

"Sex, Black eyes and Tyra Banks"

Blog/Series 1

"Suck it right" he says. Going through the motions, Jalyssa escapes reality by dreaming of hearing, "I love you" without sex being a requirement. Hoping one day those words will make her wet, not the idea of sleeping with a married man. Angry he says, "Suck it right! Stop daydreaming. My wife is on her way." Still in a daze, she ponders why she enjoys being an option. Aggravated, he says, "This is why I won't marry you! Get out!" She folds down her skirt, finds her panties and exits. Unknowingly, she opens the door and meets the wife. Without missing sequence, the wife gives a look of disgust, let's her pass then goes up the stairs to finish the job Jalyssa didn't. On January 1st, Haitian Independence day, a Haitian woman is supposed to be celebrating, not sleeping with the pastor's wife...

Abortion is not supposed to be routine. Neither is gonorrhea or black eyes. For Sandra, she knows it's "YOLO" but in reality, she's living "YODO." She's died more than once. Sex without condoms proves she's not cheating. Accepting his abuse is the love she's used to. Aborting his babies is her only option since keeping them is an opinion no one makes a fact. This is the life she accepts. She wants more but bloody noses and the fear of one more abortion raping her chances of conceiving...keeps her from expecting it can get better...

Tyra Banks isn't fit to tie Tanya's shoes. As a matter of fact, if she wore a shoe with Tyra's name on it, they would gain value. With a beauty unmatched, brains only equaling her looks and a body no surgeon could create, she is the world's top model. It's a shame her self-esteem is lower than a doormat. She's the most unexpected prostitute in Atlanta. She has a price for her goodies but if you whisper sincere sounding compliments in her ear, you can get a discount.

Three women, all looking for love. Trapped in lies they tell themselves. Afraid of the love they want so they accept artificial versions. All are best friends yet their stories are unknown to each other. Masking their unhappiness to keep denial well fed. This isn't just a story of Jalyssa, Sandra and Tanya but the struggles sex, confusion and hopeless love brings.

On February 20th, their lives will change...so will yours. Every Thursday, prepare to follow the lives of these women. As they show you the insides of abortion, abuse, loving married men, lies men tell and prostitution. In the end, they all will succeed. Scars will be left. Glory will be

marked. When you get to know them, you'll see you in their pain. This is the story of "3 Naked Women" Part 1 Tune in on www.ChangeAMan.com. Be sure to share.

"Pastor's Personal Slut."

Blog/Series 2

"Are you on the pill?" he utters with a mischievous smirk. She knows what he wants. Horny, she wants it too. If she plays with his mind, she'll get more than just cum inside her. Maybe this is what it takes to get that elusive ring he's dangled in her face for 2 years. With a look of seduction, she says, " Yes I am. Just for you, baby." He grabs her waist and begins to kiss her as if he misses her. This moment makes her shed a tear. For a few minutes, she's the first lady of the church. She's the wife. She's the mother of his kids. This is the story of Jalyssa, Ms. Haitian Princess.

He's inside her. She orgasms seemingly at every stroke. Fantasizing at the possibility of the pill not working and blessing her with a child. 'Maybe a baby will be enough to keep him. He would be a good dad. Look at how he treats his own children. He would love us equally.' She ponders. In this position, he tells her all the lies she believes. "I'm leaving her next week. I just have to get the papers signed. You're the one for me. I love you, Jalyssa." In the middle between lust and lost, she's heard this all before.

Still wanting the fiction to be fact, she adds logic to his words. "It can be done in a week. If he didn't love me, why would he spend so much time with me? We're having unprotected sex, that means besides his wife, I have to be the only one." His climax follows a release of energy. It's as if he crossed a finish line. He rolls over. Then reality sinks in.

Reaching in his top drawer, he passes her a box. It's Plan B. "Pop that in your mouth. Don't want any mistakes." His words were more like stabs than letters. 'What would be a mistake? If we were to be husband and wife next week, why would a child be a mistake?' She ponders. Accepting his request, she swallows it. "Good. That's my good girl. Did you pray today?" She's given up on God. If praying was efficient, they why hasn't God given her the husband she's been asking for. No one told her God answers prayers. He gave her a husband, just not a husband of her own. She avoids any man who approaches her so all the husband's who've come to love her, have been missed.

Jalyssa is preparing to be a mother. Not of a baby but a dream. On February 20th , that dream will open her eyes to James 2:14-26. When just having faith isn't enough. When asking God isn't the ending. When hoping things will get better, isn't the answer. Her and the pastor will see something born. Tune in next week Thursday for "3 naked women" Part 2. Be sure to share. www.ChangeAMan.com And that's real"

"She Did It For A Dollar"

Blog/Series 3

Behind the Wendy's on SR 85, she smiles. Another 500\$, stained knees and a new guy on her "Who I had sex with list". No protection. Her Johns like it fresh, real and raw. So what every 9 minutes another person contracts HIV. Statistics don't matter when making your pimp happy is the only thing that does. Who cares if she doesn't know his name? It's just a buyer. She did him a favor. Since he was cute, she only charged the family rate. This is the story of Tanya, White Princess.

At her lovely 3-bedroom condo near Atlantic Station in Downtown Atlanta, Tanya plans for her week. She's made 6,000\$ in just two days but needs more to satisfy her student loans. Her goal is to pay them off in a year while keeping up with a hefty spending habit. Sex pays the bills but her shoe fetish keeps the bills coming.

One of her three phones ring. It's the green Samsung. That's the business line. She answers. "Tonight? 5? I need 10 a piece. Then transfer it to this bank account." Rattling off numbers to one of her pre-paid cards, she has this down to a science. Sallie Mae won't get interest since this made her 200,000\$ debt become a memory. Red lipstick, red bottoms and red wig assembled, she dashes for the door. She's her pimp, sex is the employer and those fools are the employees. Now ready to be lost in her surreal life.

Back at home, exhausted from the pulling, sucking and biting of her breasts. Now she's more of an actress than prostitute. No amount of thrust can bring the feeling back. Numb to excitement of new men, she's now hyped only by reaching a million before turning 26. They call her, "Dr. Smart and Dirty" because she started college at 16 and received her doctoral degree at 23. Something about sex is more appealing than waiting on patients. This is the lie she tells herself.

She hates looking at the mirrors in her house. They only show the truth. She's still the baby who's daddy protected her. A daddy's girl until he died while she was only 10. At 12, a new stepfather stepped in and exposed her to sex. After a while, his nightly visits to her room became not only routine...but expected and tolerated. She rather her insides bruised than any marks on her face for the world to see. Her mother was too addicted to crack to say anything. Her way of coping with the pain since she still believes it was her fault her husband crashed. They argued that fateful night and he left to get away. Tanya entered college looking for love but found sex as an easier option. She's stuck looking for love inside

dollar signs hidden between bed sheets. She, just like you will learn, Love Is Not An STD. She...just like us all can't wait for February 20.

Be sure to share Part 3. www.ChangeAMan.com

When No...Means Yes?

Blog/Series 4

Sandra isn't the typical Latina. She's actually more of a hybrid than anything. Her upbringing resembles an addictive professor's lecture. The deeper is...the deeper you want to go. Without a true reason for her actions, she makes us all remember what power we have over our situation. If you've never been skydiving...this is your chance. Welcome to the story of Sandra, Latina Princess.

Her dad was a Mexican and Puerto Rican Airmen in the Air Force. He met her mother in Colombia. The most gorgeous Cuban and Colombian eyes ever met. In fact, she wasn't allowed to run for Ms. Colombia because she was considered, "An unfair contestant with qualities which not be contested." Whatever that meant. With a body American Black women couldn't recreate in their dreams, hair seemingly stolen off a shampoo bottle and greenish hazel eyes, she was destined to donate beautiful children to the world. Three years after they met...here came Sandra.

After retiring from the service, her father made a living as an airplane mechanic. Never to be an at home wife, her mother spent hours as a model consultant. Sandra never learned poverty, abandonment or thirsted for love. Her parents did better than the best they could. Church on Sundays, prayer before meals and a Psalm as she slept, she was raised in Christ. Nothing bad could be said of this honor roll, soccer and ballet star. Well...not until she turned 16.

