

# *Three Essays*

By Norma L. DeBooth



# *Love In A Dangerous Time*

By Norma L. DeBooth

This east coast family in a small town inside of Pennsylvania has lived this reality. Soldiers were honorably deployed, home. The town was filled with celebration! Although this community was integrated, some individuals were not accepting integration within their immediate family. Many open minded liberals formed and attended an upbeat respectful social named The Salt and Pepper Club. Here singles could comfortably mingle, date, and plan their future within matrimony.

A certain young beautiful, intelligent Irish woman was attracted to a certain handsome brown skin, recently honorably discharged soldier. They became exclusive while dating. This young couple felt at ease being in love. Most of the small town folk had accepted them inside their community, and beyond the Salt and Pepper Club! This soldier's family adored his Irish woman, and agreed with their engagement, and his marriage proposal to her! She explained to them, her father is a biased staunch German, whom married his Irish slave, and continued to mentally and physically enslave her in front of any one, and anywhere.

This led to his daughter's rebellion. She fell in love with the opposite race of her father. She became in the family way, three times. Her first two children were boys, the third being a girl! By that time she thought her father would be accepting, and brought her family to enjoy with her parents. Her mother was happy and pleased! Her father exploded with rage, insults and threats of permanent disassociation, if his daughter wouldn't divorce her brown skin husband plus give up her children. Out of dependence and instilled fear, her mother agreed with her German husband, although she accepted her daughter with her Brown husband and children. The daughter knew her father would follow through with his threats, so

she secretly put her three beautiful biracial children up for adoption; because not being disinherited seemed more accepting for her. Hours later, her husband's once mint conditioned body was found beaten nearly to death. The Irish woman laid her husband to rest, moved back into her parent's home, but lost track of her three children because they've been separated into foster homes.

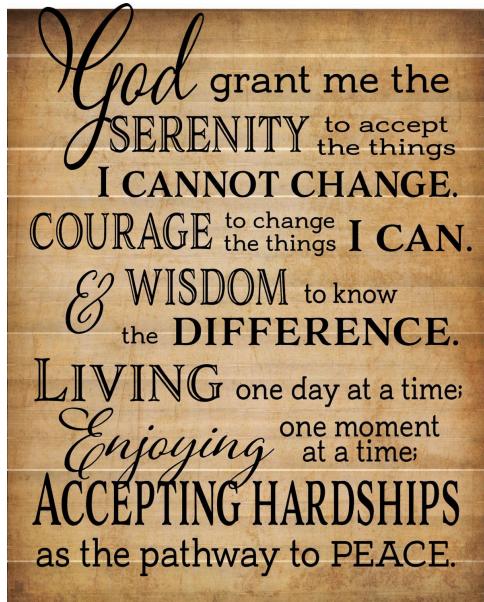
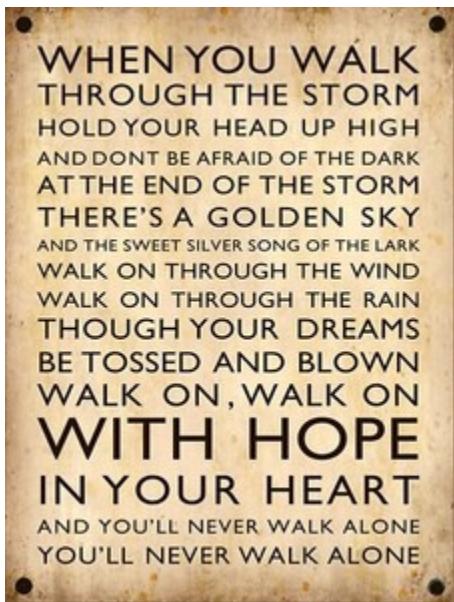
They became adults, found each other, shared foster home experiences; to present. After her German grandfather had passed away, she occasionally took their children to visit her mother. Often she'd explain her life story and of having been married interracially in the 1950'S, among biased folk who weren't ready to embrace mixed families. She was in love during a dangerous time.

