

It is true, “good things come to those who wait.” As a little girl, I adored my father. He was the most precious person I knew. My maternal grandmother was the next person to a saint, I believed. However, in my later years, I could not reconcile her smoking “like a fish” with sainthood. With all her flaws, I still believe that if anyone will be in Heaven, my grandmother will be there along with my parents.



My preteen years were loaded with frustrations and discouragements. I attributed those difficulties to my eleven brothers and sisters. I thought if my parents had less children, then it would not have been as difficult for me—my all about me self. My parents wanted the very best for all of us. They tried their very best to give all of us an education—better than they had.

My parents wanted me out of that district, because they believed all young girls who stayed would get pregnant and become “worthless.” That was not going to happen to their daughter. My brothers would help them see to that as well. In their efforts to see me amount to “something” they “loaned” me to my paternal grandmother during my early teen. My grandmother was a no nonsense person, who did not believe in sparing the rod and spoiling the child. I was what you would call a “proper” young girl. I had no boyfriends, very few girlfriends and was always told that I was “bright” and would be the “pride and joy” of their lives.

My teen years found me in the main city “loaned” to my “aunt” working and attending school. Those years were joyful, still reserved in expressions and very, very careful about friendships. Disaster struck, though; a couple of years after moving to the city—my best friend, hit and killed, by hit-and-run motorist. Distraught and disheartened, I returned to my parents. I few months later, my parents “loaned” me to my paternal uncle and his wife. Those were very good years—my uncle’s wife, “Aunt Miriam” treated me like the daughter she never had.

Fast-forward seven years, adolescence found me “sold” and married to a wonderful man, who introduced me to Christ. I used the word “sold” not that I was auctioned off, but because there was no returning to my parents. I had my

daughter shortly thereafter. Two years after she was born, I found myself in college. My husband took care of my baby, and I went off to college. I would go between the college and home at regular intervals except during assessment times. Two years after, I graduated near the top of my class. Recruited out of college by a regional conference I spent the next three years doing administrative work and teaching at the local high school. Management beckoned me, when hired to be the general manager of a local business. Two years after, my husband and I immigrated to the United States.

After arriving in the United States, my lifestyle changed tremendously, to make a long story short—it was a type of culture shock for me; but the LORD, made ways out of nowhere. He provided for my family, with people, strangers, if you may, to take us where He wanted to go. After a few years in the United States, I returned to college, completed my Bachelor's degree, and gained employment. I later pursued higher education and completed Masters' degrees.

My life took twists and turns in the road, but the twists taught me how to depend upon God. The turns propelled me in the directions to where I am presently—pursuing a terminal degree. My aspiration never showed signs of change; my outlook on life was for the most part, positive, by God's grace. Amidst the crucibles, God consistently provided an exit plan. He always takes care of me. He always provided for my family and me. I have had the great delight of visiting practically all the countries in Europe, some in Asia and a few in the Caribbean. I am blessed and highly favored! God has been GOOD to Me! My siblings—too many, though it seemed in the eyes of a child, were blessings to my parents. I look forward to meeting my parents and grandmother when Jesus comes again. Good things come to those who wait, INDEED!