

This is My Story

This story is not pretty, so buckle up your seatbelts and hang on. It's going to be a rough ride.



I would like start by telling all fathers to be kind and loving to your daughters, as it will affect them all their lives. My father came home drunk one night and beat my mom with a beer bottle and his belt. He ran through the house searching for my brother and me (we were hiding under our cots). He finally left us. This has affected me all my life when it comes to dealing with men.

I was a shy girl in high school. I attended Catholic Girls school, so I wouldn't have to deal with boys. I went to Mass every day before school and talked to the Nuns before class. I thought I was invisible when anyone looked at me.

After high school, I met a friend of my brother's who said he wanted to marry me. I was shocked that someone liked me, so I dated him. I soon became pregnant, and we married as soon as we could. We were married for sixteen years. We had three lovely children—three boys and a girl.

The last few years, my husband had an affair with his best friend's wife. When he admitted it, I was totally lost! I didn't think of God; I didn't know what to do. I didn't think anyone loved me; not my husband; not my children—no one. I left all of them. This was the biggest mistake of my life.

I got a job I really like. It saved me for the next troubles.

In 1979, my daughter Katie was hurt in a car accident and was in a coma for 2 months before she died. Again, I was lost. I was mad at God—He should have taken me and let my daughter live. I spent one year drinking myself to sleep until I finally realized it wasn't helping.



In the 1960's, I was drawn back to the Church by a long-time friend, Kathy. I began to help wherever they needed me. It was a lifesaver for me. I made my hour of confession with a lot of tears.

In 1995, I started to attend Mass at Holt Rosary in Portland. I went to the 7am Mass every day and stayed to read the Divine Office with the priests. It was a holy time for me.

In 2002, my oldest son Bob committed suicide by hanging himself. He had had four back surgeries and couldn't work. This was a man who loved to WORK! I understood his depression and prayed God would take him home to Heaven.

In 2006, I moved near to my sister Teresa who had lymphatic for nine years. When she died in 2013, as I watched her take her last breaths, she appeared to get younger. At sixty-two, she looked about sixteen. What a wonderful gift for me.

I moved to Waldport with my oldest son Greg and his wife Sandra in 2019 and came to St. Anthony for Mass. Father Joseph asks us questions in his homilies, has a nice sense of humor, and makes us laugh often. He's wise in the confessional, too.



God is my seatbelt and protects us on the Road of Life.