

KEEPER CATRAN-WHITNEY'S



HEL DIES

**EVERYTHING EVERYWHERE
ALL AT ONCE
BIG PRESENTATION Press Kit**

From Helplessness To Hopefulness To Happiness

BOOK 1

HELPLESSNESS

**WHAT HAPPENS TO BROTHERS WHEN WE LEARN
OUR SISTERS HAVE BEEN MOLESTED BY OUR PARENTS?**

KEEPER
CATRAN-WHITNEY

HELPLESSNESS

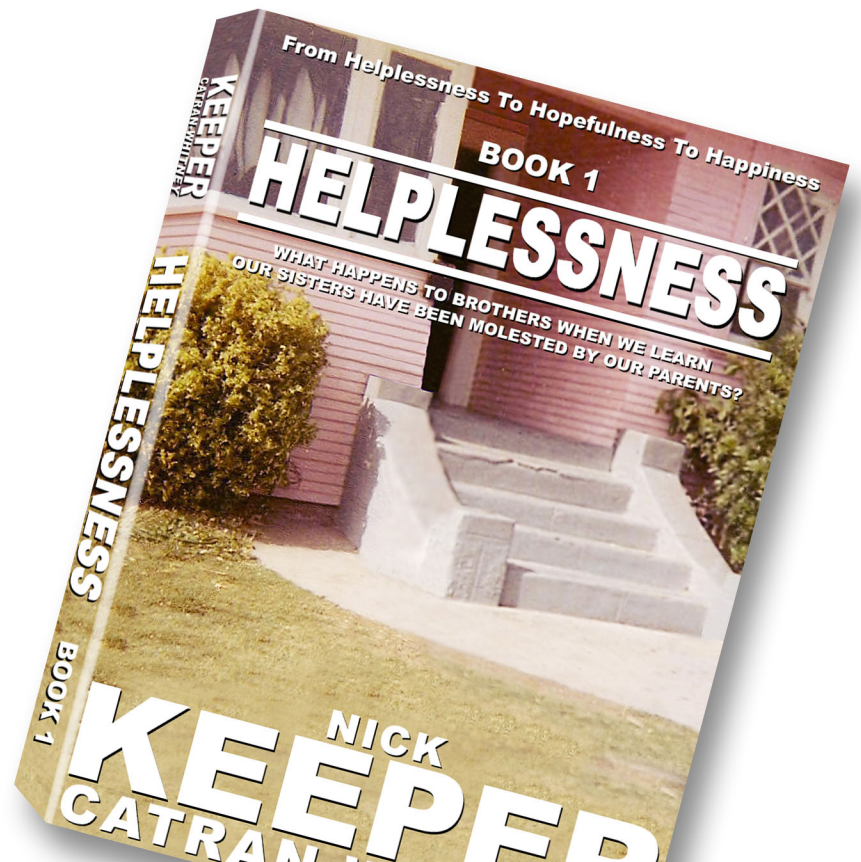
BOOK 1

NICK
KEEPER
CATRAN-WHITNEY

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Keeper Catran-Whitney

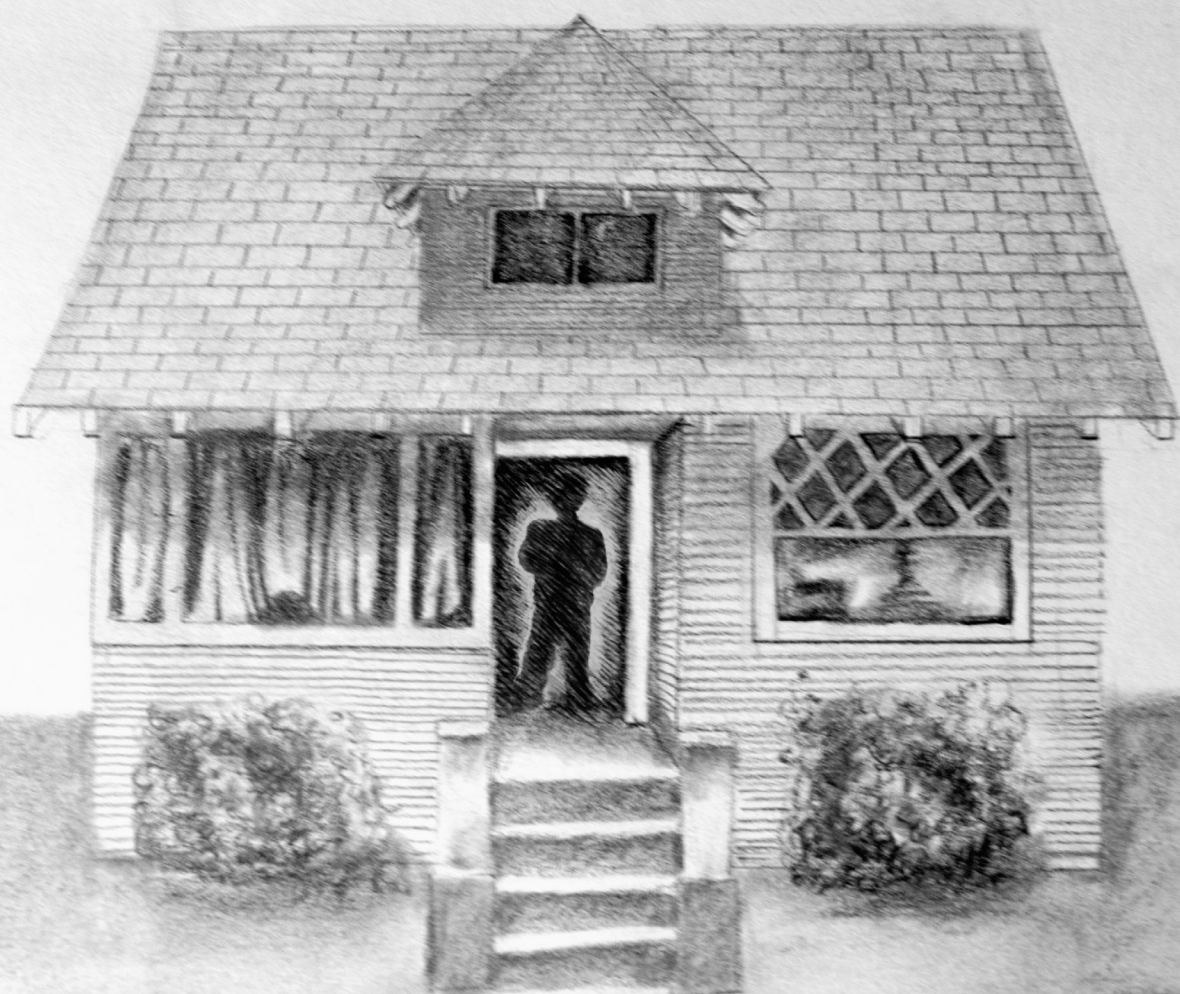


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KEEPER CATRAN-WHITNEY MEDIA KIT



HELPLESSNESS

NICK "KEEPER" CATRAN-WHITNEY

KEEPER'S STORY



Nick, 11-years old, at Venice Beach. One year before the molestations began. 1970

Overwhelming guilt, shame, and betrayal. Keeper's story immerses you in the dark places a brother goes when he finds out his sisters have been molested or raped by a parent, or parent figure.

performing together, but they spend as much time as possible relaxing and having fun together. And when it's anyone's birthday in the family, it's a very special day, indeed!

It was birthday time for the father, and everybody wanted to surprise him with a very unusual birthday happening! So what did they come up with? A Skate Party! Well, it sure beat sitting somewhere in a stuffy restaurant. The idea was a great one, and a definite surprise to the birthday man, "Baby".

Although nobody had been on skates in awhile, most of The Whitneys managed to groove pretty good. But after a few spills to the floor, the entire family thought it best to hang the skating up for a bit, and dig into the birthday cake! All in all, it was a great day at the roller rink, and probably one of the nicest birthdays a father could have!



FROM THE BOOK

Brenda screamed, "James! Nicky! Aaron! Darrell! You, boys, come downstairs; we need to talk to you. Family meeting. Right now!"

I thought, "Great! We'll finally learn when we get to sign the Mo-town contract."

Ten minutes later, four emotional earthquakes tore down our house. Ten minutes later, my family was broken forever. Ten minutes later, I was tossed headfirst into the void.

In those ten minutes, I learned four things:

1. My stepfather had been sexually abusing my two oldest sisters for years.
2. Not only did my mother know, but she also enabled him.
3. A brother begged the molester to stay.
4. My oldest sister locked us four boys out emotionally when she screamed, "It didn't happen to you boys. It only happened to us girls. You four boys can't talk about it. EVER!"

But the truth is it did happen to us boys. The molestations happened to the entire family. After those ten minutes, we were eight kids afraid, scared, alone. And I was now a brother separated and isolated.

This is the story of the pain, guilt, and shame brothers carry in

silence when the people we need to speak to the most lock us out of the most important conversation in our life simply because we are...brothers. What happens to brothers when we learn our parents have sexually abused our sisters? How do we handle the knowledge that there was a coverup by our mother to keep us in the dark? What happens when those outside the family who could have helped us refuse to step in and save us because we are on the doorstep of fame and fortune? What happens to brothers when our sisters recoil from us because even though we did not know, they hate our guts? How do brothers survive our trauma knowing there is no one there for us, no one for us to talk to, there is no support system to bring us back from the void? How do brothers stay strong for sisters who want nothing to do with us? How do we carry a load of guilt, shame, and betrayal and save ourselves?

This is the story of my forty-five-year journey weighed down by my guilt, shame, and betrayal. This is the story of my continuing effort to put myself back together.

This is a story for brothers who carry the same pain I once carried. Who walk in silence, in the shadows. Who believe their shame, guilt, and pain may, at times, be too much to endure. Who is looking for that one voice to shoutout, "I know how you feel. I once felt as you do now. Use my voice. Let it be your voice, for my voice is a brother's voice. It is our voice. It is your voice."

My name is Keeper Catran-Whitney, and this is my story.



WHITNEY!

By Flo Jenkins



"Right On" Magazine 10/1973

And the name of Whitney is ready to add their name to that list of talented and successful entertainers. One very obvious thing you notice when you first check out this family is that they have a ball doing what they do!

Another thing you notice right off the bat is that the entire family is so gorgeous! But more important than all these things is the fact that Whitney! is very together!

When they appear onstage at the clubs around Los Angeles they manage to do something that many groups find it hard to do... they have a *magic* about them that captivates an audience! At the end of a show one finds that they have a

cludes an 8-year old set of the cutest twins you'll ever see by the name of Louanda and Louise. When they appear onstage to sing the audience is automatically captivated by their pretty faces, but when they start to open their mouths, they blow everybody's mind!

Cookie... Soulful "Little Mama!"

Nine-year old Cozette is the soulful "little mama" of the group! They call her "Cookie" because she's so sweet and is constantly giggling. When "Cookie" comes out to do her thing you'd think she was twenty-one! When she lays on the audience

es such as "Steam Roller," it's hard to believe the little lady's only around this world just nine years! And when she really gets into songs, she stops her giggling, and the audience hypnotized into believing that she knows exactly what she's singing about! And when it's all over, the audience is in stitches! ... Laughing ... and amazed how a little girl could take their minds and do with it what "Cookie" does. She's too much!

Ray-Ray is the youngest boy in the family, and he's an Aries. At ten years old, you'd expect him to be outside most of the time playing with his friends rather than concentrating on a singing career! Sure he gets a chance to play his favorite game of "Mafia" with his buddies in the neighborhood, but he gets an even bigger kick out of turning people on with his singing!

When he slides out onstage doing

Q&A

I admit openly and freely that I am terrified to write this book. I am afraid to take this journey.

HOW DID YOU DECIDE TO WRITE A BOOK?

Around 2013 I was being emotionally drawn into the possibility of writing a book. About our story, about what happened to us. My fear was their reaction, my sisters. That put me off for quite a while.

Me and my brothers, we were so afraid to speak to our sisters about this for decades.

