Carol, in 1977 you decided you had had enough of Madea and your family; it was time to branch away from them, when one of your brothers was hit by a car and died. Carol, the day you decided to leave Scottsdale City was a great choice, but first I want to discuss a big mistake you made. You should have married Curtis, the father of your first child, and let me discuss this with you for a minute.

Carol, on May 11, 1973, Madea put you out. She told you to leave because it was the day, she had been waiting for all her life. You had no place to go when you placed your Miss Congeniality Plaque in a brown paper bag. How can anyone with good sense

tell an honor student, a beauty pageant winner, and a member of the Honor Society Club, she is the worst thing that happened in her life? The night you were booted, you had no place to go but to the streets. On the streets you told yourself, being on the streets was only going to be temporary. These promises you made to yourself Carol, kept you alive.

Your strength during these times was extraordinary. You did not hold a grudge against Madea. In fact, the night you were asked to leave at 17, the most important thing on your mind was pleasing the Madea that hated you. You needed to be more sinister, but being mean was not in your makeup Carol. On Madea's birthday a few days later, you used all your meager earnings from stripping to send Madea an undeserved birthday card.

Carol, you met a man named Curtis that made a mistake. He hit you in the face one time. For all the years you allowed your family to abuse you, Curtis made one mistake that had you flee away from him. You were nine months pregnant with the first of your two children. Had you stayed with this man who was 26-years older than you, (same age as Madea), you would never have been homeless or had to ask Jasmine for help. Curtis bought you a home. He was willing for you to be a stay-at-home mom. But being 19-years old left you handicapped, when Curtis struck you. You were confused. You were at the beginning of breaking away from constant abuse by your family.

Curtis was never as bad to you as other men in your future would be. He was an older man. You were a trophy girl. Left alone

Letters To Carol

to consider why he hit you, you were already on the trajectory of making changes in your life. What you did not know then Carol, is how the manifestation of consecutive years of abuse had plagued you. Even when you tucked the abuse away, to move on, the overall effect of that abuse was smoldering within your soul, to bring up bigger problems later. Had you stayed in Scottsdale City, if you were not going to be insulated by your son's father, Madea, and some family members, it would have made your life much worse. These were the things sweltering in your heart when you chose at nineteen to leave Curtis. Those said Curtis was a secure man. He worked at the North-West Papermill. He bought you a car and a house, but abuse, immaturity, and the need to leave an abusive family Carol, would not allow you to stay. It is not your fault. Staying with Curtis would have protected you from the uncertain living situations that lay ahead of your life. Staying with Curtis Carol would have given your now homeless older child, a father he never got the chance to know. Carol, as a parent, it is hard to predict how your children will come out. Your eldest son suffered. Because of you, Matthew was weakened by not having his father in his life. There were so many things you missed about your own son. Matthew is currently an addict. According to family members he lives in a tent. Matthew was a very talented young man who had emotional issues that you missed. While you raised your sons in a good home, in private schools and were for the most part attentive to their growing needs, some of your own abuse as a child affected your own children. It was all collateral damage. You lacked the ability to love them properly. You stripped them

of being around family members, because you were 500 miles away, trying to get 22 years of your bearings back. At home those boys stayed in the room and watched TV. Locked in your own room, there was not enough emotional love in your reserve to give to your kids, because there was never love in the reserves for yourself.

Staying with Curtis would have left you with a home, a pension, and the love of an older man who cherished you, who could have picked up the slack you missed with your kids. If hindsight is 20/20 you really could not afford to stay where you would have been insulated. The potential for harm by your family was present and ever so close. Your sister craved attention. You were growing into your beauty and the kind of intelligence that will shock all. Jasmine would have tortured you more had you stayed closer. The damage Madea caused to your entire family was immeasurable. The idea of staying in Scottsdale City, when you were trying to heal from 19 years of constant abuse, left you without a means to tell what was best for you. Madea had destroyed Jasmine's life so badly, she dropped out of school in the eleventh grade to be loyal to a woman, who did not appreciate loyalty. When loyalty was amiss for Jasmine, you would leave town early enough not to be one of her victims...Again. Jasmine was and is a tortured soul, who was used by Madea to the fullest maximum. The difference between you and Jasmine, is Carol...You never got anything from Madea, neither did you expect anything. Contrary to your outcome, Carol and Jasmine dropped out of high school one year before graduation. Madea's

love was crucial to Jasmine's existence. When Jasmine realized Madea's love was not available for even one of her children, it was too late. Whereas she often condemned you for loving Madea too much Carol, you did not love Madea nowhere near to the extent Jasmine did. Nor did you make the kind of sacrifices emotionally to Madea that Jasmine made. That is why years after you moved away from Scottsdale City and one of your sister's called to tell you that Jasmine threatened to kill Madea, Carol, you said this to your sister:

“Call me when it's over.” You said this because you knew Jasmine would not kill Madea. In her 60s Madea's death was right around the corner, Carol.

Letter to Carol

Let's Talk about Dr. Hoffman

Carol, you left Scottsdale City in 1977, where you began to build bridges for yourself. In the Bay Area you would become quite the intellect, a writer who was carrying around a lot of baggage. Oftentimes when you were in your element, few could believe how smart you are. Gorgeous in your 30s, you could silence an auditorium with your beauty. You branched out to become a writer and a social butterfly. You did not look back on your past. Instead, you began building a future for yourself, refusing to take abuse from anyone again in your life. Let us talk

about Bridge Port. Carol, people need to know how you handled this matter. No longer were you anyone's punching bag, you became stronger each year you were away from your family. You worked mostly through temporary agencies. Often you were routed to high-end office positions in the Financial District in San Francisco.

