

Conversations

with Mama, Myself, and God



A teenage girl searches for answers about her past

Poetry by Jamie, age 13

illustrations by

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I know You're there.

Jamie,

Your work tells how much you wish things could have been different; how you wish your family could have stayed together. Still you are absolutely amazing, how you have kept your faith in God and kept on believing in a better world. You help make the world a better place, Jamie; your courage will be an inspiration to many.

In your conversations with God, I hope you hear just how much He loves you.

*Carol Priour,
Fine Arts Director
Hill Country Youth Ranch*



"I Know You're There, God

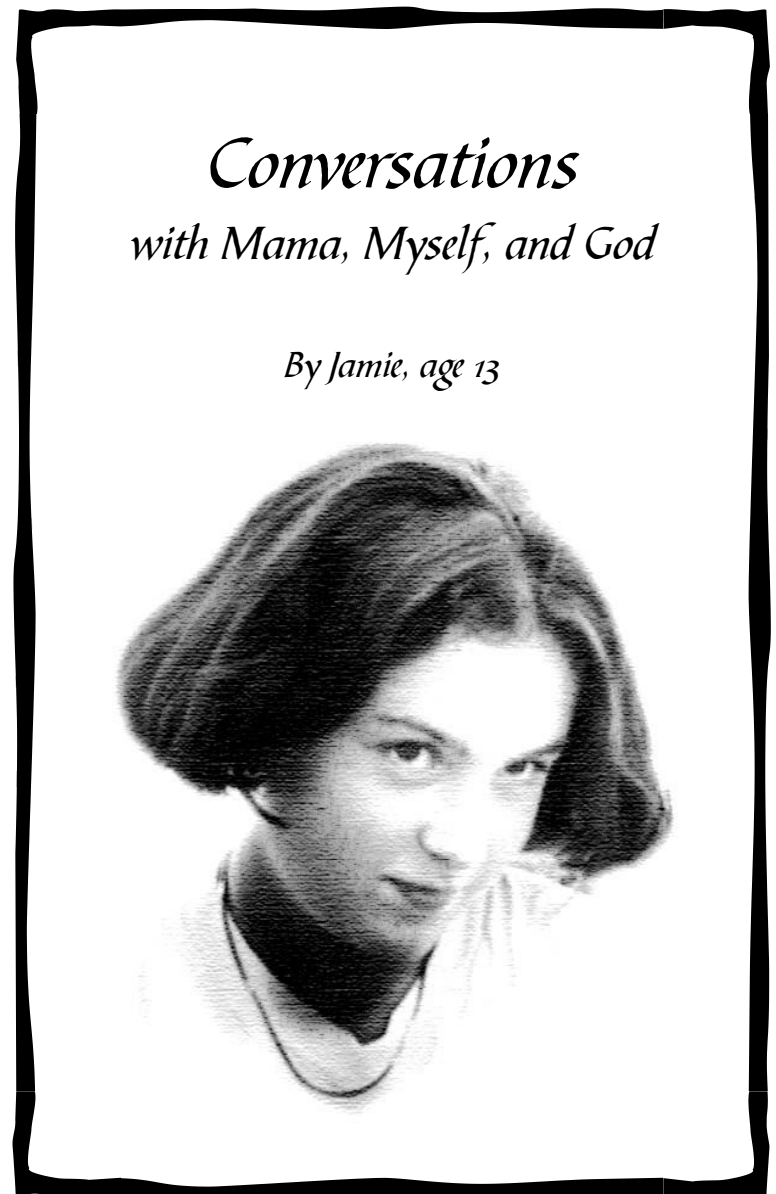
*I know you're there, God,
because You have answered my prayers.*

*I know You're there, God
because You lead me to do the right things,
but sometimes I don't listen to You.*

*I know You're there, God
because You show me right from wrong.
But sometimes, instead of doing right I do wrong.*

I know You're there, God."





Why Did You Leave Me?

*Why did you leave me?
You said you wouldn't leave.
You did anyway.*

*What did I do wrong?
You said you would take care of me.
You didn't.
You didn't give me a chance.
Did you get tired of me?
Why did you leave me, Mom?*

Mothers

*Mothers are good to their children.
Mothers care for their children
more than you cared for us.
Mothers love their children allot.*

Mothers do not leave their children like you left us.

