

# New England Journal of Public Policy

---

Volume 8

Issue 1 *Special Issue on Homelessness: New England  
and Beyond*

Article 68

---

3-23-1992

## The Story of My Life

Betty Reynolds

Follow this and additional works at: <http://scholarworks.umb.edu/nejpp>



Part of the [Nonfiction Commons](#), [Public Policy Commons](#), and the [Social Policy Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Reynolds, Betty (1992) "The Story of My Life," *New England Journal of Public Policy*: Vol. 8: Iss. 1, Article 68.  
Available at: <http://scholarworks.umb.edu/nejpp/vol8/iss1/68>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at UMass Boston. It has been accepted for inclusion in New England Journal of Public Policy by an authorized administrator of ScholarWorks at UMass Boston. For more information, please contact [library.uasc@umb.edu](mailto:library.uasc@umb.edu).

# The Story of My Life

*Betty Reynolds*

---

**I** Betty Ann M. Reynolds, was born in Fall River, Massachusetts, on February 10, 1954. I had a pretty good childhood but when I was five years old I was rushed to the hospital to get my stomach pumped because I ate a whole bottle of aspirins (because I thought they were candy.)

At this time we lived on Long Highway, Little Compton, and we had to travel all the way to Fall River for the hospitals. We lived in a house made out of garage doors. We lived there till I was a teenager. Then we moved to Howard Street in Fall River, Mass. We stayed there until I finished high school.

We moved to Newport, R.I., where my sister met and married her husband. Right after, I met my first husband. He wanted to take me to Massachusetts to get married. I was married to him six years. I had two beautiful children, a boy and a girl. Also, I went through a lot of beatings from him, and took it because of the kids. Their names are Dawn Marie, aged 10, Joshua Edward, age 9. In March of '83 I got my divorce from him and at the same time the lawyer told me I had to give him custody of both the kids.

I was so upset that I went to the bar and got drunk. I was a drunk for almost a year, till a friend got a hold of me and told me to stop drinking or he will kick me right square in the butt. That friend was a Mr. Hawkins and till this day I haven't touched a drink.

Then, in the year '85 I met my second husband, and we got married. The first month and a half was fine, till he started to hang around with his brother and started to drink. One day he got drunk and flipped out and I got a wicked beating, so I left him. He came looking for me and asked me to come back and he was sorry. I went back and stayed a week. He got drunk again and beat me up again, so I left him again. Also, I got a paper saying that he couldn't come near me or he would go to jail.

I was married to him a total of three years. Then I got a divorce from him in '88. Right after that, the same year, I got married again. I was with my third husband for a little over two years before — well, guess what, right after I said, "I do," the shit hit the fan.

*Betty Reynolds is a resident of Fifty Washington Square, Newport, Rhode Island. Her work has appeared in In the Heart of the City, a literary magazine produced by the residents of Fifty Washington Square. She loves "to write short stories and poems."*

I got beatings after beatings, and it went on for a year. I finally got sick of it and left him in the beginning of October of '89. Now I am working on getting a divorce from him.

On October 13 of '89 I met a wonderful guy in the building. He treats me like a queen and he does a lot for me. I've been going with him for six months now. Since I've been with him I have received three diamond rings and some other things that mean a lot to me. Maybe some day I will get married again but for now I'm enjoying being spoiled all the time. ♡

4/16/90