First experimenting with her best friends older cousins. That's where she received her first kiss. Still a virgin and shy to intimacy, kissing became her favorite hobby. Well, at least until she discovered the arts of a finger. When men would touch her, she only felt bad for moments. As long as she refrained from sex, that was enough of a rush for her. A *good girl's good girl* is what she fought to be. The only Kryptonite of a good girl...is a bad boy.

27 with no dreams, job or care to achieve anything, Ricardo had enough time to break 18 year old Sandra. What started as kissing, sucking and touching, became her wanting more time and Ricardo restricting her. A spoiled girl isn't used to being told no, so she pursued him. Now, he set the standards on what was given, when and how. With no title on the relationship, she gave up her virginity in hopes of accomplishing the requirements he gave for it. He didn't bend. When a man sets the standards on your body, it's not only a bad idea but a horrible

phenomenon waiting to happen. She finds out...as so will you. Tune in next Thursday on www.ChangeAMan.com and keep sharing "3 Naked Women" Part 4.

"She Cheated So He Cheats

Blog/Series 5

A well-fed tear escapes his eye and ego, then falls down his cheek. It's their anniversary and Pastor Baptiste is dying on memory lane. He remembers when his wife loved him like she loved Jesus. Resembling the epitome of love, tourist would snap photos of them holding hands just because such an image could only be found in a book. He married her for better or for worse but never thought worse would come so late.

With 70,000+ attendees, Pastor Baptiste was one of the biggest clergy heads in Atlanta. So big in fact, international dignitaries visit his church body on a weekly basis. He's even been deemed by politicians, "The person you want on your side if you want to get inside". He was a wealthy stockbroker, real estate agent and entertainment lawyer before following the voice of God and opening this mega church. This isn't the typical rich pastor, poor congregation.

Members attend financial, health and communication workshops each month. His goal is to reform the church. Inspiring growth of spiritual, health and wealth to take precedent over just screaming and hoping things will change. He's not fond of tradition, so he spends his money sending 5,000 students to college annually. Placing them on contract so they "must come back to educate the church's elderly and youth about what they've learned."

This is a faithful husband, father of three and respected God fearing man. Why would he betray his God, family and wife for the sweet nectar of a 26-year old woman? Answer: If your wife is poisonous, there is only bitterness to drink. A reality he discovered when he decided to show the 20,000 teenagers in his church that being abstinent isn't impossible. With his wife's in agreement, he decided to refrain from sex for seven months. It's not as if his wife was a toad. She, even after 3 children, was a beautifully stunning woman with an athletic, admirable and desirable body. Most men wanted her but only one had her...that changed when one became two.

After only two months of abstinence, Mrs. Baptiste began to urge Mr. Baptiste to break his word. Each week she became more desperate and angry at his refusal. Three months later, two missed periods and her baby bump gave away the truth. A heart broken man is one thing, a heart broken good man is another but a heart broken God-fearing man whose reputation is ruined if he divorces his wife and can't bear to have sex with

her...is another. Facing the congregation after a secret abortion and cheating wife is too much to bear. So he didn't tell anyone but one innocent sexual scapegoat. This isn't about him, but about young Jalyssa and how she has to deal with lust disguised as love. A married man can never give you what you truly want. An option hoping to be a priority is like praying for God to lie. It's a waste of time.

"3 Naked Women" Part 5. Please share.

Their Father Saw Them Naked.

Blog/Series 6

A masquerade slumber party but no one has a mask. They are all lying to one another. Truths hidden by the smiles they wear. Three friends laughing in each other's face while crying behind one another's backs. With desperation, they want to say, "I'm dying inside, save me...PLEASE!" yet their only expression is one of false joy. It's easier to pretend to be strong instead of having the courage to be vulnerable. Jalyssa speaks.

"My man gave me a hickey last night girl! He is sooo nasty. Told him I'm meeting with the girls tonight but he's a freak, what can I say." She laughs. Tanya asks, "Girl, when can we EVER meet this *mystery* man? You've been talking about him for what, two years? I want to see this guy." Sandra chimes in. "Yes boo! Me too! Shoot, Ricardo gets a little jealous when I talk about all the things your man does for you." Tanya snaps, "Why would you tell your man about another man? That's a no no. Not even cool girl. Man 101." Sandra rebuttals, "Well...He gets a little freakier when he gets jealous." They all burst out laughing. Tanya's laugh is broken. Something stops her from enjoying what she deems, "stupid girl actions." A sigh.

"Are you missing a tooth?" Tanya asks. Caught off guard by the exposure. Sandra is confused and reaching for wind. A hopeless quest to find an answer for the question. She stumbles into a solution. "Girl, you know I'm not the most coordinated person. Don't worry. My man is getting it fixed." Tanya is too smart to act dumb but she finds a way to disguise her awareness as agreement. She is too fond of abuse. The reason why she pimps herself is solely due to having an abusive pimp originally. She plays along.

While pretending to imitate a thug, Tanya says, "Okay, well you better get it together. We are all too cute to be missing teeth. We have a reputation to uphold in these streets." The laughter is reintroduced to this sleepless slumber party. Each one spends their nights awaiting messages from men. Ricardo hasn't texted Sandra or responded the entire day. Pastor Baptiste isn't responding to Jalyssa from his second phone. Must be with his wife. Tanya isn't satisfied with how much she made this week. Wants another 3 grand before she sleeps. No John calls tonight. It's just Thursday. She can make it up on the weekend. They finally sleep.

All three women are brilliant in books but unwise in boys. If they were dealing with men, these scars they wear wouldn't exist, especially for Tanya. The life she was introduced to, the man who introduced her...was her step-father. Men don't abuse women. Men don't try to make you cry.

Men don't break your heart to mend theirs. They have a right to enjoy each other. No tears, no worries and no one to injure them with their words. You have tonight off. God sees your nakedness but He won't let you suffer for too long. He is preparing you for what you will eventually pray for. Be ready to accept it...on February 20th.

Halloween Came On Valentine's Day

Blog/Series 7

"Who gave me herpes?!" he screams while naked. Jalyssa and the pastor's wife stare in disgust at his grotesque penis. No one speaks for seconds, which feel like hours. He yells, "What did I do to deserve this??" then falls to his knees and weeps uncontrollably. A broken man who's had enough of pain for three lifetimes. Tomorrow is Valentine's Day. Rather than celebrating it with his wife or mistress, he has to spend an embarrassing morning inside the pharmacy picking up Valtrex. The wedding ring won't leave the wife's finger any time soon and nor will Jalyssa be wearing it any sooner.

Pastor Baptiste leaves them in silence while he escapes to his reading chambers. He has to make Biblical sense of why his life is spiraling after he's dedicated so much to God. The women are left to wait. They speak. "I've only been sleeping with your husband. You're the cheater. It had to be you." Mrs. Baptiste responds, "You stupid little girl, do you think you're the only mistress? You don't think another woman is out there willing to play option?" Caught by her words, Jalyssa fights back, "He loves me! I know it. Why would he cheat on me?" With a menacing stare Mrs. Baptiste says, "Baby girl, I've sucked his dick every night for the past 11 years. He's been cheating on me with you. Not the other way around. Don't get it twisted, honey. You're just a phase. He's upset with me for now, but I'll be forgiven and when that occurs, you'll be forgotten. Smile." Jalyssa crumples in a combination of shame, pain and shock. She bolts for the door.

With Sandra on the phone, Jalyssa cries her heart out, "He's cheating on me!" Sandra calms her with words never before heard, "Girl, calm down. All men cheat. Cheating is normal. If a man doesn't cheat, then he's

probably gay. Let's meet up with Tanya for hot chocolate. It's too damn cold in Atlanta" With Tanya by their side, they all cry with Jalyssa. The weather doesn't permit too many tears. Freezing temperature is a great backdrop to the scene of a warm heart turning cold. Jalyssa just wants to Be Loved Right. Trapped in confusion she yells, "I hate men!" Tanya slips, "I can't hate what pays the bills." Foreheads frown across the table. Unable to understand her meaning, they just let it go with an "I get it" laugh. Sandra gets an invite from a friend to attend a workshop. She speaks, "Girls, you have to come out with me on the 20th. There is this relationship guru who is speaking at this big church. We all got relationship issues...well not Tanya, ha! The title of this workshop took my heart, "Love Is Not An STD." We all should go."