“Pray to God because He loves you.”



Love Is

Love is . . .

Love is good.

Love is wonderful.

Love is understanding.

Love is . . .

Love hurts.

Love is painful,

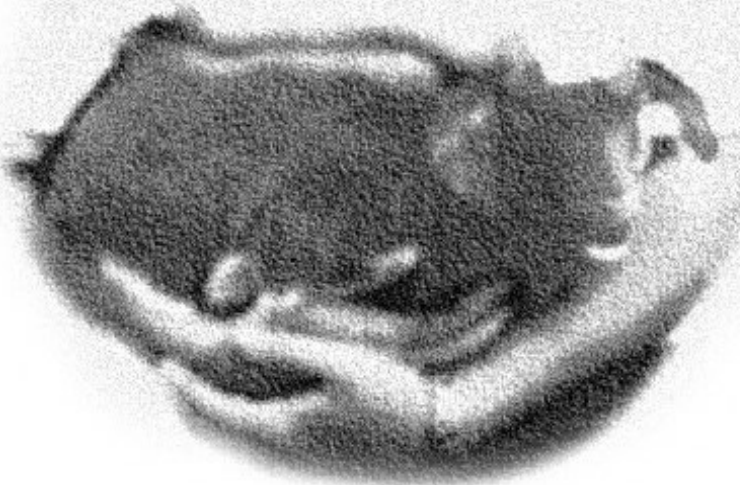
Love is confusing.

Love is true.

Love is questioning,

Love is not knowing.

Love is . . .



“Pray to God, He won’t leave.”



Mother, Will You Come Back?

Mother, will you come back?

I'm scared you won't.

Why did you leave me in the first place?

You said you might come back, but you didn't.

Do you care if you make us cry?

Do you care for us at all?

Please come back.

Mother, will you come back?



“Pray to God because He hears you.”



Cry

*I cry . . . because I don't have my mom.
I cry . . . because she left when I was so young.
I cry . . . because she said it was my fault.
I cry . . . because she didn't tell me that she loved me.
I cry . . . because she never came home.
I cry . . . because she didn't believe me.
I cry . . . because she didn't care.
I cry . . . because she didn't believe me!
Why, Mom, why?
Now I cry.*



“Pray to God because He is there.”



I Wonder

I wonder . . .if my mother is . . .DEAD?

(I act like I don't care, but I do.)

I wonder . . . If she ever thinks about me anymore?

I wonder if she talks about me anymore?

I wonder . . . where she is right now.

I wonder . . . If she has a boyfriend.

I wonder and wonder and wonder,

But I never

Get any answers

Or even a sign.



“Pray to God because He is with you”



I Still Think You'll Be There . . .

I still think you'll be there . . . when I feel bad.

I still think you'll be there . . . when I need help.

I still think you'll be there . . . when I need you.

*I still think you'll be there . . . to talk to me
about stuff I need to know about you.*

Like your favorite color.

Your favorite food.

Your favorite television show.

Your favorite singer.



“Pray to God because He is with you.”



I still think you'll be there . . . to tell me stuff.

I still think you'll be there . . . to tell me you are back.

to take care of me the right way.

I still think you'll be there . . .

to tell me you're going to stay with me.

I still think you'll be there . . . to be the correct mother

To me and my little brother, Angel.

I still think you'll be there, Mother. . . but I know you won't.

You Said you Left Because

*You said you left because of the way I acted.
You said you left because I treated my step dad with disrespect.
You were right, Mom, I didn't respect him.
He treated me like a piece of trash lying on the ground.
Every night, he sexually, verbally, and physically abused me.
Every night.*

*You said you left because I lied about my step dad.
What I told you was true.
You blamed it all on me.*

You said you left because . . . of me.

I Hate It!

*I hate it because I don't have you to sit on the edge of
my bed to talk to.*

I hate it because you're not here to sing to me at night.

I hate it because you're not here to pray with me.

I hate it because I'm ALONE!

I hate being ALONE, Mom!!

“Pray to God because you want to.”

