

# Grief Journal

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Personal Professional, and Theological Foundations For Ministry  
SF505  
Spring 2023  
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March 7, 2023

## **Grieving About my Parents Relationship and my Relationship with my Daughters**

I am the first child of a very young couple that had six (seven) children. I recall the few times that my mother lamented the loss of her first child. She was sixteen years old and due to my father's jealousy he squeezed her neck and laid on her belly producing a suffocation to my mother. As a result my first brother died of suffocation and she got to give birth to a dead little boy. I was probably in my early twenties when she shared this with me. I knew at that point that my father was a worldly man. I grew up realizing that I couldn't trust my father. I remember I was probably three years old and went to visit my mother in a hospital. My picture is so vivid that I recall being in an elevator and desiring so much to see my mother. She was wearing a white nightgown waiting for me as I arrived. She opened her arms and gave me a huge hug. Another scary moment was when I was probably eight or nine years old and my mommy was sad sitting down at the edge of her bed; all of the sudden she collapsed on my chest falling on the floor because I was not able to support her. She was unconscious ... I don't recall anything else. Another time we were praying in the morning and mom was crying so much and hearing the pain of my father's betrayal; I was devastated.

I am the oldest child of their marriage. However, once in a while my grandmother used to bring another child saying that he was my brother, his name was Quique. An episode that I recall about him is that I saw him bleeding from his wrist hands badly and he was crying so much. Later I found that my grandmother cut his wrists for him to learn not to steal things from her. I have gone through so many dramatic situations with my family that I strongly believe only the Lord Jesus has held me in his arms. My dad continued cheating on and off my mother. My mother decided not to separate herself from him because a friend of hers who decided to divorce her husband used to come to my mother's store to ask for help. I remember she said "sometimes

she didn't have money to feed her children." When I was fifteen or sixteen years old my mommy suffered from cancer. It was a terribly insecure time for us. My mother was my pillar as a strong, severe, and controlling woman; but I trust her since I was able to rely on her.

I did understand much about cancer. I just remember the day my father took us to the hospital in order to say good-bye to my mother. We stood around her bed, dad previously told us "do not cry in front of your mother she is very weak." My heart was tearing apart, tears were coming down, I knew it could be the last time I was seeing my mother. She was being taken to a hospital in Lima-Peru for a chance to be helped better. It was so hard, mom was so small, she lost so much weight and my youngest sister was only four years old. At that time I was working as a tour guide and my next sister was looking after my baby sister. I even recall how my grand aunt wanted to take care of our little sister. My next sister said "No! Mom said that we have to be together" and did not allow my aunt to take her. This was a period of a lot of uncertainty and pain. I even remember going to the apartment of a pastor that arrived at church. The youth group was having several praying meetings in the Holy Spirit at his place. He was a pentecostal oriented man and I thought that he would help us by praying for my parents. I knew that mom was very sick and dad was not a man of God. The day I went to pray with him, he was alone. This was a horrible mistake and experience because instead of praying he started seducing me. I felt his body so close to me. I was scared, I ran out of it as fast as I could. At the stairs I crossed a young man from the church. I was scared and didn't know what to do. This happened right before my mother was moved to the hospital in Lima. Before she left I told my mom something about this and mom told my dad to investigate. My dad by chance found a love letter that this pastor wrote to me and brought to Mr. Smith, our evangelical missionary pastor. This man was expelled from our congregation, but marked my spirit of so much fear that I didn't want to ever

relate to any pentecostal church or talk too much about the Holy Spirit. My mom was at the hospital in Lima for around three months. People at my church were praying, we were praying until I heard that she was feeling better. I wanted to see her so badly that I bought an airplane ticket with my savings from working part time as a tour guide in a monastery;. I stayed at an uncle's house. My mommy left the hospital the day I arrived and we took a picture together outside the hospital.

