



The Red Queen

ME & EX-GIRLFRIEND'S STORY

Theresa M RavenHawk | November 4, 2023

Get Back Up

Edits suggested by
Chat GPT-4 "Bing AI"

Aren't you lonely,
Locked up inside your head?
You're trapped in your own mind,
You fear the world will see
The secrets that you hide,
The flaws that make you flee.
You doubt that anyone
Will ever understand
The struggles that you face,
The burdens that you bear.
You don't believe in Heaven,
You don't know where to go
When you break free from chains
That bind you to your woe.
You rely on "crutches"
To help you see,
But they are not your friends,
They are your enemy.
You think that love is cruel,
You think that love is fake,
You think that love is pain,
You think that love is hate.
You lost your mind and soul
When you drank the poison cup,
But love can heal your wounds,
But love can lift you up.
You're stuck on that hamster wheel
That spins without an end,
But there is a way out,
But there is a way to mend.
You just need to get off it,
You just need to forgive
Yourself
Yourself and those who live.
You tried to end your life,
You tried to end your grief,

But you don't have to die,
You don't have to leave.
You can rise from the ashes,
A phoenix true,
You can start anew,
Your will to love is strong,
Your will to live is true.

Theresa M. Lennon
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BONNIE JEAN

I still miss my girlfriend. I outed her recently because I just couldn't keep the secret anymore. I am gravely concerned about the abuse that is going on with Randy. She never swore me to silence or anything, but she was never open about our relationship to anyone. I think its cause of her mother being so evangelical/holier-than-thou.

I met her in Denny's south side, Bellingham, WA.

"Do you have anything interesting to say," her finger pointing to the corner of her mouth.

She was little more than a troubled teenager at the time. I admired her for her audacity. Of course, she only talked to me after talking to a cute guy. Images of this girl falling asleep in the water pollution class along with everyone else floated through my head....

"You wanna look at my artwork," I asked, and shrugged.

I was at the corner of the counter - close to the bathroom.

Scott hadn't had anything interesting to say. We educated him later on how to be interesting.

She looked impressed; I mean really impressed. I was flattered, but I was wondering why she didn't seem to have paid any attention in high school. It was slightly reminiscent of a black romantic comedy. She had really no idea how gothic my life really is, but hers was gothic too; it was written all over her attitude. I had no idea when we met that she was from New Orleans. Never in my wildest dreams had I imagined I would ever meet someone from the place with Bourbon Street.

I guess it was meant to be.

She reminded me of a cheerleader, too - pretty ordinary for someone from a place that reminds everyone of French glamor.

Turns out she's actually pretty sophisticated anyhow. She loved her tequila....

After my marriage from Hell broke up, I spent a lot of time with my Bonnie and her kids. I also attended college full-time.

I really miss the kids. Her oldest child, a daughter named Samantha will be 18 next month. (at the time this was written - 9/2007) The last time I saw her, she was about 9 years old. I helped raise them, since their mother is a drug addict, and I wasn't at the time. If anything, I consider myself to have been codependent at the time. Aside from school, most of my adult life was occupied with caring for, and I have to admit, enabling drug addicts. My ex-husband is a drug addict and alcoholic. The three women I spent a lot of time around, after the divorce, were all drug addicts. All of them had children.

Bonnie, can best be described as Cajun. She's from New Orleans. She was with a real loser named Patrick when I met her. He used to beat Sam for wetting her pants when she was three or so. I was avidly opposed to their marriage and tried for years to convince Bonnie to leave him. I offered her a room in the house me and my ex were renting to help get her out of her mom's place and away from Pat. I never liked Pat. He hit on me several times. I told Bonnie about it. She refused to believe me. He is an alcoholic and a pothead. Bonnie's mom was convinced he is a child molester. The kids never said anything to indicate that he is one, but I know he is violent, a philanderer and very white. I had no doubt, with the verbal abuse he heaped upon Bonnie, that he would have hit her eventually.

Bonnie and I had several intimate conversations. She told me about how her father raped her the first thirteen years of her life, until she ran away. She told me about "borrowing" clothes off of people's clotheslines. She talked about ketchup soup and hitchhiking. She told me there was a court case but never mentioned any jail time for her father. She talked a lot about doing speed. She talked about Colorado. I assume Colorado was where she ran away to, to be with her mom. She told me about how she was brutally raped several times by an ex-boyfriend named Kelly. She told me that she finally got so tired of it she got a big adrenaline rush and kicked him off of her against the wall. She told me he pushed her down a flight of stairs while pregnant and the fall caused her to lose the baby. The baby she had called "Heaven."

She said that she was no longer an addict, though. She did not go to NA or AA or anything. She and her mom moved out to Ferndale not too long before. She told me how she practiced really hard to ditch her southern accent, because she was

originally from New Orleans, and the other kids made fun of her. She talked about how she got jumped in school in Colorado by a gang of Mexican girls.

She talked about Tim, who provided her with drugs and sex. She was so certain she was in love with him. She also talked about an ex boyfriend named Aaron. She talked about a man who she was involved with who tried to do "black" magic stuff on her. She talked about how she was abducted by a killer and her ability to remain calm under pressure (threat of death) got her and a hysterical friend out of there. She had just been through too much.

I mentioned I, too, was molested, but not as badly. I mentioned that my fiancée and I were trying to build a triad to do magical stuff and asked her if she wanted to be a part of it. We didn't think Christina, a friend from my workplace, was really into it any more. We wanted to replace her. Bonnie agreed to that. Bonnie seemed very powerful to me, magickally. She seemed to have a strong aura and was full of life and energy. I really admired her.

I remember once we hung out in the loft of the house and I got a vivid vision of her father punching her and her slamming into a wall. I asked her about it. That was when I found out he beat her too. I also sensed a presence in the room. I thought it might be Tim. I told her about it. I said "I'm not sure" though. At that time, I was certain I could sense people who were traveling out of body, if I just tried. I was certain I could sense aura colors and ghosts and other things.

