

Story of the first 16 years of my life

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By : bobbydude

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Just read it

- Conversation started July 1, 2012
- 2:34am

Anna Carney

Hey,

I'm writing this to both of you at the same time bc he gave me permission to tell you both what was going on.

Haily, I don't really know much about you, other than I think he dated you? And every time he talks about you, he looks sad. I'm not sure what happened with you guys, but he obviously misses you and hurts like hell to the point where he can barely say your name without his voice sounding as though he may cry. (And please don't mention that to him, bc he probably didn't want me to tell you that). I saw your profile, and you have a bf now, so I guess he sees it's over between you two now, and maybe he did something stupid to fuck it up bc yes, he's been known to be a player in the past. I'm sure you both know that. And it's not bc he's a bad person, it' bc he's never had a dad in his life or any positive male role model to show him how to treat a woman, so he tries to put on this "cool front" to act like he's the shit in front of his friends, so he can impress them, bc he's never been taught by a man that that is NOT the way to treat a woman. And he doesn't listen to me when I try and explain it to him. I've been trying for years to explain to him how women should be treated, and he's seen the way men have treated me, so you'd think he would realize this, but he just doesn't for some reason. And he is SUPER protective of me. NO ONE is good enough for me. He hates everyone I try and date, so I just don't even try anymore, just to try and make him happy, and one less thing for him to be mad about, bc I've dated some sorry losers in the past, and he now thinks that all men who like me are like that, and no one is good enough for me, but yet, he treats me like crap, cusses at me, yells at me all the time, etc. It's like he hates me. I know he doesn't, but I really feel like he does sometimes, especially now.

Okay, so Jackie, you know I'm a recovering alcoholic. I've got almost 4 years clean now, and up until then, I have to admit that between the ages of 8-12, Bobby had a very hard life. I'm going to start with my shit bc this is where it started, so this will be long, so be prepared...And his dad's shit too, obviously, bc he has a lot to do with it too, but the beginning is going to be about me, so you can kind of see where he's coming from. I'll probably have to finish this tomor morning though bc there's a lot.

I tried my hardest to hide it from him, bc I knew I had a problem after a while, and I knew it was taking control over my life when he was about 10 or so, but had no idea how to quit. I tried my hardest to be a good mom to him, and only drink at night to start with, and keep everything well hidden, and pretend everything was perfect, but eventually, that shit just overcomes you. You can't control it and it takes over EVERYTHING in your damn life. I was still able to hold down a job the entire time, thank God, and I made sure Bobby had food, nice clothes, nice shoes, TV/Cable, video games, skate boards and all that stuff, so he was never financially neglected, and I never wanted him to go without any of that stuff, bc I was dirt poor growing up, so I remember what it was like not having name brand stuff, and being made fun of, etc., and I NEVER wanted him to go through that, bc it scarred me for life. I HATED middle and high school bc of it, and actually got pregnant with him

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on purpose bc I hated it so much, my dad was abusive, and my parents kept moving us around all the time, so I thought if I got pregnant, I could legally get married (I was 15 when I had him-2 days before my 16th b'day and got married to his asshole dad when I was 15, who turned out to be MORE abusive than my dad, so I am grateful as hell that I had him bc I can't have kids anymore, so I know God gave him to me then for a reason, I just wish I wouldn't have married that asshole, and kept him away from Bobby bc he is DEFINITELY part of the problem too).

Anyway, after I finally turned 18 and was legal, and my dad committed suicide (turned out he was Bipolar, so he couldn't help his anger issues bc he wouldn't take his meds, so I have forgiven him completely now, since I found that out). Just wish I would have known sooner when he was alive, and maybe he wouldn't have killed himself...who knows...I was 17 when he did it, so still a kid really. He loved Bobby to death, and had moved back to Nashville, where we lived at the time with Trey, (Bobby's dad aka asshole), and he slowly started coming around to me, and wanting to build back a relationship with me and be a grandpa to Bobby, and I was hesitant bc he hurt me so bad in the past, but I was also scared of Trey, and the more my dad came around, the more Trey knew he better not touch me or Bobby, bc my dad would beat the shit out of him, so we started slowly hanging out together, going out to eat, going to the mall to walk around and talk, take Bobby to get ice cream-I remember my dad trying to feed him ice cream when he was about 1 yr old, and of course he made a huge mess, bc men don't know how to feed babies without making messes. lol And we'd just kinda hang out and talk sometimes (which was awkward bc we didn't know how to talk to each other really, bc after 17 years of abuse, it takes time to trust, and build a relationship, and he didn't ever come out and apologize for anything, bc I think he was so shameful, had so much guilt, didn't know how to communicate, and just really didn't know where to begin to say, "I'm sorry," and I understand that now).

