

Personal and Family Inventory

Soul Care

SF770

Dr. Reimer

Jennifer Soto

Spring 2020

ATS/NY City

03/10/20

On Friday morning May 16th, 1986 in Bridgeport Connecticut, my father murdered my mother by asphyxiation leaving three young children. I was nine years old; my brother was seven years old, and my sister was eleven months old. My father picked us up from school that afternoon with our baby sister, which was very weird because my mother had a routine on Friday's. She would pick my brother and I from school, and then she would take us to my brother's appointment to his therapist, and after we would go to McDonald's. That day when we asked my father "Where is mom?" "He said to us your mother left because she didn't want you guys anymore and you guys will be going to Puerto Rico to live with your aunt."

We arrived home and the door to our mother's room was closed, my brother and I tried to open the door to see if she was there, in which time he pushed us away so we cannot open the door. "He told us to pack some clothes, because we were going to our babysitter." We arrived at her home and she asked my father, "Where is their mother?" and he said, "She left them because she didn't want them anymore." The elderly babysitter said, "She would not leave them because she love them too much." And he said, "They are going to live with my sister in Puerto Rico." He left us there until late that night, when the police knocked on the door and informed the babysitter, "that they were there to pick us up because my father confessed to murdering my mother."

That night all three of us were removed from her home and taken to the precinct for questioning. After they spoke to us, we were taken and placed in foster care for the weekend, because our maternal grandmother lived in NYC. My sister was separated from my brother and I; she was placed in a different foster care home for babies. My brother and I was placed in the same place. I remember the foster care parents were and

elderly couple, and I also remember suffering sexual abuse at 9 years old, by the husband; he said to me, "Don't tell anybody."

On Monday May 19, 1986 our maternal grandmother was granted emergency custody of us, and in which time we came here to NYC to live with them. My maternal family were of Catholic religion. My brother and I suffered a lot of emotional, mental and physical abuse by my aunt and grandmother. They said that we had my father's dirty blood and they cursed us. They really didn't care much for us, the only reason I believe they took custody of us was more for financial gain, and so our paternal family would not have custody. I also endured a lot of sexual abuse by three of my aunt's husbands.

My mother's body was taken to the Dominican Republic, because my grandfather wanted her body over there with him. Me as the elder daughter was taken to the over there for the wake and burial, my brother and sister stayed in NYC. I remember during my mother's wake in the Dominican Republic, while my mother's casket was in the living room and the house was full of people crying and visiting the home. I went to one of the rooms, and there I was sexually abused by one of my aunt's husband who lived over there in the Dominican Republic. I was unable to go to the burial site, because I could not breathe looking back now, I believe that was the first episode of a panic attack.

As a child my maternal family talked about my father's life history, they said that my paternal grandfather murdered my grandmother while she was pregnant. My maternal family always emphasized to us that we were not wanted by anyone, specifically by paternal side. As children and adolescents, we had no contact with my paternal family. Not long after that I remember my maternal sending my brother and I to a boarding school in the Dominican Republic, we stayed there for a couple of months. I

remember for the Christmas break we were picked up and brought to our grandfather's home. My brother and I were not fluent in the Spanish speaking language, so we had a difficult time. We also was not a customized to the culture and food, so we didn't eat much. When my grandfather saw me, and notice I was very skinny and malnutrition. He called a doctor to visit me at home and was placed on IV fluids.

My maternal grandfather called my grandmother and aunts and asked them to take us back to the United States, because we were going to die over there. I was tired of all the abuse my brother and I was suffering, and I decided at the age of ten to take my brother and leave the home. I went to school and spoke to the guidance counselor and reported the abuse. I asked if we can be placed in a foster care parent, I knew from one of my classmates. We were placed there temporary and then was removed by the court system and placed in the, New York Foundling on Staten Island.