Bonnie was not impressed with the four year old still being in diapers. Once, she came home and the mother and a strange man were having sex in their bed with the child in bed with them, or something like that. Bonnie really did not like that woman at all. I don't blame her.

Bonnie decided she would be in charge of cleaning around the house and would say when I would help her clean. We had our first argument about that. I worked at Godfather's at the time, and sometimes I was exhausted. I cleaned when I felt like it. I didn't feel like it was my job to clean up after all the people in the house. Sam was really little though, and Bonnie wanted a relatively clean house for the toddler to play in, I suppose. I just wasn't going to help her clean on her schedule. I explained that to her, and she finally dropped the subject.

Bonnie loved to sing with her headphones on. That embarrassed me a bit, because it sounded like she was tone deaf when she would do that. She got a job working with Don and Carl at the nursing home a few blocks away. They were all nurses' aids. I tried to get a job there too, but they wouldn't hire me at all.

I remember one time, she sat outside on the front steps, and I was overcome with an urge to kiss her. I battled with that for awhile and didn't mention it till many years later. Needless to say, I did not kiss her. I had been curious about threesomes for some time, and Don was looking for a female to join us in the bedroom. I think I just wanted him to find someone else to be with, because I was sick of him altogether.

Bonnie didn't really like the fact that our roommates, Don included, thought Samantha looked like Chucky from *Child's Play*. They never tired of teasing Bonnie about that.

I worked on Bonnie to leave Pat. He hit on me several times. She didn't believe me. Many years later, I found out he was also abusive. She complained about several things he did, which were totally uncool in my book. She didn't like his jealousy. She didn't like his constant pot smoking and drinking. I finally convinced her, I guess. Pat showed up once at the house on Grant street after they broke up. He was there to pick up Sammy; it was one of his rare visits to see his daughter. The guys in the house, including Don, all went outside with threatening demeanors and baseball bats and such to deter him from hurting Bonnie in any way. Needless to say they did not get back together, that time.

Bonnie, my roommates, and I partied sometimes. We talked her into taking half a hit of acid a couple of times. I remember once how she and some of our "friends" talked on the porch. She was convinced the Muppets were the anti-Christ. She tried really hard to convince everyone else of that too.

We went to south side Denny's later that night, and ran into Mike "Bam Bam." Someone told him we were all on LSD and he started playing head games. I got so fed up with it; I finally told him that I thought he was conceited. We were there till the wee hours of the morning. Bonnie went off about the evil little birds. Bonnie also started gaming with us for awhile again once she moved into the Grant Street house. It was really nice to have her in the game again.

Don was of a thief, too. One time, he brought home several knives and some other stuff he and Carl stole from God knows where. They went out at night and broke in somewhere. He came home and laid the knives out in our bedroom in the loft. He let people pick out whatever knives they wanted. Bonnie took a bigger knife with a seven to eight inch blade and named it "Becky." She hung onto that knife for years. Don also stole cigarettes from the grocery store, sometimes. He convinced me to help him steal smokes for us every once in awhile when we were really broke

Somewhere in there I met one of Bonnie's friends, Dan.

Dan, Bonnie's friend, was very attractive. He had nice muscles and seemed very spiritual. I later found out that he was a copious pot smoker, though. I thought I was really in love with him. One time, we took a short trip into the woods in his yellow Toyota truck. I cheated on Don with him. I didn't feel guilty, but I got scared. I was very careful to bathe when I came home and get rid of the evidence. Another time, when we came back to the house, Bonnie had the living room all decorated with candles and was waiting for him to come in, which he did not do. She was very perturbed at Dan and me, both.

I don't think I was ever caught by anyone. About a month after that, Bonnie moved out and moved back in with someone -- her mother again, I think. She got very pissed at me, because I had swept the dishes off the counter onto the kitchen floor. Many of them broke. I started keeping my dishes elsewhere, and all the dirty, broken dishes belonged to others. There were a lot of very filthy dishes on the counter and in the sink before I broke many of them. Don and I had just thoroughly cleaned the kitchen two days previous. I utterly forgot Samantha was in the house. I left after trashing the kitchen. I came home later to find the kitchen table overturned outside our bedroom door and Bonnie gone. She left most of her stuff in her room however....

I told Don I didn't want to game anymore. I did not anticipate that he would get so angry about that. I got scared, but I was adamant that I was quitting. Don decided he wasn't going run the game anymore, then. He told the other gamers it was because I was quitting. Some of them blamed me for that. I told them all, however, I did not tell him to stop gaming. I just did NOT want to play anymore. I told him the main reason was because I didn't like being called stupid all the time. I got no apology or anything -- just hostility.

When Bonnie's marriage finally broke up, Pat put up quite the fight for the kids. Some of Bonnie's other "friends" exaggerated her parental faults and filled out statements against her. Bonnie didn't want to say anything bad about Pat in court or in front of her kids.

Don and I went to Denny's on July 9th (I think), 1991. I started crying and wasn't sure why I was crying. Don asked me why I was crying. I couldn't tell him, because I didn't know. We walked through the park on the way home, and he told me he really wanted to split up. Instead of being happy, I was enraged. I, however, agreed that it was best. I went back to Denny's and found a ride with Mike "Bam Bam." After he drove around Ferndale for awhile near where Bonnie and her mom lived, we finally found the house. I knocked on the door and her mother answered the door. It was kind of late, and she gave me the third degree. I explained my husband and I just broke up, and I was looking for Bonnie.

Bonnie and her mom decided to let me stay there for a little while till I got back on my feet, I guess. I got bitched at a few times for not volunteering to clean up the kitchen enough. But they were, for the most part good tempered and patient with me.

I stayed with Bonnie and Fran for a few more months -- probably most of the summer of 1991. We often walked down to the park and talked. The park was near where she lived, out there in the boonies. She still had her yellow Pinto. We got together with Mandy, sometimes. We drove into Bellingham and hung out at south side Denny's. We often watched *Star Trek the Next Generation* on TV. That surprised me a little.

