

I'm here because last year, my mom almost died from pancreatitis. When she was 18, epilepsy hit... you know. Couple years ago, whenever that after she had epilepsy all her life, taking Dilantin, taking different types of medicine, and out of a psychiatric ward, --you know what I mean?--lupus hit her, you know? So my question... to God was, "this is the lady that taught me how to love... this is the lady that taught me. Taught me how to care, you know what I'm sayin'. Yet she's been tortured all her life." And... uh, I'm asking God like, "Why did it have to be mine, you know?" That's all it turned into.