They make plans, dry up Jalyssa's tears with laughter and part ways. Sandra drives home and runs into the arms of her man, who was exiting as she arrived. She holds him tight hoping his cheating days are done. He apprehensively embraces her but a crunch of plastic on her back injures the moment. They're flowers. She's jubilant. "Are those for me?!" He responds, "No, they aren't. They're for a friend. I'll see you when I get back. We'll do dinner or something for Valentine's. Don't wait up for me." Bad enough the snow is slowing down the city but her weakening heart is finding no place to be warm. She calls Jalyssa, "Girl, we definitely need to visit that workshop. What I'm doing isn't healthy and I know it but can't escape it. Something is telling me this is where I need to be" Jalyssa doesn't know Sandra's story or even why she needs to be there. Something about those "I fell down stairs" bruises on Sandra's body comes to mind. No matter, she has a reason too. Sex with the pastor was all unprotected but now, that would change. Would she risk contracting his STD to prove her uncompromising love for him? *Maybe that would be*

enough to get him. She thinks. Reaching Sandra's house, she returns the favor and becomes a shoulder to cry on. They text Tanya and she arrives faster than expected...with a surprise.

Unfamiliar tears rape Tanya's unblemished skin. Not known for being a crier, the other women cease their selfish mourning to attend to Tanya. She tells them, "I hate me" Thinking they heard her wrong, they both incorrectly agree, "We hate men too." Moments before the text from Sandra, Tanya was "finishing" a customer. As she completed her assignment, he looked at her and said, "You know, you're too beautiful to be a slut." It wasn't something new. Many men have said this before. Just this time, it seemed like he wasn't referring to her outside appearance. Now she's contemplating her life while weeping with women she can't tell her secret to. Another night of them holding each other. Another night of them lying to one another. Another night of them realizing they deserve more while they accept less. Many want gold but accept shiny bronze. No matter how you shine, it will never be worth more. Valentine's Day will be a reminder of the bronze they've dirtied themselves with. February 20th is not just another phase in their story but a moment when love will finally break the hate they unknowingly hold. In the words of the comedic prophet Kevin Hart, "It's about to go down" tune in next Thursday and every Thursday for another episode of "3 Naked Women." This was part 7.

Naked In Church

Blog/Series 8

No smiles, only sad memories raped their faces. As people began to greet them, as customary in church, these three women could only toss fake grins. Outside, they appeared to be the model Christians. All three were beautiful, healthy looking and seemingly confident in stride. If they could only look inside them. Their deceived, damaged and defiled hearts pumped purple poisoned blood. Yet, like painting an eagle white and calling it a dove, only so many could be fooled by their masks. You see, in church sometimes some people can see through your veil and peer into your soul. Leaving you bare with just one intrusive inquisition, "Did you know God still loves you?"

Two members approached all three with that question. Tears fell from their eyes and covered their young necks. No noise was heard. It was as if no one but these two elderly people knew their pain. They've lied to one another for so long, the denial kept their secrets as a personal diary written on their hearts. With a group hug and a whisper of, "We will get you right today" the burst of weeping began uncontrollably. They were completely exposed. Falling into the arms of two strangers hoping they'll catch more than just their bodies...but the problems they faced. As the three women unsuccessfully attempted to compose themselves, the Master of Ceremonies, who was heading to introduce the speaker, accidentally bumped into them. Immediately Jalyssa recognized the man as Pastor Baptiste. Immediately he acted as a stranger to her. Unable to keep up the façade, she backed away with an accusing glare that pierced his soul. He continued his great Academy Award winning

performance by apologizing, excusing himself and walked to the podium to introduce the keynote, Mr. Devin T. Robinson X "Egypt".

Seated, Tanya and Sandra rested their tear-depleted heads on Jalyssa's shoulders. Surprised by the pastor's attendance, all Jalyssa could do is stare at him. Her anger grew as the crowd laughed at each of his jokes and women began to whispered indecent comments about his looks. As the keynote touched the stage, a breeze took her attention. Something touched her. Someone touched her. Something or someone touched them all. The other two women looked around to find who grazed them. Confused, they asked each other if they touched one another. All answered, "No, I didn't touch any of you." With no one behind them, they felt their pain evaporate into laughing gas as each suddenly gave out an awkward belch of happiness. It was odd. They didn't understand this feeling. Whatever this was, it evaded them for so long it was foreign. The feeling was called, "Joy." No longer burdened by the pain they shared, it was as if something erased it for the moment. As if the hurt left so they could take in this moment. Then...the speaker began to speak.

"I prayed God would deliver a hush over the hurt while I spoke so your pain wouldn't interfere with your healing. He told me to remind you, weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. Now I ask, 'Do you feel that?' The relief of knowing God brought you here for a reason? This undeniable feeling that whatever you WERE going through is something you MUST go through to get to the other side? Today, this moment, I want you to KEEP going through it. Get to the other side of your pain. Too many times we stand in our mess hoping God will take us out. Never realizing we must keep walking towards the light of clarity and not

languishing amid the fog of confusion. I want you to make a choice. As a matter of fact, I want you to ask yourself a question, "Are you being loved right?" If your answer is 'No' then I need you to ask another question, 'Are you really ready to obtain the love you're thirsting for?' If you are ready. If you really want to Be Loved Right...then I need you to let go of the person that isn't loving you and trust that God will catch you." Sandra and Jalyssa froze as if each word was shot towards their collective ears. He continued, *"First and foremost, I need you to let go. Close your hands; pretend the person you're holding onto is inside your palms. Now let them go. Make the choice. Let them go. Worry about the pain you'll endure if you keep this cycle of self-abuse going."* Both women clinched their fists with intensity. When he asked them to let go, they held on. Until a flashback of the years of being broken by broken men gave way to a release. They knew...right then...they had to let go. He added, *"Don't worry about how they will feel, who will love you now and if they will be with someone new. You can only ruin your future by keeping an attachment to a love that was never there."* Tanya felt out of place. She had no one to love and wanted to escape the building to find a message for her issue. It came. He said, *"If you've been hating yourself by giving yourself to people for attention, love or money, I want you to make a choice too. I want you to give up on what your past did to you. It doesn't control you. It doesn't love you. It doesn't own your future. You do. Now trust God will see to it whatever they've given you will be now His responsibility to provide. "* It was as if he spoke to them. To their pain. To their stories. They took a moment to reflect once the event concluded. Now a decision...decisions were made. They won't be what they were. They made a choice to be what they know they can be. Loved...right.

She Used To Be A Mistress

Blog/Series 9

243 missed calls, 47 unread texts and 33 unopened voicemails separated her from the pastor. Jalyssa had to think. She needed time. Opening her legs for a married man wasn't part of her agenda. At least not now. Not today. Not after visiting the workshop, "Love Is Not An STD." She knew she was worth more than she was selling herself. No more discounts. No more bargains. No more negotiating her body to accommodate consumers who wouldn't pay full price or keep the product exclusively. She made a choice.

She responds. *"Go to your wife. Give her your herpes. I won't play co-captain to your heart any longer."* She blocked his number and didn't read his replies. Already aware of his antics, she was well versed on his, "I'm leaving her soon", and "I only stay because of the children." Or "I'm miserable with her and without you." Jalyssa was worth too much more and stopped a cycle many women live. She made a choice.

His sex was an anchor to her heart. It was as if each stroke dug her deeper into this fantasy of one day being Mrs. Baptiste. Realizing she wasn't the only mistress, he was still having sex with his wife and now owns an STD; there were only memories of penetration that danced in her mind. It wasn't enough to make her revisit the tradition of sex for hope. Being an option is reserved for women who don't realize they deserve priority. She made a choice.

