More Than My Vagina!

August 5, 2014 By Rae Lewis-Thornton

I broke my virginity two months after my 13th birthday. Looking back I'm not sure that I really wanted to have sex. Truth be told, at that time I didn't even realize what I was doing. All I really understood at the moment was that I didn't want James to stop liking me. I wanted the attention that he lavished on me to keep coming, and coming and coming, just like he did every time he got his 19 year old penis inside of my young vagina.

I didn't even particularly like sex, it would take another 3 years for that level of understanding and a man by the name of Randy for me to have that appreciation. What I did like was the attention that sex brought me. Sex with James meant that I had someone just for me and about me. I liked that James liked me and my young mind thought if I kept giving him the sex that he would like me forever. That is, until he took my girlfriend in the same room he had taken me.

I sat stunned as she giggled her naive self right into the spot that I had been in the days before. As the door shut his super fine, just as fine as he was cousin looked me straight in the face and said, “You gonna let them get away with that”? He reached for my hand, “I’m better,” he claimed. I got off that sofa as fast as I could. By the time I reached the side walk tears fluttered my face. What I felt was a sense of lost not one of anger.

I knew instinctively that I had lost two people that day, my boyfriend and my best friend. Mama had taught me one thing by the time I was 13, people are who they are. I didn’t have the benefit of Maya Angelou’s famous quote, “When people show you who they are, believe them.” I had Mama and what I knew about her from the earliest was the same that I knew on day 13, that people is, as people do. On most days I didn’t like the way Mama treated me, but I had no escape. With other people I understood that I didn’t ever have to stay where I was mistreated.

What I didn’t learn from my first sexual encounter was that available pussy and even good pussy didn’t make a man stay, love, or respect you. I remember my last guy, Mr. Handsome. He said to me after a weekend together, “You know you can take some dick” Ha, the pussy didn’t make him want to give a relationship half of a chance. That is a fact! Pussy does not make a man stay.

What I know now that I didn’t know in my younger years is that a man wanting a relationship with you or not with you ain’t always about you, it’s usually about him. The most respect I have for Mr. Handsome is when he realized he preferred single over commitment, he was honest enough to admit it. The best thing I did for me, was to listen. I blogged about that once, *when women hear but don’t listen.* Women could save themselves so much heartache if we accept what is, rather than pushing what we want it to be. I’m not the casual kind of girl. I gave that up. As a result, I don’t put myself in a casual position.

But for years I thought if I could whip “it” on him, he would love me forever. Then, for even more years, I though that my pussy must be magical. I mean men still wanted me with HIV. This

narcissistic, rooted in low-self-esteem understanding of safe became especially true when married men or men otherwise attached wanted what was between my legs. Even men wanting and trying to have me without a condom gave me some misguided power. “Girl,” I would say to myself, “You got some gold between your legs.” For years my soul was between my legs. Every relationship I had began and ended just like the first one I ever had, between my legs. Interestingly though, I never had a one night stand, every sex I ever had was in search of a love of my own, when that search should have started from within.

I was in my late 30’s early 40’s when I stopped playing the pussy game. I can’t believe it took well over 25 years from that first encounter with James before I understood that my value had nothing to do with my vagina. For sure though, once I learned that lesson it was one that I’ve kept close to my heart even in the face of loneliness and being alone.

To get to this place of wholeness I had to reduce the power of my vagina to increase who God created me to be. I had to hit the bottom before that lesson was learned. It took years of pain and self abuse to learn that I am more than my vagina.

Reducing the power of my vagina created space for me to value all of me. When I stopped

focusing between my legs, I could see me in the fullness of Gods creation

Chicago!! I’m speaking August 13, 2013 in a panel discussion Cupcakes and Condoms!! Come hang out with me and engage in this important topic of women’s sexual health, sex, love, dating and all of it!! The Little Black Pearl Workshop 1060 E. 47th Street. The event is sponsored by the Red PumpProject. Its free and open to the public, but they would like a head count RSVP HERE

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