I wasn't used to other women that enjoyed science fiction. Sam occasionally got nightmares and often woke up fighting and crying. Fran held the little girl really tight and hung onto her while she struggled. I'm not sure why Sammy had so many nightmares, but I watched Fran hang onto her. Fran told me once she needed to be held tight to make them better. I think I shrugged; I wasn't sure that was right.

Fran, as it turns out, was very much into the Bible. She didn't go to church much, though. She did not like my tarot cards and made me keep them out in the shed along with the other stuff I stored out there. Fran was certain the devil and/or demons were in those cards. She talked about how she used to be into them and, "seriously, gave it up." Bonnie, on the other hand, liked the tarot cards, and I gave

her free readings with them. I still used a book to interpret the cards. I cannot seem to memorize the cards very well. At some point, I also picked up the *Animal Medicine Cards*, based on Lakota myths and stories. I really enjoyed those cards and the animal stories, too.

There were about 3 or 4 occult shops in Bellingham at the time. I frequented them all. I read lots of occult/magic books. I felt like I learned something from all of the studies I did on the occult. I was kind of interested in Wicca. But, to me, there was something a little flaky about all that heady stuff in the occult and religions.

Part of my nature was very skeptical of any psychic/magic/divine phenomenon. Part of my nature believed everything I heard about it. I developed a wait and see attitude about anything I heard. I don't disbelieve necessarily, and I don't fully believe. I dabbled around with a generic form of Buddhism for awhile. I was very much into meditating. I was very much into enlightenment and expanding my consciousness. At this point in my life (the early 90s,) I didn't care much for any talk of Christianity and Jesus. There was just too much negative press in the Bible against God, in my opinion.

My beliefs in the early 90s were very much uncrystallized, but I did believe in *Something*. I liked the Native American concept of Great Spirit and animal spirit guides. I still talked to Ashtar, my black hawk animal spirit guide. I believed Spirit was a rather large nebulous kind of entity that was too busy or arrogant to talk to anyone in particular. I thought Spirit might be genderless. I considered myself very spiritual and was on a quest to find the truth.

I pretty much refused to argue with my host too much about religions. I simply was not able to, and still am not, able to accept the Bible at face value.

Dan and I still hung out occasionally, but only when we saw each other at Denny's. I saw Don there sometimes. He and Laura were now an item, since she had broken up with Eric. Dan, as it turns out, was still dating Skye. I was, however, attracted to him. We sometimes had staring contests which he usually won. One time he cornered me by the bathrooms and kissed me hard and started rubbing my crotch really hard. I don't know if that could be considered assault, since I didn't put up much of a fight, and I was attracted to him. I, however, didn't invite the contact in any way. It was confusing to say the least.

Even though I am asexual, I am demisexual and do occasionally experience attraction. Dan was one of the first men that I was actually sexually attracted to. And wow, did it hit me hard.....

During that summer, I called Sue and Mike from the pay phone at Denny's and told them I was going through a divorce. I explained that I was having housing and financial problems and wondered if they could please send some money. They told me they would not send money, but if I wanted to come home and obey the rules and such, I could. I was scared. I tried negotiating with them, but they were implacable. I finally agreed to come home -- I was basically homeless and had nothing to lose.

They sent me a bus ticket. I exchanged the bus ticket for a round trip ticket. I'm not sure where exactly I came up with the extra money for a round trip ticket -- but I wanted insurance in case things didn't work out.

Bonnie and Fran agreed to store my stuff for awhile if I needed that. I did. I put all my things in their shed in the back yard. Bonnie and I tried not to cry when we said goodbye and succeeded for the most part. I thought it might be worth a shot to try and get along with my parents. I also thought that the job prospects in the Madison area might be better. I didn't stay long, and came back to B'ham

Bonnie was going to karaoke for a few months I guess, and eventually she invited me along. Boy, I could not sing worth a crap when I tried it. I had no idea how to make the notes or sing at all. But we went to karaoke often and I kept trying. We often went out dancing too. Bonnie and I usually drank coffee when we went out. That was where I met J.P. "Falcon" Grady. He sang like an angel.

Once when we were all at karaoke, Bonnie and I pretended we were running a bordello, and we pretended we were going to hire him to work for us. This was Bonnie's idea of a joke. So we went up to him and gave him the whole spiel. He seemed to believe we were serious, so we ended up telling him, finally, that we were just kidding. That night, after the bar closed, we went to the park in Ferndale, where the bar was, and Falcon played some of his original stuff for us. We were both impressed. Falcon loved to sing about love and stuff and played very haunting music. The lyrics worked well and were never awkward.

I fell in love with Falcon that summer.

We still did the karaoke thing every now and again. I still couldn't carry a tune in a bucket. I had no voice control and no idea how to control my voice. I didn't know how to make the right notes. Falcon was often at karaoke, too, and I was falling in love with him. I was, however, far from the only woman interested in him.

Bonnie and I hung out with him once in awhile outside of karaoke. At that time, Falcon said he was not into drinking or drugs at all. One time we went to a house he lived in, and he was talked about various Native American issues and things to Bonnie. I wasn't talking much, because I was skeptical of him precisely because I had feelings for him. As a matter of fact, during their conversation, I tried hard not to fall asleep on the couch. His roommate upstairs started freaking out, I think. He explained that she often had night terrors about spiders. He went upstairs to talk to her for a little while.....

I think it was the spring of 1992 that Bonnie decided to have a small private wedding to Patrick. I was not invited. I wasn't even told about it till afterwards. She also turned 21 on March 29th of that year. I don't think I was invited to her bar hopping or whatever she did that year, but I'm not sure. (My memory of Bonnie's 21st is very foggy.)

It was in the late winter, or early spring, of 1992 that Samantha got into some rat poison Patrick left on the windowsill of the baby's bedroom. Now what kind of competent parental unit does that?