WAS THERE AN EVENT THAT TRIGGERED YOU TO ACT?

2013, I was heavy into direct selling and network marketing, I was creating a media company, and I was looking to write a second book on the youth and urban market in network marketing. There was an event put on by Lisa Nichols down in San Diego, "Speak and Write." I went to a panel, "How to write a book in 20 minutes," and the facilitator called on different people, I put my hand up. I was being overlooked. As I'm sitting there, waiting my turn, I'm thinking about writing this book on network marketing, but the whole time, the thing that kept coming to the forefront of my mind was something else entirely.

The facilitator called on me and I was ready to talk about the network marketing book, but that's not what came out. What came out was the description of the book, "Helplessness."



The Leary kids aka The Whitney Family at Centinela Park

1968

TELL US ABOUT THE MOTOWN CONTRACT

In 1977, right when all this broke, we were negotiating opting out of our contract with A&M records because Motown had come to us, and they wanted us to come to them. They had put together this package which, at the time, was the largest recording contract they had offered to any group, ever.

At the time they had the



The Whitney Family at the Imperial West Night Club, Los Angeles

1973

Four Tops on their roster, The Jackson Five, and Diana Ross and the Supremes. And they were coming to our family, The Whitney Family Band. We were very popular in LA. We had done a lot of traveling around the world, tv shows, magazines, etc.

On this particular day we were called to a family meeting. I thought it was to discuss when the signing date was going to be. My 3 brothers thought the same thing. Well, that's not what the meeting was about.

WHAT WAS IT LIKE GROWING UP IN PORTLAND, OREGON?

It was great, it was a lot of fun. My father was married before he met my mom, he had 3 kids. When my father left his previous wife for my mother, we got a number of half-brothers and half-sisters. My grandparents both lived there, I've got aunts, I've got uncles, I've got a ton of cousins, they're just all there. So, Portland, on the one hand, has spectacular memories. But on the other hand, it's where I first saw my father beating my mother. Sometimes, almost near death.

In 1969, early 70's, my mom had had enough. She packed all eight of us into my aunt's purple car, and just drove down to LA without telling my dad.

WHO ARE YOU WRITING THIS BOOK FOR?

From my experience, as a brother, we are left out of the conversation when our sisters have been sexually abused. Sisters don't want to hear anything from their brothers because they think we aren't impacted. Certainly, we aren't impacted to the degree that they are but the impact on brothers can be absolutely devastating.

When I was writing the book it occurred to me, there aren't any books out there about brothers talking about their experience. There are books about men's experiences being molested, or raped, but none from a brother's perspective of what it's like once he learns his sisters have been molested or raped. And so, as I was writing the book, in the 6+ years it took to write it, I spoke to a number of men whose sisters had been molested. A lot of them

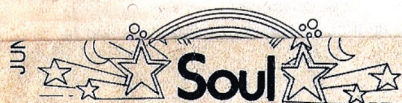
76

Billboard's Top Album Picks

Billboard SPECIAL SURVEY For Week Ending 6/11/77

Number of LPs reviewed this week **69** Last week **48**

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AL GREEN—*Al Green's Greatest Hits Volume II*, Hi SHL32105 (London). This LP is a compilation of previously recorded hits from Green's foot stompin', hand clapping, high energy tunes to the easy, mellow ballads. Instruments on this album, although some selections date back a few years, are very much in keeping with the singer's current sound. This LP was produced by Willie Mitchell and Green.

Best cuts: "Love & Happiness," "Take Me To The River," "For The Good Times," "Livin' For You," "Full Of Fire."

Dealers: This singer captures both the pop and r&b audiences.

FUNKADELIC—*The Best Of The Early Years Volume One* Westbound WB303 (Atlantic). This LP offers Funkadelic fans a chance to compare their early material with its current sound. Instruments and vocals are as energetic as today's sound although the group seems to have matured both instrumentally and vocally. The material on this LP was recorded prior to the group becoming Parliament/Funkadelic. The earlier sound was not quite as clear and identifiable as their present sound. As usual with this group, some cuts are not geared to AM air play.

Best cuts: "Cosmic Slop," "Sexy Ways," "Can't Stand The

engaging performers. The pace of this offering is slow compared to what usually clicks, but Jarrett's jazz is so classical it works. Eleven movements, four sides of music that can be felt as well as heard. He's never flamboyant, always clear-headed.

Best cuts: Your choice.

Dealers: Appeal to rock, jazz and classical listeners.

First Time Around

THE WHITNEY FAMILY—*Airways*, United Artists LA734G. As a unit singing harmony this multivoiced ensemble is excellent. As individual soloists they are equally impressive. But there's an obvious lack of coordination when several members are featured on one cut. This group excels when singing ballads and with the different members leading, the LP takes on several dimensions. Instruments are mellow and few at times but easily transfers into a large orchestra.

Best cuts: "Whatcha Gonna Do If I Give It To You," "Take Love," "Let Me Be Your Woman," "Love Is Where You Find It."

Dealers: For best results display with r&b vocal groups.

GONZALEZ—*Our Only Weapon Is Our Music*, EMI ST11644.

Spotlight

along with Linda. Recorded on 4-track equipment to recapture the simplicity of the Holly era, the album has a certain rough charm, but is lacking in the bouncy energy that sparked the original renditions. **Best cuts:** "It's So Easy/Listen To Me," "Heartbeat," "Moondreams."

TROOPER—*Knock 'Em Dead Kid*, MCA2275. There's very little authenticity here although members of this rock group are obviously talented. Different members are spotlighted and excel at this point. Instruments are also spotlighted as highly visible electronic productions. This LP was well produced by Randy Bachman. **Best cuts:** "Knock 'Em Dead Kid," "Most Of The Country," "We're Here For A Good Time," "(It's Been A) Long Time."

GRAEME EDGE BAND FEATURING ADRIAN GURVITZ—*Paradise Ballroom*, London PS686. Jazz flavored instruments coupled with rock vocals makes for an interesting blend. The jazz guitar is the outstanding instrument here. Strong vocals by lead singer are good. Much of this LP is mellow and as much instrumental as vocal. **Best cuts:** "Paradise Ballroom," "Human," "Caroline," "All Is Fair."

SAMMY JOHNS—*The Van/Original Motion Picture Soundtrack*, Warner Bros. BS3063. Johns' delivery of 10 selections from "The Van" reflects an air of relaxation and carefree cruising down the highway heard in his easygoing vocals and the smooth backing tracks of the instrumental arrangements. Laced in a country/gospel style, the performance for the most part is soft and reflective dealing exclusively on the sub-

THE DICTATORS—*Manifest Destiny*, J&R. This new wave band only turned out an LP a year so fans

RUSTY WIER—*Stacked Deck*, Columbia. Photos of the blond and bearded Wier. Masterson/Maverick-style setting. Wier guides his vocals as those of a red-bl

THE NEW MARKETTS—*Step On It*, K. The group reformed has come up with a li probably be more popular during months. There is no real creativity on but musicians are good maintaining throughout. **Best cuts:** "Soul Coaxing," "Pinada."

CHUNKY, NOVI & ERNIE, Warner Bros. mellow, pop offerings by a trio of two the LP is dominated by Chunky (aka I) vocalist and compos of all of the sele cals are laidback, at times overly so, ear-pleasing. **Best cuts:** "Can't Get land," "Lovelight."

soul

SIMPLY CAESAR—First Lady, Roadsh

came to me, once they found out what I was writing. They started telling me their stories.

WHAT OTHER PLATFORMS DO YOU SPEAK ON?

I did a 16-part series podcast called "Behind The Book. This is for the Brothers." I spoke with a number of people in the podcast, some radio people, in particular Gene Braunstein. I spoke with a good friend of mine, George Kennedy. I spoke to Dr. Yvonne Merrill, who is a Doctor of Literature at the University of Arizona for about 40 years; she read the manuscript and said it was one of the most powerful things that has ever crossed her desk.

I spoke to my son, on what it was like for him, once I told him what happened, and the impact. He and I had a very intense interview because he asked me questions that no one had ever asked.

I also did an interview with my wife, on what it was like to watch me going through all of these emotional challenges, as I became closed off, didn't want to talk about it. She is actually the one who brought it to my attention - that I was a victim. For all of these years I didn't look at myself as a victim. She looked at me and said, "you are a victim. How can you not be a victim?"

I imagine most men and brothers are going to say, "I'm not a victim, it was just my sisters." Well, you are a victim. The entire family has been

victimized. I had this discussion with my son, and my brother. My older brother handles it vastly different. The most important episode, a 2 hour episode, is with my brother and sister.

We are currently working on the website to support the book.

ARE THERE ANY REVELATIONS THAT YOU HAD WHILE WRITING THE BOOK?

Too many. And they continue to come. The first, major revelation; for the first, maybe 45-50 years, I thought that HP had only gotten to my 2 oldest sisters, and that my 2 youngest sisters, were never in the cross hairs. One day, I'm writing this paragraph to close out a chapter and it hit me.

I thought that I had protected them, because of the confrontation that he and I had in 1986. But I write this piece in the book and it hit me, it hit me hard. And I just spiraled down. I was emotionally going downhill, because it occurred to me, he beat me. He got to them. And it is just, it was just... I started to go to such a dark place. Luckily for me, just out of coincidence, my second oldest sister called, and she was able to pull me back out. That's one of the big ones.

Another revelation was my son; I didn't know how it had impacted him until we did the podcast. No idea.

THE WHITNEYS!

"JOIN OUR FAMILY SKATING PARTY!"

WHAT PEOPLE ARE SAYING

"Rarely are authors able to imbue their stories with as much heart, pain, and passion as Keeper. Audiences are not ready for the depths that this work chronicles."
- TaleFlick

TaleFlick is a curation and library service for authors, specializing in adapting books to movies and tv shows. Clients include major Hollywood studios, producers, directors, and writers.

"This book SHOULD be used as an educational tool, therapy tool, self-help tool, and all the other tools I failed to mention."
- Jill, L.

"It is one of the most absorbing, educating, and humbling morality roller coasters I have ever read. I called my sisters after I finished, and we talked for two hours about how your book impacted me."
- Richard G.

"My husband can't stop talking about Keeper's book, and he's only a third of the way through it."
- Jean, S.

"Holy shit, Keeper! The way you write, it was like I was watching a movie. It was like I was in the room where it happened."
- David, K.

"Helplessness is riveting! It made me feel such admiration you and your siblings. This book can be an inspiration to many. It offers a message that regardless of your past and what life holds, it is possible to survive. It is an important reminder that our past experiences mold who we are today. That it's okay to feel those emotions...that it's okay to cry...that it's okay to feel despair and hiding the past doesn't make it go away."
- Amy, B.

"I can't imagine living and surviving the way this family had to. I think this book will become a critically acclaimed piece of work."
- Naomi, B.

"That chapter called The Parent/Child Contract shook me to my core."
- Joe, G.

One Of The Most Talented New Singing Families Around Is The Whitneys! Not Only Do They Have A Ball Working Together, But Playing Together Is A Groovy Thing, Too!



Members of the talented Whitney family ham it up for *Right On!* photographers!

The Whitney family happens to be one of the hottest family singing aggregations around Los Angeles, and soon the entire world will be hip to them! Included are eight beautiful youngsters and their youthful and energetic parents. Seventeen-yr. old Glynn (an Aquarian); Nick, a 16-yr. old Capricorn; Tracey, age 15 is Scorpio; Phillip, 14-yr. old Sagittarian; 12-yr. old Ray-Ray . . . Aric Cozette ("Cook-



Keeper Catran Whitney

2022

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Keeper Catran-Whitney. Father, Husband, Brother, and Son. CEO and founder of DirectSellingLive.com, owner of MLMBLackWoman.com and a number of other media and communications properties in the industry of direct selling. Co-author of New York Time's Best Seller, Build It Big. Creator of the podcast, This is For The Brothers and author of the book series, From Helplessness, to Hopefulness, to Happiness. Keeper lives and works out of his home in Southern California and spends much of his time going to Disneyland and watching movies with his family.