Opening her legs to someone with a closed heart is just a game. Most married men master the arts of confusion, manipulation and hypnotism. Carefully squeezing in reasons to believe in a couple more days, he'll be all yours. He'll give all he's promised. He'll throw away a woman he's earned, a family he's earned, a life he's earned for you. She knew it didn't make sense. She now knew it wasn't worth it. *Why would a man give up his life for someone who doesn't respect themselves enough to wait until he's divorced?* This question owned space in her mind. She made a choice.

Never to date another married man. Never to accept, "We're separated" as an open door for hope. Never to play option to a man's desires. Her decision to walk back into God's grace won't be a short journey. It will take a million steps to become what she knows is what she deserves. However long the path. However long the passage. However long it takes...she at least started walking. I hope you do as she's done. She made a choice.

How To Turn A Good Woman Bad.

Blog/Series 10

"Bitch, where have you been? I've been looking all over for you. Think I'm stupid. You're cheating on me, huh? Think I won't kill you? I would! Let me find out you've been with another dude. I'll murder him in front of you then murder you. Do you hear me?!" Sandra stares at Ricardo. His words have lost their venom. She's now immune to his threats. She doesn't even flinch at his feints. She's as calm as a sea breeze. This silent protest of confidence is irking and confusing Ricardo.

She replies, "Please kill me. I've killed too many babies to keep a love you've never given me. I'm the murderer. Can't I teach you how to kill? I don't deserve to live. Not now, not with what I've done. If you want to help me see God faster, I suggest you do it and do it fast. Your threats aren't worth much." Enraged and embarrassed, he slaps her. Blood seeps out of her top lip and a smirk slips out. "Is that it?" She says. Now he's confused and backs away. It's been seven months since he's seen Sandra. Choosing to bunk with Jalyssa instead of Ricardo. Her attendance was too abrupt. He was unprepared for her arrival. One of his other women was still sleep in bed, drunk and naked. Sandra walked past him to collect her things. Moves his other woman over to take the pillowcases she bought. Heads for the door. He catches her.

"Wait, where are you going now? I'm not through with you." As classic, cliché and traditional as her words were, her actions followed suit. She responds, "You may not be through with me...but I'm through with you." Leaving behind the scars of multiple abortions, black eyes and a bruised spirit. She knew the love she hoped to have would never arrive from him. Rubbing her belly, the new pudge isn't from her nonexistent diet. A chance meeting with an old friend resulted in a one-night stand. The consequence is another chance. A baby unplanned but wanted.

The father of her child, Drake is a good man but she couldn't adjust to him. He wasn't aggressive, controlling or what she was used to. He called too much. He was too nice. He opened doors and wanted to know if she was okay...daily. This wasn't Ricardo. This wasn't a man who could beat her face blue. This wasn't a man that never said, "I love you." This was a man. A man who doesn't even know she's pregnant but would probably take care of her and the child. A man with a career. A God-fearing man who owns up to his mistakes and responsibilities. Whatever he is...he is too much of it. She cheats on him with other men who resemble Ricardo. None love her. None treat her like Drake. None even care to hide their flaws. She just believes a good man isn't what she's worthy of. She prayed

for a good man. Even so, to her, "Too good to be true" is only for fairytales...or women who deserve it.

God isn't dead. He's still able to give up treasures with little flaw. Just because we've dealt with people who are horrible enough to be real doesn't mean He can't give us someone who is too good to be true. If you pray for it, He will deliver it. If you pray for a car but you don't know how to drive, God will still send that car. The only question I ask you, my dear reader...when He delivers it...will you accept it and learn how to drive it or inspect to reject it and keep riding the comfortable bus? You own the choice in how you deal with God's gift. He's going to answer your prayers...so either take what you've asked for...or don't ask for it.

Being Separated Isn't Divorced.

Blog/Series 11

"Choke me daddy!" he obliges. They roll, sweat and wrestle until there are no pillows or sheets left on the bed. Now the room is their canvas. Now their bodies are their paint brushes. Now chairs, doors and dressers are innocent casualties of their lust. He's giving it and she's taking it. What started as a moment of prayer took them for an unholy ride. He had his sights on her since the, "Love Is Not An STD" workshop. She knew something was special about him. From their knees to their backs, they are feeling what's special about each other. Tanya is sleeping with Pastor Baptiste.

She gave up her life as a prostitute as sought refuge in a nearby mega church. Once she noticed the pastor, she made it her duty to create a relationship. Her hope was sincere. Aiming to find a spiritual father who would teach her how to Be Loved Right. Giving way to an understanding of Christ. She was invited over for Holy Bible study. Enjoyed many days and nights learning about God's love. Then she fell.

He was consistent. His constant complaints about his wife and how much he hates her. His constant indirect statements about where he would be if he wasn't stuck with these children. His constant reminding of needing a supportive, loving and dedicated woman on his side. All kept her trapped in a ball of "what if's" He was good at inspiring confusion. She felt sorry for him. She consoled him in his weakness. She began to feel his vulnerability. Lost as to how loving him would work...she tried using the only power she thought she had. Trying to rescue a broken man using vagina is a failed plan before execution. Tanya tried anyway. Day after day giving her body to him as a token for his healing. He would tell tales of being separated but little did he know, it didn't matter to Tanya.

She just enjoyed having a stable partner. It fed her desire to be desired and without money exchanged, she didn't own the pain of being a prostitute. She was guilt free. Unlike Jalyssa, Tanya knows the game. After months of sex, she suddenly stopped seeing him. She never delivered an "I love you" to him, as he's often said to her. She never trusted him so his, "Let's do it raw" requests we always denied. She never wanted more than an exclusive sex partner and by his slipping of calling her by another name, she knew he wasn't that. Never did she expect to be his future wife. Nor did she care to be.

She left him with a simple text. "Go home to your wife and kids. Be a husband and father." Leaving the pastor didn't mean Tanya give up on

God. She knew her progress wouldn't be forgotten because of her sexual regression. On her bed, she prays, "*Celibacy until You find a husband for me.*" A jovial smile breaks through her prayer. The challenge is set. The challenge is sex. Will she keep her promise or press reset?

The End of Pastor Baptiste

Blog/Series 12

"Who's this baby from this time?" He asks with a sarcastic grin. She doesn't respond. There is nothing she can say, do or think to avoid the end. Fed up isn't what he is. Broken is past tense. Shattered beyond repair fits the description best. Pastor Baptiste sits on his bed, eyes filled with lonely tears. His wife stands in the corner, awaiting the decision.

Laughter fills the room. This unexpected sound frightens her. It goes from awkward to angry. His tone becomes unsettling. A thickness of fear blanketed the room. "Get out you devil. You're the freaking devil. That's what you are. Get out of my house SATAN!" Wanting to salvage the romance, she used the children as leverage. "What...how will our children live happily if we're divorced? Don't do this. Let's figure out a way. I'm sorry." Her words cut him. Herpes, losing Jalyssa and being exposed by Tanya, he had already lost the "it" he owned. With the new addition of cocaine to his diet, things weren't getting better. He runs into the bathroom. The story changes.

You can hear the aggressive snorts, the loud crying and the apology to God miles from outside the bathroom. He was readying himself. Mrs. Baptiste calls for the children. They all enter the room. As a comfort/guilt shield, she hoped the image of them would inspire a second...fifth chance. As he walked out of the bathroom his glazed eyes, unsteady posture and alcohol stained breath clouded the attention of the room. The words, "I'm sorry" were consistently mumbled out of his drunken mouth and the cocaine influenced a move pastors don't make.

Door locks. The family stares silently. Dresser drawer opens. His hand lurks into the drawer. He asks her... "Why me? I provide. I take care of the children. I'm the man you prayed for. Why me?" Reluctantly yet instinctively she responds, "Maybe you're the man I prayed for but maybe I'm not the woman you prayed for." She continues, "I never deserved a man like you. Men like you...they deserve love. Happiness. I've been trouble since you knew me. You tried to save me. I told you...I told you I wasn't ready for you. That didn't stop you. This marriage was your idea. I wanted time to learn me. These children. They weren't my decision. I'm rebelling. That's the only answer to this. I love you but we have to seek counseling or I go away for a while. Maybe to a place where I can get all this...badness out of me. I don't know. I just need time to get my act together. I'm sorry I ruined you. I just don't know what else to say." His hand slowly pulls up a ball of socks. He unrolls them to reveal a .45. The

children and wife are so frightened, they don't even scream. No prayers are said. Everyone is waiting for the Pastor Baptiste to move. The barrel of the .45 finds its way to Mrs. Baptiste's chest. A slight move to the left of her chest. With his target locked, he pulls the trigger. One shot...through the heart.

