

Scared
Of
Lonely

When love is everything & trust is fragile

L.A. LOGAN

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Scared of Lonely

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Scared of Lonely

Giving all honor and glory to the most high, my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Without Him I truly would be nothing. It is because of Him I move, live and have my being. I thank Him for the gift of writing and feel very blessed that He trusts me to use it responsibly.

I want to thank my children, Doneysha and Jayden. The two of you make me better. Thank you for willingly embracing a journey you didn't ask to be on and sharing your mother with so many others. I'm blessed to have children with great hearts who are willing to follow their mother anywhere, all while taking care of whatever I need.

Thank you to the rest of my family. I love each and every one of you and pray God's blessings over your life.

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This book is dedicated to anyone who has found himself or herself in an unhealthy relationship but doesn't have the courage to leave. The thought of change is always scary but the reality of change is so fulfilling as long as it's healthy. – Psalms 27:13

Chapter 1

Ebonie

“You look great in that, Momma! I insist on you having it,” Ebonie said, with a smile beaming from ear to ear.

“Baby girl, you can’t keep giving your clothes away. I know I’m your Momma but how will you ever make a profit if you keep giving me everything?” Ms. Edna asked her only daughter as she admired herself in the mirror wearing the soft yellow suit.

“Momma, you can’t be serious right now. When I go see my merchandise supplier I keep a special eye out for things just for you and money is of no importance when it comes to my favorite bishop’s wife,” Ebonie answered, while placing the other three suits she had picked out for her mother in a protective dress bag.

Ebonie wondered why she had to go through this same conversation with her mother each time she came to her store. Surely by now Ms. Edna had to know her money was no good at Ebonie’s store. She enjoyed shopping for her mother and dressing her in the latest dresses and suits, which were special ordered.

“Baby, you know Momma appreciates everything you do, but I must give you a little something once in awhile. You know First Lady Hattie told me that hat you gave me last month was worth \$3000 by itself,” Ms. Edna said, hoping her daughter would deny the cost.

“Really? Well tell Lady Hattie to count her own money. It’s rude and unchristian like to count what you *think* is in other people’s pockets,” Ebonie said, shaking her head.

This was not the first time and she was sure it would not be the last that some sly comment was made about what it cost for her mother to be dressed in the latest First Lady fashions. As far as Ebonie was concerned, her mother had earned every penny of the money she and her father had received for dedicating 40 years and counting of their life to the ministry. A ministry that, at times, felt like it was not worth the six plus figures they earned from time to time.

Ebonie made sure whatever she purchased for her mother was at least a season ahead of production for the regular population. By the time most had the option to buy, District Missionary Edna Hawkins had already worn it to the local, state or national conventions.

“Ebonie LaTrice, I taught you better than that. Is that anyway for a First Lady to talk?” Ms. Edna asked with a stern tone.

Ebonie knew she was out of line with her last comment and she knew her mother would not let it slide. Although Ebonie, herself, had been a first lady for the past ten years, she still had her moments when that unruly spirit, which had been showing up uninvited a lot as of late, would slip out without warning.

“Momma, you know I don’t mean any harm, I was only joking around. Besides, if I can’t joke with you, whom can I do it with?” Ebonie asked in a softer tone in an effort to prevent any more scolding from her mother.

Ebonie always hated to upset her parents. Mainly because she saw how the ministry stressed them throughout the years. Bishop Millard Sylvester Hawkins and District Missionary Edna Jean Hawkins loved serving in the dynasty of a ministry they had built with the Lord's help. Even when the devil got busy in the church, as well as in their home, they stayed faithful and believed God would work it out. One of the many things Ebonie loved about her parents was their faith. Their faith was strong and she never saw it waiver, not once. She quietly watched them faithfully maneuver through so many personal trials and tribulations, all while making it look easy to those watching from afar. It seemed nothing could make them trade in their Bible for the opportunity to personally handle the madness that was taking place. Not even when her youngest brother, Vincent fell from grace and not even when she, herself, had done the unthinkable. They held on to their faith in God.

