

Grieving Journal

Presented by Widler Pierre

Presented to Dr. Wanda and Ron Walborn, and Staff.

The Story of a Sewing Machine

Characters

- Ms. Flavie René is my dear lovely mom whom I love so much. She is my superhero.
- Mr. Wrong is my dear father. If he were to be here today. I would just take him to places and do some crazy guy things together. I would tell him I love him, and I would hope he would be proud of me.
- The Sewing Machine
- Brunia Louis, my teacher
- The Sister, catholic school principal
- Uncle, my father's brother

The Story of a Sewing Machine

The machine was gifted by an adopted father of Ms. Flavie. She learned how to sew at a young age but did not start using her talent to survive until her mother died. She left behind a son about Ms. Flavie's age and he was younger. She also left behind a daughter and she was a year old. As she was gifted the sewing machine, she started striving to make ends meet just so she could provide for her younger brother and sister. She is such a brilliant woman, devoted to serve God in almost all areas of the church she was part of. As she gets older, her biological clock starts ticking and she begins to worry about whether she would ever have a family.

All was well until she met Mr. Wrong. Mr. Wrong tried to talk to her, and she responded saying something she should have never said. Mr. Wrong memorized what she said to him as he continued to pursue her. Ms. Flavie gave in and they had sex. However, while they were having sex; Mr. Wrong stated: "Am I not in your league now?" Which was the statement Ms. Flavie made when they first met.

Unfortunately, it was the last time they were together. Ms. Flavie got pregnant and she found out; she went to inform him, and he said: "This child in your belly is not mine, and you have to abort him." When she realized what Mr. Wrong was really saying, she broke down. Things were tough, and nearly nobody was there to help her out. At the church she was serving, once the elders realized she was pregnant, one of them stated: "I would have preferred bailing you out for robbery instead of seeing you in this situation right now. Not only you are not married, but your child has no father."

She struggled financially then because she was not working. Going from friends to friends' places to live for a week or two. She finally had me, and it was a joyful moment for her as she saw her little boy. Holding her little boy is the best thing that ever happened to her she would say. Mr. Wrong's mother actually gave some of her blood to drink because she wanted to test whether or not I was Mr. wrong's son. It is the custom to test if people belong to the same bloodline. Apparently, if I was not Mr. Wrong's son, I would have died.

Ms. Flavie stopped going to church as her environment consisted of two things mainly: God, her little boy and her sewing machine. At times, God and her sewing machine would overlap. I remember she would say things like the following: "my sewing machine is everything to me." Interestingly, she would send me to church every Sunday, but she would not go.

Because we did not have much, we resided in a neighborhood we could afford living in. So, at a younger age, I was exposed to a lot of things a young boy should not have been exposed to. I was exposed to sexual intercourse in the neighborhood, physical and verbal abuse on children, women. I would hear about so many crazy stories of children and women being sexually abused, and it would happen so often that it had then become the norm. There was no surprise anymore and as a young boy I was desensitized to a lot of things.

The sewing machine was still going on and at times I could hear its voice stating that it needs a break. Growing up without a father was frustrating, I never knew what was going on back then. I could tell my family was different because there was no male presence in my family unlike other families that I see, so I started asking questions. Unfortunately, those questions would bring frustrations to Ms. Flavie's thought; and, instead of getting answers, I would then

get punished for asking certain questions. She then gave me two fathers and as an innocent boy, I embrace my two fathers with so much joy and pride.

My two fathers then were God and the Sewing Machine. After Ms. Flavie had decided to tell me what happened with my father as she did not go into details at the time; the narrative was my father does not need me and did not want me to exist because he wanted my mother to abort me. Fair enough of an explanation, right? At school, when asked about my family, I would stand proudly and say: My mother's name is Ms. Flavie René, and my fathers are: God and her Sewing Machine. I remember being given notes to request the presence of my mother at school just so she could explain my response when asked about my family.

Part of me always wanted to ask her why I had to adopt the two fathers she had told me about. At a certain age around 5-8, there was a rumor that my father was going to take me away from her. So, she would bring to school and pick me up; but at the time, not only that I was old enough to get to the school by myself, the school was not too far from our house either. Around that age, I began to be more aware of people using drugs and alcohol and I saw plenty of damages. I saw kids I was growing up with using drugs and alcohol and more importantly, I was able to see their lives taken away from them. There were two who were dying, being mentally ill and those who were just destroyed.

