

Home sweet home

Shian Wright was a lady like any other. She had dreams and high hopes of the life she wanted for herself. She was beautiful, thoughtful, and shy but for a couple of years she wandered alone, always looking for that special someone she could go to the movies with, share her time with, hold hands with as they took walks along the shore.

Then, he was there. A gentleman, tall, dark and handsome, an absolute cliché. At first, he was distant, and mysterious. He lavished her with flowers, love, and kisses. He promised her the world and she was willing to sacrifice all for this dream.

And sacrifice she did.

She soon became Mrs. Shian Fletcher, once known as Shian Wright. What she had once believed to be thoughtful, turned out to be obsession. What she thought was dotting, became control. What she thought was bliss turned out to be hell.

This was not the life she imagined with the man she loved. She winced in pain as she sat up to hear the doctor's explanation, the effects of the love she shared. Internal damage and a variety of contusions. Love was hard, but for Shian Fletcher, it was home.

The idea of returning home never stopped crossing her mind but where else could she go? The day she left the hospital was the day she had made the decision to leave her abuser behind. She knew that if she went back, the cycle would continue. Fight! Hit! Sorry! Fight, Hit Sorry! Then again and again on repeat. She knew she had no choice but to escape with the clothes on her back.

She cried, praying to GOD, looking desperately for affirmation. Her recovery was slow. She needed to make better choices. Every day she was free, she was grateful. As time went on, she had the chance for happiness, to give her love away to someone who would care for her and value her. She decided that she would build herself up before she would ever let anyone evaluate her worth. Shian Fletcher once again Shian Wright.

She began to reinvent herself. She would search for inner peace, and care for those who were struggling in life. She became independent and always thought of others. She shared her story with other women and turned her despair into power for others.

“Come to me, all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest.”

– Matthew 11: 28