

# God Bailed Me Out

I walked out of the Forsyth County jail on February 17, 1994. The judge released me and told me I was free to go. It seemed he did it against his better judgment because he spoke rather harshly to me as he signed my release orders.

“Young lady, you’ve done a fine job of wasting and ruining your life. Go ahead and finish the job.”

I was jubilant to be free but afraid that maybe the judge was right—that I would die in the streets. I had been a prostitute for more than 13 years, and I was afraid I was doomed to the same destruction as the other women I’d known. Yet I continued working the streets.