

# My Presentation of my life story

Hello, my name is Dawn Marie Guillotte (Ascanio). I reside in the southside of Lafayette, LA. I was moved to Pillette Rd., where there is a sheep pasture so I could be restored like a baby in a mother's womb. On September 12th, 2017 I was awakened to seek my pen and paper to write down the name of my book and movie. The Holy spirit whispered in my ear and said I'm writing Angel 29. Now my life hasn't been peaches and cream, I was taken away from my parents at the age of 2. I was sent to my grandmother's with 4 siblings in Jeanerette, LA. She was so terrible and mean. She used to make us sit in a circle for 4 hours in the middle of the living room, while she watched her soap operas with a fly swatter in her hand daring us to move. Also make us kneel on corn and gravel outside with can goods in our hands, daring our elbows to drop. She also locked us up in closets with chains around our necks because my sister had taken a roll of nickels. Time went on like that until one Monday morning when my grandmother had gotten a letter, stating that the checks were being stopped. That following Wednesday I was in my first foster home in Abbeville, LA. Soon after my stay the foster mother decided that she wanted to travel, so here me and my sister were on our way to our second foster home in Franklin, LA just to be molested by our foster brothers. Then at the age of 10 we were brought back to Mom's house, just to be moved again at the age of 13. Then moved to a children shelter in Lafayette, LA and back to mom's at 14. Well that's where my family really fell apart for good. My four youngest siblings were put up for adoption on Wednesday's child. And 2 years later my mother took me out of system at the age of 16 in my freshman year. I had to take a bus to Huntsville, Alabama where she was living. 2 weeks later her boyfriend said that I had to go, so I was forced to the streets. I just walked and walked until I couldn't walk anymore and I asked an old senior if I could please get some rest and a shower. Needless to say he took me home and around 12 o'clock I woke up to a bunch of men smoking crack cocaine out of a mountain dew oz bottle at the kitchen table. I was offered the drug and when they're all gone one of the guys said, I know where to get more and he replied to Bob Wallace and 1st Ave. Omg I then said, look Mister, my God didn't make me a prostitute. Well to make a long story short I ended up prostituting for about 3 months until an older trick in his late 40's took me home with him to Birmingham, Alabama. Where I was at his beck and call and his punching bag before my 17th birthday. I endured the abuse till I was 21. But it was already too late for me to stop smoking crack cocaine. So I moved back home to my Godmother's house with my first child. I was still in addiction and couldn't find a way out so I enrolled myself into a rehab at 22. Well I had two more girls by the time 2000 came. I ended up marrying a Mexican to help him get his papers but he was so abusive he left me in front of the courthouse where he wanted me to drop all charges. So here I was by myself with my girls at the age of 29. Still having a drug addiction it was hard for me to maintain stability

