

Blessings

By Talitha Gholston

I was sixteen when my daddy got back from the war. He changed that day. He never talked about it, but I know it changed him. I still love my daddy, but he was never there mentally. I lost him physically a year after he came home. That is one of the main reason I got into the profession of Psychology. I finished school with a 3.8 grade point average. That is how I met my current boyfriend. He was a fellow Psychologist. I didn't know he was worse than the patients that had reason to be the way they were.

He never hit me, but I knew if I didn't get out then it would turn that way. I'm on my way home now. He scares me but he never put his hands on me. I love him and pray that he never does. I park my car and head into our apartment. When I get into the apartment I notice that there are clothes scattered all through the house. I don't say anything when I hear something weird. I go to the door, and I see something that I never wanted to see. My man with another woman.

He looks up at me and stops. I turn and walk away from them.

"Baby," he says running after me. "Stop."

I stopped and turned. I looked at him. "Where I lay my head at night?"

"You wasn't supposed to find out."

"Did you really just say that?"

"You're not leaving."

"Watch me."

He grabbed my arm to stop me. I turned and looked into his eyes. The same chestnuts eyes that used to make my heart melt now made me tremble from fear and a broken heart.

I snatched my arm from his hand. I walked out of there. When I got outside it looked like it was going to rain. Shaking my head as the tears fell in waves, dark clouds roll in, drops of rain mix with my tears. I get in my car and leave. I drive to my mother's house. When I get there she is in the kitchen with my stepfather.

"Hey baby," my mother says, "What's wrong?"

"I caught him with another woman in my bed."

"Do you need to stay here till you find a place?" my stepfather asked.

"That would be great. When I get my things I need one of you to go with me."

"Has he ever hit you?" my mother asked.

"No but I see my dad in him."

My mother nodded then went back to cooking.

I sit at the table with my stepfather. My phone goes off. I see it's him. I answer the phone. "Leave me alone. I will be to get my things."

"No, you won't. You are coming home."

"It's over."

"It's over when I say it's over."

My stepfather takes the phone from me. He is an ex-police officer. "It's over now. You will leave my daughter alone. I still have friends at the precinct. Don't make this uglier than it has to be."

"We'll see."

"Let it go." He hangs up the phone and hands it back to me. "If you need me to make a call let me know."

"I will."

Dinner is finished and we eat. After we eat I go into my old room and get to work finding a new job. I put my application in before I got to bed.

It's been three years since I left him. I got a job with the VA hospital. I found an apartment for myself. I met a great guy that loves me, and I love him. I am happy and no one will stop it. I'm at the grocery store when I see him. He is with the girl I caught him with. She has bruises on her arms and her eyes are black. I thank the Lord that I got out when I could. He sees me but I go the other way. I leave the store and know that the day I left him it saved my life.