

Kristin Anderson

Whispers Of A Troubled Mind

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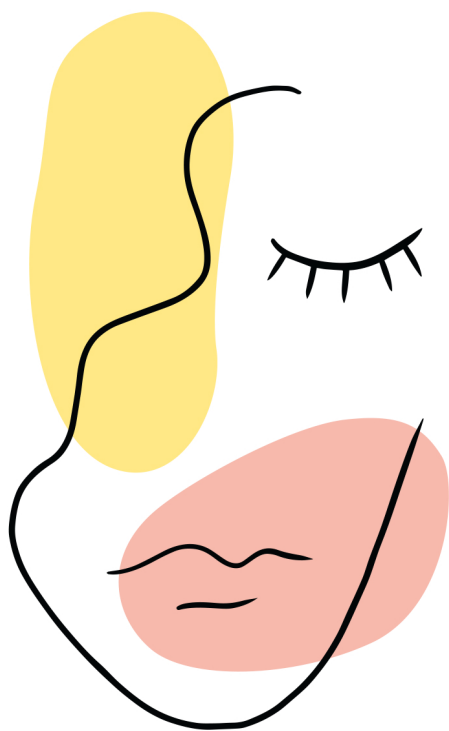
To my husband, my best friend, my soulmate, Wadel. Thank you for never giving up on me, even at my lowest. I promise to stand by your side as I rise to the top. To my children Breanna, Jayden, Jordan & Kayla (Forever19–RIP). You are my inspiration & motivation. I thank God daily for blessing me with the honor of being your mom. To my family my heart & my hope. I love you ♡ This book is for you.

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Days Of My Life....

There have been days when I smiled a little brighter and laughed a little harder. There have been days when all you seen was the sparkle in my eyes, nothing even close to water. There have been days when the pain didn't hurt so bad & days when simple things like honey buns didn't make me sad. There were days when I felt strong enough to move mountains and days when I thought fun would never end & the hours flew by counting. There wasn't a sad thing I could say. Those are called my Good Days.

There have been days when a smile from me wasn't anywhere in sight. There have been days I've prayed for a reason to fight. There have been days when I've cried enough to fill a river. I've even had days of my heart being so cold I could make the devil shiver. There have been days when my pain has been at an all-time high and suicide was the only thing I could see behind my eyes. There have been days when I felt so weak that air might break me and I just wanted God to take me. Days when my anger has me set in my ways. Those are called my Bad Days.

There have been days when I wanted to give up but I still chose to fight. There have been days I've done wrongs and still tried to make them right. There have been days when I pushed through the pain with a thousand tears in my eyes and days I forced my will to live not to die. There have been days when my strength was all I would need and I made any reason my reason to breathe. For this strength only God gets praise. These are called my Today's.

The Four Things You Can't Get Back

The stone, once thrown, lands with a thud,
Its ripples spreading through my blood.
Words, like arrows, sharp and cold,
Leave scars untold, yet stories unfold.
The moments missed, the doors once closed,
Opportunities lost, pain exposed.
And time, relentless, forever gone,
Pulling me further, yet urging me on.
I carried the weight, a heart bruised and worn,
Memories of harm that left me torn.
The echoes of hurt, they whispered loud,
Binding me tightly in a shadowy shroud.
But through the cracks, a light would seep,
Revealing truths I'd buried deep.
Each wound, a lesson, a seed to sow,
Each tear, a river where wisdom would grow.
I learned to speak, to heal, to stand,
To shape my world with a steady hand.
For though the past can't be undone,
Its lessons shine like the rising sun.
The stone taught strength, the words gave voice,
The missed occasions shaped my choice.
And time, though fleeting, showed me grace—
A fleeting gift, not a race.

So I look at the glass, no longer half-empty,
Each wound a reminder of growth a-plenty.
The four things I can't get back, it's true,
But they've made me stronger, and so can you.