

Ruth:

I had a dream the other night. I dreamt that Buddy was gone. I ran to his crib and there he was, sleeping like an angel. And you know, I thanked God for letting me still have Buddy. And I remembered having the same reaction after Frank would beat me, thanking the Lord for giving me the strength to take it. And I remembered thanking the Lord for each day that my mother

lived. Even when she was spittin' up blood and prayin' for me to kill her. I looked into my mother's eyes, pleadin' for me to help her, and all I could do was pray. While... while you were gone, and I was holding Buddy, I thought, "If that bastard, Frank Bennett, ever tries to take my child, I won't pray. I'll break his neck.