

My wedding day was bitter-sweet. I not only shed a few tears as Dad walked me down the aisle, I sobbed. It if I wouldn't have been for that fact of disappointing my parents & family, I wouldn't have considered marriage to Jack. I was five months pregnant & a hurtful, cold memory of my Cousin (Etta Mae) being scolded & treated as a tramp when my Uncle Harold learned of her pregnancy. I knew neither of us were tramps. It wouldn't have been more difficult to shame my parents by a decision to stay single. Only to learn later in years during a special sharing time with Mom, I was told her & Dad wouldn't have divorced me.

The following years in my marriage to Jack Johnson, with two daughters by then became emotionally & difficult. Jack was his own person, often reminding me of the vow I agreed to by "obey".

Perhaps the memories of more pain & headache were destined for me & my beautiful daughters were to suffer, learn & grow in this life time. Was all the physical & emotional abusiveness from Jack necessary? but families knew each other for years which made no difference at all.