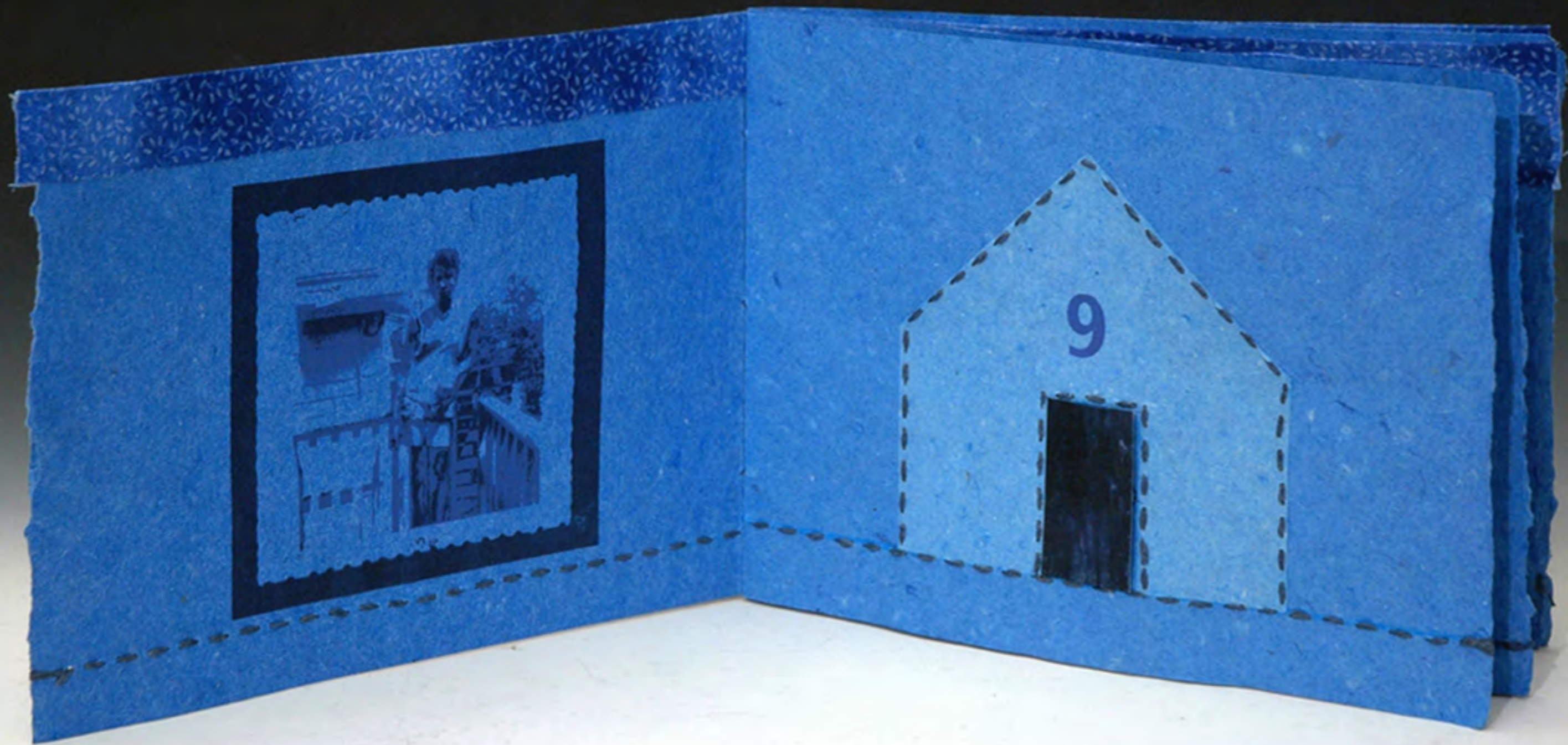


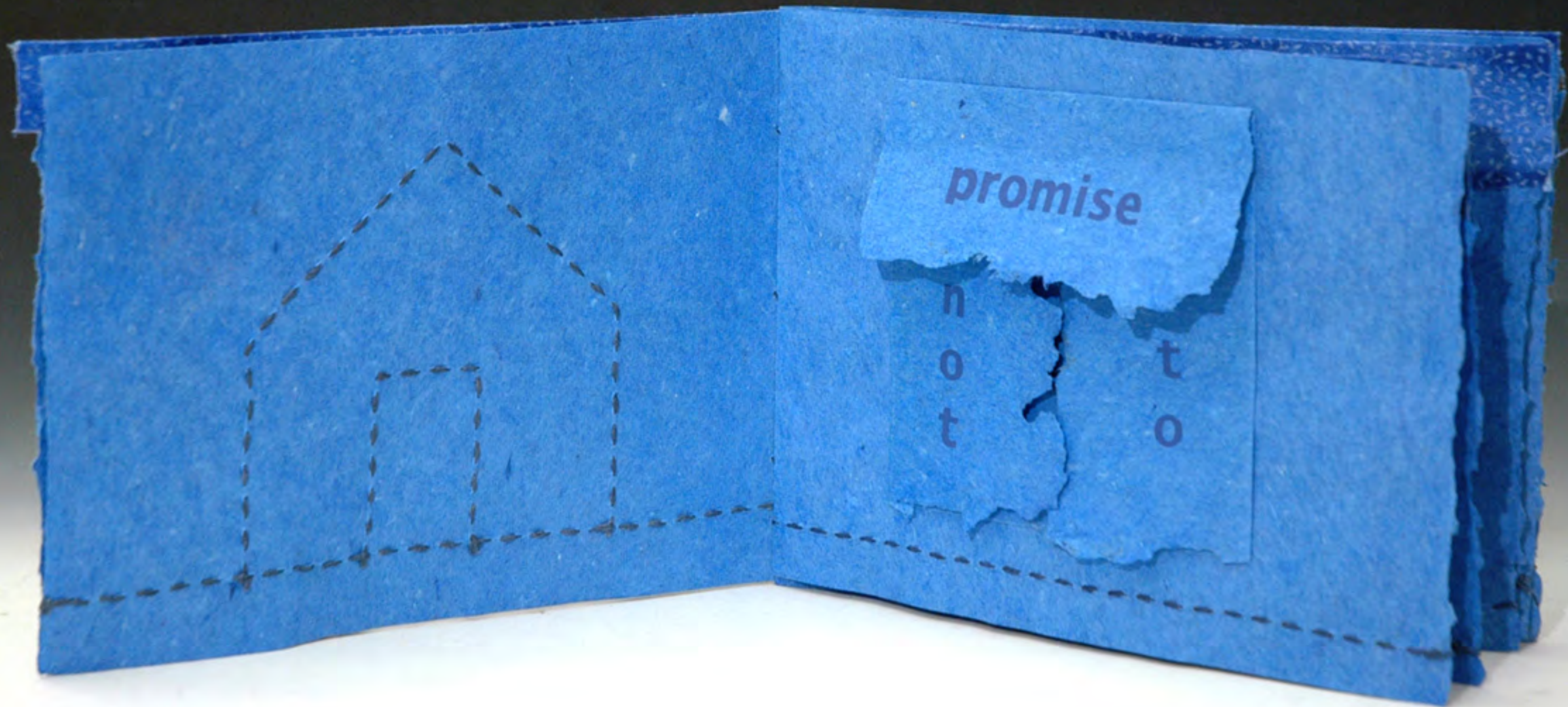
**promise
not to
tell.....**





9

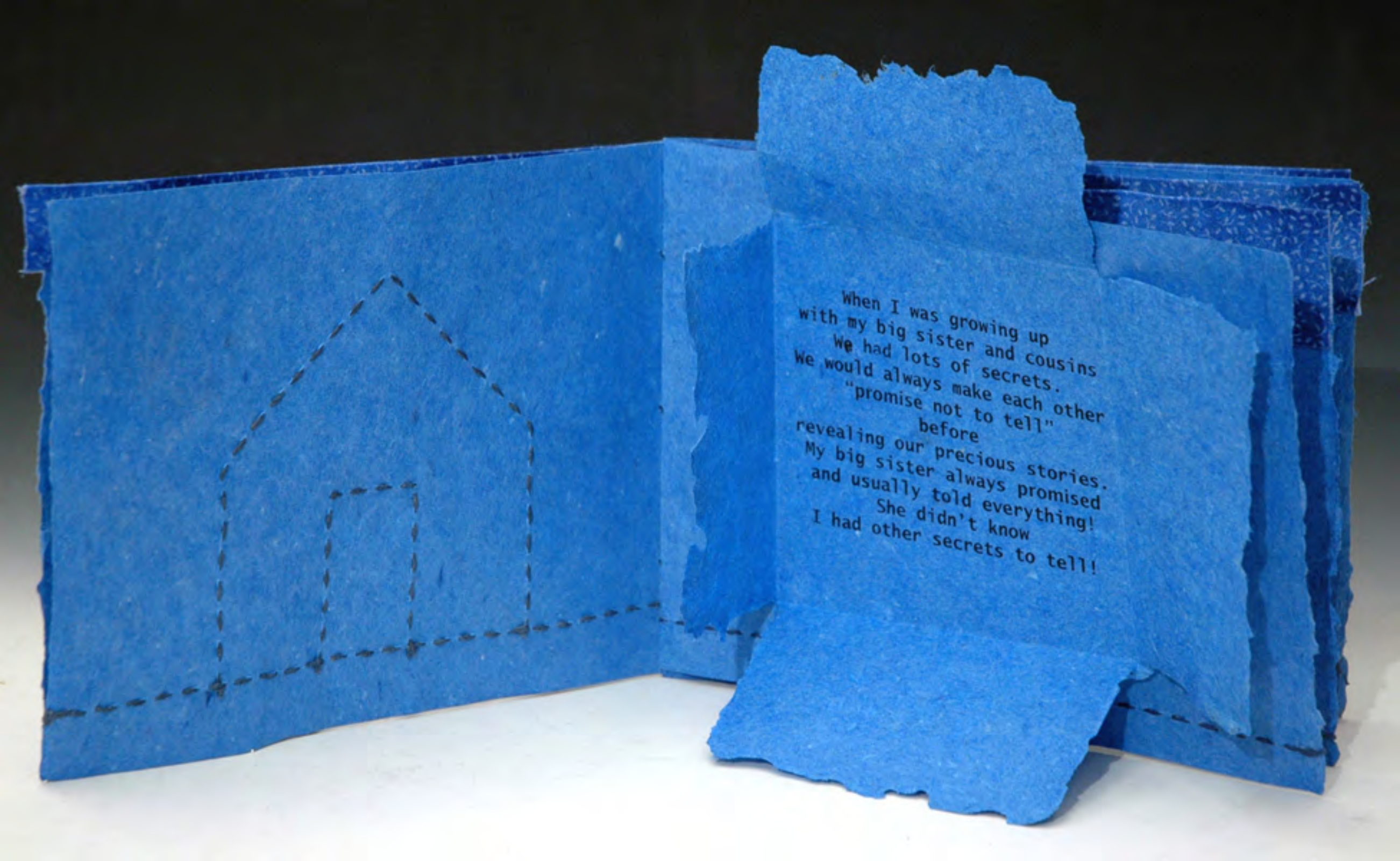
La casa
de los
Secretos
de mi
mamá



promise

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When I was growing up
with my big sister and cousins
we had lots of secrets.
We would always make each other
"promise not to tell"
before
revealing our precious stories.
My big sister always promised
and usually told everything!
She didn't know
I had other secrets to tell!

I Can Trust My Trust in Jesus

SECRET



#9

Ma, Uncle Joe, Aunt Irene, Zettie and Austin loved to go out dancing at the Terrace Ballroom. Our babysitters were never hired outsiders. No high school girls, neighbors or friends from church. Only family members or very, very best friends were trusted!



babysitter - a person engaged to care for children when their parents are not home.
baby-sitter, sitter
keeper - someone in charge of other people; "am I my brother's keeper?"