You dressed well. You were well spoken and knew how to defend your interest against companies and corporations that set out to wrong you.

During the Blackberry ages of the 90's, you were finding our footing as a woman. You had grown to defend human rights in ways the Charles family never thought you were capable of. Having distanced yourself from Madea and siblings, you were a self-educated woman to be contended with, while you mastered employment law. You would only see Madea again 3 times before she died on May 14, 1993. Afterwards, your ties with the Charles family were completely severed, while other family members began to peel away from the household to live their own lives. Of all the reunions your family had, you only attended one. You were not invited to the many more that were held without your presence.

Undeterred, Carol, when you left Scottsdale City in a new 1977 Toyota Corolla, in which you and your two-year old son traveled to the Bay Area in, you would make Northern California home. You grew into being one of the most formidable women in the San Francisco Bay Area, as you attended Job Fairs to simply

let workers know their rights on the job. At Soul Beat you worked alongside Chauncey Bailey, comic Luenell and Chuck Johnson. Because of your stunning beauty, Chuck hired you to anchor the 12:00 news on Soul Beat. With an interest in entertainment, you set out to write a book about your upbringing, *What Happened to Suzy*. In the Bay Area you began carving out a great life for you and your son. There you studied employment law, until you mastered the Department of Labor law and employment law, and you wrote a book, *Your Rights, What Employers Do Not Want You to Know*. Well respected in the Bay Area, you were often called upon by unions and aspiring politicians to explain employment law. One of the most notable scenes in your life was one Madea did not live to see. Whenever important moments in your life transpired, you wanted your family to see how well you handled yourself after leaving home; however, this was never going to happen. There is one incident in your social career that we must investigate. This incident details your unwillingness to be abused. You had grown out of people using you as a punching bag. Your remarkable work in Employment Law gave you the kind of training only Lawyers are privy to. Ultimately, when you learned how discrimination had affected jobs, that kind of abuse felt familiar to you. Disenfranchisement, wrongful termination and discrimination was you your whole life! Carol, you took up great interest in matters where you could correct wrongs, to help others live better lives.

Bridgeport was a boutique financial corporation located in the financial district in San Francisco, California. When you applied

for the job as office manager at Bridgeport, you were one of the most sought-after speakers in the San Francisco Bay Area. One day you sat in your plush apartment in Oakland, California wondering what Madea would think if she knew the real you. Would she be satisfied that “Suzy” was one of the most revered figures in the Bay Area? Would she be proud of how well you defended others in employment law issues? Carol, whenever you garnered incredible success, you always asked yourself if Madea would have been proud of you, had she known you better. Unfortunately, there is no use seeking approval from a woman who never liked you. Whether or not there would have been acceptance of you by Madea is immaterial. This is why we must purge such thoughts via the letters.

One spring morning in 1995, a year after Madea died, you were hired as the office manager for Bridgeport Financial. You were hired when the business owners were away, by a beautiful blonde named Audrey. The lady that hired you did so because you were qualified for the job. Each day, you did your job perfectly. You were on time. In the interview prior to your solidifying the position, the woman that hired you complimented your briefcase, your style. Having moved from Scottsdale City to the Bay Area worked well for you. You wanted for nothing. Your book, *“Your Rights What Employers Do Not Want You to Know”* was flying off the shelves, it was being used as a reference guide by attorneys all over the world; lucky for you, the brother that was stripped from your mother in the custody battle in Martinez, grew up to be an attorney. He edited *Your Rights What Employers Do Not Want You*

Letters To Carol

to Know. When you first met the brother at a fancy restaurant in San Francisco, he asked you why Madea had not looked for them. Feeling it was too late to tell your brother the truth about the court issues, you parted ways after the dinner, never to make acquaintances again. In fact, you were a very astute student of law, no one imagined you to be. Like your attorney brother, you were empowered by your desire to help others. Your resolve was to not be beaten up by anyone again. Carol, the whole time you were in the Bay Area, you defended your interest and that of others, well. In the early 90s you won a legal matter with the Unemployment Insurance Appeals Office. You filed a grievance over the reproduction equipment that Case Managers regretted using because it read Master and Slave. You, Carol Denise Mitchell, was the reason that the California Unemployment Office got rid of all those reproduction machines throughout the State of California. You sued them; you won the largest amount they could give you in an out-of-court settlement. From then on law was something you breathed in daily. As a child your rights were taken away from you daily. You knew how it felt to be deprived of human rights. You were the best voice for this matter. From the 80s to the 90s you won tons of money defending your rights in the workplace, simply because of the abuse you suffered growing up in Madea's household.

After your hire for the Financial Boutique job, there were problems. When the owners got back in town to see that one of their partners had hired a Black woman, they were livid. As the only Black person in the office, for a week the owners walked past

your desk with frowns. It was clear they had expected their partner Audrey to hire a white woman for the position, not a Black one. Being uncomfortable was something you understood. Only, that was then, this was now, because nobody was going to violate your rights anymore. Since you left Southern California, Carol, you have been a changed person. No more smiles or being in love with your abusers. You were geared towards fighting battles.

“Carol,” the owner of the boutique said to you one day.

“Yes,” you answered back in a meeting he arranged for you this morning. The glass conference room was cold. There was fresh coffee and doughnuts in the middle of the shiny wood conference table.