Ebonie felt she could never do enough for her parents to make up for all they forgave and continued to forgive when it came to their children. After all, it was a well-known fact that preacher's kids were the worst on the planet and Ebonie, as well as her siblings, had done their fair share in proving that theory to be true.

"It's okay to joke, but there are some things you just don't joke about. What if somebody had overheard you? Then what? You know with all this new techno stuff in the world, people can hear through the walls. You know people can twist your words and before you know it, they will be having an emergency church meeting about you while you're fighting to get your integrity back!" Ms. Edna said, shaking her head with worry all over her face.

Ebonie instantly felt numb. She knew exactly what her mother was referring to and Ebonie did her best to fight the tears that were resting heavily on her bottom eyelids.

“Momma, I apologize. Really, I didn’t mean any harm. That was very thoughtless of me,” Ebonie said, walking towards her mother.

Ebonie was talking about the comment she had made moments before and so much more.

“Ain’t no sense in being sorry. Some things we just can’t change. Baby, I’m sorry that things are the way they are. I need to work on being your momma instead of your First Lady,” Ms. Edna said, hugging her daughter as tight as her fragile arms would allow.

“It’s okay, Momma. One day the air won’t be so thick and it will all blow over,” Ebonie said, doing her best to believe what she had just spoken.

“And this, too, shall pass; that’s what the word says, baby. We just have to wait on the Lord. In due time, baby, in due time,” Ms. Edna said, slowly releasing her daughter from her embrace.

“Momma, can I ask you a question?” Ebonie asked, as a lone tear trailed down her right cheek.

“Baby girl, of course you can. You can ask Momma anything,” Ms. Edna responded with a look of concern.

Ebonie desperately tossed her question around in her head. Ebonie knew what she wanted to ask but was not sure how to form the question without raising suspicion as to why she was asking. She knew her mother was a very wise woman and not much got past her, no matter how nicely it was dressed up.

“Baby girl, spit it out. You can ask me anything. I put my feelings back on the shelf,” Ms. Edna said with a reassuring smile.

That made Ebonie even more uncomfortable. Ebonie remembered many things about growing up in the Hawkins household. One of the things her mother would often say had to do with her feelings, the Bible and the shelf.

Whenever one of the kids or lay members would forget they were children of the King, her mother would say the same thing.

“No ma’am, you ain’t gonna make me take my feelings off the shelf in exchange for my Bible.” or “No sir, what you ain’t fix’n to do is make me put my Bible on the shelf and let my feelings wrestle with you awhile.” Ms. Edna had all types of sayings she would freely speak when pushed to the limit.

“What you chuckling about, child? The question has you that tickled?” Ebonie heard her mother ask with an inquisitive look.

Ebonie had been caught up in one of the many memories she would have about growing up with the Bishop and the First Lady. She had no idea she was chuckling.

“I was just thinking about my childhood, Momma, that’s all,” Ebonie responded with a gentle smile.

Her childhood was challenging, but the good memories outweighed the negatives hands down.

“You having trouble asking me something about your childhood, sweetheart? This is the same thing you did as a child, dance around a question until someone else took the lead. I could never understand why you did it—nervous energy I’m guessing. Your childhood made you nervous?” Ms. Edna asked, clearly confused.

“No, Momma. My question has nothing to do with my childhood,” Ebonie answered, still struggling to form her real question, while hating the fact that her mother could always see right through her.

“Well, what is it? The Bishop will be to get me soon and I don’t know if you would want him to hear what it is,” Ms. Edna offered, still confused.

Ebonie took a deep breath as if she was about to leap off the high diving board.

“Have you ever wanted to do something else with your life, Momma?” Ebonie asked, knowing instantly by the look of horror on her mother’s face that the question did not come out right.

