

**The**  
**Rest of Herstory**

## CHAPTER NINE

**"God has not given us a spirit of fear, but of power and of love and of a sound mind"**

**2 Timothy 1:7**

1 January 2004

The following is transcription from handwritten accounts of my activities as an ex-communicated, exiled outcast from my family---the family I married into and the husband whom which with I procreated.

Transcription Begins:

1 March 2003

There's jus so much I want to write. My mind races as I go through each day wanting to write all the things going through my mind. I miss my baby boys so very much. Words could never describe the dagger in my heart being alive and not able to hug, kiss, and care for my babies.

One day my boys will be men and they will decide for themselves whether the choices I've made was out of love and a desire to do what's best for them or whether the choices I've made was selfish and self serving. They will also decide for themselves whether the choices made by their father to absolve our family was in their best interest or self-serving.

I hope that one day my family or the boys will be able to file a civil suit against Reggie the father of my children for his role in the wrongful and premature death of me, Deidre Mott Singleton if I die on the streets homeless and uncared for by the man whom in Holy matrimony vowed to love, honor, and cherish me till death do us part. Based on that commitment we spawned children together, wonderful, magnificent, baby boys.

I love my sons, I don't want them living a life constantly wishing, wanting, and praying for an intact family with their biological parents. Adjusting to stepparents, or having to choose or make choices in situations where they have to try to avoid hurting one parent over the other. I chose not to place my baby boys (no matter how old they are) in a situation where they must "carry the cross" for their parents. If Reggie and I don't work

out our difference and be a functional family for our children, then they will carry that burden (our burden) all of their lives. I will not participate in unloading my life's choices on our children. I chose Reggie, married him, spawned children with him, and I will suffer whatever burdens comes my way associated with this choice. I will not give up on my family. I will not unload this burden on my children to carry into their families when they are grown; but I cannot do it alone. If Reggie chooses to dis' our family, I can only object and remain poised to be available if he realizes the value of making our family work for our children.

It is now March 2003 (today is my birthday); I have been homeless since December 1, 2002. I hung around in Killeen going to the movies, library, church, classes on American Sign Language, and participating in the Young Life Ministries. I went to the gym, swam, drew, and prayed, prayed, and prayed for a time when I could be with my family. My uncle (Bobbie's dad) died in February my sisters and I went to South Carolina to support "B" during the death of her dad and I haven't been back to Texas since. I just hit the highway and kept on driving. I went to Graceland in Tennessee to say Hi to Elvis. I went to Colorado to ski, Utah to white water raft. Oh, and I did the Grand Canyon while in Colorado (on a mule). I went to South Dakota to visit the Presidents (Mount Rushmore). I am presently in South Dakota, I was going on a one-way trip to Nepal (Mount Everest) from here, but Reg thinks he may be called to deploy down range to Iraq and he wants me to be available if he goes. So I plan on going to Mexico (instead of Nepal) from here so that I will be available on short notice to come to the area if Reg is deployed. I pray that I will be able to be with my sons, I love them so much. But I do know that if I can't care for them, I will be in the streets homeless until the day I die. I will not "start over". I have a home, I have a family, I will not just disregard these facts and "start over".

During this time since I left Texas I've been enjoying winter sports such as snow mobiling, snow shoeing, skiing and the like. Sometimes I stayed in my car between activities; other times I would rent a hotel room and enjoy swimming, Jacuzzi, sauna and the like. I keep up on what's going on in the news and I pray for the time when I can go home. I would give anything to have been with my family instead of driving around the Country but I thank God for the blessing of being able to keep busy during this time of exile. I have been putting myself to sleep at night with alcoholic beverages. I sleep soooooo well when I'm inebriated. I am often disappointed when I wake-up. I miss my babies so much. My heart aches. I am full of alcohol as I write this. What can I say, it just hurts so much I'd prefer to sleep. Alcohol helps me sleep. The hours that I sleep I am unaware and disconnected from the pain. My sons will read this one-day and they will make their father answer to why he put himself above working out issues in his family. Why he put the burden of not working out his relationship with the mother of his children, why put that burden on his children only 3 and 5 years of age. Why does he feel it's better for them to suffer loss than for him to bear the pains of working through our problems?

Reg told me today (on my birthday), Que lost his first tooth---I cried and cried and cried! It hurt so much that I wasn't there. I should have been there and a part of that experience

in his life; instead, I have been ousted from my family, unable to share and be a part of these events in our sons' lives. God take me home! I want to go away---not be here! I want to come home Jesus, either to my babies or to Glory land. How much more of this persecution must I endure. Take me home Jesus I pray!

1 August 2003

Reg was sent to Iraq. He asked me to come care for the boys until he returned. What a joy it was to care my babies. Thank God for the precious moments. I enjoyed them immensely and I know they enjoyed me too.

After receiving Reg's call to come care for my babies, I drove all night from South Dakota to Texas. Reg left on the very early morning (around 3 AM) of the 19th of March (my mom's birthday). I wanted to get there in time to see him off, but when I arrive in Texas I called him from Dallas and I told him I was just a few hours away and would be there to see him off. He told me not to come see him off, that he was going to be with someone else during that time and he didn't want me around. I decided to stay in Dallas (in my car of course) that night and not get to Killeen until it was time to get the boys from school. When I arrived in town I called my mom and told her the good news. I told her I would be picking the boys up from school. She was very excited. After getting the boys from school we went over their Oma's and all of us enjoyed our time together. It had been months since we had all been together.

During this time I had with my babies we did many different things after school and on the weekends. For the 1st couple of months (when I had transportation) we went over their Oma's house everyday after school. I'd pick them up from school everyday between 2:30 and 3:00 PM. They'd go over their Oma's and ride their bikes, fly kites, we'd go to the park, or they would play with their skates. They'd bathe, have dinner, then I'd bring them home in time for bed (8:00 PM during school sessions and 9:00 PM when summer break started.)

When I no longer had use of my car placing myself in position for Reggie to provide for his family---Reggie's father was the means by which Reggie chose to provide transportation for his family. In the two car garage of this 4000 square foot home was Reggie's S.U.V. parked, insured, and being paid on; yet, allowing me to use this vehicle to transport our children back and forth to school or around town to various events was out of the question. I had no job or income; it was unrealistic to expect me to make monthly payments on my car (which I had given to my mom) out of my diminishing savings in order to provide transportation for the boys and me. Reggie is capable and responsible for providing transportation for us; he has legal custody of the children. David was there, an enabler to this madness. He drove the boys back and forth to school (I rode with them) listening to Tom Joyner on the radio as opposed to wholesome and child appropriate tunes as I would have had available for them if arrangements were made

for me to transport our children. I didn't have nor desire to have a job; my sole focus was on mending my family. I was living off of my savings. Paying a car note and insurance was not an option for me. The children were in Reggie's custody and he was responsible for these provision and I accepted the means he provided no matter how appalling; just as I told my sons, we will make the best of our situation and focus on the positive which is thanking God for our time together. The boys and me walked to places in our neighborhood whenever we could. I walked or took public transportation everywhere I needed to go except church events and the boys' school. I have provided for my own transportation since I was 18 years old and to have Reggie's father transport me and my two sons everyday to these places of necessity (with the family vehicle parked in the garage)--- only God can avenge this injustice on me and my sons. If this was just and the provider of our family was blessing his family according to the blessing he's been given, then God will reward this behavior and He smiles upon His son whom claims to have God at the head of his life. I know David meant well by transporting us, but the fact is he's aiding his son in not providing for his family more than he is helping his grandchildren. What his grandchildren need are their parents. A symbiotic relationship between Reg and me could have been fostered during the time Reg was in Iraq. Instead, Reg continued to rely on his father to perform tasks, which he should be looking to his wife (the mother of his children). What blows my mind is why the elders, why would David not realize he's interfering in our family. Why would David not decide to step back and let me and Reg work out our issue. I asked David to butt-out, to let me and Reg deal with our issues. David responded by saying his son asked him to help and that's what he's doing. I can only say, the only thing he's helping Reggie do is helping him to keep his family in chaos and broken apart.

When my family was involved with helping Reg and me with the boys our family was intact and the aid was to us as a family unit. When did family stop helping family stay together.

David cares for the boys while Reggie go "play house" with his woman and vice-versa, Reggie cares for the children while David "plays house" with his woman. Yet in the eyes of the Singleton's the family I married into, I am the unstable home-wrecker. My efforts has only been to keep my family intact, to give our sons the security and advantage of a two-parent home, to raise our children at home and not in an institution--- daycare. Why am I viewed as the unstable perpetrator of all the negative events in our family.

26 August 2003

I keep writing, I don't know why, I guess I jus want my struggles to keep our family intact to be known by my sons one day. I don't want them to think I ever gave up on them, on us, on our family.

I pray my sons won't grow up to be like their father; an educated man he may be, but the wisdom of an imp when it comes to family. Reggie hurt us reeeeeaaaaa bad, and the worst of it all is that he doesn't seem to realize it. He thinks he's been responsible and

cautious keeping me at bay, wanting me to demonstrate I have "changed ". Demanding that I get a job, home, and car---- do that for a year (he says) then maybe I will be worthy of being a part of our family again---maybe. I can jus scream! God! God! Lord! Father have mercy on me! God I hurt! I hurt! Take me home, Lord! This man is not sane! He's keeping me from my children day and night! He made me do things in the past, you know he has, and after I've done what he asked he changed the rules, he moved the "goal post"! My babies are hurting too! I won't ping-pong their little hearts or participate in this madness, this unstable example of family. I give up the Ghost! I want to come home Lord!

Reggie has not been committed to our family since August 1997; yet, he's putting demands on me to "prove" myself. It's insane! Even now, his latest demands just as those in the past; he wants me to put job and material things before our family. In the past he wanted me to go down range on the many deployments or training exercises the army wanted to send me on. I refused because I wanted to take care of our sons. Now he wants me to establish a home, get a job and visit our sons. I refuse! I will not get a job! My primary job--- the most important job I could have is to care for our sons. How can I go take care of someone else's establishment when our home is a wreck. Any man worth anything would understand and have an appreciation for such notions. I have got to believe that these moments, this torment is what the Bible speaks of when it says, in the last days woe to the women who have children. And that these women will wish for death and it won't come. I hear you Lord and I will keep my eyes on you. Reggie may shorten my life and rob us of what our lives could have been, but he will not rob me of my salvation and I can only pray and believe You will not let him rob my sons of theirs. I pray they will grow up and be better men than their father.

28 August 2003

I'm 39 years old and dealing with Reggie (he will be 38 years old next month), I feel like I'm dealing with a 16-year-old. His focus is only on sex and "gettin some". He doesn't take our family or me seriously. I've asked Reggie and pleaded with him to allow us to be able to spend time together without the possibility of sexual encounters. I told him that out of respect for his children he should respect me more than that. I told him sex is cheap and he could get it anywhere, he don't need to play on my vulnerabilities. I told him expectations of intimate relations in situations such as ours complicate things. I told him I see him as being unclean, I don't know where he's been or who he's been with or who, who he has been with has been with. I asked him to please not put me at risk---- respect my "Temple" and me enough to not pressure me into having intercourse with him. I asked him to respect my boundaries. I ask the World!!!! I ask his mother! his sister! his female cousins! I ask in these pages I write at this moment! I ask you aaaalll! I ask his dad, his uncles, our Pastor, his male cousins, his best friends Tyrone and Stan! I ask you aaalll!!! Am I asking too much? Was it unreasonable, irrational or otherwise unrealistic to expect Reggie who has no claim on me, who does not consider himself my husband, potential husband, boyfriend, or any relationship what-so-ever except a former relationship--- is it unreasonable to expect him to respect my boundaries and consider me to be off- limits to

him sexually. In the past men would pay either a prostitute or a call girl for what Reggie demands from me. This is insane to me! For Reggie to have come from such a strong matriarchal background it astounds me that he has such a blatant disregard for women, children, and the integrity of family. He does not feel in any shape form or fashion that he, as the man in our family is responsible for keeping our family together. I conclude that although Reggie may have had a closer relationship with his mother and the women in his family--- it is his father he immolates.

I feel like this is an abyss of an awfully tangled web and the only way out is to face it head on; but Reggie's not willing to face it--- and worse, is no one wants to tell him there's a "disease" process going on in our family and we need to work through it...together. For at least two previous generations Reggie's direct bloodline has been absent a model for father and husband... it's time to break the cycle so that our sons are not carrying that torch of dysfunction into their families. Reggie cannot come to that realization on his own... it's up to those that love him, those that he respect to convince him that he may be carrying psychological debris from previous generations and will infest and burden his sons and possibly destroy our family if he don't seek counseling or some form of professional intervention for "self"... blaming Deidre is counter productive (Deidre's not afraid of the ghosts from her past or those of her ancestors... she's not afraid to seek counseling if need be...Reggie is).

At an enormous cost to his family (his wife and children), Reggie has ignored any vows or commitments made in matrimony or at the creation of our family, to keep commitments he made to himself as a child growing up in a dysfunctional family. Most children vow to make a happier home and give a better life to their children or respect the wife and mother of their children better than what they witnessed. Reggie on the other hand vowed as a child to protect himself no matter what the cost is to others. He has effectively done jus that. In anticipation of hurtful events from the family he grew up in being repeated in the family he created through marriage, he acted out in ways that would insure he would not be a victim of what he perceived to be "my controlling nature" and he wanted to insure that I would not rob him of the affections of our children, they should not "prefer" me over him. From my grave I point my finger at my murderer. Its Reginald Terrence Singleton; the father of our two sons, both whom carry his given names as well as his family name. These baby boys will forever be scarred by the defects in the psyche of this poor excuse for a man that I married. I love Reggie and care for him as a person regardless of this drama (unnecessary drama I might add) to our family. But the man needs professional help!

Reggie laughs when I attempt to explain my point of view (which I have not done in quite some time... it's pointless). He laughs; this is all a joke, a source of amusement to him. He said he laughed and found my application for a job caring for our children amusing. I hope he laughs long and hard, not by himself---- but with his relatives, his mom, dad, sis, aunts, uncles, cousins, and even his best friends. I hope they all have good-hardy laughs. My now motherless children should at least feel that the death of their mother was not

without some Earthly purpose---even if the purpose was only for others to have a good laugh.

I could not go to my birth family for the kind of help our family (Reg's and mine) needed. It is not my birth family that could convince Reggie that our planned family needed help and that it would take both of our efforts to fix it. It would take Reggie's birth family to convince him to look at self and work on self. Reggie's birth family could only speak to him about Faith and not doubting; it is his birth family that could convince him to take the fear factor out of reconciling our family (fear does not come from God). A generation ago my paternal grandmother would have offered encouraging Christ centered words and advice to her son or her daughter-in-law if they were in a predicament like mine and Reggie's. Unfortunately for our children the adults in their paternal world feel differently about the significance of family than those in their maternal world.

In my world I know God is sovereign and regardless of the outcome for me personally, God's purpose for me, my life, and our family have been served. I thank God for having kept the Faith and not turning away from Him. I've tested the Spirit throughout my trials and know God is pleased. My fight has always been for my family---to put my family first through all of this. Even in the end Reggie's biggest demand was for me to put something I value less than family ahead of our family. He insisted that I prove to him one thing or another... time after time... none of this is new. He's been making these same demands throughout our marriage. I could never please him! He would always want some sort of guarantee! There are no guarantees! All we can do is the best that we can and not throw one another away in the process. Not throw the baby out with the bath water. 9-1-1 wasn't a wake-up call for Reggie, the war in Afghanistan was not a wake-up call for him nor was the war in Iraq a call for him to put his family in order, to look out for the well-being and future of his children... what will be his wake-up call?

