

**CHAPTER EIGHT**  
**TODAY**  
**2002**

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life."  
John 5:24

This year started out with our annual trip to Disney Land in Orlando Florida. I was really blessed to be able to go on this trip for 2 reasons. One reason was that I was not able to get off of work. I was told that I could not get leave at this time. But God worked it out so that with minor changes in the schedule I was able to go. The other factor operating against my going is that Reg and I was at least 5 months into our divorce proceedings. He still allowed me and the boys to stay in the house from time to time. But he was not sure if he was going to let me go with them to Disney, I pleaded with him to allow me to take our yearly family vacation with them and convinced him that the boys would love having me along. He gave in and allowed me to come.

I very much enjoyed this time with my family. It was really sad at times riding on the rides and enjoying Disney realizing that next year (2003) they will probably be there without me. I thought about Terrence and how young he was and that he would not remember us together as a family enjoy these little pleasures that are so often taken for granted. I thought about Que and how it would feel for him coming to Disney next year and the years after minus his mom, he's old enough to remember the past trips we'd taken together as a family. I thank God for the blessing of being able to go with them in spite of the pending circumstances, the reality of a family in peril.

Upon our return from Disney, we all came back home. The trip was wonderful, Reg and I had intimate relations as always, however, when we returned home he told me he wanted us out of the house. He told me we needed to go to the apartments (I had already leased an apartment about 3 miles down the road from where we lived, but I had technically leased it for my parents. I had my mom's things shipped down from Philly and her and my dad relocated into this apartment). I learned through faith that you do not make a way to accommodate the work of Satan. I trusted and believed in God for the reconciliation of my family so I did not make arrangements to move into this apartment. As far as I was concerned that apartment was Oma's house and that's what the boys knew it as. I only leased the apartments because Reg insisted that I did. I was really hurt and taken aback when Reg asked us to leave. We had gotten back on Thursday and I didn't have to go back to work until Monday. I asked him if we could stay through the weekend. He told me we could stay the night, but when he comes home from work tomorrow he want us out. I was distraught, mostly because I tried to reason through this... this didn't make any sense. I told Reg it seems that a prerequisite for getting thrown out the house should be some form of conflict taking place. We had a wonderful trip, no conflict, we had marital intimacy. Why do we have to leave? He said you don't live here anymore and

I want you gone by tomorrow evening. I picked the boys up from school, bathed them fed them as always, and needless to say we were still there when he returned. I didn't want to leave. I told him we wanted to stay through the weekend. He said no and things escalated. I blocked the door and told him to call our church Pastor. He refused, I told him we need help, this is ridiculous. He laid down on the bed and I stayed in front of the bedroom door. This was not premeditated, it was not planned, it was just dumb, I don't know why I didn't just take the boys and go, I guess I was just trying to make sense of it all. None of it made sense to me. Reg finally called the Pastor, he came by talked to us both and advised that we should not continue to have marital relations unless we recommit ourselves to one another. I took the boys and we went to the apartments. I was no longer welcomed in our home.

I had full custody of the children and Reg had visitation every other weekend and on Wednesdays. On Wednesdays he faithfully picked them up and carried them to and from school, he took them to McDonald's for dinner and brought them to the apartments afterwards. It was painful and lonely every other weekend when they went away to stay with him. When I'd put them in Reggie's car to send them off with him Que would always ask "mom are you coming too". I'd kiss him and tell him no and let him know when I would see them again. Because of Reg's work schedule sometimes instead of getting them from school on Friday, he would have them Sunday through Tuesday. We'd exchange the children in the church parking lot. I'd transfer their sleep mats that they used at school and the clothes they needed for the 2 days they would be with Reg. After several weeks of this I told Reg he will need to start getting the boys clothes together for the times they would be with him. I told him we'll continue to do this for the next 30 days but after that he'd need to get the boys clothes washed ironed and ready to wear. There was at least one week's supply of clothes at the house for them to wear. He insisted that there was not, so I sent over another seven outfits for each of them. And 2 or 3 weeks later he again said that the boys had nothing to wear at the house. He only get them every other weekend so he'd have 14 days to get their outfits together. Reg had a problem with this. He insisted that because I had my mom to help me to care for them and he was paying child support we should send clothes ironed and prepared for them to wear.

Another major conflict we had was with the income taxes. Reg wanted us to file a joint return. I did not want to file joint. I told him that if we can't be married as a result of our vows taken and commitment to our family, I don't want to file a joint return for financial gain. He raved on and on that I was not wanting to file a joint return with him because I wanted the financial advantage of filing a separate return and claiming both boys. The notion was ridiculous to me, I could not have cared less about any financial gain associated with this madness. Our church Pastor gave us the words of Peter stating that I would rather suffer loss than have you suffer loss... that applied both ways, I know it did, but only one of us was willing to comply. I allowed Reg to file a joint return and I told him he could keep the entire refund, I don't want any of it. I wanted him to know that it was not for monetary gain that I did not want to file joint, it was solely principal. Filing a separate return I would have gotten at least a \$10,000.00 refund, and filing joint I'm sure resulted in an even greater refund, but I allowed him to have it all. If Reggie heard the words of the Pastor and agreed that the same scripture applied to him, he would not have been able to keep this entire refund in good conscience. But he did.

After a few months of trying to do this "good divorcee bit" helping the kids adjust to visitation with their dad. Marking the calendar to help them to know which weekend they would spend with daddy, and helping them know which day is Wednesday to know that dad would be picking them up from school and taking them to McDonald's, trading the kids off for visitation in the church parking lot after worship service...worship service! I decided, this is not the lifestyle I want my children to become accustomed to. They deserve better than this. They deserve one home with one set of rules, even if it is a single parent home. They do not deserve to be traded off in a parking lot with a few days supply of belongings. They do not deserve to see me and their father going to church week after week serving, loving, and worshipping our Lord and Savior. Telling them about the fruits of the Spirit and everything that God is and that God can do all things, and that we can do all things through Christ... it's hypocritical and it is certainly not a lifestyle I would want either of our boys to view as normal or acceptable. It is not a family pattern I would want them to imitate in their own homes when they become men.

"Train up a child in the way he should go. And when he is old he will not depart from it." Proverbs 22:6

I decided to draw up a letter to ensure Reggie has a clear understanding of my motives for choosing to give custody of our children to him. I drew up a letter and met with Reg in our Pastors office and gave him custody of the children. I had met with Reggie on several other occasions in our Pastors office, I tried desperately to get him to understand that we both (not just me) made mistakes in this marriage. I wanted him to know that I have a bleeding heart too and that we both were not spiritually mature. I got on my knees and begged his forgiveness for everything that I have ever done in our marriage that dishonored, disrespected, betrayed, or angered him in any way. I told him that I am devoted to our family and there is not one thing that I won't do to ensure the success of our family unit. I know I'm not crazy, but I know Reggie thought I was mentally unstable, so I assured him that I am willing to undergo any psychiatric treatment (inpatient or outpatient) that is necessary. There was nothing left unsaid, or any stone unturned, I did everything I could think of to let Reggie know that our family is worth reconciling, not for me or him, but for our baby boys. I begged--- shamelessly--- desperately for his forgiveness and faith to go on in our marriage.

"For if you forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you. But if you do not forgive men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." Matthew 6:14-15

When I turned the boys over to Reggie I wanted to come by the house to see them, read to them, dress them for bed, tuck them in at night, or some similitude of maternal activities. I didn't just want to pick them up and take them somewhere. I wanted to spend time with them at home, our home, the home God gave us all. Reg would have none of it, he said I could not care for them at home. I had to take them away. Initially I started out with getting them and walking around the neighborhood with them. We took our magnifying glasses and looked at different insects, plants, flowers, and rocks. We really enjoyed doing that and running around the block. There were other times when I came by and we sat in the front yard and colored in our coloring books and I'd read them a story and we'd sing songs. I would bring some type of fruit (watermelon or grapes) every time I visited them. Reg did not approve of me hanging out in the front yard with

them and he also began to get perturbed that I was not taking them any where, to the apartments, out to the park, or some other form of amusement. He didn't want me hanging around the neighborhood with them. I didn't come by much, but when I did I wanted to visit them around our home. I always asked Reg if he would join us if we'd go to the park or to walk with us. He declined. As time marched on and Reggie continued to refuse to allow us any similitude of family time together, I only began to see the children the 2nd Sunday of the month in my Sunday school class. I am part of the children's ministry and I teach the 18 months- 4-yr old class during our Worship Service. During class I would cut their finger nails and toe nails and just enjoy being with them. Then Que transferred over to the 5 year old class and I'd only see Terrence. Que would come by and want to stay but his teacher would come and get him and make him go to the 5 year old class. Reggie would want me to make it clear that he never stopped me from seeing the children, he would allow me to come pick them up anytime I would want as long as I was willing to take them somewhere. I want my babies to remember a mom that cared for them, feed them, clothed them, bathed them, read them bedtime stories, took them on nature walks, sang with them, help them with their homework, ran with them through the neighborhood, and just spent time with them around our house either indoors or outdoors. I didn't want them to remember me as a person always taking them somewhere, taking them away from home. I didn't want them to look forward to seeing me because I was going to "take them somewhere". I wanted them to look forward to my visits because of the time we'd spend together. I wanted Reg to participate in giving them memories of all four of us together. I invited him to come play with us, come run with us, come walk with us, I even asked him to take a family portrait with us so that we could have a family of four portrait to give them when they are older.... how valuable that would have been for them. He declined.

After turning the children over to Reg, I really didn't feel a need to go to the apartments anymore, they were so lonely without the boys there. My parents were there but it just didn't feel much like a home anymore with the boys gone. I wanted to go home to my family. My parents' home, although I loved them dearly was not where I should be. I left my father and mother and joined with my husband. We had children together and had an obligation to work out our differences for their sakes. I didn't go to the apartments anymore, maybe I went around once or twice a week to pick something up but for the most part I stayed around the church or the park in my car. I worked 12 hours shifts so most of the time in my car was sleep time, then it was off to work. On my days off I went to the drive-in in Gatesville or went to the movie theatre here in town and movie hopped. I was very alone and missed my family. The days were hot and nights were cold. I'd drive by the house and see the lights on in the boys' room or in our bedroom and I wanted so badly to be at home with my family. I told Reggie I was staying in my car and wanted to come home. I told him my home is not with my parents, it's with my husband and children. I begged him to allow me to come home. He was not moved.

"There was a certain rich man who was clothed in purple and fine linen and fared sumptuously every day. But there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, full of sores, who was laid at his gate, desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table. Moreover the dogs came and licked his sores. So it was that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels to Abraham's bosom. The rich man also died and was buried. And being in torments in Hades, he lifted up his eyes and

saw Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom. Then he cried and said, 'Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus that he may dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame.' But Abraham said, 'Son remember that in your lifetime you received your good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things; but now he is comforted and you are tormented. And besides all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed, so that those who want to pass from here to you cannot, nor can those from there pass to us.' Then he said, 'I beg you therefore, father, that you would send him to my father's house, for I have five brothers, that he may testify to them, lest they also come to this place of torment.' Abraham said to him, 'They have Moses and the prophets; let them hear them.' And he said, 'No, father Abraham; but if one goes to them from the dead, they will repent.' But he said to him, 'If they do not hear Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rise from the dead.'" Luke 16-19-31

Time went by really fast and I spent so much time in the Bible I began to get such a revelation and understanding as to how God would have me conduct myself in this situation. Getting a greater understanding of what it truly means to place everything in His hands. I became renewed and strengthened. I have known God all the days of my life, I don't remember a time in life when I had troubles that I didn't call on Jesus. He was always there, even in the early stages of this mess I remember calling on Him and He always gave me assurances that He was there. I remember one Sunday our Pastor, at the beginning of our Worship Service during his Pastoral reflections he said something along the lines of not waiting to tell someone about Jesus if you have a revelation or something uplifting to share. He said if you wait you may forget and the moment would never get shared. One night as I spoke with God and told Him I was weary and I needed strength if He wanted me stay in this fight. I lay there in bed next to my husband, this man who promised to love me as God loves the church. This man that has rejected me in the worst ways, this man that has abused me emotionally and psychologically without remorse, this man who threatens to rob our children of their inheritance their right to have both of their biological parents committed to providing them with a loving, secure, Christian home whatever it takes. Whatever sacrifices and adjustments we need to make in ourselves to insure they reach their full potential. We have a responsibility to demonstrate to them how to overcome difficult times by trusting in Jesus.... this man I lay next to and of course made love to. Lord, I prayed let me know if you want me to stay in this fight, or take my children and go... you've blessed me with the means to care for myself and my children if I needed to care for them without a husband. I will not take the blessing of a secure career, a healthy income and supportive family to use for a purpose (divorcing my husband because I can do fine without him) not of Your Will. I prayed this prayer, I was not asleep. I was awake thinking and praying and I saw as-plain-as-day a woolen Ostrich that turned before my very eyes into a Llama and then disintegrated into a ball of white smoke that floated upward into a vent in the ceiling. I told Reg what I saw. I woke him up and told him. I told him that I had asked God to let me know He was with me in this... I just had to share it with him that moment, the vision gave me such peace. I probably would not have shared that with him and certainly would not have woken him up to share that moment with him, but I remembered the words of our Pastor and thought this was something I did not want to forget to share with him in the morning. I still don't know if Reg believed me or not. This is not the first time God has comforted me when I felt like I

was at the end of my rope, when I asked him for strength, many times His peace and strength came in the form of a dream. A dream showing peace in my home. Dreams of love, laughter, and Peace shared between me and Reg. Dreams of us lying peacefully on a blanket surrounded by green grass on a bright sunny day... always dressed in white we were. I wondered how I could have such peaceful, serene dreams in the midst of such terrible chaos. These visions gave me strength to go on. I was determined to not fight this battle in the flesh ( I did that for the past four years, I knew no other way) it was time to fight this battle in the spirit. I have learned by this present experience fighting a Spiritual battle is far harder than fighting one in the flesh.

Another experience that I had earlier in this year that has taken me to where I am now is while we were in Florida. Reg always brings the New Year in, in church. That has been his habit (and I emphasize the word "habit", he believes if he don't bring the New Year in in church he will have a bad year) for years. We knew we were going to be in Florida for this New Year, we planned on finding a church on our own. But coincidentally Reg ran into someone on the plane that he knew from work and she had family in Florida. She called her mom and they gave us directions to their church. Nothing special about this tiny little church in and of itself... but I was moved by the presence of the Spirit on that evening. The Holy Spirit touched me in a way that I had never experienced before. I never allowed the Spirit to take me over like I allowed it to on this night. Over the past year and maybe even a short time prior to that when I felt "moved" sort of like an over all feeling of warmth and peace; I would sometimes feel a twitch in my hands, arms, legs or feet, almost like rhythmic contractions or jitters, but I never released myself or allowed myself to relax into the moment. I don't think I knew why I felt like this or what was taking place I just continued to praise and Worship.... but this time it was different, things were in such turmoil in my relationship and I knew that only by allowing Christ to take over in my life that my family could ever heal or reach their full potential. If trusting and allowing God to take over in my life was what I had to do to assure God received the Victory over this mess of a marriage Reg and I had managed, then I surrendered myself to doing just that. Allowing the Spirit to take me over that night was something unlike anything I had ever experienced. I knew what my body was doing, but I was not doing it. I won't say I didn't have control because I probably could have stopped it at any time (probably, I'm not sure) but I didn't want to stop, the feeling of being "filled up" with the Holy Spirit was so overwhelming. I've seen people in church all of my life get the "Holy Ghost", I never thought much of it. It just seemed like they were dancing. I could never do that I thought, I have no rhythm. But what happened to me on that night, December 31st 2001 was exceptional. I left church that night (or should I say morning, we had brought in the New Year) feeling like I had no worries. I know this marriage is a mess, but God is in control and His name will be glorified in spite of any defiance. I realized that if all I do is worry about me, allow God to order my steps and permitting His perfect Will to be done in my life everything else will just fall into place. He allows us freedom of choice and I would not want to be the one standing before Him giving account of my life and unable to explain why I chose not His Way in regards to my family... the family He gave me.

"But I tell you that men will have to give account on the day of judgment for every careless word they have spoken." Matthew 12:36

Easter Eve me and the boys died eggs, sang songs, and had a wonderful time. I knew I was giving them over to their dad very soon and it was very, very sad. I did not focus on that until after I put them to bed. I read them a bedtime story and we sang our favorite beddy-bye song, "I See the Moon and the Moon Sees Me". After church we went out for lunch, it was Easter and I invited Reg to come along, he declined. Physical custody of the boys was given to Reg the Monday after Easter.

On Mother's Day Reg invited me to come along with them to eat out. I was very excited. I loved Reg for considering me and allowing me the privilege of having lunch on Mother's Day with my family. It turned out to be pretty pathetic, Reggie may have said 3 words to me the entire time. Any conversation I tried to make with him he gave yes and no responses. Que seemed to have sensed the tension and he was a little chatterbox. He created all of the conversation at the table that day. Any comments were in response to questions or statements he made. I didn't know why Reg was acting like this. When we talked on the phone or at work we discussed things that were going on at work or church or current events or something, but we were able to converse. It seemed like whenever Reg was with me around his dad (his dad was with us for this luncheon) he gave me the "cold shoulder" as if treating me unkind was a way of proving to his dad he's no "push-over", showing him that he's a man.... or something, but the point is, his behavior was always cold with me in the presence of his father. That seemed so odd to me, I would have been too embarrassed to behave this way in front of any one of my parents. Especially towards my wife, the mother of my children (in my case my husband, the father of my children). What a pathetic scene this was I thought. If I knew Reg was gonna act like this I would have declined his invitation. I felt really embarrassed sitting beside his dad with my husband sitting across the table from me, mute. A man raising 2 boys, showing them indirectly how to be men. This behavior would disgrace our Lord on any day, but I consider it exponentiated in that we were just coming from Worship Service.

"Remind them to be subject to rulers and authorities, to obey, to be ready for every good work, to speak evil of no one, to be peaceable, gentle, showing all humility to all men. For we ourselves were also once foolish, disobedient, deceived, serving various lusts and pleasures, living in malice and envy, hateful and hating one another. But when the kindness and the love of God our Savior toward man appeared, not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us, through the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Spirit." Titus 3:1-5

Que's graduation, a commencement ceremony marking the ending of his nursery school years and the beginning of his formal education. A function neither of us would want to have missed. A place where we should be sitting side-by-side so that when our 1st born son look out into the audience he can see both of his parent together recognizing his accomplishments. Dual military, a situation I continue to proclaim as detrimental to our family and it's interests was evident on Que's graduation day. Both Reg and I were in the field on Que's Graduation Day. Both of us had to make alternative arrangements to ensure we were there for his Graduation Ceremony. Neither of us was able to spend time with him after the ceremony or take him to the reception afterwards. It wasn't until the day of the Graduation that I knew I was going to be able to go to the ceremony. Reg had gone into the field a few days earlier and I had no idea he was going to be at the graduation, he apparently told Que that he would be there and when Que told me his dad

was going to be there I called Reg and asked him if we could go together. He said no. My mom picked the boys up from school and laid them down for a nap. The Graduation was at 3pm. Since the Graduates had to be there at 2pm, we were at the auditorium before Reg and his dad, we had great seats up in the front rows. To my surprise when Reg did arrive, instead of seating himself near me and Terrence, (there were 2 vacant seats beside me) he walked directly to the front where we were seated, took Terrence out of his chair and carried him to the middle section of the auditorium where he selected a place for him and David to sit, he placed Terrence on his lap. Here, I sit, at my eldest son's Graduation with my 2 parents... as I said earlier, I love them dearly, but my place is with my family. When I married, I left my father and my mother and joined my husband. With that thought in mind I got up from my seat and joined my husband and sat beside him at our son's graduation. What conscience allowed this man to come forward and take this child from my side when he could have chosen to sit beside us. This behavior was displayed in front of his dad, a kind, gentle, man... maybe not always, but that's the only way I have known my father-in-law to be. What does an older and wiser man think when he sees his son display this behavior. Does it seem odd... or is it normal. You can't do anything of course, but what do you think. I don't know what I would think, I can only speculate as to what I would think, but not until my sons are grown would I ever be able to answer this question. I would pray to God my children are raised in a way that their good conscience would not allow them to move in any way consistent with this type of arrogance.

"For this is the message that you heard from the beginning, that we should love one another, not as Cain who was of the wicked one and murdered his brother. And why did he murder him? Because his works were evil and his brother's righteous. Do not marvel, my brethren, if the world hates you. We know that we have passed from death to life, because we love the brethren. He who does not love his brother abides in death. Whoever hates his brother is a murderer, and you know that no murderer has eternal life abiding in him. By this we know love; because He laid down His life for us. And we also ought to lay down our lives for the brethren. But whoever has this world's, and sees his brother in need, and shuts up his heart from him, how does the love of God abide in him? My little children, let us not love in word or in tongue, but in deed and in truth. And by this we know that we are of the truth, and shall assure our hearts before Him. For if our heart condemns us, God is greater than our heart, and knows all things. Beloved, if our heart does not condemn us, we have confidence toward God. And whatever we ask we receive from Him, because we keep His commandments and do those things that are pleasing in His sight. And this is His commandment: that we should believe on the name of His Son Jesus Christ and love one another, as He gave us commandment. Now he who keeps His commandments abides in Him, and He in him. And by this we know that He abides in us, by the Spirit whom He has given us."

1st John 3:11-24

The 4th of July. I was all-alone. I had the day off, everyone around me was planning picnics or outing with their families. You see people in the stores purchasing things for a cook out or a trip to the lake. You see cars along the highway with boats and trailers attached. You see all kinds of family forms couples with old kids, couples with young kids, couples with kids that are spaced many years apart. You see attractive couples and those not so attractive. You see attractive men with not so attractive women



(you also see the reverse), point is you see families... families ... families, some are Christian families, some are not, some are atheist and don't know or accept God as the Head of their lives... what is it that keeps these families together I thought. It's commitment, a love and respect for the children. Doing what is best for the children. Not giving up on family... that's what keeps these families together. Reg did invite me to share the 4th of July with them, they had planned a cookout over at Tyrone's (his best friend from High School) house, but in order for me to participate in the 4th of July festivities with them, he wanted me to promise to come around and take the children on outings. I told him I want to spend time with my babies, but I want to spend time with them around the house or neighborhood. He said no, I couldn't do that and if I don't agree to take them from time to time on outings then I am not invited to the cookout. So I let go of the idea of spending the 4th with them. I was disappointed for the boys when I heard that they watched the fireworks from the side of the road. I viewed it as a "watered down version" of the fireworks. Being in the crowds, munching on snacks, listening to the music, looking at the other people in the crowd with their glow in the dark paraphernalia just brings everything to life. They sat in or on the car at the side of the road.

