

Reasons to be Missed

Troy Veenstra

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## Reasons to be Missed



**June 3rd 2008**

Hello. It is I Elizabeth, though I would prefer it if you call me Liz as the name Elizabeth just seems so old and un-cool, like my grandmamma.

I must admit; however, it was odd the first time I looked up what my name meant and wondered if its meaning would have any real influence or consequential significance on the outcome of my life.

For instance, when I looked up my name a few years ago for a class project, I found that it meant, *“To be consecrated to God.”* I found this meaning ever so strange and at that time wanted a better definition of the word *“consecrated,”* which in hindsight I guess was the whole purpose of the project; to see what we truly thought about the meaning of our names and if that meaning reflected on us currently or possibly in the future.

Looking it up in the American Standard Dictionary, I remember coming across its

meaning and reading the first definition which stated something about being dedicated to a specific purpose.

Thus, I guess my name means that I am to be dedicated to God, which, at the moment, I find a bit repulsing. I'll have you know, that though my family, for the most part are hardcore Baptists, I have never truly believed in a higher power that has created us from nothing.

The idea seems too fictional, too farfetched to me, but maybe I shouldn't talk about this too much just yet. After all with time all things can change. All perceptions of our reality can change into something more meaningful and tangible.

So then, let us move on shall we? The whole talk of religion and the existence of God strikes a chord in me which makes me think of my grandmamma who would always put Ivory brand soap in my mouth as a child whenever I questioned anything that was written in the bible

or anything that seemed not right with how I wanted things to be.

Strolling back to the notions of names though, I have to admit that I also find it odd that my proper name is the one gift; the one thing that I own that I can never return.

For if there is a God (and I am not saying there is right now) it is the one thing that he cannot take from me, nor can I ever give it back, at least not really.

It is true that I could legally change it but if we change something about ourselves are we really giving it back or just altering the gift?

If you gave me a red car and I paint it blue, deep down, isn't it really the same car no matter how much I alter it? No matter how much the color changes?

Even our own lives we can ultimately give back or rather take away by our own hands if we choose to kill ourselves for some deranged and idiotic reason.

Yet still, our names are the one thing that we shall always have. They are the one thing that we shall always own. No matter how poor, homeless or insolvent we may become in this world, we shall always own our name.

Our names are the one thing that even in death; we can never have stripped from us. Even if we are found dead in some forest someday with no identification, and buried as some missing John or Jane Doe, we will still have a name.

Though those that found us; those that buried us and those that may have mourned for our untimely passing may not know it, we shall still have the name we were given before our own lives truly began. Think about it.

Wow. I just realized that this is a weird way to start this journal off but I am going to leave it as I wrote it as this whole concept is so odd to me.

Let's see. I should probably tell you more about who I am first, instead of just going off on

some random tangent, though I have to warn you, if you're reading this for some reason without my knowledge or my permission, I go on tangents a lot. So, anyway let's get started shall we?

For the most part, I am an average girl, of average height and build, some would call me slightly overweight; however, I would prefer to be called curvy. My boobs are a whopping D, and thus, because I am not all that tall, I think a lot of people just see the bust as added padding.

Just had to get that out there, sorry. As of late I have been losing weight without even really trying to, I think it's due to all the yoga I have been doing lately, and yes to all you perverts I am very flexible.

I guess if I had to describe myself to a stranger I would say that I am a girl just like any other out there with a flair for the dark side.

Case in point, A few years back when I could still be called a teenager, I use to be one of those chicks that would dress up all dark and

gothic looking with the tight red or black fishnet stockings.

Always dress in those whenever I went out with my girlfriends or boyfriend, though as you can probably imagine there was not much of a following for the Gothic style in the south (forgot to mention I am from North Carolina).

I actually liked it at times when we would go out and some of the random guys around town would think of me as some sort of gothic whore, not that I am or was, but just the idea was somewhat liberating.

I don't know why really as most women would turn tail when being thought of as a whore but to me it was kind of funny. It made me feel important and sexy.

Those hot guys that wouldn't usually give me a second glance, paying attention to me only because they thought I was a place they could easily stick their bic into. Sorry, I know that was a bit off, but it is what it is I guess so for now let's leave it as that.

Anyway, I think over these past few years I have grown a bit mellower now, but still I will admit that I like the darker vampire/werewolf, anime stuff and I am a huge fan of Lord of the Rings and of course Harry Potter, can't wait to see the next coming sequels to both those movies..

Outside of that, I guess maybe I am not as average of a girl as I thought or should I say woman now that I have been an adult for over seven years, though I still don't feel like it.

I would have thought by now, that by this age, this stage in life, I would feel somewhat different, somewhat more adult like, but I don't, I still question everything I do and every choice I make, thus, I still feel like a child frozen in some sort of time lapse, it's odd and really I think kind of sad.

