

HOW I WAS BLESSED!

BY: JOIE

(FEEL FREE TO USE THIS STORY ANY WAY POSSIBLE)

I believe everyone has their own true story on how they became the person they are today, I believe everyone has their own personal story on how they grew up in their home, I believe everyone has had a point in their lives where they just want to give up and leave everything behind. Well this is mine.

My name is Joie and I'm 20 years old. I was born on January 31, 1989 in Columbus Ohio. I was raised there and lived there until I was ten with my father. My entire childhood I was raised to be so much older than my normal age; I didn't really have a mother. She had left at a young age and I only saw her on special occasions. My mother had left me in the hands of my father along with my two older sisters. They were 7 and 9 years older than me. While my mom was off and gone my sisters watched me most of the time so I was around sex and drugs all my life. They would have boys over to my dad's house while he was at work. My sisters would do crazy things for certain stuff. My sister would drag me up and down the stairs by my feet for cigarettes and ride my back like a camel just to make a laugh for all her friends. My other sister was the good sister that took me under her wing and was nice to me. She was also a victim in little acts.

When I was 7 my mother had gotten my sisters back one by one and promised me she would come and get me as soon as possible. A few months later after left to go with my mom I had moved in with my grandmother and grandpa because my dad couldn't take care of me. He had lost the apartment he had and was living in his car. When I was 8 my dad had gotten me back and I thought it was going to be great living with my dad but it was not. I was only 8 when my dad started to drink very heavily. He would put me to sleep and sneak out and go to a bar right down the road. I had waken up one night while he was gone and freaked out. I was only 8 what do I do where was my Dad. I got on my jacket, pants, and shoes and started walking up to find him. Once I got to the bar I was freezing cold my fingertips were numb and I could barely feel my toes. I opened the door to the bar and seen him flirting with a chick at the table. She seen me and gave me a weird look and came rushing to the door. My dad followed wondering what she was doing. I shut the door and walked down the steps. My dad came out took me by the arm and put me in the car and drove me home. All the way home he was yelling at me calling me a baby. He was drunk. When we got home he threw me in my room and smacked me around, tearing things off my walls and throwing them to the floor. He held me down on my bed and coved my mouth. That's when all the trouble had begun. For the next 6 months to a year my dad had molested me and treated me bad but I never told anyone.

A SWEET ANGEL.

At the age 10 my mother had come in to my life again writing me and letting me know that she promised me that she would come and get me as soon as she could. It was a Thursday night and I had just went to bed to get up for school in the morning. My dad walked into the bedroom with a beer in one hand and had told me that my mother had paged him. Did I want to go call her at a pay phone? I quickly jumped up out of bed and got on some clothes, got in the car and headed up the nearest gas station to call her. Once I got on the phone, it was a voice from heaven my angel was finally here to rescue me. "Hello" she answered. I said "hi mommy" and she continued with "I'm in town would you like for me to come get you?" And the biggest smile lit up my face and I answered "yes". I went back home and couldn't sleep all night. The next day I was out at recess and my teacher told me I had a pick up. I knew it was my mother. I raced up the side walk screaming "it's my mommy". I walked in the front doors and seen my sister, gave her a hug and seen my angel. Oh how it felt to be in my mother's arms again nice and safe.

MY NEW LIFE!

My mother had taken me far away from all of the trouble and stress of my father. I was living in Tulsa Oklahoma. I had my two sisters right by my side and of course my mother and her boyfriend of 7 years at home. I loved life it was great! My two sisters had seemed to change or they just knew that they couldn't do the things they did to me at my dad's house because my mother wouldn't tolerate that in her home. My sister had gotten pregnant at the age 17 and got kicked out so it was just me and my sister. She soon after did the same and left. I had a great life what more could I have wanted I was the only one left.

GOING DOWN HILL

My mother and her boyfriend continued to move from house to house which was forcing me to go from school to school. I went to more than any kid should ever go to a school in one year. We couldn't stay put in a house for more than 6 months. They would rent homes and they would sell. We always had the best of the best though I never went without. At the age of 12 my mother had had enough, she was with a drunk that was doing her no good in life, she needed to get away.

My mom had met a guy that lived in California. We left and moved there we stayed for 7 months then returned back to Oklahoma once again, we stayed in Oklahoma for about 5 more months. In the mean time I was getting back in with my old friends and hanging out started drinking beer and thought I feel in love so I gave up my virginity. When we left to come to Florida I was heartbroken, I had to leave the man of my dreams. He had told me that we would keep in touch but we never did. Every time I would call him his mom would tell me he was out doing something and I knew it was with other girls so I just let it go.

