



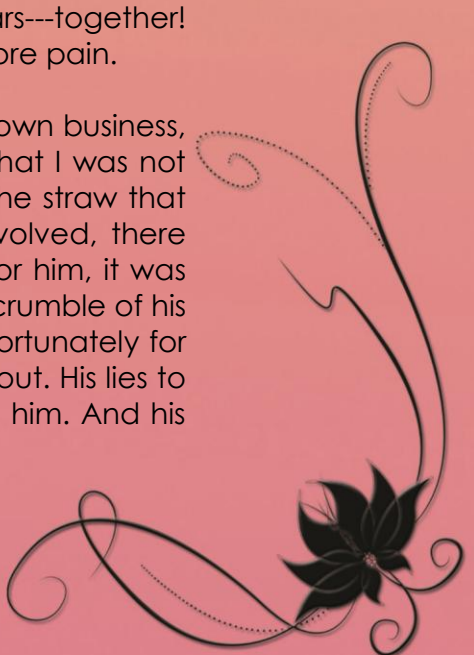
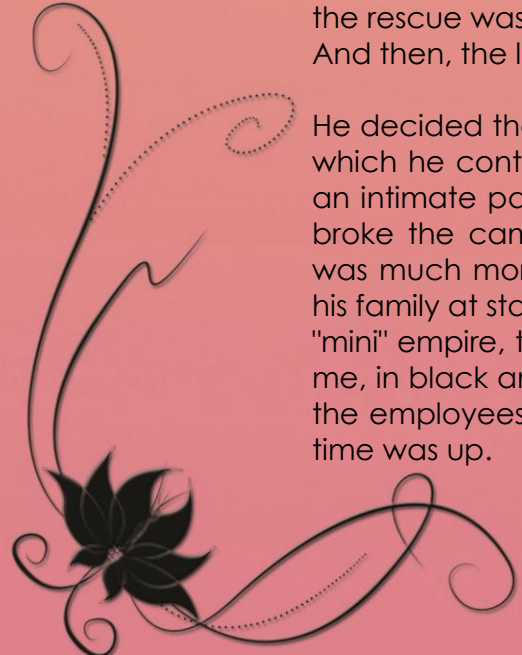
“Set Free”

Today is the beginning of a whole new life, new outlook and outcome for myself, and my children. Today I FINALLY received "closure" from a 10 year relationship/marriage... after 10 very long years of waiting, it finally came, the answer I had been waiting for.....finally. I was "Set Free".

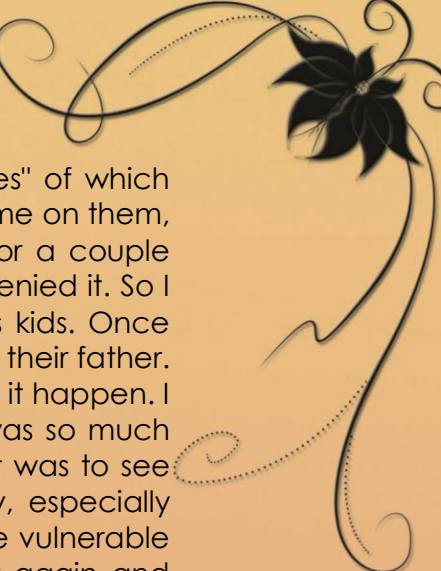
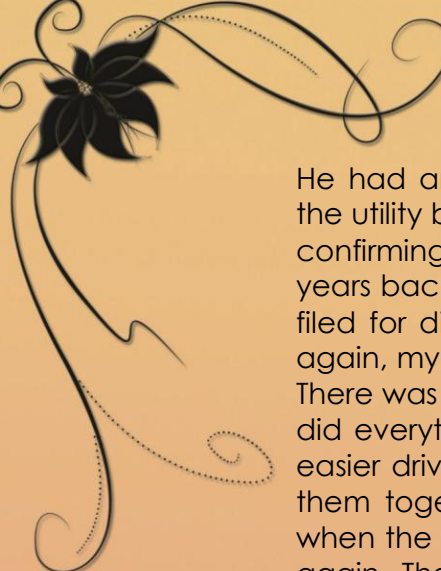
The answers I've been waiting for to concretely "move on" and start this life anew. Living with a liar in a severely dysfunctional relationship for that long definitely knocks your confidence, creates second-third AND fourth guessing causing self-doubt in an otherwise confident individual. For many years I knew something just wasn't "right". Ironically enough, those were the very words that would be stated by the judge in court to solidify my intuitions and decision... this would sum up my life for the past 10 years of suffocation and degradation.