“We were not here when Audrey hired you. We want someone in this position that can speak Russian and Spanish to our foreign clients,” the owner said. Dressed in fancy designer black wool suits, not one of the three men addressing you scared you.

“No mention of being bilingual ever came up in the job announcement or during the interview,” you showed the owner. The tall, big guy with the dark hair and pin-striped suit, gave you eye contact like something was wrong with you, while two blue-eyed models looked on. Looking beautiful in a designer black suit with Bandolino shoes, you were armed and ready for Mr. Adams.

“It’s illegal to fire me because I am not white,” you shot back. Adams bowed his head. You finished.

“If you all let me, go under premises that violate my statutory

Letters To Carol

rights, I will go down to the Department of Labor and the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission to preserve my rights. This is discrimination,” you told them. Carol, the whole time you were speaking with Mr. Adams, you remembered how Madea made fun of you; how the kids in elementary school called you the blob; now, you were a beautiful, published author, an anchor for Soul Beat TV. You were the consummate professional. As a figure that had taken control of your life, you were not that defenseless person anymore that kids at school and Madea made fun of. To that end, you should be very proud!

Chapter 24

Gaining your Power



Dearest Carol, following the meeting that day with Mr. Adams, Audrey and the rich guys from Sausalito's, you sought the help of an attorney in the financial district who turned you down. I recall how you walked down Market Street near Union Street BART. Your confidence had risen exponentially! Wearing a bright yellow Susan Taylor knitted suit, with white Bandolino pumps, you were ready to take on the world. No more Suzy, or what you could not do. Today, you are Carol Denise Mitchell, the author with two life-changing titles under your belt. Without naysayers in your life, you had enviable power, which was exemplified by what happened next. Remember when you were told:

Letters To Carol

“I don’t think I can take your case; you don’t have one,” you were told by several attorneys that day. Having written a book on Employment Law Carol, you studied the employment laws of California close enough to recite them in your sleep.

Carol, your foundation for having a case against Bridgeport, was solidified in your training and knowledge of your statutory rights. In fact, a longtime friend of yours was having wage issues. She called you.

“Hello Carol!” Sonia began. The two of you had been friends since you arrived in the Bay Area. You often lunched with Sonia at Lake Merritt on the weekends with two other friends.

“Hi Sonia,” you said back.

“You’re the only one Carol who can help me,” Sonia cried.

“What’s wrong with the overtime issues this time?” you asked your friend.

“Girl, wouldn’t you know. Carol, I worked overtime. During that time, I texted you a lot. I even let you know how many hours of overtime I worked. Do you have those records?” she asked you.

“I sure do,” you replied to that friend. As the story goes, that friend told you this.

“Carol, thanks for returning those important texts back to me. They prove I was at work when my job said I was not at work,” the friend said.

“Don’t worry Sonia. I will write you a demand settlement letter itemizing your overtime. Please contact the Human Resources Department for accurate records of clocking in and out of your job. Send it to me for the letter,” you told the friend. In the end, your friend fired her attorneys, who opined she did not have a case. She settled for your letter and in a week won big time. The letter proved that not only had Sonia worked overtime, but their own records did not reflect Sonia’s overtime on her paycheck. Your letter won that friend over \$30,000 dollars in overtime, time and a half wage earnings, and Department of Labor violations for lack of reporting fair wages. I recall what Sonia told you when she got that big check. She said,

“Carol, I would rather use you over today’s attorneys.” That statement sets you on a trajectory to help many others, who struggled to understand Labor and employment law. Of course, you always remitted a disclaimer to clients that you are not an attorney. It was advice your brother gave to you the one time you met. Therefore, to all concerned you dutifully let them know you are not an attorney, before you offer them your services. Carol, California fair employment laws prohibit discrimination based on race, sex, pregnancy, childbirth, and medical conditions related to pregnancy and childbirth, age (40 and over), ancestry, color, religious creed, etc; Moreover, Bridgeport Financial was prohibited from firing or terminating for complaining to the EEOC or the Department of Labor for engaging in whistleblower activities. You were exercising your First Amendment rights under the Fair Employment and Housing Act, FEHA

Letters To Carol

Carol, with a clear understanding of employment law, you routed a message to each executive's Blackberry at the Bridgeport Boutique. After writing such a letter and with Sonia's victory fresh on your mind, you revisited The Boys Room, where you had no freedom to protect your interest, where child abuse was the topic of each day. You were not going to allow one company to sabotage you the way you had been hurt your whole life. The metamorphosis of Carol Denise Mitchell began that day. Without angst or vindictiveness, but by standing solidly on the law, you arranged a meeting to meet with the Bridgeport big shots on Friday and they all accepted the invitation.

Prior to one of the most important meetings of your life, you called Sonia.

"I could not find one attorney that would take my case against Bridgeport," you offered. Sonia chuckled into the phone.

"What is so funny?" You asked your longtime friend.

"You don't need an attorney, Carol. You are one of the brightest individuals on earth. Look at how you helped me win all that money against Office Vine. You will do fine. Not only that, without you managing that firm, they will close in less than a year," Sonia ended. That evening you hang up the phone feeling the kind of power within your soul you never felt before, Carol. Yet another personality was born, Carol, you claimed her. You began winning. You began thinking about the attorneys that turned you down, and how no one defended your interest in a pressing upbringing. In fact, Carol, no one was there to preserve

your interest, other than a very generous Junior High School Counselor who became a rare gem in your life. Tired of being played by others, the abuse you suffered most of your life was preparing you to be formidable in front of the financial district's most astute finance professionals.