The children are too afraid to cry. The tears escape down their nose as they stare at their unanimated mothers body. He points the .45 in the children's direction. The story isn't fun anymore.

If you pray for something, wait until God finishes the product before you invest in it. Many times we're in such a rush to love the shiny new person who makes us smile, we forget to be earned by them. When someone is learning who they are, don't waste time trying to love them as is. Love them as who they become when they're done growing. Otherwise when they are done...you may not be what they love.

Called Her Bitch For The First Time

Blog/Series 13

His son stares blankly into the barrel of the .45. Hiding prayers in his broken heart amiss the pool of blood his mother is drowning in. No sound is louder than the silence clouding the room. The beating heart of a rat can burst the eardrums of everyone in attendance. It is just that quiet. Pastor Baptiste is too high, angry and filled with hate to not consider ending the innocence of his children. Time slows down. Every breath takes seconds to occur. The moment is near. The very lives of these children change in less than an eye blink. He pulls the trigger. No one reacts. Only a click is heard...No shot. He remembers what he forgot. Since he bought the gun...he only loaded one bullet and never made time to load the rest. God answered the desperate prayer of a child.

Simultaneously the Pastor vomits on himself while running to his truck. Only destination on his cocaine-loaded mind was a familiar one...Jalyssa's house. He's driving in the dead of night. No cars are on the road, yet he manages to run into a few parked ones. His sturdy Ford F-150 pick-up truck is able to take the damage and keep trucking. Tears and cuss words would seem to fit as a song title for his current phase. The God fearing pastor we've come to know is no more. This brother is now a man of revenge, regret and irresponsibility. He instantly blames his entire downfall on Jalyssa. Uttering, "It had to be her. When I began that affair as revenge, I gave way to more devils. Of course it is her fault. Who else could be to blame for my actions?" Sarcasm much like common sense evades him.

Judgment completely off, he crashes into Jalyssa's garage. Airbag deployment knocks him out. The BOOM is heard around the typically quiet neighborhood. Police are called. Jalyssa, the amazingly heavy sleeper, hears none of the nonsense beneath her. Pastor Baptiste wakes up. Grabs the bullets out of his glove compartment. Refusing to make the same mistake twice. Climbs out of his wrecked pick up truck. Kisses the hood. He knows it's been good to him and he will never drive it again. Opens the door inside the garage that leads to Jalyssa's kitchen. Now marching up the stairs, he stumbles down courtesy of the alcohol stealing his balance. Still sleeping, she hears none of the racket he makes walking up the stairs. He drops some of the bullets as he makes way to her room. Fumbling, he finds a way to get all six rounds into the gun. Oddly, the familiar words "Daddys home" wake her up. She's startled. Now she too stares blankly into the barrel of a .45.

"Bitch, you...you...you are the devil. I and...I'm coming to get my life

back. The life you stole the moment you opened hell's gate. You ruined my life! Now, I take it back. All of it." She would plead for her life...but doesn't bother to. The greatest hurt she could ever imagine came. He called her a "bitch." Never did she expect the man her heart gave so much to...to spew such filth. Heart broken, she knew the pain of his words would outweigh any suffering she would endure from a bullet. He continues, "You don't got nothing to say? Cat got your tongue, Jezebel? Now it is your turn to feel the emptiness of God no longer speaking to you. The despair accom...accompanied by His abandonment. Say something!" She obliges, "I loved you. I wanted more from you. Being your "other woman" was me settling. I was sick. Your love was my temporary drug. I thought it would be a cure. It was just a treatment. I needed to find my own way. My own husband. My own family. When I left you, I left the one version of me God loved by default. Now I'm worth loving entirely. I forgave myself for my disobedience and asked God to as well. You can take my life. I know where I'm going. Death isn't a fear of mine." She closes her eyes. His eyes turn red. She takes a deep breath. He cocks back the gun hammer. She says a prayer. He aims at her head. She says, "Amen." He...

When God blessed you to see 18, He also gave you a title, "Adult". You now are completely in charge of your actions. Coincidentally, you are now the total recipient of the blame. It is funny how saying, "I'm wrong" takes courage. We live in a world where being a responsible adult is about as desirable as being a hundredaire. Until time travel is possible, growing up is unavoidable. However, it seems many of us dodge becoming...grown. Do yourself a favor, own up to the decisions you make. You live with them. No matter who they involve. When you do so, you give yourself a gift. What is that? The gift of adulthood.

Drunk In Love: Raped Sober

Blog/Series 14

No one is moving. He holds the gun steady. She stares into his eyes. Everyone is waiting. Why is he hesitating? What is holding him back from pulling the trigger? Does he really hate Jalyssa or is he coming to terms with his own irresponsibility? Whatever the reason, it seems Silence must be paying the mortgage and is forcing every to mimic him. However, something unexpected just evicted Silence.

There is a knock on the door. "This is the police. Is anyone hurt?" Now Pastor Baptiste is shook. He tells Jalyssa, "*Don't say anything! Wait...tell them you're okay!*" She yells, "He's in here with a gun! Please help!" Frantic and confused he says, "WHY ON EARTH WOULD YOU DISOBEY ME??! I should kill you!" Jalyssa says, "Why don't you? Isn't that why you're here? You want to kill me? Your "bitch." Do it. Do it!" He is startled. The dreamlike high of the drugs is wearing off and he's living in reality. The police invade the house through the damaged garage. They make their way up the stairs. They yell, "We're coming up." Jalyssa prepares them, "He has a gun!" Now Pastor Baptiste has little options left. He knows killing Jalyssa won't happen. He knows a shoot out with the police isn't happening. He knows what he has to do...

Gun pressed against his temple, he tells the police, "I'll do it. I promise I will. I'll leave this earth as the way I came." He begins to strip naked. The police only watch in confusion. The negotiator attempts to encourage him from any rash decisions. Bare-naked, Pastor Baptiste finishes his words, "I came out of my mothers womb a naked sinner and I'm going to die a naked sinner." The negotiator realizes his chances of changing Pastor Baptiste's mind are slim. He asks for Jalyssa and the Pastor replies, "You can take her...." As Jalyssa leaves the room towards the arms of police, Pastor Baptiste says, "Can I pray with you once more?" His eyes were as sincere as a new born. It was as if he was saying "goodbye" in just that one sentence. She agreed and without a second thought, backed away from the police. She was still a slave to him. Now she is heading to their "Pray place" or as we call it, "bathroom." Pastor Baptiste kept the gun to his head and walked to the bathroom with her. As he followed her, the negotiator kept attempting to discourage her actions. The Pastor passed by and notices an old fun tool of theirs, handcuffs. She notices them too, smiles. He grabs them, grabs her and closes the bathroom door.

It's too late for the police. They won't risk breaking through the door and him killing her or one of the police accidentally shooting a hostage. Inside,

he spins her around, locks her hands behind her back, places the cuffs on her, pulls down her pajamas and rips his pants off then begins the most forceful and ferocious thrusts imaginable. As the blood drips down her legs, her screams are heard throughout the house. Still, the negotiator can only talk. The Pastor tells her, "I know you're fertile today. See, I remember EVERYTHING about you. There will be some of me inside you for the rest of your life. You will always remember what you did to me." At that very moment, he cums and pulls the trigger. As Richard Pryor would tell it..."He came and went at the same time." The police burst through the door to see Pastor Baptiste dead. Curled up with her hands behind her back, tears won't even leave her eyes. She's lost for words. This moment. His words. Jalyssa will never be the same again.