We had a family reunion July 26- 29th. My family never had a reunion on either my mother's side or my father's side in my entire life. I was so excited about going to the reunion. We all got together and decided on color coordinated outfits for 2 of the days, the 3rd day, the day of the picnic we would all be wearing our reunion T-shirts. Even though Reg and I was still having our difficulties I continued to have faith that he would allow God into his heart and move him to doing the right thing by his family, and if he did pull things together, I did not want him to be left out and not coordinated with the rest of us. So when I bought outfits for me and the boys, I also bought matching outfits for Reg too. I wanted him to come with us to the reunion. I believed in my heart and acted in Faith that my husband would be with us on this trip. I knew about this reunion in December 2001 and in our request book at work I had requested 2 weeks of leave. As always, getting leave was a problem for me. As we got closer to the reunion date it was apparent that I would have difficulties getting the time off that I wanted. By May 2002 the word was put out by my supervisors that all leaves for the months of June - August would be denied. I put in a request for 4 days off instead of leave, although I still hoped that I would be able to take leave. By June and certainly by July I knew for sure I would not be able to take leave. I put in my request form in June and it was returned to me disapproved. I was in charge of my unit at the time (Acting Head Nurse) and they would not allow me to leave until there was someone to take charge. I was really disturbed by this because this was not an event that happens often and I was looking forward to taking the boys on this trip, but I knew that if I were only going to be able to go down for the weekend, I would not be taking the boys. It would be too much expense for such a short period of time. After the reunion we were all going to drive up to Ohio and go to Cedar Point amusement park, then to Niagara Falls in Canada, and then to New York. When I couldn't get leave, it meant that I would only be able to go down for the Reunion and then come back. Reg had asked me what dates I would be taking leave. I told him from the 25th of July through the 7th of August (14 days) those are the dates he agreed to let me take the boys. As time marched on and we got closer to those dates, he wanted a definitive answer about the dates, I kept telling him my leave has not been approved yet

and I don't know if it will be approved. In June when my leave was disapproved I told him I would only be going down for the weekend and would not be taking the boys. I was very saddened but resigned myself to the notion that I would not be taking the boys and I would plan another trip (probably to Germany) for us to go on later. My mom and dad had gone to Philly the 1st week in June and would be gone until mid to late August. They went down in June for all the Graduations that were taking place (Quita's, Tony's, and Jayla's) and also I think they went to Asia's dance recital. They were not coming back until August so that they could go to the Reunion and participate in the activities planned for after the Reunion. Weeks later after my leave had been disapproved, I was talking to my mom on the phone and I told her that I would only be able to come for the weekend and I would not be bringing the boys for such a short time.... she had a marvelous idea. She said, why don't you send the boys down ahead and bring them back when I come back. I was sooooo excited about the idea that my babies could come to the reunion too. I called the airlines immediately to see how much it would cost, unfortunately the way things would work to bring them back with me would have been extremely expensive. Because I would need to purchase several one way tickets (3 one way tickets from Philly to Detroit, then 2 one way tickets from Detroit to Killeen) and the one way tickets were more expensive than round trip tickets. So I asked the man to check into dates that would bring the boys back after they all returned to Philly. The best way for me to do this was for them to arrive in Philly before they all drive down to Detroit, and leave from Philly after the return from the travels after the Reunion. So I gave the man a departure date of the 17th of July, he told me it would be less expensive if I were to book the trip for departure on the weekend instead of mid-week. I knew mom's dates for traveling here to pick up the boys and back to the drop them off was flexible. I also knew the boys did not have any previous commitments and their formal academics were out until the fall. So I had him schedule them to depart on the 14th of July instead of the weekend forward, the 20th, I thought that is was too close to the time they will be preparing to drive to Detroit; they were leaving on the 22nd or 23rd it would have been too hectic getting the boys in town at the last minute for the drive to Detroit. Same with the return trip, the plan was to return to Philly by the 5th of August, so the return trip for the boys coming back to Texas was for that following weekend. I went through the nth detail of the planning process for this trip because this turned out to be another devastation. Reg did not allow the boys to come on the trip. I had purchased the tickets in all of my excitement about planning for them to come, and I failed to call him to let him know about the change in plans.... on 2 counts. The 1st failure was calling to let him know I had come up with a plan to be able to take them to the Reunion. The 2nd failure was that I did not get the dates approved through him, the last dates for the trip he was aware of was 14 days and for them to be gone for 3 weeks instead of 2 was not cleared through him. Additionally, he did not agree that it would have been okay for the boys to be down in Philly without me, but in the care of my mother. He said he didn't want them down there with strangers. My mom lived with us in Germany and cared for the boys for 2 years. She has been here in Texas since November 2001 helping to care for them. Angie (my baby sister) cared for them for nearly 2 months in San Antonio last summer (2001). Tami (my oldest sister) cared for them for nearly 3 months in the last quarter of 2001. Quita and Yonte my nieces have both come down to care for them over the summers. Quita came to Germany for a summer, and Yonte' and Amber came to Texas when we first got here in the summer of

2000 to care for them. Tony came to Germany to visit in the summer of 1999. They spent time up in the Poconos last year on a ski trip with all of those just mentioned (except Amber) and the rest of their cousins and Aunt Juanda. It was absolutely insane for him to state that he didn't want them up there without me, with strangers. Sure, I should have told the man to just hold the reservations and I'll call back once I checked things out with my husband. But I had spent so much time on the phone getting him to change things around to get the best price and by the time everything had been finalized, it just did not cross my mind to not make the reservations yet. God knows that when I called the airlines, it was not to make reservations, it was to check prices and the feasibility of being able to send the boys ahead of me and bring them back with me. That was not feasible because of the expense of the one way tickets as I said earlier. The phone call with this man may have lasted over an hour to get things all sorted out.... I swear at the end of the conversation the only thing on my mind was completing the transaction. I wish to God something would have jarred me and said, "hey fool, don't purchase the tickets yet, just have them hold the reservations until you check with Reg", but no such reality check took place. The excitement of being able to take them, the disappointment that I can't go for the whole time, the lengthiness of the transaction, and the fact that I am by nature impulsive, were all factors contributing to my not thinking things through to completion. However, regardless of my errs, considering the fact that this is a 1st in a lifetime family reunion, the boys had no other previous engagements that would not have allowed them to take this trip, it was the middle of the summer for God's Sake! it was absolutely horrifically, tragically, devastatingly unbelievable that Reggie did not allow these children to go on this trip with their family. I can't even begin to describe how hurt I was, so I won't even attempt. What I am not sure of is whether the pain I felt came from the fact that the boys were not coming with me on the trip or if the greater pain was because Reggie believed that this was just. That he believed I somehow deserved this. Ask Reggie, ask him to explain, he will tell you, he will tell you proudly that his actions were justified, and the boys missed opportunity for attending their family Reunion was an opportunity for him to teach me. He feels no remorse for this, after all, he taught me and my family a lesson. God have mercy on his soul. The irony of all this is, I have legal court appointed custody of the children. If I wanted to take them, I would not be outside of my legal right to have them. Of course Reggie has a notarized document that I gave him surrendering custody of the children to him in the presence of our church Pastor.... but the court document I have with the judge's signature would hold greater weight in an acute dispute. But, I will not fight this battle in the flesh, I decided that some time ago. If I were going to fight this battle, Reggie would never have kept me from taking those children with me on our family Reunion. But I've placed it all in God's mighty hands. Our Lord is just, merciful, loving, and kind.... though there will come a time when He will withdraw His hand of mercy and He will exact justice.... I will conduct myself in such a way that I will never know His wrath. Reggie can be as mean, inconsiderate, and unkind as he wants, but he will not turn my heart to behave in that way towards him. My God has been too good to me, I will do my very best to honor His name as I conduct myself through these very difficult times.

"That servant who knows his master's will and does not get ready or does not do what his master wants will be beaten with many blows. But the one who does not know and does things deserving punishment will be beaten with few blows. From

everyone who has been given much, much will be demanded; and from the one who has been entrusted with much, much more will be asked." Luke 12: 47-48

My 20-year class Reunion was September 6-8th. I did not find out about the class reunion until I went to Detroit for the family Reunion. I requested leave, I was in a "use or lose" status for leave meaning that any number of leave days I have over 60 will be lost if I don't use them by the end of September. You would think that taking leave would not have been a problem because I was in this use or lose status. But as always getting leave was a major problem. My leave was disapproved. I started out requesting 14 day, then I asked for 7 days, then 5 days, they continued to say no. The most leave time my Supervisor would give me was 3 days, the 6th - 8th and that is because months ago I had requested that weekend off so that Reg and I could celebrate our 6th Wedding Anniversary September 7th (continuing to believe in my heart that Reg would take that leap of Faith and trust God with his family). I was going to take the 3 days, go down for the Reunion and then come back. But Reg hauled me back into court to change the custody arrangement of our mediated agreement... I decided that I need this leave time, not only to go down for my class reunion but to take my baby boys to 2 of the three places I want to take them to before I die. I would be in Detroit for the class reunion so it would be easier to go to the Mall of America and Niagara Falls from there than to come all the way back to Texas and go later. I decided I needed to resign my commission now and start finalizing things because I am not going to enter into a custody battle with my husband... that would be absurd. In order to get the 14 days of leave (which I had already been denied) I had to go directly to the Chief of Nursing, the boss of all bosses in Nursing. I also had to go to the Company Commander. Days before my trip I still did not have approved leave. I was getting a good indication from the Company Commander that they would not be able to support this leave. I told my Company Commander that this is extremely important and I was recently denied leave when I wanted to attend my 1st in a lifetime family reunion and now I'm looking at being denied leave when I want to attend my class reunion which only happens every 10 years. I told her that I have family business that I need to attend to and I must take leave. I told her that I will go to Detroit for more than the 3 days that my supervisor is giving me. I do not want to place myself in a position to receive disciplinary action but I am willing to go that route if that is the only alternative you all leave me with. She said they'll see what they can do. About eight days before the scheduled reunion I received word that my leave for the 14 days was approved. Reg was in South Carolina and I needed to check with him to clear any dates for traveling with the boys. I wasn't sure whether they were in Charleston or Columbia, I even considered that they may even be in Atlanta. I didn't know when they were coming back into town, I wasn't even sure when they left. I thought they were driving down to South Carolina, but later found out they were flying. I called Reg's sister, she told me Reg was not there but would be returning soon, I assumed the "not there" meant he was in Charleston, but then after talking with Wonn a bit more she said no, he's in Columbia, he'd just gone out to the store or something. I made these points clear because Reggie made a big commotion about not being kept abreast of our whereabouts when we were on our vacation up North. He called my behavior evil and inconsiderate. Reg called me when he returned from the store. I told him I got leave and would be able to go to my class reunion. I told him my leave starts on the 5th of September and end on the 18th. I

told him I wanted to leave on the 5th because reunion activities start on the 6th and I wanted to return on the 17th... he said no he wanted the boys in school on Friday (the 6th). He said reunion activities don't usually start until Saturday. I told him no, the activities start on the 6th. I read him the email message that I had received concerning activities for Friday evening. I explained that I wanted to be in town on Friday and not traveling on Friday, so I pleaded for him to let me leave with the boys on Thursday after school, late in the evening. He said no. He said they can't leave town before Friday. He told me that he was being more than generous to entertain the idea of allowing them to go when I notify him about these travel dates on such short notice. I prayed for God to give me strength.... this made no sense to me, I did not try to reason or understand Reggie's motives. God will judge his heart. Those children are my babies every bit as much as they are Reggie's and to go to him bartering over travel dates seemed so absurd. This is a trip I'm taking them on, I can reason as to what are the best travel times for us based on our scheduled activities and attempting to secure the best price. So the earliest I could leave with them would be Friday morning. Now for the return, he said I must have him back for school on Monday. I told him I have leave until the 18th, I would like to return on the 17th (Tuesday). He said no. He said I couldn't take them if I wasn't going to get them back for school on Monday. With this direction I called and made reservations. I couldn't get the best price by using Priceline.com because Reggie insisted that I leave on Friday and priceline.com would buy me a ticket within my price range leaving anytime on Friday as late as 10 or 11pm if that was the best fare. So I could not chance using that means of ticket purchasing. I had to call the airline direct to ensure I got the earliest flight out on Friday morning and to ensure we would not be getting back too late because they would have school the next morning upon our return. I called Reggie back after I made the reservations and told him our flight times, leaving out on Friday morning at 6am and returning Sunday at 4pm. He was quite pleased with himself. I was floored, for lack of a better word, I can't describe my pain. God continued to comfort and give me strength. Without His love I could not endure this, I could easily have taken matters into my own hands and dealt with Reggie on my terms. If it were not for the love of God I could have turned the tables on Reggie so quickly he would not have known what hit him. But my purpose here on Earth is to serve God and I would gain nothing by taking matters into my own hands. I would have to turn a callous heart to what I know to be right and exemplary of God's love. And of course there would be no peace even if I went down this path of avenging my own injustice, taking an eye for an eye. But I learned as a child that my Lord says "vengeance is mine". I will not do God's work. I will allow Him to avenge this injustice. I'm not sure when they returned from South Carolina, either Sunday (the 1st) or Monday the (2nd, Labor Day). I contacted Reg on Thursday the 5th to discuss when he wanted me to pick the boys up, either from school or later on over at the house.

This child of God--- this strong, righteous, unselfish man---- this man, doing only what is in the best interest of the children told me that I could not pick them up until tomorrow (Friday). I said, "but Reg, we leave at 6am tomorrow. I would like to have the boys over at the apartments tonight. I'd like to feed them and dress them prior to our trip." He said he'll dress the boys and have them ready for me to pick up. He asked me what time I wanted them ready. I told him I would like to be at the airport by 5am. He said okay, they'll be ready. I told him I had shoes and some items of clothing that I needed to try on them prior to going on the trip because if anything didn't fit I could exchange it at the

store before we left. I asked him if I could pick them up and take them to the apartment to try these things on... he said no. He said I could come over to the house at 6:30pm for one hour to try on what I needed to try on. So I did. I had to leave the beauty parlor after my hair was done to go to the house to do this trying on and go back to the parlor to finish up with my manicure and pedicure. It was insane...to me anyway.... to Reg, it made perfect sense. I'm the one out of touch with God and His ways.

"Every way of a man is right in his own eyes, But the Lord weighs the hearts."  
Proverbs 21:2

I picked the boys up at about 5:10 am, Reg handed them a juice box and 2 pop tarts each ( Jesus Christ, a pop tart. These boys are 3 and 5 and their breakfast is 2 pop tarts). I would like to have had them at the apartments the night before so that I could have gotten them up in the morning and fed them breakfast. I changed their clothing at the airport to something more appropriate for the climate in Michigan this time of year. Because I didn't have them prior to this trip the 1st thing we did after picking up the rental car was to find a barber and get their hair cut. I had a great week with the boys, I enjoyed them immensely. We made Grandparents Day cards for their grandparents and a birthday card for their dad while we were on the plane. It kept them very busy. Terrence decorated the envelopes and Que wrote out and decorated the cards. They used stickers, markers, and glue on stuff. They had a ball. Throughout our trip they addressed and mailed postcards to their dad. On Reggie's birthday we recognized it with cake, ice cream and we sang Happy Birthday Daddy. We sang that birthday song all day long, cause daddy's birthday was all day long. We called Reg to tell him happy birthday that evening but he wasn't home. He'd gone to work. Of course the birthday card, post cards, and calling him on his birthday was not enough he was not happy, he had to find fault.... no matter what I do he will always find the negative and call me an unrighteous sinner, imply that I am a hypocrite by doing whatever selfish deed that I have done and continue to claim that I love Jesus. My errs of this trip is that I did not call and notify him that my cell phone was out and I had to use an alternative phone (a number he knew). The morning we left for our trip I realized my cell phone was not functioning reliably, I didn't know what was wrong with it. I thought it just needed to be charged up longer. I took my 2nd cell phone (one of three Reggie had purchased when we first came back from Germany) just in case the problem was more than just needing to be charged and I didn't want to be stuck without a cell. When I came back to Texas I took it to the cell phone store and they told me my antenna was not making a good connection and that's why I was having on and off problems with it. Sometimes it worked and sometimes it didn't. They changed the antenna and now it works fine. Reg was ticked because I didn't call him and let him know I was using the other phone. He was ticked that I didn't call and give him the number to our Hotel. He was ticked because I did not call him on the morning of his birthday so that the boys could wish him a happy birthday. I'm on this trip with our baby boys, boys I love more than life itself, boys I will not see grow up, boys I haven't spent a day with for months, I'm on this trip because I am going to die unless my husband decide to have faith in something or someone other than himself, and I am accused of being selfish and insensitive for not ensuring that he had a means of contacting the boys so that they could wish him a happy birthday. I am living in my final days and I did the very best that I could to ensure the boys were not neglected of any thoughts of their father.

Therefore, whatever you want men to do to you, do also to them, for this is the Law of the Prophets." Matthew 7:12

The boys were always reminded of their dad throughout the trip. They were always doing something for him on the trip. Even when Que was doing his homework there was a way to incorporate daddy in there. He was reminded to make the lower case letter "h" by making a long leg like daddy's and then a chair for daddy to sit in. We chanted a song for the letters to remind him where to go on the lines. For instance we chanted lower case, lower lines.---lower case, lower lines.... lower case, lower lines, of course experienced writers know that some letters even though they are lower case have to reach up and streeetch for the upper lines, well how do you get a five year old to remember which ones. Remembering daddy's long legs can help. Can't help with all letters but associations can help with some. For instance, he knows the word "daddy" starts with "d", his daddy has long legs, so the letter "d" will have a daddy leg. I did not do anything to prevent him from contacting us. To not "spoon feed" this grown man with how to contact his family (if his 1st option fails) is not my idea of interfering with the efforts of a father contacting his sons. I'm sorry, but like I said, when we got off the plane we immediately had things to attend to. My reunion activities started at 6pm. By the time we got to Jacqueline's house it was 5pm. I got the boys bathed and changed into their pajamas and even though they had just ate a 3pm, they wanted to eat again. So I fed them, and spent some time with them and Jacqueline. I got showered and dressed and tucked them in bed at 8pm. Salena came to pick me up at 8:30 and we were off. No time to even think of calling Reggie. I didn't even call my mom until Sunday or Monday. My mom called Jac the evening of our arrival to make sure we had made it okay. If Reggie had tried to reach me by cell and was having problems with the cell number or just wanted to ensure our safe arrival, he could have called my mom and asked if she'd heard from us. My mom would have told him to try the other cell number and she would have also assured him that she had verified our safe arrival. It was a marvelously busy weekend. We certainly could have started out less hectic if I had arrived on Thursday evening instead of Friday and you know why that didn't happen.

I had a wonderful time at my class reunion, it was like a family reunion. I wish I could do it all over again this weekend. Being with my old classmates again reminded me of why I thought my High School years were the best years of my life. After the reunion me and the boys drove up to Minnesota to the Mall of America, we had to pass through Chicago, I was so tempted to stop there and do some tourist stuff. We had a great time at the Mall the boys loved it. I hope one day we can go again as a family of four. After 2 days in Minnesota, we went on to Canada, the drive to Canada along the Upper Peninsula was beautiful. I spent a lot of time in Michigan, but I have never been that far North before. I know it's just breathtaking up there in the fall and winter with the snow and all. Our only setback on our trip was when we hit a deer in this remote town (Manistique) waaay up North. We had to get another rental car (the radiator began leaking after hitting the deer). After we got another car, we continued on our way to Canada. I erred and was labeled again for not informing Reggie of the run in with the deer. I do not spend my day thinking about what to tell Reggie and what not to tell Reggie, whenever I think of Reggie I think about the pathetic state his family is in and I pray for him to open his heart to Jesus and let the Almighty God give him the strength, courage, wisdom, faith or whatever it is that he needs to prevent the tragic destruction of his family. To allow his

boys to receive the fullness of what God would have them experience with the blessing of being raised by both of their biological parents. So, no, I didn't talk to Reggie about the deer, I didn't even talk to Reggie. I would gladly have told him about the deer. It's a testimony to how good God is. We hit a deer, temporarily disabled a car, walked away without a scratch, and continued on to enjoy the rest of our vacation. God is so Good to me! This could have been tragic, someone could have been hurt and hospitalized.... what kind of support would I get from this man of God if one of our children were hurt in that accident. What kind of love would he have shown me if I was hospitalized. I shudder to think. In fact I know he would say that that's God wrath coming down on me for all the wrong that I have done to him. He thinks like that. But I know that the God I serve is a loving, forgiving, merciful God. If I and/or either of the children were injured in that accident, it would not be God's wrath.... it would be His mercy. He would be allowing us another chance to get closer to Him. To trust and put our faith in Him. Even if no one was hurt, the accident could have delayed us in such a way that we would not have been able to continue with our plans to go to Niagara Falls. God is so good! When we came back to Texas I didn't talk to Reggie, the first time I spoke with him was about 2 days after we returned from our trip. He called me not to ask about how I was doing or how our vacation went, he called to ask me to change an October 11th court date. I said sure let's move it back a month ( I just want time to finish my book, I don't want to keep going to court, it's silly). He didn't want to move it back a month, only a week. Again, he implied that I am a hypocrite because I wouldn't agree to move the date back a week. Every single time we have gone to court I have had to change shifts with someone to get the day off to go to this courthouse, and now he has the audacity to accuse me of being evil because he has to adjust his schedule to accommodate this court date. I would love to move the date back, but let the move accommodate us both. How is that so mean. I am upholding our family values, acting on the interest of the entire family unit, what values are he upholding.

