

Patricia **adapted from *Running* by JMD Myers**

In this monologue, Patricia — a grandmother raising not only her own teenage granddaughters but several younger foster children — explains her regret over mistakes she made raising her daughter.

That one cracked pane of glass in our door? That's from the day she came home pregnant with you. That's how hard she slammed it, after the things that came out of my mouth. I called her maybe twice after you guys came to live with me, and you think I could give her one word of encouragement? I wanted so bad to make sure she "pleased God," I probably robbed her of any real chance to know Him. But I'll never know, 'cause we weren't talking by the time she OD'd.

People keep saying things like "Wow, you do so much good" — Like that *matters*? I wasn't there for my baby girl when she died.

I don't know, maybe I *was* trying to — to make up for it. It's just — I was so mortified when she got our family involved in "the system" ... and then I saw *how many* kids needed someone — kind of felt like a second chance. But my own daughter...