

Room 1: The Closet

Butterfly (Monica's Theme)

Once upon a time, a caterpillar enters the world.
Yes, this caterpillar is symbolic for a beautiful girl.
She was protected in a jar, with a family who crushed her dearly.
As she progressed towards the butterfly stage, her beauty was
displayed clearly.

Before reaching that stage in totality, she endured heartaches and
tears.

She was a victim of foul play; it seemed no one could calm her
fears.

When she fully blossomed, her family set her free.
She is now free to fly, free to be herself, free to see who she is
meant to be.

Another tragedy occurs, and she's trapped in a different jar.
The tears occur again, for she wanted to go far.
In this jar, she would face cruelty and undeserved abuse.
What's left to do, other than to give in thinking, "what's the use?"

Eventually, she's set free again, this time with a renewed power.
She's learning to fly further, every minute and every hour.
I happen to see her as she flies gracefully in the sky,
And I think, she's beautiful, and she can surely fly.

When I catch her, I see the tears she's cried,
And I ensure my jar is safe and secure; I sure tried
To comfort, love and protect her from those who don't care.
But would she give me a chance? She wouldn't dare.

After a few days, she's so determined to be free.
But what can I do? I must let her be.
I will say that I love you and watch as you kiss the sky.
Spread your wings my sister, for you are a treasured butterfly.

I'm Not Good Enough

Cassandra is my co-worker; she's narrow-minded and she knows everything.
Cheri is the new employee; she's attractive and she can truly sing.
Working with Cassandra can be confrontational and sometimes frustrating.
Maybe she gets a thrill out of this; to me it's irritating.
I would introduce myself to Cheri and would find out she's from my hometown.
We bonded as co-workers, nothing serious, but Cassandra won't let me live it down.
Cassandra thinks I'm interested in Cheri; so she blatantly says to me, "I'm not good enough."
She says I'm this; I'm that; I'm not a true Christian or a real man, and all that stuff.

I could talk to Cheri for twenty minutes, and Cassandra would blatantly interrupt our conversation
To talk to her for four hours! Now that *really* raises my frustration.
I overheard the discussion, and Cassandra says to Cheri, "I know someone who's perfect for you--
He goes to my church, and I think you'll like him too,"
After she leaves Cheri's office, she drops by my office to say "She's off limits!
I'm going to protect her from people like you, and your time with her is finished!"
Cassandra arranges a date for Cheri and this man to meet at eight.
She told Cheri to give her details when it's over; Cheri said "OK," and Cassandra said "Great!"

Little did Cassandra know, this man is a rapist on warrant in two states.
I found this out from my friends, but I felt my chance to stop this was too late.
It would be indeed, and Cheri was off to this stranger's home.
I said, "I'm way better than him, and I hope Cassandra's happy now that they're alone."
The man says, "If you don't lay down with me, I'll put a cap in your head."
So, to avoid being killed, Cheri lies down with her back to the bed.

Take It From Her: Cautionary Lessons for the Ladies We Love

He then puts the gun aside and proceeds to rape her in the most
horrific way.

She thought, "Why did I let Cassandra play matchmaker, when I
could've taken time to pray?"

She's screaming please stop for ten minutes, and again he places
his gun to her head.

This time he fires a bullet. Pow! Cheri is pronounced dead!

Some may think this telling too graphic.

Some may think this telling so lame.

But no one is thinking the hardest question of all:

Who is really to blame?

Small group idea:

Put together 3 groups.

Defend your point of view on who is to blame.

Little Miss Heartbreaker

Hey ladies, we are some fine women, aren't we?
And these men need to appreciate the beauty of you and me.
We are heartbreakers, and we can get what we want.
Money, jewelry, love, and affection, and their minds we surely can
taunt.

Let me tell you my story, as Little Miss Heartbreaker.
You all know we're 100% woman, and none of us here are fakers.
I would go from one man to another, playing two men at the same
time.
I would make them bow down to me and say, what's yours is mine.

They wouldn't argue or raise a fuss, because I had their hearts in
my hand.
I'm so good at this; at the beach, I had about five men as my fan.
I'd tell them I loved them, and they would flock to my commands.
Just steady teasing them, and of course, I took their hearts and
ran.

I felt that if I didn't get my way, I would throw a tantrum like a
child.
Of course, it was total manipulation, but it was surely worthwhile.
Men can do it to women; so, why shouldn't I do it to them?
I have a plus, my beauty is fatal; I'm priceless as a gem.

My problem came when one man didn't appreciate me breaking his
heart.
He was so obsessed with me that he would eventually rip me apart.
He beat me up, literally, with marks on my face and abdomen.
I pressed charges and had to reconsider how my behavior had been.

Being Little Miss Heartbreaker isn't worth it; you can be cute but
think about others.
No man should be any woman's slave; if you think he is, run for
cover.
I thought that, and now can you see my bruises from that situation.
Learn from me, and straighten your life; I hope this will spread
throughout this nation.

Take It From Her: Cautionary Lessons for the Ladies We Love

Men

I had a past that you would never understand.
I was molested at eight, and would vow to never date a man.
I planned to be single for life, but that plan would change.
At the age of twelve, my life would be rearranged.

I was molested again by a relative, and my family took their side.
So, I tried to find a safe place where I could run and hide.

School life was interesting; I'd get the same old line from boys.
Saying, "Ooh baby, you're so fine, you bring me so much joy"

And like a typical girl, I fell for that line.
Only to fall into this trap time after time.

Now, here I stand with three children, all from different men.
I hate men, and I blame God for all of my sin.

Where was He? He could've protected me like a real father.
People say to me, "Give your burdens to Him," and I say, "Why
bother?"

I'm in a relationship now, and this man beats me like I'm his
African Drum.
I must be helplessly trapped because he's such a great lover...to
some.

I leave him after he abuses me, but I still take him back.
He says, "You'll never find another like me," and I toughen up for
his attacks.

People now say, "Why do you allow this again and again?"
Because I'm looking for love, but deep inside, I still hate men!

The Tyrant (Ladies Version)

When I met this man, he was fine and all that I needed to complete me.

I did everything I could to ensure that he would keep me.
I turned my back on my friends; I didn't hear their concerns or cries.

I really didn't trust the Lord either; I just didn't want this new love to die.

Well, we married in a short period of time, and he took off his mask.

He became very demanding, and had me do multiple tasks.
I had to cater to him, and everything had to receive his approval.
Yeah, my true friends were worried; they overlooked my distance and removal.

I took offense to what my friends were trying to speak into my life.

All that mattered? I was the Tyrant's Wife.

He would call me names and belittle me in front of my kids.
Just to prove his manhood; I was allowing him to do what he did.

He would choose my friends; ask me everywhere I've been.
When we were out in public, I was not allowed to look at other men.

I had to look at the ground, and he would use words to abuse me.
I would feel like a slave at times, and I allowed him to serve me a full course of misery.

The light bulb finally went off, and God now has my attention.

Why are you enduring this, and I also need to mention

The friends you pushed off were praying for you to be free
Now I'm divorced, no longer the Tyrant's Wife; and it feels good to be freely me.