Today I am an active member of my church involved in the children's ministry. I attend Sunday Worship Service and Bible Study every Wednesday (except when I am working). I also work with the Young Life Ministries which is a National youth program aimed at leading teenagers to Christ. Working with young life ministries is not something I would have believed I was cut out to do, I always loved working with younger children ages 18 months to 4 years... but teenagers---- never. I believe God called me to this service. I have 2 young girls a 13 year old and a 16 year old that I have been slowly becoming more involved in their lives. One is a very rebellious young lady and has been put out of regular school and placed in an alternative school ( school for troubled youths) temporarily. The other is more receptive and I am hoping to get her to come to church with me soon. She has agreed to come in the past, but has always managed to do something else instead. But I'll continue to let her know I am here and looking forward to her attendance at my church. And for the other, I continue to let her know I am in prayer for her and counting on her to do all the things necessary to get back to her regular school and classes. She was supposed to go back to regular school several weeks ago, but she got into trouble again and her time at the alternative school was extended. The other thing I have been working on in obedience to the Holy Spirit is renewing my familiarity with America Sign Language. I forgot most of what I knew when I went to Germany . I started signing the Worship songs in the pews a year ago. Looking up words in my sign



dictionary that I had forgotten. I feel as though I am ready to begin going to choir rehearsal and practicing the songs that will be presented on Sunday, then signing the songs for the congregation. When I was part of the sign ministry at Marlboro Heights Baptist Church in 1995 I started out by only signing the songs at the beginning of the Worship Service, then began signing the entire sermon. I will wait on the Lord to make a way for me time wise to be able to become active again with signing in my Church. But until then, I will continue signing in the pews. I am no longer in Grad school. I'm still enrolled at Graceland University, but I am not enrolled in any courses this semester. I would have completed my Master's Degree at this point if I would have had adequate support from my husband and not been preoccupied with all of these distractions. I decided this summer to not enroll in another course because I knew I was going to be busy writing this book. Every hour I put into this book I wish it were towards completing an assignment in a course towards my degree. I am so close to degree completion I could almost "taste" it.

My plans for the future. I have resigned my commission in the United States Army for the purpose of going home and being a mother to my children and reconciling the relationship with my husband. I will do whatever I can imagine to allow my husband the opportunity to choose to allow me to live and raise my children, than to die and leave them without the mother that they know and love. I will allow my husband every opportunity to not leave them to visit me in the cemetery as opposed to greeting me with smiles, hugs, and kisses when they return from school daily. I will allow my husband the opportunity to allow them the blessing of having me at their school plays, and ball games, and class trips. I will allow him the opportunity to allow them to see me participate in their school and attend parent teacher conferences or PTA meetings. I don't want to die and certainly do not wish to die in a foreign hostile country.... so I will not leave this Country until I have no other alternative, until I am forced out of the country by my husband's indecency and lack of human compassion. I would rather die here in my own back yard, than in a foreign country. Reggie's actions will dictate whether I live or die. If death is my fate chosen by this god, then this little god will also determine whether my demise is here in my backyard or in a foreign country.

I have lived a full life. If I flew to Paradise (Hawaii) and did nothing else for the rest of my life but basked on the beach by day and collected cans by night, those that know me would still love and respect me. I have nothing to prove. My life has been a success---- a credit to my parents. Jesus was persecuted unrighteously. Throughout the Bible Christians were imprisoned unjustly. Throughout history people have died for just causes and for what they believe in. I believe in my family. If I did not have children, I would be willing to walk away from this marriage and consider it a "mistake", but children were products of this union and they do not deserve to have their rights to an intact family dismissed so easily..... so to that end, I lay down my life. God will judge my heart and my motives, God have mercy on my soul if my actions are selfish and callous.

"For what credit is it if, when you are beaten for your faults, you take it patiently? But when you do good and suffer, if you take it patiently, this is commendable before God." 1st Peter 2:20

A child learns what he lives. For our children to have parents that are active and openly involved in the church (singing in the choir, teaching in the children's ministry), for all to see presenting a picture of "having it all together", then the child comes home

and the picture of his parents changes. They see their parents passing them off every other weekend, parents unable to share a smile between one another, parents unable to spend time together as family, parents holding on to old unresolved conflicts..... then the child learns to do the same thing in their own families when they are older. They learn that it is so important to "look" good. You can do what you want behind closed doors, but the picture you present to the world should be of the ideal. Sure, I believe family affairs should remain private. As a child I learned not to "put my business in the street". That was generally the final words of my mom and grand mom whenever we went out to visit over someone else's house. They'd say, "now don't go over there putting all your business in the street". But the behavior I saw in public with the adults in my life was consistent with the behavior they displayed at home. There were no mixed messages. Hypocrisy and a skewed example of God's love is what a child learns when parents have two different faces. Reg and I come from families on different end of the "church going spectrum". We both came from Christian homes, both of our parents are Christians. Reg's mom, (I don't know about his dad), was involved in the church, she directed the choir that Reg and his sister sang in.... I don't know what other church activities she was involved in. She made sure her children went to church every Sunday and choir rehearsal every week. Even when the children were older than the other children in the choir they were still encouraged to sing in The Sunbeam Choir. As the biggest and oldest children in the bunch I'm sure they were not always ecstatic about singing in this choir when they got older. These children, both grew up to be law-abiding, tax paying citizens, and they both are Saved and attend church on a regular basis. On the other hand, my parents were "Holiday" churchgoers. I remember all of us going to church together on Palm Sunday (to get the Palm leaves of course), Easter Sunday (we always had new spring outfits to show off), and the Sunday before Christmas. Dad came sometimes, but he didn't always come. Although the parents only went to church (and made us go ) on these Holidays, throughout the year they allowed us to go to church if we wanted to. They never interfered with our decision to go or not go to church. All of my brothers and sisters grew up to be law abiding, tax paying, God fearing citizens (except my baby brother, he believes in a supreme being, but he does not acknowledge that being to be Jesus Christ. I will continue to pray for him...). I don't know what to make of it, I just know that my family is not experiencing the fullness of a man that has spent all of his life knowing Jesus. I am an objective thinker and I wonder about things. I can't help but to wonder if there's a difference between a persons faith and their commitment to Christ-like living if you chose to go to church versus going Sunday after Sunday out of a sense of commitment or obligation or because you're told to go. I wonder if anyone has ever done any research on that idea or one similar. I wonder if children attending church because they "have to " are less likely to believe what they hear in church. Does scripture seem like idle prattle to them or do they believe it's the word of a living God. It just makes me wonder, because I can't see how my husband can continue on this course he has set for himself if he believes that there is truth in word, because this man knows the word.

"Now Enoch, the seventh from Adam, prophesied about these men also, saying, 'Behold, the Lord comes with ten thousands of His saints, to execute judgment on all, to convict all who are ungodly among them of all their ungodly deeds which they have committed in an ungodly way, and of all the harsh things which ungodly sinners have spoken against Him. These men are grumblers and faultfinders; they

follow thier own evil desires; they boast about themselves and flatter others for their own advantage.” Jude 14-16

Reggie seems to me like a man not certain of where he stands or what he believes in nor does he seem to have a true conviction towards anything(except money)

“No man can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one and love the other, or else he will be loyal to the one and despise the other. You cannot serve God and money.” Matthew 6:24

“He who loves silver will not be satisfied with silver; Nor he who loves abundance, with increase.” Ecclesiastes 5:10

He criticized my dad’s approach to raising children. The freedom of choice my parents allowed us to have was appalling to him. My dad always said that he did not want his children to grow up and at 30 years of age decide they need to go out to “find themselves”. He explained to us (as children) that he would give us the freedom and responsibility that we demonstrated that we were mature enough to handle. He did not want to make decisions for us, doing so would not allow us to realize who we are or what we stand for. I didn’t understand then, but I do understand now. Reggie doesn’t appear to me to have any plans on how he’s going to raise his children or any idea of what type of values and morals he intend to instill in them and certainly he doesn’t seem to have a clue on how to go about it. He doesn’t seem to value the importance of having someone around that want to be involved in the children, totally involved in loving and caring for them. Involved in their school, in their play, in their extracurricular activities, involved in enriching their over all experiences in life... what is overcoming obstacles in life all about if it’s not for the sake of the children.

My parents were “hands-on” type of parents, they didn’t just provide food, water, and shelter for their children then send them out into the world with commands of do this or don’t do that--- I remember one time when one of my younger sisters was in middle school, she had gotten with the “wrong crowd” and my mom found out she was skipping school, wearing make-up, experimented with smoking and doing some other things she should not have been doing (she was also leading the other sisters down this same path because they were all very close... they were friends as well as siblings) my parents didn’t just sit back, punish, or criticize.... they knew their child and they knew this was not her nature and there was a lot of peer pressure involved. My sister was removed from the situation. She was sent to live with my aunt and attend school in Philadelphia for the remainder of the school year (just a couple of months I believe, I don’t think it was very long before school was out for the summer). Amazingly enough, when the “ring leader” was removed my other 2 sisters began to get back into their studies and began meeting their responsibilities at school. Getting pulled away from the crowd, the older one was able to re-establish herself and identify with a new group of friends who had no expectations of her to carry out and continue with those behaviors that were unacceptable. They didn’t know her, so she was able to re-group. When she came back to Detroit she was able to start a new school year with a new group of kids... the desire she had to hang with her previous crowd was no longer there and they of course had lost interest in her. My parents raised 7 kids, and no one “slipped through the cracks” because our parents were too busy to see them heading down the wrong path. Before my sister was sent to live with my aunt, she was counseled and talked to, but apparently the peer

pressure was too much for her to resist and the behavior continued... so something more had to be done. Some people in 2 parent professional homes with only one child are broken-hearted because that only child grows up to find themselves in jail or on drugs, confused and bewildered... the parents were too busy to notice or put the needs of the child first. I pray our two children don't fall through the cracks. The slightest deviation should be attended to. Reggie is very busy and I know Que's teacher has been wanting a conference with him regarding his behavior and he sort of shrugs it off as if it's "no big deal".... it is a big deal and it should be a big deal before it becomes a bigger deal!!! and our youngest Angel, Terrence, could benefit so much from extra one on one time with his academics and memorization activities... it's a crime for Reg to not put all of his fears aside regarding his disappointments in our marriage and have faith and trust God for the overall benefit of the children.

Our finances today are dreadful. Reggie managed my IRA, it's not worth peanuts now. My income for one month is nearly twice as much as my IRA which I started back in 1993 is worth now. Reggie managed our joint investments in the stock market, our entire savings over the past 6 years are not worth one month of our combined incomes. Women are typically more conservative investor's than men. I never would have invested so aggressively. My money would have been in savings bonds, long term CD's, property, I would have had several kinds of savings accounts, diversified mutual funds and maybe I would have dabbled around a tiny bit in the stock market and foreign exchange market. I was really interested in investing in the EURO and I'm certainly interested in long term investments in Japan and the Middle East... not more than one or two months pay. I would cautiously tread in these untested waters until I had a better understanding of the foreign market and what drives it. But I never would have put all of my eggs in one basket. I suggested all of these ideas to Reggie but he reasoned and rationalized his approach to investing. Losing a lifetime of savings whether it's due to poor investment or poor budgeting, the end result is the same. \$100.00 lost in the stock market or \$100.00 of overspending at the supermarket is still -\$100.00. So why am I a "crab in the bucket" pulling the family down a financial black hole for budgeting poorly and he is the responsible head of the family for investing poorly. Only Reg can rationalize these things.

I'm writing this book to my baby boys ( I came up with this idea while making little notes to them while staying in my car earlier this year after I'd relinquished custody of them to their father.), this book will be held for them until Terrence is 18, Que will be 21. I have rethought this idea as of this update ( 1 OCT 02) I think it may be best to hold on to this book until Terrence is 25 years of age. The purpose is this book is to be informative and let the children know their history and for me to define myself to our children and not have people that don't know me (Reggie) define me or tell my story to our children. I know that until my babies read this book they will believe that their mother left them when they were little... Reggie will not tell them that he banished me from our family (although he has good reason for his actions, according to him). Just like he avoid his family now to not have to answer their questions, he will avoid telling ours sons the truth--- and they can't ask questions. By the time the boys are 25 they should have graduated from college and on their own. I think that will be a better time for them to have this book. If God provide the means, what I will do is hold this book and it's originals in a safe deposit box and have a relative give it to them when they come of age.

In this safe deposit box I will leave my wedding ring/mother's ring set to my eldest son. I will leave my diamond earrings and a special locket (a strand of my hair can be found behind the blue linings) for my 2nd eldest. I have written letters specifically to my in-laws that will be included in the final chapter of the book. I recently sent those letters out to Reggie's family so they could review this chapter, letters that were addressed to them and if there is any discrepancy or facts unclear I want the opportunity to address them or change what is written before the final draft of this book. I would not want them to see this book for the 1st time 20 years from now once memories have faded and I am no longer here and they would not have had the opportunity to provide feedback. I allowed them to have a copy of this book now as opposed to later so that they can't claim, we didn't know".... they now know. They know the horrific details surrounding this divorce. Now what will they do now that they know--- advise, counsel, get actively involved--- or will they do nothing. Our skeletons are out of the closet

"For there is nothing covered that will not be revealed, nor hidden that will not be known. Therefore whatever you have spoken in the dark will be heard in the light, and what you have spoken in the ear of inner rooms will be proclaimed on the housetops. And I say to you, My friends, do not be afraid of those who kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do." Luke 12:2-4

I would love to have left them in the closet, but I am not going to keep everything hidden and watch my family go down the tubes. I will do whatever I can to save my family. I will shout from the mountaintop all the evil that is apparent in my family in hopes that the righteous will hear and join hand-in-hand and pray for my family. All I know to do is to reach out to church and family. Reggie has got to trust and respect his own family. He has got to know that the love they have for him is unconditional. He's got to know that their knowledge of these facts will not change the love and respect they have for him. They can help him to realize that there were mistakes made in this relationship by both of us. They can help him realize that there are children in this union that are expecting more from him than the effort he is putting into saving his family. They can help him realize that the commitment to family is not about just me and Reggie anymore and whether or not he still loves me now (God can fix that, cause God is love). They are (or I think they are) mature Christians, able to discern between good and evil, they can help Reggie to know even if he can't see it now that my behavior is not evil, I am not crazy. Crazy people do not run to God they run away from him; they turn a callous heart and allow thoughts of vengeance, hatred, and confusion to take over. Our Lord is love, peace, and mercy... anything other than that is not of God. They are older and wiser, they can let this younger man know that "This too shall pass", trust God with this situation and one day this will all be a distant memory. They can let him know that God puts us through these trials in order to bring us closer to Him so that we can be better than we were when we first came together.

Reggie makes decision regarding morals and values in a vacuum. His idea of what's right and wrong, good or bad, reasonable or unreasonable is measured according to his internal litmus test. If it's not the way he did things or reasons that they should be done, it's wrong. If a person can't trust their family to be honest and objective in these blatantly disturbing circumstances who does one turn to. Reggie did not seem to seek advice or counsel from the elders in his family, I know Reggie confided in his mother in a lot of these circumstances and from what he told me she has always given him her

opinion about the situation and about me. One of the major things that Reggie was confronted with this year that I later learned he did not even discuss with his family is the major issues surrounding his career. Reggie's board to LT Col met earlier this year and he was advised by everyone from his direct supervisor all the way to his career counselors at branch to put in his letter of resignation because he will not get picked up for LT Col and he will get put out of the army on a dishonorable discharge as a result of the disciplinary action for inappropriate conduct with a woman in 1997. He escaped being court marshaled in 1997, but they were re-looking at the issue now that he was up for promotion and it seemed that a dishonorable discharge was imminent. Reg had taken leave to go on job interviews in North Carolina at least twice this year. He had sent his letter of resignation to branch (although he still has a commitment to the Army until at least 2005). I told Reg before he sent in his letter of resignation that he did not need to do that. I told him that God saw him through Medical School and ROTC and everything he had to go through to get where he is, God didn't see him through all of that just to take it away. I told him to trust God in this and put everything in his hands and it will work out. He will not need to resign. I told him I will go before the board and testify on his behalf. All of this happened years ago and there is nothing to be gained by giving him a dishonorable discharge. Reg insisted that he was trusting God but he still needed to go on these job interviews and put in the letter of resignation---- if the board had elected to put him out which would have been a dishonorable discharge, he asked branch to then submit the letter of resignation and allow this to be a resignation instead of a dishonorable discharge. God worked this out for Reg. He was allowed to remain on active duty and the disciplinary action on his file is now closed. When he goes up for his next promotion in a few years this old disciplinary action should not count against him. I tried to convince him that this was a blessing for the family and not just for him. I pointed to the fact that if he had gotten put out he would have had to pack up and move himself and the boys to South Carolina or North Carolina, wherever they were going to live. The move would have been immediate, in less than 30 days from the date he would have been put out, they would be gone from this area. I told him for the sake of the family God moved in this situation and allowed him to remain on active duty so that the family can stay together, now it's up to him to reconcile and get his family back in order. He didn't see it that way at all. In fact he convinced himself that no matter which way it would have gone, either with him getting put out (then he resign) or being allowed to remain on active duty would have been equally acceptable. He said that many Doctors get out after 12 years of service, so it would have been no big deal if that is the turn things would have taken for him

"Beloved, while I was very diligent to write to you concerning our common salvation, I found it necessary to write to you exhorting you to contend earnestly for the faith which was once for all delivered to the saints. For certain men have crept in unnoticed, who long ago were marked out for this condemnation, ungodly men, who turn the grace of our God into lewdness and deny the only Lord God and our Lord Jesus Christ." Jude 3-4.

One Wednesday at bible study during our testimonials he stood up and said, "I just wanted everybody to know I got picked up for LT COL"..... didn't give God any glory. Didn't say against the odds God made a way for me to get picked up for LT COL. I went to his office the next day and told him that I wanted him to hear my testimony regarding

this situation and I told him that I prayed an intercessory prayer for him endlessly over this. I told him that I remained faithful and trusted God would work this out for the family. I told him I stayed in the word and I know it was God who touched the Spirit of everyone acting on the board and moved them in a way that was consistent with His will for our family. I told him that since he didn't stand before God's people and testify to what God really did in this, I just wanted to let him know my testimony, because I know that this was a miracle for our family and not just for Reggie. He listened but his heart is calloused and nothing I said to him made a difference.

"In this the children of God and the children of the devil are manifest: Whoever does not practice righteousness is not of God, nor is he who does not love his brother. 1st John 3:10

I sent Reggie's family copies of my autobiography and some of the letters that will be included in the book and he was miffed. He told me that he couldn't believe that I would say such things to hurt his family. He said his aunt Theresa and Laverne were extremely hurt by all of this. I have communicated with Reg's dad, his sister, and his aunts Laverne and Theresa since these chapters were sent out. None of them are hurt or offended. Their responses could best be described as "surprised", they did not know Reg and I were having marital difficulties. Wonn had a few questions about some of the things mentioned to her, but I clarified those things with her as best as I could. I insured that David knew that my reference to his alcoholism was by no means a put down (he said he didn't take it that way). I told him I admire him for overcoming his troubled past. He could very well still be an alcoholic, but he rose above all that, and that is commendable. If Reggie can see how time changes people, he could apply to his own family an act of faith and not make decisions today that are permanent and destructive that will cause irreparable insult to our family and leave a huge void in the lives of his children that he love so dearly.

"But why do you call Me 'Lord, Lord' and not do the things which I say? Whoever comes to Me, and hears My sayings and does them, I will show you whom he is like: He is like a man building a house, who dug deep and laid the foundation on the rock. And when the flood arose, the stream beat vehemently against that house, and could not shake it, for it was founded on the rock. But he who heard and did nothing is like a man who built a house on the earth without a foundation, against which the stream beat vehemently; and immediately it fell. And the ruin of that house was great." Luke 6:46-49

Aunt Laverne and Theresa both communicated that they had no idea Reg and my marriage was in trouble. This is why I'm so glad I sent this letter out now so that I can address these things. Reg gave me every impression that his family knew I was a terrible evil person and they had advised him to divorce me on several occasions. He told me that they wondered why he put up with me and my rebellious nature. I have since learned that they had no clue of any marital discourse we were having. Reggie had me in tears one day last year when he told me how his aunt Laverne had criticized my character. I was hurt not so much by what he said but more in the idea that his aunt Laverne who was so hospitable to me when we came to the States to visit while we were in Germany would speak so ill of me behind my back. Reggie's extended family may not have been aware of our problem and his dad and sister may have not had all the details of everything that was going on, but his mom knew and I know for a fact she knew. I had talked with her

on several occasions throughout our turmoil. She is the only person as of this date (Sept 20, 2002) that I have not spoken with yet, though I intend to, it's not my nature to avoid people or issues. If his mom is hurt by what I've written I want the opportunity to adjust and address those issues as well. I've recently reconsidered the idea of initiating conversation with Reggie's mom regarding any of this. As of this update ( 1 OCT 02) I've decided that I have spoken with Reggie's mom over the years and with my last communication with her she was perfectly clear to me on where she stood regarding the turmoil in our family--- I have no reason to believe her position has changed over this past year. I placed things in God's hands a year ago regarding my dealing with Mrs. Elizabeth Singleton and for me to contact her regarding these matters is not the direction I feel at this time I am getting from the Spirit that abides in me. If there is to be a benefit from any communication between I and Elizabeth I would wait until she or I am moved and directed by the Spirit. I have no Qualm with her, she is still my mother-in-law and the grandmother of my children. I am a child of God and there is only love in my heart. "Offer hospitality to one another without grumbling. Each one should use whatever gift he has received to serve others faithfully administering God's grace in it's various forms. If anyone speaks, he should do it as one speaking the very words of God. If anyone serves , he should do it with the strength God provides, so that in all things God may be praised through Jesus Christ." 1 Peter 4: 9-10

Wonn made mention to the fact that I did not address any negative things about my family so I will address that now. Every family when they remember the good times can also remember times that were not so good---struggles. I remember a period of time when we had to take our clothes to the Laundromat because we didn't have a washer and dryer. We would walk to the Laundromat with big garbage bags full of clothes in shopping carts and /or a wheel barrel. Once at the Laundromat we would take up one or two rows of machines to do all the clothes we had. Those certainly weren't the best of times. When walking down the street pulling the shopping cart or pushing the wheel barrel I always prayed that no one from school would see us. I also remember a time when our refrigerator had gone out and we had to place perishable cold items outside on the windowsill in the snow to stay cool. Again, that was one of those things you prayed no one noticed.