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Keeper is available for speaking engagements, television appearances and interviews.



INTERVIEW WITH BOSS KEY MEDIA



BKM: Why did you decide to write “HELPLESSNESS”?

Around 2013 I was being emotionally drawn to the possibility of writing a book about my family's story and about what happened to my sisters, but primarily about what happened to us brothers after we learned what happened to them. What always stopped me was my fear of my sisters reaction. That put me off for years. My brothers and I were so afraid to speak to our sisters about what had happened for decades.

BKM: Was there a specific event that triggered you to act?

2013, I was heavy into Direct Selling and Network Marketing. I was creating a media company, and I was looking to write a book on how to attract the youth and urban markets into Network Marketing.

There was an event put on by the motivational speaker, Lisa Nichols, down in San Diego called "How to Speak and Write to Make Millions." While there, I went to a session called "How to Write a Book In 20 Minutes." The facilitator called on different people to answer their questions about process and structure. I put my hand up, and even though my hand had been up the entire time and the facilitator kept looking right at me as if she was going to call on me, she would turn away and call on someone else. It was frustrating.

One time she pointed at me, and I began to speak. She said, "No. Not you. I'm pointing at the lady directly behind you." She did that a few times. She kept being passed over me. As I was sitting there, waiting my turn, I'm thinking about writing this book on Network Marketing, but the whole time, the thing that kept coming to the forefront of my mind was something else entirely. The facilitator, after everyone had shared their idea, finally called on me. I began to talk about the Network Marketing book, but that's not what came out. I think my frustration at being overlooked and that pull to share my family's story caused something else to come out of my mouth. What came out was the description of the book "HELPLESSNESS."

BKM: Tell us about the Motown contract.

In 1977, right when all this was exposed to my brothers and me, we were negotiating to opt-out of our contract with A&M records because Motown had come to us. They wanted us to come to sign with them. They had put together this package which, at the time, was the largest recording contract they had offered to any new group.

At the time, they had the Four Tops on their roster, The Jackson Five, and Diana Ross and the Supremes. And here they were coming to our family, The Whitney Family. We were very popular in LA. We had done a lot of traveling around the world, TV shows, magazines, etc.

On this particular day, we were called to a family meeting. I thought it was to discuss when the Motown signing date was going to be. My three brothers thought the same thing. Well, that's not what the meeting was about.

BKM: What was it like growing up in Portland, OR?

It was fun and terrible. My father was married before he met my mom. He had three kids from a previous marriage. My father left his wife for my sixteen-year-old mother. We've got a ton of half-brothers and half-sisters. About twenty. All my grandparents lived there. I've got aunts, uncles, and a ton of cousins. They're just all there, so there was never a lack of fun. So, Portland, on one hand, has spectacular memories. But on the other hand, it's where I first saw my father beating my mother. Sometimes, almost near death.

In 1969 my mom had had enough. She packed all eight of us into my aunt's purple car and just drove down to Los Angeles without telling my dad.

BKM: Who are you writing this book for?

From my experience, as a brother, we are left out of the conversation when our sisters have been sexually abused, even if the abuse takes place in the home. Sisters don't want to hear anything from their brothers because they think we aren't impacted. Certainly, we aren't impacted to the degree that they are, but the impact on brothers can be absolutely devastating.

When I was writing the book, it occurred to me that there aren't any books out there about brothers talking about their experiences. There are books about men's experiences being molested or raped, but none from a brother's perspective of what it's like once he learns his sisters have been molested or raped. And so, as I was writing the book – in the 6+ years it took to write it – I spoke to a number of men whose sisters had been molested. A lot of them came to me once they found out what I was writing. They started telling me their stories.

BKM: What other platforms do you speak on?

I did a 16-part series podcast called "Behind the Book: This Is for The Brothers." I spoke with a number of people in the podcast, some radio people, in particular Gene Braunstein. I spoke with a good friend of mine, George Kennedy. I spoke to Dr. Yvonne Merrill, who was a Doctor of Literature at the University of Arizona for about 40 years; she read the manuscript and said it was one of the most powerful things that has ever crossed her desk.

I spoke to my son about what it was like for him once I told him what happened in my family growing up and the impact that information had on him. He and I had a very intense interview, which is an episode in my podcast, "Behind the Book: This Is for The Brothers." He asked me questions that no one had ever asked.

I also did an interview with my wife on what it was like to watch her husband going through all of the emotional challenges I was going through while writing the book over seven years. I became closed off and didn't want to talk about any of it. She is actually the one who brought my victimhood to my attention. It was she who pointed out that I was a victim. For forty-five years, I didn't look at myself as a victim. She looked at me one night while we were in bed and said, "You're a victim." I told her, "No way." She responded by saying, "How can you not be a victim? How can you not see that?" I imagine most men and brothers are going to say, "I'm not a victim. It was just my sisters." Well, brothers are victims. Whether we know it or not when one person in the family has been sexually abused, the entire family has been victimized.

In another episode of the podcast series, I had a discussion with my son and my older brother. My older brother handles the trauma and shame vastly different than I do.

The most important episodes in the podcast are the 2-hour 4-part episode at the end. They are episodes thirteen through sixteen, with my older brother and third sister. For my older brother, it was the first time he spoke talk with one of our sisters about her years of being molested by our stepfather and with our mother's knowledge. It was my second time. She got to ask us all the questions she had been holding on to for years about what we did and didn't do. It was our chance to tell her what it had been like for us. It was four hours of tears, surprise, disappointment, understanding, and love.

I am currently working on the website to support the book. All this and more are on my website.

BKM: Are there any revelations that you had in the process of writing this book?

Too many. And they continue to come. The first, major revelation was that for maybe 45-50 years I thought that HP had only "gotten" to my two oldest sisters and that my two youngest sisters were never in his crosshairs – or that at least he hadn't gotten to them.

One day, I'm writing this paragraph to close out a chapter. I re-read the closing part when it hit me. I was told about it prior to writing this paragraph. I even wrote about it, but the whole time it never sunk in that he got to the twins. I was so blindsided that he had gotten to them. I was devastated.

You see, I thought that I had protected them because of the confrontation that he and I had at the top of the stairs in 1986. It hit me so hard that I just started spiraling down. I was emotionally going downhill, or what I call falling into Alice's rabbit hole, because at that moment, it occurred to me, that he beat me. He got to them. And it is just, it was

just... I started to go to such a dark place. Luckily for me, just out of coincidence, my second oldest sister called, and she was able to pull me back out. That's one of the big ones. Another revelation was my son; I didn't know how it had impacted him until we did the podcast. No idea.

When talking with my son, he asked why I never gave up looking for Henry. Before he asked that, I never had an answer. But, when he asked me, the answer came to me as clear a day. I thought it was to recapture my self-esteem and give my sisters a degree of closure, knowing all pain could never go away. Those are important, but when my son asked me that question, I realized the true answer. I wanted to be the man who wouldn't let it go. The one who didn't fail them. So many men and women in our family failed them, including me. But even though I failed them, that didn't mean I could finish the job for them. I didn't want to be like those other men. What I really wanted was for my four sisters to be proud of me.

BKM: Other than the people in the podcast, who did you talk to while writing "HELPLESSNESS"?

After hearing what we heard, we instantly became fragmented as a family. No one wanted to talk to anybody, especially brothers and sisters. It was so bad. We were all in trauma. PTSD was setting in fast. We're all in our heads trying to figure out what to do next. Our singing career was gone, too. A couple of my sisters, they just bounced. They were gone. A couple of them stayed back because they were too young.

I recognized, rather quickly, that if I'm going through this, everyone else is going through the same thing. If I'm going through this as a brother, hell, my three other brothers are going through the same thing.

Incidentally, my older half-brother in Portland knew about this stuff but didn't say anything. He's in the book in a very prominent way. The trauma and suffering of carrying the burden of that knowledge about his eight little brothers and sisters for 50 years, and not saying anything. Man! Fortunately, he was willing to tell me what he had seen happening to his little sister. All his pain came pouring out when we talked because he was looking for a way out of his suffering. All nine of us were all looking for a way out. There were a number of aunts and uncles and grandparents who knew, but they just turned their backs on us. They knew it but decided to do nothing. Their betrayal...wow!

Speaking of revelations, I spoke to both of my grandmothers about it, about what they knew and their reasons for doing nothing. For not helping their grandchildren escape Henry. Especially their granddaughters. My father's mother said she hadn't seen us for 20 years and she was afraid that if she said something, she would never see us again. I couldn't believe it when I heard her say that. I told her, "I get that, except, because you didn't step up and help us, you purposely put grandchildren in harm's way on a daily basis – for years. Your granddaughters were repeatedly sexually abused because you did nothing. You put your needs over the needs of your grandchildren."

My mother's mother, she told me she knew but decided not to say something because she felt it was not her place. She, like my other grandmother, decided to put her grandchildren in harm's way on purpose. Her justification for not protecting us is old-school BS. "It's not my business. I'm not going to get into another family's business." I told her, "We are your family, and every second of every day that you chose not to do something about it, you allowed your granddaughters to be raped. Because it was about you and not about your grandchildren. That's what my mother did. And that is the major problem. It's never about the children. It's about you. It's about how it'd impact the "Whitney reputation" in Portland, in your church. You're just like mom. Like mother like daughter. Reputation over your grandkids."

BKM: Tell us about book two, "HOPEFULNESS".

"HOPEFULNESS," which I've begun writing, is about once you are at that helpless place...you're pulled into the abyss or drop down the rabbit hole...it continues down and down until you say stop...and it doesn't. The hardest part is you have to try to climb your way out emotionally. That is so hard because you are usually alone and scared. There is nothing to grab onto except the last bit of hope, and that's fading fast.

In order to cling to hope going forward, there have to be occasions and people that you can glom onto who can help pull you out. Who can give you a sense of hope when yours is dying? The "HOPEFULNESS" book is about that point I decided I was okay...that I was enough. You know? That I was all I needed after realizing that no one was coming to my rescue. It was going to be up to me to get myself out of this.

It's also about learning to find those individuals that I can hopefully depend on and call on. It's about those few people who can, hopefully, help me get out of this dark place.

BKM: What is "HAPPINESS"?

"HAPPINESS," the book, is something that I'm really looking forward to sitting down and writing because I already know who the people and situations are that make me happy. And I know their role in all of this.

BKM: Will your family continue to contribute to Book 2, "HOPEFULNESS," and Book 3, "HAPPINESS"?

With the "HOPEFULNESS" and "HAPPINESS" books, my siblings are also going to contribute sections as well. My three sisters, my older brother, and my older half-brother, are all going to be a part of it. So, as the reader, you are going to get this constant family's view on what happened and how it affected each of us. The beauty is we're not always going to be on the same page or have the same recollection, which I

think is great. We will have six different points of view on the same event. Many factors will contribute to the different views, such as age, social interaction with friends and family, gender will play a huge role, of course, maturity, position in the family, and responsibilities within the family.

Our timelines may be a little different, which is fine. Depending on who you are, what you were going through, your age, and all this stuff, you might remember things differently. Your individual experience will set you apart from all your sisters and brothers. Frankly, I think that is great. Look, at the end of the day, what you've got are these eight children in one nuclear family and a half-brother who have been so traumatized...who have been shattered. How do you put that back together in any meaningful way, if it's possible at all? Some of us have done an okay job, while others are still searching for hope and happiness. To me, the only question that matters is how do you, as a person, go from "HELPLESSNESS" to "HOPEFULNESS" to "HAPPINESS"? If you can answer that question, your family has a chance.

BKM: Do you have any words for people going through this now?

If you can find a place where you are happy with yourself, and you know who those people are who make you happy, who keep life happy, even in the midst of whatever is going on, you have a chance. But that shit ain't easy. However, if you can do that, you are empowered enough to go forward every day because you are hopeful. Otherwise, you're just going to fall back. If you go back too far, you'll never find a way out. Even if you are stagnant, you are falling behind emotionally.

