

Brianna Aird
03/14/2023
DML921
Grief Journal

I found it very interesting that every time I wanted to write, I was filled with a bit of anxiety. I've written a grief journal only months ago and yet I know there is still more to grieve. One of the biggest arrows in my life has been the lack in which I feel from my father. Not being married and not having what I feel was enough provision from my father has affected me. When I moved back from Los Angeles to New York, I asked my father to help fix a leak in my car. I've been away in California for about three years and I had forgotten how brutal he could be. He said OK and about an hour later I went outside to check on him with my car. I walked over while eating a snack and at the top of his lungs, he screamed at me saying WHY. ARE. YOU. EATING! Standing! UP! and screams with a roar is THAT LADY LIKE!?????, he dropped his tools and said I'm not helping you. My father would try to use anything to manipulate a situation to Neglect a duty.

I am not sure if this small example can allow you to fathom the weird manipulation that I experienced over and over from childhood. For it was summertime and I have been to many barbecues with him while eating outside. He tries to defile and belittle me at any opportunity he can but more importantly, it happens when he has a responsibility toward me. He is a veteran, and I believe there is some deep disassociation with him. I was shaking in my legs because of the sharpness of his scream. Because at the time I just moved back, I forgot he was like this. I was traumatized by that New York rage. He has gotten better throughout the years. I tried to help him with his voids in life, such as when I bought him a guitar. Ever since then, he has not tried to belittle my creativity as much as before.

Back to the story of my car, it continued to leak and after months I had to park it. After months the car was filled with mold. I found myself inwardly angry and disappointed about my father's actions. About the fact that I couldn't do it and he wasn't willing to help. And that he used a fallacy to not help. Use false disdain towards me to neglect me. When I graduated from high school, he pointed to my rival and said look she made the honor roll but you didn't. My mother came to my defense [as she always would] and said "how dear you, how dear! You sound just like your father"!(my father was abused by his father and does not like him). As tears rolled down my face. My mother hasn't been here to protect me from my father's arrows. The first time I got into grad school I had been kicked out of the house.

My father said the heater was broken which was on the coldest days of winter and my 80-year-old grandmother and I was SUFFERING. As I started to work for ACS which empowered me, I would confront my father about the neglect and attempt to fix the heat by buying portable heaters. He would get angry and make me get rid of it, saying it can cause a fire. I was living with A DEMON!! But I couldn't just leave my grandmother. I had to help protect her from it. she had been so afflicted by it for the years while I was away in California, that she too was spiraling down. Anytime she wanted to scream at my father, she would scream at me. Because of her fear of him, she couldn't scream at him. So I would have to translate her needs and be screamed at by her and him.

Do you understand the anxiety and pain I would feel just to request basic needs such as heat? Which means I never even thought about requesting things that I wanted from him. To request anything for her was painful because it was not met with kindness. My grandmother was abused by my grandfather. She was the one bringing a lot of the money home as she was a bank manager at chase. She would say what she wanted as she was a money maker, but she would get

beat often for doing so. The dynamic of a powerful woman not having permission to be powerful. I will say that my Dad did eventually fix the heater and it was the most redemptive thing ever.

When covid hit, the division between my family became evident. Everyone hated me for not getting vaccinated and used this to solidify their disdain for me. As we now know the vaccine is not a vaccination at all, for it does not prevent you from giving it or getting it from someone else. So in hindsight, I see the hand of God over me in the midst of ignorance from others. I didn't get Covid for a year and a half. I was also abstinent during that time. I grew close with a friend out and his home was always warm and I felt like best friends. I had sex, after being abstinent before the pandemic, and about a week later I got covid for the first time. So I'm convinced personally that sin equals death. After that situation, I realize the importance of sin in the body. I have resumed my abstinence. My grandmother and I grew closer and we started to watch sermons together on YouTube. One day she screamed out and said she repents over and over and over as we cried and hugged. We had been through so many battles, even the ones that weren't meant for us to fight.

When I got Covid I moved to the downstairs part of the house. I knew that this would be used as an opportunity by my brother but I didn't know to the extent. When he arrived in New York (after the isolation period) he attacked me and kicked me out. I scream faintly saying that I was his sister with tears rolling from my eyes. My brother apologized but I was too sad to stay that night. My adopted sister and husband intervene and told them what they were doing was wrong. And they need to begin to clear out the other bedroom for when they come because it's not right, they were pissed.

My friend had already moved on to someone else because I told him I couldn't have sex anymore. When I told him I was kicked out, he came and got me in the middle of the night from my car. He asked me whose house was it. I told him, my grandmother. He said to remember that then. Go to your grandmother. No one can kick you out of someone else's home. When I went back home (obviously healed). I walked to my grandmother's room but My brother tried to stop me, I couldn't believe the offense after the offense. It was insane. But something divine happens.

My grandmother screamed from the back bedroom. BRIANNNAA, BRIANNNNNA. Tears welled up in my eyes. She screamed out, I love you more than all of themmm. My brother was forced to move out of my way. As I knelt beside her bed, she told me not to cry. To remember the key is to love yourself and not worry because they will all be following behind you. She said you hear me, child, they will all follow behind you.

There was my solace, my exhale, my grandmother brought comfort to my soul at that moment. The moment I felt that I was rejected by my family, she reassured me to be strong. And that when no one else loves me, to love me. She knows this as being a woman who was providing for the house but was hated for it. There was an impartation of a generational strength and wisdom that was handed to me at that moment. That we as the woman of Judah had to endure, in dealing with our men being bound and desiring to bind us. Understanding that the resentment towards us comes from the household being out of order as a result of bondage. It's a lamenting of a whole tribe of women who have carried the burden from generation to generation. Judah is just now free, The men are just waking up and rising. My father is a great man who was oppressed but is breaking free.

My ex-boyfriend who is an Ashkenazi Jewish lawyer played an impactful role in my life. A couple of years ago I found out that there was some tampering on my phone. I took it to the

Apple store and it was discovered that there was a third-party app exchanging all of my data with another cellular device. I was deeply convinced that it was my ex-boyfriend, and so was my best friend who has been my best friend since second grade. When I presented the issue to him, he claimed that what I was doing was evil and called me the accuser or satan in Hebrew. Smh. He managed at the time to convince me that it was not him. However, he would then give psychopathic tells. So my best friend just couldn't take how she felt he was abusing me and started to pull away from me. This left me very hurt and confused. He is a part of the high IQ society and basically, I think he likes to mess with my mind. I don't know how else to put it... But it's hard to grieve because I am unclear about the offense. I made some music as a part of my grief journal and will attach it but also will send it through email. Thank you for allowing me to share.