My dad was one of 11 brothers and sisters, his autobiography would not tell a tale of siblings that grew up to be law abiding tax paying citizens, it would tell another story; this is my autobiography so I will not go into the details about my dad's family. I will summarize and say all families have skeletons in their closets, the dysfunction in my extended family is so blatant you can't even call it "skeletons in the closet." Three generations, my parents' generation, my cousins (whom we laughed and played with as children), and my cousins' children have been lost to drugs, jail and street life. Not all of them of course but enough to realize that without a solid family structure the children in these homes are placed at risk to many evils. These fathers and mothers of my parents' generation have since cleaned themselves up and they are responding to the needs of their grandchildren because their grandchild's parent (their children) are in jail or on drugs.... going through what the elder went through a generation earlier. My dad is not a saint, if he told the tale of what he did to provide for his family and afford to raise 7 children, it would not be a tale of working weekends, extra holidays, and over-time to make ends meet. He took advantage of opportunities that would not have been an entertainable



option for the average Joe. I will not get into any details of some of the things my dad did until I know there is no risk to his freedom. It is not fair to him if I disclosed these things in my autobiography. These are things he should tell about if he ever wrote an autobiography. I do know that none of the things that my dad did as we were growing up were in any way obvious to us as children. I remember learning at an early age the importance of protecting your identity. I would never throw anything away (without tearing it up into little tiny pieces) that had any of my personal information on it to include account numbers, social security number, or anything. I was more careful as a young teenager with a job at McDonald's than I am now (I've become complacent over the years... not a good thing. I should be as cautious now as I was then). I had my first bank account when I was 14 years old and had some form of a "script" signature. I learned very early the importance and added security to having a script signature. I had my first credit card at 18 years old and I learned to take my carbons with me and shred them myself rather than to leave them at the store. I learned these things from my dad while living at home.

My fight is ongoing, I will continue to stand against Reggie and his plan for our family. I've put in my letter of resignation and I hope very soon the Army will give me a date for which I will be released from active duty. Upon my release I will not purchase a ticket immediately to Afghanistan or Pakistan (most likely Pakistan). Upon my release from active duty I will go home, home to my family. I will place myself on Reggie's doorstep until he leaves me no alternative but to leave the Country. I will invite Reggie's family down to unite with me against this evil in our family. They all came down to celebrate our union, I can only hope that they are willing to come down for an occasion far more important than a celebration. Reggie would accuse me of trying to turn his family against him, that would be foolish and it (in my opinion) is an example of how irrational his thought patterns are. Reggie's family loves him unconditionally as they very well should, it would be foolish and futile for me to try to turn his family against him. I have my own family, supportive and at my side, so it is not for this purpose that I invite Reg's family to stand with me. I invite them to stand with me for the purpose of standing up for what is right. The choice to do the right thing by his family is ultimately Reggie's; however, for his family to sit passively by will allow him to coddle "wrong" without conscience or to convince himself in his vacuum that he's doing the right thing. Reggie can easily accuse me of being evil and misguided for not skipping and singing to and through divorce court but he'll have to take notice if his family is not skipping and singing either

"But as for you, speak the things which are proper for sound doctrine: that the older men be sober, reverent, temperate, sound in faith, in love, in patience; the older women likewise, that they be reverent in behavior, not slanderers, not given to much wine, teachers of good things that admonish the young women to love their husbands, to love their children, to be discreet, chaste, homemakers, good, obedient to their own husbands, that the word of God may not be blasphemed. Likewise, exhort the young men to be sober-minded." Titus 2:1-6

October 11th, we went into court again. Reggie under oath stated that his family complains to him that I am harassing them with letters and phone calls as he seeks and injunction against me to send no more letters or to call his family. I don't know what to believe, I don't know who's lying--- is it Reggie under oath or is it his family. Under

cross examination I asked Reggie if his family were here in court today would all of them agree with him that I am harassing them, Reggie said, "yes". He said they took offense to the letters I sent out and the phone calls are harassing. I told Reggie I just spoke with his aunt Laverne and received a real nice letter from his Aunt Theresa, I asked him would those two relatives say I was harassing them. He said, yes. He said they told him that I was harassing them. I asked him why they didn't tell me this.... he said because they didn't want to hurt my feeling. They didn't want to be mean. I asked him would his dad who sits next to me in church every Sunday also say that I am harassing him, he said "yes, if my dad were in court today he would sit on the stand under oath and say that I am harassing him." Reggie said this under oath in an open court before the judge and lawyers. I say this because someone is lying--- in God's name someone is lying. I don't know who, only you Singleton's know the answer to this. If it's Reggie, than you can get a hint as to the level of maturity I am dealing with. You can see the "sickness". If Reggie is lying under oath (and I believe he is), you all have got to realize at this point that the young man you all love need guidance and support. He needs love, not from me, Jesus, or his children (he has that already)--- he need the kind of love and support only you all can provide.... what did he not get as a child? What is he needing from you all? It's not the man that is in need, it is the boy. Please give this man the love, support, guidance and counsel that the little boy in him needs to give him the strength and sense of responsibility and faith to pull his family together.

If Reggie is telling the truth, than I am more disappointed than ever in the elders I turned to for support. I communicated with Theresa twice via U.S. mail...letters of kindness and thanks for her support(is that harassment). I called Laverne twice and when I spoke with her she gave me words of encouragement and support and told me that I can call anytime...after the 2nd phone call and she stated that she will remain neutral in this matter until Reggie calls her and asked for intervention, I decided there was nothing more to be gained by calling her again. I sent a letter expressing my disappointment and that I hoped they would reconsider (is this harassment). I sit next to Dave every Sunday in church, we exchange greetings, smiles, and a word or two about recent events (is that harassment). I have not communicated with the lady who I once called mom in over a year (is that harassment). The only exchanges I've had with Wonn is to send e-pictures (is that harassment). It hurt my heart so bad it brings me to blinding tears as I write this to think that you all would be too kind and considerate to tell me that I am harassing you.... but you will get on the phone with one another and with my husband and share stories about how I've harassed you today. My bible tells me if your brother offends you to go to your brother. "If your brother sins against you, go and show him his fault, just between the two of you. If he listens to you, you have won your brother over."

Matthew 18:15

why would you encourage me to call (Laverne)or send me kind letters (Theresa) or not find somewhere else to sit in the sanctuary (Dave) or ask me to not send you e-pictures (Wonn) if I was harassing you all!

Consider this possibility, maybe Deidre is lying, maybe I'm crazy and making this all up... if I'm lying about Reggie testifying under oath that his family has complained to him that I am harassing them, then why would the Judge issue and injunction against me calling or sending letters to his family---- she issued the injunction because he made the complaint. Family and church is our foundation, Reggie and I are not islands unto

ourselves---- with or without an injunction, I will call or write my family-in laws if I feel it's necessary and I will continue to sit next to my father-in-law in church and Reggie will have to just bring me to court and hold me in contempt. But one day he will go before the Lord who will not recognize Caesar's laws and his fate will be so far worst than any punishment I will receive if I am held in contempt. I am a child of God and I will not fear what flesh can do unto me.

Today is 13 October 02, Reg and I went to court on the 11th of October. We made love on the 12th of October for the first time in months.... Reggie has been cold, mute, and unrecognizable to me for months. His behavior was so unlike anything I have ever known. On the 11th of October the judge ruled in his favor... she granted our divorce. She commented as to religious implications of matrimony and stated that her role is to rule on the legal aspects of it all. She stated that the Texas law states that if either party chooses to get out of the marriage, she must grant the divorce. Her final words were "God Bless You and Your Family". Reggie, now that he has finalized in his head the absolution of his marriage, he now feels content and unthreatened---- therefore, now we can be "friends". He told me he wanted to spend more time with me and I can come visit the children at the house (but I can't stay or spend the night) and he told me that I have good ideas for childrearing and he'd like to consult with me about things regarding the children as they come along. He told me that if I "get myself together" (get a job and place to stay) and don't cause any trouble he will let me go to Disney with them this year on our annual family vacation. I told him I wanted to be home for the Holidays and cook a big Thanksgiving meal.... he said that he would let me do that and he would love having me around, but I have got to stop being so hardheaded. He told me he's looking forward to the next 3 months and us spending more time together. He said that if I start showing him signs that I have made some major changes, if he start seeing signs that I am ready to let him lead, if I am ready to stop challenging his authority--- then he may consider letting me come home, but meanwhile he'll give me "carrots"---- yes, he used the term "carrots" for doing the right thing. He told me all he ever wanted in marriage was a woman who would listen. I asked him if he know what I wanted in marriage. He said, "it doesn't matter what you want in marriage," he said he don't want to hear what I want in marriage---- he said, "I am the one who has to decide whether or not to "take you back" and I don't want to hear what "you" want." I said "Reg can you use another term besides "take me back".... can you say it another way such as "reconcile our family" I said, "I'm not a piece of property that you "take back" (and what did I say that for....)he turned into another person.... he went off, see, he said (as he broke our embrace) "you'll never change, you telling me what you want, I don't care what you want." he said. I told him I listened to him for over a half hour telling me about how and what I need to change, I didn't say a word, now I finally say something--- a tiny request to use another term besides "take me back" and you go off--- what is wrong with what I've asked. He explained, "it's like you being fired from your job and your boss calls you in the office to offer you your job back and you start telling her about the things you didn't like about the company." Reggie was serious, this is no joke. In marriage all I wanted was a partnership with my husband. Before marrying Reg I expected to have a partnership in our union. Reggie never led me to believe he wanted to have a "Muslim like" relationship with his wife. Reggie (during this recent incident) has made it perfectly clear to me that his intentions are not to be partners with his wife. He want total control and domination of

me and as much as I want to be a part of my family, I can't do what he wants. I was raised in America and most American Christians raise their daughters to be partners with their husbands and for me to be able to "switch-off" every emotion, desire, hope, dream or expectation that I have ever had and be a silent and obedient wife is asking me to do something that is beyond my capability. Some cultures raise their daughter to grow up to respond to the whims of their husbands... young girls grow up knowing that they must surrender their dreams and do only as their husbands tell them or allow them to do. I wasn't raised that way and to put me into a place that would require me to live that way would be murder---- it would just kill my spirit, I would just be an empty shell. Why would Reggie want to marry someone full of life, love, energy, intellect, passion, and a whole gamete of other descriptive characteristics just to "throw water on the flame and watch it burn out, like lightning bugs in a jar---- my light would just get dimmer and dimmer and dimmer---- my children would not benefit from the fullness of all that I have to offer. That would not be God's way. It's Witchcraft to want to manipulate a person with fear and intimidation. It's only an insecure man that would want to make his wife the equivalent of a pet. It's only a man not certain of himself or what he wants that would propose marriage to a woman secure, confident, and independent only to suppress and despise her for these very traits. Where are the spiritual leaders in Reggie's life, can anyone not see the insanity of all this. I can be Reggie's Christian wife, I can be a part of our family and read scriptures with him daily and continue to lift him up and be patient until the spirit guides his heart and opens his eyes to realize the proper relationship he should have with his wife. But I cannot live like a Muslim in our Christian home. I don't have anything to prove to Reggie, when Reggie met me I was self-reliant --- doing quite well for myself. I wasn't looking for a husband and I told him so... I was quite content all-by-myself! There's no reason I should need to show him I can secure a job, rent an apartment, pay a car note or any other particulars before he decides to allow me to be a part of my family. We are a family.... our children will benefit from being raised by both of their parents... their lives have been disheveled long enough. A year in our lives is but a drop in the bucket, but this year in the lives of our children is rather significant. Our family has been separated for 1/3rd of Terrence's life and 1/5th of Que's (for Reg and me, this would be equivalent to 12 and 7 years). Can those people that love Reggie not see this insanity. Can they not let this young man know that something is terribly wrong... his idea of marriage and how a husband relates to his wife is not the Christian ideal... it's more like the Muslim religion where women are treated like second class citizens. They walk behind their husbands, and sit in the back seat of cars, they never sit at the head of the table, and they can't leave their home without being led by a male, even if it's a male child and on and on and on.... Christians don't do this to their women... God doesn't command man to dismiss the desires, needs or expectations of his wife. If Reggie thinks that it makes him weak to respond to the needs of his wife and family then he needs to reevaluate his religious preference. He's setting his boys up for failure in their families if he intends to raise them to dominate and command their mate. Parents raising their children as Christians in America are not teaching their girls to bow down to the whims of the snits- snails- and puppy dog tails---- parents are raising their girls (sugar and spice and everything nice) to be strong and self-reliant--- to be able to be a solid partner in a relationship. If our boys are going to be raised to dominate their spouse then they should be encouraged to cross-culture marry or change religions.

Throughout our marriage Reggie has refused to do things that I would suggest because he did not want to be "told what to do" by his wife.... no woman is going to dominate me he would say. Something as simple as a back or foot massage is asking too much.... I have asked Reg for massages for years... he won't do it, why--- because I asked, because he know that's what I would want him to do. Reggie earns over \$100,000 per year, if he died his family would get a \$250,000 life insurance payment (less than 3 years income) and I've asked Reg to take out additional insurance so that if something happened to him I would be able to take care of the boys without having to work full time plus we would be able to maintain as similar standard of living as we had with our combined income.... he didn't do that either, why--- because I asked. He said that that wasn't necessary. I asked him to purchase property, empty property, buy land in Germany while we were over seas and buy land in San Antonio, I told him that could be another form of investing--- instead of putting everything in the stock market we'd also have money in land and for me I saw that as another form of insurance, something I could sell as needed for the income if something ever happened to my husband. When the K-mart stock plunged the first time in the 1995 or 1996 time frame, I asked him to invest several thousand in K-mart junk bonds, I reasoned that K-mart has been around for so long they are going to find someone to bring in to manage things and get them out of the slump and I wanted to reap the benefits of their recovery, he didn't think it was a good idea. He would in many cases dismiss my suggestions and carry out whatever he feels is the best choice in a matter. Reggie has not shown sound judgment in decisions relating to providing and protecting his family. Why would anyone with a secure combined income that we enjoyed refuse to take actions to ensure that their family would be taken care of if they were no longer around to provide. When we were coming to Killeen I suggested to Reggie that we buy our home instead of rent. Killeen is a military town, people are always coming and going, it would not be hard to rent a home here. We could pay a property management agency to take care of the property for us when we moved to our next duty station. He didn't agree, he came up with his own idea and rationales about why not buy.... now that the "bottom" has fallen out of the stock market---- I'm not certain if he still don't see that putting all of our investments in the stock market wasn't such a good idea. I even suggested that he invest in the Euro and other foreign exchanges---- he "baaa-humbugged the idea. It seems as if Reg would just open up and talk with his family, discuss these important matters with them, maybe they could help him make decisions that are sound, concrete, and family oriented.... not the "get rich quick" schemes of a swinging bachelor who does not have a family to consider securing in his absence.

Reggie thinks that he "scrapped the bottom of the barrel" when he found me, he does not see my value or appreciate my worth---- not as a mother or as his wife. He will later, but then perhaps that will be too late and all he can do then is regret. Reggie told me a story one time that I wish he would apply to his own life. The story went something like this: There were two Angels wondering the Country and old Angel and an apprentice Angel. The Angels as God would instruct did not worry about where they would sleep at night. They relied on the hospitality of God's children. One night the Angels stopped by an elder couples' home, this couple was very poor and had only one cow. But when the Angels requested a place to stay the elderly couple gave them their bedroom and made them feel right at home. The next day as the Angels were leaving the family's only cow

died. The next night the Angels came upon another home, this was a very nice home and the occupants seemed to want for nothing. When the Angels requested a place to stay they were directed to the cold, unkempt basement area of the home. Once in this area of the home, the eldest Angel immediately began to repair a hole that was in the basement wall. The next day as the two Angels were going along on their journey to their next location the apprentice Angel asked why had they allowed the cow to die at the elderly couple's home---- the people that had been so kind and hospitable; yet in the home where the occupants were cold and unwelcoming he provided a much needed repair service for them. The eldest Angel said, "my young apprentice, everything is not as it seems, at the elderly couples home, the Angel of death had come to take his wife.... I directed him to the cow instead. At the second home, behind that wall was an abundance of undiscovered wealth, I mended the hole so that the treasure will not be discovered by this family." This story Reggie presented to me is a powerful message of Faith and if he could realize that he is flawed and can take heed to his own advice and counsel our family would survive. Reggie spoke to me for 30-40 minutes on the 12th of October telling me again and again how he must "see" a change in me before he would allow me to come home and be a part of my family. What Reggie lacks (amongst his many deficiencies) is "faith", he has no confidence in placing complete, uncontested faith in God. He is waiting to see for himself that I am who "he" wants me to be. I can jump through hoops for Reggie for decades, I will never be able to measure up to his expectations. They are unrealistic, he couldn't do what he's asking me to do.... if so, he would do it unto our Lord and Savior. He would be as obedient to Christ as he asks me to be unto him. He would follow the Commands of our Lord as he asks me follow his commands. He would trust blindly in Christ as he asks me to trust him blindly. He would surrender his will to God's as he is demanding that I surrender my will to him. Reggie may not see this double edged sword, the hypocrisy, or the lack of value for human dignity that his demands and expectations of me warrant--- but cannot the people that love him most see that this is not normal Christian values. This is not the American way. Are not the people closest to you not responsible to counsel and advise you when they see you embark on a path that is destructive to the family. They cannot tell you what to do (and they should not), but they can let you know that everything is not as it seems... and they can encourage you to look at self. They can tell you over and over to look at self... especially when the focus, as in Reg's case is so strongly directed toward what I (Deidre) need to do as opposed to what Reggie needs to do for the sake of our family. Reggie has two blaring examples of how taking up with another woman to create a new or blended family is not the answer. His best friend from College Stan and his best friend from High School, Tyrone, both are in their second marriage and dealing with stepchildren and or a blended family.... by his account, both of these marriages leave little to be admired, they are struggling to keep things together, why does he choose to walk that mile when he don't have to---- he already know what's down that road. Why not deal with the "devil" that you know instead of looking for an Angel that you don't know.

I told Reggie I have so much to offer our family if he allow us to reach our full potential. I told him something that I had forgotten about until I went to my High School Reunion. I told him that in high school I was in the "Future Engineers of America" club. I had forgotten about that. I was never interested in being an engineer (I've always loved science... I was terrible with math but it intrigued me) but in my Physics and Astronomy

class we spent extra time working on projects and experiments as members of this club. It was lots of fun. I say this to say, I am not stupid, or dumb or any of those adjectives that Reggie has used to define me over the years.... if Reg could realize that, he could see that our children are blessed to have a parent that want to be involved with their learning experiences. If they are not trained on how to tap into their full potential, how to use both the verbal and vision sides of their brains and to make associations to help tie facts and figures together, they will miss out on experiences that could prove beneficial to them their entire lives. I told him preparing them for those standardized test starts now, not later. Not limiting their horizons or suppressing their imaginations is the best thing we can do (along with reconciling their family) for them.

Reggie's attitude has changed towards me (temporarily), we were divorced in Caesar's court (give unto Caesar that which is due unto him), Reggie chooses to recognize the laws of the land. Reggie would rather live by rules stated in our divorce decree than the words of our living God as stated in the Holy Bible. I choose to recognize the laws of our Lord. I have not given up on my family. The marriage certificate is "just a piece of paper"... for Caesar. The union I have with my family comes from within. Ask a couple that has been married 20, 30, 40, or 50 years, ask them to produce their marriage certificate. Some may be able to produce it after digging around some may not.... the point is the family is still a family, still intact even if the marriage certificate is not there. The opposite is not true, a marriage certificate is meaningless without the commitment from within (I told Reg this years ago when he proposed to change our April wedding to September, the commitment wasn't there then, and it is obviously not there now). Just as Caesar don't recognize God's laws in his courts..... God will not recognize the laws of Caesar when we stand before Him. Reggie's responsibility is not to decide whether or not to "take me back", I am not to behave like a maiden seeking to bow to the whims of my suitor.... Reggie is not my suitor. He is my husband and we have a family---- we have children that we are responsible for, these children are counting on us to make sound, prudent, responsible decision on their behalves and for their sakes. Playing this game of "prove to me you're worthy of my affections and my hand in marriage has already been played". He asked for my hand in marriage, we decided to have children, now we have the humongous responsibility of giving them every advantage in life and making their house a home and giving them a carefree childhood full of lasting memories of love, hugs, laughter and security---- all of which would give them the confidence and strength they would need to overcome any obstacles they come across when they become adults--- - the tools they will need to have the sense of self and self worth to know what they stand for and not feel confused or bewildered when faced with tough choices, choices about family, God, and self--- the tools to stand firm and not buckle when faced staring in the eyes of the enemy and the only one that seems to be standing with you is God---- to have enough faith to know that having God is all you need. Reg and I cannot say our marriage failed because we were not careful in our selection of one another or we rushed into things or we didn't discuss things in advance or that we got married for the wrong reasons.... we were very careful; however, we did miss some very important cue's regarding each other's relationship with Christ, each of us thinking the other was spiritually mature. Our biggest mistake was not giving it to Christ!

Since this last conversation with Reg and it seems as if he's going to be civil with me and not cold, cruel, and heartless, I feel for the first time in a long time that I may not

have to leave the Country once I get out of the military. I will sign up for a college course this week and continue working towards my Master's Degree. I will pay for a membership at Karate World where I am already enrolled, I just didn't have a membership. Once I am out of the army I will have lots of time on my hands until I can go home again.... I will make good use of this free time by spending it in the library completing my assignments and at Karate World renewing my skills in the Martial Arts and if I spend enough time there I will begin working on my 2nd degree black belt in Tae Kwon Do.

October 20, 2002, Reggie is no longer speaking with me. He told me to go on to Pakistan or wherever it is I feel I must go but he do not want me around. What set him off this time ? He called me Saturday afternoon (19 Oct 02) at around 1:30 or 2:30 pm. I had worked the night before (Friday 18th), I had gotten off work at 7:30am and had gone to the hair dresser for a 9:00am appointment. When Reg called me on my cell I had just finished up at the hair dresser ( I was paying the receptionist when he called). He asked if I had any plans for the day. I told him no. I told him I worked last night and was just finishing up at the hairdresser, I had been here all morning. He asked me if I would take RQue to get his purple belt (Que should have gotten this purple belt at least 3 or 4 months ago). I explained to Reggie that I had not seen the boys since we went on our trip in September. I told him that I do not want to be a visitor in my children's lives a person to come around and take them places. I told him I want to be a mother to my children. I told him this is what I've said to him all along. I told him even the other day when we talked (the 12th of October) I told him my desire is to remain available for our family to come back together, not to be a visitor in my children's lives. When he is ready to let me come home I will be here and available. Reggie told me that Que is being tested for his purple belt and he don't know what to do at these events. He said since I have taken Karate and know what this stuff is all about he want me to take him. I told him there are lots of other parents there that will just "show up", there's nothing to know. Just bring the child where he's supposed to be and Que will do the rest. He told me that he want me to take him (not even considerate of the fact that I had not been to bed since 5:30pm the day before, Que needed to be at his karate class for 3:30 pm, that's less than 2 hrs notice ). He told me to consider carefully what I answer, because if I don't take him then I can just forget about going to Disney with them, being around for the holidays, he said for me to not even call him. He said think about it carefully and give me an answer. He said believe me, just as I warned you in the past about the choices you make, I again warn you that I will make you "lay in the bed you make for yourself". I told Reggie to please understand, I am the mother of these children and all I want to do is be their mother. I told him I love him (agape love) and that Jesus loves him and that we're counting on him as a family. He said, don't talk to me about Jesus you Witch... he went on angrily about everything under the Sun and I said the Lord's Prayer and a special prayer for Reggie to surrender to the Will of Christ as he rambled on angrily. We ended our conversation. I called him a few minutes later and suggested that he call Oma and ask Oma to take Que to his karate class. He said he wanted me to do it. I asked him if we could all go together as a family (me, he, Terrence and Que). He said no. He said I made my decision earlier when I spoke with him and that is the decision I'm going to live with. He said he didn't want to have anything more to do with me. He said don't even think about having him bury me or attend to any of my final arrangements.