Ms. Flavie was always strict, even too strict at times. While she tried her best to play the roles of a dad and mom at the same time, she did her best. Around 7 or 8 years old, I began to develop a different thinking. The Sewing Machine was not my father anymore, it then became my mother and God. The day I turned 9 years old, that was the day for the first time in my entirely I got to meet my father. It was strange meeting somebody who is supposedly my father

for the very first time, while he was living in the city I was living at the time. I did not know how to process being around him, so I just thinking the whole time: How are you my father? How come I am meeting you today? Where have you been all my life? Do you know that the Sewing Machine and God are my fathers? Have you not thought of me until today? Do you know how much Ms. Flavie and I suffered? How come you were never there to protect me?

I did not have any answers, so I rejected him. I remember seeing him for a whole month and then he disappeared again, and the thing is, he was never there. So, it was much of a problem for me because I had then become closer to my two fathers ever, God and the Sewing Machine. When I made mistakes or disobeyed my mother, it was always the idea of her crying because she is doing her best with me alone and I do not understand that I have a supposed father who does not care about me. At the age of 10-11, I became more aware of how important that Mr. Wrong was to other people financially and politically, but I was not important to him. I found out how much of a freedom he had financially, while Ms. Flavie and I were struggling. So, it became frustrating for both us knowing that my father is changing the lives of other people but did not want to make a difference in my life as his own.

At 12 years old, I went to school without my homework. My teacher at the time, Ms. Brunia Louis knew my mother. And, she wanted to stop whatever it is that was the problem preventing me from having my homework done because that was unusual to her. So, she sent me to back home to request the presence of my mother just so she could find out why I was not doing my homework. Ms. Flavie, my dear mother is such a strict person. I knew what was awaiting me at home if I dare to go back and tell her that I am here to request her presence at the school because I did not do my homework.

So, I spent about three days pretending going to school as I kill the time in one of the school buses that was parked by the school. Unfortunately, because of the Sewing of Machine, lots of people knew my mother and me. So, a lady recognized me, and she told my mother that I was not going to school. As I am enjoying life in the bus with a kid that was late, my mother popped in the bus and my heart almost stopped. She made her way to the school and I followed her. We did not talk at all and after all it was a good idea not to talk to her. I went to catholic schools and we had to talk to the sister. When I finally got a chance to talk to the sister, I told the sister that I could not return to live with my mother. I also told her, the best decision is to go live with my father. If I remember correctly, that was the first time I ever acknowledged Mr. Wrong as my father. They send for him and he came; the matter was settled, and I went to live with him. I was thinking I was smart enough to escape what was awaiting me at my mother's home.

The following are the darkest times of my life:

I then went to live with my father and my stepmother. I had a little brother who was about 2 years old at the time and I had so much love for him. He was autistic and he and I had a fraternal bond that was strong. Although, my stepmother could never see that. And, I would get into trouble for the slightest mistakes I did regarding Josué (Joshua), my little brother.

There is a saying in my culture that goes as follows: "running away from rivers can sometimes lead you to the ocean." I did not what I was doing, and I went through hell for the next three years of my life. Around those three years, between the age 12-15, I have taken so many beatings that I have even forgotten about some. I have gotten furniture broken on me, and I remember being punched so hard that I would get headache. I cry

myself to sleep almost every night, and still today I don't know how I pass my school classes. School became the best place for me as kid, I would enjoy to the fullest at school because that was my escape place to abuse.

I then discovered pornography and I was sunk into it deeply. I discovered sex, masturbation and I remember early on; I had homosexual interactions with other young boys. I also had sex with girls around my age and older than me. I was ashamed and I was in a bad place. I wanted to go to church but I was denied to. I remember at times, I was praying to the Lord telling Him, this would be the last time I masturbate, yet I would do it another time, another time and another time. I did not know how to stop. I remember connecting all the beating I would get from my father to my sexual sins. At the time, the beatings became so regular that I would just masturbate and wait for a beating. Because the beatings I was getting became the consequences of my sexual sins.