Carol, once you gleaned that Sonia was right; you did not need an attorney to defend yourself, you became an awesome defender of human rights. When Madea criticized you daily, you got through it, without the confidence you embraced after leaving home. Moreover, when Mr. French refused to tell the children to stop calling you the Blob, you coped. What had been placed before you now was nothing compared to having to dance in a strip club to pay a six dollar a night hotel room. You had lost your valued Miss Congeniality plaque, via a struggle that commenced to hurt you. Madea tossed you onto the streets with no safety net and then your baby sister's father Sam, raped you. You saw people die on the street. Nobody ever defended your interest in life's matters before. You certainly were not going to let not having an attorney get in the way of handling this discriminatory matter, at Bridgeport.

The evening before the showdown with your job, you traveled to Burlington Coat Factory. My good lady. You were on a mission to look professional tomorrow. Second to none when it came to Employment Law, Carol, you purchased a brown ankle-length wool coat with a brown leopard fur collar. With that, you wore a matching corduroy dress with your favorite black, high heeled

Letters To Carol

Bandolino pumps. Armed with *Your Rights What Employers Do Not Want You to Know*, you were ready to defend your interest in downtown San Francisco, with more confidence than you ever had before. In fact, the night before this event, once again you thought about how nice it would be if Jasmine, Debbie, Dane, Mama and your family could see at last the real you. Carol Denise Mitchell was not the bumbling fool your family painted you out to be. Carol Denise Mitchell possessed strength. Instead of allowing matters to weaken her constitution, Carol aimed to be a problem solver. The victim mentality was not hers anymore; nor would it ever be again. Carol, you really wanted them all to see how well you overcame the abuses they had placed on you. Unfortunately, your family did not care about you then, seeing you in a new confident mode, would have added grease to a fire that was out of control. Nonetheless, you were solid in thought and mind, which is all that mattered that day. You were confident in what you had to do. In fact, your resilience derived from the continual pain you had suffered all your life.

Chapter 25

The Meeting



On the day of the meeting with executives at Bridgeport, you arrived in the Financial District early. You arrived early to fulfill your office duties. You made coffee. Next, you made sure each executive was emailed a copy of today's meeting agenda, which you also routed to their Blackberry with a copy of the previous meeting's notes. You copied the last meeting's motions and emailed them to all the executives. Before long, the meeting began. Audrey arrived first. You followed Audrey by placing a copy of your book, *"Your Rights What Employers Do Not Want You to Know,"* in front of six executives, including the nice lady that hired you. Audrey began the meeting.

"Carol, I know you have only been with us two months;

however, I am so sorry we have to call the agency for a worker that can speak several languages, which is contingent on the success of our small boutique,” Audrey apologized. Standing in front of the executives in an expensive, white Susan Taylor two-piece suit, Audrey was saddened by the events of late. She called you that morning, to tell you how sorry she was.

“Carol, I had no idea what they wanted,” she told you.

“Audrey, there was no way either of us knew they preferred a white woman at the front desk. They used language to create a barrier for me to keep my job. I will see you this morning,” you told your boss.

Later, this day, Audrey changed. However, you understood why she had to acquiesce to her employer's side. Before the meeting she managed to see you again.

“Carol, I am at fault for your ensuing dismissal. You see, I forgot about this and left it out of the interview. When Adams, Curt, Bill, and Lance got back from an overseas meeting, they reminded you of the important details left out of the interview. We apologize to you. We will give you severance. I am sorry today will be your last day,” Audrey ended.

Since leaving Southern California, Carol, you adapted to the kind of maturity other abused children dreamed of. As soon as Adams made his preference for a white girl clear, you knew this job was over.

Carol, you were beautiful inside and out that day, as you were

in your prime, when you did not blame Audrey for what was going on. You attended that meeting armed with the Department of Labor Law and the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and the amended. Here is what you said to that stunned all white crowd.

“Whereas, I heard all Audrey said, I disagree with your decision to fire me, because on several levels it’s a violation of my statutory rights under California law. “Mr. Adams,” you said, appropriately addressing the owner. “Please know that all my life, I allowed others to hurt me, abuse me, and take away my rights. I qualified for this job via a vetting process that included three interviews, a background check and credit score. It was quite intense. Upon being hired, I have been here on time, every day to do it. I have dutifully been in regular contact via Blackberry with all of you on the status of important events in this office. To let me go because I don’t speak a certain language is discrimination. Since, currently, I am over 40 you have violated more of my statutory rights, particularly when it comes to my race and age. It’s against the law.

“Did you write this handbook?” Mr. Adams interrupted.

“Yes sir. I did.” You answered back. You continued. “Considering the gravity of this meeting, I have placed books on the table for your reference regarding California Employment law. Should you pursue a termination against me, based on what you told me this morning, I will have to take this matter to The Department of Labor, at once. Next, I will go to the EEOC to file a complaint. Once the complaint is written, Next, I will ask for a

Letters To Carol

Right to Sue Letter. Firing me today would be breaking the law. Therefore, I have a compromise for you all. Since, it is clear to me, that you prefer a white woman in this position, I am willing to yield for a specified amount of dollars to cover a year in employment. I will also need a reference letter for my next professional pursuits.

“Audrey, can you handle that?” Adams requested, as he typed something on his Blackberry Messenger.

“Yes,” Audrey answered back.

“Thank you,” you told her. Then, you continued. “And I will call the agency to deliver specifications to get you the person you think is more suitable for the job.