I wish Reggie had shown his true colors before I had his babies... I would have opted to adopt or we could have happily divorced. But without a crystal ball or any look into the future, neither of us would know nor have any way of knowing this tragedy for which we were heading.

Reggie is so vain about this situation he does not realize my fight to reconcile our family is not about him. He doesn't realize it's a mother's desire to love and protect our children that fuels my efforts. He says if I want him to "take me back", I need to prove to him I've changed. Does that sound ridiculous to anyone except me? We all change just by getting older, maturing, our relationship as we grow in Christ changes us etc...we all change. He wants me to fall into categories, neat little compartments of do's and don'ts.... I could never meet his standards and I would die trying. Fact is, he would change the standards as he'd done in the past. We are people, people with flaws. Unless you create a woman on a computer to suit your design, what he's asking is insane! And even with the computer-generated woman, unless she is constantly updated she would in-fact fail to meet his expectations, because he is ever-changing. What an insane mess, this is. My only solace is



that God is just and there will be retribution for all this. God is not shocked by what has occurred in our family. I have got to believe God's purpose is being served.

28 August 2003

As I continue to write my thoughts down as I feel these are my final days and my last stance, I say to the social workers, the educated women in the Singleton family to look at conditions in the black community. Out of wedlock children making up a whopping 70% of all births in the black community. It's staggering! These children are born in poverty and by the ages of 6, 7, and 8 they have been permanently affected by their circumstance. But yet, you take an educated man like Reggie and he has no more nobility than a 17 year old who has knocked up his girlfriends and may have 2 or 3 kids, but not taking responsibility for any of them nor does he feel any responsibility for having to do so. It's someone else's job to take care of these children. He's off looking for the next girl to knock-up. Reggie's life doesn't parallel this scenario, only his mentality, which in my opinion is far more dangerous. A wolf being a wolf is less dangerous than a wolf disguised as a sheep. How can we cure the ills in the black community if the black men who could be leaders and pillars of the community (like Reggie) treat women like whores. I've never stepped out on Reggie (neither physically or on the Internet), even if he claims to think that I was ever interested in doing so is merely a claim to ease his conscience or support other claims. If I were ever interested in other relationships I would have had the freedom to do so now outside of marriage. But I have not nor have I ever been tempted in or out of marriage. For him to sit on his throne and demand that I prove loyalty or commitment to our family by working, supporting a home, and paying for a car is absurd! For him to not show any respect for the boundaries I demand from him which is to respect my wishes to not have sex with him because I feel like he's using me. For him to think so little of what it means to have a respectful relationship with a woman--- with me just hurts and makes me wonder what kind of monster I have hooked up with. This situation is so bigger than me! I hate this situation our family is in. I hate how all of this has disadvantaged our sons and put them at risk for psychological and social disturbances later. My sweet-pea Terrence who was already in need of special attention because he was born premature did not get the stimulation and extra attention I wanted to give him to help him academically. I just pray that God will be with my baby-boys and help them overcome all this non-sense and hopefully they will break this cycle of dysfunction and not allow it to perpetuate in their adult families.

1 September 2003

I spent my first night literally in the streets last night (31 August 2003). Reg and I spent the weekend together. We were supposed to go to South Carolina to see the Gamecocks play, but the flight was overbooked and Reg couldn't board the plane (my flight was leaving from Houston) so the trip to South Carolina was a bust, we were both disappointed about that. Reg booked a hotel and we spent the weekend together in Killeen. We both enjoyed each other's company but the weekend became tense over sex. I had

intercourse with Reggie because I did not want to have that as an issue. He knows because I'd told him that I did not think sex between us was appropriate. I could get pregnant, there's no commitment between us, no agreement to be monogamous, the risk of STD's from his previous partner(s)... any rational and intelligent being (especially a professional, an obstetrician gynecologist) yet what I said fell on deaf ears. He would not respect my boundaries or felt he should. He thought the idea of being together and not having sex was preposterous. I suggested having two beds in our hotel room and he laughed. What's a girl to do--- I know what's respectful and disrespectful, why does Reggie not "get" what I'm saying. Reggie is the father of my children, sex is cheap, free, and you can get it anywhere--- why is he playin me for a whore I ask. There is no answer except that I let him. I could have not gone on this trip because it was clear (and Reggie made it very clear) if I won't have sex then there's no need for me to come on this trip with him. I agreed to and the trip was on. Then when the trip "fell through" I could have not agreed to spend time with him at the hotel. I have no place to stay; I was staying in a rental car, so staying with him at the hotel was a refuge (temporarily) from sleeping in the car. I am very vulnerable; I live only to make every effort at reconciling our family. Our babies deserve so much better than this. I know the joy, comfort, and security that come from having a stable two-parent home and I want to give the gift of family to our sons. I love my baby boys so very, very much. My heartaches when I think of everything they are missing out on due to their family's dysfunction.

On Friday I drove to Houston to catch my flight to South Carolina, shortly before boarding I got a call from Reg telling me he couldn't board his flight in Killeen so I had to drive all the way back to Killeen (a 4 hour drive). I arrived at the hotel around 11pm or 12 am---tired! but do you think a brother would let a sister sleep! No, his hands were all over me God! Oh, God! Lord can't the man see I'm tired and show some respect or consideration! Of course not, why should he, I'm just his whore. I know that the overriding issue was not being "tired"... I would have loved to make love to my husband--tired or not; I was having trouble getting my head around being used and treated like a whore--- a cheap whore at that! If I were a prostitute I'd have a pimp and get paid. If I were a call girl I'd work through an agency and get paid. Whore's, they don't get paid... they are just lucky to not have to pay for the room and meal. I'm sure Reggie realized how "lucky" I was (a bit of sarcasm I hope you know) and wanted to begin collecting immediately on his "investment". He fed me Saturday night and of course we had continental breakfast at the hotel in the mornings. After our "roll in the hay" Friday night we had our continental breakfast Saturday morning, then he left the hotel for the entire day to go to the house to watch the game (he couldn't catch it on the TV at the hotel). I took sleeping pills and stayed in bed all day. He came back to the hotel about 9:30pm, we went out to eat at the chicken wing place, then we went to the movies. He likes nachos, I like popcorn. I thought we would each get what we like and something to drink (just as we always did). He said he was only going to buy either the popcorn or nachos, he asked which did I want. I said popcorn, he said okay, but while waiting in line he asked a couple more times "are you sure you don't want to get nachos?", he knows my preference is usually popcorn... by the 2nd time he asked to keep things kosher I said we can get nachos. He got one slurpee for us to share... I really wanted my own, but just like not

making an issue about the nachos, I let it go--- these things are not important, but it's hurtful how he can just cheapen the moments of our shared time together. First with leaving me at the hotel alone all day to go watch a football game (a game we were supposed to watch together), then to economize to the point of nausea at the concession stand. He appeared to have no clue as to how these actions validated how insignificant I was to him. I couldn't drink the slurpee he'd bought for us to share because he had a certain way he preferred us to consume it and my way (eating the icee part) was not acceptable to him--- he said, "don't mess over it like that" when I started taking the icee part off with the straw. He likes to suck it all the way to the end. He was really a "jerk", I wish he'd treated me like that when we were dating before we had kids... I know I would not have considered having him as anything more than a friend... we never would have gotten past "go", and certainly would have not made it to the alter. I bet when he take Tomiko out he don't play-dat. We both enjoyed the movie and our conversation back to the hotel. Reggie is really good company and I love being with him--- he's just such a jerk at times it keeps me reeling. I told him I appreciated him taking this time with me at the end of the day. I told him I know he was tired and it was thoughtful of him to consider taking me out. I wish Reggie were sane and normal, he's such a hunk and he's a pleasure to be with when he's sound.

Sunday morning we got up, he had to leave early so he could get back to the house to get the boys ready for Sunday school. I asked if after the Ice Capades (we were going to see Disney's "Princess Classics" on ice at 5 pm) we could all come back to the hotel (including the boys) and do something together on Monday (tomorrow, labor day), he said he only paid for the hotel through Sunday morning check out and he don't think spending the day together Monday was a good idea. He said he didn't like the "power struggle" we were having during intercourse. I had intercourse but I wouldn't talk dirty during the act so he got mad---real mad!!! He flew off the handle... then after he calmed down he started masturbating beside me and asked me to open my legs, rub my clitoris, play with my breasts---- I did it! I did it! I did everything he asked me to do! I felt like a two-bit whore---but I did it!!! I closed my eyes and did as he asked. I felt so indignant! I never felt so violated in all of my life. Here, this man unworthy to even say my name, yet I allow him to touch me and have intercourse with me only because he's the father of my children and out of love and respect for them I want to reconcile our family whatever it takes. None of what Reggie was asking me to do would have been a problem for me with my husband--- a man who would call me his woman, a man who'd claims me as someone special to him, a man who'd want to care for me and protect me and our children--- but in this situation with Reg---this man who has discarded me without hesitation as if I were some inanimate object, I call him my "husband" and conduct myself as a married woman, yet he merrily goes along with his "new life" and he couldn't care less about our family unit. I'm just the mother of his children, someone who must "change" and prove myself to be worthy to even have a chance at being with my family again as if I was some deviant. It was very difficult to have intercourse with this man in a sober state of mind. If I knew where to go to purchase cocaine, heroine, marijuana or some other mind altering substance I would have done so.... all along the highway on my drive up from Houston I thought and thought and wondered where I could get some drugs because I knew I would

have a hard time dealing with Reggie in a sober state of mind regarding intercourse and I did not want to have such a petty issue clouding the big picture... I was sober and unfortunately sex was an issue.... other than that, we had a reasonably good time together. I miss him and the fun times we've shared. It is memories of the times that we've had in the past and the present sudden glimpses of those good times that Reggie continue to exhibit from time to time that keeps me holding on and believing that things can improve for our family, that we have a chance, that things can go back to the way they were in the beginning.

He says for me to re-establish my life then maybe in a year we can consider reconciliation. I tell him our children don't have a year; they need their parents to put their well being, happiness and security first! They need us now! I told Reggie what he's asking for would be fine if it were just us--- but our boys are in this too and they need us to work out our differences for their sakes. I reminded him about the time before we were married how our planned April wedding was moved to September when my job moved from San Antonio to Killeen. I reminded him how he insisted on that change to guarantee and assure we were committed---and look at us now. The moving of the wedding date did nothing; it was the guarantee of nothing. If I were smarter I would have heeded that as a warning as to the shallow depth of his integrity and willingness to honor commitments. I told him having me re-establish myself before there's a chance for us to reconcile is not a guarantee of anything. It's just a year wasted in our children's lives. If our children were not born we could take as long as we needed to see change in the other--- that's what the dating process is all about. Marrying a person---planning children with that person, then demanding that the person change is absurd. Reggie says he speaks with his mama and gets a lot of advice from her. If she fail to tell her son that he is responsible and should take responsibility for the condition of his family... If she fail to tell him you don't marry folk to change them you accept who they are and work out your differences by giving and taking... if she fails to give Reggie this guidance, she has failed another generation! that of her son and grandsons.

I am so disappointed that me and my sons cannot go to my in-laws for help. I am so disappointed that David cannot see that being there at the house enables this dysfunctional situation. This is between me and Reg and if David allows me to mother my children, if he'd step aside, Reggie would need me just as I need him and our children need us. Sure, Reg could get a paid provider to come in, but chances are he wouldn't do that, knowing I'm here and available.

I'm on my last stance I'm sure of it. Reggie dropped me off after we came from seeing the Ice Capades with the boys. He dropped me off where I asked him to in an open field with some tall bushes. I told him I had no place to go except home. If I can't come home, I told him he can just drop me off here (and I pointed to an open field in our neighborhood). It had rained all day and was drizzling at the time he dropped me off. He unloaded my carry case (a rolling suitcase) from the trunk handed it to me and I walked off into the drizzling darkness. Will I ever hold or kiss my babies again I wondered. I know that if not in this lifetime--- I know in the next. The Lord will grant me the time

I've missed with my babies. Reggie whole-heartedly believes that I am responsible for keeping the family apart because I won't do what he's telling me to do. He insists that it is my disobedience in not following his advice, not doing what he is telling me to do, that is depriving us of any chance of reconciliation. I'm sure his mom and other kindred are telling him he's being wise and cautious in his demands. And that his insistence on seeking guarantees or evidence of "change" in my character is prudent. I think he's being foolish, irresponsible, and selfish. It's time to move pass what you didn't get and face what you did get. Reggie didn't get a woman who wants to put career before family; he got one that wants to put the family first. Does a sister need to die because a brother can't and won't accept her not putting job and career first?!!!

12 September 2003

Much has happened between now and the last time I wrote. I spent 3 nights sleeping in my unassembled tent. A family emergency with my parents forced me to drive my mom to VA where she will be staying with my sister until we can get medical help for dad. We hope to get both parents up north where they can look out for one another yet they wouldn't be too far away from the rest of the family.

In a couple of days I will be back in Texas. I drove here, but I will take the Greyhound back. I have approximately one to one and a half months of living expense funds available in the bank. I fully invested in my family (the one created through marriage, Reg-n-the boyz)---my decision to marry was not a "trial" for me--- once those children were created there was no turning back. God will judge me if I'm being selfish and irresponsible in my decision to not redefine the meaning of family to my children because of the disposition and approach to family that I've witnessed by their father.

I'm not a recovering addict or drug abuser, if I were then Reggie's demand for me to rebuild a life and live on my own for 6 months to a year to demonstrate the "new me" to him would make sense---- but because recovering from some deviant and destructive life style is not an issue, living apart from my husband and children would be pointless. Being exiled from my family for as long as I have has already been irreparably disruptive to our children's lives. We need to repair their family immediately!!! There is nothing to be gained by my setting up a home separate from my family--- it would just be more time wasted for our children.

The issues Reg and I had were within the marriage, so a more logical demand from him would be for him to allow me to come home and care for my family. Let him judge me and approve or disapprove of the "new me" based on my functions within our family. This would be an aberration and certainly a deviation from what our intentions were when we spawned those two baby boys, but it would be a big step towards mending their family and while their family is healing they would benefit from having both of their parents caring for them.

The wedding vows Reg and I took were not for he and I; they were for the protection of the children. If Reg and I were in a vacuum and no other lives would be affected--- we could do what we want in regards to our marriage vows. But because two magnificent little men are counting on us to protect them and care for them and look out for their well being what it means to be a "man" should also be extended in Reggie's mind and included in his concept of raising a family. Beyond the concept of "provision" are countless other values that a healthy family can model for their children. Giving these baby boys a secure home where they can come home and know that no matter how awful the day was--- behind these four walls, underneath this roof are two people that think the world of me and love me unconditionally. A broken home doesn't speak those volumes--- it doesn't do that for a child. Living with the stepparents doesn't do that for a child. Having children as "after-thoughts" in their own lives does not do that for a child.

I would rather die trying to reconcile and be available to come home to my family than to watch my precious little men grow up visiting between their two families. Me and my new husband and his visiting children (I'm sure he would have kids). Reg and his new wife and of course they would have kids--- where does Que and Terence fit-in in these "new families"? At one time they were the "apples of eyes", now they would be third and forth wheels in their own lives. They'd be accommodated and tolerated by the stepparent (they came with the "package") in the two homes. They'd have to deal with family problems (which would surely exist) of two separate families as they come up in each family plus the conflicts that would surely exist between their biological parents, the two people they love most in the whole wide world. They'd have two new sets of grandparents, aunts, uncles, cousins, etc. (whom would never, ever love them as much as their biological kindred). I would not put any child through that chaos, I think it's cruel and abusive. It should be illegal. I will certainly never, in a zillion-million years, never! do that to my sons--- they deserve so much better.

