

**Rodney Z. Black**  
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Hello, my name is Rodney, but I'd like to be called by my middle name Zion. I was born in Gambia West Africa; I came to this county in 1985 at the age of 5 years old. In those days a lot was going on in my village and around the world. (For personal reasons I will not get into why my family fled my homeland).

I have no photos of myself in this place called jail AKA (Afghanistan) but if you like you can look at my face book under Rodney Black and in there I have photo's of me and my daughters lacey and Natalia back home in Africa last year.

Anyway, I am a Rasta man by heart with dread locks, I have love and respect for all people race gender, religion or ethnicity. I'm looking forward to correspond with females who love fashion, a fashion designer, painter or even a singer, dancer or business owner or have anything to do with the music industry, play musical instruments and love life that has respect for other cultures all women are welcome to respond. Also men who are in the same field are welcome to respond (**men please take note, I am not gay, so please respect me as I shall respect you, lets keep this strictly business gentlemen**).

.Well what put me behind bars? well let's call it stupidity, making bad choices. I believe that sometimes god turn peoples lives upside down so that they can learn to live right side up.

Before I came to south bay house of correction I was a self employed business man I was the proud owner of king Zion's Den located on 20 Hancock Street Dorchester mass. Before king Zion's den I owned and operated African Roots, Located at the Dudley station MBTA pushcart in the heart of Roxbury Dudley station. I was the sole proprietor and it felt so good to be a black man independent and a small business owner. At that point and time I was net grossing 2 to 3k a week selling all African art clothing and Rasta clothing and items. In 1998 I Incorporated African Roots Inc. and at that point and time I had no clue of a corporation and I was blind sided used and abused and taken advantage of. By the so called president of my Corporation (Please fell free to check the internet for my article of organization). In 2008 I opened up king Zion's Den (Google information) that burned down due to negligence of the owner. I lost over \$330k worth off merchandise and I hade no insurance. My life was turned upside down, I started drinking to rid myself of the depression and it all winded me in jail. But I believe that "pain + perseverance = beauty" and that what doesn't destroy me will make me stronger and the beauty of my spirit is in that strength and my strength, I'm not referring to anything muscular or hard. I'm talking about stoicism or any other kind of pretend strength. I'm talking about the type of strength it takes to face each of my situations, and to let myself feel the hurt, disappointment, sadness, and fear that it brought me. And to still, step by difficult step, walk through it until I reach a new season in my life with its own set of trials, temptations, and testimonies.

Of course, the difference is that when I was younger I was not as certain there was another side, a place where there will be less pain, where the challenges I'm facing will evaporate into a memory. But I know now that I don't have to hold on to the pain to hold on to my memory of my business king Zion's Den that burned down in 2008. I will be home soon and it will be a start of a new beginning a new business new name new ideas a new beginning please look forward to read my business plan of Concrete Jungle on my next blog please feel free to correct me, walk with me, talk with me, and help me, I am open for new ideas new products, a new adventure. Looking forward to a response soon please feel free to write by mail or blog.

Thank you



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