Content Category: Letters from Miriam

Dear Anesa,

I hope you are well and enjoying the life of an author. So much has changed for me since the events you recount in Our Orbit. I thought you would like to know that despite everything I went through as a girl, I turned out alright.

Social workers aren’t wrong that getting bounced from one foster family to another is disruptive, even when those families are good and mean well. Still, I’ve come to regard those years as enriching. I learned that Daddy Winslow didn’t have the only view of right versus wrong that a person might consider. He aimed to always be right with God, and I respect that, but how could God want a man to be so stubborn against the government that he would end up in prison and away from his family? It wasn’t charity, defending innocent lives, or speaking out against blasphemy and other sins that landed him in trouble. It was keeping two sets of books and avoiding taxes. It says right in the scripture that when Jesus was asked about money and taxes, he said: ‘Render unto Caesar what is Caesar’s.’ I reckon that means that money hasn’t got much to do with the Christian soul. We all know it has no value at all in the next world. But while we’re in this one, I’d think the best thing to do is play by the rules. We shouldn’t be too attached to how much of worldly things we keep. It took me a long time to realize this, but it no longer feels like a sin to say Daddy wasn’t right about everything.

It might be that he was a little too crazy about guns, too. I know it’s every American’s right to own and keep them, but we shouldn’t be so quick to use them. I don’t like what Josh picked up from him on this account. Things could have been so much different for Josh.

As I write this I’m giving lots of thought to what the news media have been calling ‘The Ray Rice Scandal.’ It seems like every week now there’s another story about a sports star that’s too rough with the woman he loves. I’ve been down my own dark stretch of road with men who act that way. I have the scars to prove it. Do you think it was something in my childhood, in the way I was brought up, that left me vulnerable to such things? No woman should blame herself when she’s the victim of violence… just, no. You shouldn’t. But it’s hard not to wonder sometimes in what ways I might have invited that violence to myself… or how to avoid it instead. With prayer, I’m healing. Good Lord willing, I may even grow in understanding.

Thank you for reading and thanks for telling my story.

Your friend,

Miriam

P.S. Yes, please share this on your blog, if you care to. Your readers who know my story (and other stories like mine) might have some good things to say. I will be eager to read any wise advice.