Anyway, when my dad killed himself, I kinda lost it. I felt guilt, had unanswered questions, etc. It was horrible. He stabbed himself 9-11 times in the heart and chest area and didn't even die right away. He lived for 3 days in ICU before a blood clot traveled up to his brain stem, and he was brain dead. The first day, he was in a coma, but could still hear me and respond by squeezing my hands, flickering his eyes, and moving his feet. I was the only one in the family who saw this, bc everyone else lived in Chattanooga. (He had left my mom for another woman, and I found out later, that he had asked her if he could come back, and she said she would have to think about it, and she needed time).

When I walked in the room and saw blood stained sheets, stab wounds all over his chest and heart, and blood that hadn't been cleaned up all the way (they left them uncovered to air out), I was trying not to let him hear me cry, but I kept thinking, "No one would do this to themselves unless they were in so much pain INSIDE, that they were numb outside." I forgave him right then. I watched him for a bit before I let him know I was there, bc I was in shock, and I really didn't know what to say, but the nurse came in and said, "Jim, your daughter, Anna is here. Anna, come hold his hand. He can probably hear you, so talk to him." As soon as she said that, his eyes started flickering like crazy, his feet jerked and his hand moved, as if to reach for mine. I grabbed it, and he kept squeezing it, over and over, and flickering his eyes, as if he was trying to tell me something so damn bad, but couldn't. I told him I loved him, and he was going to make it through this, and the rest of the family was on their way from Chatt, and to hold tight, and just made light conversation, but that was the 2nd time I had ever told him I loved him. This was on Wed, Sept 17th 1997 and Sat, Sept 20th 1997, just after midnight, he was dead, and I laid with him in the hospital bed for at least an hour until finally my mom told me I needed to go home to Bobby, that he was in Heaven now, and finally at peace.

I never got over it, and began drinking after work every night, and Trey was a lazy ass and didn't work, so when I came home, I would start drinking right away, so I could get numb as soon as possible. Trey knew that since Dad wasn't around to protect us anymore, the abuse could begin again,

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and it did. And bad.

There's a lot more to the story, but I'm trying not to make this all about me, but I want you to understand where I was coming from and why I started drinking, so you understand, and then that leads up to Bobby now. And then of course all that Trey has done to him in the last 16 years.

Anyway, I when I was legal, I left Trey's sorry ass, and moved back home with my mom for a short period of time, found a job, was soon promoted to Asst. Mgr, and saved up enough to get our own apt and car in East Ridge. I wasn't drinking very often at all at that point. My main focus was Bobby and work then. And I was so proud at how much we had overcome.

Bobby doesn't remember the good times we had, but there were lots. I tried so hard to be a good mom. I was young, so didn't really know what I was doing, but I got my GED, and enrolled in Chatt St and made the Dean's List for 3 years (kept switching my majors and I had to make up high school classes, so that's why I never graduated). But during that time, I not only kicked ass in school and work, but I was a damn good mom, especially for being so young. I took him to baseball games, the Walking Bridge, the park, his favorite spot-the ridge in East Ridge so he could see "the lights," as he called it. We'd do it at least once a week at night. One day we were getting ready for church, and he was probably 5, and I said, "Hey Bobby, I have an idea!" And he said, "What Mama?" And I said, "Let's be naughty today and skip church and go to this REALLY big zoo in this place about an hour and half away, called Knoxville! It's A LOT bigger than the zoo here! You'll love it! We'll go to church next week and we'll just pray in the car. You wanna?" And he was so excited. "Yes Mama! I wanna go to the big zoo and see all of the animals! Hurry and get ready so we can be first there! Yay!! We get to skip church to go to the best zoo ever!! I love you so much Mama!" And he hugged me, and was so damn cute. And I read to him every night in his cute little race car bed up until he was about 6 or 7, and we had the pool schedule figured out perfectly at the apt complex. On the weekend, no one was there from 10am-noon, so we'd go almost every weekend and have the pool to ourselves for 2 hours.