with my girls. In 2005 I lost my girls to the system but 32 months later I finally got my girls back. In 2008 I relapsed again and didn't want to lose my girls again, so I decided to move to Texas with my sister. Just 2 weeks later I was in my own apartment with my girls but that addiction was stronger than ever and I couldn't function as a mother. On New Year's day of 2011 I was on my way to Atlanta, Georgia with my youngest daughters to get my oldest out of foster care. So here I was raising all 3 girls again. Now on 3/29/2011 at 3:29 in the morning the ugly black curly thing left me that gives me so much ambition to give love freely that's never been given to me. To make a long story short I moved back to Louisiana on 3/09/2012 to soak my oats and finish raising my girls as Louisiana queens. But I didn't get that chance, OCS took my girls August 10th, 2012 for the last time. They were adopted out in Missouri. Here I was so lost and hurt I knew no other way but to smoke my feelings away and before you know it I was a prostitution for my habits. You know that I was living a life of such despair, that I didn't even want to live anymore. One day I almost ran out in front of a moving 18 wheeler because I couldn't live anymore without my girls and my phone rang and it was my second to oldest daughter stating that she feels my pain and please don't do nothing stupid. I told her not to worry about me committing suicide because I want to go to heaven. I knew that, that self murder is the one thing that God doesn't forgive. Between my mother tears and my daughter's plea, I decided I didn't do nothing stupid. I ended up living with an abuser that beat me everyday until they deported him back to Mexico. I caught myself signing myself into a mental ward because I was sick and tired of self medicating myself with drugs. But that was my first experience and my last time I will ever sign myself up because you may never get out if the doctor finds you unfit to society. I thank God for him being in control at all times. I was released 9 days later back to the streets and I was sleeping on a graveside because I was homeless. So I decided to go to Atlanta, Georgia to speak with Tyler Perry's studio about him killing 2 birds at one time. I mean he was the king of the south so to say, that it wouldn't be a problem for him to publish my book and make my movie. Well his secretary shut me off when I got to Georgia because I wasn't copyrighted, but before I left I asked her for some direction to go with my book. She gave me a 1-800 number and I called it and went from there. Instead of returning to the graveside, my niece had let me stay with her and her husband. They had a little small town church on the same street so I attended that very same week of my stay over there and my niece's husband started making passes at me so I returned to the graveside off of Martin King Blvd. One good thing came out of that trip was that 1-800 number sent me an email saying congratulations I've been successfully accepted. Since I was homeless and prostituting I was left in the country with my clothes and purse at the gentleman house in the freezing cold. So there I lost my flash drive with my book on it and my niece threw all my rough draft copies in the dumpster. Omg I didn't stand a chance. So I decided to sign myself into rehab for my addiction in October 2014. And the following month I met this guy behind St. Joseph

diner. The way we met was quite unique. 6 weeks later we moved in with each other in a motel. We were doing good until when my boyfriend relapsed and here we were both in the same boat and both in the storm. He ended up going to prison for 3 ½ years and that's when I was able to see through the storm, instead of always being in the storm. I knew if I ever wanted a life again, I mean a real life. I had to put the pipe down and close my legs and surrendered with all my heart in order to be bondage free from crack cocaine. On my daughter's 20th birthday on 6/13/2017 I caught myself smoking and cracking the crack pipe for the last time. When I surrendered I got down on my knees, threw my hands up in the air and gave God my addiction. That's when I started to fully live a life the lord had planned for me. And on September 12th, 2017 I woke up free from the bondage of crack cocaine and to seek my pen and paper to write down the name of my book and movie. Angel 29 will be the name, the Holy spirit revealed to me. I then looked up in the air and said, oh Lord you are so smart and my favorite number too. Oh my goodness that means one thing, I have to put my movie on the big screen so this day and time's children can understand. The Bible even states there will be families against families and so on... but I'm here to let you know we can stop the bull crop that's going on today. First thing is first we have to declare our identity. **People get confused with the word love.** Love comes from within, it cannot be bought on a local corner store shelf. It comes from the heart without a price and the whole world is lacking a lot of it. This world we live in today is going plum wild with all the drugs, prostitution and all the human trafficking that is going on in our backyard. **We need to stand up to the giants that are scaring these people out of life.** Jesus wasn't defeated, so should we do the same and stand up against all terrorism acts in life as of today.

To sum up the history of my life I was born on November 20th, 1974. And around 2 years old I was shipped to my grandmother's till the age of 7. Then I was shipped to a foster home stayed with my sister for about 8 months and here we were off to another foster home, where a lil shy of 2 years was when I caught my foster brother in the closet molesting my little sister, so I demanded for them to release her and leave our room. So OCS moved us back home to our mother's at the age of 10. By the time I was to make 13 years old, I was in another foster with another sibling. And in my teenage year I was placed in a children's shelter in Lafayette, LA. Then shipped into another foster home, where I acted up to go back to my real mother's home. So at the age of 14, I was placed back into my mother's care with my other siblings. Where we were molested every night until I spoke up to my mother. She fought with me and next I remember my family was broken for good. I was placed in Gulf coasting teaching family services and my other siblings were placed on Wednesday's child for adoption. At the age of 16 my mother took me out of foster care my freshman year and my life was doomed because I knew she was not going to force any rules there with my guidance before I turned 18. But needless to say it was only 2 weeks later I was told to hit the streets.... And that's where I realized that I am an unfortunate little American girl!!!