WHERE THE TROUBLE HAD BEGUN!

We had moved to Bradenton Florida and all seemed good till I started school. I was hanging around the wrong crowd and doing things such as sneaking out to see my boyfriends, till I got caught with that and never did that again. I had started to take pills and got caught for that in school, got put on probation and my punishment was horrible. I was suspended for two weeks and the man my mother was with was not taking it easy on me. I was grounded to my room, no TV no music no nothing, I came out of my room to eat, shower, and for tutoring they had signed me up for. But that still didn't help. I was still taking drugs and partying with friends every chance I had gotten. Once my mother moved on from her ex we had moved to Ft Myers with a boyfriend she met and seen a couple times. This man was heading nowhere good, he smoked weed, and did drugs which led me to smoke weed. My mother and I were both heading for disaster.

MOVING ONCE MORE!

My mom knew that her life with this man was heading nowhere and she had to escape. There was this man my mom had bowled with and I was very close with. He would come see me and my mom at my cheer practice. He showed much interest in my mother. Soon after me and my mom moved in with him in North Ft Myers. He had a good life his life was normal and we seemed to fit perfect in it with him. We shared so many good times and everything seemed to be going so well, I was adapting to life with this new man and so was my mother.

Some time after we moved in with him I had made new friends around the hood some not so good ones. I had started school at Mariner Middle and became friends with most of the school. They all knew me because I was 15 in the 7th grade. I was much older than the rest and thought I was bigger and badder. Me and my friends would pick on other kids and make fun of them. We would also skip class to go smoke in the bathrooms. It sure wasn't good. All the partying had really begun when I had met Amber. Her mother was very lenient. I would go over and we would drink beer take pills and get high off of everything there was no limit to the things we did. We stole cars and went and took them joy riding, we stole money from their mom and bought pot with it. Everything was getting way out of hand and it wasn't going to get any better from here.

I was starting to like the new life here and loving the life I was living. I had started dating an older guy. I had fell in love he was everything I had ever wanted. We continued to go out for about 2 years then I had just fallen out with him. He had gotten really slummy and wasn't the same guy that I had met. I broke it off with him and that's when everything had gone through the roof. Over the weeks had passed I was seeing another guy. My boyfriend found out and when I went out one day, I came home, the hinge from the door was broken and my house had been robbed. The cops came and checked it out but nothing was found. They stole everything, all the money, rings, watches but no TVs or DVD players they only stole money. I soon after knew it was him but couldn't prove it. He had been trying to get me back but I refused to go back with him. He was on serious drugs and his life was heading down the drain, and I sure didn't want to be a part of that.

My parents put the house up for sale and we moved into an apartment for about 6 months till they found a house out in Cape Coral. I was so excited to be living somewhere new. My ex-boyfriend couldn't find me. Well I was wrong. Over the couple weeks he had found out where I stayed at and he was bothering me, my dad and my mom so we told him that if he didn't stop coming around I would have him arrested, so he stopped. I soon started dating around much older guys and more experienced guys and also girls. My life was soon based on drugs. I was 16 smoking pot, drinking beer, taking zanies, and popping Zanex. I was doing every drug I could do.

MY WORST NIGHTMARE HAD BEGUN!

I was 17 and thought I knew it all. I was skipping school to go get a high, getting drunk etc. my life was heading nowhere. I had met a girl who was in my math class, and she was a druggie and asked me if I wanted to hang I said "yes" and it was like having a date with the devil. I went out with her and we had gone to a party, at the party there was pot, pills, coke, alcohol everything you could think of. Me and her walked over to the counters to where they had all the drugs and a black guy with dreadlocks poured us out two lines of cocaine, I was scared out my mind this is one drug that I had never taken before I didn't know what it would do to me, but I snorted it anyways. Couple minutes later I was feeling great and wanted more so we did more, and more, and more turned into more till I was up all night and morning. In the morning I had to be home and when I came home I was still high and drunk. I crashed all day and slept. My mom asked me If I was feeling ok because my nose was stuffed up from the night before and I was so sleepy from staying up.