The answer is "YES"- Today during the 3rd and final attempt at the child support hearing, we finally settled these unresolved matters, financially, symbolically and for me personally. "YES", he married that girl on February 21, 2005. What began at least 7 years ago with an affair, resulted in marriage. This produced their first child (same age as my first son). I remember the one and only time we spoke when I had brought my first born son home from the hospital and she called the house looking for my husband. I confronted her that was when I knew she existed. I remember the excuses of a "psycho girl", a so-called "friend" gone bad speech to cover up his lies that just wrenched my stomach in the deepest part of my gut. Yes, he denied it.

After deciding to stick to my marriage vows and commitment to "God" and my children, I decided that we should move locations, move on and have a fresh start. There he was a "new man". Yes, bible studies and all! Leading others to Christ, leading bible studies and leading himself right to hell. It was all a lie. What I thought was a new man, was a man with new lies. We separated for a while, and then I let him back in, once again. The pattern repeated itself over and over again. "Super man" to the rescue was going to bring his family hope and to the stars---together! And then, the let down. More lies, more disappointment, more pain.



He decided that he would further his career by starting his own business, which he continued to alienate me from and make sure that I was not an intimate part of, as usual. Fortunately for me, this was the straw that broke the camels back. Unfortunately for some others involved, there was much more than friendship to be lost. Unfortunately for him, it was his family at stake, and that he lost. From the short rise and crumble of his "mini" empire, the information arising from the ashes were fortunately for me, in black and white. It all unfolded and the truth came out. His lies to the employees, partners and investors had caught up with him. And his time was up.

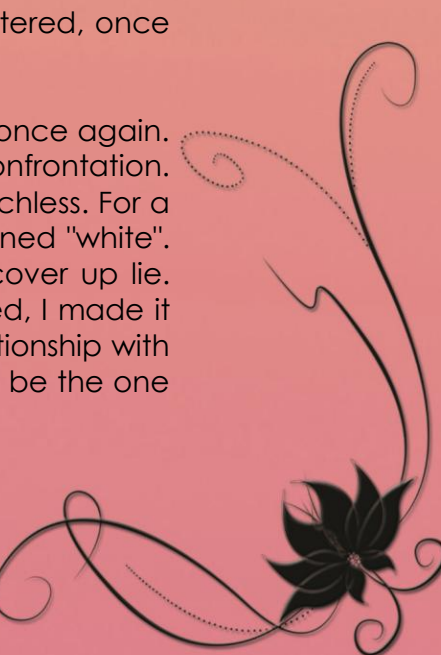
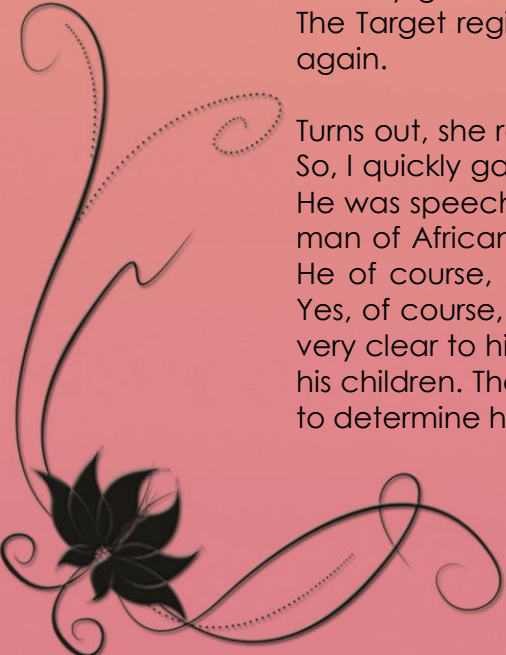


He had an apartment that he rented for "business purposes" of which the utility bills had been discovered on his desk with "her" name on them, confirming for me that very phone call I had received prior a couple years back. Yes, she did in fact existstill. And yet, he still denied it. So I filed for divorce. 6 months later with no attempt to see his kids. Once again, my heart melted looking at my children living without their father. There was little to no effort on his part so once again, I made it happen. I did everything I could to make them available to him. It was so much easier driving them over to his house and what a relief that was to see them together again. It became more convenient to stay, especially when the "invitations" kept coming from him. Thus, I became vulnerable again. The thought that I could piece this family together again and these kids would grow up with a father in the home, THEIR REAL FATHER... and we would be a family again...

