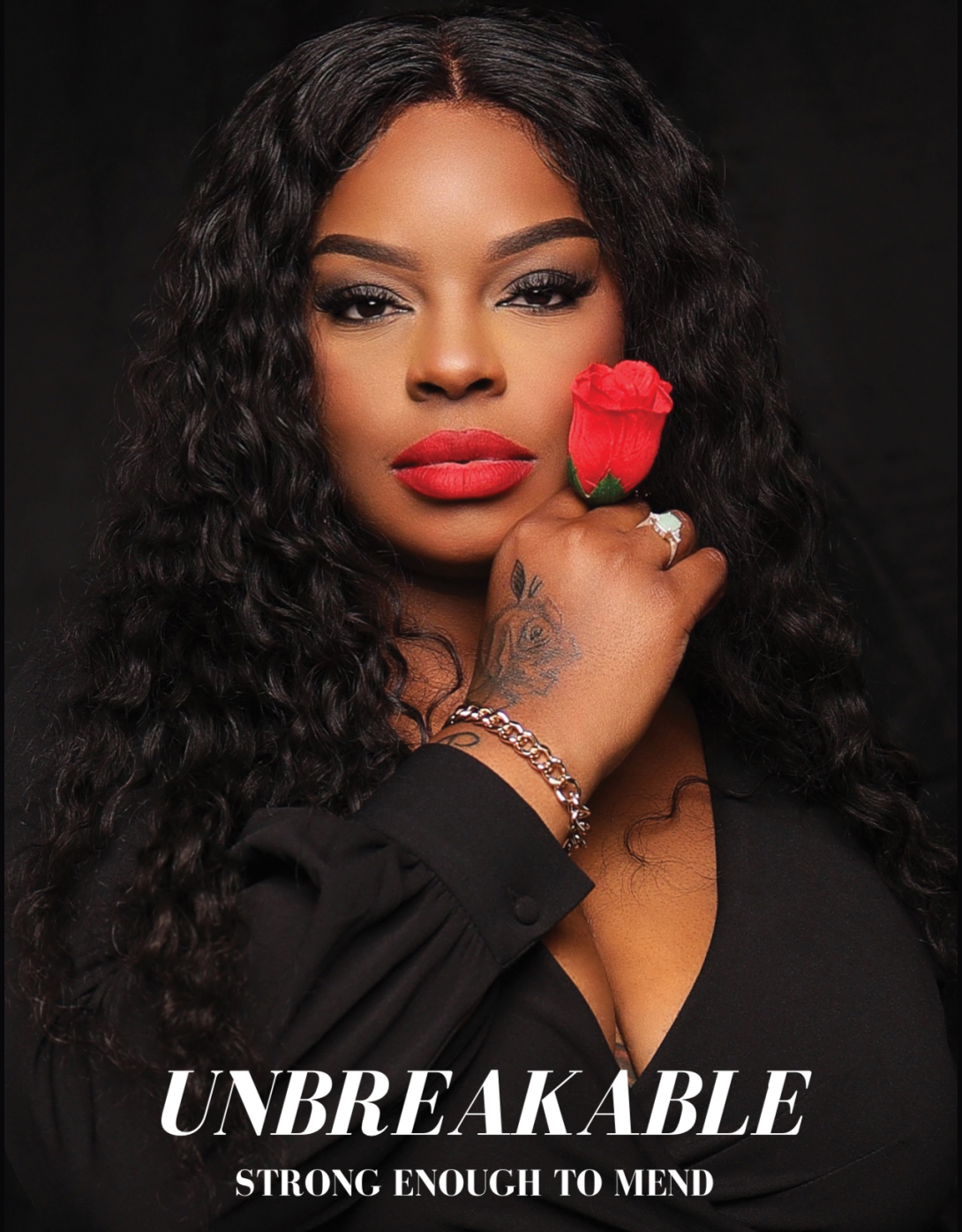
PATRICIA REBIRTH



UNBREAKABLE

STRONG ENOUGH TO MEND

FOREWORD

Keep smiling at life. These are just stories from the past. Hang in there, don't worry. God has you in his hands. He has left you with greater treasures and blessings than you could ever imagine.You have a part to play for humanity. Do not be intimidated by your own power.

He is not finished with you yet. Through all the battles and struggles, you are unbreakable, until the day you have accomplished your mission.

Go ahead, go for it!