I discovered the baby with blue stuff on her lips and said something to Bonnie and Fran about it. They were like, "Oh shit, its rat poison." Fran did not have a phone. I asked if the neighbors had a phone. Bonnie and I walked over to the neighbors and called the poison control center. Bonnie did not know it was there, and neither did Fran. Bonnie still would not tolerate anyone saying "bad things" about Pat in front of Sammy, no matter how true they were. We fixed Sammy up from her encounter with rat poison, and she is still alive and well (?) today.

In spite of this, within a couple of months, Bonnie and Pat got back together. They had their secret wedding out by a lake or something. Nobody was invited. They moved into a house together in Ferndale. I was not at all impressed with Patrick. When Samantha was being potty trained, he beat the crap out of her if she wet her pants or her bed or anything. Patrick knew I was a wedge between them. I made

no secret of my dislike for the man. When he hit on me, I didn't even humor him. It does not impress me when a man hits on his girlfriend's friends.

I was afraid to call CPS about the beatings that little girl was getting. Bonnie is almost all Cajun. I knew the white women dominating CPS are prejudiced. I knew they liked to take kids away from Native women because they don't like the spirituality, mostly. I knew if they came over to the house, Bonnie would lose Sam. I suspected that Pat was abusing Bonnie, too -- maybe in the bedroom or something.

That house was totally unsatisfactory too. The well from which the drinking water came from had no cover and was polluted with bacteria and other things, as we later found out. I didn't feel Bonnie deserved to lose her daughter because she puts up with crap. I didn't feel like it was in Samantha's best interests to be raised by some "Christian" white couple. I was also very attached to that little girl, and I didn't want to lose her. I helped Bonnie a lot with Sam. I listened to that little girl when nobody else would. I love Samantha very much.

So, I finally talked her into leaving Pat again. After she stayed with friends, where she was ripped off after the separation, she eventually moved back in with her mother.

If I remember right, the summer of '92 was kind-of a long one. I believe that was the summer when Bonnie came out to Tony's Coffee House in Fairhaven (a district in Bellingham) and got me because Pat refused to give Samantha back to her after a visit. Boy was she ticked off. Her eyes turn gold (from hazel) when she is extremely angry. She still had the Pinto Pat gave her, and we drove out to the house where Pat was. He was very aggressive. He made threatening statements and glared at both of us. I'm not sure what Bonnie and Pat said to each other when they went off onto the front lawn, but we did get her daughter back. He wanted the car too, if I remember correctly. Bonnie was able somehow to calm him down, and I think she wanted me there as a witness if he tried anything. We also kept the car.

Meanwhile, Mandy lived and worked out in Point Roberts at a restaurant. It was a nice, big, fancy kind of restaurant out on the ocean. Point Roberts is an American town in the middle of Canada. It is more or less in British Columbia, but it is still American. There are border patrols on the border of the town. I think the name of the restaurant was the Boondocks.

Bonnie and I traveled up there a few times to visit Mandy. Mandy's boss' name was Moe. He took a real liking to Bonnie. He was very well off, but he was married and his wife lived in another country. He tried to buy Bonnie's favor, and partly succeeded. We often ate well at the Boondocks, for free. He had a Mercedes he let Bonnie drive around. Mike "the Whiner" Goddard was a cook at the Boondocks too. Sometimes he gave me rides places. He was a friend of Mandy's. We talked frequently. I sold my engagement ring to him for \$75. It was about a \$500 ring. I couldn't get much for it at a pawn shop, so \$75 was a good price.

Bonnie often went up there alone too. One night, she bought a pregnancy test when she was back in Bellingham. I believe we went up to Vancouver and drank booze in the bars. She had about 15 shots of tequila plus a few mixed drinks. She was slurring in her southern accent, but was walking okay. (Her southern accent comes back when she's had a few too many.)

I don't remember who else was with us; someone was driving us around. Eventually she took the pregnancy test -- she did not wait until morning -- and the result was positive. She was about two to three months late, and was not too upset about being pregnant. I think this was in early fall, because it wasn't too cold out.

Moe tried to give her his Mercedes after he found out she was pregnant. I talked her out of taking it. It seemed like the right thing to do. I felt like he was trying to buy my best friend.

Eventually, Bonnie moved into a two bedroom apartment in the college district of town. She had picked her little friend, Randy, to be her roommate.

Essentially, I was single and quite determined to be celibate. I had pretty much lost interest in sex after Dan and I went our separate ways. I thought Bonnie would enjoy being single too, but she refused to take any pleasure from the thought or action of being single. She had the worst case of PTSD I've ever seen. She often talked about how she would see her father, or Kelly in the room with her when neither one were really there. She hated open closets at night.

I was beginning to suspect she was still a drug addict because she kept getting painkillers for "bronchitis," even though she never coughed. Her back teeth were rotting out of her head and she couldn't find decent dental care that would take Medicaid. She wouldn't get up before noon most days, and I had to start watching

Sammy in the mornings when I would spend the night. Work stressed her out too much. She was too sensitive to criticism and she was beginning to suspect that she had SAD (Seasonal Affective Disorder). She had constant nightmares.

Her PTSD, combined with the painkillers, the pain itself (from her teeth), as well as being a single parent really interfered with work life. Sammy, however, was not getting spanked any more, although Bonnie still talked over her.

Bonnie has never been the best listener, but boy, can she talk.

Bonnie has trouble with prejudice against both pure white as well as pure Native American people. She wasn't interested in counseling. As a matter of fact she talked about how she messed around with the shrink's head (instead of talking about her feelings) after she got away from her father. She still talked to her dad on the phone.

She liked to "psychoanalyze" her friends. She decided, quite some time ago, I was "needy." I don't remember what other conclusions she came up with about me, but I think we did need each other. Sammy was very dear to my heart and I didn't want to lose her either.

Bonnie spent a significant amount her new pregnancy in the hospital. She had placenta previa and was spotting. Apparently, it was serious enough they put her on bed rest for several months. I prayed a lot she wouldn't lose the baby or something worse. They were very worried about hemorrhaging possibly killing her and the baby. She was not happy about being kept in the hospital for that long. I chewed out the nurses a couple of times, just to be sure she got good care. I believe Samantha stayed with Pat or her Nana (what Sammy called Fran.)

