

Confession of A little white lie

By Denise Larocque

I have to start with honesty, in order to make up for my childhood lie. I am a married woman, although not in a legal sense due to the fact it was a native pipe ceremony so it's more of a spiritual bonding of soles, but a marriage nonetheless. So you might be wondering why I am writing in a single parent magazine!

I am a product of IYC. For those of you who joined before they phased out IYC (International Youth group) it was a youth group that was formed out of PWP. For children whose parents were divorced, separated, widowed or never married. When I think about my childhood, my fondest memories are that of time spent in IYC and its volunteer advisors who were my role models. They helped fill me with self-esteem and created a place to make me feel like I belonged. IYC was my home away from home. During my time in IYC, I worked my way up the board and eventually became president of my chapter, then onto the international board as V.P of Membership. Living that part of my life created a belief that I could do anything I set my mind to, that if I believed anything was possible, it was! I truly believe that IYC has made me into who I am today. I am a confident woman who loves to work with youth, loves to speak in public, a leader in my community, have started several youth groups throughout the last 14 years.

While growing up in IYC as my age got closer to being pushed out of the nest to fly on my own, I often joked that I would one day get married, get divorced and join PWP. After being together with the same man for ten years it's good to know PWP is still there waiting for me, just in case.... I have to admit though; the thought did cross my mind about leading a double life, married with four children here in Canada and a single mom and member of PWP while visiting Massachusetts. I quickly changed my mind when I read, "to become a member you have to go through orientation", visions of me hooked to a lie detector machine quickly changed my mind, and so you will not find my name on any membership roster.

So now I am ready to come clean twenty-five years later; that little white lie? It is true I was a youth from divorced parents, but both were remarried, and according to the rules and regulations I was not suppose to be a member of IYC. I felt guilty for the years I was in IYC but looking back, I think I would not be who I am today if It was not for PWP creating that childhood for me, thanks for being there all these years later, it comforts my heart to know that if divorce ever touches my life, I will have you to pick me up.