

“LIFE IS A BED OF ROSES;
YOU JUST HAVE TO KNOW HOW TO
LIE IN IT, WITHOUT GETTING PRICKED”

The Cry
OF A WIDOW

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The Cry of a Widow

“Life is a bed of roses; you just have to know how to lie in it, without getting pricked”

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Table of Contents

Dedication	v
Acknowledgments	vii
A Simple Prayer	ix
Introduction	1
The Cry of a Widow	3
When I First Saw You	5
The Cry of a Widow	27
Being Home	51

DEDICATION:

This book is dedicated to my children

Joanna and Breanna Davis

*I also dedicate this book to all the widows and widowers
throughout the world!*

Acknowledgments

First and foremost, I would like to thank God for being my best friend in times of trouble, and for always providing for me, even when I didn't have faith. Furthermore, I would like to thank Him for keeping me sane, and not letting me give up on myself and my children.

To all my family members who have been there throughout the years: Joanna, Breanna, Deon, Kim, Jessica, Alfonso, Ms. Grata, Dexter, Eddie, Petol, Shirlett, Jeanell, David, Aunt Mary, Wade, Uncle Toni, Jane, my mother-in-law, my father-in-law, my grandmother-in-law; my mother, father, and sisters

Church members and close friends: Hannah, Rani-ah, Josephine, Chantel, Susie, Engedi, Joy, Melissa, Nicole, Bro. Columbus, Bro. Duel, Bro. Jezreel, Bro. James, Tearza, Bro. Hassan, Bro. Jahaweh, Bro. Daniel, Bro. Zachariah, Bro. Zacheus, Bro. Zachery, Bro. LC, Sarah, Bro. Michael, Nikki, Bro. Reuben, Bro. Joseph, Bro. Aaron, Bro. Aubrey, etc.

Please forgive me, if I forgot to mention you; thank you once again for your, emotional, physical, and financial support throughout the years.

A simple prayer

Lord, thank you for this day:
Thank you for once again showing up and showing out.
I brag about you daily; I tell my friends, family, and
co-workers what a wonderful job you have done for me.

Lord, please don't be mad, when I say, "I don't know how I'm
going to pay my bills today, or what food
I shall eat tomorrow."

I know you have proven yourself over and over again; you
would think that by now, I would know that my bills will get
paid, and that my tummy shall be filled.

It's just that sometimes — well, you know ...
I'm working on it!

Lord, please forgive me for my sins — the ones that I know
about, and the ones that I don't!

It's just that sometimes — well, you know ...
I'm working on it!

Introduction

Many people have asked me the question: “How do you do it?” My answer has always been the same: “By the grace of God.” It’s sad to say; I knew of God, but I didn’t have a personal relationship with Him. I didn’t know what He was capable of, until I was placed in an unexpected situation. The death of my husband brought me closer to Him. I’m happy for the opportunity to build a relationship with Him, however; I wish it had been under different circumstances.

For years, people have admired my strength. They look at me and say: “Wow, you’re a strong sister!” Little do they know that I have cried myself to sleep many nights. I didn’t share with them what I was going through, and of course, they thought I was doing just fine! For years I focused and depended on my husband to be there. It didn’t matter to me whether or not we lived under a bridge. I never thought that he could die. Often, wives focus on the things that would please their husbands and the husbands their wives. We talk about our husbands all the time, good and bad! Unaware, we make them idols.

When they’re gone, the first thing that comes out of our mouths is, “Lord ... I don’t know how I’m going to take care

THE CRY OF A WIDOW

of myself and my children.” After the death of my husband, I didn’t know if I was coming or going.

I used to sit on my couch with my phone in my hands, contemplating whether I should call 911. I wanted to call them and say, “Please come and get me; I’m crazy.” I was in a state of severe depression. I thought it would be best if I checked myself into a mental institution. I didn’t think that I was capable of taking care of my children. I felt that I was doing a horrible job. People often told me that I was doing a great job with myself and my children. They saw what I couldn’t see. I believe that perhaps they thought I was doing a great job because my children and I were always well-dressed. One thing I did right, was dress-up and show-up.

They say you shouldn’t ask God why, but I wanted to know why. Was it something that I did? Was I being punished? Was it just his time? Was he being punished? They say, “God wouldn’t put more on you than you can bear.” I felt that this was way too much for me to bear. Because of this experience, I have learned to put my trust in God. It doesn’t mean that I always have faith in Him. Sometimes my faith is weak, and then I look back and remember what He has done for me.

Every time you feel like you’re losing it, you’re not!

Every time you feel like giving up, you won’t!

From one widow to another: the Lord takes care of the widow and the fatherless. He has a special love for us. So, be careful what you ask for, because you just might get it!

The Cry of a Widow

Lying in my bed, I turned to my side and discovered that John was not next to me. I got out of bed, thinking to myself, *It's just another Sunday*. I walked over to the living room, and looked out the window. I noticed something very strange. My car was wet, but so was John's. *Did it rain?* I asked myself. I had to take a closer look, so I went outside. As I approached the two vehicles, I was astonished. I looked around me, and found the apartment complex completely dry, which led me to believe that John must have washed the cars. This was odd to me, because normally, John didn't wash my car. I had been begging him for months to wash my car. His answer was always the same: "Do it yourself."

Still in my pajamas, I quickly rushed to get back inside. I then noticed John's raft leaning up against our apartment. The raft was dripping with water. *He must have been out on the lake earlier*, I thought. I went back inside and headed toward the bedroom to check on the children. They were still asleep.

I decided to wash the baby bottles and prepare breakfast. A few minutes later, John walked in. "Good morning,

THE CRY OF A WIDOW

sweetheart,” he said. Already feeling overwhelmed and slightly depressed that morning, I mumbled, “Good morning.” He placed a box of donuts on the kitchen counter. He then anxiously shared something very remarkable and mysterious. “I saw the most beautiful bird this morning while I was out on the lake. It flew from out of the sky and into the water. It then caught a fish and flew away with it. Oh, baby — I wish I’d had a camera; I would have taken a picture,” he said. I just looked at him and didn’t respond. “I know where the fishes are, and I’m going to catch some. Maybe we can cook it on the grill,” he continued.

“Okay” I responded. We had intended on grilling, in celebration of my twenty-fifth birthday. *I guess we’ll have grilled chicken and fish*, I thought. It didn’t matter to me if he wanted to grill a cat.

I just knew one thing; I ain’t gotta cook. ”See you later, sweetheart,” he said, as he walked out the door. Rolling my eyes, I looked up at him as he walked out. I looked over at the alarm clock that was sitting on the kitchen counter. It was 11:45 a.m. I continued to wash the baby bottles.