Being in a marriage where the overriding theme is "I do my thing and you do yours" or "I have my boyfriends and you have your girlfriends" is not a marriage and it gives the wrong message to the children; Also, it's a horrible life for a child to witness with their parents feuding all the time or acting one way in public and another way at home. So I'm not suggesting Reg and me just "stick it out" for the kids' sake--- I'm saying we need to fix what's wrong. We vowed a lifetime to one another, so we have a lifetime to get it right. I say for us to bear the burden of choosing one another whatever pain and discomfort is associated with choosing each other, but this burden is ours not our children's. They deserve a life, especially a childhood as carefree and uplifting as we can give--- we sacrifice self for the happiness, security and well being of our children.

I could write forever, but must close. I really would like to be disliked and rejected by my in-laws and husband for the right reasons; presently they have a skewed idea of things and they despise me and have rejected me based on those ideas. Reggie believes that my struggles with him are over power--- a desire to rule him. I have no such desires in my heart. I wish Reggie and his relatives, all those that has chosen to despise me over

Reggie's report could at least get the facts straight. My only desires were to be able to put my family before the demands of my job. That's not a power struggle it's ethical, it's a value-based decision and I value caring for my family over providing for my family. I believe my husband should (and does) value providing for his family over caring for his family. It all balances out. I could be beat with a whip and salt rubbed over my strips (like our slave ancestors) allowed to dry in the sun and whipped some more and could not be made to believe that my higher priority in my family should be anything except making our home a "soft place" for our children to land when they fall. This isn't a power struggle in my mind it's values. A wise man would not discard me because he cannot make me re-prioritize my values. A wise man would come up with another plan for our family that would consider these values. He would allow me to take a job less imposing on our family. Yes, that would mean to lower our standard of living. Instead of a 4,000 square foot home we'd live in a 3,000 square foot home. We'd eat out less, etc, etc, etc--- - there are many ways to make a family work on one fulltime salary if keeping the family strong and healthy were the priority. Many families have to decide how to make it on one or one and a half incomes and they do it successfully.... why was this a major area of conflict in our family, I will never know.

Most of my writings in this composition book were written towards the end of the day just before I'd retire for the night. Many times I'd been taking sleeping pills and/or large amounts of spirits to help me sleep through the cold-cold nights or just to help me escape the pain in my heart. Many of my thoughts when they were written were incomplete or without discretion. From a sober mind, as I am not currently under the influence, what I'd like to relate to the reader(s) is the following:

- RQue and Terrence deserve more than the effort put forth by their father to keep our family together. The easiest "out" in any difficult situation is to blame someone else and quit; thereby leaving the burden of your choices (in this case the decision to marry me) on someone else (our children).
- Discarding a human being and putting our family---the lives of our two children in chaos because you don't "see eye to eye" with the woman you married is trite. You don't marry a woman, plan children, then demand that she change and reprioritize her values. Commitment means not giving up in the face of adversity and trials. We tried having a family with both parents working full time, putting the demand of our jobs before family (Reg's values), that didn't work. The thing to do would not be to divorce but to try allowing me to work part-time, allowing me to put the demands of family first, but this suggestion was a source of amusement for Reggie and not to be taken seriously. Once upon a time men prided themselves in providing for their family. Ensuring the wife was content and free to care for the needs of the family was honorable and something for a man to take pride in...not my man, he'd rather I die alone and in the streets before he'd be the sole provider for our family. I must maximize my income he'd insist. Working part-time or for less than the \$60,000/yr I earned while on active duty was unthinkable.
- Respecting a woman's boundaries "no means no". Not treating women like whores, valuing the roles of a mother and her responsibilities in the home is learned behavior.

Educating oneself at Universities and merely attending Church Sunday after Sunday looks good at a superficial level ---but without home training or decent role models, a grown man will have the social skills of a juvenile delinquent when it comes to showing respect and appreciation for another human being.

- I chose the father of my children wisely. I did not rush into anything when I married Reggie. He was a Christian fellow. He went to church every Sunday. He read the bible and said prayer every morning before going to work and every evening before going to bed. He had a good job therefore he'd be a good provider for the family. He was a decent guy--- he didn't drink, smoke, curse, or seem violent---- what more should a girl look for to protect herself and future children? What did I overlook! I didn't know then, but I know now. Look at the foundation from whence he came. Look at the parents. How did this man's father treat women (how did he treat his wife). Did he treat them like whores, prostitutes, articles with little value or did he reverence them, lift them up, and value them for their uniqueness. Did he value the roles and responsibilities of women or were the roles of women dismissed as trivial. How was this man's mother treated by her husband. When I met Mrs. Singleton for the first time I should have asked her some questions. She was not losing a son when Reg and I decided to marry; she was gaining a daughter. I gave my life, career, and every fiber of my being to this relationship. I should have looked at the foundation more closely. Reggie has no greater expectations for our family than what he saw in his own. I remember this ole Virginia Slims (cigarette) commercial that used to come on when I was a child--- the ad said, "you can take Salem out of the Country but you can't take the Country out of Salem". Reggie went to college, graduated and became a Doctor and Officer in the United States Army, but a gentleman he wasn't...whatever he got from home, (like the Prego spaghetti sauce commercial ad said) it's in there!
- I believe that Reggie and I can have a beautiful family life, not just existing in an intolerable situation but flourishing and growing together. I believe that if we never give up we can be good partners for one another long past the time when the boys are grown and on their own. I believe this with all my heart. I believe that if we got it right or somewhere close to right, we can give sage sound advice to our children when they are struggling in their families. Instead of coddling and commiserating with them about how wrong and awful the wife is, they'd be encouraged to look at and work on "self".
- My in-laws had a moral obligation to my sons to support me in my effort to not give up on my family, to not quit. I have a marriage license from the Texas courts. Reggie has a divorce decree from the same court, each of these documents are only as binding as the commitment behind them. If you have a marriage license but in marriage mom has her boyfriends, dad has his girlfriends and each partner is doing their own thing -- that's not a marriage. Two people without a marriage license but are cohabitating, coordinating their lives together, respecting one another's values and operating as a unit--- that's a better representation of a marriage than the couple scenario mentioned earlier. Where were my in-laws when I needed them to help me uphold the sanctity of our family. When I needed them to help me help Reggie get the help he needed. They rallied around Reggie to up hold and honor the divorce.



- If me and the boys had gone to South Carolina to stay with Reggie's mom (the way previous generations would have dealt with this) while Reggie "play", he would have come back to claim his family. He would have put his family in order. Instead you all would rather call me insane and insist (as Reggie did) that I utilize my earning potential and reestablish another home for the boys and me without their father. Because I won't put my children through the ordeal and chaos of having two homes and two families y'all ask if I'm mentally stable. Yes, I'm mentally stable--- but even if I weren't, out of respect for my children their father should have sought care for me and not allowed me to die in the streets like a rabid animal or unwanted family pet. My boys will read my writings someday and they will determine for themselves if I were an insane, unfit, human being unworthy of being a part of our family.
- When Reggie was in Iraq, David was hardly ever at the house. He was there for a few hours during the day, at night he was never there. Once I realized David was spending less and less time at the house during the day I thought he felt uncomfortable with me being there so I began to stay away from the house while the boys were in school so that David could be more at ease. I'd go to the library, the park or the gym, anywhere to pass the time until it was time to get the boys from school. I asked David if I could do something to make him feel more comfortable. I told him I would be staying away because I didn't want him to feel misplaced. I'd rather suffer loss than bring discomfort to another. Reggie has made provisions for him (David) and the children. It would not be proper for me to be here at the house and have my presence run David away. If this is David's home while Reggie's here, it should still be his home while Reggie is away. I did not want my presence here in the house to be ill spoken of so I bent over backwards, did everything I knew to do to not inconvenience David and to ensure Reggie had no bases for any accusations or attacks against me upon his return. David assured me that he was not staying away from home because I ran him away and that he was not uncomfortable around me. He said he stayed away because he wanted to and I didn't seem to need his help with caring for our home or the children. He was absolutely right, I did not need his help and as I told him, I very much enjoyed my time at home with just me and the boys and I appreciated his consideration. I told him I hope he is sincere and I expressed my concerns that upon Reggie's return, Reggie will accuse me of "running his dad away from home" if he realize David is spending so much time away from the house while I'm there. David told me that he would let Reggie know that I did not run him away that he choose to spend more time away from the house if Reggie make those type of accusations. Needless to say, I was damned if I do and damned if I don't, no matter what, I was going to get "venom" from Reggie. Sure enough he accused and attacked me on every front regarding just about everything upon his return. Between attacks he was also very, very sweet and I'd melt in his arms every time he'd turn on the charm... but as quickly as he turned into Prince Charming, he'd return to Mr Hyde without warning. I'd never see it coming. He kept me so off balanced and confused... if it weren't for my baby boys, Reggie would be "history"... no one deserves to have to put up with such imprudence.
- I asked David if he would continue to stay away from home as much as he does now when Reggie returns from Iraq. I asked David to please realize that I am here for the purpose of caring for my family and I will still be available for that purpose upon

Reggie's return. Reggie won't need me to care for our family if David is here. I asked David to please step aside and let me be the solution to Reggie's child care needs. Let my husband and I care for our family. I told David that he has some place else to go, wherever he's been spending his nights and most of the day while Reggie was away, he can continue to do so upon Reggie's returns. I told him I have no place else to go, this is my home and family. Reggie and I can develop a symbiotic relationship--- one we've never had. We never had our home just to ourselves (except for very short periods between providers) and we've never had a relationship where we really needed the other partner. We always were able to do "fine" without the other--- well now I'm asking David to let us have that--- a symbiotic relationship. I'd need Reg and he'd need me. David's answer was that he was here to help his son--- and so he is. I wonder if he ever asked himself exactly what it is he's helping Reggie do. Does he realize he's the enabler in this dysfunctional situation. This grandfather would prefer to help his son perpetuate this dysfunctional relationship than bless his grandsons by supporting their mother in her struggle for the honor and integrity of the family unit. Absurd!

- Not learning how to fight in a marriage is detrimental and destructive to a family unit. Walking around with the marriage license on ones shoulder like a "chip" is what seemed to have occurred in my marriage. Every, and I do mean "every" major dispute we had I was threatened with a divorce unless I do what Reggie wanted me to do. Reg and I should have just cohabitated, then we would have kept our finances and career choices and other important decisions about starting a family in perspective. I would have known the level of commitment. Two people should be able to disagree and not fear the other will opt for divorce if the dispute can't be settled the way he'd like. Learning to fight in a marriage means that if I'm acting like an idiot than my spouse's job is to not act like an idiot too and the reverse is true---- that 's learning how to fight without destroying the marriage and denying children their family unit. Making up after fights can be the best part about fighting. Whatever issue you were fighting about will be laughable later, it's so very foolish to go to divorce court and even more foolish when so little effort has been made to salvage the marriage. Ignorance is curable with knowledge. I admit I was ignorant and didn't know the full weight of a restraining order. Stupidity is not curable, it was stupid for Reggie to file for a divorce over this, and he thinks his decision was wise and responsible. I just wanted to take my sons with me to San Antonio while I was there for 2 months of training without fearing my husband would come pull them out of school and bring them back to Killeen as he had threatened repeatedly. Every accommodation was made for them for school, housing and home care---- that's my job as a "go to work mom" to make sure that the best arrangements are made for my children while I'm at work. I can go on... Reggie's decision to divorce over this makes sense to you Singletons. It makes sense that still two years later our family is suffering the repercussions of a mom devoted to caring for her children. Reggie had never in all of their years taken care of the boys and it was not best to leave them with him unless for some reason they could not come with me. None of you women would have done differently and you'd bet your husband's would not have brought you to divorce court over this. Wedding vows are for the safety and security of the children, the children need the family unit, not

the adults. A commitment by two mature consenting adults to marry and procreate is no small matter and should not be taken lightly. Our sons are missing out on so much by this foolishness. Because they have bright smiling faces and are little balls of energy no one can see past the boys they are today and see the confused, frustrated, and angry young man of tomorrow. What joy is their to sit in the audience watching your son get married on his wedding day when we've nearly doomed his marriage to certain miseries if not failure by not figuring out how to make it work in our own marriage so that we may be able to give wise counsel or recognize when we're interfering.

- Our parents got it half right--- they got the longevity part right, what we'd need to add during our marriage would be the addition of continuing to consummate and re-consummate our commitment to one another to continue to nurture and build a relationship between husband and wife separate from issues dealing with the kids so that when the kids are gone and it's just me and Reg again, we won't be estranged from one another. We'd still have a thriving relationship between us. It takes two, one partner can't do it, both partners need to make it work. Both partners need to participate in taking the extra effort to do things to "keep the fire burning" in the relationship. I wish with all my heart and soul I can go home to raise our sons with my husband. If I don't go home to Arapaho but die in this fight instead, I know God is sovereign and His purpose will be served in spite of us.

Transcription Ends.

## CHAPTER TEN

**"For indeed the days are coming in which they will say, 'Blessed are the barren, wombs that never bore, and breasts which never nursed!'"**

**Luke 23:29**

The year 2004 has begun, Reggie continues to show reckless disregard for the allegiance to the integrity and honor of our family. I've resigned myself to completing my book then going off to a nearby city living out the rest of my sure to be shortened existence. I love my sons so very much, but there is nothing more that I can do to bring their family together again. The best that I can offer them is to not interfere with the life their Earthly father has prepared for them. I will continue to pray to our Heavenly Father for mercy and for Him to look out for the salvation of my baby boys.

Many things, good and bad has happened since Reg's return from Iraq. He's a great guy and I love him so; I wish he were normal or at least willing to seek professional help and counseling. I'm really tired, both psychologically and physically. My body cannot hold up much longer, though the mind is willing. I have been so close to death at times in this battle I can say that I have experienced first hand visions of my life passing before my eyes. I've seen in my head many places and events that were a part of my life long ago and in these visions I engaged with long forgotten friends or acquaintances...what does this mean, I do not know; however, I do know that if my time has come I am not afraid. I go peacefully.

There's still much more I'd like to say and summarize, but for now I am too tired and weak... maybe I'll be able to do so later, maybe I won't. Maybe this is the end for me. There was so much potential for our family---it's a shame we never realized it's true glory. Our baby boys deserved so much better than this--- Men, I hope to see you again someday. I will be waiting in Heaven with outstretched arms.... I know we will have the time then that we missed out on here. Kisses---Kisses---and many more kisses to you my precious little Angels.

Reggie, you know that I love you and I die longing for your tender kisses and sweet caresses. I yearn for just one more dance with you, for you to make love to me just one more time. To hear your boyish laugh just once again. I miss you baby and all the good times that we had between the dramatics. I'm sorry you gave up on us so easily and definitively. I'm even more sorry that your family did not believe in us enough to support the integrity of our marriage, yet chose to honor your divorce. You were just a young man in the world trying to figure it all out and do the right thing...yet you had no bases for normalcy, so what is the right thing you must have struggled with... the old folks knew better, they knew right from wrong.... yet they chose to ignore us and let us struggle alone. I have my imperfection and I was trying to figure it all out too, but I never gave up on our family. My family would never have ignored your pleas if I were derelict in my responsibilities to husband and children, to our home and the sanctity of our marriage and family.

## **CHAPTER ELEVEN**

**"Love always protects, always trusts, always perseveres. Love never fails"**  
**I Corinthians 13:7-8**

**POEMS WRITTEN BY THE MOMMY DURING EXILE**

### **I'D RATHER BE**

In a cold dark grave I'd rather be the physical me than to walk God's blue Earth discarded  
and unwanted by the man whom in me placed his seed.  
Denied the privledge of mothering God's gifts of my womb, cannot I bear this torment---  
It is only in the spiritual me that I will rest and comfort find to this condemnation by this  
man, whom in me placed his seed.

