

Life After Hurt: A Sister's Tale
The Post Break-Up

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(Sneak Peek – Chapters 1&2)

Chapter 1 – The Morning After

There was Izzie, standing outside her 2010 2-door apple red Acura Coupe. Izzie's face was combined with concern about my mental state and relief that I was out of jail.

As I approached the metal gate with barbed wires, I noticed that the ground was damp as if it had rained overnight. The sky was gray, cloudy, and solemn. The closer I got to the gate, the faster my steps paced. I was disheveled and still could not believe what has transpired. I had on my black sneakers, a white T-shirt, and blue jeans. The same outfit that represented what once was a fun night turned into a regrettable outfit. The outfit that I had to remove in exchange for an orange jumpsuit. In my clear bag was my lip-gloss and my driver's license.

The closer I got to the metal gate, the further distance existed between me and that hard, cold, metal bed. I heard the Correctional Officer buzz the gate so that it would open. No sooner than he buzzed the gate, I went running as fast as I could towards Izzie. That was my homegirl, my best friend, and my ride or die friend. She stood outside her car with a tan raincoat, chocolate brown boots, dress pants, and a teal, white, and yellow long sleeve blouse. Izzie was there – there to pick me up and bail me out of jail.

By the time I got to Izzie, I was so out of breath from running. Her arms outstretched, my clear bag in one hand and nothing in the other. I hugged Izzie as tight as I knew how. While hugging me, Izzie just repeated over and over again, "It's okay. It will be okay. It's okay, Journee."

I don't think I ever hugged anyone that tight before. I hugged Izzie back so tightly I didn't even realize we had been hugging for one minute. After I had realized all that had happened, I released an obnoxious cry from my belly. My reaction to pain only made things worse.

Before my knees buckled, Izzie whispered, "Let's get you in the car."

Izzie opened the door for me and helped me in the while taking my clear bag.

She softly closed the passenger door, opened the back seat door, and placed my clear bag in the back seat. Izzie made her way into the driver's seat and fastened her seat belt.

Affirmation:

When you are at your lowest, God will provide a new way for you.

Chapter 2 – Silence

It began to drizzle while we were in the car. Izzie didn't blast her music in the car like she normally does. This car ride was different. The silence was loud between Izzie and I for a moment, as all you could hear were the windshield wipers going back and forth. I eventually broke my silence after my crying had settled down.

With a shaky voice I said, "Thank you, Izzie. I am sorry for putting you in the middle of this. Thank you for being here for me."

Izzie took a deep breath in and exhaled saying, "Journ, I am here for you. I am sorry you are going through this. I just can't believe him and your sister. I just can't believe it."

It took a while for me to respond. Although there was music playing in Izzie's car, the silence was louder than the music. I stared out the window wondering where to go from here. I turned back to Izzie as she looked straight ahead, "You and me both. I am so upset at myself for allowing this to happen. I should have just let it go."

Izzie replied with a strong voice, "No! This is not just on you. They have a huge part to play in this situation as well. They are just as responsible as you are for what happened, if not more."

Finding the strength to speak again, I said, "I hear you Izzie, but this should not have happened this way."

When I had a split moment of not thinking about all that had happened, I asked, "Izzie, where are we going?"

She replied, "We are going to my house."

Tears continued to stream down my face as I softly replied, "Okay."

We finally arrived in front of Izzie's house and the drizzle finally stopped. It was silent again. Izzie began talking.

She said, "Look Journee, I know this is hard for you. So, you can stay with me for now as long as you need to. I'm going to go back to work. Just take the extra key, go upstairs, and get some rest. There's food in the refrigerator. Eat whatever you want. I'll be back around 5:30pm."

Not knowing what to say, all I could say was, "Thank you, Izzie. I truly thank you. You don't have to do this, but I appreciate it."

Izzie replied, "Girl, that's what I am here for. Get some rest and I will see you later. Love you, girlie."

I responded, "Love you, too, Izzie."

I opened the car door with the little bit of strength that I had and got out of Izzie's car. My feet landed in a small puddle when I got out of the car. All I could think about were the puddle of tears I cried when I was in jail. I opened the back door and grabbed my clear bag that had my lip gloss and driver's license and walked up the stairs while waving bye to Izzie. Izzie honked two times and pulled off to go to work.

Affirmation:

When life hands us unexpected and unpredictable hurt, we must trust that the hand of God will strengthen us to endure and heal.

To Be Continued...