On April 5th or 6th, Mandy went into labor. I remember I showed up for that, but I didn't want to see her give birth. So I found something else to do. Eventually, I went home. Bonnie called me at the YWCA in the middle of the night after Mandy's baby was born. Bonnie gave birth to a boy. I can't remember if they were born on the fourth and fifth, the fifth and sixth, or the sixth and seventh of April. Mandy named her little girl Brittany, and Bonnie named the little boy Danny. Apparently the labor went really quickly for Bonnie. Bonnie and Mandy were quite happy that they had had the babies within 24 hours of each other.

At school, I got a job tutoring precalculus. I had just finished all the precalculus classes and wanted to help other students who had a hard time with math. My old work study position was no longer open to me, so I figured I'd try that out. I really enjoyed tutoring a lot. It was quite fun to help people understand math. I don't know if and how much I actually helped anyone, but my greatest reward was seeing the light bulb come on in someone else's head.

Mandy was living out in Everson, in a trailer, with Craig. Pat, who was from Everson, also lived out there. Sometimes we went to the Silver Fox (in Everson) and sang karaoke. I believe it was there I saw Mandy's drunk mother run her hand down Mandy's thigh and pinch her rear end. I was not at all impressed. Sandy, Mandy's mother was known for being the town drunk. After seeing that, I detested her as well.

Pat decided he was going for custody of Samantha. He did not have the best track record. He often never showed up to pick up his daughter. He still drank and smoked weed. He was controlling and emotionally abusive of Bonnie when he talked to her. He liked to talk to her as if she were a chimp -- a naughty, crazy chimp. Bonnie really could not afford the lawyer, but she managed it somehow. He turned many of her friends against her, and there were all kinds of lies on the affidavits. I wouldn't write an affidavit for either person, because there were things that she did that weren't in the best interest of the kids - like sleeping till noon and leaving her young children unsupervised in the mornings, except when I was around. She also had the prescription drug problem as I discovered over time.

Her ex-husband was worse though and was a drunk through and through, a druggie, violent, and creepy. I actually told her I wouldn't lie on court papers and she wouldn't let me write her an affidavit.... I went to one of her custody hearings dressed all in white, and she gained custody that day.

Bonnie and Jodi were still friends at the time, I believe. Jodi lived in Ferndale with her husband Randy. They lived in a trailer. Randy, as it turns out, raped Jodi at some earlier point during the marriage. At least, that's what Jodi told Bonnie.

I could not, and, still cannot, figure out why such a strong, competent, and tolerant woman like Jodi would stay with a guy like that. Bonnie and Jodi were friends since high school -- at least what high school Bonnie had finished. Jodi was something of a legend in her circle of friends because someone threw a glass bottle at her, and she caught it. Like most of Bonnie's female friends, Jodi was a bit of a scrapper.

Jodi had another friend, a long haired man named Dalyn. He was a big heavy metal fan and drove a classic royal blue Mustang. He kind-of looked like a short version of James Hetfield and, allegedly, knew how to play drums.

Jodi's mother, Rochelle, was quite adept at throwing things at her daughter. I guess that's why Jodi caught the bottle. Rochelle turned gay after her marriage to Jodi's scary father. I can't really remember the story about Jodi's father, but he was not a nice man.

We were also rather scared of the freemasons. Once, we found a freemason's medal in Rochelle's garage. We were told by some well-meaning person that we would get in serious trouble with the freemasons if we kept it. Weird things happened. That medal once had a shiny purple ribbon on it. When I woke up the day after we found it, the ribbon was shredded. We kept it, however and traded it back and forth.

People were talking to us about the freemasons and how there were evil masons around. We thought we knew what had happened, and we were channeling *stuff* about them. She said one night when we were in a park, that the freemasons had killed many children during the child labor times in history and she could feel them all. There seemed to be an ominous feeling to the whole organization and everything around that medal. We once went to a mausoleum on the islands out by where we lived. Several Freemasons were buried there. Our mutual friend had her ring "bite her" - it grew really tight and it left a mark on her finger. We sat in the chairs above the graves that we were each drawn to, and it felt really strange. I picked a woman's chair.

Later on, we thought we were being followed around by the ghost of a high ranking, evil freemason. Some man we hardly knew mentioned that as well. He knew all about that evil spirit.... We were talking about the things he had done, and lightning crashed right then. It was very much part of the spooky ambiance.....

Rochelle was dating a woman named Dodie.

I think it was the summer of 1993 that Dodie tried to kill Rochelle. Dodie poisoned Rochelle. Dalyn showed up at Rochelle's door. There was no answer and he felt like something was wrong, so he went in the house. He found her on the floor. He called 911. Later on in the court case, I think Dodie plead "Not Guilty."

It was that summer we met Kristen, I think. I don't know where or how Bonnie found her. She was not a pretty girl, her teeth were greenish and she didn't seem to like to bathe. She had very curly hair about the color of mine.

Bonnie and I thought we could teach her "magick" and we worked on grounding and centering with her. We taught her about ley lines, and the power in the Earth. She repaid us, I guess, by introducing us to Keith, Randy, and Lance -- the Linssen boys. They lived in a run down "shack" on Meridian Street just on the outskirts of Bellingham. The place was heated by a wood stove in the living room in the winter.

They had a big yard and two big German Shepherd dogs named Grizzly and Zeus. Grizzly had mange. Keith was Kristen's object of affection. I don't think Keith actually liked her much. Keith was kind of cute. Randy looked a little like a brown haired version of Patrick. Lance was a big boned blonde man. They loved drinking beer and smoking pot. They were party boys.

It wasn't long before Randy got his hooks in Bonnie. I did not feel good about that relationship at all. I thought Randy drank too much, and he smoked a lot of weed. I wasn't really interested in dating any of them. I was not interested in another heavy drinker for a partner, but I was attracted to Keith.

