

Song of the week: "I SAW GOD TODAY"

Homefront Problems

8-10-11

Well, I waited for mail today from my husband & I didn't get it. It's like he's punishing me for what I wrote in my anger a few weeks ago. Damn, it hurts!

I've worked so hard to put my personal issues aside to be the woman my dude deserves. I'm not perfect & far from where I'd like to be. Yet, God knows I'm not who I used to be either. The old me ^{would} be showing her ass by now. Yet, it doesn't feel right to treat him the way I would my ex's.

I guess I feel like a person shouldn't have to keep apologizing for something they did. If you go to someone who you offended & they don't choose to forgive you that's on them. As long as you do your part to try to make an amends then you can walk freely knowing God sees your heart.

My thing is he & I have gone through some pretty difficult circumstances in the 15 months since God knitted our hearts & souls together. We should be stronger than this thing. I am not going to allow the stuff to be our demise. You see, I love him enough to continue to do my part. It's my duty as his wife not to give up on us.

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Too many couples are quick to throw away their relationships these days because they won't work for it. God never promised anything worth having would be easy to obtain. Yet if we fight to keep it we are justly rewarded in the end. That's why I can't fathom him being so aloof about us.

Maybe Jay tripping & he's just busy. I don't know... That's the hard part... not knowing. I can only trust that God knows what is best for me. He knows Jay hurting & that Jay holding fast to his promises. Therefore, I can go on!

May the next report be a victorious one!



T.G.I.F

8/5/11

Another week comes to a close with August just beginning; with it I pray it dispells the madness and chaos our unit has gone through for over a month. More than anything I wish for peace to reign over Hobby.

With another death this week, a stabbing, several fights, someone getting cut & outrageous behavior from inmates & guards alike - I'm fed up! I was already sick of prison, but this has been the worst of the four summers I've been incarcerated. Enough so, that it makes me more determined to not return to the pits of this personal hell.

Work has been a challenge because ~~our~~^{my} co-workers often work against each other rather than together. They have no concept of team work. More often than not they complain about work piling up instead of helping it get done. Yet, such as it is, I enjoy my job.

This beginning of the end of the week, brings forth a weekend of worship and praise. I'm so ready for church on Saturday night that it's unreal. Of course Sunday is going to be my double header service, but I get so full.

T.G.I.F (cont)

The closing of the week also means the possibility of a visit. This I'm always looking forward to because I haven't seen anyone other than Danny at visitation for almost a year. However, by next week my cousin should be able to come visit. I look forward to seeing my cousin because she matters so much to me.

Well, T.G.I.F. took on a whole different meaning from the free world, but I'm thankful that it's Friday nonetheless.

Have a good weekend!



8-8-11

A Mother's Sadness

There's joy and sadness in my heart as I pen these words. Twelve years ago I was laid up in the hospital with the anticipation of the birth of my daughter. On Friday, August 12th, Stephanie Briceland Barney-Burns turns 12 years old. I'm missing it as I have for 10 years now.

Every year as it gets closer to her birthday, I ache in my heart to be there. I regret not being the mom she and my other two daughters needed me to be. And every year I reflect on what could've been.

Not all women know what I'm feeling, but few will share w/ you their hurt. They, too, made choices that kept them from raising their children. However, it doesn't keep them from loving or missing (their son(s) or daughter(s)), just like I love and miss mine.

They say that there are two sides to every coin. Just as I love & miss my girls, there is no way in hell, I'd want them to have suffered through my lifestyle as I done with my own parents. If I spared them the heartache I felt w/ my

own parents - then I done something more for them than that which was done for me. I love my parents, but somethings I wish I had no knowledge of growing up.

My daughters are in a loving home w/ wonderful parents. I know they are taken care of and that their needs are supplied. However - there is a longing inside me to be in their lives.

I wish my daughter Stephine an immense knowledge of my love on her birthday. I pray she is surrounded by family and friends that remind her of her value and worth. I hope that this year many of her gifts & talents would be revealed to her that she may give God glory.

My love for my daughters surpass my needs. May they each be blessed daily. I love them.

To mothers who know the pain I feel may God give you peace & comfort. For the sacrifices you made shows your love & courage than words can express.

♥

Happy Birthday Stephine!

8-9-2011

By the time this posts it'll be your special day my angel. Its hard to grasp you are already 12 years old. It feels like yesterday, I was by your incubator praying over you day and night. I know those ~~are~~ days you'll never remember, but they are forever etched on my heart & memory. For you are my first born, my miracle, and you became my reason.

I want to wish you a very happy birthday, Baby. You are so very special to my heart. One day when God moves we'll be back face to face. I'll hug you & look into your eyes & let you see the love I carry for you my sweet girl.

You are on the brink of "woman-hood." The very thought scares & delights me. I wish I could tell you the things locked within my soul for you, but they can wait a little longer.

Stephine Brienne - you were never a mistake. You were my unmade plan. A divine present from God! You are loved and treasured. I miss you so much. Happy Birthday!

I love you,
Mama Frances