Boss Key Media is Black, Indigenous People of Color (BIPOC) lifestyle company that is changing the way the world thinks about BIPOC. We tell stories, create cross-platform content that delivers BIPOC-focused content across several platforms celebrating the global BIPOC experience and help chart a better understanding of who and why we are.

Keeper



THE WHITNEYS! "JOIN OUR FAMILY SKATING PARTY!"

One Of The Most Talented New Singing Families Around Is The Whitneys! Not Only Do They Have A Ball Working Together, But Playing Together Is A Groovy Thing, Too!



Members of the talented Whitney family ham it up for *Right Out* photographers!

The Whitney family happens to be one of the hottest family singing aggregations around Los Angeles. And soon the entire world will be hip to them! Included are eight beautiful youngsters and their young, cool and energetic parents. Seventeen-year-old Glynn (an Aquarian); Nick, a 16-yr. old Capricorn; Tracey, age 15 is Scorpio; Phillip, 14-yr. old Sagittarian; 12-yr. old Ray-Ray... Aries; Cozette ("Cookie") 11-yr. old Taurus; and twins Louanda and Louise, age 10. Taurus. The mother of all these talented kids is Louise Whitney, and the proud father is a 6'6" man who's affectionately called "Baby".

Not only does the Whitney family spend many long hours working and performing together, but they spend as much time as possible relaxing and having fun together. And when it's anyone's birthday in the family, it's a very special day, indeed!

It was birthday time for the father, and everybody wanted to surprise him with a very unusual birthday happening! So what did they come up with? A Skate Party! Well, it sure beat sitting somewhere in a stuffy restaurant. The idea was a great one, and a definite surprise to the birthday man, "Baby".

Although nobody had been on skates in awhile, most of The Whitneys managed to groove pretty good. But after a few spills to the floor, the entire family thought it best to hang the skating up for a bit, and dig into the birthday cake! All in all, it was a great day at the roller rink, and probably one of the nicest birthdays a father could have!



20

76

Billboard's Top Album Picks

Billboard SPECIAL SURVEY For Week Ending 6/11/77

Number of LPs reviewed this week 69 Last week 48

Soul

AL GREEN—Al Green's Greatest Hits Volume II, HI SHL32105 (London). This LP is a compilation of previously recorded hits from Green's foot stompin', hand clapping, high energy tunes to the easy, mellow ballads. Instruments on this album, although some selections date back a few years, are very much in keeping with the singer's current sound. This LP was produced by Willie Mitchell and Green.

Best cuts: "Love & Happiness," "Take Me To The River," "For The Good Times," "Livin' For You," "Full Of Fire."

Dealers: This singer captures both the pop and r&b audiences.

FUNKADELIC—The Best Of The Early Years Volume One, Westbound WB303 (Atlantic). This LP offers Funkadelic fans a chance to compare their early material with its current sound. Instruments and vocals are as energetic as today's sound although the group seems to have matured both instrumentally and vocally. The material on this LP was recorded prior to the group becoming Parliament/Funkadelic. The earlier sound was not quite as clear and identifiable as their present sound. As usual with this group, some cuts are not geared to AM air play.

Best cuts: "Cosmic Slop," "Sexy Ways," "Can't Stand The Strain," "Wake Up," "I'll Bet You."

Dealers: This group has its own following and should be displayed prominently.

Country

CONWAY TWITTY & LORETTA LYNN—Dynamic Duo, MCA 2278. Country music's red-hot duo, Lynn and Twitty, have their summer offering—another tightly produced package that matches the personalities and voices of these two talents. An interesting assortment of songs ranges from the lively Hank Williams classic "Hey, Good Looking" to their fast rising new single "I Can't Love You Enough" to the old r&b hit, "Soulshake." A typical Owen Bradley Production of Twitty/Lynn relies heavily on steel guitar, solid bass beat and the everpresent fiddles. For some reason, the cover photo of Twitty and Lynn is blurred. The music's sharp, though, and will lure loads of airplay and sales.

Best cuts: "I Can't Love You Enough," "We're Much Too Close," "Hey, Good Looking," "Where Old Love Gathers Dust," "Soulshake."

Dealers: Consistent top selling artists are back with another hot one.

Spotlight

engaging performers. The pace of this offering is slow compared to what usually clicks, but Jarrett's jazz is so classical it works. Eleven movements, four sides of music that can be felt as well as heard. He's never flamboyant, always clear-headed.

Best cuts: Your choice.
Dealers: Appeal to rock, jazz and classical listeners.

First Time Around

THE WHITNEY FAMILY—Airways, United Artists LA7346. As a unit singing harmony this multivoiced ensemble is excellent. As individual soloists they are equally impressive. But there's an obvious lack of coordination when several members are featured on one cut. This group excels when singing ballads and with the different members leading, the LP takes on several dimensions. Instruments are mellow and few at times but easily transfers into a large orchestra.

Best cuts: "Whatcha Gonna Do If I Give It To You," "Take Love," "Let Me Be Your Woman," "Love Is Where You Find It."

Dealers: For best results display with r&b vocal groups.

GONZALEZ—Our Only Weapon Is Our Music, EMI ST11644. The 11 individuals that comprise this horn dominated and tightly rhythm outfit from England carry a pageful of impressive credits that surface in the music on the group's debut U.S. album. Soulful and smoothly energized, Gonzalez' selections are both punchy and lyrical, resulting in an optimistic tone and uplifting delivery pushed even further by the velvety vocal harmonies.

Best cuts: "Got My Eye On You," "Nothing Ever Comes That Easy," "Bless You."

Dealers: Showcase with other British rock bands.

Billboard's Recommended LPs

pop

LITTLE RIVER BAND—Diamantina Cocktail, Harvest SW11645 (Capitol). This, the second LP on Capitol is mellow rock with interesting vocal and instrumental changes throughout. Each number offers a large intro production leading to the clear, clean vocal style of the lead singer. This LP produced by John Boyland and Little River Band offers a variety of material

along with Linda. Recorded on 4-track equipment to recapture the simplicity of the Holly era, the album has a certain rough charm, but is lacking in the bouncy energy that sparked the original renditions. **Best cuts:** "It's So Easy/Listen To Me," "Heartbeat," "Moodmoods."

TROOPER—Knock 'Em Dead Kid, MCA2275. There's very little authenticity here although members of this rock group are obviously talented. Different members are spotlighted and excel at this point. Instruments are also spotlighted as highly visible electronic productions. This LP was well produced by Randy Bachman. **Best cuts:** "Knock 'Em Dead Kid," "Most Of The Country," "We're Here For A Good Time," "(It's Been A) Long Time."

GRAEME EDGE BAND FEATURING ADRIAN GURVITZ—Paradise Ballroom, London PS686. Jazz flavored instruments coupled with rock vocals makes for an interesting blend. The jazz guitar is the outstanding instrument here. Strong vocals by lead singer are good. Much of this LP is mellow and as much instrumental as vocal. **Best cuts:** "Paradise Ballroom," "Human," "Caroline," "All Is Fair."

SAMMY JOHNS—The Van/Original Motion Picture Soundtrack, Warner Bros. BS3063. Johns' delivery of 10 selections from "The Van" reflects an air of relaxation and carefree cruising down the highway heard in his easygoing vocals and the smooth backing tracks of the instrumental arrangements. Laced in a country/gospel style, the performance for the most part is soft and reflective dealing exclusively on the subject of love, simulating what might go on in one's mind while stuck on the road. **Best cuts:** "Chevy Van," "Rag Doll," "You're So Sweet."

FRINGE BENEFIT, Capricorn CP0183 (Warner Bros.). A collection of catchy progressive rock tunes loaded with melodic hooks and nice breezy vocals, this LP provides some fine summertime cruising themes. The British group has skillfully integrated shades of California into its material, which is primarily original. **Best cuts:** "All In Vain," "Patterns," "Let A Light Shine."

LALO SCHIFRIN—Rollercoaster (Soundtrack), MCA2284. This LP begins with the musical sounds of an amusement park roller coaster, moving gracefully into a semiclassical mood of a carousel. Variations of this theme is carried throughout. This album maintains a mellow flavor, building only slightly. There are no vocals. It's difficult to select a best cut as the theme is ever present.

OKLAHOMA, Capitol ST11646. Coming directly from its home state, Oklahoma's musical style reflects a cross between Southern rock and English pop. This mixture of influences leads to an interesting result for a catchy and commercial pop sound supported by the steady driving but not so hard characteristics of Southern rock. **Best cuts:** "One More Round," "Magic," "Piece Of My Life."

THE DICTATORS—Manifest Destiny, Asylum/CA205. The group's music is a blend of hard rock and soul. The group only turned out an LP a year so fans should bite. **Best cuts:** "Glider," "Crackers."

RUSTY WIER—Stacked Deck, Columbia PC34775. This is a set of unabashed blues and blues-based rock disguised by cover photos of the blond and bearded Wier in a sly and dapper Bat Masterson/Maverick-style setting. Wier also masterfully disguises his vocals as those of a red-blooded, black bluesman. **Best cuts:** "Sundown Sally," "Black Queen," "Lola."

THE NEW MARKETTS—Step On It, Calliope CAL7003. This group reformed has come up with a light, clean LP which will probably be more popular during the coming summer months. There is no real creativity on this instrumental album but musicians are good maintaining a delicate, easy tempo throughout. **Best cuts:** "Soul Coaxing," "African Lighting," "Pinada."

CHUNKY, NOVI & ERNIE, Warner Bros. BS3030. A group of mellow, pop offerings by a trio of two women and one Ernie, the LP is dominated by Chunky (aka Ilene Rappaport) as lead vocalist and composer of all the selections. Her breathy vocals are laidback, at times overly so, but the overall effect is ear-pleasing. **Best cuts:** "Can't Get Away From You," "Island," "Lovelight."

soul

SHIRLEY CAESAR—First Lady, Roadshow RS-LA744 (United Artists). The lyrics of this LP would possibly place it in the gospel category; however, the resemblance ends there. This singer is backed by heavy rhythm sections with large orchestral arrangements supplied by the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. **Best cuts:** "Everything But Faith," "Jesus Is Coming," "No-body But Jesus," "Jesus Children Of America," "Faded Rose."

MOTHER'S FINEST—Another Mother Further, Epic PE34699 (CBS). The raw energy of rock is combined with the guttiness of blues based vocals to produce this action packed vocal group. There's more than ample teaspoons of funk delivered up vocally to match the brassiness of the guitars in the background. **Best cuts:** "Baby Love," "Piece Of The Rock," "Burning Love."

(Continued on page 78)

Spotlight—The most outstanding new product of the week's releases and that with the greatest potential for top of the chart placement; picks—predicted for the top half of the chart in the opinion of the reviewer; recommended—predicted to hit the second half of the chart in the opinion of the reviewer, or albums of superior quality. Albums receiving a three star rating are not listed. Review editor: Nat Freedland; reviewers: Eliot Taggart, Gerry Wood, Is Horowitz, Ed Harrison, Jean Williams, Dave Dexter Jr., Pat Nelson, Sally Hinkle, Augustin Gurza, Roman Kozak, Dick Nussler, Jim McCullough.

FROM HELPLESSNESS TO HOPEFULNESS TO HAPPINESS: BOOK 1
HELPLESSNESS - WHAT HAPPENS TO BROTHERS WHEN WE LEARN OUR SISTERS HAVE BEEN SEXUALLY ABUSED BY OUR PARENTS

HOLLYWOOD WEIGHS IN! A REVIEW FROM TALEFLICK



KEEPER CATRAN-WHITNEY

Brief

A portrait of one family's trauma. Follows a family band on the cusp of stardom as they are torn apart after their step father's unyielding sexual predation of his step daughters. Years later, a fateful stepson decides to dive into his family's trauma, all while bracing to stand up to his predator step father once and for all.

