

WENDY KEKENBOSCH

My fight, My battle

The story of a mother, a women, a fight



ÉDITION PHÉNIX
WENDY K

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wendy kekenbosch asserts the moral right to be identified as the author of this work.

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Published by Phoenix Edition.

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First edition

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“From every pain, a new strength can rise,
from every fall, a new flight begins.”

— Wendy K

Contents

<i>Foreword</i>	iii
<i>Preface</i>	vi
Dedications	1
Chris	3
My Sons - Part 1	5
My Sons - Part 2	7
Mother	9
Each of my scars	11
Introduction	13
My Rebirth	14
Chapter - My Childhood	16
Chapter - My Teenage Years	18
Chapter - The Fall	20
Part 2 - The Escape	22
Part 3 - Trying to Rebuild	24
Chapter - Paul: The Unexpected Encounter	26
Chapter - The Placement: Losing My Sons	29
Chapter - Zulte: Trying to Stand Again	31
Chapter - Huizingen: The Weight of Debts and Hope	33
Chapter - Paul's Last Year	35
Chapter - After Paul: The Collapse and the Encounter with...	37
Chapter - Escaping Laurent and Meeting Chris	40
Chapter - Brandon: My Second Chance at Motherhood	42
Chapter - The Meeting with Chris: The Beginning of Light	44
Chapter - The First Weekend Together	46
Chapter - Meeting Serge and the Extender Family	48

Chapter - Building a Life with Chris	50
Chapter - Nicolaï: The Rainbow Baby	52
Chapter - Life with Nicolaï : A New Beginning, A New Trial	55
Chapter - Aiden: The New Arrival and a Mother's Strength	58
Chapter - A New Home, A New Beginning	62
Chapter - Nicolaï: Dancing on His Toes	64
Chapter - A Quiet Happiness	67
Chapter - Sergueï: Completing the Circle	69
Chapter - The Trials of the Soul	72
Chapter - From the Storm to the Light	75
Chapter - Dylan, My Lost Son	78
Chapter - My Rebirth	81
Epilogue - My Battle, My Victory	84
Personal Acknowledgments	87
Le Verre Enchanté	89
Universal Acknowledgments	91
Each wound	93
<i>About the Author</i>	95
<i>Also by wendy kekenbosch</i>	96

Foreword



Behind every scar
lies a story.



WENDY K
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Preface



I am Wendy, mother of seven wonderful sons, and since July, the happy wife of Chris, the man who has shared my life since April 2016.

My parents met at the *Hotel Amigo*. I am the eldest of two daughters. They separated once after I was born, and for good after my sister came into the world.

My mother was a courageous, hard-working woman. She met **Robert**, my second father, shortly before my sister's first birthday. Robert became my pillar—gentle, patient, the kind of man whose kindness leaves a mark on your soul.

I had a good childhood on my mother's side. Sadly, things were different with my father. I used to see him often—until he met my stepmother when I was six. That's when everything changed.

She had two sons of her own. One lived with his father, the other stayed with her. My stepmother never liked me; she made it clear that my father's life would now revolve around *her*, *her son*, and *him*.

Little by little, I stopped going. I no longer felt wanted there.

And so, throughout my teenage years, my father's presence faded away.

Dedications



To my husband,

In nine years, we've seen it all — the highs, the lows,
the moments we almost gave up, almost walked away.

But love always had the final word.

Together, we built a family, a strength, a refuge.

Thank you for standing beside me through laughter and tears,
through doubt and rebirth.

I love you, my husband.

— Wendy K

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To my sons,

Each of you has shaped me, lifted me, and taught me to fight differently.

Nick, my first great love, my mirror.

Axel, my gentle shadow, my protector.

Dylan, my Buddha baby, my lost son but never forgotten.

Brandon, my little Bibi, my child of light.

Nicolaï, my rainbow baby, my little warrior.

Aiden, my ray of sunshine, my spark and my pride.