What's wrong with Reggie? Are people just objects to be discarded. Is the responsibilities that a person takes on when they enter into marriage something to just be dismissed and passed on to someone else if you get ticked off. First Reggie wanted to dismiss me and the boys--- leave me to go off and find another man willing to take on the responsibility of being a full time father to the children he spawned while he resign himself to paying child support and visits on alternating weekends and holidays. Now, as a full time father a single parent by choice--- he want to dismiss the responsibility of disposing of his wife, leaving the final arrangements for someone he is responsible for to my family. My family is not responsible for me, Reggie is, he took on that responsibility on 7 September 1996 before family, friend's and inside the house of God. I would not want my family to be Reggie's "crutch" and take on this responsibility. If my sins are so unforgivable and he would prefer that I go away to a foreign and hostile land, or he'd prefer to bury me in a cold grave as opposed to being a partner with him in our family then it is only proper for him take on the full responsibility that goes along with that to include my burial if I come home in a body bag. My body is just a shell, if Reggie don't carry out my wishes and dispose of me properly he will answer to that, not only to our righteous Father in heaven, but also to his sons. I plead with my family to be loyal not to my flesh, but to my Spirit/ my soul that will go on living. I have chosen Reggie, he is my husband and he is a child of God, (so he claims), if he is a child of God, he will do the right thing. If he is a child of darkness, you all will attend my funeral and I pray that you know that I am with my Father in heaven. Do not trouble yourselves if Reggie does not carry out my wishes. My disappointment would be if you take on this burden for him. If he is so certain that my place is in my grave other than in my home, this should not be an overwhelming burden for him... after all in his mind, it's what I deserve. Reggie will not be alone in this, he will have the support of his family. They won't wait for him to "ask" for assistance, they will see a need and "step up to the plate". How funny it seems that his family would respond without invitation to bury me, yet, they need Reggie's invitation to respond to the distress in our family. My desire is to be partners with my husband and for Reggie to receive the guidance and counsel to know how to be partners in marriage. I wish for him to receive the counsel to know that "partnership" is what marriage is about, not blind and uncontested obedience. Reggie is strong where I have weakness, I am strong where Reggie has weaknesses. The two of us together raising our children would be much better than Reggie raising them alone. I miss my boys so much, but to lower my standards to what is acceptable to their father is not an option for me. I can't say that I've placed this all in God's hands but quiver and buckle when I am threatened by Reggie. I can't say that I've placed things in God's hands but when Reggie does something that I disagree with I immediately take matters into my own hand. Such as when he did not let the boys come with me to our family reunion. I would have been taking matters into my own hands if I would have just taken the boys anyway. I will have faith in what God can do and I will trust Him completely with taking care of my baby boys. I signed up for a class towards my Master's Degree (it cost me \$1500.00 for this course), now Reggie has had a change of heart and he want to banish me once again--- how fickle is this man? Why do people always say women are fickle--- I testify that there are some fickle men. Why can't this man keep his word---- I guess when it comes to the dirty deeds of carrying out Satan's work, he will keep his word; after all, he promised me a divorce and he came through.... what word has he kept that would give God glory, that would show the true

spirit of Christ dwelling in him. I will stand firm in my faith and will not fear what flesh can do unto me.

Today October 27th Reg hasn't spoken to me since his blow-up last week. I'm working on the final touches of my book. Hope to have the final draft in a couple of weeks. I sent off for information to pre-purchase my casket and I'm looking into plots in Columbia South Carolina's (my birth place) National Cemeteries. Reg offered me \$3,000.00 a couple of weeks ago for all the things that were given to me in our divorce settlement (washer/dryer, refrigerator, shrunk, living room set, dining room set, bedroom set, boys' bunk beds, treadmill, and a few other items unmentioned)... Reggie know the value of each and every one of these items and it wouldn't take an Einstein to realize the atrocity of that offer.... not that I care, he can "have" it .... it's all worthless to me.... but the sheer gall of coming up with a price like that is disgusting. That would barely cover my burial expense. My casket is \$1600.00, not to mention my other expenses--- I don't know what the plot will cost. I'm still looking for someone to make the boys' suits. I ordered all the stuff I needed from the military store (Reg wouldn't give it to me off the old suits my nephews wore at our wedding). I have their measurements, I just need a tailor. I am not suicidal and I emphasize that, I have no desire to harm myself ( I would be homicidal before being suicidal if Christ were not in my life). My children have been taken away, I don't care how Reggie want to sugar coat it and say he have not taken our children from me, in my mind there was no plan B to our union.... there is no alternative way outside of God's way for me to raise our children. I didn't commit my life to Christ to do things "my" way instead of God's way. I want to show them God's love not my version of love. When my lease is up, at these apartments in October, I will pay rent month to month until I am discharged from the U.S. Army and that will be 20 November 2002 and then I will go home to my family and I will either be allowed to come home or I will be cast away. I will stay around until Reggie sends me away. If I am sent away I will purchase a ticket to Pakistan and live out the rest of my life there until Reg call me home. If ever. But I made a choice to marry this man 6 years ago and children were created in that union, the union was til death do us part.... under no other conditions would I have prayed to be blessed to have another life grow with-in me. I was blessed with our two sons and I will not give up on our family. I will die trying to keep our family together. I'd rather die of hypothermia in our backyard than in Pakistan, if Reggie run me from the yard, I will leave the Country. Reggie is a child of God and if he is truly lead by the spirit of Christ, I know I will be able to go home to my children. If Christ does not dwell in him than he does not hear the Lord speak and my fate is sealed. I will pray for courage and understanding for my family. I love you guys and I am so sorry to disappoint you, but this is the only way I know. I cannot live because you all don't want me to die.... I wouldn't want any of you to die either and I would hurt for you, but I would want you to do what brings you peace. I need to have something to live for and what is there to live for if not your own children!

On 6 November 02 Reggie stood up during the testimony phase of our bible class and gave testimony that Christ is at work in his life and he feel that finally his life is coming together.... I wonder what state of delusion is this man in. I, his wife (according to Christ, if Christ is the head of his life) sit on one end of the room and he sit on the other). His children has not had a hug, kiss, smile or whispered I love you from their mother for over a month, his children are being raised in a home by two men (father and

grandfather), they are in school from 7am until 5:30pm Monday thru Friday and even on the holidays that Reggie is off, he could keep the children home, but don't---- this is pathetic! all of it! and it doesn't have to be this way....what is it that makes him feel his life is on track? Credit cards paid off, a few thousand dollars in the bank---What? certainly by any account of family decency and Christian values, this is atrocious! Yet he feels his life is on track.

"Store up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where moth and rust do not destroy, and where thieves do not break in and steal. For where your treasure is, there your heart will be also. Matthew 6:20-21

On November 11th 2002 (yesterday), Reg and I spent some time together. I went over to the house to collect some of the things I had to turn in to the central issuing facility in the military to continue out processing. I did a song and dance for Reg off the 2 songs I listed earlier as dedicated to him. Then he took me around to run errands with him. One of the errands we had to do together, but the other 2 he could have gotten back to after he'd dropped me off. I enjoyed the time we spent together and I know he did too.

Our children are in school on this holiday (veterans day), a beautiful, warm, sunny day--- both of their parents are off from work and our babies are in school. I say to myself.... are our children so much trouble--- are they so terrible and in the way that they have to be in school on days when they really "don't have to be there". They were in school until 5pm on this beautiful day. A day made for families, and kicking a ball around at the park, a day for an ice cream cone and a walk around the block or a bicycle ride. Are our children so mischievous that the best place for them is school. It breaks my heart, it makes me so sad to know they are there and they could be spending time with us or even with just their dad. Even picking them up from school early would be better than leaving them there all day on such a "family-beautiful" day. After Reg and I finished our errands, I headed back to the apartments but then drove past them because I didn't want to go to the apartments. I wanted to go get our children from school and go get their dad and spend the rest of the day with them. But I settled for going to sonic and having a hot dog alone and in my car with the windows rolled down and the sunroof open to enjoy every bit of the beautiful sunny day. I had to stay focused on Jesus and call on him to ease my pain and keep me from going get my babies. God says: "But seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added to you." Matthew 6:33

Inside of our bedroom Reggie has placed a humongous large screen TV, the thing goes from floor to ceiling and the screen accounts for 3/4 of the height. I'm sure he's quite impressed with this monstrosity. His wife will be homeless in just a few days (30 November 02)... he says by choice, I say by conviction and total commitment to what I believe in and what I believe in is God and family. I'm certain he still has not decided in his heart whether to allow me to come home or to let me stay on the streets (if I choose to, because of course in his mind I could go live with my parents). How sad it is, Reg in his bedroom with that big ( big is an understatement) screen TV in a place where only he can enjoy it.... he didn't place it in a common area; in the family room or a place where family and guest could enjoy it, he placed it in his bedroom. He settle into his room content and pleased (and of course blessed as he announced in our Bible study earlier this week) and cannot see that the treasures of heaven are those not of worldly things but those intangibles that deal with relationships and family and giving and of course mercy.

I have placed myself at his mercy, not because I have to but because I choose to for the love of God and the love and well being of our children.

God sent his son to intercede on our behalves (if you believe in the Trilogy---God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost), Reggie's behavior seems really irrational to me and that will not change over night, I desperately seek to be a part of my family to be there to intercede on behalf of my children. The two of us together raising our children is a far better blessing for them than Reggie doing it alone.

Today is November 14th, my mom told me she went by the house to talk to Reggie today... God bless her. I love my mom and I hate to see her cry over this. It makes me so sad. When I was a child I never wanted to ever do anything to hurt or disappoint my parents... I didn't. Now as a woman- a mother of two- a wife cast from my home, I have to see tears roll down my mother's cheeks, tears I've caused, tears that are shed because of a decision or choices I've made. What is the difference between tears your mother shed because you are a heroin addict in and out of prison or the tears she shed because you have chosen a path inconsistency with popular opinion. I say there is no difference, in both instances you have broken your mother's heart. Once again I say, I cannot live because my family don't want me to die. My heartaches for you all. I have lived my life as honorable as I could and I have been the best "me" that I could be and in the ole army motto "Be all that you can be", I must say that I was all that I could be! But tomorrow isn't promised to any of us; a happily ever after isn't promised to any of us. I will not be so arrogant as to assume that those things were promised to me. I chose Reggie to father my children and if this choice is also my death sentence, then I accept it. I will not wane in the face of adversity. If I must lose my life because I refuse to accept divorce as an acceptable alternative to God's plan for our family. That is a cause I am willing to die for. My children need me to be with them and I will not live unable to care for my children. I will die waiting to come back home. Homeless, unemployed, without transportation and on the streets of Killeen.... will my husband, the father of my children have enough compassion and faith to bring his family together? I don't know, I have no expectations, only faith in God and the truth from the word of our Living God that He knows every hair on our heads. He knows His children... if Reggie is His I will spend the holidays with my family and Reg and I will raise our children together. If Reggie is not His then God has other plans for me. I have placed myself completely in the hands of our omniscient, omnipotent and omnipresent living God. I go peacefully and without fear into His mighty arms.

"I know what it is to be in need, and I know what it is to have plenty. I have learned the secret of being content in any and every situation, whether well fed or hungry, whether living in plenty or in want. I can do everything through him who gives me strength." Phillipians 4:12-13

Reggie we have known one another for 9 years, were married 6 of those years, have I ever.... I mean ever.... even just once! have I ever given you an ultimatum over anything!!!! Think! think! think! now answer the question... have I ever? The answer is no and it's a resounding no! The only time you have ever heard me give an ultimatum is to the children--- only to the children. I don't give ultimatums or threaten adults... that is not in my character. It is disappointing to know that you see my position in this (after every thought I've shared with you. I've bared my soul in letters to you) it's so very

disappointing that you see my position as an ultimatum. "You take me back or else!"---- I don't function at that level. You are my husband and the father of my children. You will bury me, it would be foolish for me to not discuss with you my wishes. And since we're on the subject let me inform you of my latest decisions. I will have all this information available to you in a convenient location.

- There are 2 National cemeteries in South Carolina. One is in Florence, the other is in Beaufort. Beaufort is closest to Columbia (my place of birth), so my first choice for location is Beaufort.
- My VA benefits will cover a plot, a headstone, and funeral honors. I think it will also cover the casket... I forgot if it will or not. If it does than you can just use the casket they provide. If not I left you with the number to "caskets and urns" (1-800-945-4977). There's this pretty pink casket with pink roses on the legs( I'll leave you with a picture of it). It's called Misty Rose and the catalog number is N83-896-D. It has a moss pink drexel crepe interior. The cost is \$1,675.00, I tried to pre-purchase it but they wouldn't let me (you have to be a certain age to pre-purchase). I would really like to be laid to rest in this casket even if the army provides one, but I know that goes against your better judgment and I'd hate to furrow your brow from beyond the grave, so I won't haunt you for putting me in the ole' army casket (smile).
- I have my white gown and slippers; I'll leave all of this with you. I would like my hair down (no pony tails or hair accessories). If each of the boys would like to place a flower in my hair please let them do so, you may even suggest it. Remember how they always pick up those wild flowers and gave them to me when we went on our walks and I placed them in my hair... I think they would like to put a flower in my hair. I would love it if they did.
- The boys can give me a special toy to keep with me if they'd like to.
- I have a tailor working on the boys suits. They will be ready by the 1st of December. I would like them to wear their mess whites and if you can fit into yours, I would love for you to wear yours too.
- My parents should be given the flag that draped my coffin which can later be given to our sons.

You said to chose reconciliation in our marriage, to reunite our family would mean going back to where we were a year ago... how can that be so. I ask you, how can that be so! You have been in bible study every Wednesday and in Worship service every Sunday. You read your bible daily. Are you not a different person than you were a year ago. If we were to go back a year dealing with the same situation and the "year wiser in the Lord new you" were making the decisions would you have made the same choices you made a year ago? Even if I were to make the same ungodly decisions, what would be your response.... another ungodly decision? 2 wrongs don't make a right. God tells us we will be accountable for our actions, not the actions of our spouse, so regardless of my lack of faith, should you not stand firm in your faith and do God's Will.

I know our relationship would be different than before because I will not focus on you, I will keep my focus on God. Having faith and believing only in Him. Knowing that it is He who will judge you and me. If either one of us had been mature in Christ, our family would not be in this turmoil today. Do you think I want to go back into the

situation I came out of a year ago? Of course I don't and it is my faith in God that leads me to know that I don't have to wait until I see a change in you, anymore than you need to see a change in me before doing God's Will. You said I need to prove to you that I am stable... I am more stable now than I ever was. Holding down a job, paying rent, paying a car note, I was doing that when I met you, I was doing that with you, and I have been doing that over this past year since we've been separated.... what does that prove. Our family is in turmoil.... the boys are paying the biggest price of all.

"Faith is being sure of what we hope for and certain of what we do not see."

Hebrews 11:1

"And without faith it is impossible to please God, because anyone who comes to Him must believe that He exists and that He rewards those who earnestly seek Him."

Hebrews 11:6

It is easy to criticize and comment on what I did not do or what I should have done to win you back (what does God say about divorce), to court you (we'd already had our courtship), to convince you to stay (a commitment you made to God and imply to your sons), I know in my heart and God knows that I have done everything humanly possible to keep my family intact... The Family--- God's way of Evangelizing the next generation.

Don't be fooled and think Terrence is too young to know something is missing, something is terribly wrong. Terrence and Que know that I love them immensely. If they never knew their mother's love, they wouldn't miss it..... but they both knew me, they know and dream of my kisses and I know they see my smiles, but of course they can't tell you what they want or how much they miss their mother, they shouldn't have to tell you... you're suppose to know. People that marry don't map out thier lives and "see eye to eye" on most issues, but they commit to one another and to the family. They put the petty things aside and stay focused on the family.

This weekend, November 15th and 16th Reg was on call at the hospital we'd spoken earlier the morning of the 15th and he said he'd call me later if things are slow at the hospital. He called around 9pm and I met him over at the hospital around 10:30 pm. We enjoyed one another. We ate parfaits, read scripture, watched TV, we spent the whole night together loving each other. Reggie didn't realize it, but the sheer white gown I wore with satin white slippers, I wore for him.... just for him. It's a beautiful gown and when he see me in it later, I want him to remember the last time he saw me in it. It was a beautiful night and we were together and that was beautiful. I wore this gown for him again on our second night together. Now the gown is tucked away in a container to be given to Reg with instructions for my final arrangements. The gown still smells of my perfume.

In the morning, Saturday morning the 16th I asked Reg if he was going to do anything with the boys today and if so may I join them. He said he wasn't going to do anything with them, he said his dad would be taking them to Que's karate class and possibly to the arcade. He said that even if he were going to do something with the boys he would not want to have me along. He said our relationship is still too unpredictable for him to want to have "family time" with me and the boys. This made perfect sense to Reg, I'm sure. In his mind I know he believes that he's being wise and cautious... to me, this was insane. For Reggie to believe that having the children see us together at peace with one another, enjoying lunch, dinner, a movie, a day at the park or anything... for him to believe that this would be detrimental to them is beyond belief for me. He told me how

terrible it is for me to not spend time with the boys and once again expressing how it is by choice, my choice that I do not visit with our sons. I explained to him once again how I cannot mother our children on a daily basis... I cannot feed them, clothe them, bathe them, say prayers with them, help them with their homework or any of these basic every day things that people so often take for granted. I told him it would give them the wrong message as to what's important. Mom only shows up to take us to karate class or to the park or out to eat... those must be very important things in life. I once again explained I will not accept a water-down version of being a mother to our boys. He told me in time, possibly we can and will get back together and I can do those things, but not now. Not all at once. I must show him stability, prove to him I am ready to let him lead (not his exact words, but words to that effect). As I show characteristics that are pleasing to him he will allow me more liberties. I explained to him that my bible says put God first, then my husband then the children. I told him I am focused on getting our relationship on-line then we'll have something more enriching to offer the children. There was not much more to say regarding this issue, we'd already walked this path before. I just called on Jesus for strength to endure. Our Pastor responded best on the issue in our Sunday Worship service, (Reg wasn't there because he was on call Saturday night). Our pastor recited: Philippians 3:18

"For, as I have often told you before and now say again even with tears, many live as enemies of the cross of Christ". Luke 11:23 "He who is not with me is against me, and he who does not gather with me, scatters." was eluded to... Reggie can explain quite clearly his position and justify in his own way why he believe failing to reconcile his family is the best course of action and he feels it is justified through Christ. He feels wise in his decision to reject me as his wife and continue to view me as someone who must respond as his suitor and/or a maiden seeking a suitor. I say and stand firmly... the word of the living God says otherwise and this course Reggie has chosen for our family is clearly (as I see it) not of God. I will not buckle under pressure from Reggie on this matter and become an enemy of the Cross.

"Whatever happens, conduct yourselves in a manner worthy of the gospel of Christ. Then, whether I come and see you or only hear about you in my absence, I will know that you stand firm in one spirit, contending as one man for the faith of the gospel without being frightened in any way by those who oppose you. This is a sign to them that they will be destroyed, but that you will be saved--- and that by God." Phillipians 1:27-28

What more can I say, the gospel says it all. Last Sunday (or Sunday before last) our Pastor commented in one of his sermons that we should not judge one another on issues God is silent on. The Holy Spirit is our guide, our moral compass. I received from this sermon a message telling me that I cannot serve two Gods. Reggie has laid before me his laws that I must follow to be worthy of dwelling in his kingdom and his laws are not consistent with the Laws of our Savior. This message reinforced my position in knowing that I cannot do what Reggie is asking me to do, my Bible and my moral compass says otherwise. There is nothing "right or morally correct" about taking a married couple with two children (toddlers and preschoolers, personality forming phases of their development) and returning that couple to a dating or courting phase in the relationship. At least not in the way Reggie plans. I do believe we need to return to the basics in our relationship and rediscover, recommit, and redefine, and re-everything... but as a family

unit we must do this, not separate entities. Not as a couple trying to decide if we want to be together, that decision has already been made and children were spawned... but as a couple moving forward and working to improve a broken union.

I am sorry Reggie views my writings as an attack on his character. I am screaming for help... I don't know what else to do for my children, they are counting on us.... all of us. The entire village.

Before we were married (and at different phases in our marriage) I told Reggie that I have mental illnesses in my family and I respect the diseases of the mind enough to know that I do not want to flirt with any of them. I told him I will always guard myself against excessive mental pressures. I asked him to keep a close eye on me and if I seem to be "slipping" to let me know. I asked him to make sure he'd choose a nice institution for me if I did "lose it" and need to get institutionalized. My loving and supportive husband promised me that he would make sure that I am placed in only the best of institutions. We talked about this, pillow talk mostly just chiding and fun, but in part it was real... and I would expect him to keep his promise to place me in one of the best mental institutions around if I were ill as I would only seek the best of care for him. I know I'm not ill (though Reggie has often suggested I get on Prozac---he thinks I'm ill) but I believe Reggie is ill. I believe Reggie needs professional support. If I were ill I would expect Reggie to reach out to every source necessary to receive treatment and support for me, if not for the "me" that's his wife then for the "me" that's the mother of his children. Thank God am sane, because in spite of his promise to ensure I would receive the best of care, he would obviously abandon me instead. So far in all of my efforts to seek help for my husband, I have been left standing alone in my faith (and of course with the support of my family) against whatever is going on with Reggie.