Even when I had sex for the first time with my former boyfriend from high school, I never felt any significant difference maturely.

That is probably odd to say isn't it?

I wonder now if I am the only girl out there, that after giving up her virginity to the first guy she thought she fell in love with, woke up the next day and felt the same way mentally as she did that night.

I won't lie, my body felt different that's for sure but I don't know, I just never really felt that burst of maturity, is that odd? It seems odd to me.

When I was seventeen and sitting in class at school staring out of the window as the teacher rambled on about something educational. I would always picture myself being more mature, more like my parents; however, a lot cooler and hipper of course, a lot more understanding to the growing times and concerns of kids that were just as confused as I was at their age.

Yet, here I am writing my thoughts in a journal at the same age my parents had me and I feel no different now than I did the day I turned 18, isn't that kind of strange?

I mean by now I should have felt some change right?

Some grandiose wave of enlightenment and understanding that would dictate the growth of maturity in my life.

Perhaps it could be because I have always been alone for the most part. Even when I had boyfriends I felt alone. Perhaps having someone to rely on and to feel empowered by could boost my ideals of maturity to the point I think they should be, but that too would be a random guess.

By now, you would think at my age (25), I would have several of these things stacked up in a closet somewhere collecting dust, but to be honest it was never me just to sit and write down my thoughts, my hopes or my dreams.

Of course, that has changed, in some ways I think I have grown a bit wiser over these past few months and so I have decided to take advice from those that may know more than I can rightly see in front of me.

As such, a close and older male friend of mine told me I should start writing things down in a journal so that I could one day look back and remember a time in my life where I was truly innocent to the world.

So that I could read my own life before me as a grey haired old granny and tell my grandkids, that I too was once like them, that I too feared and loved the world of the unknown.

However, though I cannot even imagine myself ever being innocent to anything really, I will admit that this will be the first time that I have ventured out on my own.

It's so odd you know, by now all my old friends from high school have moved on and started lives of their own, some even have their own families and here I am, for the first time doing what they did more than seven years ago.

I have had boyfriends before (well two really until now) but I have never before felt the way back then as I do with Kash, (at least that is

what I call him, as his real name is hard to say let alone spell in this journal).

Odd I know, for who would have ever thought that the die-hard gothic chick I was in high school, would ever eventually come out of her dark shell and want to date a man with an Asian-American background, but here I am.

What makes this even stranger and dangerous (yet thrilling) is that I haven't even met him in person yet.

I know, I know, you are sitting there reading this journal thinking I am crazy to leave home to meet a person in another state that I have never met in the flesh especially after hearing on the news all the time about poor innocent girls leaving home to find love only to be found dead in some back ally or ditch.

(if you are reading this, standing over my body lying face down a ditch, I guess I was wrong... -\_-)

Yet, I know so much about him already that I love everything about him, or at least I think I do.

No... scratch that, I really do, and in all fairness, given the boyfriends I have had in the past, I have more of a mental connection with him than I did with any of my past ex's.

I know that sounds unusual and even a little crazy. You would think that I would have gotten to know the men I have been with physically more mentally than the one that I have yet to meet but I did not.

I thought I knew what love was back then, just as every teenage girl does but I was wrong, for I had confused the feelings of love with desire, lust, and hormonal urges... I too find that oddly strange and at the same time highly exciting.

My life up until this moment has been nothing really but a continued blah. As I sit here writing these thoughts to words I try to think of a time in my life were I felt more excited about who

I am or what will become of me and my relationship with this guy and I cannot think of anything memorable.

All I can draw forth in me is darkness, a blank slate of empty memories. A collection of darken thoughts and broken promises. I have nothing to fall back on now, no recollection of the memories that continue to fill my heart like an overflowing brook.

Nothing that I can draw from or with prior experience, guide me towards the true direction I must take, thus I am forced to shoot from the hip and follow my heart wherever it may lead me.

What worries me the most right now is that I haven't fully told my mother the real reason as to why I am going out of state. Right now, she thinks that I am going up there for an interview for a job.

I know what you're thinking. You're thinking that I am an adult and that my parents don't run my life. Well, if you knew the truth it would startle you. Think about it. I haven't ever

had a job, I don't have a driver's license and up until now, I have no boyfriend (at the moment), nor do I go to college, so whom do think has been supporting me since I graduated high school?

That's right, my parents, and as such, even though I am an adult, if I don't want to be homeless

I still have to abide by their rules...needless to say what I am doing is not something that my dear mother would approve of, but my heart knows nothing of rules.



## **June 26<sup>th</sup> 2008**

Wow. I realize I haven't written anything for a few weeks, but the whole situation since I got up here has sucked.