“Other than serving the Lord? Of course not! Your great grandmother, Beatrice was a powerful woman of God and so was your grandmother, Florentine. They made serving the Lord look easy and the one thing they instilled was to serve Him until He called us home. I knew since I was a small child that this was what I was supposed to be doing. You not still thinking about starting up a singing career, are you? You have a family to look after, young lady,” Ms. Edna answered, looking up in the air as if her own mother and grandmother, though now deceased, were in the room.

“Momma, that’s not quite what I meant. I love serving the Lord, too. I just wonder sometimes...Momma, I want to do more...” Ebonie stopped, while wondering if this was really a conversation she should have with her mother.

“You wonder *what*, exactly? *What* exactly is it you want?” Ms. Edna pried, while her right eyebrow rose slightly.

“Momma, I just wonder sometimes if I’m really walking in the calling God has for me.” Ebonie said, looking away from her mother.

Ms. Edna was silent but she nodded her head as a sign, letting Ebonie know to continue explaining herself.

“Momma, I sometimes feel that I’m walking in someone else’s calling. That I’ve somehow lost or never found out *who* I really am.” Ebonie said, her last three words trailed off.

“How could you think that, dear? You made the decision to marry young and become a mother. Outside of that, you have a very powerful ministry. There are several of the young ladies in your church who look to you for guidance.

They will go to you for help before they would a seasoned saint such as myself. I don't understand your confusion about your ministry when that is what you were born to do," Ms. Edna said, looking at her daughter in disbelief.

"Momma, I know I have a calling on my life, but I am having doubts about *where* and *how* my ministry is being used," Ebonie answered, her eyes shifting from right to left, refusing to settle them on her mother.

"Dear, what do you mean? What you are saying doesn't make a lick of sense to me. Are you feeling okay? Did something happen to cause you to start doubting yourself? Your ministry?" Ms. Edna asked, feeling her daughter's forehead.

"Momma, I'm fine but my life, well that is another message in itself," Ebonie answers, now ready to just spell it all the way out for her mother.

"What's wrong with your life, baby girl? Is there something you're not telling me?" Ms. Edna asked, doing her best to put worry back on the shelf.

"That's exactly what I want to know, Momma Edna." Both ladies turned towards the direction of the deep baritone voice that had startled them both.

Ebonie did her best to smile through her internal pain as her eyes met those of her husband, Trenton Malcolm O'Hare, Sr.

Chapter 2

Trenton

“Hello, Trenton! How long have you been standing in quiet corners? You about gave me a heart attack, young man!” Ms. Edna responds in a dry tone while giving him a slight hug.

“I can’t complain, just thankful to see another day of the Lord’s work. And how is my favorite mother-in-law doing on this fine Monday afternoon?” Trenton asked, ignoring what she actually asked, while already knowing what the response was going to be to his counter question.

“I *always* knew you had another mother-in-law stashed away somewhere. *This* mother-in-law is doing just fine this afternoon. Was enjoying some quiet time with my *only* daughter before you came.” Ms. Edna responded, with joking words, but a very serious tone.

Trenton knew deep down inside his mother-in-law could not stand the fact he was the one her daughter fell in love with. He had tried everything in his power to win Ms. Edna over, but he still had not managed to accomplish that. The

entire time he was courting Ebonie he was also courting her mother. Whatever he bought Ebonie he did the same for Ms. Edna. There were several times when Ms. Edna not so politely turned down things he would offer to her.

“How many times will I have to tell you that I’m not for sale and neither is my daughter?” Trenton remembered her often saying to him.

“I assure you I’m not trying to buy anyone. I’m simply sharing my gratitude of you *allowing* me to date your daughter.” Trenton would respond, purposely letting her think he was only pursuing the relationship because of her blessing.

He was telling the truth. Trenton was madly in love with Ebonie and even though he was consorting with the enemy, he was determined to win her hand in marriage.

Ebonie was the first woman that really made him wait when it came to the church’s taboo subject of sex. She actually taught him intimacy, and was able to do so without even touching him in a sexual way. That not only made Trenton want her more but he openly chased her, which was something he had never done with any other woman.