Mother-In-Law

"For in the same way you judge others, you will be judged, and with the measure you use, it will be measured to you"

Matthew 7:1

Mrs. Elizabeth Singleton,

I remember the first time we met. You took me down town Charleston. During our drive we had a heart to heart conversation. You said and expressed with great pride that your family has a Royal history, that you all come from a long line of Kings and Queens. You said that no one in your family is divorced and that divorce would not be accepted in your family. I wonder if you even remember this conversation, I wonder if you remember what I said to you. What I said to you is that I don't believe in divorce either, I told you that my parents have been married over 40 years, I told that I remember my grand parents celebrating their 60th wedding anniversary and I told you that Reggie told me his parents were married over 30 years. This familial history of marital longevity gave me a sense of security, feeling that with both of our families having committed themselves to a lifetime of matrimony to one another, I knew (or thought I knew) that I was committing my life to a man who also valued family and marital commitment. I told you that I expect my marriage to last a lifetime. I also told you that with marriage I expect to have a lifetime partner, someone to grow old with. I told you that I grew up in a nurturing home with guidance and structure. I told you when I met Reggie he appeared



to have not just been given food and water and allowed to grow. I told you he seemed to have been provided love and guidance also. Where am I going with this... no where, just reminiscing .... because these things did take place. Reg and me didn't just elope and turn up years later with 2 adorable little boys. You called me daughter, I called you (with some reservation, now I know why) mom.

We committed our lives to one another before family and friends. We even christened our first child in the same manner, before family and friend. This was not just "lip service" to me, I meant what I said for both my marriage vows and when I dedicated both of our children to the Lord promising to raise them according to His Will etc, etc. I didn't hold the "divorce card" in my bosom and if things don't work out pull it out, present it and take the children and go on. My commitment was for better or worse, till death do us part. Your advice to me to just "cut my loses"----- how do I do that? My concern is not just for me and Reggie and the issues surrounding our differences, I have a responsibility to my children, and my children's children, and my children's-children's-children ---little people I will never know, however any dysfunction in my family will surely pass on.... as any dysfunction in your family is being passed on... where does it stop. Just like the child abuse commercials say "stop the abuse now, don't keep passing it on", I say the same thing, the dysfunction stops here, I will not be a party to passing it on. As you know from your own experience, both parties have to be willing to work at fixing what's wrong. Each individual needs to look at themselves and work on fixing self not focus on fixing the other person.

You too were once a young mother with 2 children to raise, you had a husband whom at the time was probably not at all what you had expected or considered trustworthy and responsible. Who supported you through those difficult times? What did Grandma Nancy say to you when you sought her support? I don't know the answer to those questions, you do, but I can guess Grandma Nancy didn't tell you to cut your losses... I can bet when you went to her house for help she didn't turn you away. I can bet that you were not family one year, then un-welcomed cast away the next. How is it that I could ever come to James Island and not have a home to go to.... we're all children of God, we have the same covenant with our Savior. You know what the Scriptures (and as I learned as a child, scripture is the word of God) says about marriage... so how is it that you, whom is supposed to be older and wiser, supposed to show the young how to behave as women of God, how is it that you are so quick to write off my marriage and accept this callous casting away of the rebellious and disobedient wife from the family. We are all heirs to the throne of the Kingdom of God.

Just like you as a young mother were concerned about your children's well being, what they ate, how they dressed, what they were exposed to from day to day, their academic preparations, their spiritual enhancements, their entertainment, and many, many other things, I too have those very same concerns as it regards to your grandchildren. We as mothers take great pains to ensure that our children receive and are afforded the best of everything we have to give them. We do without and sacrifice self to ensure our children are well cared for. I never attempted to take control of my household or dominate my husband. Of all the things in the management of a family that I know is generally a woman's role and responsibility, I long ago surrendered to Reggie's dominance. The only things I never surrendered were the matters concerning the children and their well being, present and future. I have now surrendered that, I am no longer involved in any matters

concerning your grandchildren, I see this as a tragedy. Maybe you all see it as a victory, a Blessing of sorts.

What perplexes me most about this situation is that there seem to have been no objectivity in the pursuit of "what's going on here", everything was just taken at face value. A shallow and subjective view on every issue. If family can't get involved in helping family stay together and work through the difficult times then ..... Who! who do you turn to? What! what do you do? When! when do you give up... I know the answer to the "when question", when is never, never give up on family. Where? where do you go? Why! why bother sending a child to church every Sunday, singing in the Sun Beam choir; you bother so that when they're older and faced with the challenges we are now faced with-----God Will prevail. Christ will have the Victory. Where is God's Victory? where is the child that sang in the Sun Beam Choir? That's the man I married, the one who knew the Lord. The one who knew (and I'm sure sang) that God is Able.

What's it like to grow up without your mother? you can't answer that question nor can your son, daughter, or husband. How many generations do you go back to find the answer? If Reg and I remain on this present course your Grandchildren will be able to provide you with an answer. If you didn't experience growing up without a mother, maybe that doesn't seem like such a bad thing, but I know that I would not want to have grown up without my mother or my father. Both of my parents complemented each other in the rearing of their families and to take one away is unimaginable for me. They both contributed to our family in separate and distinct ways. Their roles didn't cross or conflict.

God chastises those he loves and we are all new creatures in Christ. When Reg and I were married we were not finished products.... God was still working on us then, and he's still working on us now.

## **Father-In-law**

**"Discipline you son, for in that there is hope; do not be a willing party to his death"**  
**Proverbs 19:18**

David,

I call you "David" because your children call you David. If they called you "Dad", I too would call you "Dad" just as I once called your wife "Mom". The difference is, if I had called you "Dad", even through all of this I would still call you "Dad". You have been very kind, genuine, and non-judgmental.

What does a father say to his son at a time like this... I don't know, I could never say because I'm not a man. What does a grandfather think when he look into the eyes and the innocent smiles of his grandchildren (they're only babies 3 & 5 yrs old) and know that they're family life is a shambled mess.

I praise God that you are there to care for them. I was never allowed the option of being primary caretaker for my babies so I have taken every opportunity to have them cared for by family members. It pleases me that Reggie has done the same thing.

I have mixed feelings about the casual updates you give me from time to time about what the children are doing and their latest activities... I don't know if these update are out of kindness, consideration, and sensitivity to what a mother must be going through being absent from her children's lives, and these things you share with me is an attempt to comfort me, if so, I thank you so much for caring. Or I wonder if you raising your grandchildren, having taken on the tasks normally carried out by their mother is a normal deviation for you all... no big deal. I wonder if you all see this as the catastrophe that it is. If you see this as a tragedy, then why so casual about it, why the "head in the sand" approach.

You share with me how you care for the children and provide for their physical needs, I would be more interested in knowing and receiving regular updates in what you are doing (if anything) to help heal their family. These children were created out of love, they were planned, they were not accidental products of unprotected sex. Reggie and me did not decide to marry until we knew we were ready to commit our lives to one another. As a result of that commitment we decided to have children..... does that mean anything to anybody anymore???? Do you agree with your wife that I should just "cut my loses."

When Reggie owned S-Cube, even though the business was struggling, he never gave up. We were at a point where we were paying one credit card bill with another credit card. Even though we were both earning good incomes, the majority of our paychecks went out to pay off loans and credit cards from this business venture. I'm not complaining because I was very proud of Reggie, he had more guts than I ever would have had. Our business went from operating out of a suitcase door-to-door to an office space at a locker storage area to a kiosk at the mall to a full-blown 1200 sq ft store operating in the mall. Then we went to Germany, he still didn't give up, we continued to operate the store out of the mall through the holiday season, which was even more expensive. Finally we had to close the store. Reggie didn't give up on business ventures, he tried to sell shower heads through mail order while in Germany, then he went into the day trading scene and you know how that goes sometimes gaining, sometimes losing....

but he never gave up. I say all this to say , I don't feel that much effort, persistence, and ambition was ever put into our family. When one thing didn't work in business, he tried something else. When things didn't work out with our family he gave up. In business he assessed the situation and considered what changes he could make in our operation to increase the chances of success, in our marriage he never examined himself or what he may or may not be doing to contribute to the strife in our relationship. If you ask him, every problem we ever had in our marriage was a result of what I was or was not doing.

David you are an example for Reggie, the dad he now knows is without a doubt, not the dad he knew growing up. People are not perfect, they mess up and in turn they affect the lives of everyone counting on them to make mature and responsible decision. You must know growing up in a dysfunctional home does not, not have consequences on the children in that home. Why would my husband be unscathed by his past ? I too am flawed, I did not grow up in a dysfunctional home, but I am no expert on that, maybe the structure, guidance, security, and consistency in my childhood was a form of dysfunction, I doubt it but I do not close my life to analysis (Reggie of course says that my family was dysfunctional... maybe he is an expert) but there is no flaw in me that I am not willing to receive professional assistance to be rid of if need be for the sake of my family. Dysfunction passes from generation to generation and I for one am not willing to raise our children in a broken and dysfunctional home knowing that they will only pass along this same insecurity and dysfunction in their own homes.

What is your advice David.... To quit! to give up on our family! you and your wife were a decade shy of being married for a half of a century.... so with this wisdom that comes with life's experiences is your advice to your son to bail out early if there's any sign of trouble? Best to get out now than to spend a lifetime together only to divorce.

I know you guys must think I'm crazy, but I really am at a lost here, I don't understand what was the purpose of the wedding... it just seems like an awful waste of time, effort, and money... I would not be so perplexed about this if Reg and I hadn't gotten married, if we were just live-in companions and things didn't work out, this "let's go our separate ways and start over" idea might make a bit more sense to me. And if that were the case, there certainly would not have been any innocent children involved in this fiasco.

I realize I'm making a lot of assumptions here, assuming that this makes sense to you and Elizabeth, assuming that you all even discuss our situation amongst yourselves or other family members, assuming that any responsibility we have as children of God as Christians is even a consideration in this matter, I'm even assuming that familial history is somehow a hint to what our aim should be in our marriage, I'm assuming that Reggie could even take pride in keeping his family together. I'm assuming that he would even find any value in marital longevity and doing it right for the sake of the children and living not just surviving in a marriage.

Enough said, just a lot of expressed thoughts, I close with this question not really to be answered just another thought expressed... but I ask who's responsibility is it to mend our family, mine? Reggie's? both mine and Reggie? the church? Reggie has made it pretty clear that he don't think it is his responsibility.... he's said that if our Pastor would tell him he should "take me back" (yes, take me back is the terminology he used, it seems to me those words are for people involved in the dating game.) then he would....

why would our church pastor need to tell your son to reconcile with his wife and keep his family intact.... is that not the purpose of the Holy spirit in us to guide our paths and let us know what's morally sound.... does not the Holy Bible provide scripture for us to live by.

Reggie has been in church virtually every Sunday of his life, at least that's what he told me, that he rarely missed a Sunday at church when growing up....please don't just send our children (your grandchildren) to church, Sunday school , and have them sing in the choir, that's all well and good, but without a foundation , set of values, and moral standards , it means absolutely nothing. Our children should be taught now what you know about God's love, His perfect will for our lives, His expectations for our conduct... these things you were not ready to model as a young man raising your family, I was not aware of all of God's expectations and how to live for Christ, yet as you know time changes all of that and life's experiences brings us closer to God than we ever dreamed possible. Please share this knowledge and wisdom with our boys so they may have peace, joy, and the love of God in their homes when they become heads of their families. I pray that my babies will grow up not only trusting God in their school days, but also trusting and believing in Him through the difficult times in their families; and they will have difficult times, we know that, and there are things that we can do to help them make it through those difficult times..... and just sending them off to church is not enough.

Please help our sons to grow up with a strong sense of family. Model for them a connection and commitment to family that will allow them to choose endurance and strength in the face of adversity and marital strife. Present to them a sense of pride, self-worth, confidence, and security so that they will love themselves enough to not look to change behaviors in others as they grow into the perfect people God would have them to be; instead, they will be mature and accepting of their own imperfections and unafraid of starting with "the man in the mirror" to make change in any given situation.

## **Sister-In-law**

**"Yet to all who received him, to those who believed in his name, he gave the right to become children of God"**

**John 1:12**

Dwonna,

I'll try to express my position as simple as possible because it seems that I am so misunderstood by all of you Singletons in some of the most basic standards of human existence. You all seem to think that my refusal to compromise and give in to the demands of my husband on certain non-negotiable basic standards is a choice... I don't feel that I have a choice in these matter. There just some values and standards for basic existence that some people are unwilling to yield to.

So here goes... as basic as I can express myself.... I am a female, as a child I played with dolls. I fed, clothed, groomed, sang to, napped, and carried my dolls to the doctor, put them in a safe place when I went off to school and many other real-life things we as girls did with our dolls. I pretended to test the babies milk on the underside of my forearm to make sure it wasn't too hot, I burped my dolls, changed their diapers, washed their clothing and on and on and on... I'm sure you remember. We had strollers, car seats, bottles, cribs, baby plates, pacifiers, and a whole slew of real-life stuff to care for these dolls.... what fun it was. All my dolls had names, character, likes and dislikes.... all pretend of course. But this play was preparation for when I grow up. As a little girl I knew that I would someday have babies. I expected to be able to care for these babies the way I cared for my dolls. I share this with you because I know you and millions of other young girls did the same thing--- day in and day out we played. We were (but didn't realize it) were preparing for our lives as mothers to real babies.

As a young girl I knew that I would someday marry a man... not a woman (children somehow get this concept). I knew that the man would be expected to earn the income and I would be expected to care for the home and children. Again, this was another way we played as girls. We had the whole kitchen set up with the refrigerator, stove, sink (with real running water), easy bake oven , there was real food to cook in the easy bake oven and pretend food to place in the cabinets and refrigerators. We had real dishes to play with and all types of serving sets to set the table.... do you remember these kitchen sets? That's how girls played. We had vacuums and Bissells, and aprons and brooms and even blow up kids sized living room furniture. It was so much fun playing house, wasn't it!

I have no role confusion... I grew into a woman and gave birth to two beautiful children and I naturally expect to be able to care for these babies, my husband, and my home. It gives me great conflict to not be able to care for my home, to not be able to care for my children, to not be able to care for my husband, to not be able to go to bed at night with my spouse, to not be able to plan family vacations and know more than 3 weeks out whether I would be able to go with my family or they would be going without me, not to be able to take my babies to the Dr or stay home with them when they were sick. No, I wasn't looking to stay home and eat bon-bons, but I did want a job that would have allowed me to put my family first. I know you weren't aware of everything going on with

me and Reg and the role confusion that seemed to be apparent in our home, I just wanted to share all this with you broken down girl-girl from the early developmental stages of our growth. We know how to take care of babies and house because we'd been doing that since childhood--- my insistence on caring for and protecting my children was interpreted by your brother as an attempt to dominate the household, that accusation was such an absurdity to me.

I have been fighting with Reggie since 1997 to get out of the Army, to quit this job that I saw as a direct assault on our family living. You know that if you, your mom or any one of you female Singleton's (and Legare's) had a job that demanded so much of your family life you would expect (no, you would demand) nothing less than to have the full support of your husband in your resignation process. It shouldn't matter what type of commitment I had, or anyone thought I had to the military, my commitment to caring for my family should have been first and foremost. So why am I deemed the Great Satan, the Jezebel (as your brother has called me) because I went against Reggie on this. As I mentioned earlier about having a choice, I didn't feel this was a choice.... for me to be away on deployments, or senseless training exercises, not being able to put the needs of my family first was not a choice.... I could not just say "okay ". I just could NOT do it. So I didn't say yes, I fought it.... I fought it in the flesh and I will continue to fight. I will not give up. God will give me strength to overcome and endure. I have been effectively removed from my family and my ability to care for my children... God will avenge this injustice. Everything works for good for those who love the Lord. Satan will not have the victory in this, God's name will be glorified. I don't know how or when, but I know He will. Thank you for all of your support you have been so sweet. I know you were not aware of many of these things, I am venting---putting my thoughts down as they come into my head.... expressing myself on paper to my sister-in-law.

I could choose to visit my children instead of being out of their lives completely. Some people may see that as a viable option.... Again, I do not see this as a choice. These children were conceived out of love and they were both christened before God and family with a promise to raise them up a certain way. I am their mother, I have a responsibility to care for my children, not visit with them. I want to feed em, clothe em, bathe em, read to em, sing to em, give em lots of hugs and kisses and smiles and tell them over and over how much I love em and what great little people they are, I want to take them on neighborhood excursions and to museums, and arboretums, and planetariums, and parks, and zoos, and space centers, and many, many other things. I want to help them with their schoolwork and teach them how to use associations and images and familiar things to learn and remember new things. I'd already been doing this with R'Que when he was 2 and 3, Terrence has not gotten a lot of what R'Que had already been exposed to by age 3. And I feel Terrence because of his prematurely could have benefited most from these early learning tactics. If my husband feels that all I have to offer these precious beings that he spawned is to be a regular visitor to them that just so happens to be their mom.... well, there's just not a whole lot I can do to change that mentality, but the option for me to present this as "normal" and "okay by me" to my children is not a choice for me... it just a flat out no-way.

I know you think this is tragic for our boys and it is.... and the biggest tragedy of it all is that it doesn't have to be this way. This is what the Pastor means when he says if

you don't put things in God's hands, if you continue to wallow in the wrongs of the past our family will never receive the full blessings God has intended.... God can always take bad and turn it into good, but did they really have to grow up without their mother, without their father, or in a broken home? of course not, but without faith, doing it the way of the world, the way that makes sense and is comprehensible to man is the only option.... only faith can act beyond this basic and rudimentary understanding.

The two Princes of England lost their mother before her time. Many children in these war torn countries are orphaned and growing up without either of their parents. My children are blessed to at least have one of their parents. And as for me, I only had 2 purposes here on Earth, one was to serve and worship my Lord and Savior, to get to a place in my relationship with Christ to know and be able to avail my life for His purposes, the other was to raise God's children (the 2 he blessed me and Reggie with) according to His Will and plan for our family. The latter has been taken out of my hands, their earthly father will set their path according to his (Reggie's) understanding. I have faith and know that God will protect and guide the paths of my children all the days of their lives and they will someday receive Him as their personal Savior and we will all meet again in Heaven.

The thought of being with my children again in heaven is what gives me comfort. Even with God's strength and endurance this is the hardest and most difficult thing I have ever done in my life. I've lived a full life, I've jet skied, scuba dove, snorkeled, parasailed, canoed, ice skied, horse backed, bungee jumped, rock climbed, I've ridden a camel, an elephant, and I've been on a hay ride. I've been boating, fishing, I've ridden a motor scooter and I've been to five different countries (Mexico, Canada, Germany, France, and Italy). I even been to paradise (the Hawaiian Islands), and several other things that I would consider exciting and fun.... the only thing that I haven't done that I would like to do is sky dive and earn my PHD, I may be able to sky dive before I leave, but the PHD will just have to be one of those things left undone. I say all this to say, life expectancy here in America is at least 80 years.... when raising children one would pray to capture every one of those 80 years plus an extra decade or so, but the desire for life's longevity without my children is not with me... I hope to go to a hostile area in one of these war torn countries and share God's love with those children and comfort them as the love of God has comforted me. If it is God's Will and His mercy is with me I will come home in a body bag.

It's not a bad thing it is a beautiful thing. There is this pretty pink casket (a soft rose pink) with soft pink lining and pink roses on the legs....I've already told Reg that that is the casket I want him to place me in. I would like the boys to wear those little mess dress uniforms my nephews wore at our wedding (we'll get them the little Colonel rank) and I hope Reg will wear his mess whites. I will be all dressed in a sheer white gown with Satan dance shoes, I already have the gown, I just need to get the shoes. My wedding vows, was not a meaningless ceremony to me. I truly agreed to what I said, "I do" to. The Christening of my children was not another meaningless ceremony either... I truly meant what I said, "I will" to.

When I was a child every summer my parents would bring us to Louisiana to visit our grandparents. I really loved those trips and they were a fantastic part of our growing up, but as a young adult I decided that if I ever got married and had children our family would visit some of our Nations wonders and tourist attractions such as the Grand



Canyon, Niagara Falls, and the Mall of Americas. Of course we'd invite family to come along and those that could would. Although we can't go as a family of four, I pray God will make a way for me to be able to take my baby boys to those three places before I leave. I would have also liked to have taken them on a Disney Cruise.... maybe you or their dad will do that in memory of me for them when they are a little older.

I hope this wasn't too deep, I tried to be as basic as possible. I thank you for all your words of encouragement and for not treating me like a stranger ... you are so much like your dad. I love you both.

### **The Other In-laws**

(To include but not limited to Reggie's aunts, uncles, cousins , and family friends)

"For where two or three come together in my name, there am I with them"

Matthew 18:20

To All,

I'm sure you all are very befuddled by all of this and just don't know what to make of it all. I wonder if it is just gossip as you all chat with one another or do you lift our family up in your prayers. It seems so odd to me to share laughs, hugs, and smiles with a group of people you expected to watch you grow old and in just a few years those same laughs, hugs, and smiles are a distant memory.

It seems so odd to me that all of you guys are college educated and not one of you exercised any form of deductive reasoning in an attempt to analyze and vaguely understand the dynamics or dysfunction prevalent in our situation. The boys and I would have been grateful for any support or words of encouragement for us to "hang in there, stay focused on the Lord, Don't give up".... or anything you could muster up to indicate you are "for" the family. Or were you "for" divorce. Mentally and physically challenged people spawn, bear, and raise children. There are many children being raised in single parent homes, most headed by women, some headed by men, the challenge and glory comes in keeping the family intact and forming a relationship between the two of us (Reg and Me) that would be acceptable for the children to immolate in their own homes.

Some of you all have sat with me, talked with me and spent enough time with me to know that I'm not a liar, I don't exaggerate or sensationalize facts, I seem to be reasonably intelligent and for the most part exercise good judgment. Why was it so easy to believe that I am evil, rebellious, selfish, and out to ruin my husband... I am a child of God, I fear the Lord and His wrath, I know that it is God who would fight the battles of all His children that would call on Him, I would not dare falsely accuse Reggie or create a situation to discredit him. Everything that happened in our marriage was a result of two people's actions and reactions. In truth, both of us (if we had been more mature in our Christian walk) could have reacted differently to the other persons actions and we would have experienced different results than this muddled mess we're faced with now.

