

My right hand was badly cut, damaging the tendon of the index finger. She also slashed and cut me in 27 other places, and I was trapped beneath her on a wet floor, made slick by water and blood. I could not get up because there was no traction.

I began to yell out her name and the names of those who love her, her sons, her husband, etc. She did not respond except to continually repeat that she was going to kill me and herself. She put her fingers around my neck and was cutting off my oxygen supply. Thinking this was surely the end, I asked God to tell my loved ones goodbye. Through me, He said, "NO...NO...NO." Each time the word came roaring out of my mouth with a force I didn't even have in me, I got stronger and stronger.

I am certain that a combination of miracles occurred because suddenly, she was lifted off me, and left the bathroom. I say that God sent his angels to lift her. God gave me the strength and footing, despite the slippery tile floor, to help push her off of me. Her love for me was much stronger than the voices that were telling her to kill me and once she was up, she left the bathroom instead of continuing her attack. I crawled/slid to the door and locked it. She told me not to come out because people would come looking for me when I did not show up for work. I believe she thought I would bleed to death, and so did I. I passed out for I know not how long.

When I awakened and saw more blood than I would see in a lifetime, I asked God to tell me what to do. He gave me specific instructions on how to slow down the bleeding. I was instructed to quietly get back into the shower where the water was still running and turn the knob to cold to slow down the bleeding. Spirit also told me to sit on the edge of the tub, turn on the faucet, run water over my bloody hands, and transport the water to my mouth. Each time I took a sip of water, I felt stronger. I was then instructed to keep my head held down. Instinctively, I got on the floor and propped my knees and elbows so that I could put my head between my arms. I rotated this position with getting into the cold shower and sitting on the edge of the tub sipping water. He also told me to say, "I am not going to bleed to death and I am not going die." I repeated these words at least a hundred times before He instructed me to open the bathroom door and exit the house from my bedroom window. I had been trapped in



How Carolyn is Bringing Beauty To Mental Health Awareness

Miss USA Sports Bar Pageant teamed up with Sports Bars and Mental Health In The African American Community, Inc. (MHIAAC). The pageant is a funding event for MHIAAC, which is a national non-profit agency that is based in Stockbridge, Georgia. The agency's mission is "To provide mental health awareness and action-oriented education for culturally diverse minorities and the professionals serving them by coordinating conferences and implementing grassroots outreach initiatives."

The winner of Miss USA/Atlanta Sports Bar-Miss Skyboxx 2015 is Whitney Brown.



the bathroom for three hours. I went to a neighbor's house and they took good care of me until the ambulance and police came. I kept asking them to go into the house to get my niece and take her to the hospital with me because she said she was going to kill herself. I was taken to Atlanta Medical Center Emergency Room, where I had surgery on my right hand and received 20-plus stitches as well as several staples in areas that were deeply cut and bitten. I was hospitalized for four days.

A SERIOUS TRAGEDY OCCURRED. MY PRECIOUS, BEAUTIFUL, EDUCATED, ARTICULATE, SUCCESSFUL NIECE, A DAY-CARE OWNER, LOVING MOTHER AND WIFE, COMMITTED SUICIDE!

Inseparable from the day she was born, the first time I held my niece in my arms was a magical moment. She squeezed me tightly and I immediately knew that our souls were connected for a lifetime and then some. I made a promise to take care of her emotionally, financially, and in all other ways that would ensure her safety and success in life. My brother was 16, and her mom was 14 when she was born.

I kept my promise and she followed in my footsteps throughout her entire life...went to the same college...majored in the same degree...started a business. I helped her establish a daycare and learning center that was quite successful. She and I spoke every morning on the phone...every morning. She had one son and was also raising her nephew, now aged 10 and 11, respectively. She had a loving husband.

I had absolutely no idea that she was going to have a complete mental breakdown prior to the stabbing incident. Now, my baby is dead, and I am recovering from stab wounds. This, of course, in addition to several weeks of physical therapy for the right side of my body which was badly bruised (thigh muscles, femur, knee, and hip), right hand and fingers. I am seeing a mental health professional and will need to continue to do so forever.

Due to my injuries and traumatic experience, I took an indefinite period of time off from work. When my health, both physical and emotional, was restored, I made a commitment in the honor of my niece. I have dedicated myself to developing an international awareness and educational campaign/initiative regarding "Mental Health in the African American Community."