

And Now Kate's Story

Dedicated to the beautiful, loving, opulent universe,
my children, my family, and the love of my life.



JT WAS JULY 21, 2007, when Kate DuRie stepped into my life. Petite, vibrant, with a sweet smile that radiated from her face, no one would have guessed the story that had tormented and tortured her mangled life for decades. Torn and broken from a life riddled with drugs, alcohol, abuse, deceit, murder, and pain in her earlier life, Kate made a choice. She stepped out of her old story and created a new and glorious life. It was a battle in which she felt beaten and scourged, until one day she said, “Enough is enough. I want more than this for my life. I need help.” She found help and forged ahead with the support of God and many loving individuals, until she made it through to a brighter day.

Kate made her entrance into this world in 1961, and was handed to her parents when she was seven days old. Her parents privately adopted her before she was born after learning their three year old son was the only child to whom they could give birth. Living in Columbia, South Carolina at the time of her birth, they chose Kate to join their family.

No one would talk about where she came from. Once she learned of her adoption, Kate naturally wanted to know more. “Where did I come from?” she would ask. But it seemed to be a big secret that no one would discuss with

her. So Kate thought there must be something really bad in her background if no one would talk to her about it. She was told her birth mother loved her very much but had to give her away, so when her adoptive parents said they loved her, she lived in the constant fear that at some point they would have to give her away too. Looking back on all of this, Kate believes her parents were advised to say this to her. Adoptions have come a long way over the years, but at the time of her adoption all details were kept as a big secret. Whereabouts or information about birth parents were never to be disclosed.

Kate grew up thinking something was wrong with her, that she must be really ugly, or perhaps she was not good enough. She never felt good about herself.

Kate's memory is of her mom and dad drinking every day. In fact, Kate never remembers ever seeing them sober after 5 p.m. on any day. They would slur their words, meals could become somewhat messy in their inebriated state, and eventually they would stumble to bed. It was not a pretty sight. They also argued continuously even though they loved each other very much. Kate realized over the years that this fighting was simply part of their relationship. In addition, Kate received at least one spanking every day. This was not a happy environment for Kate.

However, there was someone in Kate's life who showered her with love. Ertha was her name; she was Kate's nanny. She came to help them when Kate was about four years old and remained with them until she was nine and they moved to Atlanta. Kate dearly loved her nanny. Ertha would clean, cook, get Kate and her brother ready for school, and basically