

Intro- You knew me before anyone else, life's journey. Before I was in my mother's womb.

The baby bag at the door or never packed? Was it a plan or plot? He knew me before I was in my mother's womb.

So many thoughts of the days leading to my arrival. What was going through your mind. Did you wonder what I would look like. Whether I was to be a girl or boy? How about the outfit that I would come home in. All of those things are so very important to a mother. We spend hours on the night outfit. Oh and we can't forget the car seat! Everything must be just right! Did we paint the room, get the crib or bassinet in those days? What theme will we go with? Wow, can't wait to bring you home and begin to the life long journey as your mother and anticipate that first day you call me mommy. Oh boy I can't wait.

Ok, I'm here!!! I'm a girl, beautiful. Just like you wanted and expected. Right??? My hair is full and I came out perfect. Waiting to meet you as much as you want to meet me. Are you ready for our life long journey together? I can't wait to learn from you. For you to comb my hair and dress. All my pretty dresses, with ruffled socks and my shiny patent leather shoes. My first steps, my first words, my first smile at you. All of it should be great, won't it!!!

What are you thinking about now? It's almost time to leave the hospital and go home. They want to take my baby pictures so you will always be able to remember the process and how I've grown. Also so you can start my personal baby book that we can look back on and smile and

show all of your future grands. So you can look at all your children, my siblings, and we can see how much we favor each other even look like you.

Oh the nurse is here to check us out and it appears that you're leaving to go home and I'm not. Oh I know, you didn't quite get everything ready so you're going ahead to finish up. While I stay a few more days so everything is just right and then you will come back with my beautiful new car seat to take me to my beautiful new room. So I can rest in my crib for the coming journey and new life together. We must unpack my baby bag and place everything nice and neat in the draws so we know where everything is. Ok there has been a few days now and I'm looking and crying like wolves do for their mother. Wondering am I continuing on the bottle or will you breastfeed me for better nutrition and if so we can get to know each other better. I keep seeing these nurses but I don't see you. Where are you?

Ok so it's clear now, you're not coming and I don't know why. I'm still hoping but my bags are still packed and I don't have anywhere to go it seems and no one to go with....this my birthplace and residence too?

Wow, I'm feeling like I'm lost and what I thought was all new beginnings it's beginning to look a little foggy. I'm feeling a bit abandoned and unloved. I thought you saw me as your your cute little girl that you couldn't wait to take home and do my hair. Put me in my new crib so you could come in throughout the day and watch me sleep, change me and feed me. Was that all a dream? Am I living in a nightmare? Did you forget the 9 months we spent together?

I thought the pain you just went through and the hours you went through. It was for us to be together not to be apart?

How about you God, you said you knew me before I entered my mother's womb. Did you forget you put me there and the purpose of the placement? Wow, did you both get amnesia at the same time. What about me? Do I have any say so in this process? So, please somebody tell me, what happens now? This can't be the norm, mothers leave with their babies not without them? Don't they?

## Chapter One

### In the beginning- The Blurry Years

The new moments and years are a complete blur. Not sure about what really happened in the beginning. From there or who I was released to go home with. One part is I was in a foster home for a bit and the lady was never mean to me. **One story,** is a lady who had a daughter, lost her daughter to still-birth and she saw me and figured. It was love at first sight. I just don't know what the truth of it all is so I guess I gotta just go with where I ended up as the beginning make about 3yr old or possibly 4. And move from there and pray it works out well and I can begin to unpack my bags and begin to live life's journey after it already began. A little blurry and a bit rough.

Who am I ? Where am I ? Feeling like a foreigner, wondering in a foreign land.

Ok God, I guess we will start here in a colonial home at about 4 yrs old in a colonial home in a small town called Lakeview, located in Long Island, NY. Looks like you have placed me with a

father and a mother. Who were born in Harlem, NY and who migrated to Queens, NY. Let's say it's EL and AL. They seem to be pretty nice and they have a son. Let's say K. He was apparently here before I arrived and I sure hope his arrival was better than mine. Ok a big brother it is, just make sure he can appreciate me being here and we can learn this thing called life together.

Years. Passing, growing up with so many family members. A lot that left last impressions and taught me great morals and value, traditions, and so much more. With all of the good times and remembering big Christmas dinners at my grandmas house and sitting on the couch being forbidden to move with my cousins. Going to my aunties house and feeling like that was my second home. My first job at the summer camp, brownies, girl scouts, church bus trips, neighbors, shopping, bike riding and skating with friends, kickball, hide and seek, family time, cousins, and all.

Family barbeques, swings, school dances, writing poetry, sleepovers, and can't forget the

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With all of those great things never forget any of it. I always felt like a child who was missing something a little girl that had the good life. But was still in search of the part it that was still left in my baby bag. Somewhere, somewhere between the house and the ride to the hospital and then the ride from there.

There will be a time in our journey of life that we will run into a packed bag of pain. Pain will introduce itself to us as if it's called to be your BFF. The relationship with pain is only meant to be embraced as a push to move you from where you are currently positioned. It's where through life's canal to life's purpose.

My pain traveled with me to places that had me question my very being ( existence ) It caused me to stop in on the bitterness, anger, and lust and so many other places. On a mapped out journey that stops were purposely and some were self-inflicted due to poor choices and decisions.

Self-inflicted pain is pain, one brings on themselves.

What is pain? Pain is described as a distressing feeling often caused by intense or damaging stimuli.

Many times God will allow certain pain pauses to push you into deep places that will force you to dig up from the root painful places that will later in life produce you the product and use your position you but to purpose you.

No one could have told me this years ago that my being adopted would ever be used for anything other than the pain it caused me as a child. All I remember is the many days I would