The entire purpose of this trip was to see a Seether concert with Kash. But when I got here the first thing he told me, well besides telling me how nice it was to finally kiss me (which was awesome by the way) was that his boss had called him a few hours before I got off the bus, and told him that he would have to work the night of the concert.

This was of course after he had bought the tickets and even asked her the month before if he could have the day off which she said yes to.

In any event, though I was a bit put off about not being able to go to the concert, Kash said that he quickly made other plans and by selling the tickets, he had enough money so that we would just go on a double date to Busch Gardens instead. Which to be honest, I thought

would be a nice way to get to know Kash even more if that was possible as well as see some cool sea animals.

Well in any case the next day after waking up in Kash's arms, (no, we did not have sex but it was nice feeling the warmth of his body pressing up against me) Kash got a phone call from his boss who told him that if he still wanted to go to that concert, that she could make other arrangements with some of the more "dedicated" employees.

Considering the tickets were already gone, it really didn't matter now, but as you can imagine everyone was really pissed off. I really wanted to go, as I had never gone to a concert before, never could afford it.

So pretty much the rest of that day everyone was in a bad mood, though later on in the afternoon Kash did take me to the local park where there were these little ponds with ducks around them and benches that you could sit on around each small pond.

It was actually somewhat nice to walk with my man around this larger pond in the far and strangely isolated area of the park that had a wooden dock and a gazebo that you could walk almost halfway out into the pond and feel the summer breeze rush through you. It was great.

We of course walked out there as I wrapped my arms around him holding on to his side, I could hear the pounding of his heart through his chest.

The warmth of his body through his lightly tanned t-shirt. The summer breeze rushing through me as we just stood there looking out across the pond. I have to be honest and say that it was the most romantic moment in my life, and though we didn't say a word to each other it was like everything was said all at once when we looked deeply into each other's eyes.

Later that night, after the park had closed, and Ally (the girl I was staying with) and her boyfriend went off to bed, Kash and I snuck back

into the park, went out to that gazebo on the pond, and had sex that night in the moon light.

It was one of the most amazing and thrilling moments so far in my life. I still don't know how to put everything into words.

The greatest feelings in the world rushing through me as I saw the reflection of the moon in the water, hearing the gently chirping of the crickets in the background mixed with the flapping wings of the ducks that continued to swim past us unaffected by our motions. It was so unreal and yet amazing.

Never before had I felt like that with anyone and honestly, I never want to feel like that with anyone else but Kash.

He means so much to me. In the short time that I have been up here, I have fallen deeply in love with him. Nevertheless, as I said before, the whole thing was but a moment, and life had to continue, sadly.

Thus the next day, the day before we were supposed to go to Busch Gardens Ally got

this e-mail from her bank stating that she was past her low threshold. She had something like \$1.75 in her account.

Well she tracked it down and apparently, the missing funds went to a membership to a new gym she had joined and had forgotten about. It happens; I know mom was not the best at monitoring her bank account either so I did not see this as anything out of the ordinary. Anyway, I had some money left over from the \$200.00 that I brought with me and gave it to Ally so that they could go with Kash and I to Busch Gardens.

This of course would mean that I would have to stay up here for another week or so as gas prices were so high and they couldn't afford to drive me down there right away but really at that time, I didn't think it would be a big issue.

Busch Gardens was a blast I might add. Ally caught Kash and I making out at one of the concession stands and being the person she was, stayed with us for the better part of the day

so we really couldn't go off to do anything more "active," but it was still fun. I loved the penguins, they're so cool. I wish I could have one as a pet, but then again it is probably a good thing that I can't.

Sadly the next day after all the fun of the previous day was done, mom called and I had to tell her what had happened. This of course got back to my dad as well and for some reason they had a fight over it.

I do not really know if that is true or not but whatever. Anyway, the next day Ally came into the room early in the morning waking Kash and I up, telling me that my mom had called her on her cell phone (their home phone) who told Ally that she had to tell me that because of that fight my mom was divorcing my dad. I tried to call dad but he's hasn't been answering his cell phone and no one seems to be at the house to answer the phone there either so I have no clue what the hell is happening down there right now.

This whole situation is stressing me out, and I really don't know what to do about. A part of me wants to go down there and see if I can do anything to keep them together.

They are my family after all. Right now, I feel as though a part of my body has been cut off and I can do nothing to stitch it back on. I feel once more as if my life is spiraling out of control and there is nothing I can do to stop it.

Kash is here though trying to comfort me as best he can, it so sweet actually. Never having a man do that for me is something I don't want to live without again. Although all this stuff is happening and the world around me seems to be shattering to pieces, there is still one part of me that seems to be unaffected by all this chaos, I have to say that I like it here.

