

KATIE FERRARA

Katie was the type of best friend that would protect you in secret and cry with you during your hard times.



Katie was the type of girlfriend that would use every ounce of her strength to conquer her fears for the man she loved. Katie was the type of mother to love her children so much that she would do whatever it meant to give her children the best life. Katie was the type of stranger to compliment you to brighten up your day. Katie was a woman that would spend her free time at retirement homes with the elderly that had no one left to care for them....

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Even after all the horrific things her mother did to her and the way men treated her beautiful body and heart, Katie was always a woman of substance and compassion. Katie was always a pure soul, even after the way her body was defiled.

As a little girl, Katie was filled with hope, laughter, and dreams for her future. Little Katie's father was never around much, and her mother was a woman serving in the Navy at the start of her life. Her mother was discharged around the time Katie was in middle school. Katie's mother quickly burned through all the money she had earned from active duty on her new found addiction to crack-cocaine. Her mother looked at precious Katie and, at that moment, Katie's life was forever changed.

Katie's wicked mother decided to sell her twelve-year-old daughter, Katie, to her crack dealer. In exchange for her own flesh and blood, the mother was given what she saw as a suitable amount of drugs.

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Katie didn't understand what was going on or why there was no one around to protect her from harm. Her innocence was stolen from her in one fatal swoop. How could it get any worse?! And yet, it did. Katie started throwing up six weeks later. The drug dealer had gotten this little angel pregnant!

During the pregnancy, Katie's mother forced Katie to stay home from school. She hid Katie from her friends and kept her in submission by belittling her with words that tore into little Katie's soul. She told her again and again how ashamed she was of her. She told her she would have this baby whether she wanted to or not. That she was a child and had no say in the matter.

Katie did as she was told. Her mother believed that having the child would lead to her drug dealer giving her an endless supply of crack-cocaine, but the drug dealer had other plans. He used Katie and threw her and her mother away from his life and his 'business'.

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When Katie's mother realized there would be no reward for her grandson's life, she forced Katie to put her child up for adoption. Once the baby was gone, the adoption of a child from a twelve-year-old girl caught the attention of the authorities. Custody of Katie was taken away from her mother. Katie was scared and hoped this was the end of her pain, but it wasn't.

Katie went through six different foster homes where she was sexually abused and passed around in all but the very last house. By the time she reached house number six, Katie's little body had been through hell. The separation from sexual abuse allowed her trauma to set in, and her little mind was so overwhelmed that Katie started to really spiral. She was only seventeen, and her copious amount of trauma led to her running away.

Katie was trying to escape her pain. With untreated trauma and the mind of a child, Katie was lured into a trap and taken hostage by a man in his forties. This man imprisoned Katie and used her just as all the others. He even got her pregnant, AGAIN! Katie spent hours staring at the wall, longing for freedom. The joy she had for life faded, replaced by anxiety and sadness.

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Every time she held the baby, she felt a mix of love and despair, the two emotions clashing within her. Again, the authorities were able to release her from her captor. The man was imprisoned, but not for his atrocities against Katie. The child was immediately placed in foster care, and Katie was running away, again.

Katie was now in her early twenties. Years of sexual trauma had shattered her view on her sense of self and the world around her. She started to view herself as only valuable and worthy of love if she allowed men to touch her. One night, as Katie sat in her dimly lit room, tears streaming down her face, she realized she couldn't keep living like this.

With a trembling heart, Katie did what she could to be safe.

She was alone and had a tremendous amount of psychological and physiological scars that she didn't know how to repair. That's when she met her husband, a man who she would later have a son with but leave shortly after. This child was Katie's heart. She soon found a way to reach out to her other children and was able to start building a relationship with them, too.

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Katie's life started to take a turn in a positive direction on the outside, but the weight of her trauma was something her husband could not compete with. Katie was trafficked at the age of twelve and had a decade more of abuse poisoning her. She was a survivor.

Katie was filled with so much love, but she had no way of understanding how to love herself after the tragedy of her life. Thankfully, Katie had the love of her children to keep her pushing forward. To Katie, her youngest child was the only thing she got right in her life. Katie wanted more, and for the first time, Katie felt a flicker of determination. She had spent too long silencing her own voice. With each passing day, she began to realize that it was okay to seek help.

Katie met her best friend Jorjia, a friend who listened without judgment. Through friendship, Katie learned to express her feelings and understand her needs. Slowly, she started to reclaim her identity, rediscovering the dreams that had been overshadowed. It wasn't an easy journey, but she found strength in her vulnerability.

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From the outside, she was in control and breathtakingly beautiful. On the inside, she was filled with terror and self-hatred. (These are common behaviors of those who have experienced sexual abuse). Mike started to educate himself on trauma and trauma work. Katie had come so far and through friendship, motherhood, and love, Katie was able to smile and love herself, again. Katie was living life and shining. Katie was, in fact, thriving in her life.

One day, Katie went to have her hair done by her hairstylist, and when she came back, she told Mike that she was having a girl's night with her friend, the hair stylist. Katie left with her friend later that evening to go dancing at a club. She told Mike she just needed to have fun, so Mike kissed her forehead, her nose, and her lips to see her off. At the club, Katie had a few drinks and set off on a series of events that would later lead to her relapse. Shortly after Katie's relapse, her loved ones convinced her to go into a treatment facility to get help. It was the holiday season, and Katie agreed to go.

At the facility, Katie got back on track, but life had another plan for Katie.

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Katie was sitting on a metal bench outside of the treatment center, and the bench flipped over, causing Katie to damage her spine and head. The accident caused Katie to start having seizures, and she needed four spinal surgeries. Katie was in debilitating, physical pain. She made it through the first half of her surgeries, but the violent seizures were still occurring.

Katie was recuperating at home with her son, and a final seizure jerked Katie's body into the wall and slammed her down on a table. She almost snapped her neck. Katie was on the floor in agonizing pain. She couldn't get to the pharmacy for her medication. Katie made a phone call and had someone bring her something for the pain. Katie took the medication. She had taken what she thought was a pain killer from the pharmacy when, in fact, it was pressed with fentanyl.

Katie Ferrara passed away from the aftermath of being trafficked as a child... by the woman whose womb made her from scratch.

