

“Don’t let any woman tell you that she didn’t know her man was molesting her daughter. We know before the act ever occurs. We know when our men are thinking it. We have the power to stop it, but we hope that what we feel are our own insecurities and not the truth of our own intuition. God’s goodness is shown in every breathing thing’s ability to protect itself. The skunk has its funk. The eel fish has its electrocuting volts. The turtle has its shell and the snake its poison.

Women have intuition, the undeniable and unshakable feeling that forms in the pit of the belly to alert us of pending danger. A woman’s intuition is a God-given gift, a visionary weapon that was given to protect us and those we love. Since seeing Felton look at Faith the way he did, I did things to protect her and to ease my own fears. Unbeknownst to Felton, I installed a lock and alarm on her bedroom door so I could hear when he entered her room. When I traveled, I gave excuses for why Faith needed to stay with my mom instead of at home. As if I could have stopped the demon from growing inside of Felton, I made love to him more frequently and more wildly than ever before. He appeared overly satisfied with that tactic so I convinced myself that I didn’t see what I saw and that I didn’t know what I knew.”