Nigel, my husband raved about you all the time, he admires your accomplishments and successes in business. He shared with me throughout our time together every success you've had, I know nothing of your character, personality, or spirituality. I found that rather odd too, for him to discuss the most superficial aspects of a man he admires. I wonder if you all think that's odd..... who are you people, what do you value, what makes life worth living for you. What would you do Nigel if your wife had a job that she felt interfered with her ability to care for her family, would you force her to remain with that job (for years) or support her in leaving that job. What advice might you have given your older cousin if he came to you and discussed some of our areas of conflict, describing how terrible and disobedient I am for insisting on resigning my commission, failing to remain within a set budget (\$300.00/mth), or daring to expect to have the final say in decorating or organizing our home.

I do realize the complexity of trying to discern what role you all as extended family (or friends) might play in attempting to lend your support, especially without knowing all the facts. My advice would be to not try to understand all the facts. Understanding the facts does nothing more than complicate an already complicated situation. Pointing fingers and placing blame is for preschoolers, the most important thing to look at is what are the core family values, get back to the basics, encourage the family to stay strong and lift them up in prayer.

## **To My Husband**

**"Because of the increase of wickedness, the love of most will grow cold, but he who stands firm to the end will be saved"**

**Matthew 24:12-14**

Reg,

I feel like you misunderstand me more than anyone else on this planet. But in truth, you are not called to have to understand me in order to do the right thing by your family. But I guess the million-dollar question is what is the right thing---- because I know that you believe you are doing the right thing. That's one of the many reasons this is all so very sad. You have marital conflict and the only way you can think of to resolve this is to dissolve your marriage.... start another family.... and somehow to you, that seems like the right, wise, and Christian thing to do.

I have so much I want to say to you I don't even know where to begin. I fought long and hard to keep our family together... not out of love, loyalty, necessity, or desire to be with you, but for the love of our children. These children were blessings to us from our Lord and savior, they were not accidents, they were planned. When we committed to planning a family we had a responsibility to sacrifice our own selfish needs and abandon our selfish ways for the good of the children. Their father is alive and well, I thought that they did not deserve to grow up without their father or reduce their father's role in their lives to visiting, calling, or distant parent, so I chose not to. On the other hand, it seems that you didn't feel that way about their mother. You seemed to have viewed the mother-child relationship as expendable. I suppose I'll never understand why you thought that it would have been okay for me to go to Bosnia, Kosovo, or Turkey for 4 to 6 months (potentially up to one year) than to be home with my family, to be a mother to our children, not from afar in some place strange, but home with them. When they wanted to send you to Chernobyl for 2 weeks, I prayed night and day that you wouldn't have to go and praise God, you didn't have to go.

Every parents' wish is to give their children a better life than the one they had, to provide for them every good thing that they experienced as well as those they were not able to have. I grew up in a secure, loving, and stable home, I know that having a two-parent family is a blessing, it's a good thing.... so how could I deny that to our children. How can you not appreciate a woman wanting to dote on her children. Not spoil them rotten but love them immensely. You watch the news, you work in the healthcare profession you see all the awful things going on in this world and some of the awful things parents do to their own children.... what is it in your character that makes me out to be the degenerate, immoral, unwise parent and the antichrist because I opposed your efforts to reduce my role as a mother.

I know you will hate me more for writing this book, but what's a girl to do.... I can't raise my children, they'll never know me personally as you and I and our parents and grandparents have been able to know our parents, so this is all I have. I certainly can't count on you to let them know who I am and what I believe in and why I am not a part of their lives. First off you don't know me and secondly you have a different perception of what went wrong in our family. You'll have all of your life to share with

them who you are and what you think of their mother, and your perceptions of what went wrong in our family... this is my only avenue for sharing with them my life story and if you think for a moment that they won't want to know about me and what I was like and why I did not raise them, you are more disillusioned than I thought.

For the love of God and the love of these baby boys are the exact reason why I didn't continue to fight this battle in the flesh, I had no choice but to give it to God. Fighting it in the flesh would have meant that I would have to one day explain to these boys who did nothing more than love and trust me to be a responsible parent for their sake, I'd have to explain to them why their dad is not a part of their lives. Contrary to what you believe we would not have been able to be "good divorcees", our value systems are not in sync. We'd butt heads too often. We had a better chance at staying married and working towards common goals and understandings to minimize conflict for the sake of having peace in our home than trying to be good divorcees. Working through marital conflict is not a concept you're ready to embrace.

According to you, you have always been the wiser of the two of us, the most righteous one, the least selfish, the one who knew exactly what was in the best interest of our family and of course you're only doing what would be pleasing to our Lord and Savior so obviously it would be easy to explain to your sons later how banishing me from our home was truly in their best interest and even if they don't agree, you know they will forgive you because they are God's children and that's what children of God do, forgive and go on to glorify His name, not wallow in defeat.

I don't want to die Reg, I love life, living, and being alive. I'm scared, I'm afraid of the unknown. I don't know what to expect when I get off the plane in Pakistan or Afghanistan. I don't know the language, I won't have any money, transportation or a place to stay.... how far will I have to walk to the nearest hospital, orphanage, or mission.... a day, a week, a month. If someone stops to offer me a ride, do I take it or do I say no thank you and keep walking? Where do I sleep when it gets dark if I haven't made it to my destination. I'll have my sleeping bag, but what kinds of critters are out there... I'm scared of rats. But no matter what I'm going through over there I'll know that on Sundays you will be singing in the choir, then off to Ryan's with the boys and your dad, and then on Wednesdays you will be at bible study. You will go to work every morning and come home every evening. You will take the boys to a movie or the mall every Saturday. Although you all will be ever present on my mind and heart like you are now, you will be so blissfully unaware of my pain and suffering, as you are now. My comfort will be in the Lord, God will guide my path and order my steps, it is he who will tell me where to lie down to rest, He will ensure my safety if I must trek through Pakistan, He will determine when and how I will go Home.

You sing that song "Take Me Back", I've heard you sing that song many, many times, you've even sang it twice for our Sunday Worship Service. I mention this because that's one of two songs that I remember singing when I was a child singing in the choir at my grandmother's church in Louisiana. I hadn't heard that song in decades and I find it ironic that of all the great Christian songs to sing, that's the one you've chosen. I wonder if you ever truly listened to the words in that song. You addressed the congregation last Sunday (11 August 2002) prior to singing this song and you said you wanted to "go back", and you asked if anyone want to go..... At the end of your song you

said, "please take me back".... was this all a performance or did you mean the words you spoke and the sentiments expressed in the song.

## My Family

"The Lord will fight for you; you need only to be still"  
Exodus 14:14

My dearest family, no one could have been blessed with a better family than mine. I feel grateful for having had such a loving and supportive family unit. I am grateful for all the times that we've shared, for all the laughs, hugs, smiles, and also the tears. You each have played a special role in helping me to become who I am. Words could never express all the love I have in my heart for each of you and all of you collectively.

I know you don't understand and certainly do not agree with the position I've taken and the choices I've made regarding my family. To be honest, if the shoe were on the other foot and any one of you were in my position and making the decision I have made, I too would think that you have given up and lost all will to fight and I wouldn't understand or believe that you could be so weak and surrender so easily. Unless I really knew Christ and understood his ways... only then would I understand. That's not how we were raised, we were raised to be strong and able to stand up for ourselves and to look out for one another. I won't begin to try to get you to understand because "understanding" is not what's important. I have faith in Christ and because of this blind faith and complete trust that I've placed in Him, He will take care and ensure my babies will be blessed.

We all grew up with a strong sense of family and family unity. We can realize the sacrifices our parents made of themselves to ensure we were cared for properly, loved, nurtured, and given guidance so that we can grow up into secure, confident, strong individuals---- and we did. Each of us has our own unique strengths in different areas. You can all look at your own families and realize the sacrifices you and yours have made in the interest of your children. The only difference between the sacrifice that you each have made in your families and the sacrifice I am making in mine is that I have chosen to make the "supreme sacrifice", to give my life so that my children can live a life consistent with traditional Christian values. That is a choice... I could have chosen a different path; but the path I've chosen is the only one that gives me peace and offers my children a chance of having only one home. Whether it's a single parent home or Reggie remarries and they have a stepmother and/or stepsiblings and half siblings----- but whatever the mix, they will have only one home with one set of rules. Reg and I consider ourselves Christians and we claim to have Christ at the head of our lives. If this is true then we both fall under the same covenant with Christ. The same Word applies to me as it does Reggie---- we read from the same Bible the Words of Christ. I will not mock His words or live in hypocrisy---- I choose to go the way of Christ and put my hand in His and never let go..... it's the only way I know. If Reggie was an atheist or he did not claim to have Christ at the head of his life, my choice and responsibility in how I deal with him would be different. I have no doubt that God will keep His Angels surrounding, protecting, and guiding my boys all the days of their lives.

"But he said, 'The things which are impossible with men are possible with God.' Then Peter said, 'See, we have left all and followed You.' So He said to them, 'Assuredly, I say to you, there is no one who has left house or parents or brothers or

wife or children, for the sake of the kingdom of God, who shall not receive many times more in this present time, and in the age to come eternal life.”

Luke 18:27-30

Many people through out history has sacrificed self for causes that they believed in, that's one of the reasons our nation is so great, because of the many people that were willing to stand up for what they believed in and not just take the path of least resistance. I only hope that over time you all will realize that I did not give up on my family and especially not given up on my children. This was the most difficult decision I have ever made in my life. Sticking to the decision was even harder and I had to stay focused on Jesus and lean on him more than I ever have in my entire life. I hope that in time you all will realize that I have not surrendered to Reggie or was too weak to fight him or that I was not forced to give Reggie my children because I was afraid to stand up to him---- those ideas could not be farther from the truth. To have surrendered to Reggie or being afraid to stand up to him would have meant living life as a child. Living under a dictatorship a set of rules that says “do as I say, not as I do”--- or the ole “what's good for the goose is not good for the gander”--- “ask me no questions, I'll tell you no lies.” This was demeaning to me. We grew up in a household where even as children we were respected and appreciated. We had freedoms and liberties based on trust and maturity. As an adult I would expect nothing less. I desire to be partners with my husband. I want to demonstrate a male/female partnership between Reg and me that would demonstrate an appropriate relationship between husband and wife. Our children are going to have enough challenges of their own without having to carry the burden of their parents' dysfunctions. We as parents in the interest of the children have a responsibility to work out our differences in a way that is not destructive to the entire family unit---- this cannot be done without personal sacrifice.

Reg, coming from a line of Kings and Queens ran up against a line of Warriors, travelers, and Sages. Anything goes in the Monarch as they sit on their throne collecting and cherishing material things. As Warriors we carefully choose our battles. We won't fight just any battle, but when we do go into battle we are prepared to give our lives for the cause. My cause in this battle is family---- family unity and integrity. Keeping our family intact and giving our sons the best chance for success in their own families.

I have strength and comfort in knowing that God at this very moment is preparing a place for me. A place where I will be later joined by my children. I think of all the beautiful and wonderful things God has placed here on Earth for our enjoyment such as sunrises and sunsets, humongous mountains with snow covered peaks, beautiful oceans with gigantic waves, calm lakes and streams, swans, and pelicans, and peacocks, beautifully colored wildflower, smell of rain or pink roses, the sound of pouring rain or a thunderstorm, or birds singing..... if God made this Christian's Hell so marvelous..... how exponentially amazing will our new place be. A place with no tears, no discontent all of those around you will be filled with the fruits of the spirit, they will all be loving, kind, honest, fair, and peaceful. I have made choices in my life, none have I ever regretted more than having met Reggie, but each time I say that I have to praise God for Reggie, Reggie may have secured me a better place in the Kingdom of Heaven. I was saved when I met Reggie, but this ordeal has taken me to a different level in my relationship with Christ. I never would have gotten here without the intense turmoil of this past year. Scripture tell us that God has given us everything we need for Godly



living (2 Peter 1:3). Reggie is a child of God and he can extend his hand of mercy and take the walk of faith required of him to get his house in order.... or he can cast judgment on me but I know he too will be judged. If Reggie chooses to judge me and seal my fate, then I just want my family to know God knows His children, He knows every hair on our heads Reggie has no power to resist God when he calls so if it were Gods will to call Reggie, Reggie would respond. I know he has called me and I have responded. Reggie may take my life and my children but he will not take my salvation. I'm not here alone and I am not in this place accidentally, God has been preparing me all of my life for where I am today.... wherever it is that I am. He has prepared me for where I am going, whether it's to Pakistan or home to raise my children and deal with my Muslim husband for the sake of our children and help him to receive Christ in our relationship and our family.

## Final Thoughts

"Be still before the Lord and wait patiently for Him: do not fret when men succeed in their ways, when they carry out their wicked schemes"

There will be many other events occurring between now and "the rest of my life", but I have to end somewhere in order to get the 1st draft of the book completed. Pending events include our upcoming court date 11 October 02 that is to be a final hearing regarding child custody. Reggie wants to change our mediated agreement in our court documents (divorce decree) to reflect our present custody arrangements. I am in constant prayer over this and I know God will have the victory. If Reggie doesn't change his heart and cancel the court date, I will appear in court without a lawyer with a prepared statement for the court. I plea with Reggie, if he must stand against God and refuse to reconcile his family, then I ask him to allow me the time to complete my book. I implore him to have the decency to allow this mother the pleasure of death knowing that my children are still legally mine.

I just recently (less than 2 weeks ago) spent 10 days with our baby boys. I enjoyed them immensely and I know they felt really blessed to have had that time with me. I wish we could have captured time and had been able to repeat those 2 weeks over and over and over again until Jesus called in the harvest. Terrence's little voice rings out in my heart and I hear him say in the best way he knows how with his cute little baby voice, "I wo' go you house". Que would join in and tell me he want to come live with me. I told them that I am always with them in their hearts. Que would say he want me to be there for "real" and not just in his heart. I told him I want to be there with him for real too, but this is the best we can do for now and I told them that I loved them very, very much and would always shine my love down on them from the biggest, brightest, most beautiful star in the sky. I told them that that star shines so bright because it has all the love, hugs, kisses, smiles, and words of encouragement that I would have ever given them just saved up in the star so that whenever they need a hug, smile, kiss, love, or words of encouragement from mommy, they can always look to that beautiful bright star and know that it's all stored up in there for them. I told them to face the star, take in a deeeep breath and draw in as much of the love from mommy that they need. It'll always be there for them. To our grands and great grands, and great-great grands-- little people I will never know I can pass on a curse or a blessing. I choose to honor God and pass on a Blessing, knowing God will look over our children in my absence. Although Reg would have long since forgotten me, the children that our boys have will still be our grandchildren (mine and Reggie's) and our children's children will be our (mine and Reg's) great-grand children---- it just seems so atrocious for him to disregard the sanctity of life and family so callously. He thinks no more of this horrific disgrace in our family than he would think of a break up with a long time girlfriend.

I am a child of God and forgiveness and love is in my heart---- just as people think about what they would do if they hit a multi-million dollar lottery, it's only a thought the chances of it ever happening are very remote. Well I have thought about hating and not forgiving Reggie for all that he has failed to do in our family, and in these thoughts, I think that if I could hate or not forgive, of all the things that I could list as

unforgivable and worthy of hating him for, the only thing I would hate and not forgive him for was what he has failed to do with our children. When I first picked the children up to have them for the 10 days in Detroit, I noticed immediately that they were not always courteous, and they had been in the past. I had to remind them to say please, thank you, excuse me, proper table manners, not to initiate conversations with strangers and a multitude of other things that were already second nature to them (especially RQue because he was the oldest). They were not using proper English and full sentences to express complete thoughts... for instance if Que wanted me to button something for him, he would say, "can you do this" as opposed to "would you button this for me please." If asked to apologize to his brother for something he would say, "sorry" as opposed to "Terrence I'm sorry for...." When Que was 4 years old he had already learned to use request words such as may I, or would you to make requests. He knew the can and could words referred to a person's ability. By four and a half his major issue was sorting out when to use may and when to use would, he would sometimes say, "may you open this for me please"... then I would correct and remind him about the "m's", may is for me--- may I. The ou's are for you "would you".... he was getting it, it was so cute to watch him self correct. Now at 5 years old, he and his brother were making requests using ability words and they'd forgotten common courtesies. Que who could count by 2's, 10's, and hundred's when he was 4 had forgotten all of that. He was having trouble-doing 1+1 through 10+10, when at age four he was doing it with the greatest of ease in lines at the Wal-mart. At four and a half he was learning to do addition by adding-on, not having to start from one. For instance to add 5+4, he wouldn't have to count five and four starting with one, he could graaab the five and hold on to it reeeal tight because that's his and he know he have five---- so now just take four more and smuuush it into the five that he already have. He was getting it. He'd work out this thing in his head where he'd tap his knuckle on the table for the number he started with, then hold up a finger for the others. At age 5, he had forgotten this. Terrence is three and he can count to ten... maybe 13. He didn't recognize any letters or numbers. Just over 6 months ago, when a song came to their hearts it would be a child's song like twinkle- twinkle little star, itsy-bitsy spider or the wheels on the bus, or a Christian song like Jesus loves me, I'm in the Lord's army or this little light of mine... But now, while we were on this trip, when a song came to their heart I had to give them another song to sing. The songs that crossed their lips every time they felt like singing were hip-hop. Songs that were on this Shrek tape and some other videotape they watched. I had to let them know that I did not want them singing those songs, not while they're with me and I suggested songs for them to sing. I would tell them the songs they were singing were not appropriate for children of their ages. What's in the heart comes out the mouth and it saddened me to see that our baby boys were singing adult songs that were not a reflection of Christian values----songs that they can sing when they are teens or preteens, but not toddlers and preschoolers. Our babies are perfect and I love them, love them, love them with all my heart and soul. On day one of our trip I had to decide how I was going to deal with these regressions. I'm only going to have them for a few days so do I just allow them to neglect their common courtesies, use incomplete and improper sentences, abandon their table manners, sing hip-hop or do I correct and remind them. I decided without much contemplation that I am not going to lower my standards for our babies. I know what my expectations are for them and I will continue to expect only the best from them even if it is only for 10 days.

If I could hate, if I could not forgive Reggie, it would be for the neglect and lack of guidance he has shown our baby boys. Reggie provides food, water, shelter (necessities) and entertainment (privileges) to these boys. The school teaches them academics.... so why does he need to bother with that--- this man who wanted only the best academically for our children. He wants to put them in a position to score well on standardized exams. This man who scolded and ridiculed me for allowing RQue at age 2 to "be sitting around on the stairs playing with a horse.... he ought to be learning something" Reggie exclaimed. I tried to explain to him on several occasions that children learn through play and play is very important. He scoffed and looked at me with disgust. I told him there will be a time to focus on academics, but for now the focus should be on giving them experiences that broadens their horizons, that helps build synaptic connections that would help them process the academic information that they would be needing to retain and process. Focus on things now that can enhance their memories and stimulate both sides of the brain etc, etc, etc. He didn't want to hear it; he thought I was the worst person because I didn't make Que sit down daily and work on his academics. He accused me of not supporting his desire for his son to excel and go to a "cream of the crop" school later. I told Reg that we have the same desires for our son to excel we just have two different ways of going about it. I told Reg that you can teach a child the Pythagorean theorem, the laws of relativity, Newton's laws and anything else that you want to teach them, but if they don't have the synaptic connections that allows them to process and apply this information, then it's all meaningless. I tried to explain to him that all the things that I am introducing them to is for the purpose of stimulating the brain at this formidable time where the brain is growing most rapidly. He thought I was loony. Now Que is at a place where he should be receiving extra work at home so that he will excel in school. If his class is counting to 100, then we should be working on getting Que to count to 200. By the end of our ten days he had re-learned the counting that he had forgotten. He was counting by two's to twenty (odd and even), counting by 10's to 100, counting by 100's to 1000, and counting by 1's to 200. He wasn't doing this on day one; on day one and two he had trouble counting to 100. Que had been reading and there were several words he would know by sight because he had seen them enough. He's not doing that anymore. Reggie hounded me for years for not doing what I needed to be doing with RQue academically, now the time is here to focus on academics and he's leaving it to the school. The preparation for standardized college exams start now, not in your sophomore year of high school. It starts with the language that is used in the home and the experiences the child has in their free time. Sitting passively in front of a television set is not the answer for academic success. Driving down the road with head phones in their ears as they watch TV in the car is not the answer. The TV and radio can be turned off and the children can be working on counting, arithmetic and spelling. It's a great way to start the day going to school and a wonderful use of time on long road trips. Terrence was born premature, this time that I've not been with him is extremely critical and he will pay for it for the rest of his life---- guaranteed! Terrence was already at a disadvantage because of his pre-maturity and to compound it with the fact that all of the things that Que was offered early on when his brain was growing most rapidly has been denied to Terrence, you can bet that Terrence will struggle harder in school. He was not given the one to one time that he needed if he were going to have a chance at overcoming the disadvantages of his pre-maturity. I had all kinds of things planned that I wanted to do

with Terrence to help stimulate different areas of his brain and to help peak his interest in learning. Terrence loves music and I wanted to get him involved in the kinder music class at the community center. I had all kinds of songs and dances I wanted to do with him while I try to peak his interest in learning. Once he was old enough I wanted to enroll him in a piano or organ class. For a man that is so very concerned about the long-term academic success of his children, it seems ridiculous to keep moving towards the break up of our family. The new school year has started and there's not a day that goes pass that I not long to be home helping them with their schoolwork so that they can stay ahead in school. I want to show them how to pick up on things and give them associations to help them remember what they've learned. I want to encourage and inspire them to seek knowledge to help make learning fun for them. Especially Terrence. RQue has always shown a natural interest in learning and seeking knowledge. Terrence needs extra help to show him how much fun learning is---to focus on what he does know and praise him for that. We need to identify his weakness and do things to help strengthen his weaknesses. It's not too early to identify areas Terrence may be struggling with and help to nurture those areas. I pray to God Reggie won't let Terrence fall through the cracks and be labeled an underachiever. Terrence is very bright and he catches on to things quickly if he's interested, but if he's not interested he will tune it out quickly and move on to doing what he's interested in doing --- and more often than not, what he's interested in is not academics. Reggie should be spending time up at the boys' school and talking with the teachers. All teachers pay attention to which parents are involved and demonstrate interest in what their children are learning. Reggie has a very busy schedule, but somehow he managed to clear his calendar to make these court dates for the divorce hearing, it doesn't seem unreasonable that he would do the same to attend teacher's conferences and keep up with what's going on with the children at school. Teacher's can tell when parents are working with the children at home on the lessons taught in class. Reggie send the boys to church on Sunday and ensure that they say their prayers every night before bed it doesn't seem to matter to him that the songs that lay on their heart are not wholesome, innocent and reflective of Christian values. He is their parent and it is up to him to ensure that the church is not the only source of spiritual enrichment the boys are exposed to. If I could hate and not forgive, I could find it very easy to hate Reggie for not teaching these boys bible stories at home; for not ensuring that when they go to school and present themselves to the secular world, the message is clear that their home is special, it's filled with the love of Christ---the songs that come to the lips of babes when their hearts feel like singing are songs they learned at home reflecting family values. The job that he watched me do and criticized my every effort is now his responsibility and I'm sure he doesn't see a flaw in anything he's doing regarding these children and their welfare. All the umpteen zillion things that he criticized me for not doing when I was responsible for their daily care---- does he now criticize himself for not doing those very things that were so important to him that he tormented me daily for not doing them. Because I can't hate and I can't not forgive because I am a child of God and God is love and God forgives me and He commands me to do likewise, these were only fleeting fantasies like one would have about winning the lottery. Reggie feeding and watering the boys like plants and neglecting to "do overtime" to ensure they get more than just the basics is a great misfortune for them. He will be held accountable. There is someone willing, able, capable, and most appropriate to give these boys what they lack---- me,

they're mother. If I were in jail, on drugs, dead, or had abandoned my family then Reggie would be commended, he would have done the best he can in difficult and trying circumstances-----but that's not the case and choosing the path of least resistance (to discard the wife) cannot by any stretch of the imagination be considered doing the best he can in difficult circumstances.

