

TIMELESS VISUAL WORKS

Time Will Tell

Stage

Intro



DR. OLLIE L. JEFFERSON

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This book is based on a true story of the author's journals, letters, videos, memories, years of research, and stories told to her by others. As a way to bring life to the story and protect identities, occasionally the author changed names and compressed events. This publication is sold with the understanding that the publisher and author are not engaged in rendering legal or professional advice. If expert assistance is required, the services of a competent professional person should be sought.

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Dedication

To

Nailah & Miniya

*Much is expected of her
who is destined to succeed,
because she possesses stamina and endurance,
and will walk in the right pathway
in the face of false pathways.*

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Spiritual Journey

This memoir is more than a good story — it is the start of a spiritual journey that reveals generational patterns, cycles, curses, and blessings. A transparent testimony for others to look in my deep-rooted past struggles with faith, relationships, and destiny. A story coming to grips with reality.

There are over 13 million single parents in the United States and these parents are responsible for raising over 21 million children. The majority of these single parent households are headed by single mothers at over 84%. Single motherhood is now becoming the new "norm." This prevalence is due in part to the growing trend of children born outside marriage.

Physical purity is only part of this story. There is also emotional and spiritual purity — guarding our hearts — against false love. Many parents find themselves unable to discuss purity with their children simply because they may feel the shame and embarrassment of their past. Nevertheless, I am a mother about to share my personal struggles. Raising two young ladies has taught me the value of transparency. Mistakes and successes, wisdom, and lessons learned. Instead of reading a list of rules — my approach in this book is more narrative than lecture.

Time Will Tell: Stage I is the beginning of the three-part series. The first stage begins with my voice as a teenager entering into womanhood — the time period when the mind initiates action causing lifetime decisions. *Time Will Tell: Stage II* expresses the will to follow the Holy Spirit or body, at twenty-something years old, and the shocking results. *Time Will Tell: Stage III* tells how the transformation occurs in the Spirit, mind, and body during my

thirties. Although each book stands alone — it is strongly recommended that the entire series be read completely to understand the full message, purpose, and revelation of the story.

Examine, take notes, and learn from my life lessons and former state of mind documented on these pages. Some chapters in our lives would not need to be written if we avoid the mistakes of others. The intent is not, in any way, to embarrass those who have traveled along the same or similar journey. My mission is to speak candidly about experiences in hopes that readers will select a higher standard of living. I have made some foolish mistakes, "but God has chosen the foolish things of the world to put to shame the wise, and God has chosen the weak things of the world to put to shame the things which are mighty" (1 Corinthians 1:27).

I'm moving forward in my mission while submitting to the Lord's directions, "Tell it! Tell it! Tell it!" I willingly take this time to

tell my story to those searching for conflict resolutions in the battle between fleshly wants and Spiritual needs. It's a trip, journey, excursion, and pilgrimage for all to have a safe destination. Enjoy the ride — powered and inspired by the greatest Author and Finisher of our faith — Jesus Christ.

God bless,

Ottie L. Jefferson, PhD

"Keep your heart with all diligence.

For out of it spring the issues of life."

Proverbs 4:23

Stage 1

Time

**Measurable period during which an action, process, or condition exists or continues.*

Look In

I look back — and what do I see?

*A little girl — so hopeful, so sweet, so full of
dreams ... She wanted to grow up and be a queen.*

I looked to my right and looked to my left.

*Here comes a teenager talking and walking
to her high place in school — boys are coming
from her right — and men from her left.*

*What is she to do without a mother or father
to school her on the dating scene?*

*During college life, she was still a little
girl in a grown woman's body, looking
for a person to call "Daddy" ...*

*"... shed tears during the time
others considered ..."*

The West Coast

I remember being uncertain of the most appropriate manner to express our disconnection. As we walked in silence through the airport terminal — it became increasingly difficult to make light of our ties. Life could have been different if

my heart was centered on my First Love, but my focus remained on who was physically present. I thought we would be closer after eight months of living together in Arizona. It still felt like we were strangers.

I wrestled with how to simply say "goodbye." *Should I give him a kiss on the cheek, hug, or good old handshake and say, "It was nice getting to know you."* It was not difficult to recognize the feelings were mutual when my dad reached out to give me a pat on the back. "I'll call you," I blurted out, "to let you know that I made it."

I boarded my flight while preparing myself for takeoff to a different world. Finally, I was flying over the deserts and canyons — departing my old life and arriving at a new reality. After 19 years of growth, I was celebrating my youthful fantasy to pursue my heart's aspirations. I was becoming a woman feeling freedom from dependence. Soaring across the heavens — leaving behind

my childhood bedroom surrounded by painted walls of colorful rainbows and dreamlike shadows. I was recalling an age when *Purple Rain* posters were removed from my walls and singing, "Beat It," to Michael Jackson.

A time when Barbie dolls were replaced with paper dolls. Sitting on my blue and white-laced canopy bed for hours — admiring the covers of Mama's *Essence* magazines. Loving the sense of class and elegance of Iman, Beverly Johnson, Wanakee, and other beautiful women portrayed within those pages. I stood in front of mirrors imitating images of models while decorating my almond-shaped eyes with charcoal eyeliner, polishing my thick-full lips with flaming red lipstick, and painting my bronze skin with cream foundation. At the tender age of twelve years old, I wore this masquerade to confront the world on the other side of my bedroom door.