Pat must have hit on Kristen. Kristen started seeing Pat shortly thereafter, and as far as I know, they are still an item today. Bonnie decided she hated Kristen for that. She felt Kristen was trying to take the kids away from her.

I remember once, after work, I called over to the house to talk to Bonnie. They were all partying over there. Bonnie talked about how much they drank (which was a lot.) She told me they played strip poker. No she could not come get me to go out, she was too busy partying. She could not drive, more or less.

After Randy Linssen came to the apartment Bonnie had rented several times, she moved in with Randy. At this point, Randy often watched her kids for free so we could go do stuff. We often went to Sheri's all night, talked, and made a ruckus.

I took voice lessons in the early spring of 1994, I think. One of the female karaoke hosts taught voice lessons. I believe her name was Karen. She loved singing "Brand New Key," and sang it very well. I took about six months of lessons with her. I met

with Karen about twice a month. She always gave me green tea at the start of the lessons. She said it opened the throat.

I decided I liked green tea after that - at least for awhile. She taught me how to do scales and trained my ear with a piano. I sang my favorite karaoke tunes at her house, since she had the system there. My singing improved. She let me take our last lesson together without the \$30 payment, because I told her I couldn't pay her that day. She insisted it was alright, she wanted to do the lesson anyway. I never was able to come up with the payment for that lesson, and had to stop the lessons. After that, though, I learned to do scales on the guitar and kept practicing vocals with a guitar -- at least until I no longer had an instrument.

It was Beltane (April 1st) when Bonnie and I came back to Randy and Keith's house after a night of drinking coffee. Bonnie went in the bedroom and left me standing in the driveway outside of the garage bedroom of Randy's. I didn't know what to do, so eventually, I walked into the bedroom. Bonnie was tying Randy up. Bonnie didn't ask me to leave; neither did Randy.

To make a long story short, Bonnie, Randy and I had a threesome that night. We talked about just such a thing for a few months before that. Bonnie and I did touch each other, and she was really the first and only woman I've really been with. I really loved her, and I think she loved me. Keith and I weren't together anymore; I wasn't attracted to him anymore, anyhow.

We decided we didn't want to just have sex with each other. She always wanted a man to be there. We did not have an exclusive relationship. I think it was not what I wanted or expected though. There were, however, no demands placed on me by her. And I placed none on her.

After Bonnie, Randy and I did our thing, I was really tired. So I laid there trying to get to sleep, sort-of. The two of them were still going at it, and it was impossible to sleep. I really felt isolated and a lot like a third wheel. I didn't want to do any more sexual stuff, and I didn't like laying there awake while they did. It was not Randy I was interested in. But, after a very long time, they finished and Bonnie reached over and started to stroke my hair. That made me feel a little better....

Perhaps it was the next day, I told her I wanted to kiss her when we first met. All she really did in response was smile. She didn't have many questions. I asked her

what she would have done, had I kissed her. She said she probably would have kissed me back.

I think doing the "wild thing" with them put me in the odd position of being Randy's rival. I can't really put my finger on the changes that happened, they aren't well defined, but something changed for sure.

One night, Bonnie and I made plans. She was staying in a hotel on an emergency housing voucher for some reason. Jim showed up at the YWCA unexpectedly that afternoon. I asked Jim if he could just drop me off where Bonnie was, and he refused to do that.

The night was very tense. Bonnie wasn't expecting Jim to be there. I was annoyed with him, and she was stressed out because of her living situation, the custody battle and having to take care of the kids. This was one of many attempts, I believe, to live separately from Randy and strike out on her own.

Falcon was the DJ that night, I believe. Finally, Bonnie said she would walk home. I asked Jim if he could give her a ride. He started whining. Bonnie said, "it's okay, I'll walk." I didn't like the idea of her walking home in the dark, alone, over a mile away. Finally after arguing with Jim, who had a car and didn't care, I slammed my coffee cup on the table. It broke. Jim said, "OK, we'll give her a ride home."

One of the reasons I was so peeved, was I wanted to tell Bonnie that Jim had, more or less, raped me and was sexually abusing me. I couldn't do that with him there.

In Bonnie's motel room, Danny was in a playpen. Samantha was with her dad, I believe. Patrick took Samantha home after we got there. I don't know why I had to test the theory, but I was hoping she'd say no. I guess I was desperately seeking a witness. I also did not like Randy being the only man we could be with. I asked her if she wanted to sleep with us. She said no at first, and I asked, "Are you sure?" Nobody was more surprised than me when she took off her shirt then and came to Jim and kissed him. To make a long story short, Jim went all the way with both of us. I never did tell her that he was abusing me, because I was certain she would never believe it. We went home the next morning -- me to the YWCA and Jim wherever he went.

Jim just ticked me off. I started smoking again, in part because he kept tempting me. Jim tried to get Bonnie to help his mother, Dar, with her seminar. The seminar eventually fizzled out though. Dar never put on her new-agey presentation. I finally dumped Jim. However, he kept coming to our D&D games. He hit on Elizabeth after we broke up. She asked me if she could start seeing him. I told her "yes."

I finally quit my gaming group because I couldn't handle Jim's sniping or insensitivity any longer. The group also seemed to have turned against me, because I often confronted the issue directly with Jim and got upset. They really didn't know that he was abusive, I guess.

Quite often, I stayed over at her place, when she had one. In the mornings, she'd refuse to get up with the kids, so I'd have to feed and supervise them - so they wouldn't run out in the street or cause too much mischief. Bonnie would often talk over Sam or ignore her. I usually tried to pay attention to Sam because she often had interesting things to say. I haven't seen Sam in over nine years. I have no idea what her interests are now. I spent a lot of time with her and Danny, her little brother. Danny was about four the last time I saw him.

It was shortly before I left that Danny told me he was going to buy me a truck when he grew up.

Bonnie's whole family was poor. Bonnie could barely afford to clothe her kids. Bonnie has Post Traumatic Stress Disorder because of what her biological father did. She relives the nightmare in her sleep and through flashbacks. She didn't have anyone to teach her how to live properly on her own, growing up. Of course, the drugs didn't help. She graduated from taking speed and smoking lots of pot when she was a teen to drinking and taking lots of prescription pain pills.