This ending may seem extreme but please remember reality...is even more real. There are many women who die at the hands of past lovers. A mistress is nothing more than a man's sexual fantasy he lives daily. Nothing more. When that fantasy causes any form of destruction in his reality, he reacts. Either the wife or husband kills countless mistresses. This isn't anything new. The most important statistic is this...you have a choice in what you will be. If I were you...I would choose wife.

“Miscarriage or Abortion”

Blog/Series 15

Six months after being raped she sits alone. Friends crowd her but she sits alone. Reporters still camp outside her home but she...she sits alone. Everyone is talking to her. Giving condolences. Asking questions. Attempting to soothe her mind for the war she has to endure. She's pregnant with a dead man's baby and she doesn't want the baby to live.

No one knows her plans of self inflicted abortion. You see, she's too famous to visit a clinic. They would easily recognize the rape victim of the most famous pastor in Atlanta. Her name is more popular than any House Wife you can ponder. No matter the fact, she loses sleep thinking about being a mother. A mother to a child that is only a reminder of her poor decision-making. She never wanted to be a single mother. She refuses to add another name to that tradition. Especially knowing if the baby looks like the pastor, not only will he haunt her...but the child will live knowing their father was a murderer and rapist. If Jalyssa doesn't tell them...the world will. This baby will die. Her mind is set. The only thing that's slowing her down...is the how.

Tanya and Sandra are two of the voices she doesn't hear. A baby shower was thrown only to have Jalyssa not attend. Their calls aren't returned. Even when Tanya was told she might have breast cancer, Jalyssa didn't bother to pray or visit the hospital. Something which is beyond odd given Jalyssa had her own scare once before and was adamant about the women having regular mammograms. Sandra is dealing with her own baby issues. She fights the idea of having a good man but relishes in continuously indulging in men who only have...good moments. No matter the drama surrounding Jalyssa, she's a woman on a mission.

Back in the old days..., which really aren't that old, women used coat hangers to abort babies. Many of these procedures were botched. Many women hurt themselves courtesy of inaccuracy. Many babies lived with a mother who didn't want them there...and tried to kill them. She was about to become one of those mothers. Standing at the top of her stairs with a coat hanger in hand and confusion in mind, she started to dig. Digging forcefully to ensure this baby won't make it. The pain grew. Her screams scared nightmares out of nearby children. She accidentally slipped on the blood and fell down two flights of stairs. Jalyssa escaped with a broken leg and...coat hanger embedded in her belly. The baby is no more but that doesn't mean the baby is done with her.

Abortion isn't an ending to a woman's sorrows. As statistics and history tells it, abortion isn't over because the baby is dead. You have to live with that mental scar. The reminder of your decision. The act you will forever own. When or if you are ever challenged to make that decision, remember this...you could have been that baby. You make the choice.

50 Shades of Shade.

Blog/Series Episode 16

Blindfolded. Hands cuffed behind her back. Penis in Jalyssa's mouth. The chocolate syrup taste satisfies her taste buds. She fights her gag reflex. Standing in front while she's on her knees, he massages her nipples then slaps her butt. This is beyond pain and pleasure. Jalyssa is swallowing all the juices his body owns. Never has a fantasy sucked the reality out of you. Her sexual gladiator is 6 foot tall with eleven long inches. He wants her to cum first. She's on her third...he just doesn't know. His next move...is his best move.

Effortlessly picking up his sex slave, he throws her on the bed. With legs and feet dangling off the edge, he grabs each butt cheek with his huge hands. Determined to make her scream each climax, his penis digs inside of her. Whatever walls she's had before, they don't exist anymore. There is no caution for safety, he's digging. If there were gold, his penis would have found it. She yells, "It feels so good!" then "Give it to me, daddy!" No permission was needed...

Now on her side, obeying his instructions, he begins the sideways pile driver. Gripping her waist, he gets every inch into her. Each long slow stroke brings her out of a fantasy and into reality. This man is relentless in pleasing her. She yelps. He smirks. The G-spot is found and he knows it. Wildly, he speeds up. Imprints of his fingers are left on her buttocks. She finally, with eyes rolling back, screams, "I'm coming!" Without missing a beat, he puts his penis in her mouth and a vibrator in her vagina. They cum together. She's left drinking each kid out of him and he smiles at his work. To put on the finishing touches, he dances and caresses his tongue around her clitoris until she begs him to...stop. Don't call this love, this is lust. What she wants and believes she needs. Collapsed on the bed. She feels paralyzed. The only image seen before her sleep is him getting dressed. With pants and shirt on, he leaves...forever.

For weeks she calls, he doesn't answer. Texts aren't returned. He blocks her off Facebook. Stops following her on Twitter. What was reality now seems fiction. This man is now ghost. She's broken. Confused. Can't understand why he left. He was sweet. They met; he seemed to be everything she dreamed of. A smart, attractive, career man who knows what he wants. A leader. What he represented was what she deserved to see. Yet, he didn't earn her body. How can you in only three days? Sex came. Then he left. Two months later she sees him in the mall. On her way to confront, he notices her and smiles. Then turns his back to her. It was as if he said...in just one smile, "You know what this is." She did...a one-night

stand.

We get what we accept. Sadly, we act as if discounting our worth will ever be "right." It's never "right." You are not on sale. You are not charity. You are not worthy of being someone's, "Who I had sex with but didn't earn." Your value cannot be negotiated. No matter what I write, the choice of being a one-night stand is all yours to make. If you don't think you deserve more. If you don't think you should be earned. If you don't think any of this...then who will? Choice.

Only Dates Black Women

Blog/Series Episode 17

"Sex is better than crack. Cocaine is better than sex. Alcohol makes sex better. Whatever I do, sex is part of the equation. Sex is the only thing that follows me. It's the only thing that's always been there. Sex doesn't judge and is reliable. Whenever I need it, whenever I want it. Ugh...God where are you???! I'm confused. Why did you let this man hurt me? How could you abandon me in my moment of vulnerability? I need you now Lord!" Her mind ponders these thoughts. Jalyssa hasn't been right since the "abortion." As a matter of fact, she hasn't been right since she ended her relationship with a married man. His raping of her and suicide were just icing on the cake. She needs something now that drugs and sex won't bring. She found it...in a bottle.

Night after night she evades contact with Tanya and Sandra. Her phone stays off and when on, she sends everyone to voicemail. She could be dead and no one will know. That's how she feels. Dead. Who would've known an abortion could do this? Who would have known being a mistress for so long would end up haunting you? No man is good enough, no sex is great enough. She's trapped. Yet her release came in the most unbelievable of places...a liquor store.

Picking up her favorite bottles of Ciroc and Irish cream, she makes it her "duty" to flirt with the cashier. He always gives her free items with the lost hope of her eventually sleeping with him. This young Indian man should dream while standing because that'll be the only circumstance he has sex with Jalyssa. As she dodges another request for her number, she bumps into this gentleman. 6'5", two dimples, caramel chocolate skin and wearing a tailored slim fit suit. He apologizes, "Sorry, mam. Let me buy you another. Sir, ring up what she had. It's on me." His accent is different. Sounds British but Jamaican. Yet, he looks Indian. She jokingly asks, "Where are you from? Your voice sounds funny" His eyes light up. "I get this a million times a day. I'm from London. My dad is from Kingston Jamaica and my mum is from India. They moved to England when I was a baby. We visit Jamaica at least 5 times a year and my accent just never adapted to one place." She smiles but then frowns when the wedding ring he's wearing shines in her eye. Sharply she says, "Okay. Thanks for the liquor. Goodbye." Catching her, "Are you Jalyssa?" He asks. She's startled. "My wife, she's been talking about you. Can you do me a favor? Would you allow me to pray with you? Right here?" He requests with a sincere look. She asks, "In the liquor store??" Grinning, He says, "God is everywhere." A memory of how Pastor Baptiste used prayer to guilt her

into oral sex flashed into her head. She refuses. His wife walks in.

