

Introduction

I believe that every woman has a story. A story yet to be told. It would be the general consensus amongst our male counterparts that all we do is “talk”. The question is...”Do we really?”

I think we love and love hard. We serve and sacrifice. We work and work some more. We cry, scream, shout, and laugh – But do we really – really talk? I’ve taken it upon myself to form my personal “life opinion” and I’ve decided that we do not talk-enough, about what really matters. I don’t mean the day to day jargon- recipes, shoe sales, hairstylists, a good masseuse, a great movie or CD. No, this is not the pallet of words that paint the portrait of who we are as women. Who do we share our hearts with? The things “too sensitive” for our husbands and too shameful for our girlfriends. Too hurtful to even “mouth” to our own “selves”. Where do all of these words go? I’ll tell you – they stay inside of every woman who has not found the courage or the opportunity or the skill to expel these words “Out” of our “Beings”. Over time, what begins to happen –is “Too Much”! Too much “stuff” on the inside – screaming to be released into the atmosphere. If we don’t expel we will eventually “implode”.

We all have different means of deterioration. Some grow quiet and withdrawn. Others, feisty and headstrong. Some just become angry and more angry – Silently. Can you pick her out in a crowd room? Is she the one with crossed arms and a stern face or is she giggling behind disgrace. So ladies, I ask you once again...”Can We talk?”

For those who are turning these pages – I am here to be your personal guide. We are about to embark upon a journey through the chapters of “My” life. Remember what I said earlier, “Every woman has a story”. I believe each of us has a story, yet some will take it to their grave. I am not here to encourage you to write a book. I am only here to walk with you through “my” story. Feeling strongly, that some of our chapters may be the same.

I invite you to walk with me through two decades of my “living – which at many times, felt like ‘dying’”. “Sista Chat” is a true account of my personal voyage. I share it with you “My Sista”, to encourage, inspire and implore you to take a journey of your own. The truth is, I made it to the other side – and so can you. It wasn’t easy and I surely didn’t do it on my own. So even if you are in a place where you feel – nobody’s with you or for you, know that “I am”. Know that my story, my victory, can be yours as well.

“Sista Chat” begins with “Santana”, a 13 year old girl away on summer vacation at her dads. She will experience an encounter with him that will change her life forever.

“Santana’s” story is written in Dear Diary format, concluded by an inspirational monologue. “Santana”, by the way – She’s Me! I venture to think that each of you may see a little bit of “Santana” in you as well. So let’s go “My Sista”. It’s time to set sail.

Ready, Set, Go.....

“Daddy’s Girl”

July 1984

Dear Diary:

The door cracked open – moonlit skies casting shadows of fear on my bedroom wall. By now I knew the routine – I’d become an expert giving new meaning to “dead man walking”. In my case it was “sleeping”. Fist clinched tight, eyes fastened to transcend into another world. Thighs locked up like Fort Knox. The only problem was that “Daddy had a key”. I loosen my grip so afraid I’d disappoint him – slowly turning over as though coming out of some drug induced stupor. Maybe he’d give up. Perhaps become rerouted to the warm inviting bed he just crept out of. I lie there pleading with a God I wasn’t sure still exist. Lord, what have I done, what have I gotten myself into. Slowly, cold lips part with the intrusion of a serpents tongue – up and down my mountainous breast. Nipples becoming numb now classified as “No Entry”- property condemned. My mind begins to take summersaults twisting, tumbling, and fumbling into a far away land. Weeks and weeks of foreplay – oneplay – his way had lead up to this exact moment. I don’t fight, kick scream or bite. Perhaps it “does” belong to him. I drift in and out of the scene. Thighs begin to quiver at his entry. Inside I’m screaming – a shrill so intense I feel it ricochet throughout every pore of my being (what’s left of me). Play dead – I tell myself, not knowing that the casket is already being prepared. My demise is on the horizon, putrid stench of death knocking at my door. Suddenly, there’s an explosion – warm, thick liquid all over my body and my bed. The aroma of what smells like ammonia fills the air. Feet, feet stepping – feet shuffling, creaking floorboards in my ear. My excitement begins to escalate – “is this all a bad dream or is someone coming to my rescue”? Reality sets in and I realize – it’s too late, the deed has already been done- my dads on the run as he bolts from my room and re enters his own “appropriate world”. Left in the dark, all alone. My eyes slowly travel down my partially naked body which has now become the canvas for an undiscovered artist. I think to myself, “Wow, what a piece of work am I.” The artist has painted a picture all over that which remains of me. Mouth gaped open – finger under my nose, the aroma makes me ill – so unfamiliar that it is staggering. I then begin to strategically slide across my sin covered sheets.

Running water, water running – how high can the pressure build. Wash me, over me, in me – get this out of me. I'm tainted goods now spoiled and set aside to rot.

"Oh no – the sheets"! What do I do – someone will know – I'm so confused. But you see, I've been appointed to clean up the mess, make it all look right. You're a big girl – you can do it- No time for tears and shrieks, pull yourself together girl. Mourn another time, maybe next year – but not now, not now "Santana", not now.

“Daddy’s Girl”

Monologue....

Introduce me to the Fathers love?
Why would I want that?
Oh, I know the love
of a father.
Came to know it all too well
when I was “13”.
My fathers love would crack my bedroom door
at 2am
and creep behind me in my bed.
Night after night
this intrusion occurred
he galloped in on the back of intrigue
draped in allurements.
So confusing to a “13” year old girl,
searching for a Fathers
love
After time
it became unsettling
and uncomfortable
escalating to unbelievable pinnacles
of pain
Not that my physical “self”
had been injured
but the wounds that lie within our hearts
– that dagger
could never be removed

The enemy is such a deceiver
Wrapping packages
in beautiful
foil laden boxes with a big chiffon bow
“Now open it”
he cunningly suggests
First hand we see
that the surprise
is truly on us!

So you see
my friend
introducing me to a fathers love

is a road I'd already traveled
never to return again!
"What do you mean
this love
is different"?
This father will never leave me or forsake me?
I can sit on His lap
and tell Him all my worries
wait
He won't harm me?
He longs for me to lay my head on His breast
and rock me to sleep
with the rhythmic beat in His chest?
And with all of that
I don't owe Him nothing?
He wants no favors
no paybacks
no hookups?
All He wants is my love?
He'll take me just as I am
Bumped
bruised battered and torn?
Show me off to the world
as His precious
baby girl?
Ohhh, can this be true
please don't lie to me
I've been bound
too long
I'm so ready
to get set free.
If I had just one wish
in this Big Beautiful world
that one wish would be
"I'm Daddy's little Girl".