

5/9/2011

Continuance from 4/13/2011

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I couldn't remember coming up, and not having scars all over me, I knew something was wrong in mother's care, and my pattern as a runaway started. I would just start walking, no matter the weather, I would sleep in parks and on benches from New Jersey to New York. I was running from my mother, but then guilt would overtake me and thoughts of my little brothers always made me return to the house of horror, my school teacher saw blood coming through my dress, and for the first time I revealed everything. I remember being taken to a children's shelter, in that room I woke up full of joy and abused children like me. I was given a social worker Constance Love who worked with the abused children in New Jersey. I liked her and made progress. She found me a loving family in Orange New Jersey, and I had been abused and knew so much trauma, my health was affected, I would fall out anywhere from seizures. My foster mother was patient and, I was very happy and very loved. My foster father was equally patient, I went to church every Sunday, and one Sunday my young baby stood up to be baptized, all the preachers kept saying was come, Jesus had me to know He love me, I just stood up, I was eight years old the whole church stood up and clapped as I walked to the preacher. Those people had too love



ME. I would wake the whole house up, from SCREAMING  
And CRYING. As the months passed, EVERYONE in the  
NEIGHBORHOOD BEGAN to LOVE ME, they bought clothes,  
SWEETS EVERYTHING for ME. WE STAYED 88# CHERRY AVE.  
in ORANGE NEW JERSEY JOHN AMOS the father of the  
 sitcom GOOD TIMES, MOM STAYED RIGHT ACROSS THE  
 STREET FROM US. I MADE A LOT of FRIENDS LYNETTE  
 WAS MY FAVORITE, WE ESTABLISHED A FEMALE GROUP  
 AND GAVE TALENT SHOWS, WE CHANGED 25<sup>+</sup> AND A LOT  
 OF PEOPLE ALWAYS CAME, I HAD A "TUDOR" WHO CAME  
 MONDAY thru FRIDAY. AND I GRADUATED AT AGE 15<sup>#</sup>  
 BECAUSE OF MY HIGH SCORES. MY LIFE WAS NORMAL FOR  
 THE FIRST TIME. I WAS OUTSIDE IN ALL THE CHILDREN  
 ACTIVITIES, I WOULD GO VISIT MY MOTHER AND BROTHER'S  
 BUT, SHE WAS THE SAME PLUS I ALWAYS WAS SCARED  
 OF HER. MY FATHER WAS SERVING A LIFE SENTENCE  
 FOR KILLING HIS GIRLFRIEND IN GEORGIA, WE LIVED IN  
 NEW JERSEY. WELL, ONE DAY I WAS TOLD MY MOTHER WAS GIVEN  
 CUSTODY OF ME, SO I WENT BACK IN HER CARE, WELL MY  
 FATHER WAS RELEASED FROM PRISON. AND ONE SUMMER I WAS  
 SENT SOUTH. MY FATHER WAS MY IDOL. ALL MY OTHER SIBLINGS  
 KNEW THESE FATHERS, THIS WAS MY FIRST TIME EVER  
 SEEING MY FATHER. HIS PRESENCE WAS STRONG, MY  
 GRANDMOTHER IRONED HIS BOXERS, SHEETS, ETC. ETC. HIS WAS  
 A NEAT AND VERY CLEAN MAN, WHO WAS A RELIGIOUS  
 WOMANIZER. MY FATHER TO THIS DAY HAS BEEN RUMORED TO  
 HAVE UP TO 16<sup>#</sup> CHILDREN. THAT HOUSE AS NEAT AND PRETTY  
 AS IT WAS WALL TO WALL EMOTIONAL, EVERYONE WAS  
 ALWAYS SERIOUS. I HAD NO OTHER CHILDREN AROUND  
 I WAS DEPRESSED, ONE EVENING EVERYONE WAS GETTING  
 DRESSED, THEY WERE GOING TO ATTEND A RELIGIOUS  
 CONVENTION. AFTER THEY LEFT, MY BABY SITTER ORDERED ME  
 A PIZZA AND LEFT WITH HER BOYFRIEND, I WAS ALONE