What We Liked

A key strength in this work is the author's voice— Keeper's narration stands out as exquisite, haunting, and robust with its emotion and reflections. Rarely are authors able to imbue their stories with as much heart, pain, and passion as Keeper. Audience are not ready for the depths of depravity that this work chronicles. Nor are they ready for the kind of heinous, monstrous villains this work presents. All in all, this work contains pulse-pounding drama in excess, and one would be unwise not to take a closer look, that is, if they can bear it.

Film: This work is a solid candidate for adaptation to TV for its potency and power. These qualities are largely thanks to the author's voice and perspective— His pain, passion, and valuable findings and insights ring through loud and clear. One would be hard pressed to find a protagonist as noble, proactive, and well-motivated as Keeper. Moreover, there is a saying in screenwriting that a good movie is three good scenes and no bad ones. Here, the author seems to have more than a handful of great potential scenes, and they are led by the epic, gut-wrenching family meeting where the assault revelations come out, followed by the pulse-pounding final confrontation between Keeper and the tormenter in Henry. All in all, there is plenty here to level the audience with this work's high stakes drama and harsh truths.

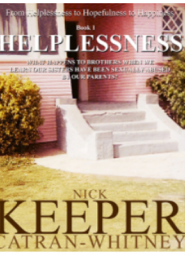
TV: This would an exceptional adaptation for TV in that its highly expansive, considered worldview and cast of characters present endless angles and opportunities for arcs, storylines, and catharses. Just like the HBO series Euphoria dedicates episodes to a single character's backstory and inner workings, this work would have plenty of well-rounded, interesting characters to choose from. Moreover, what is appealing is that this work has two key storylines— One in the past to chronicle the pain and suffering of the family, and one in the future following Keeper's mission to avenge his sisters and to hold the monster that is Henry to account.

Key points:

1. The Narrator's Voice— Sincere, passionate, convicted, and intellectual.
2. The 10 Minutes— An unforgettable, multi-layered centerpiece.
3. The Final Showdown— A memorable and uncommonly pulse-pounding climax.
4. The Intention— Both to expose a predator and to shine a light for victims.
5. The Villains— Henry is as heinous, memorable, and callous a predator as they come.

Synopsis

Now in his 50s, Nick "Keeper" looks back on the many years of sexual depravity and predation



GENRE
DRAMA MEMOIR



Core Theme
TRAUMA, FAMILY, RETRIBUTION.

TIME PERIOD
1960s & '70s, 1980s & '90s, 2000s

COMPARABLE TITLES
PRECIOUS

CHARACTER LIST
NICKY/KEEPER CATRAN-WHITNEY (M/<10-50S) — LEAD/NARRATOR; SINCERE, STRONG, PASSIONATE, FIRMLY-CONVICTED, AND REFLECTIVE.

OF HENRY; AN ENTIRELY MERCILESS AND COMPLICIT ENABLER TO HENRY.

JAMES (M/<10-50S) — SUPPORTING; NICKY'S OLDER BROTHER WHO STANDS BY NICKY'S SIDE DURING HIS FINAL CONFRONTATION WITH HENRY.

SHARON (F/<10-50S) — SUPPORTING; NICKY'S SISTER WHO WAS PREYED UPON AND ASSAULTED BY HENRY.

BRENDA (F/<10-50S) — SUPPORTING; NICKY'S OLDEST SISTER WHO WAS ALSO ASSAULTED AND VICTIMIZED BY HENRY.

FROM HELPLESSNESS TO HOPEFULNESS TO HAPPINESS: BOOK 1
HELPLESSNESS - WHAT HAPPENS TO BROTHERS WHEN WE LEARN OUR SISTERS HAVE BEEN SEXUALLY ABUSED BY OUR PARENTS

KEEPER CATRAN-WHITNEY



GENRE
DRAMA MEMOIR

Drama
Suspense
Mature Audience

Core Theme
TRAUMA, FAMILY, RETRIBUTION.

TIME PERIOD
1960s & '70s, 1980s & '90s, 2000s

COMPARABLE TITLES
PRECIOUS

CHARACTER LIST
NICKY/KEEPER CATRAN-WHITNEY (M/-10-50S) — LEAD/NARRATOR; SINCERE, STRONG, PASSIONATE, FIRMLY-CONVICTED, AND REFLECTIVE.
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BRENDA (F/-10-50S) — SUPPORTING; NICKY'S OLDEST SISTER WHO WAS ALSO ASSAULTED AND VICTIMIZED BY HENRY.

inflicted upon his sisters by his step father. He tells of Henry Perrin, the fateful predator, and he digs into Henry's predatory instincts and insatiabilities, telling how Henry preyed upon his step daughters, Keeper's young sisters. This leads us to a tense showdown— Keeper, in his 20s, heads to his mother and Henry's house with a baseball bat and gives Henry the ultimatum to leave in the next 24 hours or he will be killed. Henry finally leaves.

Next, Keeper shares with us two raw, emotional, no-details-spared interviews with his sisters Brenda and then Sharon. In them, his sisters chronicle the graphic, heinous assaults from Henry. Keeper then tells us of a fateful afternoon where bombshell that is Henry's predation was dropped on him and his three brothers. During the unforgettable 10 minute family meeting, Keeper's mother sat all parties down and revealed that Henry has been molesting the girls for years.

Before Henry can account for his heinous acts, he fakes a heart attack, and he ends up vacating the house without ever having to speak on his atrocities. Their mother cries that night, but Keeper was never sure why she was crying— For her children, or for Henry.

Two weeks later, Henry would be welcomed back into the house by Keeper's mother, much to his utter internal devastation. In the present, Keeper bears witness to the testimony of Renee, one of his younger sisters. To Keeper's utter astonishment and regret, he finds out that his standoff with Henry, casting him out once and for all was too late— Henry had already gotten to Keeper's two youngest sisters. Renee proceeds to spin the terrible tales of her abuse. She tells how Henry pimped out one of Keeper's sisters to an Arab oil baron in exchange for buying them a van, and she proceeds to tell how Henry drugged her and raped her, how she became pregnant at just 13, and how not her mother, but her rapist took her to get an abortion. It's a terrible revelation that unequivocally crushes Keeper and further galvanizes his rage and mounting need for retribution.

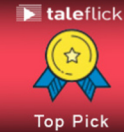
A chance visit to Henry's Facebook page reveals that a celebration of life service is to be held for his late wife from later in his life. Keeper recognizes the opportunity he is faced with, and he begins to prepare for a final showdown with the tormentor in Henry. The day arrives, and Keeper and James head to the church. There, they sit patiently through the service, and once it is complete Keeper approaches Henry. Henry feigns being happy to see them, but Keeper cuts right to the chase, eviscerating Henry for his crimes, cursing him, and placing photos of his victims at his feet for all of Henry's family and community to see. Henry is virtually KO'd by the confrontation— He is speechless, deflated, embarrassed, and entirely defeated. As a final note, Keeper offers encouragement to other victims and generously gives his email address if anyone wants to connect with him.

About The Author

"I am a brother of four sisters. I failed them. I failed them all. This is what's left. Vulnerability. Accountability. Blame. Burden. Debt. Culpability. Obligation. Exposure. Responsibility. Family. Trust. Guilt. Shame. Duty. Promise. Risk. Fault. Acknowledgment. Confession. Rejection. Failure. Realization. Understanding. Admission. Denial. Faith. Helplessness. Hopefulness. Happiness. So many words, and more, that easily explain my fear. However, I suppose in the end, the best word is...Mirror."



“Rarely are authors able to imbue their stories with as much heart, pain, and passion as Keeper. Audiences are not ready for the depths that this work chronicles.”



KEEPER

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About Keeper

Let's see, where to begin...

I was born in 1958, somewhere in San Francisco, in some hospital (I think), on some street (hopefully not literally), at some odd hour of the day...or, maybe it was at night. Who knows? Trust me, I've asked, many times. She refuses to tell me.

I am the second of eight full-blooded siblings. However, my father was prolific and had twenty-four children that I know of. I have no clue what number I am in our vast fratrem group.

Before graduating high school, I went to eleven grade schools, lived in twenty-one different spots, and was evicted from three houses. And you know, with all that excitement my education was spotty at best – to say the least.

So, with my lack of formal education, what made me think I could write a book about my experience grappling with my four sister's sexual abuse and trauma at the hands of my stepfather and my complicit mother? Truth is, I didn't. First, I searched for a book that could help me, a brother, understand my trauma. I really needed something from a brother's viewpoint. I knew my chance of finding something, anything was, as the phrase goes, slim to none. None won.

When I asked experts if they'd ever heard of a book or article that could help me work through a brother's trauma, they all said, "Nah, sorry, Keep."

So, in light of that harsh reality, I decided to write a book for brothers, the first book of its kind. I wrote HELPLESSNESS to help me and other men and brothers cope with the pain, guilt, and shame of failing our sisters. I wrote HELPLESSNESS to let other men and brothers know that even in their silence they are not alone.

Plus, I've been told I am a subject matter expert. I am sorry to say, I'd have to agree.

HELPLESSNESS is the first book in a three-book series. I am the creator of the companion podcast "This Is For The Brothers."

Family life: I am married to a wonderful Jewish woman, Patti. We have a daughter, Sydney, a son Ben and a delightful daughter-in-law, Tomi. I don't have a dog at the moment; however, I am looking. Big German Shepards are my preference, but not having a Shepard is not a deal-breaker. However, no little dogs, though. Little dogs are cute and cuddly and all that. They are just not for me. I don't want a dog where the newspaper carries it in the house. I live in Southern California. And, whenever I can, I go to Disneyland and love family movie nights.



"Rarely are authors able to imbue their stories with as much heart, pain, and passion as Keeper. Audiences are not ready for the depths that this work chronicles."



Top Pick

What People Are Saying About Helplessness

"Helplessness is one of the most powerful pieces of work to cross my desk in over forty years."

- **Dr. Y. Merrill, Professor of Literature University of Arizona**

"Rarely are authors able to imbue their stories with as much heart, pain, and passion as Keeper. Audiences are not ready for the depths that this work chronicles."

- **TaleFlick**

TaleFlick is a curation and library service for authors, specializing in adapting books to movies and TV shows. Clients include major Hollywood studios, producers, directors, and writers.

"This book SHOULD be used as an educational tool, therapy tool, self-help tool, and all the other tools I failed to mention."

- **Jill, L. Librarian, and mother**

"It is one of the most absorbing, educating, and humbling morality roller coasters I have ever read. I called my sisters after I finished, and we talked for two hours about how your book impacted me."

- **Richard G, TV and movie actor**

"My husband can't stop talking about Keeper's book, and he's only a third of the way through it."

- **Jean, S.**

"Holy shit, Keeper! The way you write, it was like I was watching a movie. It was like I was in the room where it happened."

- **David, K.**

"You get it, unlike any man I know. You are one of the team. The women's team."

- **Mrs. T. Cook**

"That chapter called The Parent/Child Contract shook me to my core."

- **Joe, G.**

"I can't imagine living and surviving the way this family had to. I think this book will become a critically acclaimed piece of work although I'm only halfway through it."

- **Naomi, B.**

"Helplessness is riveting! It made me feel such admiration for you and your siblings. This book can be an inspiration to many. It offers a message that regardless of your past and what life holds, it is possible to survive. It is an important reminder that our past experiences mold who we are today. That it's okay to feel those emotions...that it's okay to cry...that it's okay to feel despair and hiding the past doesn't make it go away."

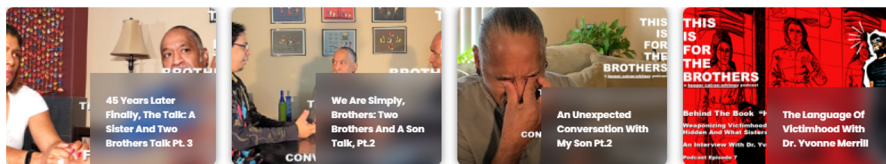
- **Amy, B.**



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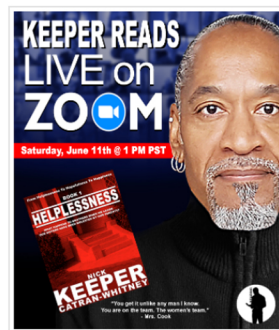


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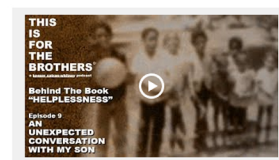
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45 Years Later A Sister and Two Brothers Finally, Talk



We Are Simply, Brothers



An Unexpected Conversation With My Son Pt.1

A Few "Behind The Book" Audio Podcasts



March 15, 2022



March 14, 2022



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This is the story of how we brothers from across the world react when we learn our sisters have been sexually molested.