She's almost as tall as him. Her eyes are brown. Hair in a mini afro. Skin resembles the darkest shade of brown before it becomes black. A body that shames the word, "curves". This is Africa walking. She asks, "Sweet heart, what's taking you so long? The movie starts soon." In Jalyssa's mind, she ponders, "*Men like him normally date White women.*" Those words seep from mind to mouth. "You're not with a White woman?" Her inner ignorance becomes public. She's used to educated Black men thinking they're too good for their own. Sadly, Jalyssa isn't a product of her environment. She's a product of her selective memory and experience. She's witnessed Tanya consistently approached by Black men who look exactly the same. Not that Jalyssa doesn't get her fair share (Selective memory). It's just Tanya gets more. The wife responds, "My sister, brothers aren't what society says they are. Love has no color. If I was purple or magenta, I would still be his wife. It's love that connects us, not the color of our skin." The husband chimes in, "Well...I only date Black women. If she can't use my comb...then I can't bring her home." They all laugh then an offer is made. The wife speaks, "We know your story. Honestly, my first child was by rape. The rapist was my father. He's dead now, I forgive him but the scars will never vanish. My husband and I are both therapists and ministers. Your spirit is damaged. I can see it in your eyes. I know this is difficult to ask but my spirit is asking, would you stay with us?" Jalyssa fights the immediate urge to say no but something internally brings her mouth to say, "I need help...yes." She ponders, "*God was listening.*"

Just because what you've prayed for doesn't come when you want it...doesn't mean it isn't coming. God is always on time. Even when we're late. Sometimes we wait too long before prostrating ourselves on the floor and begging for His support. We're ego filled people at times. Well, God has a cure for you...Him. One day, you will learn to give up and give in. Until then, you will always be a slave to the world. You have the choice. Let your burdens be His. **"Cast your cares on the LORD and he will sustain you; he will never let the righteous be shaken."**-Psalm 55:22. Don't believe halfway. He has you.

She Did It For the Vine

Blog/Series18

Sucking one while holding a different one in each hand. Tanya's movements resembled a ballet dancer as she followed a rhythm she could only hear. You couldn't see any of the three men. Their bottom halves were on full display. All six legs trembled with every move she made. She was a professional and they were enjoying this seemingly unexpected pleasure. The moment to cum came. No sex tape could compare to this 6 second Vine.

As each man became unsteady, they readied themselves to release, she turned her head and as they all came on her face or hair she uttered the words, "I did it for the vine!" End of video. End of their pleasure. Temporary end of her new Christian life. Beginning of a lesson unlearned. Within minutes the video went from 19 views to 29,089. When a full hour passed, the video went viral beyond most imaginations. 2.2 million people and not including those who reviewed the video multiple times. She was made into a social media celebrity. She was made into a trend. She was made into something no one thought to call her...a raped woman caught on video being raped.

While out evangelizing, thirsty, Tanya visited a local bar. As she entered, like clockwork, men approached at every corner. Now a Christian, she turned their lust filled desires down instantly. When ready to buy a drink, Tanya couldn't locate her credit card or cash. Noticing her dismay, a stranger asked, "Don't worry about it, I'll buy you a drink." Tanya was thankful and let him know what she wanted then quickly went outside to see if her wallet was out there. She found it, untouched. Upon reentry, the gentleman had her drink in hand. Cranberry ice tea. Nothing major. No alcohol, but there was a shot. The man had placed a drug in the cup. Tanya never tasted a thing. She was soon falling over herself, drinking alcohol and saying things that reflected her old life. Now that the man knew she was a former prostitute, this elevated his evil desire.

He took her home, called his friends over and the rest is history. Well, the story isn't over. When Tanya woke, she found herself alone in a hotel. Her clothes neatly placed on the dresser and nothing but used condoms and alcohol surrounded the room. After leaving the room, people noticed her. Some called her, "Slut" and others literally laughed in her face. One lady screamed, "There's that nasty White girl who did that vine with those Black guys." Tanya didn't understand any of it. She just knew her vagina hurt and tasted the familiar taste of cum and alcohol in her mouth. Sandra called Tanya, sent her the vine to see if it was really her. By the time Tanya

overcame the hurt, embarrassment and anger, she marched back up to the room, grabbed the condoms, put them in the bathroom garbage bag, made sure no air seeped in, called the police, told them everything, got a lawyer, had the video removed and once they matched the DNA from the condom to the surveillance camera shots of the man she met at the bar...now history was done. All three men convicted of rape, all three men regretful of their actions and all three men in jail probably doing something for the vine...I mean their cellmate.

Never accept a drink from a stranger if you don't see the bartender make it. We live in a world where we want to trust everyone but not everyone deserves our trust. You are too precious to fall prey to someone's demonic demands. If you want a drink, buy it yourself or make sure you're watching the bartender create it. Tanya was the victim of this story. She's not at fault for trusting someone. Many times we blame the raped instead of the rapist. There is no reason a woman should be raped. None. Her clothing, drunkenness or attitude aren't excuses as to why her, "No" is something to ignore. Men, too many of us go to jail because of this. If she's drunk, leave her alone until she's sober. We don't need more men in jail, we don't need more broken women in life and we can do a lot better...now that we know better.

What Happened In The Elevator.

Blog/Series 19

Sandra gave her number to Roberto on Monday...he called on Friday. They only communicate through text. The conversations aren't much. The usual. "What's your favorite positions?" "How do you like it?" "When can we meet up so I can hit it?" talk. She sends naked pictures. Even private videos. The first time they met up, was like every time they met up. Sex and neglect not only rhyme but are typically connected if lust comes before love.

He never called to begin with. It seems as if every text is a request. Shoes, clothes or helping to pay out a debt. All things she gives to get more of him. His only donation to her is sex, attention and abandonment. If she asks, "Why can't we talk more?" the only response is, "I'm busy and I don't like to talk." (For a man with little to do, he sure does a lot.) She also remembers a quote, "A man makes time for what's important to him. Everything else...isn't on his schedule." She asks the question, "Can we be more?"

Roberto's response is traditional and funny. Here's the traditional.

"I'm not ready for a relationship but you and I are cool. You're the type of girl dudes wife up. I'm just not there. Let's just stay friends." That's the traditional, the funny is that she's uttered the SAME words (minus "wife") to the father of her child, Drake. Drake has been there day after day taking care of their child, being the shoulder Sandra cries on when heart broken by another deadbeat man. Drake finds a way to make her smile when all of the world makes her cry. He's her, "Friend." That's as far as she'll allow him to go. No matter the fact her "friend" is exactly what she wants. No matter the fact when she complains about what another man doesn't have...Drake actually has always had it and more. She's in the "Friend zone" and now has company. Roberto isn't releasing her any time soon and Sandra isn't releasing Drake any time soon. They all will be captive in the infamous "Friend zone" until (A.) Sandra or Drake leave voluntarily (B.) Sandra and Roberto fall into relationships with partners who won't permit them to have "people on the shelf." A and B happen but not the way you expect.

Roberto, like many deadbeat men, gets locked up. His new girlfriend is jail. She writes him letters, he never responds. (If he barely texted, you think he would write?) She sends him money, he doesn't say thank you. She saw "potential" in him but that was a lie. Many women who say, "I see potential" in a man, are liars. You didn't see potential, you saw someone you wanted who didn't have what you needed and just placed,

“potential” in the conversation to make your equation work. It didn't. She eventually realized what she already knew...he was nothing. Not only that, Roberto knew she was something but he wasn't deserving of it. Meanwhile, Drake and Sandra were in the Bank elevator. She was depositing money for Roberto's commissary and complaining to Drake about this being the last time she borrows money from him to help Roberto. This was the 5th time she's uttered those words. Drake snaps... “Do you think I'm stupid? Well, I must be stupid. I'm not invisible. I'm literally everything you want, need and should have in a man and I've been your “friend” for too long. I'm tired of this. You date deadbeats like they're in fashion. I'm stopping this right now. Part of this is my fault and I'll admit my enabling kept you fed. It ends today! I will take care of my child and fight for sole custody. This baby can't keep seeing man after man enter the house and hurt. She can't grow up thinking all men are evil and her body is just a vessel for a man's pleasure...like mommy does. I won't allow it. Take it how you want to, but I'm through with you and being a friend to someone I would rather love. I deserve more.” His new girlfriend? His worth. She takes a breath and the elevator bell dings, he steps out first and she follows. No words are spoken between the two yet amazingly their silence speaks volumes. They both aren't in the friend zone because they are no longer friends.

