



ANOTHER WRINKLE FOR THE FOLD!

Johnny Mahaffey is 39 years old today, and a grandfather!

Now *that's* something I'd never expected to see written.

Well. No. That's not entirely true. It's what I wanted: I'd hoped that my own children would have kids of their own, and that they'd wait a little longer than I did. At least until after high school--which should ALWAYS be the priority. Not saying that I regret my own choices (which I don't), I just believe that I would've been a better dad to my kids if I'd been just a *little* older. As a teen, and even up into my twenties, I was lost to materialism. I worked seven days a week, when, I should have only worked five (if that), and spent the time off with family. My "plan" was to make a good home, pay it off, put college money aside for each child, and then make up for all of the lost time with an early retirement.

By my forties.

And you can see how that plan went.

My advice to anyone--and EVERYONE--is to cherish what you have while you have it. You never know what someone coveting what you have may have in store for you; the lengths to which they'll go to have what you have, or who you love, or what they'll do to spite you. Don't expect police to always do the right thing--they seldom do, at least in my experience.

The miscarriage of justice in my case ... means nothing to those that facilitated it, and those that perpetuate it. I was 27, just a few months shy of 28, at the time of my arrest. I was head-over-heels in love with my new wife, and she was pregnant with my fifth child. I had a complete mental breakdown; but, instead of helping me, the courts took advantage. The opportunity gave them an easy close for the case. Maybe one day I'll get a fair trial....

I'm not angry at the courts; just disappointed in South Carolina.

I'm proud of my kids though. They're holding up. I just wish I could help them. There's no job here for me to make any money. There's a plant that pays, but all of the sex-offenders work there, holding key positions, and since I don't get along with them, and I'm not gay: I've been blocked from landing one of those paying jobs. It's not much, but the state would send half my check to my kids. Most of the guys working at the plant have no kids. No high school diploma, or GED, either--even though that's suppose to be a "requirement". There's even a bunch of Level 2, and Level 1, prisoners there that's not suppose to be here at a Level 3--yet, there they are, blocking me from work.

I'll just continue writing my books, and hoping.

We're old today Jennifer. But this old turtle still has a lot of life left in him; and one day all of this will be for something.