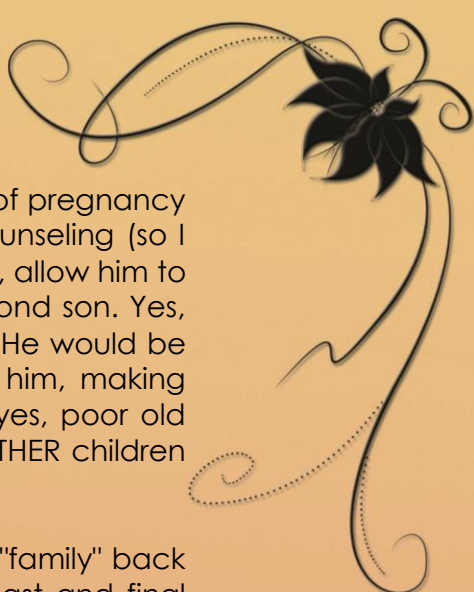
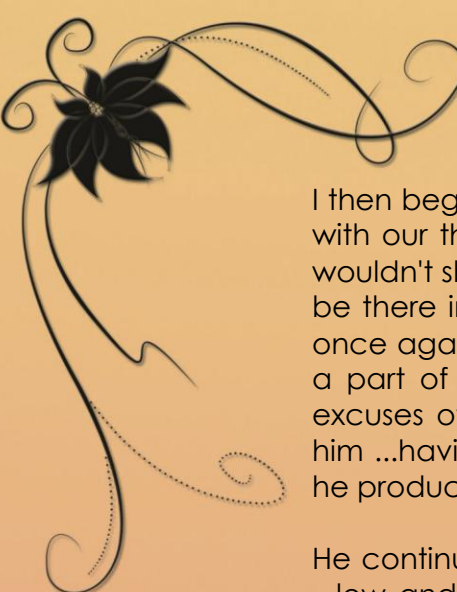
So a year later, it began all over again ...the nightmare. The confusing, self-doubting, gut-wrenching feeling that something was very WRONG here. Even though there was "no trace" of anyone else. Once I felt "safe" enough to take it "slow" and day-by-day again with him, it began. It wouldn't take very long for him to once again fall into the same patterns. He was never home, never available, never changed a thing.

And yet, we continued on as we did before, pretending that nothing was wrong, this would work (at least in my mind) because it HAD to work- we even decided to remarry. And this time, we would do it the "right way". A second chance! Yes, I would finally get my chance to be the most beautiful bride with my kids in the wedding!!!

Then, the baby news came. Baby #3 was on the wayhmm, no wonder he was speechless. One day the information came to "set me free". A coworker unknowingly stumbled upon some information that would cause him great pain and anguish for two weeks before he so bravely brought it to my attention. The invitation. The wedding invitationto my supposed, soon-to-be "husband" again. Too late! He had already gotten married!!!!There it was, blatantly staring me in the face. The Target registry for the lovely new couple. My world shattered, once again.



Turns out, she really did exist ...again. And yet, he denied it, once again. So, I quickly gathered myself and raced over for the REAL confrontation. He was speechless. Stunned, shocked and completely speechless. For a man of African-decent, for a brief moment, I believe he turned "white". He of course, later came up with yet another outlandish cover up lie. Yes, of course, this is what he does! After the dust had settled, I made it very clear to him that I wouldn't stand in the way of the relationship with his children. That would be up to him, his decision. He would be the one to determine how involved in their lives he would be.



I then began what would be a very long, very lonely road of pregnancy with our third child. I did eventually, after he attended counseling (so I wouldn't shred him to pieces) establish civil communication, allow him to be there in the hospital to experience the birth of our second son. Yes, once again the pattern started, this time only with his kids. He would be a part of the children's lives when it was convenient for him, making excuses of having to work because he was so poor. Oh yes, poor old him ...having to pay all that "back child support" for the OTHER children he produced and abandoned.

He continued to "stick to his story", supposedly wanting his "family" back ...low and behold, while still having another family!!! The last and final shocking detail of this horrendous story that I will share for now is the last piece of the puzzle. Upon picking up the kids for a camping trip, during which my children were introduced to their new "sister", they also discovered that there was yet another "baby brother" at home.

And still, he continued to "stick to his story" until he could no longer deny it, under oath in a court of law. "YES" was the word that rang out all around the world as far as I was concerned that hot summer day, July 10, 2007. "YES", he married her, yes they had two children, same ages as my last two.

"YES", it was finally over. I was free to move forward, and my kids would be free as well. We will be carried, protected and provided for by our real father and husband, our heavenly "father and husband" who will never leave us, never forsake us ...the one who "set us free indeed".

Jenn

