

## **Preface**

August 2012. This is my story. I am a woman now of fifty-two years old. I have been around in this life for a little over half a century now. What I have become is mainly because of what I went through as a child and what was done to me as a child by adults. When you are raped and abused as a little girl, it hurts so much, such a tearing pain. But even greater than the physical pain is the pain, when you realize, that your life does not end. That it won't kill you. But that your life goes on. Not to die, but to keep living, that hurts the most. That realization only comes fully as you get older. Because the pain, the inner pain, you carry it with you for a lifetime. Day in and day out. That pain in your soul will never go away. It's like a pain for which doctors have no remedy, no drugs, no pills. Sometimes you put it away, far away in a dark little room in your soul. But then suddenly something small and unreal happens, that makes you suddenly feel it again. Because of which the pounding memories resurface. Ghosts, spirits from the distant past. That's how you get older. Until you turn fifty-two.

Killing someone is bad. I was taught that. The fact that I did it anyway, was because of the straw. The straw that broke the camel's back. That hatred in my heart, that sizzling desire for revenge in that one moment of pent-up pain, which I carried with me for years, exploded into the

daze of 'feeling nothing anymore'! And yet so much! Getting away with murder depends on who you are. If you kill in the name of the law or for the defense of your country, it can be justified or rewarded with a medal. If you kill for revenge, that's premeditated murder. I didn't want to get away with it either. On the contrary, I waited three weeks for my arrest. I waited for it. I knew it was going to happen. I have been punished, for what I have done, with twelve years imprisonment. And my two daughters were also punished. I have served my sentence. I have paid my debt to society. Only society doesn't realize that!

LaReina is the name that South American women gave me in prison. They gave me that name because they felt, I was like a mother to them and because they saw me as their queen in a kingdom of misery. Since then, I wear that name with pride. I also use the name as an artist's name. I sign my paintings with the initials LRW: LaReinaWilleke.

This is my story. It's not a fun story. If you don't want to read it, close this book, put it down and walk away.

**January 2014** - In this edition some information has been added and a chapter has been added about my younger sister Johanna (to friends JoJo) Kaan-Meijer. In the book, I call her Hester. She came back into my life at

the end of 2012, after we had no contact with each other for years. In this chapter, she also describes in her own words her experiences with the abuse, that she had to endure too in her childhood.

For privacy reasons, the names of some of those involved have been changed and other first names are then used. As in the case of my siblings. Of some, only initials are given. The names of people who have since died have not been changed. For instance, Bep is the real name of my mother. (actually, I never call her my ‘mother’, because she never felt like a real mother to me) The name Bertus Broer is also the real name.

See also the Addendum at the end of the book.

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