By: Deidre Singleton  
8 January 2003

### **TWO HANDS---TWO FEET**

Two hands. Two feet. Our mommy's hands---Our mommy's feet.  
Two hands, two feet that don't hold us and lead us as we grow---for these hands and these  
feet were away they were sent.  
If speak could only could we, these hands, these feet say we, "daddy NO!--- daddy NO!!!!  
not those hands----Not those feet-----Don't make them go...don't send them away----daddy  
NO! daddy NO!!!  
Two hands. Two feet. Our mommy's hands. Our mommy's feet.

By: Deidre Singleton  
10 January 2003

## GONE

Our mommy is gone. Gone is our mommy.  
Our mommy, familiar before but familiar no more is her laugh, her voice, her smile, her  
scent, her gentle caresses, her words of encouragement-words of praise, words from our  
mommy- our mommy's words. Gone.  
Gone is her hands. Gone is her feet. Gone is her kisses and a lay on her breast. Gone is  
our mommy---Our' mommy is gone.  
Familiar before but familiar no more---Our mommy. Gone is our mommy---Our mommy  
is gone.

By: Deidre Singleton  
11 January 2003

## DECISION TO DIVORCE

Daddy's decision, daddy's decision to divorce---but of course a divorce with a course of  
pseudo-remorse.  
Baby-boys denied---denied baby-boys, not only their mother-their mother's love, but their  
mother's relatives-relatives of their mother, Oma-Opa, Aunts and Uncles, Cousins and  
long-term family friends.  
Does a daddy know? Of course a daddy knows---hence the term "psuedo-remorse".  
Does it matter to a daddy? Matter? Why should it? It's not his family---He's grown and  
had his...It's only the baby-boys, baby-boys it's only. Need not they their maternal family?  
Divorce is the course, the course is divorce. Expense, spare none- it's only the baby-boys-  
baby-boys it's only.  
In our mommy's lap we cannot be ya see, we are on a course, a course of divorce.  
Daddy's decision, daddy's decision to divorce.

By: Deidre Singleton  
12 January 2003

## OUR COUSINS

Our Cousins---Our Cousins---Nieces and Nephews of our mommy.  
Our Cousins---Our Cousins---We shared vacations with our Cousins.  
What were their names? Our Cousins---Our Cousins---We lost touch with our Cousins.  
Our parents' divorce cost us our Cousins.

Our Cousins---Our Cousins, what were their names? Their mommy's---their daddy's---  
Aunt who? Uncle who? Daddy, who are our cousins---what were their names? Daddy did  
our Cousins call you "Uncle Reggie"? Daddy did you know our cousins?  
Our Cousins---Our Cousins...What were their names?

By: Deidre Singleton  
12 January 2003

### **LEAD, FOLLOW, OR GET OUT OF THE WAY**

I do not fail to see all that I could be, if my only focus was me. So much potential for me,  
if my only focus was me.

Committed I am---convicted am I to my family. Many, many, many, yesterdays ago I  
remember my dad would say, "either lead-follow-or get out of the way".  
To a marriage everlasting and an intact home I cannot lead us---for my husband would  
not follow. To the same I cannot follow---for my husband would not lead.  
Lead us my husband will, down this road, this road of divorce. Follow him down this  
road, follow him I will not--- no choice for me but to get out of the way.  
This road, this road, this road to break up our family I will not travel. I will step aside my  
sons and pray that one day before it's too late, your dad will make a way for us to stay  
forever together as a family.

By: Deidre Singleton  
16 January 2003

### **OUR MOMMY IS NOT FAR**

Living out of a car, our mommy is not far, though we never see her, our mommy is not  
far.

Banished from our lives before we ever knew her, our mommy must be worst than most  
to be exiled from our family.

We know although we don't see her, our mommy is not far, she's living out of a car---  
daddy and grand dad knows our mommy isn't far she's living in a car.

Our mommy waits and waits and waits some more for a daddy who loves us , to love us  
enough to let us have our mommy.

Alone in the street one can roam only for so long. When mommy comes home near death  
she will come, will daddy love us enough to rescue our mommy and welcome her home--  
- or will our daddy forget she's our mommy and send her away? Away again our mommy  
will go, back to her car not very far.



Proud of our daddy we are, proud of our daddy we will always be. Proud of themselves our dad and grand dad must be for protecting my baby brother and me----our mommy's baby-boys from a mommy whom of course must have been so much worst than most to be living out of a car and not very far.

Although not very far, our mommy may no longer be part of our family. Mommy we don't know why you're living out of a car and not very far, but we do know our dear mother, you are no worse than most. If only a daddy loved us enough, enough to let us have our mommy too!

By: Deidre Singleton  
17 January 2003

This is a compilation of letters sent to various individual in continued attempts to salvage my family.

TO: MR. AND MRS. SINGLETON (ELDERS SINGLETON)  
FROM: LE AND GRACE MOTT 1602 S ESTHER COURT CHESTER VA. 23836

Dear Friends

We are the oldest living relatives of R Q and Terrence; on our side of the family. (the enate side)(blood relatives) We address you with heavy hearts, but high hopes.

We have been involved in the lives of these two children since the day they were born. (Involved yes, but never intrusive or condescending. We love these boys.

They are just 2 of our 14 grandchildren, but to us, they are no less important than the others. We know that [Like all children] they run, jump, scream, shout, laugh, and play; just like all other children their ages. That's what children do. Even those that are being traumatized and mentally abused sometimes follow suit.

To assume that, because they don't sulk in a corner and/or [otherwise express remorse] over the absence of their mother; is "simpleminded", at best, and ["crude, crass stupidity"] at worst.

my daughter is alone, the women in your family have abandoned her to struggle alone, in her effort to recapture honor and integrity in her shattered family. The men [David and Reginald] are stuck together at the medulla, and have created a morass that makes this beautiful and prosperous family equivalent in structure and mores of the many uneducated families living in the ghetto.

Even more alarming to me was to find out that at a time when my daughter's life appeared to Reginald to be compromised by her activities associated with her "gilded maternal instinct" to be close to her captive children, the man I entrusted to love, honor and cherish my little girl stood by and did nothing to ensure her well being. [VIOLATION OF HIPPOCRATIC OATH; AND HUMAN DECENCY].

Lamentation: These are all very serious offenses and should not be taken lightly or ignored.... Our grandsons need the elders to be cognizant of their vulnerability in such surroundings. They do not benefit from the blind support of such madness.

As elders, we must resolve to be involved in helping to preserve the concept of "the black family". We need to begin a dialogue [elder to elder] and come up with something other than standing around as idol spectators watching a sport show of family cannibalization. This will only allow the situation to deteriorate beyond hope.

I have been advised that my daughter was at the rented castle. Her babies are in a location where she does not have access to them (dad, granddad, and concubine are in effect holding the children captive) ask yourselves [Is this not unlike the behavior of a mother with a gilded sense of honor for herself and concern for her children to try and be close to them under such circumstances]. Even a wild tigress, a lioness, a mother bear, or domesticated canines would do no less.

LAMENTATION; In the animal kingdom when a female is separated from her cubs either by incident, accident, or captivity the mother will remain as close as physically possible to the area where the cubs are located. When you consider the fact that the father of these children told her to "shoo, go away, start a new life", at a time when she was obviously undergoing some form of crisis and unable to respond to the demands of the man whom fathered her children this is a willful, wanton disregard for human life; and it exemplifies the glaring depravity that hold our two little grandchildren hostage.

My daughter with her [gilded maternal instinct] and her innate tendencies to nurture and protect her young has been reduced to it's most rudimentary form, by a DOCTOR. Even DR. FRANKENSTEIN'S orphans deserve better.

We believe that someone should seek to establish a SAGE ELDER level of family discourse on matters involving the best interest of our grandchildren. They are being traumatized by these ongoing events, in ways only an adult mind can comprehend.

It is the duty of the ELDERS to come to their aid. WE INVITE YOU TO PLEASE HELP US TO BRING HONOR AND INTEGRITY TO THE HOUSEHOLD THAT IS "THE PRIMARY HABITAT" FOR OUR GRAND CHILDREN.

REGINALD NEEDS YOUR EXPERIENCE AND ADULT UNDERSTANDING.  
DEIDRE NEEDS OUR INVOLVED CONCERN, WITHOUT OUR INTRUSION. THE  
GRANDCHILDREN NEED OUR WISDOM AND CIRCUMSPECTION.

IT IS UNNATURAL AMONG HUMANS TO ESPOUSE TO the position that  
CHILDREN [the boys] are "better off" and "ready to move on and begin a new life" with a  
replacement for their biological mother AND HER FAMILY OF BROTHERS, SISTERS,  
UNCLES, AUNTS ETC. CONNECTED TO THEM BY BLOOD.

MONKEYS HAVE A BETTER UNDERSTANDING OF PHILOSOPHY AND FAMILY  
VALUES, THAN THIS  
[ ESPOUSED BY REGINALD]. HE NEEDS THE SAGE REBUKE OF HIS TRUSTED  
ELDERS. SUCH DEPRAVITY IS UN-REPRESENTATIVE OF A PHYSICIAN.

Lamentation: DOCTOR FRANKENSTEIN EMPLOYED cannibalism in his effort to  
engineer life from dead people parts. DR. Reginald is employing cannibalism to engineer  
a family from sham marriages and family approved concubines. One generation should  
not try to cannibalize and/or engineer their families to correct [so called]  
injustices/dysfunctions of past generations. THIS IS GHOULISH at best; and insane at  
worst.

Fact: IT WOULD BE RIDICULOUS TO SUGGEST THAT R'Que and Terrence understand THE FULL RAMIFICATIONS OF THEIR CANNIBALIZATION, but they know something is very wrong that their mother is not around.

THIS FACT SHOULD BE SEARED INTO THE UNDERSTANDING OF YOU PEOPLE. I understand that you all have psychologists and social workers in your family, you all should know better than I the ill affects this will eventually have on their character and personality. Without a doubt they have already been affected at a developmental, social, intellectual, and behavioral level.

This is very serious what's going on in these boys' lives. RQue and Terrence are two of fourteen grandchildren for me and my wife and I am deeply concerned and remorseful of their situation . They are two of two grandchildren for you and David, I'd hope you all could be as concerned and moved to some sort of action to protect the grandchildren. So far all efforts have been to shield, support and protect Reginald from his own ineptness in his paternal obligations TOWARD OUR GRANDCHILDREN AND THEIR CONNECTION TO US.

Lamentation: There is a lot of unrest in the world, things will get worse before they get better, are these not times families should pull together and draw on each others strengths? We don't know what kind of world our grandchildren need to be prepared for, you Matriarchs should see the strength in the little woman Reginald has chosen and know that IT CAN be an asset, not the liability it has been for my daughter. REGINALD AND DEIDRE CHOSE EACH OTHER, THE KIDS DID NOT CHOOSE THEIR OWN PARENTS. If they could have, They would have chosen my daughter and someone else. No egocentricity is worth the value of the life of my grandchildren.

With the proper support from the women in her husband's (ex-husband, to honor the divorce decree) family the potential for our children to create their own enduring and proud histories in their families with our grandchildren is possible.

My wife and I made promises not to intrude in the affairs of our daughter and her family., we have remained steadfast in this promise.

For nearly 2 years

Throughout much of this time our family had little to no contact with my daughter. We trusted the judgment of the Singleton elders to mitigate these matters since they hurled themselves in like birds on a high wire [one fly off- all fly off][one land-all land]

Realizing that that only Reginald and Deldre can BRING SANITY TO; and/or otherwise come through for our grandsons (yours as well as ours); we stayed side lined by events as they roared out of control on a Rubicon.

Having been married for 43 years, we understood that the early years would be utter tumult [particularly among professionals]; but enough cooling off time has passed for someone to bring wisdom to bear here.

A commitment to marriage before beginning a family is not for the benefit of the adults (the parents), the commitment is for the well-being of the children.

Fact: Deidre respectfully appealed to her mother-in-law when she felt she was unable to fulfill her role as caregiver AND HOMEMAKER FOR her children AND FAMILY [HEADED BY REGINALD]

Weird demands, misplaced priorities and even a Rubicon set forth by Reginald torpedoed reality and insanity took over.

This [abovementioned] appeal was in the form of a book (which she had began writing for the sole purpose of having a means of communicating her struggle to keep her family united to her grown sons if she were unable to repair her family).

Distributing the book throughout your family was a plea for help, but it was crassly received as a malicious act. she has not been able to convince any of you that that was a plea for help---- not intended to be an act of malice.

Lamentation:

My family and I were given the opportunity to read only the first chapter (for validation of facts), once completed, the book, as I understand was sealed, stored, and to be given to the boys when they are grown if they request it. WHAT WAS THE OBJECTION? [TRUTH]? [SOPHISTICATION]? [CLASS]? [RESPECT]?

Consideration: There was no malicious intent regardless as to how the message was received by your family. Deidre has since apologized to all. What is wrong with her apology? BE REAL FRIENDS. THERE ARE GRANDCHILDREN INVOLVED IN THIS "BIG BIRD GAME".

Consideration: Deidre was accused of wanting to destroy Reginald's career and/or reputation, time elapsed should have proven otherwise? If my daughter's intentions were to destroy or harm your son either physically or professionally she's had ample time to have orchestrated any multitude of vengeful acts limited only by the confines of her imagination.

Furthermore, if Deidre was your daughter caught up in this cannibalism, you would all be marching to your to y our congressmen, senators, defense dept., army, and Ft Hood IG in protest of this doctor and his antebellum attitude towards strong black women. You would all consider him [the doctor] a danger to all women and children.

Consideration: My daughter has chosen to defend the honor and integrity of her family, the presumptions by those who do not know her is that her struggle is for the love and affections of a man. My daughter is not that shallow or vain, you've met her, if you consider objectively you'd realize this to be true. One would have only to examine the posture of our ancestors, civil rights leaders, or women's rights leaders to see the fortitude of persons with enough depth of character to stand on their convictions and not compromise their values to take the path of least resistance. This same fortitude is evident in Deidre's determination to not give up on her family out of love, consideration, and respect for our grandsons. Our grandsons have an inherent right to be raised within their family by both of their biological parents. Adult tantrums, petty-minded and short sighted turpitude has set them on a course inconsistent with what we know to represent a commitment to family and exhort pride in ones lineage.

Lamentation: I don't know you or your family anymore than you know me or my family; however, we each had expectations from our own grown children as well as from the partner they chose as to level of maturity, responsibility, and respect for the sanctity of marriage and the provision of a stable home for our grandchildren (nameless and faceless at the time of our children's union). We as elders, although our children are grown cannot just "look the other way" when we see our children (although grown)

flopping around failing in their marriage and thereby failing our grandchildren and their rights to their family. And certainly we should not be "enablers", making it convenient for either party to not seek reconciliation and restoration of family unity. To stand by as an idle spectator watching as someone engineer a family as opposed to "raising" children within a family is unconscionable when according to the "engineer", the engineering process calls for the elimination of a parent.

Fact: When my daughter married Reginald she was not looking for "some immature dimwit to nanny, nor was she for some quack doctor to take care of her. SHE was looking for a good man who shared her idea of family. She cannot re-raise Reggie to make up for his [SELF IMPOSED PITY PARTY] about his upbringing.

She's a strong, capable, SELF RELIANT young lady who was managing every aspect of life responsibly.

One year ago she resigned from the army and has not taken up a place of legal residence ( your family may not have been aware of this, but Reginald was aware of this fact), she's been living out of her car with occasional short stays at motels.