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FROM HELPLESSNESS TO HOPEFULNESS TO HAPPINESS
BOOK ONE
HELPLESSNESS



FOUR CHAPTER EXCERPTS

From Helplessness To Hopefulness To Happiness

Book 1

HELPLESSNESS

**What Happens To Brothers When We Learn Our Sisters
Have Been Sexually Abused By Our Parents**

NICK “KEEPER” CATRAN-WHITNEY

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FOREWORD

WE ARE...

The ones no one asks about.

The ones no one notices,

The ones no one checks on,

The ones in the shadows,

The ones required to reside in obscurity and inhabit uncertainty.

The ones forced to endure being disconnected, inconsequential, insignificant.

We are the ones no one asks, “Are you okay? Do you need to talk?”

However, we are the ones who are asked, “How could you not know?”

“How could you not suspect?” “How come you didn’t protect me, save me?”

“How come you didn’t hear me weeping or see my tears?”

We are the ones who are told, “It didn’t happen to you. You can’t talk about it. Ever!”

There are no books written about our emotional struggles, our torment, our pain,
our guilt, our shame.

We are the ones whose emotions are disposable.

We are the ones whose feelings don’t matter.

The ones without interviews in magazines or appearances on talk shows.

The ones who have no movies or mini-series about our nightmares.

We are the ones without a support group or even a *one*-step program.

The very nature of our gender, regardless of our age or lack of knowledge, means we are the
problem.

Proximity, through gender-specific scrutiny, means we are often viewed as guilty as the molester
even though we may be aware of what took place.

Without a moment to comprehend, understand, or process, we are deemed more guilty than the molester or rapist if we do not immediately attack, strike, beat, or execute upon learning of the act.

We are the ones without family or friend with whom we can share our pain, our guilt.

We are the ones society leaves behind.

After the betrayal, we are what is leftover.

We are simply, *Brothers*.

Make no mistake about it; this book is meant to make you extremely uncomfortable about those whom no one considers after it has been revealed a sister in the family has been molested...*Brothers*. It is DARK. It is GRITTY. It is UGLY. It is extremely GRAPHIC. VIVID. EXPLICIT. It is incredibly PAINFUL. And it will pull you down into one of the ugliest places of human existence. It will be HARD to read. However, it is HONEST; it is TRUE. You will want to put it down and never pick it up again. But I hope that if you do put it down, you pick it up again. Why? Your families very existence may depend on it.

HELPLESSNESS is the story about a brother who was HELPLESS for over forty-five years. It is meant to instruct, inform, enlighten, educate, and make you 'woke' to the possibilities of what could be happening in your home at this very moment. It is meant to challenge you to ask yourself a simple question... *"If this happened in my family, what would I do?"*

This book is meant as a warning. Be vigilant. Be ever watchful. Sister and brothers, if you suspect something is not right in your home talk to each other. Listen to each other. Share with each other, no matter how painful. I implore you seek to understand. And then, understand some more. Believe what I say is possible in your home. Do not overlook anyone in your family. Do not take anyone for granted. Everyone is affected. Everyone in the family feels it. Everyone Matters.

We all matter. And I promise you, *all* will come out when you least expect it, for there is no right or wrong time for the truth.

Hold on tight! I guarantee you The Messenger Of Misery is just around the corner, and he is bringing friends. Lots of friends.

As brothers, we are the Forgotten. We are treated, for all intents and purposes, as if we are invisible. We are treated as pariahs. Even when we aren't aware of the molestations, we are often viewed as insiders, complicit, guilty by neglect for not knowing.

Once the secrets are revealed, our sisters are asked many questions. Mothers are asked many questions. Fathers are asked many questions. Brothers? Well, we are just – brothers. We are shunted to the side as if we have not been victimized, and our feelings don't matter. In my case and my three brothers', when we found out, and during the forty years that followed, no one asked us, "How are you? Do you need to talk? What are you feeling? Are you angry? Are you sad? Even though you did not know what was going on, do you feel anything? Hurt? Shame? Guilt? Fault? Sorrow? Abandoned? Lost? Confused? Betrayed?"

I am sure if someone had taken the time to ask me, I would have thought to myself, "What a stupid question. Of course, I feel guilty. I couldn't stop the molester. I wasn't there to save my sisters. How do you think I feel? What a dumbass question. How would you feel after you learned your sisters were molested or raped?"

Forty years after I found out, still no one had asked me, "How do you feel?" Not even my sisters. I was, as many women have told me, "Nick, you're just a brother. It didn't happen to you, so you have no say in the matter." I imagine for my sisters the feeling was, "What possibly could have happened to you? After all, you weren't the one molested." In their minds, I was just a brother, and my feelings could be disposed of.

As a brother, how could I possibly be carrying any emotional scars of note – emotional scars worth talking about? But I am one of four brothers who were emphatically and unequivocally forbidden by my oldest sister to talk about it. When I found out as a teenager, I trusted in my Mother to handle it. At that time, I was sure it was my Mother's responsibility to get rid of the man who had molested her daughters. It was not the son's responsibility.

As much as law enforcement, policymakers, church leaders and family members would like us to believe, molestations are not isolated incidents. They don't happen in a vacuum where only the predator and the victim exist. They don't just happen to the direct victims. The stark reality is, in varying degrees, they happen to every member of the family, whether we are aware of the molestation or not.

Even though this is my story, you will hear from five of my siblings – three sisters and two brothers. This may be a first on this topic – hearing from sisters and brothers from one family, one Black family, about their experiences. I don't know that this has ever been done before in a book. The power of numerous family members, sisters, and brothers, having the courage to share their experiences in our tragedy may offer the world a new way to understand the depth of trauma in families and new ways to intervene in these tragedies. That is my hope at least.

As a family, I am certain our story will resonate with other child molestation victims and their families who are also living in its dark shadow. I can promise you what you are about to read will be dark, sad, ugly, horrible, wicked, as well as truthful; and, I hope – persuasive. It is my hope that it gives other victims of molestation, and brothers living in silence, a cathartic relief from pain and hopefully some understanding, as it did for me once I began to embrace the pain and the guilt and the shame and accept it as a part of my being.

My siblings and I are all trying to find our way each day. Throughout this book, you will hear from three of my four sisters in one form or another. You will also hear from my older full brother, as they share in their own words what they experienced individually and the impact of having a child molester for a stepfather and a Mother who protected him at all costs. You will also hear from my older half-brother how he, too, was traumatized. As for me, you will hear, as I spoke with my sister's decades after their molestations, what I envisioned was happening to them during their attacks. My sisters will also share, in their own words, what happened to them.

I don't care to listen to singers who sing by themselves for too long. After a while, I get bored listening to the same voice song after song. I suppose that is a product of growing up in a singing family in which nine of the ten members of the family sang both lead and background. With this book and the next two, you will not only read my story, but you will also read my siblings'. However, my approach is to provide information, education, and understanding, not only to the molested, but to those whose voices are never heard from in the family – the brothers.

You will learn over the course of these books how five of my siblings and I went from Helplessness to Hopefulness to Happiness over a forty-five-year period...albeit as a somewhat maimed happiness, we still struggle to preserve in varying degrees to this day.

For me to make this journey to the future, I must go back to being helpless. So, here I go. This is going to hurt. And if I do a good job writing this, you will know just how bad it hurts.

As a child, I was broken.
I have been trying to put myself back together ever since.
– Keeper Catran Whitney

Chapter Twenty-One: The Parent-Child Contract (*Excerpt*)

Blood Oath

Noun phrase: a solemn promise to keep an agreement using each party's sense of honor or reputation to uphold the deal. – *uslegal.com*

*“Remember, if I were to die because you exposed my crimes, guess whose fault that will be?
Guess whose hands will have my death on them?”*

Precious. That is the only word that comes close.

Precious is what children are. If you are a parent, your child should be the most precious thing to you. Period!

If you are fortunate enough to be a parent, you know as I do, the word *precious* doesn't even begin to describe what your child means to you. It falls tremendously short as a word to describe the most beautiful and extraordinary thing in one's life. I honestly wish I could come up with a better word, but every one I think to replace it fails. In all honesty, if your child means half as much to you as my children mean to me, no word is adequate to describe your feeling for them.

Both my children are almost thirty years old, and I cannot put into words just how special it is to be their father. I don't hesitate to say the feelings I expressed are probably the same for most parents regardless of race, religion, political belief, country in which they live, sexual orientation, education, or whether they are poor or rich or fall in between. Whenever I am asked by expectant new parents to describe being a parent, all I can do is raise both my hands out to the side, sigh, and say, “How do I begin to describe a love that has no bounds?” How do I honestly impress upon someone an emotion so strong? I can't. It is impossible.

My wife once described it this way: “It is the most empowering thing, and yet it can be the one thing that brings you to your knees because you feel you will do anything to protect your child, which can put you at your most vulnerable.”

If you have never been a parent, you need to understand a couple of things. Above all, our children are the one thing we should not hesitate to give our lives for. For most parents, their children are the unquestioned center of their universe, and that is as it should be. Second, it’s not about responsibility or obligation. It is about emotional connection - a deep, symbiotic, spiritual joining so profound that nothing rivals it. You are emotionally joined in such a way nothing in Heaven or Earth should break the connection. You can never escape the relationship. You can never hide from it, nor deny it.

However, the natural bond between you and your children can be damaged beyond repair. Differences can be a fathoms-deep abyss so dark they never see the light of day. Your physical and emotional relationship can be irreconcilable to the point that you never speak to each other. Your feelings for one another can become non-existent. Children may say to their parents, “I hate you, and I never want to see or talk to you again.” Parents may scream, “You are no child of mine.” Children may take their parents to court to try to sever the relationship for all time. However, the spiritual bond between you, which may appear to hang by a thin spider thread, can never be completely broken. It is like all contracts, which means after reviewing the initial agreement and finding it to be grossly unethical or fraudulent, it can be broken. But in the realm of the divine, it is a deep spiritual oath that can never die. You and your children belong to each other. Forever.

As a parent of two adult children, a son and a daughter, I knew when they were born what I felt for them was unassailable. The overwhelming feeling was something I could not touch or see, but it permeated the room. It was a truth that was incontrovertible. I could not then, and I

cannot now, put my feelings into words. When my son and daughter came into the world, and I first saw them and held them – so tiny, so innocent, so *vulnerable* - *there was no question in my mind, they were divine love.*

As men, we hear how the Mother's connection with our children is much deeper:

"I carried that baby for nine months, I ate for two for my baby, I lost sleep for my baby, I lost my figure for my baby, I went through crazy hormonal changes for my baby, I got smacked and kicked in the stomach for months by my baby, I've got this six-inch-long scar tissue across my belly for my baby, and I will never get my body back for my baby! And what did you men do? You waited nine months for the baby. Then you took pictures of you with a grin, snipped the umbilical cord and held the baby like you did something special."

We men cannot fully comprehend what women have to go through to give birth. We can only experience the emotional connection with our child through their words as they describe what is going on with them and our babies. We cannot fully understand the pain and sacrifice women go through, and yet it is that pain and sacrifice that creates the indescribable connection with our babies. However, that does not mean men cannot have a profound emotional connection with our babies as well. I would go so far as to say it is not a contest between the Mother and the father, even though it feels that way at times. Hopefully, it is a process we choose to go through together.