Carol, coming out of the gutter of ridicule and shame, you shined! Those executives gave you all you asked for. They empowered you with the strength to continue a path of independence that was quite foreboding.

Letters For Carol

The Doctor

Carol throughout the 80s and 90s, you were in recovery mode in the Bay Area. Feeling confident in your writing and employment skills, you were always seeking opportunities to

better yourself after a horrendous upbringing. You wanted nothing more than to sit down with a professional to iron out the kinks in your life. Feeling stronger than ever, you were raising two children, both boys. However, you still were not sure if you were giving your kids all they deserved as their *Madea*. Sadly, though you cared for your sons, you never felt a strong connection to either child as a parent should, until their later years. Having to work two jobs after a messy divorce, you kept both kids in great schools, on occasion they were in private school, while the younger of your two children enjoyed an attentive father who loved him. However, you were not ever sure that either of your children was reaping the full benefits of having a good *Madea*.

Carol, the vacancy you felt towards two sons, was written in the foundation of your own upbringing. There was no instructional guide on how to be an emotional giver to children. Carol, you are sad. Please do not be sad when you must know that to give love, you must know what love is. Because you were unloved growing up, giving love was quite a challenge for you.

Now that we know who you are Carol, we can better describe the matters of your marriages and we want to begin with the one that lasted the longest.

You were in your mid-20s when you met the bus driver that brought out disturbing emotions in the relationship that you perceived were tucked away. The new engagement with rage changed your life. Carol, therefore, it is important to note that one is not a great marital match without love. By the time you married

Letters To Carol

your son's father, you were in the throes of attempting to learn who you were after Scottsdale City. In the 80s the last thing you were ready for was marriage, Carol. Sadly, there was no way to know as a young woman that the deprivation of love would cost you in a marriage where episodic abuses would come to the fore.

"I thought being married would hide my rage," you told your husband. Having not dealt with the issues of your past, scary emotions would not allow you to sustain love in a marriage. Carol, the saddest thing about that is there was nobody available to guide you through the consequences of the many abuses you suffered growing up. Who could dare approach a victim to let them know that a cleanup must take place before you can survive in a marriage? With no guidance, no understanding of why you would wake up fighting your husband, the marriage was a trigger to all you had gone through prior to getting married. Sadly, on the day prior to your marriage to your youngest son's father, a big fight took place where triggers saw you scratching your future husband's face, without knowing why. With that, the fight before the marriage was inevitably going to be the end of the marriage. Somehow, somehow you were able to have a child in 1982. Not having knowledge of the whys of Domestic violence; or how it can severely handicap the triggered spouse. You did not have the maturity to sit your husband down for instructions on how to be a husband to a criminally abused woman. You needed to clarify to your husband exactly what happened in your past so that the two of you could assume a trajectory of fixing it together. Instead of this happening, you and your husband fought often. There was no

Carol D. Mitchell

way then to connect the dots to the abuse you suffered growing up, or his regular bouts with alcoholism. He was not sophisticated enough to see the trail of abuse. Then, when you wrote *What Happened to Suzy*, Carol, you left out the details that we are paying attention to now. Carol, the divorce from four husbands was not your fault. You were not ready to marry anyone; or, have kids for that matter. You needed counseling to iron out the issues in your life. Carol, you were not parent material, when you didn't even know how love felt. You had no knowledge of what love looked like or how to function in a love relationship. Even when men said you were attractive, you had nothing to base being attractive on. You never believed anyone could love you if your own Madea did not love you. It was very hard for a person who was bankrupt in love to give or be loved. Nevertheless, you worked. You raised your children, until such abuses lit a light in your brain. You were going to need help. You wanted to deal with the past, to carve out a clean slate for your emotions to mature and ready you to love your children more and to love a mate.

Letters For Carol

Dr. Hoffman

You know it's an unfair life, when a victim of abuse seeks help via a professional doctor that takes the victim to a motel room for sex. Not only does this worsen the victim's mental state, but

distrust also keeps her from getting the help she needs.

Carol, may I apologize for us having to wage this topic? You are crying. Please take another break. Come back later. To write all of this in one sitting will not work for me or the other personalities that are telling your story. We must all take care of you first. Hey Carol. It has been two days. Sorry. We must continue where we left off with Dr. Hoffman. As soon as you are ready to type, we are ready to go.

“For what Doctor Hoffman did to you, revocation of his license is not going to be enough? Carol, a few years into your marriage to your son’s father, you had a discussion with him. You both agreed you would find a doctor to help you conquer the abuses that were ruining your marriage. You were desperate to find out how you could heal from some of the most heinous abuses one person had to go through.

Your husband loved you enough to allow you to see a doctor. However, from the beginning there were red flags. According to all medical professionals in the field of psychiatry, the doctor has a specific duty to a patient to avoid sexual contact, even if the patient consents. These broken issues are viewed by most professionals as gross negligence. Doctor Hoffman was attracted to you. He could not help himself when he took you to a motel and had sex with you Carol. For 13 years he flirted with you. He often held your hand, or he felt more like a boyfriend than a doctor. What you did not tell your husband or others about this doctor was how you tucked away the pain of being around him.