Deidre expected this time to be a "cooling off period", and before too much time elapsed she'd be back at home raising our grandchildren and working on building a lasting relationship with their father (honoring the marriage not the divorce).

Consideration: My daughter could have chosen to set up a home for our grandchildren without their father, utilized my wife, myself and her siblings to assist her with raising the children.

I can imagine this would have been quite comfortable for my daughter not having to deal with a "hard-headed" husband ( smile, light humor: that is your sons grief with my daughter --- what mother wouldn't be hard-headed if she feels her ability to care for her family is compromised), yet out of love, respect and considerations for our grandchildren she's committed herself to remain steadfast and immovable in her admonishment to re-establish the structure and honor of her family.

In closing, [my Dear friends] let me again remind you: This quagmire that our grandchildren have been thrown into without their choosing, is not a simple DOG AND PONY SHOW to us. These children did not choose to be born at this time, in this place or to these people.

Wisdom must come forth quickly. Please don't underestimate our concern for our grandchildren.

RESPECTFULLY: LE AND GRACE MOTT

P. S. PLEASE FEEL FREE TO CONTACT US BY EMAIL OR ANY ADDRESS LISTED ABOVE.  
email (eldermott@aol.com)

*Deidre Singleton*

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Harker Heights, Texas 76548

deidre\_singleton@hotmail.com  
November 28, 2003

Tomiko,

Enclosed are a couple of letters I'd written some-time ago. I had them with my personal effects with instructions to be delivered to you upon my death----- it is quite obvious to me that I'm already dead to my husband (the man you love, hold, and cuddle up with each night---- the father of my children). Because I am for all intents and purposes a "dead woman walking", I may as well address you. You are no longer just Reggie's girl friend you are possibly his future wife and the mother of our children.

I still call Reggie my husband because I honor my marriage not my divorce. If Reggie were my 10th husband and if we had no children, I would not cling to my family so desperately... but I know the impact divorce and blending families have on the lives of children and there are enough mangled black families without us adding to the numbers. Black children are already disadvantaged in our society, we (Reggie and me) don't need to be so irresponsible and give our precious ones our burdens to bear.

I'd like for you to know that my battle to restore the integrity and honor of my family is not over until I am six feet under (or is it eight feet :) . I believe my baby boys deserve nothing less than parents with total commitment to their family. You've met my boys---- they are the most precious little angels in all the earth. They are so loving and trusting and their little hearts are so vulnerable. They didn't choose their parents; they're not responsible for the dysfunction in their family---- how could I put forth less than everything I am, every ounce of life in me to do what is right by them.

Woman to woman; sister to sister (ethnic and Christian), hear the heart of a mother---- the mother of two children you've undoubtedly come to know and love. I have Faith in what God can do with only one willing heart (our family has three, mine and the baby boys). My heart is willing to allow Him to use me for His purposes for our family to some day be a testament to Him and glorify His name. God ordains the family. He uses family to create a picture for the "world" of our spiritual relationship; to create homes where He is honored, revered and loved. Reggie is not Sovereign--- God is; It's not Reggie's will be done----it God's Will. God gave us all "free will", so my husband may choose to exercise his free will and remain unyielding in his decision to not restore our family (God already knows what Reggie will do) but that doesn't mean I in Faith am not commanded to remain steadfast in doing what's right, even through persecution. His Holy word says. "What God has brought together let no man put asunder" that means "woman" too.

Tomiko, allow my husband to bury me---- it's evident to me and possibly to you also that he is willing to let me die alone and in the streets in this battle before following through with his commitment to our family. Even hardened criminals, people whom have committed heinous crimes against our society are cared for with more consideration. People on death row are even allowed a "last meal" of choice and to say good-bye to their children. Even if his disdain for me has deteriorated to the point of believing I should be treated with such repugnance, out of love and respect for the children he's raising, any decent man would give more consideration to the proper disposal of the mother of their children. How long do you think I can last unsheltered and uncared for---- not very long I assure you. Please honor my marriage and family instead of Reggie's divorce and haste to engineer a new family. Be patient, wait, if not on the Lord, at least wait until the boys have laid their mother to rest, giving them "closure" from their old family. They'd know where their mother is and why I'm not around---- they'd know I'm dead. I feel it is better for my babies (psychologically) to know that their mother is dead than to not know where she is or why she's not with them.

You had moved to Indianapolis, you don't know what "good thing" God may have planned for you there if you're laid up here with my husband (God is in no way in that--- you know Him

and His Word (you don't have to take my word)). You all will have lots of time to come together and blend your lives when I'm gone.

For the love, security, and well being of my sons, I wish you all only the best of times and a long successful marriage. This will be your 2nd marriage as well as Reggie's---the divorce rate for blended families is in excess of 60% (check the statistics for yourselves), and I know you don't want your children to go through what mine are--- and I certainly don't want mine to go through a 2nd divorce. What half of your first marriage were you?, the half that wanted to work things out or were you the first to "throw in the towel"? You know which half you have from my marriage. For the kids' sakes, your future ones and mine, be careful, take your time, when you see signs of trouble (ultimatums, disloyalty, opposing priorities for important values, uncompromising demeanor etc) don't think they are insignificant. You and Reggie should be very, very careful and wise in your choice of one another----- your first divorce (and mine) were childless; you and Reggie will be blending a family. Even if you and Reggie never have children, you are taking on the responsibility of being mother to mine, and for you all to divorce (although you'd have no children of your own), my children would be losing a mom for the second time. Again, I say, for the kids' sakes be wise! and cautious!

It takes two to make a marriage tumultuous; it takes two to have a serene and successful marriage; but it only takes one to end a marriage. Being married today is no more secure than if you were to cohort or had merely been dating, the commitment and conviction to make the marriage work lies in the character of the two parties in the marriage. Reg is at peace, the divorce was his freedom--- he could re-live his 20's, and that's what he's doing with our little men in tow; if I wanted to be irresponsible I could re-live my 20's too, but I choose to stay focused on our family. Examine each other closely and know what you're getting. Our Lord, Magnificent, Powerful, and Holy; in all His Grace, makes a way for us to restore ourselves and come to Him when we're disobedient and make errs in our judgment or our behavior is a disgrace to His name---an entire family, destroyed, unable to redeem itself to man-----you go figure!

I extend my hand and share my heart with you because I want you to know that those baby boys you care for in my absence were never abandoned. There's nothing Reggie could do to our marriage or me that would make me decide to leave my children or give up on my family. I never left. My home is where my family is. It's so important for me to know that you know those babies were never abandoned so that when you and Reggie have your babies you will know that my babies were loved by their mother every-bit as much as you love yours. You will think the world of yours and consider them the most precious beings in the Universe---- I want you to also remember mine were loved that way too by their mother. I know you'll still love Que and Terrence after you have yours----but loving your own is a tad different than loving someone else's. Always remember that the babies are not responsible for their situation or condition and if they "act out" it's because they don't know what else to do----- this is a "heavy load" for tender hearts.

Reggie has defined my nature and character to you according to his perceptions; you may have also been given a guarded and sketchy overview of my present condition and activities. The following is some of the same from my perspective.

Love is sacrifice and letting go (if holding on is apt to do more harm than good). If I were selfish I would not have let my children go live with their dad while I attempt to preserve the integrity of our family. I would have maintained custody and we would have moved between Alaska and Hawaii until the end of my military career, then we'd move to North Carolina permanently. The boys would have seen their dad in the summers and some Holidays. Very sweet deal for me, but it would suck for the boys. Our children's lives would be profoundly affected by these choices from the type of family structure the children would be raised in to the type of relationship they would have (or not have) with their biological father."

I made many choices in life for the benefit and well being of my nameless/faceless un-conceived children. I married a man less committed to family than I am but that doesn't mean I will be less committed to making choices that gives my children (with names and faces) the best opportunity for stability, security, and overall success in life. I believe children raised in a two-parent home have many advantages over those in a single parent home (even if it is a blended family), Reggie is more likely to re-marry before I would. I feel there are advantages to children having only one home/one family not going between two homes for holidays, vacations, and weekends. I can only imagine the heartache and pain my boys would have knowing that the issues, concerns, and events in their lives are second to the issues, concerns, and events in the lives of dad's new family---- their half siblings. If Reggie were deployed, the boys could always have their "if dad were here" fantasies about his attendance, enthusiasm, or participation in important events in their lives, however, with him being across the country, town, or state lines and unable to be a "fan" because of the demands of the new family, is not a psychological burden I want my children to carry. Even birth order advantages I don't want to deny my sons, Que is our first born son... there are advantages to being the first born. Terrence is advantaged by being a consistent second in one family even if a third and fourth child come after him, than by going between two families, the baby in one and an older brother in the other...I could go on and on. I will never believe these choices for my children are selfish (no matter how many times Reggie accuse me of being selfish for not honoring his divorce) they're just different. Single parents have to make choices for their children based on the nature of the character we spawned them with, our place in life at the time, etc. I want my children to have every advantage in life that I could give them. Having a family with both of their biological parents is what is best for them, but I can't give that to them, but I will not participate in denying them their family by making a second home for them. I believe in family and I will not just roll over and settle for doing family "any kind of way" because the man I married "opts -out".

I felt visitation with my children was not in their best interest. The nature of the character I spawned them with is not conducive to having a stable and secure alternate maternal role in my children's lives if I had chosen to do so (and I chose not to). For instance, I could tell my children "mommy will pick you up at school tomorrow---- see you tomorrow men!", they'd kiss me, hug me, then scurry off expecting to see me tomorrow. Then Reg and I could have an altercation and he'd tell me I couldn't see the children until I meet a criterion he'd set based on the altercation. OR I'd drop them off at school and I'd say, "see you later men!"; "Later", meaning that I will be picking them up. If I'd have an altercation with Reggie he'd say, "don't worry about picking up the boys today. " OR I could have a trip planned for me and the little men (tickets could be already purchased) if I have an altercation with him, he'd tell me the boys can't go unless I do (or not do) X,Y,Z. I cannot have a relationship with my children where I am unable to be consistent and keep my promises to them---- they learn what they live and I don't want them to learn to be unreliable, unpredictable, and unable to keep their promises. Furthermore, I don't want to be constantly disappointing them. They would be expecting me to do "whatever", then dad would have to break the news to them that "mommy can't come pick you up today", or "mommy won't be able to take you skiing (or whatever event we had planned)."

Grandparents and other extended relatives "visit" their children; mothers and fathers live with and raise their children, (unless they're institutionalized, incarcerated, or in some other way indisposed). Although Reggie would become very comfortable in a situation where he had visitation with his children as opposed to living with and raising them; I will not be a party to such degradation in my role as a mother. I have more to offer my children than "visitation". As a mother I want to be involved in nurturing, protecting, teaching, disciplining, and caring for my children (is this what he means when he contemptuously accuse me of wanting to "have my way"). Reggie believes visitation is a viable alternative----- maybe for his paternal role, but not for me and my maternal role for my children.

Because I have not taken a residence while I fight this battle does not mean I've been in impoverished conditions. When I was working and had a place of residence I spent 13-15 hours away from home and that's just on an average work day, if I had extra duties to do at work or



errands to run I could easily be away from home for 15-18 hours. When I was in school, sometimes I went home only to sleep 4-6 hours and get up to do it all over again---- that was an average day. Point being, because I did not take on the expense of a home or apartment does not mean my days were not full. I kept busy, so being without a home address was not very different for me now then when I was employed or in school. I enjoyed long days at the gym enjoying the pool, Jacuzzi and spa. I spent many hours at the public or University library. Lived practically in the day room at the guesthouse where they had a big screen TV, free laundry facilities, microwave, and a workout area. Now, I have exhausted all of my financial resources and I am in this fight till the end.... So here I am. I understood that this is how this situation with my struggles in my family could have ended up. I made preparations over a year ago in event that things did go this far, my dad always says, "plan for the worse, but hope for the best". I hoped for the best, but it seems that I got the worst. I know that God is in charge and my sons will be blessed, even if their dad does not overcome this "snafu".

"Making the decision to have a child -----it's momentous. It is to decide forever to have your heart go walking around outside your body." (Elizabeth Stone) This quote is from Que's 2002 graduation program. I thought it was cute when I read it for the first time nearly 2 years ago, but now-present day, it has never been more meaningful. (I concur).

I am making the best decision I know to make in this very diabolical situation----and the best decision to me is the one that is least caustic to my children. We all are God's children and will go before the same throne to give account of ourselves. If I have failed by family by the choices I've made within it, God will judge me (Reggie don't have to). Our responsibility was to "hold out" and not let Satan get a foothold and run-amuck.

In the animal kingdom when a female is separated from her cubs either by incident, accident, or captivity the mother will remain as close as physically possible to the area where the cubs are located. My babies are in a location where I do not have access to them ( you, their dad and granddad are their captors---you're guilty by association (smile)); my innate tendencies to nurture and protect my young has been reduced to it's most rudimentary form. Know that I will be coming home again and again and again until "death do I part". Would this be unlike the behavior of any lioness, tigress, bear, or even our domesticated canines if their babies were there with y'all?

Which behavior is more deviant? A) Doing what one would do instinctively if all cognitive abilities were compromised? OR B) Doing what y'all are doing---- merrily and under the guise of being responsible, keeping my babies away from their momma (even in pre-historic times, the age of the Neanderthals, you wouldn't see this going on in their uncivilized societies)?

I'm not desperately trying to reconcile my relationship with Reggie because I see him as being different than he was when we were together. In fact, he seems to have decreased his moral substance to accommodate his current situation. However, I trust the Lord our God to move in His own time to make Reg and I better partners for one another and thereby better parents for our children----- all to Glorify His name. Did God not say put Him first, then the spouse, then the children? When we put Him first, then the children, and lastly or not at all the spouse.... then we have these broken homes and mangled families. Reg and I didn't get it right while we were in Germany. There were too many external things going on... but it at first you don't succeed, try and try again! You don't just give up! and I won't!

Sincerely,

Deidre

PS (18 December 2003)

"A wise man (or woman) learn from a fool's mistake; a smart man (or woman) learn from his (or her) own mistake; a fool never learns."

Enclosed I send a voided check and this "promotion" letter... sounded like a darn good offer to me and an easy way to have some cash to stay afloat (I can't think of going back to work until my family is in order). A quick search on the Internet saved me forty-five bucks... check it out! (Please tear and discard the voided check). What's my point you wonder!

You've met Reggie's mom.... Does she appear to have a warm, friendly, accepting, kind nature? Or does she seem cold, distant, judgmental, and critical? I view her as a "narcissist"... go to the Internet, read about 'em. Read about "being raised by a narcissistic mother." [This is merely an opinion].

Reggie's dad is a "recovered alcoholic" Praise is to God! To mention this is not to "slander" (I commend him and his success in sobriety)----- none-the-less, Reggie was raised in a dysfunctional home.... A home with an alcoholic. Again I say, go to the Internet, read about them. Read about "adult children of alcoholics. (ACOA)" [This is not an opinion, this is fact].

A narcissistic mother (my opinion) and an alcoholic father (fact), anyone growing up in such an environment is surely to require some form of therapy to help them to sort out things in their heads... wouldn't you think? Without help... go to the Internet, read about "psychopaths" (go to the link that reads, "Jekyll and Hyde, walking on eggshells")... I believe I married one and he fathered my children. I WISH I COULD RUN! RUN LIKE HELL AND NEVER LOOK BACK!!! But I can't, he's the father of my children and I'm obligated for their sakes to help him realize he needs treatment and we work through this as a family or take my children and raise them without him (I would do the latter if 2 years ago I had realized all that I have come to know as a result of this experience).

