

WENDY KEKENBOSCH

My fight, My battle

The story of a mother, a women, a fight



ÉDITION PHÉNIX
WENDY K

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

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

— Wendy K

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Foreword



Behind every scar
lies a story.



WENDY K
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Preface



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dedications



To my husband,

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

But love always had the final word.

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

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

I love you, my husband.

— Wendy K

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To my sons,

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

Nick, my first great love, my mirror.

Axel, my gentle shadow, my protector.

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

Brandon, my little Bibi, my child of light.

Nicolaï, my rainbow baby, my little warrior.

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