But he doesn't remember any of this except "the lights," and it makes me so sad. He only remembers the bad shit that happened later on.

I eventually changed jobs, and even though I was Asst Mgr at this new store, I wasn't bringing in enough money, so I decided to get a PT job at a restaurant downtown. And that was when my drinking started back heavy again. (before then, it was maybe once a month??? Not much at all. Bobby, school, and work was my life). Anyway, there were a lot of college aged people who worked there, and started inviting me to go out with them. By this time, my sister, Rachel and her son and I had found a nice house to rent together to save money, and we were happy with the arrangements, bc she was in school and working too, and her son was a baby and Bobby loved him. So I started slowly going out after work, and letting my sister babysit. And then eventually, it led to me getting too fucked up to drive home, so I'd call her and beg her to lie to Bobby and tell her to tell him that I had to go to work early, and that's why I wasn't home in the morning. I felt guilty as hell, but I just couldn't stop.

And then eventually, I started dating a guy named Michael, who just started coming over to the house all the time to make it easier, so I wouldn't have to worry about staying out all night. We'd wait til Bobby went to bed, and we'd get wasted. And I couldn't quit drinking until I passed out. There was no such thing as "one or two drinks" with me. And I didn't know why. (later I found out it ran in my family, and now through counseling and AA, I also realize it was my way of dealing with my dad's death, my abusive childhood, my abusive marriage, etc. I hated "feeling" and just wanted to be numb). Finally, Rachel got pissed off bc Michael was always there, and moved out, so he moved in, but Bobby was still young, and didn't know what was going on, I don't think. I don't think he liked

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him, but I don't think he was old enough to see what was going on yet.

And I'm falling asleep, so I'll have to finish tomorrow morning. So sorry. This is just such a long, fucked up story, and the poor kid's been through hell, and is severely depressed, and I'm hoping you two can help, bc he specifically told me to tell you both everything, so I'm doing it. I just can't stay up any longer. I'll finish in the morning though. I hope you don't think bad of me. I'm not a bad person. I really and truly love him with all of my heart and soul and would do anything for him. I know I screwed up, and i can't change that, and I can't help that it's genetic, and i keep trying to warn him that it's in his genes to be an alcoholic and/or addict, and he's GOT to be careful, bc he's headed straight down that same path I went down, except worst, and faster. I cry every night thinking about it. I have so many regrets, and all i can do is apologize, and never do them again, and do what's right from now on, which I'm doing, but he just doesn't see it that way. He told me he forgave me a few times, but then throws it up in my face when he's mad, so I will forever live with this guilt of hurting my child, when all I wanted to do was be a good mom, and now that I know how, he won't let me, and it fucking kills me. I would kill for him. Seriously. You fuck with me kid, and you fuck with me, no matter how sick I am. (I have Fibromyalgia and lots of other medical issues. Not sure if he told you guys that or not, but Fibro is a very painful, horrible thing to have, so that's why I've been in bed the last few months that you've seen me Jackie. And he's pissed off at God about that too. He feels that God is taking the one person he does have who loves him unconditionally, and is punishing us. I'm not going to die from it, but it just makes me hurt all the time everywhere, and with the other medical conditions I have, it makes the pain 80x's worse, so I've had to file for disability, and am only allowed to work 5 days a MONTH now bc of it per drs orders, which is why we had to move, but I'll get to that tomor). Too tired... Thanks for caring for him and being good friends to him. He really needs it now. PLEASE let me know if he starts talking about suicide or anything like that. PLEASE. I don't have access to his FB page, so I don't know what he posts, so if you see weird posts that make you suspicious, PLEASE copy and paste them and send them to me. He's mentioned it vaguely to me a cpl times this weekend and that's why I'm letting him stay with my brother for a cpl days. My brother is going to try and talk to him and figure out what's going on since he won't open up to me right now.

Will finish tomor. Thanks again for being there for him...

- July 1, 2012
- 12:06pm

Anna Carney

Hey,

I was up so late that I overslept today, and have to head to work in a bit, so will have to finish this up tonight when I get home from work around 11pm. The plan is still for Bobby to stay with my brother for a couple more days though, so I'm hoping things don't change while I'm at work, bc he'll be safe there.