Hoffman nearly superseded Madea as being one of the worst perpetrators of abuse against you. Carol, you were such a beautiful woman in your 20s, 30s, 50s and 60s. Your age was undetectable. With soft perfectly shaped brown eyes, a pointed nose and small lips topped with a perfect size-eight figure, you were a knock-out. Only, the attention was confusing to you because you grew up being called the Blob. You would glance in the mirror, never sure who you are. You did not see what other people saw, when it had been branded in your head you were a disgrace to the family and an entire school district. You were not in Scottsdale City anymore where your introduction to the city was being called the Blob in Mr. French's class. You were in one of the top cities in the world, the sister city to San Francisco. You were in Oakland, California, where your new life was now 15-years old. A few years into living in the Bay Area, you sought the services of a top-level psychologist who you hired to iron out your psychological issues. You knew you had been criminally abused as a child by both Madea and Dane, not to mention other members of your family who abused you, as well. You found work as an Administrative Assistant at The University in Berkeley, California. You wanted to be a better Madea for your sons, but the implosion of abuse, the ignorance of you by Madea and absent father, left you Carol, without an ounce of structure. No one helped you make decisions. When you told Madea about your baby son, she forbade you to bring the child around her.

“You had that baby Suzy,” she said, calling you by your nickname. “Don't bring that baby around me,” she scolded. Your

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heart was broken. However, you knew from the time you were born that the woman that had you in the least was indifferent towards you. It was okay for Jasmine to have a baby or one of the other sisters, but your baby was not welcome in Madea's home, ever. Because you knew in your heart that Madea was incapable of loving you, you left the town you were born in for good. The woman was not a good guardian to how you should live your life. People make bad choices with good parenting. Carol, you never had guidance after the death of your beloved grandmother, in 1967.

Chapter 26

Let's Get to it



I was there when you were going through these changes with Hoffman. That's why we must talk about this more. Had you been a white woman, Doctor Hoffman's taking you to bed would have got him some time in jail. In fact, the Hoffman case would have been a multi-million-dollar case for John Winer who ended up taking your case. Winer got 55,000 dollars for Dr Hoffman's abuse, only for what it did to your soul, there could never be enough money. Carol, you must understand that when Dr. Hoffman took you to that motel in Alameda, it destroyed you. You already presented with a lifetime suitcase of abuse that suffered a setback. Stop writing Carol. Hear what I have to say to you. If a person is already burnt with abuse from head-to-toe, there is no room for more abuse. That is why when Doctor

Letters To Carol

Hoffman chose to abuse you more than treat you, he compounded your emotional state of being. He piled onto the emotional baggage you were already carrying around. Carol, there are very few people who could have lived through the life that you lived. Yet, you went on. You are a brilliant, astute writer with a flair for law. You were a good Madea. Your son was tortured by not having the love of a father. It got to the point; he could not share you with anyone for fear that one day you would leave him too. We'll talk about it later. Carol, what Doctor Hoffman did to you is the reason that you became homeless later in life. Some years you were a staunch professional. Other times you were handicapped by a past that never let you go. You have barely been holding on since you were born on May 12, 1955. You were kicked out of Madea's house to a life of stripping and hanging out with a pimp you fell in love with. The older man, Curtis, was kind but too out of date for a nineteen-year-old. He gave you a son. You looked on your son as the one person that could give you the love you never received in life, until he became a junky on the streets of San Francisco living in a tent. Carol, people don't like you. You can't keep friends. If people knew how tortured a life you have overcome, I believe you would have many more friends. You paid for the services of a man who destroyed you. Since then, you have never been to or trusted a psychiatrist again.

When you had Matthew in 1975, you truly believed like a doll

Matthew would love you for life. You never factored in that one day this child would be his own person. This child wanted to live his own life. Because you were critically abused by Madea, by your doctor, by your brother, by several other family members, you were not the right candidate to be a mother to innocent children that needed you more than you could ever expect. The other personalities within you may say that I am wrong. However, Carol, it is my turn now. Whereas you were present, you raised your two sons, you were an active parent, a part of you was a closed door to your own kids. What's bad about this Carol, is you struggled to be a good parent and did not know how to be one. When the kids were in your presence you adored and loved them and that was it. Right now, I can see you thinking that I am ragging on you. However, remember this book is yours. This is not a fantasy. These are the facts. We told you from the beginning we had to face some things Carol, you were not going to cosign. You had no clue how to grow two sons into the men they would become, when entering the home after work meant blindly cooking their meals without asking those kids about their day. Matthew had no father; Joe had too much of a father. Both of your kids would end up in trouble; you must take responsibility for your part in that. It's not your fault Carol that running to your room after work gave you peace. Stop writing and listen to me. It's what you don't know that ruins things for you Carol. You should have been more of a presence in Matthew and Joe's lives. Had you gotten the right answers, or been treated like a worthy human being, you could have passed that love down to your children, but

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your reserves were empty. Ever since you left Scottsdale City in 1977 with your two-year old son Carol, you have been working on remote control. You felt like if you did not drink or do drugs, which would give your kids and you the perfect life, but there was so much more about life; and raising children nobody told you. Your son was so talented. He was a great rapper. Your ignorance led your son down an unobtainable path that you believed was achievable. An excellent rapper, with movie-star looks, you should have prepared Matthew for an achievable back-up plan. Your other son, Joe, would always have his father, Joe. Matthew needed you more than he was capable of voicing to you. But when Matthew turned 18 you put him out because you were put out at the same age. Because he was a boy, you felt he should make it because he was not a girl like you when you got put out. Because nobody cared about how you would turn out, you perceived that throwing Matthew in the cold water would teach him how to swim, because he is a man. While you waited for Matthew to pick up the baton and run Carol, he drowned. He never made it as a rapper; because without a father, he would be as bankrupt in love as you. Then, you just knew that your kids would be like you. They would not smoke or drink or do drugs. Then you learned that both your sons were comprehensive drug addicts and drunks. In fact, the younger son, Joe has nothing. But he has his father Joe to lean on every day. He does not work. The younger son is mentally ill. The older son lives in a tent-city in San Francisco. Carol, this is very hard for you, but listen to me. I know you, Carol. I am crying as I write this because I must tell you the truth. I will not let you

