

Hello and greetings

My name is Lonnie Bowen prison #89215
address: Utah state prison · UT-711, POB 250, Draper, UT 84020

I am a 35 year old african american who is very intrested in meeting new interesting people of all nationalities, female and male, in hopes of building a solid and true friendship. I would also like to share my storey, the anger, the pain, the rage, the loneliness and the redemption of my life, in hopes to give people a better understanding and give hope to some who are going threw what i went threw in life, that it is possible to seek redemption and change your life. I am a ex-gang member and drug dealer who has witnessed alot of tragedy, anger and pain in my life, who has threw trials and tribulation, soul searching has changed my heart and soul and my thinking patterns for the best. please do not let my photo fool you, it was taken two years ago, i look alot different now and i am alot happier now in life then i was in this photo. I am far from a mean and scary person, females tend to say i am a sweet and big teddy bear. So feel free to blog and even write me. i am looking foward to hearing from and building a special friendship.

As a kid growing up in California in one of the housing projects in San Francisco I seen a lot. I was raised by a single strong black woman, my mother. My mother was not a perfect mother she had run ins with the law, from drug sells to armed robbery, but my mother always made sure there was food on the table and clothes on my back. When I was around six years old, I had a best friend who was around my same age. We did everything together from trying to break dance, playing hide and seek to playing with our transformers and GI Joes in the sand box in the middle of my projects. We were so close that when we got in trouble his mom would whip the both of us and my mom would whip the both of us some times we would get a double up back to back. One day when we was playing in the sand box two older kids around 16 years old started arguing and a fight broke out between the two. Next thing we

knew there was a big family fight between both families. Next thing i heard was someone screamed gun, and then i heard the sounds of what sounded like fire crackers. Then everyone started running and screaming, so i started running towards my house. I looked back to see where my best friend was and i seen him laying in the sand box. So i ran towards him and the gun shots and i could hear my mom screaming my name. When i got over to him i started pulling his arm, telling him to hurry up you got to come to my house. When i pulled him over, was a sight that i will never forget, blood was all over his face and head and i could not tell at all that this was my best friend in the whole world. Later that night my mother told me that i would never see my best friend again and that he went home. I looked at my mother and said, mom ill see him tomorrow ill go to his house around the corner so we can play. My mother looked me in the eye's and said, son he will

not be there, he went home to heaven to be with our heavenly father, and i remember telling my mother, why would he not go home to his mom, and if he was really my friend why would he want to leave and not want to play with me anymore, and i remember crying and i knew at that time that i lost my best friend for life.

Threw my childhood that day haunted me, threw nightmares and pain of losing my best friend and seeing death face to face at 6 years old. Has that ever happened to you? has any of you lost a best friend threw death and or threw tragedy? Did it ever feel like a big part of your heart was taken from you and confused of why? I mean i was 6 years old and i felt like i could not go on with my life without my best friend and brother who i still love to this day and miss him.

This was only the first time i seen death and i never knew in my life at the age of 6 that i would be at 16 funerals of family and friends.

To Be continued.....