babysitting - the work of a babysitter; caring for children when their parents are not home.
babysitting
care, tending, attention, aid - the work of caring for or attending to someone or something; "no medical care was required"; "the old car needed constant attention."

The babysitter

The first one.

She hurt the baby.



She hurt the baby.
She hurt the baby.
She hurt the baby.
She hurt the baby.

The second one

kidnapped
the baby.

She even called him Bill! She even called him Bill!

MISSING



She thought he was Uncle Bill.
But he was really Edward Quincy.
Edward Quincy Mathis, Eddie
Smith, Uncle Ed, Edward Smith.
She thought he was Uncle Bill.

When we found him
he was 35 years old.
He looked just like
his older brother
Willie-lee.

Grandma hadn't
been told
he was coming.

She was so
SURPRISED.

She thought he
was Willie-Lee.
We kids called
him Uncle Bill.
That day she even
called him Bill!

He looked just like his older brother Willie-Lee



the last one?

1950's

NURSERY



touched the baby.



For my cousin Wayne "Ricky" Troupe who taught me looking back is painful, joyous and necessary.

This book is born of my transition toward healing from the historical and personal trauma of family child abuse. Once I began this arduous journey I discovered a thread of family secrets that held me connected me to the women in my family. Sometime between beginning therapy and my mother's unexpected passing I began a series entitled "La Casa de los Secretos de mi Madre". Secret #9 of this series chronicles the experiences of my grandma, ma and me; our common predators are the babysitters/ caregivers who were trusted with the care of the children in our family. I lovingly offer this book to those who continue to suffer, struggle and survive their secrets in silence.

I have been blessed to live and work with a team/family of woman spirits who lovingly give, teach, support and sustain the creative growth of artist/woman.

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