

February 12, 2012

Hello World!

Reality check. As the loyal readers of this blog are aware, the family of the woman I killed has forgiven me. They have also bestowed on me the honor of writing her story. We have been corresponding, speaking on the telephone, and they have scheduled a trip to visit me March 3rd. It's overwhelming and exciting.

As I began the story I sent questions to be answered so the details will bring this woman and her experiences to life. This past Friday I received a packet with many of the answers along with family photographs. Reading the answers was enlightening. Looking through the photos crushed me. One in particular of Esperanza, which translated means Hope, is when she was about 10 and still living in Cuba. She is as poor as a child can be, barefoot, and wearing a tattered dress. Standing beside her is a much older sister who won't touch Hope, fearing she will catch lice from the child. Despite her situation, Hope wears a smile, the smile of a child who dreams of better things to come, a life without hunger and with pretty things to wear.

This is a child that I would scoop up into my arms to envelop in an unending hug, but instead, 38 years later I snuffed out that smile with the squeeze of a trigger. I could understand if the family hated my guts, but to forgive me, that's worse. With forgiveness I'm forced to look with unclouded eyes, beyond the circumstances of the moment, at the magnitude of my act.

I destroyed Hope.

I ended her dreams.

I am unworthy of the family's forgiveness, but I will spend the rest of my life embracing Hope. And to begin, with God guiding my writing hand, at least in words on paper, I can give her an immortality that can be a lesson for generations to come.

Thanks for checking in on me.

Cordially,



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Novel: A Thundering Wind (Amazon.com)