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down the way so many others have in your life. This truth is being told to help you accept the good in you. I want you to know that if you knew better you would have done better. You cannot fix what's broken. To see both of your kids on drugs made you want to die. But Carol, you are a good person. You have written books to help the masses. At some point in your son's life, he should have put things together. He should have chosen to give himself the things you didn't give him. Carol, that is why the outcomes for Matthew and Joe are not your fault. You still love them both, dearly. What they turned out to be Carol, is not all your fault. Carol, it is time that we ended our letters to you. So much has been learned. You are feeling so much better, now that you can own what happened to you. In order to keep our promise of forgiveness, the personalities are going to end here, while you write letters to your abusers. Remember, forgiveness will allow you the freedom you are seeking in life! We love you, Carol. Here is to thank you for allowing us to be such an integral part of your life!

Letters For Carol

An Honest Letter to My Madea

Dear Madea, in Letters For Carol, I have gone through a transformation to make me whole. I allowed the intricacies of my personality to tell my story. They did an excellent job telling me to let you go. I tried to call you in my late thirties, to ask you why

Letters To Carol

you treated me like shit and why you made fun of me in our home. It was the only time in my life I had this discussion with you. You hung up on me after the question. Your mistreatment of me was so well-defined, that when I saw my name in the family Bible, as Carol Denise Mitchell, I was shocked, while I was also relieved. You refused to call me by my real name. Suzy is what you chose to call me. The parts of my personality that told me to be glad you were gone are right. Growth allowed me to finally say this to you. I recognized early you were incapable of loving me. I had to build enough strength in my character to compensate for the lack of love I got from you. Now, I can live my life without missing you.

Madea, when you died at 63 the issue of my birth was over. Neither of my children were ever accepted by you, but you had enough other grandchildren not to care for me. Having viewed the totality of my life with you, I am sorry you did not get help for mental illness but in these letters to me, you must know that the moment you began imitating me walking up and down the hallways of our home, I was over you. My own personal research on you, tells the story of a woman who was lonely, who lost a case you could not tell the truth about. You were an only child; so, as nice as Mama was to you; the side of her that caused you pain, will not ever be uncovered. You had 16 children. Sadly, none of us could give you the love you needed in life.

Whatever the full truth is about Mama, your beautiful Madea was my saving grace. I have no evidence whatsoever of how you really felt about your mother. Were you adopted? Or did Mama

really have you at 14? Madea, I want you to know I became stronger the first time you called me a name; the first time you mocked me; but it does not mean that I was able to avoid the gravity of the totality of pain that you placed on my life. When you hurt me by making fun of me, God equipped me at an early age to know that something was wrong with you; therefore, I traveled deep into my spirit for help. In simplistic terms my job was to compartmentalize all the pain you laid upon me. Your tears gave me the answers. I saw you crying. I saw you pulling your hair out in the middle of the night when you banged your feet into the wood floors. I heard you arguing with dad about his affairs with other women. At the same time, I saw your willingness to keep us all together as a family; however, you had convinced all my siblings that not only was I unworthy of your love; I was unworthy of theirs too. When I secured court papers from Martinez, California concerning our missing brothers I came to see your battle, how you cussed out your husband so badly he filed for a divorce that included his getting custody of the sons you lost in that divorce battle. Since all of this happened a few years prior to my birth, it answers some questions in life I had about your mental health. Touched with mental illness and neglect, you were fighting a Merchant Seaman that beat you in court. Your next move was to lie to the family. You told us the brothers were kidnapped from you. The court papers told me that was not true. Therefore, I sat out to find them and I did in 2000. In these letters to me, today I am smiling. I have won this purging session that I had to conduct at this time. Homelessness, and lack of family, made me see how

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much of myself I had given to others. No longer will I compliment you for anything or hide the veracity of the pain I suffered under you. If there is any way possible for you to know I am writing these letters to forgive you for better help, I hope you can see how much I have grown. No longer is it okay for you or anyone to say bad things about me. I have accepted myself for all the wounds I have suffered. During this cleansing process, it is not important to blame anyone for anything; rather, it is a cleansing process. I acknowledge what happened to me without filters. This way, I can move on. There is no need to ever look back on all this anymore. Today, I am stronger. I am wiser. I am happy to be able to write all of this down in ways that will allow me to move on. Through these letters, I have found my strength. I forgive each person that has caused me great pain, especially you. However, I do not have to have any of you in my life again. To that end, I can take a deep breath. I don't have to look for love anymore. I have absolutely zero expectations from anyone who hurt me before. Freedom from all of you creates a new beginning for me. Therefore, as I am approaching 68, please Madea rest in peace knowing that I forgive you fully and completely.