When looking at my baby, all I saw as a father was my child, willing to love and trust me unconditionally. Most babies will have a loving parent or parents who will teach and nurture them through life's difficulties as they begin to embrace an unknown world of possibilities that unfolds before them. They will approach each new day with unbridled wonder, believing they are loved and will always be treasured unconditionally by their parents.

When fathers first pick up our newborn babies, we hold a divine being of our own creation – and cradle him or her in our arms. It is an extraordinary feeling that can only be described as miraculous. If this is what it feels like for me, a man, a father, what must it feel like for a woman, a Mother? My goodness.

When we look into that face, touch those tiny fingers and lift those tiny toes, we are in awe at the miracle before us. When we feel just how little our baby weighs and begin to imagine pre-school, play dates, birthdays, graduations, prom, first car, days spent at the beach or in amusement parks, first crushes, crying over loves found – lost and found again – going off to college or the military, first jobs, nights sitting together watching classic black and white movies with a bucket of popcorn, Red Vines and a box of Mike and Ike as the rain pounds outside, holidays, teaching them about sex, and on and on - emotions can overwhelm us because we know a life that had reached its joyous zenith with our wife has gone to a realm beyond our imagination. Mothers are able to imagine their new life with their new baby because the evidence is undeniable. It has been moving inside them, trying to kick and punch its way out for nine months. Men, what do we have? A pregnancy wand and a black and white ultrasound image, but it is enough. It truly is.

Be it our first child or our eighth, we will look at a white piece of plastic with a thin blue line in a tiny window, or an out of focus grainy image as our only evidence of our baby and say to ourselves, “Look at what I’ve created! I’ve created this tiny living person—a human being of pure love. Wow! I created life.” It is an overwhelming feeling of joy and happiness.

A parent should look into the eyes of his baby for the first time and ask, “How could I have ever believed my life was complete before you arrived? Before this time, how could I have ever thought there was nothing else that could fit into my life or my schedule? How could I have ever believed that there was nothing left that could possibly lift my soul to such soaring heights?”

Usually, each time a baby is born and enters his parents' life, it is glorious. Within a few days, after you arrive home with your new baby, you begin to witness life evolving in ways you could never have imagined. As your baby is lying in the crib and starts to open its eyes, move around, and begin to recognize your voice over all other sounds, you really start trippin. "Look, look, look, my baby knows my voice!"

Then ever so gently, ever so slowly, you bend over and lift your child, cradling your new son or daughter in your arms, and positioning your baby so that you can look directly into each other's face and stare at each other, you say to yourself, "Oh, my goodness, look at you." The first time this happens with each new baby, it literally takes your breath away.

Over the next weeks, you find yourself constantly drawn to your baby to make sure he or she is still breathing as you look for the slow rising of the chest. Though your baby is tightly wrapped in a warm blanket, you listen for soft breathing sounds, you look for the slightest flutter of an eyelid or the slow curl of lips that are too small even to qualify as tiny. You instinctively, unconsciously, find yourself picking up your baby, cradling your precious child in your arms, and staring at him or her. You think to yourself, "How can life get any better than this?"

Those big, beautiful eyes are looking directly at you with a purpose that can convey only one thing. Love! And in that moment, you know beyond any shadow of a doubt, those eyes are penetrating deep into your soul. Your soul connection has been fused forever.

As you are looking into your baby's eyes, it's as if your baby is looking back at you saying, "I.SEE.YOU. I. LOVE.YOU." Then you repeat your sacred oath:

"My divine one, you will always have me to turn to. I will always love you. I will always be honest and faithful with you. I will treat our relationship with the highest integrity and respect.

I will never let you down. I will never leave you. I will never sacrifice you. I will never abandon you. I will never betray you. I will never surrender your trust. I will never turn my back on you. I will never relinquish my oath to protect you. I will always be your protector.

“I will always remind you on those days that you lose hope for whatever reason, I will always be your lighthouse and safe harbor. Even when we disagree, and all seems lost, I will always be your guardian, your loving Mother, your loving father. I will do everything to protect you from evil. If harm should ever come your way, even if it is I who am bringing the harm and causing the damage, I will without hesitation immediately remove you from harm, take responsibility for my action, and ensure that you are safe. I will protect you at all cost even if it means exchanging my life for yours. This is my sacred vow to you. This I promise.”

– The Parent-Child Contract, Nick “Keeper” Catran-Whitney

Even today, when my children are in their 20’s and 30’s, our emotional Contract is still binding, still building in depth and strength, and it is impossible to break. The Parent-Child Contract is something I created for myself after my son was born. It is a code to remind me that, no matter what, I will not purposely put my children in harm’s way. The very first time a parent experiences that moment of understanding with his baby, this emotionally binding Contract between two loving souls has just been signed, sealed, and delivered. It is a Contract that does not require pen be put to paper. This emotional agreement between a parent and child is love at its deepest. It’s most genuine. It’s most pure. It’s most authentic.

As incredibly powerful as the emotion is for fathers, I can only imagine how intense it is for mothers. When my wife and I found out that she was pregnant with our first child, we were very happy. As happy as I was, when I saw the look on my wife’s face, I knew the feeling was much

more intense than mine. Why? Because for her, the realization was not just that she was going to be a Mother, but the more powerful and overwhelming feeling was that there was going to be life growing inside of her. I could see millions of thoughts running through her mind as her tears flowed uncontrollably. Happy tears. Tears of joy. She just stared at that home pregnancy test stick, saying, "I'm pregnant. I'm going to be a Mother. Me! I'm going to be a Mom. I'm going to be a Mommy." Just like that, we were going to have a baby. As happy as I was, my joy didn't compare to hers. Her love had transcended to a new level right before my eyes. It easily eclipsed mine.

When I witnessed the proof of our pregnancy, I immediately knew what had just happened to me – I could feel it. However, instantly my wife evolved into a different person. I could see it on her face. Even though our only evidence was a thin blue line inside a white plastic stick with a window that said she was pregnant, she had changed forever. I saw something in her I had not seen in our previous four years of marriage. She immediately went into this kind of protective mode. Right before my very eyes, she became a mama bear ready to defend our unborn child at all costs. It was an amazing transformation.

Me, I carried around that plastic stick in my pocket for weeks. As far as I was concerned that was no thin blue line protected by a small clear plastic window. That blue line was my child, and I carried him everywhere. Even though that blue line wasn't growing inside me, it was proof for me, of my child growing and that plastic casing needed protecting.

As a man, as a father, as a husband, I can only imagine what it must be like for a Mother to know that this life inside her is entirely dependent on her to make the right decisions every moment. Each decision she makes has life-altering power for the baby. And the baby desperately depends on her to make good choices. Knowing every decision she makes holds her baby's life in

the balance, the Mother is fully aware of the intense, life-long bond created between them. Whether that bond remains special between the two of them, only time can tell – time and memories.

Chapter Thirty-One: Depends On The 1% or Judging A Life, Part I (*Excerpt*)

Justification

Noun: A reason, fact, circumstance, or explanation that justifies or defends.

“Oh baby, there’s history here.”
- Keeper’s Mom

Five words. Five words was all it took to solidify the ultimate betrayal, five words that turned a path forward to a path to the past. Five words that turned hope into hopelessness, and again, help into helplessness. Five words was all it took to turn time and memories into pain and bitterness.

Mother

By Keeper Catran-Whitney

Deceptive, is the darkness;
I weep yet no one hears.
Cunning, is the darkness,
No forgiveness. No cheers.

Scheming, in the darkness
Without liability.
Colluding, is the darkness,
No light, nor sympathy.

I cling to hope,
Though I be betrayed,
Gently reaching down
Lifting me from this grave.

Embracing my tears, my fears,
In her warm bosom.
I am no longer afraid.
I am protected. I am home.

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Weighing the Harm and Responsibility to Witness

I believe time and memories give meaning to our lives, especially if we seek to understand the effects of our past decisions and actions. In the end, our epitaphs are written during our time spent with others. Before the curtain comes down on our lives, and our music reaches its crescendo, we will look out at our memorable audience – those we knew and touched along the way. Though we hope to joyfully embrace their applause for a job well done and begin to take our well-earned, final bow; inches before the velour tenderly touches the stage floor, the drape will abruptly halt. The orchestra will cease. And we will hear one last, faint clap of applause from back of the theater from a full theater of family and friends sitting eagerly...quietly...waiting. Like us, they know before the final curtain call and you ride off into the sunset, they are allowed one last question to ask you. One question that will forever memorialize your life for generations to come.

Someone quickly stands and screams out that one, culminating question that must be answered before the final sendoff: “Hey – do you believe you did more harm with your life or did you do more good?” And with a gulp, you and they will await your response.

* * * * *

One afternoon while I was talking to Sharon about what our Mother had and had not done, she said, “Nicky, what’s the percentage? Fifty-fifty? Half good? Half horrible? Dude, fifty percent of our life was great. The other fifty percent was awful. I don’t think fifty percent good can cancel out fifty percent bad.”

My reply was simply, “It depends on the bad. One percent bad can blow away ninety-nine percent good if that one percent bad is truly indefensible. If the one percent is so reprehensible then, yeah, it can blow away the ninety-nine percent good as if it hardly existed. In the end, if all

we recall is the one percent bad, those ninety-nine percent good memories get lost. They no longer exist if the people who caused the harm refuse to acknowledge their crime(s). The good memories lose importance, and it becomes difficult to accept their contrition as genuine.”

To me, the purpose of time and memories, while we are here, is to collect and store experiences for suitable retelling. Time and memories reveal the emotional fibers of our lives. These fibers are stitched and held together by the delicate strands of love, friendship, and trust. However, these strands are easily broken if a bad memory, no matter how tiny, grows to overpower and conquer the good. Time and memories create the threads in our family tapestry stretching through lifetimes and generations, inextricably linking our past, present, and future. Time and memories are the two most essential elements when it comes to keeping families together.

The author Alexander Dumas said about war, “The difference between treason and patriotism is only a matter of dates.” No truer words were ever spoken. We have seen history repeatedly re-written merely to serve those in charge of time and memories. In the home, the same holds true. I just say it differently. I say, “The difference between betrayal and devotion is a matter of whose time and memories dominate the family history, and who controls the pen.”

For family member is this truer than for a parent. How a parent is remembered depends greatly on how their children share stories of that parent’s life. This sharing from child-to-child and from child-to-family and -friends ultimately defines parents long after they are gone. For the children doing the sharing, as well as for those listening, time provides a unique perspective through which to balance the memories of one’s parents. No parent survives life without doing some type of harm to their children. After all, parents are people, which, by definition, means they are not perfect. So, in the end, the only question that truly matters at the close is, “Did I do too much harm, or did I do enough good?” Everything else is justification.

The answer to this question depends on the severity of the harm and who controls the pen. Good may not always balance harm. How do we really judge someone when fifty percent of the time things were fun, loving and just plain, old-fashioned good, and the other fifty percent of that same person's decisions – consciously repeated – caused decades of damage to their children? How would that balance a person's life? Is there enough good to cancel out the bad? Is fifty-fifty too high? Too low? Just right?

The damage done to a family can become a moving target over the decades, spreading far and deep and to the point that the bad affects the next generation. Whether it's sixty-forty, seventy-thirty, eighty-twenty, ninety-ten, or ninety-nine to one percent, depends on the person making the judgment. "Can one percent harm really overpower ninety-nine percent good?" I say it depends on the one percent!

* * * * *

Court is about to be in session. The life of a parent is about to be on trial. You, reader, are the judge. Time and memories will serve as witnesses. After reading testimony in the form of six remembrances – three good and three bad - you will hand down the verdict. You will be asked the one-million dollar, 1% question: Does the good balance the bad?

If this were your parent and your family, would knowing your parent had so negatively changed the course of your life and the lives of your siblings, would you even consider leaving out some of the negative to save their legacy? Would you choose to protect that super-amazing image your parent spent a lifetime cultivating and projecting to the world, knowing much of it was a lie? What if the negative you shared could possibly free you and your siblings from years of anguish and suffering? What if sharing what happened in your family could protect other children around the world who long for strong advocates from the same anguish and suffering. Do you protect your

parent and your family's image for those who looked up to you by not sharing, or do you tell the truth?