Back then Trenton Malcolm O’Hare could get any woman he wanted, simply off his name and title alone. Yes, he was working in the ministry but that was mainly because he felt there was no choice. His father, Bishop Jessie Dean O’Hare, Sr. made it clear to all of his children he would not accept anything less from them.

“Now, now, Ms. Edna. You are my one *and* only mother-in-law. Besides, I know the good Lord broke the mold when He made you,” Trenton answered, smiling while looking at both his wife and her mother.

“Uh, baby. What are you doing here?” Ebonie asked, refusing to allow the thickness that was seeping into the room to go any further.

“I am expecting a shipment today, so I decided to not only pick it up personally but also take my lovely wife and my in-laws to a late lunch,” Trenton offered, now kissing his wife gently on her soft right cheek.

Ebonie was the poster child for natural beauty as far as Trenton was concerned. He would never forget the first time he saw her as more than Bishop Hawkins untouchable daughter. He saw her as a top contender to have the rare pleasure of being ‘touched’ by the heavily sought after bachelor he had come to be known as back then.

It was at one of the many State Youth Musicals they would have during the year. Everybody would come from far and near to attend Missouri Heights District State services, regardless of what church affiliation they had. Anyone who attended was guaranteed to hear good music, good testimonies and a glorifying, life altering word from the Lord. It was a guarantee someone would also catch the Holy Ghost if the mothers and missionaries tarried long enough with them.

When the Spirit was high, time was of no essence and it was nothing for church services to last up to 11:55pm, just in time for the Midnight Musical to start. If you did not stay for the musical you were expected to leave your offering, especially if you held a position in the church.

At that time their fathers’ close friendship had all but fallen apart. Nobody really knew the depth of the feud except for the Hawkins and O’Hare kids and they dare not talk about it outside the four walls of their homes.

Back then Bishop Hawkins was the Second Administrator to the Presiding Bishop over Missouri Heights District, Toliver Beacon Jones, better known as Bishop T. B. Jones, whom was soon to retire. Bishop O’Hare was the First Administrator and based off the

denomination bylaws he would be the next Presiding Bishop over the thriving jurisdiction.

The memory of the night Ebonie was singing lead on the song “Livin” by The Clark Sisters and how she had the room’s full attention would never be forgotten. Trenton always knew she could sing but he had no idea how powerful her voice really was.

The more Trenton watched her bellow out each word and hit octaves he did not know she possessed, the more his curiosity started to peak. When Ebonie got more and more into the song, her bright pink skirt began to sway with each back and forth movement of her hips. Although her skirt stopped below her knees, Trenton became more intrigued by this diamond in the rough he had been overlooking all this time. Ebonie was no longer the beautiful shy girl he had known for all those years but had now become a woman right before his eyes.

Trenton did his best not to give Ebonie the unholy eyes he had so famously given to every other young lady he sought out during the state meetings. Before he heard Ebonie sing, he had already had his eyes on Dyane Nooks, a visitor from Missouri Fullerton District. Her father was the state minister of music and word around the jurisdictions was Pastor Nooks did not play when it came to his daughters. He had five of them and kept them under lock and key. Those were the type of girls Trenton liked to manipulate the most, the ones that had parents who felt he was not good enough for them. His plan had been to have all five of his daughters—that were of legal age, that is.

Trenton’s unholy trip down memory lane was disrupted by the voice of his wife.

“Baby, I am not sure Momma and Daddy will be able to do lunch. Daddy will be here any minute to pick Momma up and he may already have plans for the two of them,”

Ebonie answered, forcing Trenton to re-join the present conversation.

Trenton stood there for a moment staring at his wife. Ebonie still looked the same to him. Her skin was still the color of brown sugar and it was just as soft as it was the first time he had ever touched it. She still had her very pretty; nicely straighten white teeth and a smile that melted his heart. He always thought she looked just like Gabrielle Union, his childhood television crush. His brother Jessie teased him to this day saying that was the only reason why he fell for Ebonie to begin with.

