

My son, Antwiane Sago Jr. passed away on 11-27-11. The following piece was born out of the pain of losing him at the tender age of 16. The title is FLOWERS FOR THE SOUL

JEREMIAH 29:11 " For I know the thoughts that I think toward you, says the Lord, thoughts of peace and not of evil, to give you a future and a hope." All Bible quotes from NEW KING JAMES.

Writing & speaking has always been so easy for me to do. My ability to take words and craft them into thought provoking opinions is as natural as breathing to me. My spirit received the news that my son was no longer housed in his body long before his mother presented it to my mind; yet several days later I'm sitting in this cage experiencing mental gridlock because my spirit showed me, his mother told me, but my heart won't let me receive it. So where normally words flow out of my mind like warm honey, I'm faced with a block like none I've ever known. A granite stone that has 1-11-95 etched on the side, and 11-27-11. Alone those numbers just look like dates, and the stone like writer's block; But what makes them different is their connection to me, and the name below them. A name that made us one in the same. Antwiane Maurice Sago. The stone, the mental block, is the physical expression of a truth that is so hard for me to accept; That on 11-27-11, 16 years, 10 months, and 16 days after God introduced the world to my son's spirit, He said it was Time for my son to give up his ghost and return home. To anyone listening to these words, if only for a moment please bare with me. 2nd CORINTHIANS 5:8 says, "We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord." So please dry your eyes and know with all certainty that the beautiful body laying in state before you is not my son. It is no more than the vessel that was used by him to operate in this realm. If you truly knew him, you should be able to picture in your mind's eye his ever present smile, those sleepy eyes that were filled with wisdom, and the sound of his raspy voice saying, "I know ya'll love me, so ya'll don't have to keep doing that. Don't be crying over me. I'm good. I got this." Then he would do or say something that would infect you with his smile. My mother has always told me to give her her flowers while she's here, and not to wait until she couldn't appreciate them. That's a principle I try to live by. So from the Time my son was a baby that wouldn't go to sleep unless he was on my chest listening to my heartbeat, up until the last day that I spoke to him, I tried to plant seeds in his spirit that would produce flowers. The fact that you all are here lets me know that he must have shared some of those flowers with each of you. From the Time he was old enough to talk, I always spoke to him like he was a man; because it was evident to me that he was mature beyond his years. Therefore I won't talk about the many attributes that made us all love him, because he lived in a way that spoke more about him than I could ever say. Even as the Angel of Death escorted him into the arms of Jesus to be reunited with Q. and The Big Man, his generous spirit was still putting in work here. He gathered you all together so I can give to you what I always gave him; FLOWERS FOR THE SOUL. So I'm accepting his final gift to me, and praying that I use it in a way that would have pleased him.

Apart from the free gift of salvation, one of God's most precious gifts to us is Time. We are only given so much, and none of us is sure of exactly how much we have. Sadly, most of us waste so much of it on pursuing things. Never grasping the truth that the best things in life aren't things at all. There seems to be no Time for genuine friendships to develop anymore. No Time to do a laundry list of things of substance. Why? Because many of us are consumed with & by superficial things in this microwave society that we exist in. I hope that we all learn the tragically beautiful lesson that my son is using this venue to teach us. That Time is precious, and isn't something that we should take for granted; especially when someone cares enough to share theirs with you. Just as Yesterday needs Today in order to become Tomorrow, we need to utilize our Time in a way that is pleasing to God. Why not let today be the day that you purpose in your heart to share more of your Time with the people that you love? After all, this could be their last day, or your's. Don't allow life's fast pace to rub off on you until you become callous to the point where you use phrases like, "I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THAT!" with little to no regard of what you're actually saying. My son has no more Time! I would give anything to get the last 10 years of our lives back. Unfortunately, like words, once given you can't get Time Back. The last Time I spoke to him was on Friday, 11-18. With less than 60 seconds left on the call before it would cut off, he gave me his heart. Even at the tender age of 16 he was more seasoned than men 3 times his age. Because of that he knew and respected the value of Time. He took those few seconds and said, "Daddy I love you! You know I love you right? Daddy I love you!" In seconds he created a memory that I'll forever treasure; and I thank God for blessing me with it. It's as if he knew those few seconds would be the last Time we would spend together;

and if you know me you can understand why I believe that to be true.

