

Preface

This book is not meant to make you comfortable.

It is not written to be agreeable, politically correct, or neatly categorized. It is written because silence nearly killed me—and telling the truth saved my life.

Love Is My Why is the story of an American woman shaped by contradictions: raised without parents but never without discipline, born into the hood but taught the rules of rooms I was never supposed to enter, patriotic without permission, loyal without apology. I learned early that love is not soft. Love is work. Love is accountability. Love is choosing responsibility when chaos is easier.

I was raised by grandparents, aunts, the system, and the streets—but I was also raised by mentors who believed in standards. One of them was my Uncle Sam, who showed me a world governed by consequence, not excuses. He taught me that freedom isn't given—it's earned, protected, and paid for in ways most people never see.

This memoir does not ask you to agree with me. It asks you to listen.

I write about motherhood because becoming a mother saved me—and broke me. I write about politics because policies don't live on paper; they live in neighborhoods, in schools, in hospital rooms, and in prison cells. I write about loss because I buried my son. I write about resilience because my heart stopped, my chest was cracked open, and I lived to tell the story.

I have been praised and punished for standing my ground. I have been loved, hated, welcomed, and exiled—often for the same reasons. I have lived in South Central Los Angeles, Miami, Baltimore, and places in between, watching the same mistakes repeat themselves under different slogans.

This book is not a manifesto.

It is a witness statement.

If you are looking for a hero, you won't find one here.

If you are looking for honesty, you will.

Every chapter is written from lived experience, not theory. From scars, not talking points. From a woman who chose to stand up when standing up came with a price. Read this with an open mind—or don't read it at all.

Because love—real love—demands truth.

And truth has consequences.