Before acknowledging his wife's explanation, Trenton slowly inhaled in an effort to guard his response.

"Is that so?" He asked, still staring at Ebonie.

"Yes, it is so. Why didn't you call the Bishop last night and ask him about lunch today?" Ms. Edna interjected, noticing the quiet eye conversation her daughter and son-in-law seemed to be engaged in.

"Had I called last night, my invitation just now would not be last minute Ms. Edna." Trenton said, now looking at her with much softer eyes.

Trenton always seemed to be in an unspoken battle with his in-laws. He knew the relationship would be challenging, but after being married to their daughter for eleven years, it seemed to get worse instead of getting any better.

As Ms. Edna went into her thoughts about him knowing how busy they all are and how inconsiderate it was of him to just assume they would drop everything because he invited them to lunch, Trenton allowed his mind to escape back to the night he heard Ebonie clearly singing to him about the kind of life she'd liked to live in order to leave her parents for him.

"Enjoyed you tonight, Ebonie," Trenton remembered saying nonchalantly.

“Why thank you, Trenton. I can’t believe how God used me during that song. You know Daddy was not too excited about me singing that particular song,” Ebonie said, while gathering her purse and red bible.

“Really? Why?” he asked, already knowing the answer.

Their parents were a lot alike, stuck in the old church.

“He said the song sounded too worldly. That there was no way on this side of Heaven Jesus was what they were really singing about. Can you believe he said that to me? I always try not to go against Daddy but I know I felt the Spirit of the Lord all over me when I was singing!” Ebonie answered, with excitement while gently bracing Trenton’s arm in an effort to keep from stumbling.

Trenton still remembered the surge of energy that ran through him when she touched his arm. At that time he was not sure if it was the Spirit of God that was moving within her or his ungodly spirit of excitement of his new potential conquest.

The two of them having a conversation was nothing new. They would talk all the time but it was never anything beyond a friendship or sister/brother conversation. Trenton was ten years Ebonie’s senior and he always thought of her as a child. He would often be entrusted to drive Ebonie and her baby brother, Vincent, to the various services that would take place. Again, this was before the fall out between the heads of their families.

“Trenton Malcolm O’Hare Sr., do you hear me talking to you?” Ms. Edna snapped.

“Yes, ma’am! I certainly do hear you and I apologize for my spontaneous invite to lunch. If you and the Bishop are not able to make it, can we plan to go sometime this week?” Trenton answered, giving Ms. Edna his full attention.

“What plans you have for me, son?” Trenton heard Bishop Hawkins deep voice behind him.

Trenton turned and immediately walked towards his father-in-law.

“Hello, Dad Hawkins. How are you this fine day, sir?” Trenton asked, giving him a warm embrace.

“I do well, doc, I do well. How is my favorite son-in-law doing this afternoon?” Dad Hawkins asked, giving him a brisk pat on the back.

“Well, I’ve been better. I have been trying to persuade the two most beautiful wives in the world to let us take them to a late lunch, but I keep getting turned down,” Trenton said, slightly laughing in between his words.

Trenton loved his father-in-law dearly. They had a very close relationship and Dad Hawkins seemed to never hold it against Trenton that his very own father kept him on his knees praying for patience and a guarded tongue daily.

Trenton used to wonder if the only reason Bishop Hawkins so easily accepted him as his son-in-law, was to aggravate his father. That was soon dispelled thanks to his idol, none other than his big brother, Jessie. After the way Bishop Hawkins took his big brother in and continued to be a mentor even after he went back to work in their father’s ministry, Trenton knew Bishop Hawkins was a true man of God.

“Well, let me see what I can do about that!” Dad Hawkins said, turning towards the ladies with questioning eyes.

Trenton felt a sigh of relief. He knew the ladies would have no choice but to take him up on his offer since the Bishop had co-signed. Trenton looked over at his wife and her eyes pierced right through him. He knew his wife and mother-in-law were not happy with him. At that moment he

really did not care what the two of them were feeling. All that mattered was he got his way once again.