I don't regret what I did either. I don't regret coming up here. For the first time in what seems forever I feel safe and loved, which is a lot coming from me you know (duh you are me after all). I hope that by the next time I write in

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here it won't be three weeks later but then again with all the crap happening I can't really say that won't happen, but I will try not to this time.

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**June 30<sup>th</sup>, 2008**

Still have not heard anything back from mom or dad yet, though I did get ahold of the neighbor next door to my parent's house who did tell me he saw dad the other day collecting the mail from the mailbox. He said he looked like he had not showered or shaved for days so I guess that is something. At least I know he is still alive.

I have decided that since I am living up here I should try to find a job, though I am not sure what I can do. I don't have any real skill, I haven't gone to college, and as you already know I don't have any previous experience with a job.

This decision to get a job isn't all about me just wanting to do it either, but more so because there is hardly any money coming in as Kash got fired a few days ago from his job. Though he doesn't seem to be all that upset about it, neither does he seem all that inspired to find another one right away I have noticed. Guess I might have found something bad with

my current boyfriend, a chink in the armor of the man I thought was infallible, but so far that doesn't seem to outweigh the things I love about him.

Though Ally has a job, it is not really one with the greatest pay and as such she barely makes enough to cover half the bills for the month. Her boyfriend has a factory job and does get paid fairly well but that is really the only means of income in here and it doesn't seem right that I should be living off of them when really I was only supposed to be up here for a few days instead of nearly a month already. Therefore, I have to find something soon I think. I do not know what yet really, but something, anything.

## **July 5, 2008**

It's weird that with everything going on right now at home and even up here of all things that I can still take comfort with Kash,'s arms roped around me.

Last night was awesome. The warmth of the night summer air washing over us as we stood out on the gazebo once more, gazing up at the shooting rays of sparkled colors in the far distance that lit up the sky.

All my worries, all my problems, at least for that moment faded away from me. His lips washing across the side of my neck, kissing me gently, lovingly.

Later that night as we stood out in the middle of the pond, there were fireworks that exploded across my eyes... just not the kind that shoot up into the air and burst.

**July 10<sup>th</sup>, 2008**

I started my new job today, and to my surprise, I was able to last until the end of the shift before being told by the supervisor that my services would no longer be needed.

Guess I am not cut out to work at a McDonalds after all, kept burning my fingers on the fry machine apparently, and though I didn't notice it myself, I tend to lick my fingers when I burn myself, something I guess the customers ordering the food found a bit disgusting.

Oh well at least I tried right? That's what I keep telling myself but I know the truth. Come on. I was working with sixteen year-olds that were able to keep up with the grind better than I was, I know I am useless up here.

Right now Kash is sitting in front of me playing World of War craft on his computer. He hasn't found a job yet and really doesn't seem to be all that worried about finding one anytime soon. Over the past few weeks, things between us have seemed to grow a bit distant. I hate to say it but I feel like one of those old couples that always talk about how the fire in their relationship has fallen to nothing more than a few burning embers.

It has been at least two weeks since we made love, and the last time we did there was no emotion to it, it was almost robotic. I don't know maybe it's all in my head and I keep seeing things that aren't there; I mean he is with me now right? However, he is playing his computer game and has been for several hours a day this week he is still here right? Am I making too much of a deal out of this? Am I expecting too much too soon? I do not know. I really don't and I don't think Kash right now would know the answer if I were to ask him, which worries me the most right now.

I think Ally is starting to hate me. I don't blame her really. She didn't seem all that thrilled that I got fired from McDonalds. To be honest neither was I. I was hoping that this job could have paid her and her boyfriend back a bit for all the kindness they have shown me while being stranded up here, but it didn't pan out that way.

On a different note, I did hear from my mother finally. Apparently she did move out of the house and somehow ended up going to Ohio (though didn't feel like coming to see me on the way up) with a friend of hers to clear her head and rethink her marriage.

She was there for two weeks before she came back down and moved back in with dad. I do not know if that is true or not. I think that her mother may have talked her into coming back home. From the way they both acted over the phone when I called the other week; I think they are still taking things a step at a time. Not sure if they really love each other anymore. I really think that they're still living with each other just so they don't have to hear all the religious crap from both sides of the family telling them about the sanctity of marriage, but what do I know right? I suddenly got the taste of Ivory soap in my mouth for just thinking that. How odd.

Going to try to go look for another job tomorrow and try to bring Kash with me too. I hope that between the two of us, one of us can find something. Maybe if we had some money we could do something and make our relationship move forward again. At least that is what I am hoping, though in the back of my mind I hear the voice telling me that any relationship not based around love will go nowhere fast.

Still, overall, I don't regret coming up here. Though I am beginning to question if that was the right thing to do or not. I don't know. I really, really don't know. I wonder if not knowing any of this just shows how less of an adult I truly should be.