Oddly, the “friend zone” is where we put those who we aren't ready for and don't deserve us. Many times those who are placed there are everything we want but WE aren't what or who we need to be. Placing good people in the friend zone is an act of growth. You're saying to yourself, “I'm not good enough for your goodness and I'd rather have you near me than away.” It's also a sign of your greed, selfishness and inability to realize you're holding someone's heart captive. Let them go. Give them the “talk.” Someone deserves their heart, even if you think “in the future” you will be that someone. Don't ruin their lives or goodness by stealing their time. They deserve more and so do you. Today, let the slaves of your immaturity go. Ignore, delete or flat out tell them, “I'm not ready and leave.” Otherwise Karma may not stay in your friend zone...but put you in it.

Dreamlike Wedding

Blog/Series 20

He stood there...motionless. His eyes were tunnel visioned. Waiting for his bride, Tanya to walk out. As the door slightly opened, a lonely tear walked down his face. This was the moment he knew would come but didn't know when. She is the woman of his dreams. They both earned each other now "I do" will seal the deal. It begins.

Everyone stands up. In a room filled with royal red and gold, each audience member wore gold which matched the royal red chairs they sat in. There was a harpist with gold wings. The husband's father had lung cancer but prayed to God to be there. God answered and like God, He blessed him beyond measure. The father not only attended but sung, Cloud 9 as Tanya graced the aisles. Her ivory dress was out of a magazine. You could see her in Victoria secret as the only fully dressed woman gliding down the catwalk. It was just that beautiful. Now his lonely tear had company.

His grooms men grinned as he continued to cry in silence. This isn't the man who cries. No no. He's the man who everyone looks up to. The brother you call when you need advice or help. Many thought tears feared him. Well, they know he is no longer immune. In his heart, he wanted to reach out and grab Tanya. Screaming, "I do" at the top of his lungs. When he blinked his eye, she was already in front of him. No need to grab. Her father already had given him Tanya's hand. Before he knew it, they were exchanging vows. Hers was funny. She joked about how she would never come between him and football or cheese cake. He topped her and agreed to watch Scandal with her. Even agreeing to debate her on the show, time to time. They laughed, the audience laughed and when they said "I do" everyone cried. A passionate prayer from grandfather topped the wedding. No one could cry anymore, as they all laid hands on the couple. Asking God to keep their marriage safe by surrounding them with grace. This was the most amazing wedding...anyone can dream of.

That's exactly what it was...a dream. Tanya woke up. The man she was killing...was her pillow cuffed to her face. She knew the video had set her faith walk back. She didn't understand why something like this would happen to her. Then she realized something...God didn't give up on her. She still deserves to be a wife. Her dream can become reality. Her mind is made up. On her knees she goes. She isn't giving up on God and nor is He

giving up on making her dream...reality.

Tanya isn't the stereotype of a sinner, she's the prototype of a Christian. As a Christian, being flawed is natural. We are supposed to fail. How else will we realize our God is bigger than us? If we can succeed without humbling ourselves to Him, why would we need a God? If we are always able to overcome adversity just with our human ability, then we don't need a supernatural God. This is the reality of why we praise Him. God won't give up on you and your dreams, as you can't give up on Him. When it comes to you being a husband or wife, understand if you aren't, you can be but you can't surround yourself around people who aren't marriage material. If you are married, understand your prayer, faith and inner circle hold the keys to your success. Dream.

This is the link to my marriage video, hope you enjoy.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jZ3ilbL-rlI&feature=youtu.be>

He Asks. You Answer.

Blog/Series 21

Sandra and Tanya convince Jalyssa to visit a poetry lounge. This weirdly dressed poet grabs the mic and begins, "Ladies, there are only three exclusive relationship positions a woman can be inside a man's life, girlfriend, fiancé and wife. That's it. Nothing is "complicated" about it. If you're giving "girlfriend" exclusivity to someone who didn't ask you to be a girlfriend...you're not a girlfriend. If you're giving fiancé treatment to someone who didn't ask you to be his fiancé...you're not his fiancé. If you're giving "wifey" loyalty to someone who didn't bother to get down on one knee, have a wedding and tell the world, "I love her", then you are not the wife. What are you? Nothing, just a woman in his life that he's given attention and compliments to. Therefore, you felt certain you're the only one and gave him your all in hopes...he thinks the same. I have a story for you.

He continues, "Three young girls were walking home from elementary school. All were 10. They saw an old man building a bridge over all the broken glass, sharp rocks and dangerous material found on "The Path." One of the young girls, the leader, noticed his work and asked, *"Old man, why are you building this bridge? We don't mind taking the long way around. Anyways, you're too old to finish. You have at least another 10 miles to go. You won't even get to walk across it, you're too old. Old man? You don't want to talk? Probably can't hear."* The old man continues to build as the three young girls walk. One young girl looks back starts to talk to him but refrains for fear of the leader and just follows the other girls' footsteps. Five years pass.

The young girls are now young women. At 15 they visit "The Path" on their way home from high school. The leader of the group notices the Old Man again, *"Hey old man! Why are you still building this bridge? I see you putting cement on each brick and doing all this hard work for what? Why? You're too old to even walk across this thing when you're done. Hello?? You're not going to talk old man? I hope you die out here then, old man! Let's go girls."* All the girls follow, but one looks back. She starts to talk to the old man but fears the leader and just follows the other girls' footsteps. Another five years pass.

In college, the three young women are now women. At 20, they plan a reunion back home, walking near "The Path" the leader catches a glimpse of the Old Man still building the bridge over all the broken glass, sharp rocks and dangerous material. She asks, *"Old man, it's been about 10 years since we seen you here. We have to admit, you've done a LOT of*

work. They all nod in agreement. She continues, "No matter the fact, you're now definitely too old and the bridge is about 6 miles away from completion. You won't get done any time soon and definitely won't walk it. Why do you do this?" Again, he ignores her. Placing cement on the bricks, he works. Angry, she says, "I hope you die out here then, old man! You aren't ever going to finish anyway. Let's go girls." One girl stays. Now she's a woman. She doesn't just follow the leader. She asks the Old Man, "Can you forgive my friend? She has always been the somewhat ignorant one. He nods in agreement and continues to place cement on the bricks. The young woman continues, "May I humbly ask, why are you building this bridge over all these harmful things when we've taken the longer way around for so many years? The old man picks up his head and says, "I'm not building this bridge for me. I'm building this for those who come after me. I don't want them taking the longer way around and nor should they have to suffer my same struggles as a youth. I build, for those I may never see." After he says those words, the old man dies. The woman sees him there, picks up the bricks and starts to put cement on them. There are two characters you can choose to be in this story. The person who tries to succeed by taking the "long way" courtesy of making the same mistakes their parents or friends did or the person. The one who takes the shorter way using, "The Path." The Path is learning from the mistakes of others and building a bridge with your mistakes then teaching others about them so they too will have a shorter walk in life. Who will you...who are you? Don't settle for what your parents settled for. You deserve to be a wife not just a "it's complicated." If your mother died a single mother, your grandmother too, why should you? Change the path. Be more than someone's option. If you become a wife, then you create a path for women to walk. They can be like you because you built a bridge that says, "I'm wife. Follow me." There is nothing glamorous about being anything else.

The girls had a charge. Be nothing or something. Jalyssa didn't want to be there but now...felt like no other place was better fit for her. She knew then, being exclusive to someone who owns no title with you is foolish. The classic, "I'm not into titles" is just a game fools play on fools to keep them fools. Tanya and Sandra both held back tears. They too knew the same, "If he didn't ask and I didn't answer...then I am what I started to be...nothing." Don't you, dear reader, deserve to be more than nothing? Don't fear asking the question because other women before you just took the long way around the question hoping the man's actions will prove otherwise. With technology today, a man can make 20 women feel like "the only one." Why not make sure you are? Just ask him to ask before you give the privileges or even after you've given them. Don't you deserve it? If not, you'll find out if he didn't ask and you didn't

answer...why you are just as significant to him as you were...before you met him.