Carol Denise Mitchell

Carol D. Mitchell

Letters For Carol

A letter to Jasmine

I really don't have a lot to say to you Jasmine. When you leave this world, I will have no opinion of you. For the business of freeing my mind, I want to begin by saying I forgive you. I am not going to go over what you meant to me growing up. If I was the same person I was back then, I would have begun my letter with platitudes about you that were all Jasmine Elaine. However, I am not the same "Suzy" you grew up with. Today, I am a different person who knows you are not the most important person on the planet. I do not care to end this book reciting how you hurt me. Suffice it to say, I am better for the pain you gave me in life. When I learned how I could take the steering direction of my life, I only wished I had done this sooner. Please understand that herewith I forgive you for all the things I perceived you did to me in life. I wish you a happy and safe journey. I will truly be enjoying the rest of my life without you. No longer do you have to file restraining orders to ensure that I don't show up at your door. It is done; I can comfortably avow Jasmine; I am over you. I never want to see you in life again. May God bless and keep you forever.

Carol Denise Mitchell

Letters For Carol

A letter to Dane

Please do not expect me to begin this letter thanking you for molesting me in my teens. So many things shut me down to a point where I had to accept impositions from you, I could not control. For years I lied to you about how important you were to me, when for many decades I could not stand the sight of you. Pretending was my coping mechanism of the 60s and 70s. Even as late as in my 60s I spoke to you on the phone, still feeling the pain of the trauma you brought to my life. This letter offers no excuses for the awful things you added to my abuse war chest. I moved along in life with these bruises. The effects of molestation, child abuse and other pain you placed against me hurt my life in ways that could not be predicted at such a young age. Married with two children, your own daughter told me when you had kids, they were subjected to the same abuses we suffered in that home on Fowler Avenue. This letter is a letter of forgiveness. I never want to see you again for the rest of your or my life; but I wish you well. Forgiveness is mandatory to clean my slate. Without you in my future, I can assure myself that there will be no more pain. To that end, I wish you and all your family well.

Carol D. Mitchell

Letters For Carol

Arroyo Elementary School

Of all the letters I have written, this one made me cry. It was 1966 when I entered Mr. French's 6th grade class at Arroyo Elementary School. A Black kid from South Central who grew up in Watts, does not have expectations from a learning institution. However, what happened to me at Arroyo Elementary School was the most horrible thing that could happen to a child. I was already fighting abuse at home, when Arroyo let children make fun of me. At school the abuse was terrifying and bad. Thank God for Clark Caldwell. His presence made it easier for me to come to class. I am writing this letter to let you know that I am hoping this school is doing better than they were in the 60s. Times have changed so I know we have grown into a society that values culture. Our kids should be protected from abuse of all kinds. I know no other child spent a year being called a name that stood the chance of destroying them for life. I am writing this letter to you with my deepest sympathy and prayers for this establishment. I sincerely hope that if other kids endured the pain I suffered in the 6th grade, that their lives were not jeopardized in the process of healing from such shame. For all the pain I suffered in school and at home, my consciousness came together. My personality split into various modes of protection. Even though I was able to allocate pain, the

Letters To Carol

residual effects of what I suffered at Arroyo are here for life. Coping is contingent on how I choose to deal with what happened to me at Arroyo Elementary School. Compartmentalizing such pain of being called “The Blob’ daily for the entire 6th grade gave me options. I choose forgiveness. Here is hoping that Arroyo has read and comprehend how gratuitous my forgiveness to them is.

Carol Denise Mitchell

Carol D. Mitchell

Letters For Carol

Doctor Hoffman

There comes a time in a woman's life when strength is required. The compounded outcome of being raped by a medical doctor stands the chance or worsening one's condition for life. That did not happen to me. Your shameful acts against me were placed in a box on top of other abuses in life that I was already dealing with. Intelligence and power can leave one to believe they cannot be touched. It was by happenstance when I telephoned the Bar Association to tell whoever answered the phone what you did to me. With no clue on the gravity of what you did to me as a doctor, things happened very quickly. In no time you lost your license. I was free of having to submit myself to you for a cure that was not ever going to take place. The pile on of abuses in my life, left me feeling that somehow, I deserved to be hurt by you. However, maturity proved me wrong. I was entitled to the very care you could not give me; because going to bed with me was your objective, even if it meant tearing my heart out my chest. If nobody cared about me, why should you? Even the attorney did not fight for the maximum I could have recovered for this crime. As a Black woman, I was supposed to be thankful for the recovery I received. Those aside, I have learned through this special cleansing process that forgiveness is imminent. Should I forgive

Letters To Carol

you, I will have peace at the end of the rainbow. Therefore, please accept this letter as my forgiveness to you. I hope that I never see the likes of you in this life, again. However, I do wish you and your family peace and comfort for the rest of your lives.

Carol Denise Mitchell

Epilogue



Letters For Carol relied heavily on the spirits in me. These letters were written to me to reopen wounds that have plagued me all my life. Reentering the pictures of my abuse allowed me to heal. Forgiving the abusers allows me to have full control over my life. I choose to move on with the rest of my life knowing that no one can hurt me again, for I no longer need the devils I cleaved to. Moreover, with the help of the personalities that know me best, no longer did I have to take the backroads to my mental success. Facing the trauma of my past is freeing. No longer will I look to those I loved for help they never intended to give. There is no reason to patronize the ones that bullied me for a ticket into the in-crowd. It is perfectly fine if I never see one of them again. I will not need acceptance, so long as I am in love with me. Freedom is sweet. Forgiveness to my enemies will set me free. I used to believe that liking my abusers would ease the pain of the abuse they perpetrated against me. Now, I know I have full control to say no to all that will hurt me; and at the same time, I honestly

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can forgive them. I can do this with the expectation I can live fine without ever seeing one of them again.

The End