

# THE JOURNEY



WALKING IN  
GOD'S GRACE,  
MERCY,  
AND BLESSINGS

KATINA HORTON

I give all glory, honor, and praise to God for the opportunity to share this book with you. This book is dedicated to all the women and children who have suffered any kind of abuse, trauma, divorce, PTSD, homelessness, illness, hunger, and the never-ending drama of the family court system. I dedicate this book to the following people: all the women who lost themselves due to being in an unhealthy relationship, my mother who worked tirelessly to support me on a single parent income, my grandmother, "Madea", who I miss dearly, and helped to raise me as a child, my wonderful support group friends whom God has so richly blessed me with, my small group moms over the last several years, every person that has encouraged me, my family, and all my dear Sisters in Christ.

I hope that you find peace and rest in God alone, the author and finisher of our faith. Psalms 141: 8 "But our eyes are unto thee O God the Lord: in thee is my trust; leave not my soul destitute." I hope that the love of God will help you to find self-worth, your identity in him as his daughter, a daughter of the King, and your purpose in life. All the content in this book are actual events that took place. Names of some of the individuals in this book have been changed to protect and respect the privacy of the people involved.





## CHILDHOOD

Everybody has a story. No matter how painful they are, our stories are our stories. They are messy, soul-wrenching, and filled with brokenness. But at the end of the day, they are our stories. Sometimes we wish that we could take an eraser and remove all the bad parts, like we removed the cursive words on the chalkboard when the teacher was done teaching class.

However, there is one thing that is true. Rejecting our stories does not make our stories look better. For when we reject our stories, we are in essence rejecting ourselves.

When we reject ourselves, then we accept non-integration of ourselves. Non-integration of ourselves means rejection of wholeness. And finally, rejection of wholeness

means acceptance of splitting and limited healing.

And we do not want that.

Every one of our stories represent a patch on the quilt called humanity. Our stories are important because they help us understand our wiring, our identity, and the whys behind both. They help our children and further generations put the pieces of the puzzle together for their own lives.

Our stories do not just involve us. They go back several generations. If I went back to the beginning of my story, I would have to go back to Africa, where my ancestors were sold as slaves, then placed on ships headed to America against their will. But I won't go back that far.

I will go back to the South, specifically Opelousas, Louisiana, where my grandmother was born. In most black families, everybody has either a Big Momma, Nana, or Madea who is the matriarch of the family. We had a "Madea". She was officially named Beatrice Ford, born from the union of Ophelia and Walter Ford. Her parents had five children: three boys and two girls.

Madea's brothers were Robert, Clarence, and Walter. And her sister was named Ophelia, after their mom.

Sadly, their

mother, Ophelia, died when my grandmother was around four years old. The only thing that she remembered about her mom is the fact that she spoke French and her skin complexion was blue-black. Blue-black was a term that I had heard in the black community for someone who was so dark and beautiful, that their skin seemed to shine with an almost blueish, golden illumination.

Madea and Ophelia ended up sporting shaven, boyish haircuts due to their father having some sort of machinery accident. I guess he figured combing hair would be one less thing that he had to be concerned about.

Although my grandmother only attended school until the fifth grade, she was there long enough to learn how to read. Her next step after fifth grade was helping the family make a living. Madea never grew tired of telling me and my cousins about her fifth-grade teacher getting on the boys for their naughty behavior towards her in class: "Please don't hit Beatrice on her big legs." If this were an Instagram quote, this would be where the laugh out loud emoji would be inserted.

Later on, Madea and her family parted ways. It was kind of like an Abraham and Lot situation, where Abraham gave Lot first pick as to which land that him and his family would live on. Except in this case, I am not sure of the background story of how Madea and her sister Ophelia ended up in Memphis, Tennessee, and their brothers in Angleton, Texas.