Lavinia, thank you for blessing me with such a beautiful MAN-CHILD, and for bringing the best part of me out to share with the world. Thank you for always providing a way in my absence for me to maintain contact with him. There are too many things to put into words, so I'll just say, "I SINCERELY APOLOGIZE!" More than anyone you know my heart, so I'm sure you feel the emptiness of a heart that was once full in those 3 words. Shaon, your brother always told me how he wanted the best for you. I know that you are carrying a burden of pain no one in this building can understand. Just like he did, I love & believe in you! So don't allow his physical absence to break you down; because his spirit is with you forever. Nothing can ever change that. Use your abilities to live your life in a way that would make him proud of you. To the Angry Black Woman, and the Crybaby, my mothers, Susan & Diane. I know that earth has no sorrow that Heaven can't heal. I know that God is the Potter, and the author and finisher of my faith, but I still feel completely broken. Right now I can see how God's hand is at work in my life. Yet in my finite level of understanding, I can't begin to see or understand His plan; So I can only close my eyes and trust His heart. Snake, thank you for honoring my request of you. Thank you for taking care of the LITTLE JAR OF MUSTARD that I left you with. As for the rest of our family, what's understood need not be said. It's all uncut love! To His Guys, thank you for being loyal to my seed. He always said, "Daddy I am you!" so in getting down with him, you rode with me. I sent his mother a piece that I want you all to have. Accept it and these words as a gift from Me & My Son. Positive change comes about with self awareness; So be conscious of your thoughts, because they are the highest form of currency; your choices, actions, lifestyle, and companionships. Be conscious of how the things you say and do can & will affect those around you. Understand your worth, and be aware of your ability to use resources to adapt to any situation. Don't allow the death of my son, and these seeds not to produce fruit in your lives. I know I've said too much, but I want to close with this piece.

Who but you could be true to our bloodline's creed? You were the tangible expressed image of me; The heir to my dreams, My Junior, My Seed! At your birth, I saw eyes filled with the Ancient Of Days and for the first Time truly understood worth. In you God gave me more than my mind could conceive. Holding you in my arms I saw the hope of all I ever wanted to be. For years I've been on lock away from home; But I've made it my business to daily go before God's throne. Because though you never charged my absence to my heart; I've never spent a day without it literally ripping my soul apart. So it was there that I asked God to love & protect you like I wished I could. To guide you, and mold you into a man of faith; and to never allow you to make the same bad choices that I made. I asked for strength to hold on to my hope, and that in your heart my love you would always know; But at this moment I feel so weary I really just want to let go. Sitting in a cage 200 miles away because I lived my life like a goon. And I can't be there to relieve the despair felt because he's gone too soon. To give up now just wouldn't be right; So win, lose, or draw I can't tap out in this fight. Asthma at his birth, with a hole in his heart. The fighter in him was on display from the very start. He faced and overcame hurts beyond the comprehension of most. Wearing scars on his heart, that would break most before the race even started. Yet in the midst of his pain he continued to fight and hold on to his hope. But in his darkest hour to his mother he confessed being tired and finally gave up his ghost. Some say pressure bust pipes. I taught you that pressure makes diamonds. Even though you have gone away, son I can still see you shining. You went away and in my heart you left a hole; But I'll fill it with the seeds you left and grow FLOWERS FOR THE SOUL!

I love you with all that I am and ever hope to be! Get your rest son, and always know that I AM YOU, and YOU ARE ME!

Thank you for sharing your Time with me! Thank you all for the love & support you've shown & continue to show my family. Like me, none of you understand how such a young life can be snatched away so soon, but if you remember none of my words please remember these.

ISAIAH 55:8-9, "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, says the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts."

Names Mentioned:

Q.=His little brother that passed 5-16-99

The Big Man=His grandfather that passed 3-2-09

Lavinia=His mother

Susan & Diane=His grandmothers

Shaon=His little sister Snake=His uncle

Tried By fire

But Never

Burned

Antwiane Sago Sr.

If you can feel this, hit me at

Antwiane Sago #428132

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P.S. This piece was written to be read at the funeral service for him.