While there my brother went AWOL, and I felt alone and unwanted that I attempted suicide by strangling myself with a bolo tie. I remember looking at myself in the mirror while pulling the metal clasp tight on my neck wanting to die. I was turning blue and passed out, when I became conscious, I remember being taken on a bed into the ambulance. I was being transported to the South Beach Mental Hospital, which I believed I stayed for two months. For three weeks I did not speak and was just there staring at the walls. I remember speaking again and feeling very happy, when my brother was brought to visit me. I felt alive again because my brother was with me again, and we was all we had. At that time, I was ten or eleven years old and my brother was eight to nine.

I was discharged back to the New York Foundling Group Home, and my brother and I were reunited again. We learned to smoke cigarettes, marijuana and drink alcohol while in the group home. Another maternal aunt who was a beautician and had adopted my baby sister. She went to court to attain custody of us, when custody was granted, we went to live with her, her partner, daughter and my sister. We lived in the group home for some time. We had a better experience until she was separated from her partner and attain a different partner who was no good, he was a drug dealer.

He went to live with us, and everything went downhill. My aunt bought a beauty salon, and at times we were at the business and sometimes at home alone. With that man and his male friends, we learned what cocaine and crack was, we learned about guns, and criminal activities. I ran away from home and was placed in different group homes for a couple of years. I became a violent person while living in group homes, because I had to learn to defend myself from people. I was arrested for beating a girl really bad and she suffered partial blindness in one eye.

At the age of 14, I was placed in the Spofford Detention Center, until sentencing. I was sentenced to the Juvenile Prison called Tryon in upstate NY. I spent two and half years in that prison, after I was placed in the New York State Division for Youth in Staten Island, NY. I became curious of the occult when, I met a Haitian girl at this facility and, I drew pentagrams on paper and repeated what she was chanting. At the age of seven teen years old, I was released in the custody of my aunt who's home I escaped from once. After suffering various sexual assaults and attempted rape by her husband, I left her home again and never returned.

I suffered rapes by known people throughout the years. I was always seduced by the occult, I scanned or read the satanic bible once, and read wiccan books. I used to visit people who practiced witchcraft, and I also took people to these places. Through my adolescent, I used to be addicted to marijuana and cigarettes. In my early twenties, I suffered from an injury to my spine after a Bone Marrow Biopsy and was introduced to opioid pain medication. I was addicted to pain medication and valium for thirteen years.

My brother, my sister and I lived for many years with a lot of resentment, hate, bitterness, anger, and held a grudge against my dad. At the age of nineteen years old, I went to court and researched finding my father, because I wanted to know why he murdered my mother. I visit my dad in prison and started communicating with him. We formed a bond throughout the years, he confirmed to me that his father murdered his mother while being with child. We talked about the emotional and physical abuse he suffered as a child, with his dad and stepmother.

My dad suffered from depression and anxiety, he attempted suicide. My brother never wanted to have communications with him, he always said that he would kill him if he saw him. My maternal family hate him and wanted him dead. In July 2019, my father passed away in Hartford, Connecticut of diabetes and high blood pressure. I reconnected with my paternal family after many years. In November of 2019, I started communication and forming a bond with them, they explained that my maternal family threatened them to kill them if they tried to find us or have communication with us.

I learned that my dad's baby sister is a Christian. We have spoken about her family history, and she tells me that I have a cousin who attempted suicide by setting himself on fire and is in a mental institution. She has said to me she suffered an

attempted rape by her older brother as a child. She suffered several rapes, and sexual abuse from many unknown and known people. She suffers from anxiety and attempted suicide drinking Clorox and attempted to strangle herself. I have observed with my interactions with my paternal family members, that some suffer from Obsessive Compulsion Disorder's. My aunt has said to me that her sister's believed in witchcraft and remembers her older sister taking her to visit one of those places as a child. I am still getting to know them. I love and enjoy so much getting to know them, because they are very affectionate, and they show interest in getting to know me. At the age of forty three years old, I am experiencing true love from family, which is something I have never experienced from my maternal family.