I refused to allow Reggie to use the boys and me as an experiment. His "trial family", now that he's practiced being husband and father with us, he's now ready to redo a few things so now seems like a good time to discard this family and go out and get a wife several years younger with no children and start over. The boys and me would then become second best to his new family. I'm sure he would have been delighted for me to just have signed the divorce papers and be a good divorcee. It's funny how Satan will find a reason to hate no matter what the situation. Consider the two approaches to this divorce. Scenario number one: I would have stayed in the flesh and dealt with Reggie in the flesh. Agreeing to divorce him and he would have Texas Standard Possessions for child custody as ordered by the courts, but I would avenge my own injustice. We would have many, many disagreements and I would have been cold and heartless with no desire to compromise, after all, I would reason he is the one who opted for divorce so I would have no mercy. If he's working on the weekend he's due to get the boys--- too bad, so sad wait for your next time around. The scorn of a woman, anybody can tell you a woman can be possibly a thousand times more vindictive than a man. Reggie wouldn't recognize me if I dealt with him in the flesh anymore than I recognize him now. I would have been the X-wife from hell! and proud of it. I'd show him I'm no "push over". Reggie told his family time after time as we were going through this divorce that as soon as I realize that "this is real" that he is truly going to divorce me and not change his mind that I was going to turn into a witch and be really spiteful... I haven't done that, but he's certainly turned into a warlock or something worst. If I had stayed in the flesh and dealt with Reggie myself, I could understand all the anger and bitterness he has towards me today. Scenario number two: the present day situation. Putting everything in God's hands and not doing anything vindictive or spiteful. Just standing my ground and not giving up on my family. Putting my trust in God and seeking support from church and family, but even with this approach Reggie has found reasons to hate, despise and be angry with me. He turned into an evil warlock in both scenarios. As long as Satan is in the equation, there will be no peace, no matter which approach is taken. As long as Reggie allows Satan to have power over him there will be no reconciliation or peace. Why would Satan want that, that would be a victory for Christ? I should have realized something wasn't quite right with Reggie with all this superstition and stuff he believes in. Reggie has a dark side and I've seen it more than once. I don't believe in good luck, bad luck, voodoo, hocus-pocus, or any of those weird superstitions some people believe in. I believe in God and all my blessing, chastisements, and trials come from Him. Reggie on the other hand will not split a pole, walk under a ladder, he'd drive around the block ten times if a black cat crossed his path, he won't allow anyone to cross over his legs... oh it all seems so insane to me. My grandmother believed in that stuff but she was uneducated. She could write her name and that's it. But it blew me away to realize Reggie took that stuff so seriously. He would alter plans and avoid doing things on Friday the 13th. How can an educated man take that stuff so seriously. In my opinion you can't believe in God fully and without doubt if you take these superstitions seriously. Because if you believed in the true power and might of

Christ, you would know that none of those evil things could touch you because you are covered with the blood of Jesus and surrounded by God's Angels. Maybe he's right, maybe he ought to be scared and take precautions because he allows those demons to get close enough to tap him on the shoulder. Instead of being scared and taking precautions against the superstitions, he outta just get sanctified and allow God's Angels to surround him and there would be no need to worry about black cats, splitting poles or Friday the 13th, then maybe he could see clearly and know what to do regarding matters of his family.

I regret not being around to provide guidance and direction to my babies, to help mold you into the great young men that you will no doubt become. I wanted to provide you with a wealth of experiences and encourage you to be all that you can be and have fun doing it. I wanted my babies to be ready for the global world that you are growing up in and have a 2nd and possibly a third language. For Que since you had already had a good introduction to German since 5 weeks of age I was going to ensure that you did not lose that language by ensuring that the majority of the cartoons you watched were in German and once you were older I wanted to send you and your brother overseas to summer camps in Germany. I wanted us to take family ski trips to Germany maybe every other year. By continuing with the exposure to German language and culture you would have been quite fluent by the time you were an adult and if you were in business or politics this would have been a great advantage to you. I would suggest that when you take a foreign language in high school you'd take something other than German.. The German you learned is broken and informal--- in school they teach all the formal and proper conjugations ect and the German you learned at home would not benefit you in school. It may make it harder for you to learn because you would want to draw on your experiences with speaking it to answer the questions as opposed to the textbook answer. But you can decide for yourself after talking to the teacher or auditing a few classes. Once you get to high school you know you will have to protect your GPA, so you'll have to decide if taking German will benefit you or not.

For Terrence, you were born in Germany so I expect you would learn the language of your birthplace along with your brother, but I wanted you in addition to German to learn Japanese. Languages come natural for children and you would pick up Japanese if you were exposed to it enough. I would have learned it with you and we would have gotten you tapes and cartoons in Japanese. I would have sought out Japanese experiences or classes in the community for you to attend. I wanted you to learn Japanese because it is a complex language and I think that you could benefit from the complexity of the language and the additional stimulation to you'd get utilizing both sides of your brain with learning to recognize the symbols of that culture. Additionally in the world market Japan is fertile ground for trade and investment and I'd expect that by the time you boys are graduating from college and entering into the work force Japan will be a force to be reckoned with and you would have a great advantage over your colleagues if you could speak Japanese. This is all ideal and I know we don't live in a World where the ideal becomes a reality in it's entirety, so I would expect that you boys would get a decent amount of exposure to foreign languages, but I wouldn't be able to immerse you like I would want to. My main focus would be to ensure you stay ahead of what you're learning in class and to provide additional experiences for you all that you won't get in school that will help you all to become well rounded and able to do well on your

standardized exams. I would seek opportunities to have foreign exchange students living with us whenever possible.

I've always heard people say that God has given us all special gifts.... I never knew what my special gift was. I always thought I didn't have one. It wasn't until this past year that I realized that I think my special gift is the ability and desire to acquire languages. When I was in Hawaii for 4 months I started learning Japanese and I had picked up several words and phrases and realize now that if I had stayed there for a tour (3-4yrs) I may have picked up a good conversational knowledge of the language. When we landed in Germany in 1997 I did not know a word of German, by the time our tour was over (3yrs) I had a basic everyday understanding and conversational fluency in the language. When I was in middle school I was immersed in Spanish for my 7th grade history classes. My Spanish teacher Senor Dizenzo realized that I was more advanced in Spanish than the others that were taking his Spanish class, so he had me placed in the history class with the English as a second language (ESL) children. The class was taught in Spanish, everything I learned about history in the 7th grade was given to me in Spanish. This school I went to was Pennsylvania Advancement School (PAS), it was not uncommon for them to take children that excelled in an area and placed them in a class where they were more challenged (for that particular subject). This school wasn't just for anybody; you had to have good grades to get into this school. I remember lots of special things about PAS, one of the things I remember is that for our 8th grade art class we each had to make a cartoon. We had to write the story, draw the pictures, film the pictures frame by frame, and then show our cartoon to the class. We had to work in-groups when it was time to give voices to the characters. My cartoon was about a friendly space invader that had landed on Earth to see what it was like to be an Earthling. After this project I had a new-found appreciation for cartoons. As an adult living in San Antonio when I worked at the hospital and patients came in who did not speak English, I would communicate with them in Spanish, I would even interpret for some of the other nurses. Once I left San Antonio I did not use it anymore and I forgot a lot of it, though I know it would be very easy for me to pick up again if I ever go any place where I would need to speak it. I started playing around with sign language as a child, me and my oldest sister would fingerspell words to one another all the time, that fad went away and I had forgotten all about sign language until I was in college and I took it up again. I volunteered at a school for the hearing impaired and became pretty fluent with it. When I moved to Killeen in 1995 the church I was attending had a sign ministry, I became a part of that discipline. I started out by only signing the worship and praise songs, and then eventually I began signing the entire worship service from start to finish. I was very fluent at American Sign Language. In San Antonio there was this cable service called the silent network and you could watch television programming in American Sign Language. Watching the silent network helped to improve my receptive skills. I was very disappointed when I came to Killeen and couldn't subscribe to the silent network. I played around with Braille too while I was in college, I used to know all of the Braille alphabet and numbers and could read short sentences. Reggie ridiculed me time and time again while we were in Germany and I was learning German and using it at home. I didn't realize it then, but what I would say to Reggie now is that if God gives you a gift, the natural thing to want to do is share that gift with your children (and spouse). If it turns out that they are not interested they will lose it down the line. What is your special gift....

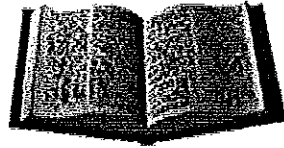


maybe you don't know what it is, but I bet when you find out what it is you will want to share it with your children and possibly your wife.

Baby boys I miss you so much and look forward to a time in a better place where we will all be together again. I love you both so very, very much----- many, many kisses my precious men... I know you have grown and are big, strong, handsome young men but you will always be my baby boys. I love you. Always, more than words could ever express---Mommy.

## HOW DOES GOD FEEL ABOUT MARRIAGE, DIVORCE, ADULTERY AND THE DESTRUCTION OF A FAMILY?

*Let's Ask Him...*



*"If a man commits adultery with another man's wife-with the wife of his neighbor- both the adulterer and the adulteress must be put to death."*

*Leviticus 20:10*

### How does God really feel about adultery and divorce?

God feels that both the adulterer and the adulteress should be put to death. Apparently in God's eyes they have committed a sin so bad that they should reap the same reward as a murderer.

Does this seem to be a bit extreme?

Perhaps it is because we do not treat adultery as a capital crime, that it is able to destroy so many lives today. Just a thought.

In *Leviticus* God handed down many laws to the Levites. The Levites were God's priests or holy men. These laws, rules, and penalties were intended to assist God's holy people, the Israelites, to live as holy people.

One statement God uses throughout this book is "*Be holy, because I am holy.*"

Many of the laws God handed down in *Leviticus* were to aid his people in handling every day problems such as cleanliness. We find that over, and over again God's people were saved from plagues and diseases that claimed the lives of their adversaries. This was due to the fact that God's laws were intended to protect not deny. The men and women who followed God's laws were protected and saved. On the other hand, those who thought the law foolish, perished for their lack of obedience.

Adultery is an act of unfaithfulness in marriage. It is when the husband or wife voluntarily has sexual intercourse with a person other than their spouse. It is when one partner of the divine human relationship not only breaks their commitment to that partner, but breaks their commitment to God himself.

In *Matthew 19:4* Jesus explains that adultery is the only reason why God would allow one spouse to divorce another, however He points out that it is only because of man's hard heart that this is so, moreover that God did not intend for divorce to ever be an option.

Jesus points this out when he states in *Matthew*:

*"Haven't you read," he replied, "that at the beginning the Creator 'made them male and female, and said, 'For this reason a man will leave his father and mother and be*

*united to his wife, and the two will become one flesh? So they are no longer two, but one. Therefore what God has joined together, let man not separate."*

*"Why then, they asked, "did Moses command that a man give his wife a certificate of divorce and send her away?" Jesus replied, "Moses permitted you to divorce your wives because your hearts were hard. However, it was not this way from the beginning. I tell you that anyone who divorces his wife, except for marital unfaithfulness, and marries another woman commits adultery."*

Jesus is stressing that from the beginning divorce was not an option for God's people. He also seemed to be displeased that the question would need to be asked. That is why His reply began with: "Haven't you read."

I believe that Moses gave his people this loophole because God himself divorced the chosen people for the adultery they committed with other gods.

Jesus also points out in *Matthew 15:19* that adultery is first committed in the heart long before the body becomes disgraced.

*"For out of the heart come evil thoughts, murder, adultery, sexual immorality, theft, false testimony, slander. These are what make a man unclean; but eating with unwashed hands does not make him unclean."*

Then in *Matthew 5:27* Jesus says:

*"You have heard that it was said, 'Do not commit adultery.' But I tell you that anyone who looks at a man or woman lustfully has already committed adultery with them in their heart. If your right eye causes you to sin, gouge it out and throw it away. It is better for you to lose one part of your body than for your whole body to be thrown into hell. And if your right hand causes you to sin, cut it off and throw it away. It is better for you to lose one part of your body than for your whole body to go into hell."*

If we literally followed this suggestion by Jesus, I fear that our world would be full of severely handicapped people who just might have saved their souls from damnation. How many people would be walking around without?

EYES

HANDS

TONGUES

BRAINS

AND VERY FEW MEN WOULD STILL REQUIRE ZIPPERS

Jesus is warning us to eliminate completely, any part of ourselves that might cause a complete separation from God. His conclusion was that:

**ANYTHING IS BETTER THAN GOING TO HELL FOR ALL OF ETERNITY.**

The institution of marriage is God's most holy and sacred bond between two people. It is the metaphor used to describe the relationship between Jesus Christ and his Church.

So, would this law of Moses indicate that Jesus Christ could divorce his church for the act of adultery? Taken one step further, if anyone in His Church even thought about:

Serving other gods (cars, homes, jobs, wealth, etc)

Committing their lives to other saviors ( religions, people, science, self )

Communing with Satan ( the world, false profits, phisic friends, astrology )

then Jesus would have the God given right to divorce them for loving another.

In this day and age, where people with genuine commitment and conviction are rare, this loophole could force Jesus to remain single. There seem to be few people in this generation that would ever commit to him completely and totally. However, they might

consider living with Jesus for a time. See if it works out, find out weather or not they are compatible before making a commitment.

However, as many Christians discover along the way, if they do not make a total commitment to Christ, then it will be very difficult for them to withstand the lustful nature of their heart. Jesus says in *Revelation 3:15*

*"I know your deeds, that you are neither cold nor hot. I wish you were one or the other! So, because you are lukewarm- neither hot nor cold- I am about to spit you out of my mouth."* A more accurate translation says *"I will vomit you from my mouth"*

So there will come a time when Jesus Christ will divorce those who have committed adultery against him, and in that violent act associated with being cast out into outer darkness, the divorce will be final. There will be no appeal, no alimony, no child support, or reconciliation.

However, the good news is that if we repent of that sin, divorce. That He will no longer count it against us, we will be forgiven and enjoy all the fruits of marriage with the ultimate spouse, Jesus Christ himself. The tricky word there is REPENT.

In the Hebrew the word repent represents much more than mere asking for forgiveness. You must never commit that sin again, your single goal in life would be to never willfully lust for, or be with anybody other than your spouse, both earthly and Heavenly.

*Hebrews 10:26*

*"For if we deliberately keep on sinning after we have received the knowledge of the truth, no sacrifice for our sins is left, but only a fearful expectation of judgment and of raging fire that will consume the enemies of God."*

Wow, you could go from being the spouse and joint heirs in all of eternity and heaven, to being an ENEMY OF GOD. An enemy of God is not a good thing to be, even if you are not best friends with God today, perhaps not even on speaking terms, do not become His ENEMY.

In our world today, most everyone who commits adultery becomes the ENEMY of their spouse. While it is true that both God and man consider this sin to be the ultimate betrayal, Jesus says that if we will REPENT of this sin and commit it no more, in nether mind or body, that we are forgiven and can be best friends again. For a man of god, this act of forgiveness offered by Jesus, holds a special meaning.

In the book of Ephesians we are told how we are to love our wives. *Ephesians 5:25*

*"Husbands love your wives, just as Christ loved the church and gave himself up for her to make her holy, cleansing her by the washing with water through the word, and to present her to himself as a radiant church, without stain or wrinkle or any other blemish, but holy and blameless. In this same way, husbands ought to love their wives as their own bodies. He who loves his wife loves himself."*

This passage commands that as Christ forgives us for our adultery, we must forgive our wives for theirs. We are not permitted to divorce them, unless as Christ makes very clear in his word, they continue in their sin. At that point there remains no more sacrifice for those sins. It is then that we are permitted to vomit them from our lives.

Now, in the case of an unbelieving wife, a woman who does not know Christ as her Lord and Savior. The burden rests with the man who married her. You did this out of Gods circle of truth and became unequally yoked, what did you expect would happen?

You must be patient and pray for your spouse. You must love her and always show her the example of Christ who lives in you. You are between a rock and a hard place, the rock being your emotions, and the hard place your patience and faith in God.

So then, are we to conclude that God still requires us dead for the sin of adultery? Yes he does. The man or woman who commits adultery must be put to death. God said it and we know that God is the same yesterday, today, and forever.

However, it is not physical death that God requires as payment for this sin. Moreover, it is the death of our old adulterous nature that will bring us back from the depths of hell.

In the Old Testament Jesus Christ, the awaited Messiah, had not yet come to man, there was no rebirth through grace. Therefore the adulterer or the adulterous would have to be put to death for their sin against God. It would not be until Jesus Christ would offer those dead sinners the gift of salvation and rebirth in Abraham's Bosom, that they could enjoy his forgiveness. In *John 3:3* Jesus declares,

*"I tell you the truth, no one can see the kingdom of God unless he is born again."*

The man or woman who has committed adultery must be put to death before a rebirth can occur. Luckily for us, that death is referring to our spiritual death, not our physical death.

When we truly repent and ask Jesus Christ to become our Lord and Savior, God destroys the old nature man or woman, and renews in our heart a right and new spirit.

It is then that we are reborn a new creature with a new nature, having our old nature pass away. It is the sacrifice offered on the cross at Calvary, that feeds and nourishes our new spirit. However, it is possible for us to willfully sin and have that sacrifice taken away, leaving in its wake nothing but hell and damnation. If we do not feed and nourish our new nature, then it will die off spiritually and be nourished by the flesh. Never forget:

*"For God so loved the world that he gave his one and only Son, that whoever believes in him shall not perish but have eternal life. For God did not send his Son into the world to condemn the world, but to save the world through him." John 3:16*

However, for those of you who did forget, God has prepared a special place for you too.

## A WORD FROM THE AUTHOR

I've gotten to know Deidre Singleton through the course of helping her put together this book for her sons. There is no doubt in my mind that she is a very special woman, one any man would be happy, proud and very fortunate to share their life with. My prayer is that in some way Deidre's book will touch that part of you that still clings to the Holy Spirit and still listens to the Word of God.

In a world full of hate, self-indulgence, and depravity, the only true morale compass for a Christian to follow is the Word of God. Now I realize we all make mistakes in our lives, and we all fall short of what God has called us to do; but the good news is...it's never too late to repent and turn our morale heading back in God's direction again.

To Mr. Reginald Singleton. Sir, I don't know you and will most likely never meet you. You sound like a good man who has made some very poor decisions in your life. I'm speaking to you now as one man to another, one Christian to another. Believe it or not, you and I have a few things in common. I spent many years developing my own businesses and writing on the side. Since my business took off and began making me millions of dollars a year, I pulled back from my writing in pursuit of the all mighty dollar. As a very ambitious male myself, I had a tendency to become controlling and manipulative...it seems to go with the territory. Once a strong Christian man, my moral compass had become obscured in the face of wealth, ego and an unwillingness to turn away from such things and back toward God. It's interesting how God will allow us to suffer many tragedies in our lives in an attempt to pull us back from the pits of hell.

I was making over 3 million dollars a year, had everything I thought I wanted, and still there was a tremendous void in my life. After years of filling my time with new houses, fast cars and new boats, I finally fell to my face and asked God to once again draw close to me. It's a misconception that we draw close to God, or that we decide one day that we'll get our lives together. The truth is, unless God is calling us, we don't have the ability to call on him...but we do have the ability to reject His voice.

Reggie, open up the Word of God and read. Ask God for guidance and pray that your eyes will be opened. You have two beautiful little sons and a wife who need you. God places all the responsibility of that on your shoulders. When a man's heart has been hardened, it is only his prayer that will command God's attention and bring him back from oblivion. The fiery darts of Satan take on many forms; however, the bottom line is to first destroy the relationship between you and God. Next to destroy the relationship between you and your wife, and finally to destroy your family. It happens every day, Reggie. Your family needs you and God is calling you. What will you do?

"Husbands, likewise, dwell with them with understanding, giving honor to the wife, as to the weaker vessel, and as being heirs together of the grace of life, that your prayers may not be hindered." 1st Peter 3:7

Having those prayers hindered is a major issue with God. Here we are being warned to do what God has commanded or suffer the outcome. I guarantee you, Reg, there will be major dues to pay for a Christian who talks the talk, but doesn't walk the walk.

"Not everyone who says to Me, 'Lord, Lord,' shall enter the kingdom of heaven, but he who does the will of My Father in Heaven." Matthew 7:21

The road that leads to destruction is wide indeed. Not only is it wide, it's all down hill and easily traveled. There is a reason Christ warned us about traveling this wide road, it's because His prayer is that none shall be lost, not one.

"Strive to enter through the narrow gate, for many, I say to you, will seek to enter and will not be able." Luke 13: 24

The Word of God is not meant to be a club, pounding threats of hell and damnation into a person until they can't stand it anymore. The Word of God is just that. THE WORD OF GOD. It's what God has to say to you personally. For a true man of God...one that believes God's word and strives to follow His commandments, divorce is not an option. My prayer is that your eyes are opened and your heart is softened before you do the one thing that God hates...DIVORCE. Save your family, save yourself, and someday God will say, "Well done good and faithful servant."