That is the point of the voided check.... 2 minutes of research on the Internet saved me from making a mistake I was sure to regret though very small mistake in comparison. Some quality time spent on the Internet can help you to understand how to cope with your psychopath (my opinion) when the tides change. Some premarital activities for you all may include getting involved in therapy for "ACOA, or dysfunctional families" and "partners of ACOA or dysfunctional families." If I had known what I know now that is the sort of help I would have sought before marriage and certainly while married when things first started getting "weird", our first three years were bliss (dating, engagement, and first year of matrimony). He was my soul-mate!!! (and I was his), unmistakably placed on this planet by God himself for one another!!!

We all come from dysfunctional families of some sort.... The majority of my paternal relatives has some form of mental disorder (chronic depression, schizophrenia, bipolar etc) or spent time in jail or on drugs... I'm not sure my dad isn't a psychopath of sorts. I even have some of the characteristics of a psychopath; however, when these personality traits or characteristics interfere with our ability to enjoy our inalienable rights guaranteed to us by our constitution (life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness) or deprive our offspring of their inherent right to be raised in a secure and happy environment by their biological parents, both committed to putting the welfare of the children above all but God himself, then I'd say that's when persons should seek intervention.... Therapy, to figure out what "ghosts" of one's childhood is haunting the adult and being carried over into the person's marriage-family.... Which would lead to breaking the cycle of abuse-dysfunction.

The first step is admitting that the problem is with "self" and not others.... Reggie cannot look at himself or his behavior objectively; the problem is always with others. I have been psychoanalyzed (and declared sane and logical) on at least four separate occasions since I've married Reggie... I know mental illness runs in my family and I never discounted the idea that I could be "slipping" and Reggie always had me thinking I was the one that was crazy (I may have been crazy, but he's psycho... there's a difference, look it up)

Enclosed are printouts from the website I directed you to. The pink highlights are areas I found representative of the situation I find myself in or the characteristic (traits) I've witnessed first hand in Reggie since my relationship with him; Some were noted very early in our relationship and I discounted them and others became evident only within the last year or so.

Reg and I are on the cusp of the baby-boomer generation; you are gen-X; Que, Terrence (and your future kids) are gen-Y... I don't remember how circumspective I was at 28, but I do know the gen-Yers are counting on you gen-Xers to be somewhat responsible in forming the families in which they will be raised. Prior to marriage, utilize technology (the Internet) and all the resources available in the community (support groups, counseling, therapy etc) to help you all have a healthy relationship and family. Know yourself and realize what "baggage" from your childhood you may be carrying around that contributed to the dysfunction in your first marriage. If you don't know the "man (or woman) in the mirror" (Michael Jackson) you can't begin to sort through the muddle of someone else's malfunction.

My sons deserve better than what they've gotten from their so-called "family" over these past 2 years, I can only pray that they will not spend the rest of their childhood in confusion and chaos as it relates to "family" norms. I pray my babies will be raised in a safe, healthy, happy home. They are so very precious and I love them dearly (as you will yours)!!!!!!

Our family is salvageable, but with only one (not counting the boyz) willing party, the true glory of what we could have been will never be realized; except when God or Saint Peter reveals it to us at the Pearly Gate... Do you believe that when you stand before the Throne of Grace it will be revealed to you all that life held for you if you did things God's way, if you followed His plan? I do.

Deidre

Card sent to Tomika stated the following:

"Tomiko, I hope that you have received my previous correspondence. I send this note as a final clarification of my intent.

I trust that you will not "take my word" for what I have suggested to you previously... it is my hope and prayer you will seek knowledge for yourself regarding these matters and allow "time" to reveal what it will.

As I've revealed and suggested the possibility that you are involved in a relationship with a very disturbed young man (though he is a great guy----such a hunk! and I love him very much) I do not wish for you to end your relationship permanently (pursuit it upon my death). You willingly accepted Reggie's invitation into the lives of our baby boys---- they undoubtedly have come to love and trust you. Reggie's loves you, continue to give your relationship a chance, the children don't deserve to have another woman who loved and cared for them suddenly absent from their lives.

My hope is that you don't quickly jump into marriage without first learning how to relate and deal with the "beast". The marriage is the climax--- he's conquered and fulfilled his quest to "get the beautiful young lady"---he got you (as he previously got me), shortly thereafter the madness will begin--- but you will be armed, alert, and ready to relate appropriately to the Hyde side of Dr Jekyll because you would have acquired a wealth of knowledge on how to relate to him prior to marrying him.

For my baby boys I pray for you to have Godly wisdom and wish you all the best of times in Holy matrimony.

Deidre

PS:

Email: [deidre\\_singleton@hotmail.com](mailto:deidre_singleton@hotmail.com)

No phone---- No home

My home is where my family is

415 Arapaho

Harker Heights, TX 76548

254-3580

{drawing of smiling face}

*I love and miss my baby boys so very much... I hope you never know this pain.*

Take Care

Deidre"

Hey Wonn!

I'm sure you've been hearing some shocking reports about me and my condition. I'm sorry to be such a disappointment to you all. Maybe one day when you have your own babies you will understand my plight. You will know how it feels to not be able to wipe your babies noses, dry their tears when they cry, comfort them when they hurt, decide what they will have for snacks, make their meals etc.... I pray you never, ever know how it feels to hear your baby cry and while crying you hear them call for you (mooommmieeee!) and you can't go to them.

After my last run-in with Reg at the house I came over to my parents' trailer home (they're in VA). I thought I'd stay here till after Thanksgiving, then I'm going back home, yes, where my family is Wonn... where my babies are! I'm going home!

Why does mature, responsible people wait until they are married to have children? If two people trust one another well enough to cohabitate and things are going well, why not have children and start a family? Why not Wonn?! Because the marriage is supposed to be more secure than merely cohabitating, that's why. I guess your brother and I were just on a long date and like an irresponsible teenager I end up "knocked-up", not once but twice. That would explain why I find myself excommunicable to his family. I asked for help nearly 2 years ago, and I'm still asking for your help and support, it's not too late (it's never too late.... why do you people give up so easily; or is it just that the integrity of ones family is not worth the trouble of getting involved? or has it been deemed that I'm "not good enough" for the father of my children, therefore unworthy of you guys' support in this very diabolical situation). You all responded as if I were merely Reggie's girlfriend for nine years ( I met Reggie in 1993, we began intimate relations in 1994, cohabitated in 1995, married , which held no more sanctity than if we had continued cohabitating, in 1996.

Which behavior is more deviant? A) Doing what one would do instinctively if all cognitive abilities were compromised? OR B) Doing what your kindred are doing---- merrily and under the guise of being responsible, keeping my babies away from their momma (even in pre-historic times, the age of the Neanderthals, you wouldn't see this going on in their uncivilized societies)?

In our society black men have become so insecure and docile that their innate sensitivity to protect women and children has given way to self-indulgence and egocentrism at the expense

of children and their families. Once upon a time a woman struggling to preserve her family structure would have had the support of her husband's immediate family (certainly the women) as well as extended family if necessary. When atrocities like those taking place in my sons' family (and many other families across America) are allowed to manifest without intervention, the children, society, and future generations are profoundly affected in ways we may never know. Once upon a time a man took pride in the condition of his family, he took pride in providing for his wife and children, he took pride in keeping his family united.... once upon a time family and in-laws didn't just look the other way when they see a young family struggling and headed for obliteration.

Tomiko may in a year be my children's stepmother, as I'm sure you all know or may suspect because she's now living at Arapaho. I don't know anything about this woman... Reggie won't even tell me her occupation, not that it matters to me what the woman does (as long as her profession is legal of course), but any mother would want to know as much as possible about any person caring for her children (even more-so if the woman may someday be their step-mother). Wouldn't you think? She doesn't know anything about me either. I have been defined to her through Reggie.

I want you to read something for me Wonn and give me your "conscientious-adult, I'm not mindless, I know inappropriate behavior when I see it, I can do something to look out for my nephews" consideration, as opposed to your "baby sister, worship and idolize my brother, I'm not an adult yet, can't protect my nephews" consideration.

I addressed Tomiko in a letter, I am sending that letter to you for you to read and please, just as I asked, tell me what you think. Remember how you all received my book as a malicious attack on Reggie's character and an act of vengeance (another reason I was ex-communicated). I'm hoping to get feedback from you before I send the letter to avoid the same misunderstandings. I reeeaaally hope you can be mature and responsible with what I'm asking you to do and with the information I am giving you (this is a letter to Tomiko that I am entrusting with you prior to Tomiko ever receiving it). I assume I am addressing an adult... not a scared and insecure baby sister. I'm not asking your permission to send this letter, I will address Tomiko, I'm asking you to critique the letter and let me know if anything in it seem like an attack or attempt to berate, belittle, or besmear your brother's character. Let me know if any negative comment or example is given but there is no point to be made---just negativism. Let me know if you think I'm out of line and have no right to address this woman. Let me know if you think I should tell Reggie before sending the letter out what my intentions are. I value your opinion in these matters and I will give much consideration to what you'd advise.

When you read this letter, I'd like you to critique it as if Que and Terrence were your babies; how would you want to address the woman laid up with their father? what would you want to say? Ensure that nothing in there appears to be stated out of vengeance (vengeance is mine saith the Lord).... I'm gonna go off on a tangent here because I gotta say this...

Maybe I'm dim-witted, but Wonn, if you were dating a divorced guy (divorced for give or take one year) and you know his ex-wife still calls his home, "my or our home". She still calls her ex-husband, "my husband". She's crazy about her babies and very protective of them... This woman (me) is homeless, jobless, and I'm sure it's been said that I wish to die and have nothing to lose (For the record, I don't wish to die... I love living and have lots to live for and everything to lose---but I do know what I believe in, and there are still some people willing to stand and die than compromise what they believe in. I believe in the integrity of family for my children... not for me. Two people in a family, one wants to go... good- rid dens, I'll get the

door for ya'. When kids are involved the equation changes for me and doing what's best for the parents at the expense of the well-being and security of the children is not an option--- it sucks for children when parents don't take seriously the commitment they made to family and the integrity of the family when they decided to have children). Would you date this guy? have extended stays over his house? and after finding out that the woman (me) has been living in the man's (Reggie) back yard in the kids' playhouse, would you move in with this family? Is she stupid Wonn? or just naive?.... I don't think I was that naive at 28, were you? In those crimes of passion ... who does the estranged partner go after, the ex or the other woman (or man)? And furthermore, if you know a woman is still fighting for her family (and you (Tomiko) had a husband once yourself, so you obviously know the energy and effort involved in trying to salvage a relationship) would you not just consider that man off limits until he clear up the "lose ends?" Would that not be the wisest and most morale thing to do? Things that make you go "hhuummmn." (wasn't that a song? or was it just a popular saying?... or did you South Carolinians not ever hear-ded that?(smile)

I just wanted to mention these asides, these things made me scratch my head and crinkle my nose! I don't think this is insignificant... who is this Reggie have "plucked" out of the world and decided she will be better to raise our sons than me? Who is this woman, what does she believe about marriage, family and raising children?, why is she not making wiser and safer choices for herself (not to mention decisions she will be making regarding issues concerning the boys)? Choosing any person to date or mate with while they have not resolved major issues in a previous relationship is foolish and an act of piss-poor judgment, even more so if the ex's behavior (mine) is questionable according to those who knew her. I would be even more concerned about my safety if I knew this man I'm living with is talking about having this woman (me) committed. Reggie told me Tomiko is aware of these things going on between us.

Y'all are honoring Reggie's divorce (as if there's no choice... a divorce can be dishonored virtually as readily as a marriage can be dishonored) but you're unwise to think that there will not be any negative consequences; unfortunately, Reg or I will not bear the greatest burden (Reg is at peace, the divorce was his freedom--- he could re-live his 20's, and that's what he's doing with our little men in tow; if I wanted to be irresponsible I could re-live my 20's too, but I choose to stay focused on our family... I'll become the spiritual me in my efforts without your help... maybe even with your help) the boys are paying and will continue to pay the price for this divorce. I hope they don't have to go through another divorce. Ever! Is it not wiser to take your chances with the devil that you know than the angel that you don't know? I'm not desperately trying to reconcile my relationship with Reggie because I see him as being different than he was when we were together. In fact, he seems to have decreased his moral substance to accommodate his current situation. However, I trust the Lord our God to move in His own time to make Reg and I better partners for one another and thereby better parents for our children----- all to Glorify His name. Did God not say put Him first, then the spouse, then the children? When we put Him first, then the children, and lastly or not at all the spouse.... then we have these broken homes and mangled families. Reg and I didn't get it right while we were in Germany. There were too many external things going on... but it at first you don't succeed, try, and try again! You don't just give up! and I won't!

Reggie has examples in his life (Stan and Tyrone) to look to and recognize that "the grass is not greener on the other side". Or discarding the old wife and taking on a new life isn't all it's "cracked up to be". A new wife is nothing more than "the same, but different". His two long time buddies mentioned above can attest to these things.

Dwonna the ills in our family as stated in my book was an attempt to reveal to you all that Christ (although Reg and I are devout Christians, baptized in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord, etc) was no where in our family! We needed to re-group and try doing it God's way. I felt so secure in believing Christ was at the helm in your family and if Reg and I had any marital discourse I could count on you all to support "right" not "wrong". I expected your family to be

mature and to remain objective. It's wrong to put a family on a "course of divorce", with no means of redemption because the mother was not comfortable leaving the children for two months in the care of a husband whom had not demonstrated an ability to care for their needs during the time the mother would be away (coming home on the weekends).

I expected you all to support keeping the family intact as opposed to giving up on the boys' family and not supporting efforts and encouraging us to fix the problems. In hindsight, I really shouldn't have sent the book to your aunts... Is that what got your momma so mad? She's still mad and haven't forgiven me. I was desperate and felt the divorce was so frivolous (because I took the children to San Antonio, not heeding his warnings not to). Reggie had never (ever!) cared for the children before except to get them bathed and dressed for school in the morning (I worked nights) in clothes I had prepared and laid out the night before; therefore, I was very skeptical about leaving them for an extended period of time when there was a means available to take them with me. What mother would not concur? What mother would not have done the same thing? or had the same concerns? Presently I would have no problem with leaving the boys in Reggie's care for an extended period of time because he has demonstrated he can effectively care for them.... two years ago he had not (ever!) and I had my deep motherly concerns. Is that grounds for divorce? Presently he would most likely assist in the care of the children (and possibly the home) when I'm working or while we're on vacation (two years ago and more he did not and would not....household or care of children).

When I married Reggie I was totally independent and was merely looking for a lover, friend and partner for life. He considered me undesirable because I was too independent... I was rejected. Now I am totally dependent on him... I am still rejected. The way I see it is that one of us had to step off of our pedestal and be available to support the other's career (our family was failing). One of us had to avail themselves to put the needs and health of the family first (instead of patients and employers; our family was failing). I am still rejected. Now he insists that I exercise my ability to be independent. We were two professionals at the "top of our game", we had very little time for each other. Our work schedules were in opposition. It was madness. Our family was failing. I am very introverted and would be quite content if there were no one else on this planet except me and my three men. I would even settle for an island with no one on it except the four of us. My family is very important to me, I feel like a part of me is missing with Reggie against me; I bonded to the father of my children. There's something wrong with a man that does not bond to the mother of his children. It is not psychologically sound and it's detrimental to the family.