Soon after that night I would go out with her all the time. My parents had met her and thought she was a sweet girl and allowed me to go out and hang with her. I would lie to my parents and tell them other things other then what I was really doing just to get out. The drug had gotten so far into my brain that that is the only drug I would do I dropped a lot of the others just to do cocaine. When I was on it I was a completely different person. I would steal my parent's money just to get more and more. I call it the devil side to Joie everyone else seen it but not me.

I turned 18 and thought I was the best so I did what ever wanted to. I met this one guy and moved out and lived with him and his mom, I was working as a waitress up at Hustlers making over 200 a night all that would go on cocaine. Things between me and this guy had gone south and I had moved out and into a friend's house her name was Amy. She was such a nice women. She was a single mother to 3 kids and had a beautiful home. I would listen to a lot of what she had to say but I was so into what I wanted to do it didn't matter, I was still hanging with my friend from school and as fast as she got me hooked onto coke I had gotten her hooked onto ecstasy. We would sneak out at night go to parties and get high, come back to Amy's house and crash.

MY LIFE HAD CHANGED!

My friend from school had asked me to do her a favor and get her a front of 180 dollars through a friend of mine so I did but there was a time limit to when he had to be paid back. The money was never returned and I was the one getting calls saying if the money wasn't returned to him things for me was going to look very ugly which I thought he was going to kill me. So I had stolen a ring from Amy and pawned it. I got \$30 dollars for it and came up with the rest of the money by selling dope, and hustling for the rest of his money. I had came up with the rest of his money and gave it to him. I was so thankful to have giving this guy his money and still be alive.

A little after all that happened Amy had tried to get me to go down the right path so hard that she pushed me to my limit. I wanted to do what I wanted to do and didn't want anyone to tell me different. So I moved out. I had gotten so bad that I would go to these trap houses where they are for strictly selling dope, and hustling for money, I would sell dope n snort pills and cocaine. One time me and my friend had went to one house and they were so drugged up that they thought me and her had stolen all their drugs so they took us in a back room and told us to get naked so they could body search us. we were so scared that they were going to rape us, gut us, and throw us to the sharks, but surprisingly they didn't. After that little incident I never went back to one to sell dope just to buy some.

I had moved from house to house using and abusing drugs. I had gone so low that I had shot up Crystal meth with needle marks all over my body. I was filled with bruises from the needles. I was experimenting with so many drugs I'm surprised I am still alive today.

KARMA!

They say what comes around goes around and that is right! I was living with this older guy his name was Bob he was 76 years old and his wife had died, he was a ex veterans and needed help around the house so I needed a place to stay and got a job so I stayed with him. I was still using drugs and partying all the time, I had all the freedom at his house. I had just come home from work when he had told me a detective had come to the house looking for me. I had told Bob to call the Detective back and let him know I was home to come and talk to me. No more than 10 minutes later the Detective was at my door asking me to step outside and talk in his car. He had asked me to sit n the back seat so I did. He was asking me all these questions about Amy's ring and I had told him the truth. He had asked me if I had ever been to jail I answered no and he replied with "well today is your lucky day". He started to read me my rights, came over to the door asked me to step out and handcuffed me, sat me back in the car and took off. I was scared out of my mind. We arrived at the jail; I didn't know what was going on. I had only spent one night in there and the next day they let me out on pretrial release. I had gotten out and was so happy to be out, but I still was doing drugs and partying just as much as I was before I went in. I had lost my mind, I went and was living in Pine Manor with an ex friend of mine. A lot of bad things was happening to me so I left and took off to Miami to stay with my best friend Angie, I couldn't stay with her so I moved back to the Cape in with my friends brother. I got a job working at Wendys. I was doing ok I had the money to pay rent but also had money to do drugs. My life was not where I had

wanted it to be in fact it was so bad that I tried to commit suicide by taking so many Zanaxes but the good Lord wanted me to stay. It wasn't my time. To make things worse I had gotten thrown back in jail for driving without no license. I stayed n there for a good month before I even got out. Once I was out I had changed so much I stopped doing drugs for the most part and moved back in with my mother, had found me a job, and was doing great.



I had gotten pregnant later down the road in June and later on March 13th I had a beautiful baby boy. His name is Daniel and without him I'd be nothing he is the best thing to ever come in my life even though the way of me getting pregnant was not the answer. I am so glad God has blessed my family and myself with him. I never knew how much I was willing to give up till I had him.

So now I see my life ahead of me. I can't see what's going to happen in the future but I can see that I am such a different person now than what I was a year ago and that's all that matters. As of right now my life is where it needs to be I am sober going on 2 years and I have my son to think for being alive today.