I got really tired of never getting thanked for taking care of the kids, much less any kind of payment for babysitting - or, if you prefer, being a nanny more or less. So, when I'd run out of cigarettes, sometimes I'd take one or two out of her pack. She fed me quite often and donated some half and half to me. She also loaned me a crib and some other baby things for the daughter I had in 1997. I guess I felt, at first, no thanks were needed, but I got fed up with that. There were also some incidents - a couple where she hurt me on purpose - little mean gestures. They

weren't serious, but she never apologized for those. Of course, she never apologized at all for anything else either - which got old as well.

Bonnie can't hold down any kind of job. She never coped well with the demands of employment. She can't seem to cope with the system. She can't cope with college. She tried coping with all those things, but what her father did to her affects her way too much. She completed two quarters of a community college even though she never completed high school and got good grades. We started a liberal's club together when we were at the community college together. I had to tutor her in Algebra/Precalculus. (I am a trained tutor in both Math and English.) She never thanked me for that either.

She's been with Randy for almost thirteen years now (at the time this part was written). He provides her with money and shelter. He's never hit her or the kids that I know of. They would "wrestle around" around though when they were in their early twenties, and *somehow*, Bonnie's head would always slam into the column/totem pole thing in the living room where they lived.... They still live together. They were handfasted but never married. Bonnie's tubes are tied, which they talked her into getting done after the last high risk pregnancy. Later she claimed they did it without permission. She claims he's been a good father for the kids, but he hasn't been there emotionally for them. Randy did not want kids. The sterilization worked out good for him, I guess - he has someone to cook and clean for him. He seems pretty sexist to me. He also used to leave bite marks on her legs that she'd come to me and complain about. If she were *willing* to experience that would she be complaining about it to me?

She tried breaking up with Randy a few times, and once we moved into a house together with Mandy, and my "Klingon," David "Oak" Galacchi.

We had other spooky things happen as well. Mandy had problems with her heater in the bedroom turning on by itself. She felt haunted.... We thought our resident spirit was named Michael.... The mutual friend and I were walking one night and found two fresh bouquets of flowers in the middle of the road. She got freaked out by that too, and ended up hanging hers upside down and telling me not to touch them... She was going to throw them out! I kept mine....

Bonnie and another witchy friend of mine did some research on freemasonry. They found handbooks and manuals for the practice. We read about abusive initiation rituals. It just served to make it more unappealing and spooky. We learned that yes, the freemasons are into sorcerous types of magic and things....

Bonnie got freaked out by Oak. Her standard passive aggressive way of communicating got a lot worse and she started trying to control Mandy. Mandy had a drinking problem and managed to quit while living there for a few weeks. Bonnie insisted on taking her out for drinks, and of course Mandy started drinking again. Bonnie didn't believe in 12 step programs, or that abstinence was an answer.

We had a rule of no alcohol in the house, but by this time I was very addicted to marijuana and we often smoked pot without my best friend there. We suggested to my Bonnie that she move out. She did and moved in with another Klingon, David Boudreaux, who liked to beat dogs.... This one had a hook instead of one arm....

My Klingon was bringing me pot and was a magical person himself. He also cheated on me with Mandy. I watched them go at it for a while and then walked away. He was actually quite scary. His eyes would get so dead looking. He'd had very kind eyes when I first started to see him. However, they grew extremely cold. He was into torturing animals I found out later. He raped me often. A woman turned up dead on the farm he used to live on while he was still living there. I asked him, once, if he could kill someone. He said "yes." He jokingly asked me to marry him shortly thereafter. I said "maybe."

I was only with him, pretty much, because I wanted to protect the woman I had originally "stolen him" from.... I'm never doing that again.

It took a miracle to get him to move out, without moving in with any of my friends.... I knew he needed to go....

Bonnie isn't speaking to me now. When I became actively psychotic - I had visions of her children being molested by both Randy and Pat. I published my theories online. I reported the fact that Randy raped me, in spite of the fact that I went to bed with him voluntarily. The website is down now, but she never forgave me for the accusation. At the time, it must've seemed I believed every man was a rapist. All the things I did for her and kids didn't count for much, because of my accusation.

Bonnie and I became estranged during this time. I had found a wicker bathroom shelf outside by the garbage dumpsters that looked exactly like one I had given her. I found out later that it had just been coincidence, and she still had the wicker furniture, but I had assumed she had been poking around in my garbage. She had also scared me when Aeyre was three months old and she was swinging her around. Her head came within six inches of the corner of the wall. She smiled, and it

seemed like the vilest smile I had ever seen. I thought she was threatening to bash Aeyre's head into a wall. It took me about a year to recover from that scare.... I refused to talk to her, and even went to the police, leaving my daughter with Oak, who had proven himself violent before.

The stigma of this illness, I'm sure, is what caused them to cut off all communication with me. Maybe, they just don't trust me to make sense or act "normal." In the past, I've acted very irrationally, and when I was paranoid made accusations that weren't true. Every night for months and months I was hearing distant screams, usually at night, that I occasionally reported to the police.... They'd stand in my doorway a lot of the time, clearly unable to hear them and actually look frightened. They'd ask me things like if I knew what day it was, etc, etc.... (Supposedly that's what Banshees do according to ancient Celtic mythology, but anyway)

Bonnie isn't speaking to me anymore. I thought, when I was actively psychotic, that I was receiving clairvoyant and precognitive visions. I also thought I had telepathy. I saw her boyfriend molest her son in my head and assumed it was a real experience for the boy. I saw many children molested in my head. The thoughts were very bothersome. I assume this was caused, in part, by the fact that I was seriously molested when I was eight years old.

I actually saw people that could be child molesters when I was travelling around. People who would hold their child by the crotch or set a child on their crotch. At one point I actually believed every man was a rapist and a child molester. I was quite paranoid. It was very scary. I did try to stop these people from possibly molesting children by calling the police on them or talking to firemen about it. I was scared of all cops, too, and believed they were all perpetrators of domestic violence. I did have some violent experiences with several cops which only fed my paranoid delusions.