We returned to Arequipa, and my mom received a horrible call saying “Porque no te has muerto! Bruja...! (Why didn't you die? Bitch...!” when she shared this with me it was very painful. My mother’s mother and grandfather who raised her were already dead as she faced this horrible moment. Life continued and my parents continued having their ups and downs. My mother was forty three years old and got pregnant again, and this time was a boy, my mothers last child. As I was finishing my college years we had a terrible tragedy!. My older brother had an explosive rage episode due to a fight with my mother which led him to lose his life. He was under some psychiatric medication and decided to get drunk at a store across from my house, which led to his death. This episode shook the whole family! When he was agonizing doctor’s asked to find blood because they didn’t have his type at the hospital. It was two or three o’clock in the morning and my sister and I were knocking doors to plead with people to come to the hospital and donate blood for him. It was horrible!!! We were crying, the pastors came to help us clean the blood and glass on the floor. My brother broke so many heavy windows in our living room that cut his arms. My mother never admitted that he exploded due to her fight with him. She started blaming my father for never being the father we needed. My mother decided to go back to church and the lead pastor supported her a lot. We all refuge ourselves at church and God regardless of our conflicted situation. A few years later, since my father owned a Tourist Travel

Agency I convinced them to go on a trip to Europe. I did all the paperwork necessary for them to take a tour to Europe. During the preparation until their departure; I couldn't believe being in the middle of their fights and conflicts. I finally understood that maybe they did love each other; there was so much pain inside of them both that I prayed to Jesus to make it possible for them to go on this trip. I learned to cope and lived with the conflicts between my parents, help with my siblings, but I didn't know how much pain these episodes have taken space deep inside my heart.

One day the Lord put in my heart to leave my hometown after a terrible ending to my relationship with a boyfriend that I thought God brought to me. I prayed for help and the Lord opened every door for me to come to the United States. However, the Lord asked me to graduate with my bachelor's in Economics, which took around two years to accomplish my thesis, written and oral exams. I recalled that when I left my hometown I cried on the airplane for around an hour and a half without stopping. I felt so many emotions and was completely sure that God was taking me out of my family, friends and hometown. I knew that God wanted me to learn to trust Him and live by faith into a new land. These emotions of pain and relief have been inside of me for so many years that I think they have influenced the way I have raised my daughters.

I believe that surviving and being a Christian has helped me to trust the LORD in every step of my life. As I married my husband, I was certain that Richard had been sent by Jesus. I met him as a baby Christian, but I was sure that God brought us together after he requested to be baptized. From the time I met Richard I decided to meet on Sundays and Wednesdays at church. I believe this was a Holy Spirit's move and guidance. I was a church person, I wanted to be out at church all the time, but he preferred to be at home. The way we approached our girls was different as well. He was very attached to my first daughter. I tried to be even with both of them. Which brought confusion into their upbringing. I wanted to do the best I could do for my two

girls, but the reality is that I felt both of them. My older daughter built fear in her through our relationship until she turned twelve years old. Our relationship was extremely tense. I demanded obedience and she always opposed everything I said. I didn't know how to get to her heart, the more I tried the more aggressive she was with me. I knew that losing my authority was going to be negative. So several times I said that "while she lives in my house, she has to obey my rules." After her high school years she went to college. I asked her to please look for a christian group and she hated the idea. She did very well at college getting three majors. However, she got into parties and relationships that were not that healthy for her. After looking for a job in her field she hated it and decided to go back to school and pursue to be a nurse. I startedI feeling that she was maturing, but our relationship was broken to the point when she returned home and started looking for a job as a nurse. A few months later she decided to move out with her boyfriend. This option destroyed my spirit because she knew I didn't want her to leave without getting married. I felt betrayed by my husband in this regard since he decided to support her decision and let her go. Whenever I think about this it brings tears to my heart and I don't know what is really going to happen to her. At this point she is engaged and I pray constantly pleading to Jesus to bring her and her future husband closer to Him. Both of them grew up in the church, but do not go to church or have surrendered their life to JESUS. The irony is that both of them at eight years old requested our pastor to be baptized.

I believe that my older daughter's decision has influenced my younger one to go even further. I remember when she went to college and I was afraid that she would be influenced by the wrong crowd. She wanted to follow her sister's steps in taking her own decision about parties and not going to church. She also did very well at school and got two majors. She decided to date a Jews guy who adored and abused her bitterly. I didn't know how bad her situation was

until one day in front of her friends and boyfriend she revealed that she was homosexual and loves girls. Oh! Lord I hugged her and broke crying and felt depressed for a week. At work I couldn't concentrate and at home I was living, desiring to die. This relationship broke her so much that she ended returning home for a semester and was hospitalized in a psychiatric hospital. She returned to college the following semester as she felt better. In the meantime she dated a black guy who was older than her by ten years. At college she was an activist and didn't know what kind of groups she belonged to; her ideas at home were completely different to the christian values she learned at church and home. She has revealed to us that she is bisexual which brought tension with my brother's family. At this point she is dating a hispanic man as she is finishing her master as a Social Work. My heart is wounded and I need to learn to give all these wounds to God!