Chapter Forty-Six: The Pastor and The Missed Opportunity (Excerpt)

Intervene

Verb: Come between so as to prevent or alter a result or course of events.

“This is wonderful. There is so much love here today. Can you feel it?”

James and I passed the man in the mustard suit and took our place behind the four people waiting to enter the sanctuary. I turned my head ever so slightly to the left, just enough to look back and see the look on his face. He stood stock-still, open-mouthed and wide-eyed, paralyzed with shock as he looked at the two men who had just passed him.

I whispered to James, “Ahhh, he’s trying to figure out who we are.”

“I’m sure he is.”

As we approached the sanctuary, the man was trying his damndest to figure out who we were, but he couldn’t quite place us. That much was clear. With each step closer, we could see the tumblers in his brain falling into place. And then comprehension dropped on him like a ton of bricks. We were no longer the little boys he remembered from fifty years ago. It was spectacular to see.

Chuckling under my breath, I said, “It just hit him. He knows who we are.”

“Damn straight he knows,” James whispered back with a chuckle.

“I’m sure he’s trying to figure out why in the world *we* are here – today of all days.”

“He’ll know soon enough.”

Once he finally put two and two together, the look on the man’s face was fuckin’ priceless. It was like, “Jesus! What are they doing here? After thirty years, why are they here today, of all days? Who invited them? What are they going to do? Oh lord, I have got to tell Henry!”

Seeing Henry's big brother, David, paralyzed with fear like that, made it hard for me to keep a straight face. David had known what we were doing through, and like so many others, he did nothing. What was his motivation for not helping eight little kids? Who knows? All I know for certain is he allowed us to be tortured by his baby brother.

However, as badly as I wanted to laugh, when I turned my head back around, the sight at the front of the line instantly immobilized me, rendering me speechless and crashing back to reality.

At the front of the line, waiting to go into the sanctuary, were two men standing side by side. The one closest to us was partially blocking the man to the right of him. Then the closer man closest shifted his body a bit, revealing...

Black Pork Pie hat. Black suit. White shirt. Black tie. Black shoes. Hunched over at the waist and supported by a Rollator rolling walker. There in front of me, less than ten feet away was the molester of my four sisters and the monster of my dreams. There was...Henry!

After 32 years, 1 month, 27 days, 16 hours, 30 minutes, and 0 seconds, THERE HE WAS – smiling, laughing, greeting people as if he were the King of Kings, as if we were all guests in *his* house.

To be this close to him after all this time brought on a rush of hatred like I have never known. Not even that night at the top of the stairs on Victoria Avenue did I feel so much hatred. Thirty-two years of pent up anger was coursing through every vein in my body. My breathing became shallow and fast, and my body stiffened. Make no mistake; I was not afraid of him or anyone in the church. Looking at him, I wanted to knock those people in front of me out of the way and put his ass down for good. Just hearing that voice, that laugh again, and the same words he had used around us for seventeen years...I couldn't stand it.

I didn't give a shit that he was using a walker. I was so mad watching him soak up all that attention. The praise and adulation raining down on him was making me sick. I wanted to wipe that shit-faced grin off that fat face of his once and for all. I wanted him to feel pain beyond measuring. I wanted to end him – right then and there!

I knew that in going to the church and seeing him, I would have several tests to overcome if I were to do what must be done. Not to pass the tests could ruin everything. This was the first one. His presence was unexpected and sudden. He's supposed to be in the sanctuary seated already, not standing out here laughing and joking.

Standing ten feet behind him, watching him, James and I kept our cool. We didn't say a word to each other, nor did we make a move toward him. We just looked at him with nothing but loathing in our eyes. Still, I had to keep reminding myself to be cool. "Stick to the plan. Let him have this last moment of peace. Let him believe this is his day. Remember *why* Spirit brought you here today. Don't blow it when you are this close. Lure the spider into your web, then pounce, on your terms." It was Portland 1965 all over again. My Uncle Harry instructing me not to drop the ball. Complete the mission. Hold on to the pass no matter what.

Seeing Henry this close and not attacking him was one of the hardest things I've ever done. Watching him have a good time, soaking in love and affection from people whose daughters he may have raped, was gut wrenching. The people in that church must think he is a wonderful guy. But three people in that room knew the real Henry – David, James, and me.

Finally, after about five minutes of Henry's red-carpet moment, he rolled into the sanctuary to sit down. Two minutes later, James and I entered.

The room was packed. Over one hundred chairs were divided into two sections, all filled with well-wishers and those wanting to share memories of Henry's wife. People were milling

around, getting ready for the service to begin. At the back of the room were four picnic tables with chairs. I spotted two open seats at the front of a table on the right side. After taking my seat, my attention was diverted to the aisle where a small group gathered around the grieving molester – I mean spouse – bringing those trying to find a seat to a halt.

Understand, for the family of the woman who passed away, I felt compassion and sorrow; and I have no doubt Henry was grieving at some narcissistic level, but I have no empathy in my heart for this man – none at all. In all these years, he has not shown one iota of remorse for what he did to my sisters.

As people stood and spoke, one after another, attempting to heal what Henry would tell them was a broken heart and a shattered soul, I just sat and stared at the molester basking in the love being cast on him. This had to be the proudest moment of his life, all these people fawning over him, hugging him, blessing him, showering him with love and affection. Talking loud so anyone within twenty feet could hear him, Henry was having a grand time playing the bereaved husband. It was like a coming out party for him.

I leaned back and whispered to James who was sitting behind me, “Can you believe this bullshit act of his? These poor people have no idea what he has done.” James chuckled quietly and leaned closer saying, “Look at that. Wow.”

As Henry was being showered with love, his brother, David, entered the sanctuary. As he walked down the center aisle, his face was stricken with terror. We knew why. He had to have scanned the packed room looking for us when he walked in. I’m sure he saw us at the picnic table, away from the crowd up front. We weren’t hiding.

Halfway down the aisle, David turned to cut through the people seated in chairs. He wanted to get to Henry, no doubt to tell his baby brother that two skeletons Henry thought he'd locked away for good had somehow escaped and were lying in wait for him amongst the crowd.

We watched as David managed to get close enough to his brother to touch him. But just as the man we were told to call Uncle David reached out to tap his brother, Henry did the one thing that would prevent his brother from warning him.

After seventeen years of watching him perform his, "Oh Lou, my back," or, "Oh Lou, my hip," or, "Oh Lou, my heart," routine, we had talked about what Henry would do next. And like clockwork, he did not disappoint.

Henry, the molester of little girls, lowered his voice and mouthed something to the people around him. Each one backed away. And then...he let go of his walker. He stood upright, paused, sidestepped, then casually stepped away from his walker and marched to his seat in the front row – some forty feet away – leaving David grasping for air. It was classic Henry, and it was pure bliss watching David's face fall as he missed his chance. I couldn't help but chuckle at the thought Spirit was still on my side.

In front of all his well-wishes, the man, who just seconds ago could scarcely take a step without aid of a walker, was no longer overburdened by such mundane things as a walker or the help of another. He walked free and easy. It was actor Henry's 12th Avenue "Lou, help me upstairs. I can barely walk," heart attack all over again.

I suppose the man who could *barely* walk with the walked, wanted the people in the church to believe he had been touched by God. When it would be his turn to speak, he would say something like, "Look at me! Family and friends, the Lord has given me the strength to walk today. Y'all, know I haven't been able to walk without that walker for years, but God, God is blessing

me today, thank you, Jesus! Look, the Lord has filled me with the Holy Spirit y'all. He has made it possible for me to walk on this day, and y'all know how bad a shape I've been in. As God is my witness, I am truly blessed."

I can imagine the conversations Henry envisioned having with people over the next days, months or years after the service. "I don't know what happened. I just felt God was with me. I wasn't afraid of falling. I just knew God had hold of my hand, holding and guiding me. I have been touched by God. I'm going to open a ministry. Come here baby, come sit in grandpa's lap."

I'll bet Henry believed this would be the greatest performance yet. Well, the second greatest. His seventeen years with my family was the first. But like so much about him, it was all bullshit.

I turned to look at James and almost in unison we said, "Ouch! Lou, my back! Ouch! Lou, my hip! Ouch! Lou, my crouch!" Of course, the word is *crotch*, but that asshole always pronounced it *crouch*. "Lou, my back! Lou, my hip! Lou, my crouch!" were always Henry's fallback lines when he wanted to fake getting out of doing something. Once whatever he didn't want to do had passed, he would miraculously get better. It was uncanny. It was a running joke among us kids. Even our Mother got in on the fun when he wasn't around.

After David missed his opportunity to warn his brother, he took the first seat closest to the center aisle about ten rows back. He crossed his right leg over his left and put his right hand over his mouth as if contemplating what to do next. Since I was sitting behind him and to the right, I could see most of his face. As he rocked slightly back and forth, the stress coming off him was so thick you could virtually cut it with a knife. I was sure his knew the one opportunity to warn his brother had unexpectedly stood up and walked away. He could do nothing more without making

a scene, and for that, I was most grateful. Seeing David slump into his seat was fantastic. If only my other brothers and sisters could have been flies on the wall watching all this play out.

People continued to walk around and greet each other with hugs and kisses as they waited for the service to start. The church Pastor had come out and was greeting people, too. As I sat and watched all this, my eyes fell on another man seated on the left side of the aisle, three rows up from David.

Like David, he had also taken the seat closest the center aisle. From the moment my eyes landed on him, I knew who he was. Even though we had never met or spoken, I had no doubt who his father was. Tall, broad shouldered, bald, and light-skinned like his uncle, I recognized Henry's son, the one who was born in while Henry was working Monday through Friday in San Diego in 1970.

I had made up my mind a couple of years ago to reach out to him before the book was published and tell him it was coming. If I didn't warn him, it would be quite a shock for him and his children to learn that his father – and their grandfather – was an apex, serial, child molester. I didn't want him, his family, or his Mother to be caught off guard.

I leaned back and whispered to James, "Look who else is here."

"Who?"

"It's Henry's son."

"Where is he?"

"Directly across the aisle from David three rows back. Grey suit. You can't miss him. He looks just like Henry and David."

"That's him, huh?"

“Yeah, and it looks like he’s here with his family. I guess they have a good enough relationship that they came to the service.”

“Looks that way.”

“I’m going to talk to him today. Let him know about the book.”

“Are you really?”

“Yeah. He needs to know. It’s only fair.”

I turned back around, and thought, “Wow, both Henry’s son and brother are here. That can’t be a coincidence.”

Finding out that your father is a serial child molester is shocking. Finding out in front of a room full of other people could be devastating. Having experienced that firsthand, I wouldn’t wish that on anyone. However, I knew I was about to make that happen – and cause a lot of pain – for a lot the people in the church. On second thought, I would not be the cause of pain for anyone. That was backward thinking. Thinking like that had caused too many people not to come forward about molesters they knew about. The person who caused the pain was not be me. It was Henry. He committed the crimes. He molested and raped my sisters. Henry was the one hiding inside this family. Not me. If my Mother had done what she should have done to protect me and James in 1966 from our babysitter, perhaps Henry would not have gone after my sisters and perhaps today would never have happened. The pain everyone in the church was about to feel was all Henry’s doing. Not mine.

As the Pastor, an old, White guy, dressed in a white robe with color accents and a stole, was walking around the room shaking hands, welcoming people to his church, I decided to open my folder and look at the pictures of my brothers and sisters.

I was thinking about what I was going to do, when I suddenly looked up. Standing directly in front of me was the Pastor. He had a huge smile on his face; he was obviously very happy. If you were to ask me, I don't think he had ever had that many Black people in his church at one time. He was positively bouncing with joy.

He looked down at me and said, "This is wonderful. There is so much love here today. Can you feel it?"

I looked back at him and said in a low, slow voice, "Yeah, I feel it."

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