# *George and Minnie*

By Norma L. DeBooth

I met George and Minnie many years ago while volunteering with Yoke Fellow Prison Ministry, during Sunday worship, at a Salvation Army. They met while working at a temporary job service and began dating. George explained to Minnie, his two sisters' and he were raised in foster care from kindergarten until graduation, because their parents were substance users, alcoholics and transients. Throughout their foster care years they suffered all types of abuse, and were transferred to a different foster home after each founded abuse case. George and Minnie graduated from high school with average grades. George attended VoTech programs, graduating from the Mason Brick and Block class. For many reasons throughout his school years, he became bitter and began drinking Vodka and smoking crack. Minnie's life was similar. They became dependent on each other and their habits. Within their co-inhabitation three children were born; each addicted to alcohol and crack. Each birth, Children Service entered the hospital with a court-order, and took away each baby. Their children weren't deformed, but suffered brain damage. All through school, they were in Special Education classes, plus daily were administered several types of medication for bipolar and other types of psychiatric disorders. They too were abused inside foster homes, growing up feeling bitter, insecure and let-down. I was told they did good in school, but yearned to be in main-stream classes, but sadly understood why they were not. During the years, George and Minnie attended Parenting Classes and all types of counsel to regain their children, but they were still using; missing several scheduled supervised visits to be with their children. When they did keep their visitation meetings, although tensed with mixed emotion, the Supervisors noted their love and wanting to be a family living together. George and Minnie entered several rehabs, but kept using, failing urine tests. By this time, their children were teenagers nearly ready to graduate from high school. When 18 years old, foster

children are no longer within the governmental foster care system, and must fend for themselves. If no one helps them with housing, Vo-tech, managing daily living essentials, these young adults either end-up lied-to, molested, homeless, inside prison, in and out of types of hospitals, repeating their parents' patterns, addicted or dead. This is what's been happening throughout the years here within America: which is very sad, but true.



# *Jackie*

By Norma L. DeBooth

I met Jackie during sewing school. I lived (1) hour away from school. So I wouldn't have to daily bus-it, my Grand Mother gave me permission to sub-rent with Jackie, who was (25) years old, and I was (16). The first floor two bedroom apartment was in a nice Syrian neighborhood. After I settled in, I began preparing breakfast for both of us. After a few months of waiting for Jackie to come from the bath room, every day to eat, I began calling her name. That's when I opened the door and saw her sitting on the commode fully dressed, asleep, with a needle stuck in her armpit. I froze from sight, into fear. As I slowly closed the door, the squeak awakened her. I backed out, past our breakfast. By the time I was near my bedroom, Jackie approached me saying "Norma, I never thought you'd see me like this, I'm sorry". I answered, "Is this why you don't eat breakfast with me? Is this why he and you stay a long time in the bathroom?" She said yes. I asked her why they went out every night knowing she had sewing school the next day. She said because he lines up dates so they have enough for them to do that. She was honest, telling me she was really from Florida, living with her parents whom had legal custody of her ten year old son. She met Hank in Florida at an amusement park. He promised her a better life, up North, then she could later bring her son. After a while when Jackie fell in love with him she found out Hank had brought other women up North, with the same promise, took them out to meet dates to pay for their heroin addiction. She began hating Hank, and sneaked going to sewing school, so she could eventually sneak back to Florida to be with her son and parents, but was now trapped into the heroin habit. I told her of Christian things and asked Jackie to come home with me for the weekend. I thought if I brought her home with me, she would not be doing those scary things again. By Monday morning she bused back without me. Sewing school graduation came; we graduated. Hank found out and became

furious instead of being happy for Jackie, and furious with me for taking her away from him for that weekend. I packed-up, moving back home. Much later I found out they had married, but soon after, she passed away of an overdose; then shortly after, he passed away New Years Eve, before his (50th) Birthday, with a needle stuck inside his arm. I learned about betrayed women, and that although she longed for a better lifestyle to reclaim her son whom was waiting for his Mother to come back for him, that heroin addiction, and promise from her addicted Husband, took them both to an early grave, leaving their loved ones to mourn.



*“Always carry yourself with  
dignity and respect.”*

*Compa Nimmy*