I remember saying that God does not love and that I would go to hell. I also remember thinking about taking my life away but all the times I would think of that, an image of my mother would just pop up in my head. During those three years, I was not allowed to see my mother. She got married and I could not go to the wedding. Things got so complicated that I was not even sure there was a God on this earth. The only possible way to get to see my mother was at school. I remember it was such a joy to see her. Unfortunately, Mr. Wrong found out that I had been seeing my mother. I was then in trouble. And yes, I took beatings just because I was my mother.

I was main caretaker of the house. If I was prince at my mother's house, I became a slave at Mr. Wrong's house then. If I were not to wake up early enough just so I can go

fetch water, get the house ready, I would be wakened up to a beating. I truly wish I had an alarm back then. I became angry at myself because of my sins, and I became angry at my stepmother and Mr. Wrong. I was not afraid of taking a beating anymore, it was almost like I enjoyed it and wanted to show Mr. Wrong that I was man enough to endure his beating. My behavior made him mad so he would go harder and harder, and I had developed some sort of resistance ability to beatings. He then tried different techniques to outwork my abilities by kicking me, punching me, using other objects to beat me up.

I then became tired of him treating me that way. I remember his last beating ever. Ms. Flavie was not doing well financially, and Mr. Wrong wanted her to help with school. So, I contacted my uncle to help me out. When Mr. Wrong found out that my uncle helped me. Mr. Wrong got mad and wanted to give me a historic beating with a wooden board in front of my other uncle. I was the kid to treat people with respect and I was always said hi to the neighbors. So, as he started beating me, people came from all over to help me. I was taken away from him. That day, he had to go to work. I then decided that I am not taking those beatings anymore and whether my mother can send me to school, I am not staying at Mr. Wrong's house anymore. As I was getting my stuff out of the house, my stepmother called him and informed him about me leaving the house. He came and caught me by my shirt and started to punch. I then started to punch him. Yes, never in my life I would expect being in a fight with any of my parents. I actually wanted to kill him. I wanted to fight so bad that even after I was restrained by other people, I wanted to go after him. I had noticed that he calmed down a bit.

I pray I never ever got as mad as I was at the time I decided to fight my Mr. Wrong.

That day, I went to my mother's and I broke down. She was able to see blood on me and I was beaten so bad that day. Immediately after seeing me she said: "this would be the last day you spend at Wilbert's house." We then proceeded to get to Mr. Wrong's house so we could take my stuff and come to where I belong which is my mother's house. Mr. Wrong, in our meeting with him, he said: "As soon as Widler goes past my barrier today, I will go to the court office and claim he is not my son anymore." That was the most joyful thing Mr. Wrong could have said at the time. We left, and that night I was happy that I did not sleep a wink.

The Sewing Machine then resurfaced as my father. From the age of 15-18, I went back to church. I got baptized and while I was still struggling with masturbation and fornication, I was aware of God's grace for my life and I was not bitter at God anymore. During those years, my little brother died, and I did not get to go to his funeral. There were days I would think of him and reminisce the times we had spent together because we were such good friends. As much as I hated his mother, I could not hate him.

During those years, it was then the idea of striving to glorify and honor God through everything I did. However, I never got to speak with Mr. Wrong again. I would see him and act like I don't know him. Mr. Wrong then became very sick and he died a few days before I turned 20 years. He died February 7th, 2013.

Before Mr. Wrong died, I had vowed that God allows him to live just so I can take care of him. I wanted to make him feel regretful when he looks at me because I am the one who is there for him. In the process of my mother and I taking care of him at the hospital, a lady asked him about us two and he said: "This young man is my son, and this lady is my baby." And I remember seeing him all teared up and after saying that. So, I decided not to see the Sewing

Machine as my father anymore. It even gave a different perspective after I found out that he was using drugs when I lived with him. However, the forgiving process was hard for me because I had asked him the rumor of a sister I had. He responded negatively about the rumor. The day before I came to the US, I found my sister and she looks exactly like me. She is now a beautiful young lady who is 12 years, and she called uncle the first time we met.

I struggled with the fact that he told me that he did not have another child when it comes to forgiving him, but I was encouraged by the standards I should get from somebody who was days away from death and used drugs a lot. After his death, I came out of the illusion bubble that a Sewing Machine could be my father. And it was good to finally accept the fact my father is a Sewing Machine, and that through everything I went through, the Lord was forging me into the person I strive to be today. I have dreamed of being a father a countless amount of times, and I am so excited to be the father God has called me to be for my children.