

Rosie's Anger

By an anonymous survivor, 2002

I am angry. Why? Because when I was a little girl, I learned that everything you want would come to you in prayer. Just praaaaayyyy to Jesus. Love? Real love where you are adored? Real love that you know someone wants to come home to you and wrap their arms around you and squeeze you real tight. At age 41, I ask you, where did all those prayers I prayed go? I remain empty.

We had these neighbors when we lived on Cedar Street. They seemed so happy and loving... The kids seemed so happy. When one of them fell, mom or dad ran outside to pick them up and comfort them. I thought to myself as I watched, "Boy, God must really like them. If only I could be in a family like that!" I gave lots of comfort... gave it to my little brother. Kept him safe, watched after him, loved him. I was responsible for making sure that he didn't give away to the detectives sitting all the time outside our house where our big brother was hiding. The detectives seemed so nice. I thought to myself, "I bet that if I touched them like I did the other boys, they would have really liked me and it might keep my brother out of jail." Where were you God?

I did get affections, by sitting on Jim's lap. He wouldn't let me sit there unless I touched him in that way. I was pretty good at that. The guys liked me because I knew how to touch them just right. Yuuuuuk! I thought, "It's ok, someday I'm going to have a family and a husband who really loves me. Everything will be different then. Even God will love me then.

Now at age 41, I have a family and children.... And still I feel empty. Where have my prayers gone, God? Where? Huh?