And I'm so sorry I didn't get up in time to finish this. There's so much to tell you, and he wanted me to tell you both everything, but it will take a while, as you both saw from last night's email, bc I had to start at the very beginning, so you'll REALLY know him, and what's going on in his head, and where he's come from, what he's endured, and why he's the way he is. I figured it would be best to start with me, so you'd understand where I came from, so you would understand why he was in some of the situations that he was in. I don't know if that makes sense or not, and again, I really hope that you don't think I'm a horrible person. I was so young, and was raised in a horrible environment and was completely numb for most of my life, but if there was one thing I did try to do right, it was be a

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good mom, and if you know anything about alcoholism or addiction, you know that it just takes control over your entire life no matter how much you hate it, hate yourself, and hate what you've become. I thank God every day that I was able to find AA and actually able to get sober and stay sober bc in the almost 4 years that I've been sober, I've seen moms come and go, lose their kids, prostitute themselves for drugs with their kids around, live with pimps with their kids around, be homeless with kids so they can spend what little money they get on drugs and booze, and I thank God that it never got that bad with me. It wasn't good, but it was never THAT bad, thank God.

But anyway, I just don't want you to think I'm a horrible mom bc I love him so much, and tried SO hard so many times to quit, and no matter what I tried over the years, nothing ever worked til he was 12, but I'll get to that later tonight. I just want you to know, when he was born, I remember looking down at him, and promising him that no matter what, I would always love him unconditionally, and I would tell him I loved him EVERY SINGLE DAY, no matter what (bc my parents never did that. My mom and I are really close now today, but we VERY rarely say it. It was just something that I never heard growing up), and EVERY SINGLE DAY of Bobby's life, even when I was drinking, I have said it to him, still today. Even if it's just in a text, when he's staying with a friend or something, and every time we hang up the phone, I say it to him, even if he's mad at me for something silly, bc he can't have his way or whatever, and he'll be on the verge of hanging up on me, I'll still quickly say it to him. That is ONE promise that I have never broken to him, and never will. I love him unconditionally, no matter how mean he is, if he's yelling at me, cussing at me, punching walls, threatening to run away, telling me he hates me, getting into trouble, drinking, smoking pot, doing things he KNOWS he shouldn't do, I will ALWAYS love him, and NEVER give up on him or put conditions on my love for him. No matter what. And like I said before, I will fight like hell for my son if someone messes with him.

Anyway, I'm going to be late if I don't hurry, so I'll try to finish this up tonight when I get home. Sorry it's so long, but again, he wanted you both to know everything, so I'm telling you everything, even my crap that I don't like talking about, bc it has had an affect on him, and even though I have apologized over and over again, and showed him the RIGHT path to follow now, it still doesn't ease my guilt. I'll never get rid of that, i don't think. Especially, if he doesn't start smiling again and get out of this horrible funk he's in. I will forever feel guilty for this.

- July 3, 2012
- 1:20pm

Anna Carney

Hey,

Will have to finish all of this later. As you both know, Bobby is in Valley. He has been VERY depressed lately, and has threatened to commit suicide to not only me, but the other day, he told my brother when he was spending the night with him Sat night, that he was planning on doing it soon, and doing it by taking a bunch of pills.

Of course, that scared the crap out of my brother, and he told my mom, who told him that it was time to get him some help. I didn't know anything about it at the time, bc I was on my way to work, but Bobby texted me and told me what was going on.

He told me he jumped out of the car, and called you, Jackie, to come pick him up, and a police officer caught him, and was with him. I told him I needed to talk to the cop to find out what was going on bc you could have gotten in trouble since a police report had already been made that he had run away

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and was suicidal. And yes, I deceived him, and told him I had to ask him if it was okay if you stayed with you, but it was the only way I could get him to calm down and let me talk to the cop.

By that time, I had talked to my mom, and knew what had happened and was worried sick about his safety, and the night before, I had found in his room, a bunch of rolled up pieces of paper, where he had been snorting pills, coke, or something. I also realized that he had stolen some of my pain meds that I had hidden. (I keep about 20 hidden in a drawer in my bedroom in case my purse is ever lost or stolen, and I didn't even know that Bobby knew that I had pain medication for the Fibro, bc I never told him, so apparently, he's been going through all of my stuff on a regular basis, and since I don't count anything, there's no telling what all he's stolen from me. I've just always trusted him. I just have Hydrocodone 5mg for pain-and I rarely take them, bc I don't want to become tolerant or addicted to them, so I have tons of them, and I also have Klonapin for panic attacks and muscle spasms, which I also always have leftovers of, bc of the same reason-and I don't know if Bobby knows about these or not, so don't mention it, just in case, but all the other meds I take are not narcotics or benzos, but if he wanted to, he could easily take a bunch of any of them and overdose and kill himself on them, and I never even thought about it, until we got to Valley, and the counselor there told me this. Again, I just always trusted him. He knew I needed those meds for my pain and other medical conditions, so it hurt me so bad when i found out he stole them from me, knowing that I needed them. I just don't understand...)