I did not resign my commission for me.... I love the army. I loved my job in the army. The pay, benefits, and perks were fantastic. The best place for me to be, being ostracized (or just being divorced without the ostracism) from my family would be the armed services. I would serve down range or overseas for the rest of my career. I most likely would have remained overseas at the end of my career. I had only nine years to go until retirement.. I may have even stayed past retirement. Working long hours would not bother me because I would not have had my family to go home to. I'd volunteer to work the Holidays so others could go home to their loved ones. The army was caustic to my family when we were all together and it limited what I could do in my attempt to restore my family when it fell apart. What value is there (except to ones ego) to be the best professional, the best soldier, the best church member, the best community leader, the best friend, the best of sons (or daughters), the best of siblings, if you fail your own children? You mangle their lives to be all those other "bests". Everyone benefits except your own offspring. Seems bassackwards to me!

The boys and I need you all to see beyond the past. We can not move forward if continually looking back. I'm sorry for my past indiscretions... sending the book out to you all and especially your extended family. I'm sorry! In desperation people err... I'm human. I'm was desperate. My family is ailing and we need you guys' help and support. I asked David not long ago if he think my struggle in this is over a man... the desire to be with his son.... An infatuation and refusal to let go of the man I love? Do you know what he said? He looked at

me square in the eye and said, "you know Deedra, I think it is." Is that what you think Wonn? Is that what your momma think? If so, that would explain why I'm in this battle alone. Why you all are unwilling to intervene, even after seeing the further deterioration of our family from two years ago when I first approached you all for help. I wish you all would allow yourselves to reason at a higher level.... this is so not about Reggie!

I am willing to come to South Carolina if need be and sit with you all face to face and discuss options. Not to rehash the past or point fingers. There are interventions and ways to save troubled families. Our family needs help. God didn't give up on any of us. He doesn't discard us when we don't walk in His likeness. I won't give up on Reggie or my family. Reggie gave up, but that doesn't mean it ends there. There are three willing hearts to restore our home. Prayers of children are answered too, even when they don't know what to pray; the Holy Spirit intercedes on their behalf just as he does for us. Be a blessing to our family.... Try to help us.

Sincerely,

Deidre

Here's a copy of the letter to Tomiko:

Deidre Singleton

415 Arapaho  
Harker Heights, Texas 76548  
deidre\_singleton@hotmail.com  
November 28, 2003

Tomiko,

Enclosed are a couple of letters I'd written some-time ago. I had them with my personal effects with instructions to be delivered to you upon my death----- it is quite obvious to me that I'm already dead to my husband (the man you love, hold, and cuddle up with each night---- the father of my children). Because I am for all intents and purposes a "dead woman walking", I may as well address you. You are no longer just Reggie's girl friend you are possibly his future wife and the mother of our children.

I still call Reggie my husband because I honor my marriage not my divorce. If Reggie were my 10th husband and if we had no children, I would not cling to my family so desperately... but I know the impact divorce and blending families have on the lives of children and there are enough mangled black families without us adding to the numbers. Black children are already disadvantaged in our society, we (Reggie and me) don't need to be so irresponsible and give our precious ones our burdens to bear.

I 'd like for you to know that my battle to restore the integrity and honor of my family is not over until I am six feet under (or is it eight feet :) . I believe my baby boys deserve nothing less than parents with total commitment to their family. You've met my boys---- they are the most precious little angels in all the earth. They are so loving and trusting and their little hearts are so vulnerable. They didn't choose their parents; they're not responsible for the dysfunction in their family---- how could I put forth less than everything I am, every ounce of life in me to do what is right by them.

Woman to woman; sister to sister (ethnic and Christian), hear the heart of a mother---- the mother of two children you've undoubtedly come to know and love. I have Faith in what God can do with only one willing heart (our family has three, mine and the baby boys). My heart is willing to allow Him to use me for His purposes for our family to some day be a testament to



Him and glorify His name. God ordains the family. He uses family to create a picture for the "world" of our spiritual relationship; to create homes where He is honored, revered and loved. Reggie is not Sovereign--- God is; It's not Reggie's will be done----it God's Will. God gave us all "free will", so my husband may choose to exercise his free will and remain unyielding in his decision to not restore our family (God already knows what Reggie will do) but that doesn't mean I in Faith am not commanded to remain steadfast in doing what's right, even through persecution. His Holy word says. "What God has brought together let no man put asunder" that means "woman" too.

Tomiko, allow my husband to bury me---- it's evident to me and possibly to you also that he is willing to let me die alone and in the streets in this battle before following through with his commitment to our family. Even hardened criminals, people whom have committed heinous crimes against our society are cared for with more consideration. People on death row are even allowed a "last meal" of choice and to say good-bye to their children. Even if his disdain for me has deteriorated to the point of believing I should be treated with such repugnance, out of love and respect for the children he's raising, any decent man would give more consideration to the proper disposal of the mother of their children. How long do you think I can last unsheltered and uncared for---- not very long I assure you. Please honor my marriage and family instead of Reggie's divorce and haste to engineer a new family. Be patient, wait, and if not on the Lord, at least wait until the boys have laid their mother to rest, giving them "closure" from their old family. They'd know where their mother is and why I'm not around----- they'd know I'm dead. I feel it is better for my babies (psychologically) to know that their mother is dead than to not know where she is or why she's not with them.

You had moved to Indianapolis, you don't know what "good thing" God may have planned for you there if you're laid up here with my husband (God is in no way in that--- you know Him and His Word (you don't have to take my word)). You all will have lots of time to come together and blend your lives when I'm gone.

For the love, security, and well being of my sons, I wish you all only the best of times and a long successful marriage. This will be your 2nd marriage as well as Reggie's---the divorce rate for blended families is in excess of 60% (check the statistics for yourselves), and I know you don't want your children to go through what mine are--- and I certainly don't want mine to go through a 2nd divorce. What half of your first marriage were you?, the half that wanted to work things out or were you the first to "throw in the towel"? You know which half you have from my marriage. For the kids' sakes, your future ones and mine, be careful, take your time, when you see signs of trouble (ultimatums, disloyalty, opposing priorities for important values, uncompromising demeanor etc) don't think they are insignificant. You and Reggie should be very, very careful and wise in your choice of one another----- your first divorce (and mine) were childless; you and Reggie will be blending a family. Even if you and Reggie never have children, you are taking on the responsibility of being mother to mine, and for you all to divorce (although you'd have no children of your own), my children would be losing a mom for the second time. Again, I say, for the kids' sakes be wise and cautious!

It takes two to make a marriage tumultuous; it takes two to have a serene and successful marriage; but it only takes one to end a marriage. Being married today is no more secure than if you were to cohabit or had merely been dating, the commitment and conviction to make the marriage work lies in the character of the two parties in the marriage. Reg is at peace, the divorce was his freedom--- he could re-live his 20's, and that's what he's doing with our little men in tow; if I wanted to be irresponsible I could re-live my 20's too, but I choose to stay focused on our family. Examine each other closely and know what you're getting. Our Lord, Magnificent, Powerful, and Holy; in all His Grace, makes a way for us to restore ourselves and come to Him when we're disobedient and make errors in our judgment or our behavior is a disgrace to His name----an entire family, destroyed, unable to redeem itself to man-----you go figure!

*I extend my hand and share my heart with you because I want you to know that those baby boys you care for in my absence were never abandoned. There's nothing Reggie could do to our marriage or me that would make me decide to leave my children or give up on my family. I never left. My home is where my family is. It's so important for me to know that you know those babies were never abandoned so that when you and Reggie have your babies you will know that my babies were loved by their mother every-bit as much as you love yours. You will think the world of yours and consider them the most precious beings in the Universe---- I want you to also remember mine were loved that way too by their mother. I know you'll still love Que and Terrence after you have yours----but loving your own is a tad different than loving someone else's. Always remember that the babies are not responsible for their situation or condition and if they "act out" it's because they don't know what else to do----- this is a "heavy load" for tender hearts.*

*Reggie has defined my nature and character to you according to his perceptions; you may have also been given a guarded and sketchy overview of my present condition and activities. The following is some of the same from my perspective.*

*Love is sacrifice and letting go (if holding on is apt to do more harm than good). If I were selfish I would not have let my children go live with their dad while I attempt to preserve the integrity of our family. I would have maintained custody and we would have moved between Alaska and Hawaii until the end of my military career, then we'd move to North Carolina permanently. The boys would have seen their dad in the summers and some Holidays. Very sweet deal for me, but it would suck for the boys. Our children's lives would be profoundly affected by these choices from the type of family structure the children would be raised in to the type of relationship they would have (or not have) with their biological father.*

*I made many choices in life for the benefit and well being of my nameless/faceless un-conceived children. I married a man less committed to family than I am but that doesn't mean I will be less committed to making choices that gives my children (with names and faces) the best opportunity for stability, security, and overall success in life. I believe children raised in a two-parent home have many advantages over those in a single parent home (even if it is a blended family), Reggie is more likely to re-marry before I would. I feel there are advantages to children having only one home/one family not going between two homes for holidays, vacations, and weekends. I can only imagine the heartache and pain my boys would have knowing that the issues, concerns, and events in their lives are second to the issues, concerns, and events in the lives of dad's new family---- their half siblings. If Reggie were deployed, the boys could always have their "if dad were here" fantasies about his attendance, enthusiasm, or participation in important events in their lives, however, with him being across the country, town, or state lines and unable to be a "fan" because of the demands of the new family, is not a psychological burden I want my children to carry. Even birth order advantages I don't want to deny my sons, Que is our first born son... there are advantages to being the first born. Terrence is advantaged by being a consistent second in one family even if a third and fourth child come after him, than by going between two families, the baby in one and an older brother in the other...I could go on and on. I will never believe these choices for my children are selfish (no matter how many times Reggie accuse me of being selfish for not honoring his divorce) they're just different. Single parents have to make choices for their children based on the nature of the character we spawned them with, our place in life at the time, etc. I want my children to have every advantage in life that I could give them. Having a family with both of their biological parents is what is best for them, but I can't give that to them, but I will not participate in denying them their family by making a second home for them. I believe in family and I will not just roll over and settle for doing family "any kind of way" because the man I married "opts-out".*

*I felt visitation with my children was not in their best interest. The nature of the character I spawned them with is not conducive to having a stable and secure alternate maternal role in my children's lives if I had chosen to do so (and I chose not to). For instance, I could tell my children "mommy will pick you up at school tomorrow---- see you tomorrow men!", they'd kiss me, hug me,*

then scurry off expecting to see me tomorrow. Then Reg and I could have an altercation and he'd tell me I couldn't see the children until I meet a criterion he'd set based on the altercation. OR I'd drop them off at school and I'd say, "see you later men!"; "Later", meaning that I will be picking them up. If I'd have an altercation with Reggie he'd say, "don't worry about picking up the boys today." OR I could have a trip planned for me and the little men (tickets could be already purchased) if I have an altercation with him, he'd tell me the boys can't go unless I do (or not do) X,Y,Z. I cannot have a relationship with my children where I am unable to be consistent and keep my promises to them---- they learn what they live and I don't want them to learn to be unreliable, unpredictable, and unable to keep their promises. Furthermore, I don't want to be constantly disappointing them. They would be expecting me to do "whatever", then dad would have to break the news to them that "mommy can't come pick you up today", or "mommy won't be able to take you skiing (or whatever event we had planned)."

Grandparents and other extended relatives "visit" their children; mothers and fathers live with and raise their children, (unless they're institutionalized, incarcerated, or in some other way indisposed). Although Reggie would become very comfortable in a situation where he had visitation with his children as opposed to living with and raising them; I will not be a party to such degradation in my role as a mother. I have more to offer my children than "visitation". As a mother I want to be involved in nurturing, protecting, teaching, disciplining, and caring for my children (is this what he means when he contemptuously accuse me of wanting to "have my way"). Reggie believes visitation is a viable alternative----- maybe for his paternal role, but not for my maternal role and me for my children.

Because I have not taken a residence while I fight this battle does not mean I've been in impoverished conditions. When I was working and had a place of residence I spent 13-15 hours away from home and that's just on an average work day, if I had extra duties to do at work or errands to run I could easily be away from home for 15-18 hours. When I was in school, sometimes I went home only to sleep 4-6 hours and get up to do it all over again---- that was an average day. Point being, because I did not take on the expense of a home or apartment does not mean my days were not full. I kept busy, so being without a home address was not very different for me now then when I was employed or in school. I enjoyed long days at the gym enjoying the pool, Jacuzzi and spa. I spent many hours at the public or University library. Lived practically in the day room at the guesthouse where they had a big screen TV, free laundry facilities, microwave, and a workout area. Now, I have exhausted all of my financial resources and I am in this fight till the end.... So here I am. I understood that this is how this situation with my struggles in my family could have ended up. I made preparations over a year ago in event that things did go this far, my dad always says, "plan for the worse, but hope for the best". I hoped for the best, but it seems that I got the worst. I know that God is in charge and my sons will be blessed, even if their dad does not overcome this "snafu".

"Making the decision to have a child -----it's momentous. It is to decide forever to have your heart go walking around outside your body." (Elizabeth Stone) This quote is from Que's 2002 graduation program. I thought it was cute when I read it for the first time nearly 2 years ago, but now-present day, it has never been more meaningful. (I concur).

I am making the best decision I know to make in this very diabolical situation----and the best decision to me is the one that is least caustic to my children. We all are God's children and will go before the same throne to give account of ourselves. If I have failed by family by the choices I've made within it, God will judge me (Reggie doesn't have to). Our responsibility was to "hold out" and not let Satan get a foothold and run-amuck.

In the animal kingdom when a female is separated from her cubs either by incident, accident, or captivity the mother will remain as close as physically possible to the area where the cubs are located. My babies are in a location where I do not have access to them ( you, their dad and granddad are their captors---you're guilty by association (smile)); my innate tendency to nurture and protect my young has been reduced to its most rudimentary form. Know that I

will be coming home again and again and again until "death do I part". Would this be unlike the behavior of any lioness, tigress, bear, or even our domesticated canines if their babies were there with y'all?

Which behavior is more deviant? A) Doing what one would do instinctively if all cognitive abilities were compromised? OR B) Doing what y'all are doing---- merrily and under the guise of being responsible, keeping my babies away from their momma (even in pre-historic times, the age of the Neanderthals, you wouldn't see this going on in their uncivilized societies)?

I'm not desperately trying to reconcile my relationship with Reggie because I see him as being different than he was when we were together. In fact, he seems to have decreased his moral substance to accommodate his current situation. However, I trust the Lord our God to move in His own time to make Reg and I better partners for one another and thereby better parents for our children----- all to Glorify His name. Did God not say put Him first, then the spouse, then the children? When we put Him first, then the children, and lastly or not at all the spouse.... then we have these broken homes and mangled families. Reg and I didn't get it right while we were in Germany. There were too many external things going on... but it at first you don't succeed, try, and try again! You don't just give up! and I won't!

Sincerely,

Deidre

Just wanted to mention those curiosities, of course I am no threat to Tomiko, none what so ever. This battle is not mine and never was... it's the Lord's. It is a Spiritual battle not a fight against man. What's-more is that I haven't been in the flesh in this situation since August 2002---Tomiko have nothing to fear from me. Just wanted to show you the red flags I saw, I know Reggie (the other supposedly responsible parent) don't see.

