Rising From the Ashes

Everyone deserves a family, a home, love, and the feeling of comfort. However, not everyone is born into that ideal situation. Where there’s family, there are also secret pains and wounds within our parents’ hearts and memories from which they have yet to heal. You just might be born to someone who wasn’t ready to give you their full attention or love because they’ve never experienced it or because they’re not ready to show it to you. Flesh and blood are meaningless if there is no love attached with well wishes and good intentions for your life. I was born to a woman whose entire life had been filled with terrible pain, child abuse, and trauma from a young age. She had not found her peace before conceiving me and wasn’t ready to give me what she’d never had the pleasure of receiving herself—a good and loving home.

I went into the system at 2 years old and endured child abuse from my foster mom and her relative. I was sexually assaulted by my older foster brothers. I was adopted at 6 and suffered through severe child abuse. At 13, child protective services removed me from the home and terminated the adoption. Through bullying, abuse, rape that took my virginity at 14, group home and foster home bouncing, still I stand today. I overcame the typical statistics associated with my upbringing. I am a high school graduate, employed, a mother, a wife, an author, and a nonprofit founder. Things do rise up from the ashes. I am the proof!