CHAPTER ONE

The Lockers

This ideal family picture of mom and dad; it just doesn't exist. I don’t fit into that model. Although my mother faced many struggles alone without the love of her life, she has gained in strength. Today, I breathe in and out her courage and her undeniable strength. I haven’t always been that woman. Where I am now is a result of my struggle.

My father died of an epilepsy seizure at the age of 27 while my mother was still pregnant with me. It was a sad reality that forced her to quickly prepare herself for her new life.

It all started at College Français, a private school of Montreal in the 1970s. It was the era of the hippies and the time of peace and love. Mom counts them among the best years of her life. She was a very reserved and shy little woman. She had a pale complexion, well defined cheekbones, attractive wide eyes and a breathtakingly athletic body. Also, she was quite active and ran sprints during school activities.

She wasn't very popular, but that suited her, because being in the spotlight was not what she wanted. Raised in the wealthy class, this woman had a lot of principles to live by, as she grew up in a very strict household.

When she came home, she had her own routine to avoid distractions. Mom took piano lessons at one of Montreal's best music schools, Vincent d'Indy. She also took private lessons in French to improve her pronunciation and did prayer lessons. My grandmother had banned her from learning Creole so that she could master French. So, she had very limited time to make

friends.

For the first four years of high school, she took the school bus and hung out with the same friends. Luc, from Paris; Claudine and Lise, from Quebec. It wasn't until her last year of high school that she started using public transportation. She met other students there that she had never seen before.

In the 1970s, there were very few Haitians in Canada, so they used to get together in the lockers between classes to talk and get to know each other better. Some friends would rarely see each other because they were in different classes. They didn't take the same route on public transportation after school was out.

This was all new to mom, who was not used to seeing groups of Haitians together in a school environment. It was at this time that she met my father.

"Hello, are you new? This is the first time I've seen you," he said.

"Hi, no not at all, I've been here since my first grade of high school, but I've never seen you in my classes or on the bus either. In fact, I should be the one asking if you're new!", mom said.

Both of them, confused, burst out laughing.

"You got me, I'm new. I went to a different school."

From that moment on, they became very good friends. At lunchtime, they used to eat at the Greek Village Restaurant for the best souvlaki in town. After school, my father would walk with her to learn as much as possible about her. Even though he was so nice, my mom was too afraid to start a relationship with him, especially when it involved bringing him home without her mother finding out about it.

Dad, who was determined to make her his girlfriend, patiently respected her decision. Meanwhile, he continued to take her out to lunch and walk her home from school. At school, they were inseparable. People loved to see them together. Their chemistry could definitely be felt.

Months went by and Mom couldn't resist Dad's charm, even though she knew her mother would be against the relationship, she secretly started dating him. My grandmother was very strict when it came to men and intimacy.

She started to develop strong feelings. My dad was a kind and humble person. Whether strangers or family members, everyone loved this man. He carried great wisdom and good energy everywhere he went. He was a respectful person and was much appreciated at school for his kindness and friendliness.

His charisma was always noticed. He was always dressed in custom-made outfits from the great Italian designers of Montreal. With his big boots and his afro, dad had such a great aura that the staff of the stores wanted to hire him without even applying.

He was a tall, slim man with perfect pink full lips, smooth chocolate butterscotch skin, perfect as a peach. In fact, I inherited the same physical traits and personality. He was the youngest child in a family of seven siblings and was a fraternal twin. Of course, my grandmother was the only one who didn't fall for Dad's good nature.

This secret relationship wasn't so easy until that day when my grandmother overheard a phone conversation with Mom and Dad:

"I hope you can forgive me!" mom said.

"Ruth, who are you begging to forgive you, huh? Grandma yelled.

She pulled out the phone, but it wasn't dad, because he was too afraid to face her. So it was his older sister, my aunt, who took over. She was the one who told Grandma about the relationship. Therefore, Grandma ordered on the spot to have a meeting with dad as soon as possible.

All the threats and accusations that could be used to insult mom. When she hung up, she called out:

"Ruth, for all the sacrifices I made for you, the money, the time, this is what you bring me back. I hope at least it's worth it!"

A few days after this incident, my father met with Grandma. It was not an interrogation, but rather a trial in which he confessed; as if he had committed a crime and needed redemption.

However, this meeting, she didn't believe in their fairy tale. She was a noblewoman, and he certainly wasn't up to mom's standards. But deep down, she also knew that she had never known that great love she desired so much.

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