Ma Singleton,

It was good seeing you after so long. I'm glad you are well and were blessed to be able to spend the holiday with your son and grandsons. I'm so very sorry and disappointed with your disposition and attitude towards me. You are the Matriarch in your family. You are the Capstone to keeping order, honor, integrity, and Godly principles amongst the women in your family. You didn't sound anything like the elder I spoke with ten years ago when I met you for the first time as your soon-to-be-daughter in-law. When we met for the first time you were formulating your opinions about me and I, you. There was nothing! absolutely nothing that indicated to me that you and I would have an abrasive relationship. I expected to have a very congenial and respectful relationship with all of my in-laws, especially my mother and sister in-laws. What is it about me that caused you too have such disdain for me. Reggie has always told me that I am a lot like you... is the fact that we are alike in many ways the underlying reason for your dislike, mistrust, repugnance, and overall disapproval of my character. Coming into your family, already a divorced woman (for nearly 6 years), I felt very secure in knowing that the family I was marrying into was very grounded and family oriented. After narrowly escaping my first marriage without any children, it was very important to feel I was marrying into a family with a no nonsense attitude towards divorce. You gave me that

assurance. You mentioned in our recent conversation that I had a child in my first marriage and was able to "let go" and "go on" with my life when that marriage ended, and that I should do the same with this marriage because the children have "nothing to do with it". You implied that the fact that Reg and I have started a family together is no reason to insist on holding on to a troubled relationship. How puzzling it is for me to hear you say such a thing. Mykael (my son from my first marriage) is buried in a cemetery in Romeo Michigan; RQue and Terrence are living, breathing, trusting little people counting on their parents, grandparents, aunt, and other extended relatives to be responsible and conscientious human beings. To ignore the plight of those two babies is to be without a conscience.

The most disturbing thing you said to me that night was for me to "get myself together" for your grandsons.... you said, you don't want them to see me "like this". Those grandsons you love came from my wound.... I am their mother, children look at you with their hearts... they don't see the "bag lady" you see, they see their mom. They see someone who loves them unconditionally. For you to believe that keeping those children away from their mother because of my "appearance", is another shocking revelation for me; an insight into how shallow you people really are... you have no clue as to the gravity of this situation. With the proper support and commitment to family, from Reggie's biological family, I wouldn't be in the streets, trying desperately to keep my family together. I know there is something dastardly wrong but I do not know what it is. Refusing to give up on my husband and our family I cling to the idea that there is someone in your family open-minded enough to entertain the idea that there is "something" wrong... that even the best of sons may need professional intervention on behalf of the next generation (your grandsons). I know that with the proper support Reggie and our family could get the help and support we need to keep our family in order and make a proper home for our sons. I don't expect it to be easy, but I cannot do it alone. To applaud Reggie and assure him he is not responsible for the condition of his family and to pretend that his behavior and rationalisms are responsible and healthy is to support and enable an already dysfunctional situation... Reggie needs your help, to ignore what's happening you fail him and our sons... and me too.

If God's purpose for family is to show the world (heathens and folks that don't know him) what our Spiritual relationship with Him is supposed to look like; and, His Will for our lives is to never be separate from Him, why-how, would you suggest to me or your son that choosing to keep our family together is not what the Faithful would do; is not God's Will for us; is not in the best interest of our children. The boys need their Grammy and Grampy to be the voices of reason and sound Christian judgment. For you to echo the same sentiments of your middle-aged son ( she's hard-headed, go back to your husband from 20 years ago, move on with you life) is not sound elderly advice; in fact, it's not sound advice at-all, but it sounds even more nonsensical coming from an elder, a Grandparent.

I may be homeless, but I am not defeated. To be defeated would be for me to give up on my family and allow whatever personality disorder that is prevalent in this family to

prevail; to ignore whatever disturbed and disorderly thought processes that does not allow a man (or his family) to see how destructive and chaotic this situation has become; to respond to this situation as if this is a normal case of irreconcilable differences! What's happening in this family is so much more than that and I pray to God that I can get help for my family for the safety and well being of my sons.

Deidre

#### *Letters to Reg*

*"The boys and thir chances for success in life is significantly improved because they'll be raised by you whose most likely to re-marry and they will be in a two parent home (you know the statistics).*

*I only want the best for our sons--- my off-spring, and as much as I love them and know that I am a fantastic mom and could raise our sons in a great home without you, I know that as a full-time working, single-mom, I could not be the involved doting-soccer mom" they deserve. If they can't have both of us---their biological parents, then the best I can do for them is to let go and allow them the best chance for success---- and that is with you.*

*I know they will have better supervision and a nuclear family setting is a better model for them to have as a bases for them to want to immolate when they grow up and have families of their own than the single-parent-visitation model you get with divorces.*

*What do you think Tomika would do if y'all married, had children, and were divorced---- would she give you your children if it were in their best interest or would she keep "em even if it is to their disadvantage (housing, education, success in life)? What would you want her to do? Personally, I would want my children to be in whatever situation is to their advantage and that should count for something! Why am I maggot-puke to you because I refuse to gamble with our sons' futures--- I know the statistics (and so do you)--- Single parent-VS-two parent home. Income at \$100,000 (with child support) we wouldn't be doing too bad--- but they'd still be disadvantaged compared to living in a two parent home. Guarantee, Tomika's income with your children with child support wouldn't come near that---but you bet she'd be taking her/y'all kids even if it's to their disadvantage.*

*Food for though, that's all--- I'm sure and hope that your 2nd marriage is successful. We have what it takes---- I wish you-d give us a chance for the boys' sakes. Even if we cohabitated---you'd see we could make it--- but you're stuck on thinking some one else is best.*

*Love*

*Dei"*

### **POSITION REQUEST COVER LETTER**

**(This letter accompanied an application to care for my children)**

**Deidre Singleton  
415 Arapaho  
Harker Heights, TX. 76548**

**RE: Job Application**

**My Dearest Reginald,**

**Please consider this letter a serious application and request... not a joke.**

**The only job for me is that of caring for my home and family. There is no other position for which I am better suited. I consider this the highest of callings. What better job on Earth is there than to care for the lives for which we are responsible.**

**No matter what the differences are between you and I ---- there is none other more qualified for this position.**

**Regardless of the issues of our past.... Our children's futures are reliant on us getting beyond that and making a secure and happy home for them.**

**You may be having fun playing both ends of the spectrum, playing on the vulnerabilities of the outgoing and the incoming, the boys are not having fun and they have the most to lose. This is their lives and they are the most vulnerable victims. They didn't choose their parents, but we chose to have them... we owe them more than the 3 years of family we've given them.**

**If you haven't figured it out yet, I will never give up on my family. Not because of who you are or what you do, this is not about you. It's about our children, our family, and it's about knowing, loving, and having faith in what God can do and allowing His name to be glorified.**

**Maybe one day you will admit that you were not ready for marriage or children in 1996--- it just seemed like the right thing to do at the time. Well, it can't be undone, but we will wait, our babies and I will wait until you are ready to commit to us. In the meanwhile, respect them enough to allow them to have me looking after them. There is nothing higher on my agenda than to have our family restored and functional.**

**Love  
Dei**

**24 August 2003**

I haven't heard from you since I gave you my "position request" letter requesting to come home and care for our babies. I don't know what to make of the fact that I haven't heard from you. Are you angry? Busy? Disappointed? I hope none of the above.

I will call you on Monday night like I said I would. I look forward to going out to a Japanese restaurant with you on Tuesday. I can practice my Japanese. I wish we could bring the boys. That would be such a wonderful surprise for me (and them) if you would bring them along... but I know you're not into surprises. I also look forward to going to South Carolina with you on Friday. I am so excited and can hardly contain myself.

My primary job is caring for our family and our sons. Our family is a wreck. I cannot even consider getting a job right now. How can I think of utilizing my time, talents, and strength to care for someone else's establishment when our establishment our home is in shambles.

I reeeeeaaaallly wish you would understand me when I tell you, if you died today or tomorrow, I would immediately get a job to support my sons and our household. Hopefully you would have provided your family with enough life insurance that that would not be necessary and I could care for our sons without having to work outside the home.... But I doubt if you would have been so responsible or considerate). If our sons died today or tomorrow, you would never-ever, ever-ever hear from me again. In the absence of either scenario, my only position is to be available to put our home in order. My earning potential, the fact that I can earn "X" amount of dollars should not factor into what is necessary and in the best interest of our family. Getting a job to pay off my bills is not of primary importance to me. Reestablishing another home for our children without their father is not an option for me.

We are what we are... if our family look "ate-up and jacked-up", then that's what we are and the only ones to blame for it is ourselves.... You, me, and to some degree the village. The people around us seeing this craziness but are too "ate-up" themselves to dare say anything. Or too "ate-up" to see how "jacked-up" this is. The answer to this mess isn't to put on a façade for the social workers. The answer is to fix our family. When the social workers aren't looking any more, God still is and long after the social workers have gone away our boys are living and growing up in this piss-poor example of a family. My sons deserve better and I will go to my grave in an attempt to give them better. I don't belong in the streets, living in the car or out of a tent. I belong in a home caring for our sons. Sending them off to school each morning and tucking them in bed every night. Spending the weekends enjoying simple pleasures with my family. The sooner you realize this, the better for all concerned.



Reg, consider these recent events and see if you can't have a better understanding of some of the complexities of co-parenting, even in the best of circumstances: You have primary custody of our sons and are to provide for their primary needs being, food, clothing, shelter, transportation. Before going on our 2-week vacation I asked if you would get them two pair of pajamas each. You couldn't find any so you deposited funds in my account for me to make the purchase... you deposited \$10.00, not each, ten additional dollars for me to buy pajamas. I decided not to get the pajamas, I could have gone into my savings to get them, but any monies taken from my saving for this vacation would have given me less money to live off of upon my return.... So I didn't get them any pajamas. They used what they had. A week prior you bought shoes for the boys. Que needed shoes, but Terrence had several pairs and didn't need shoes, but you bought some any way... yet, what he did need was pajamas, presently wearing pajamas Que had worn years earlier. Needless to say I was flabbergasted.

Let's say for instance you remarried and had a child or children, your wife decided her children needed pajamas, she would go to the store make the purchase and waallla, children have pajamas. I refuse to raise our sons in a situation where their needs or comforts will be minimized because you and I failed to work out our differences. Our sons deserve better. You will not find a family in the World regardless of how insync they may be with one another that don't have their differences why do you let our differences destroy our family. Our sons deserve more than the effort you have put forth in keeping their family together.

You gave me a total of \$400.00 (initially you were only going to give \$200.00) to help with transportation and lodging for our recent 2-week vacation. You will spend nearly that much if not more on the weekend trip you and I will take to South Carolina. It's amazing how you can minimize what is required of you in certain instances. I am living off of my savings, what you don't provide for the boys when they are in my care, I must take from my savings. We were on a 2-week vacation requiring food, transportation, and lodging.... Not even to mention the cost of the Disney cruise and tips.... The \$400.00 you reluctantly transferred to my account was graciously returned to yours. Thanks... but no thanks and I mean that from the bottom of my heart. I love you and I don't want to hurt you. If helping me fund this summer's vacation for our sons was as painful as it seems, then I really can afford to not take the \$400.00 from you. Besides, that only would cover the expenses I requested from you when you were in Iraq---dental bills, trip to NASA with the boys' class, shoes and shirts. See, this co-parenting thing can get rather complicated... and there are no other families involved. These are your only children, they are my only children... I am not involved with any one else so you may be jealous and taking it out on the kids. I don't have a job, home, or means of transportation so that you should expect me to support these basic needs. I will not have our children spend the rest of their childhood years seeing these types of issues between us as we provide for their basic needs.

There is nothing more important to me than for us to reconcile our family and forever work out our differences for the glorification of our Lord and the safety, security, happiness, and well-being of our two sons.

All My Love,  
Dei

*The following letter was placed in a stamped addressed envelopes with instructions to be mailed upon my death:*

23 August 2003

I'm just writing, I don't know whom to---maybe to my Pastor, maybe to my in-laws, maybe to my husband... maybe to my children, maybe to all of the above.

I believe in sovereign God, capable of doing all things and able to utilize His children according to His purpose. I've just come back to Killeen after a glorious two weeks with my sons. We had a wonderful time especially on our Disney Cruise. I thank God for being able to do that with them. The boys visited with aaaallll of their cousins, uncles and aunts.... Every one of them. Having them spend time with their maternal family and the time we shared together on the cruise was such a perfect way to say Good bye to my sons.

My highest calling in life is to care for my family, to be a wife and mother. I believe there is no other role, job or task of greater importance (except serving God) that should have a higher priority.

My dad at any time in his life while raising his children have decided due to some character flaw in my mother he was no longer going to put up with her and he could have left her with the children. Reg's dad could have done the same. The easiest course to take in a relationship is to "give up". I am looked upon like an unstable wacko because I won't give up on my family. Because I won't get a job and reestablish another home and raise my children up visiting their dad.... Or I visit with my children. In other words, allowing the Texas courts to determine the relationship I should have with my children.

I've been living off of my savings since I resigned my commission in November 2002 and I will continue to live off of my savings until there is nothing left. My priority is to reconcile my family.... For my children, not paying off my bills. I'll make minimum payments on my credit cards and do what need s to be done to keep my credit from being ruined, but I no intentions on getting a job or reestablishing a home.

If there is an ounce of decency in the man I married he'd realize our children deserve better than what he's offering them... and that's a life without their mother. Reggie was not ready for marriage or children when he married me, the sooner he face that fact the better. He's got this girlfriend now that he's "playing". If he have wild oaks to sow, than do so, but he should at least be honest with himself and face that fact.... Meanwhile, allowing the children to have their mother look after them while he play. These boys have a right to be protected and they shouldn't have to meet every woman he decide to have intimate relations with, how many will there be before he's ready to settle down. I won't say, "settle down again" because the truth is he wasn't settled down when he was with me.... He was just married.

When I married Reggie, I had no fears I stood up for what I believed in (my rights to make a home for our family and my right to raise my children) and told him what was on my mind. I now fear the man I married. He's an irrational tyrant, a dictator. He's an egotistical male chauvinist with a "do as I say not as I do mentality. His morale fibers are weak. He don't know who he is or what he stand for. Reggie is insecure, he needed to beat me down to lift himself up. My children are not safe nor can they be protected from this type of a person through divorce with visitation. The only way for me to protect my children is to raise them completely isolated from their father or raise them with their father with me there to buffer their environment. To pray for my husband and watch him grow from this type of being, towards what God would have him be was what I opted to do. I will not give up on Reggie nor our family.

A generation ago this would not have been a battle I was in alone. My dad's mother (if dad were acting up like Reggie is) would have invited my mother and the children to come stay with her while Reggie get his act together. Because I have an earning potential of over \$70,000.00 a year, y'all think the right answer is for me to get a job and raise the kids co-parenting. My earning potential should be irrelevant, I don't see that as being a basis for rejecting me and my need for morale support from you all, (Reggie's family). Re-establishing a life and raising the children in a middle-class environment without their father is no incentive for him to "do right by us". However, living in his mother's home requiring him to send money to support us would have given him a greater incentive to get his family in order. It's more comfortable for you Singleton's to believe that something was wrong with me than to look at the flaw in your own fabric. In the end it doesn't matter.... But the bottom line is the village failed R'Que and Terrence, not their mother. I couldn't do it alone, no matter how hard I would try. Why did you all reject me? I didn't come to you all when me an Reg were trying to make it work (betraying my husband) I came to you all when he gave up.... When he quit! Even through all this, I still call Reggie my husband... I still considered myself a married woman and my conduct was as such.. Reggie is father of my children and giving up on this marriage (because of the children) was not an option for me regardless of any other marriages in my past... it is this marriage I will go to the grave if I must before giving up on it. Even in death, I still fight... as you read this I must be speaking from the grave.

If you all are reading this it is because I have died or taken gravely ill in this battle. There is no battle greater than this one. I have no regrets for believing in my family and the ability for it to reach full potential. I'd rather to have died trying than to have given up and raised my boys believing that daddies are supposed to visit their children. Daddies are supposed to find flaws in their mothers and "swing " on it using it as an excuse to dump the family.

Reggie is a wonderful person. I love him. I wish things had turned out different for us, for our sons.

Deidre