Anyway, the cop gave him the option of going to Valley with him or with me, and he reluctantly agreed to go with me, but the who time in the car, he told me how much he hated me, and whatnot. It was horrible.

It took forever at Valley getting him admitted, and he was angry, still cussing me out, telling me how much he hated me, etc., but when the counselor started asking him questions about drugs and alcohol, Bobby admitted to stealing my meds, smoking pot whenever he could, drinking whenever he could, trying pretty much every drug and pill out there except Meth, and sad he had done coke a few months ago. I was devastated. I knew he was smoking pot, which I didn't like, and I had caught him drunk a few times, which worried me sick, but ALL the other drugs too??? It KILLED me!!!

The counselor pulled me aside, and told me that he was more worried that Bobby would end up dead before he was 18 from drugs/alcohol than suicide bc he thought he was invincible, and just didn't seem to care about the consequences, and he was SERIOUSLY worried about him just accidentally ending up dead bc of this, and that was why he was taking him in as inpatient, and HOPING and PRAYING that Bobby would get the help he needed while there. And I agreed. I am VERY scared for his safety.

I like you both, and think you are both good influences on him, but most of his other friends in Hixson, even though I do like them, they do drugs and drink, and he CANNOT be around that. I HAVE to lay down the law when he gets out, and he may be REALLY mad at me and hate me for it, but things are going to change. I've been letting him get away with too much bc I feel guilty about my past mistakes, so I've been letting HIM run the show, and I'M the parent, and I'M in charge until he turns 18, whether he likes it or not, so like I said, things are going to change. He may hate me even more, but I'm only doing it bc I love him and HAVE to do everything I can to help lead him in the right direction, so I can save his life.

If you would like to be a part of his life, you have to PROMISE me, that you will not bring him to peoples houses that do drugs, drink, buy him alcohol, etc. This is to save is life, NOT to torture him. I promise.

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When I left Valley the other night, he made a heart out of a paperclip, and put it in my calendar/planner when I wasn't looking, and he gave me hug and told me he was sorry, and he loved me, so I really hope this works...

I'm going to see him tonight, so I'll let you guys know how he's doing...



2:42pm

Jackie Sarver

Plz do. And I swear I would never do anything to hurt bobby. I really do consider him my brother and id take a bullet for him.

- July 4, 2012
- 9:04am

Anna Carney

I know you do, and would. I saw him last night, and he was VERY angry at me again, yelling and cussing. I don't know if I've done more harm than good. I just didn't know what to do. I was trying to save him. I was NOT trying to punish him in anyway, despite what he may think now. I miss him like crazy. I did it bc I love him and am worried sick about him.

And honestly, I'm more worried about the drugs and alcohol and anger issues that he has than I am about the suicidal threats. When we were doing his intake assessment there, I had NO idea how many drugs he had done, and how recently, and with as much anger as he has built up inside of him, and the way he thinks he's invincible, I'm more worried about him being killed by someone before he's 17 or 18, than I am about him killing himself. That, or him accidentally killing himself by ODing on the wrong stuff. It just makes me sick to my stomach to think that the baby I had a few years ago who was so innocent, is not only not a baby anymore, but drugs and alcohol have taken his innocence away from him. I can't stop crying.

Jackie, I have to work tonight, 4-midnight, and visiting and phone hours are from 5:30-6:60pm and he wants you to call him. You have to call the main number for Valley, which is 894-4220, and ask to speak to Robert McCullough, who's on the adolescent unit, and say his patient ID # is 4490. If you don't have his ID number, they won't let you talk to him, but he did specifically ask me to have you call him tonight if you can.

I'll call him too, but I don't think he wants to talk to me at all, so just tell him I love him more than anything, bc he's not listening to anything I say. Thanks for being such a good friend to him.

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