MY UNCLE CAME HOME, AND TOLD ME NOT TO CRY, LATER  
HE TOLD ME TO COME IN THE BATHROOM, HE MOLESTED ME,  
WHEN MY BABY SISTER RETURNED, HE WAS GONE, BUT I WAS  
SO UPSET SHE CALLED THE POLICE, HE SERVED 10 YEARS FOR  
THAT. MY FATHER AND HIS FAMILY WOULDN'T SEND MY CLOTHES  
OR ANYTHING I POSSESSED, IT ALWAYS SEEMED AS THE  
YEARS PASSED, I CAUSED THEM SHAME, I WAS A "CHILD  
I DIDN'T ASK HIM TO MOLEST CHILDREN, OUT OF THAT  
SUMMER, MY ONLY GOOD MEMORY IS FROM MY BROTHER  
WADE CLYDE SR. HE TOOK ME TO THE MOVIES. HIM AND  
HIS GIRL FRIEND, WHO IS NOW HIS WIFE, AND A VERY COMPASSIONATE  
WOMEN, MY BROTHER WADE, LOVES GOD, AND TODAY MY ♥♥  
BROTHER AND HIS WIFE WADE & DEBBIE CLYDE OF ALBANY, GA.  
ARE ALL THAT I HAVE, AND HELP ME WITHOUT QUESTION.  
WHEN I WAS RETURNED HOME, SOMETHING I WAS FEELING  
WAS GROWING WITHIN ME. SO MUCH HAD HAPPENED TOO SOON  
FOR YOUNG IN MY LIFE, I TRIED TO COMMIT SUICIDE  
BUT, WOKE UP SICK. I WAS CRYING OUT FOR HELP.  
THE ABUSE WAS THE SAME, I RAN AWAY, AND WENT TO  
MY FOSTER FAMILY HOME. I WAS BEAT UP AGAIN, AND  
THEY TOOK ME BACK IN. MY SOCIAL WORKER WAS CALLED  
ONCE AGAIN, AND SOME WEEKS LATER, SHE CAME TO  
PICK ME UP AND WE ATE LUNCH, AND SHE SAID SHE HAD  
A "SURPRISE" FOR ME. SHE STATED MY FOSTER FAMILY  
WAS WILLING TO ADOPT ME, BUT SHE HAD SPOKE  
WITH MY BIOLOGICAL GRANDMOTHER, SHE TOLD HER MY  
MOTHER HAD MENTAL PROBLEMS AND SHE WANTED ME  
I COULDN'T STOP CRYING, BECAUSE SOMEONE IN MY REAL  
FAMILY WANTED ME. I CHOSE MY GRANDMOTHER, MY  
PLANE TICKET, AND EVERYTHING WAS PURCHASED, MY  
FOSTER FAMILY KEPT MY BIKE ETC. I DIDN'T CARE  
BECAUSE SOMEONE LOVED ME. AS MY FLIGHT ENDED  
IN ALBANY, GEORGIA I SAW MY GRANDMOTHER AND UNCLE



waiting for me. I knew my uncle he use to visit us sometimes, he also had spent many years up north. He owned a pool room, and was a pimp. He had a lot of women selling their body for him, he was locked up and raped once, he has died of AIDS as of today. But that day, I fell in love with my grandmother. She told me, I was pretty, no one had ever told me that, it was the first time I ever expressed to anyone how Melissa felt, I finally had family. My grandmother was a alcoholic, and wrote illegal gambling numbers, she had a bottle house, she sold liquor & beer but she was perfect in my eyes, we were so close a few of her children was jealous of our unity. She told me one day the insurance man, a white guy thought I was pretty and so go in the back room with him, and he gave me money and wanted us to meet again. I soon when I gave my grandmother money she praised me, and all her attention and love touched my low self esteem. Everybody paid their own way, age didn't matter, there was shoplifters, dope sellers, robbers etc. etc. in the family everybody was making illegal money my grandmother and southern family was all hustlers. I was new in the rural southern town of Albany Ga. I was growing up fast and using my body. One night at a club a guy name Mr. Soul, gave me his phone number. He told me I was special, I called him he came to my grandmother's house, and explained to her that I traveled with him, all the money I could make I was 15# with a shape and I could dance. He gave my grandmother some money and we left. I started stripping from Albany to Atlanta, I started making a lot of money and I had met a lot of gay men. I upgraded and became very stylish, I love fashion.



And soon the night life was all I knew  
And the people in it. I was the only Black Girl  
Who spent crazy money, in Plains Georgia  
Home of Jimmy Carter The Gentleman Club was  
A "All White Setting, But they loved me, some  
Guys paid just to touch me, because they had never  
touched a Black woman before, I had thousand  
dollar boots and shoes, fur coats, I had started  
drinking with my Grandmother now, I was smoking  
Cigarettes, and weed, it would numb me and let  
the personality I needed to be take over. I gave  
my Grandmother rolls of money I had made, I was  
Always buying or giving her something. My popularity  
Grew, we started doing dances for Judges, Lawyers,  
Police officers you name it, we received money from  
them. Money became my God, After all look what  
it will make, my Grandmother happy. In that life you  
meet plenty of pimps, I didn't need one of those  
my Grandmother was already pimping me. I met  
All kind of street people, the down low, the  
dope sellers, prostitutes, you name it. There was  
Always some man, who knew a better plan for my  
life but sex was a factor. Once you become  
too slave for something, you become a slave  
too it. That's how my life started in the streets  
never having a love to call my own, so I  
needed that emotional fix, no matter the consequences  
no matter the sacrifice. I could have been  
killed a many of times all I wanted was my  
family, not strange people. For once there  
was some place I belonged, and besides  
my Grandmother was proud of me I made her money  
(to be continued)