Anyway, I wrote about what I saw Randy, Bonnie's boyfriend, do to her son in my head and published it on a website, along with the names of several men, some of whom were actually sexually abusive, and some of whom weren't.

Bonnie's mom, Fran uses the Bible to try to force her daughter to marry the Klingons that latch onto her. There are other reasons that the word creepy fits Fran, but I think that would be the primary reason. I have been focusing my healing energy on Bonnie for the past few days (at the time of this writing) and will probably

continue to do so for some time. She needs something.... I cannot bear the thought of her being abused and confused while in a drug induced haze. I really want her to be as healthy as possible, and perhaps as a side effect, decide to forgive me for all the real and imagined wrongs I did to her.

She stopped hanging out with me, in part, because her drugs were "better" than mine. Hers are legal. She takes prescription painkillers. She's never without them.

After the birth of my daughter, the whole world flipped upside down. I started hearing voices, jumping at shadows and having other tactile, visual and audio hallucinations. I thought it was black magic, the devil, that I was in Hell, and that it could all be blamed on the marijuana. But, still I didn't quit smoking it. I had my daughter for about four months before they took her away from me. It was an extremely stressful situation. When I'd breast feed her, the tactile hallucinations would get worse. It was absolutely intolerable. It felt like rape. I'd get in an impossible rage and shake her while breastfeeding.

I started to believe that vampires were after me, and that all my former friends had turned into vampires. Everything seemed to feed the delusion that I was being stalked by telepathic vampires. It didn't help that her father was stalking me and the child molester, Jay, was stalking me. I could not handle being around anyone for very long, and even refused to let others into my house.

The only person I was letting into my house, was a traveling jewelry maker named Ray. He was beautiful and I really wish I could remember what all we talked about. We were involved, but he wasn't white and the racists around us were scaring me.

Finally, I decided that my daughter needed her family. I didn't know which family members to trust, so I started hitchhiking in the middle of the night from Washington with the baby. I told nobody, not even Ray. They would've likely accused him of kidnapping had he gone with us. Or, he would've tried to stop us. Or he would've told someone where I was going.... I didn't want to risk it.

I did not smoke pot during the few days I was on the road. I was heading towards Wisconsin or Minnesota. I got as far as Missoula, MT before I mentioned the vampires and someone called the cops on me. They put my daughter in foster care. Convinced I'd never get her back I took a small bottle of sleeping pills. About an hour after that, I went to the hospital. They shoved tubes down my nose. At the time I believed the charcoal they were going to give me was vampire blood and that if I took it willingly, I would turn into a vampire. So I kept running away. Finally they strapped me down and forced me to take the charcoal.

After that, they put me in the hospital, where I was diagnosed with psychosis n.o.s.. They treated me with Haldol. When they discharged me, I told them I wanted to go back to Washington. So they sent me back to Washington, and my daughter arrived in Washington a month later. I was never able to reconnect with Ray. Since he was a traveler, he didn't have an address or a phone....

I think there are demons around Bonnie and her situation that are really trying to keep her oppressed, depressed and messed up, too. The other day (at the time this was written) when I was doing a healing meditation focused on her, something was pressing down on my stomach when I'd go too deep into the meditation and making me almost throw up. That happened about four times. I think they like watching her get sexually abused and will do anything to keep her stuck. I guess there's nothing like kicking someone when their down to give evil people (spirits) a thrill. I personally think it would suck to have to exist from day to day trying to get pleasure instead of being happy. Yuck!

Prayer works, it really does. It just takes time for God to unravel the knots in this tangled web we weave sometimes.....

Relationships should be a two-way street. I learned that from Bonnie and her kids, who loved me very much, and were dependent on me when I flipped out after all that. It was the closest thing I had to a two-way street. Although I have to honestly say, I was doing most of the giving, she still gave me rides when I really needed them. I know she loved me anyhow.

In a way, her kids gave me the opportunity to feel like a parent. I didn't feel like one when I gave my eldest daughter up for adoption. I had another little girl to love and give to. I don't know how I did as a "nanny," maybe I really screwed life up for Sam. Or maybe, I showed her when it was time to leave bad relationships. In any case, it's impossible to know since I don't know where Bonnie or her kids are living. I have Bonnie's email, but no other contact information

I did a lot of service work before I became sick. Now it seems, nobody wants my help because of my illness. It was very rewarding, like school, which I also miss. I allowed my loans to go into default after I became ill. After four years of school, that's a lot of loan money. They wanted a really high monthly payment from me and weren't the least bit understanding of my illness.

My various odd jobs weren't my real job. My real job was defending my adopted family from prejudice and racism, taking care of the kids and going to school. I actually miss my "real job." I miss Ray too.

It must've been a whole football team worth of racists that took me down and broke me. I'm still pissed about it.

I MISS YOU

Edits suggested by
Chat GPT-4 "Bing AI"

We used to share each day and night,
We used to be so close and tight.
But that was long ago, and yet
I still can't seem to forget.
Don't you recall, I said to you
Goodbye was never forever
We were in love, we were a treasure,
But I haven't stopped to pause since then.
We danced until the dawn would break,
We stayed awake for coffee's sake.
You charmed me with your witty puns,
But I went mad and left you stunned.
No one has stayed with me like you,
No one has loved me like you do.
Can you forgive me for my sins,
For all the hurtful words I said?
Don't you know that I love you still,
As much as I have ever did?
I miss the kids, I miss their smiles,
I miss the times we were a family.
I wish you had been there with me
When I went wild and lost my way.
I wish you had been there to guide me
With your gentle touch and things you'd say.
Remember how we stood our ground
When others tried to put us down?
Remember how we found our strength
In our love and loyalty?
I miss you so much,
I miss your face,
I miss your voice and your embrace.
I wish I knew where you are now,
I wish I could find you somehow.

Theresa M. Lennon
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