

# **MY STORY**

## **Chapter 1**

**Let me introduce myself; my name is Magdaline Slatewood. I am a lover of life itself, whether it's living now or the hereafter. Seeing other people happy makes me happy. I have always been surrounded by a family that loved me. Not every day I received big hugs, kisses or them saying I love you's, but I was shown unconditional love through the struggles that my parents had to go through to provide for us as a family. We always had plenty of food to eat and a shelter over our heads. My mother married at the age of 15 to my stepfather and 7**

**of my siblings were born. After he passed away, she met my dad, who had 8 kids, and they got married. Within their marriage 2 more kids were born; my brother and I. Take notice that some of my siblings were grown and gone when I was born, but my parents saw to us establishing and having a relationship.**

**Growing up in the middle of two families felt great, but somewhat difficult. It was like I had an extended family. In my case, my dad and mom own their own houses. My dad made a living farming and wanted my mom to move with him after marriage, because that's how a typical marriage is supposed to be. But my mother had**

**her own home through her first marriage and she was determined to keep her independence to make sure that her kids would always have a place to live. Even though my dad's wife and my mom's husband were deceased, when the two met, there were younger kids involved; anytime kids are involved in a 2nd marriage, there can be a level of conflict. Kids are strange; it's hard for them to think for one minute that there maybe someone else coming between them and their parents. It takes two God-fearing people to be on one accord to work through obstacles like this in a marriage. My momma stayed in her**

**house and my dad kept his house.  
Sometimes it seemed as if I was  
living in a single parent home, but that  
wasn't the case at all.**