

WHITNEY ELIZABETH HOUSTON

1963-2012

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As I ~~SAT~~^{SAT} typing Saturday, February 11, 2012, I start hearing other prisoners saying that Whitney Houston, is dead. I continue typing, trying to block out the talk, wishing it not to be true. But the more I hear, the more it starts to sink in that this might not be frivolous conversation, so I turn on my radio and sure enough, Whitney Houston is dead. Found dead in her hotel room, at the age of 48. I knew immediately that drugs were involved-another great dead before their time.

I grow up with The beautiful sounds of Whitney. Thinking that she was the most beautiful sister in the world. Her voice could bring tears to your eyes, make you want to save the world and make babies all at the same time. How could something so beautiful ever be held inside of one person?

Whitney, you will be missed Baby Girl. May you find peace in the next life that you could not find in this one. You are gone way to soon, but only GOD knows the day, time and hour that He will call you home.

To all those people out there blogging, media outlets, 15 minute of fame seekers. Those out there that wish to bring up Whitney's flaws, mishaps, pains and struggles, man let her rest in peace. Her past is her past, she is gone now, so whatever she did, none of that matters anymore. She is gone, and her daughter, Bobbi Cristina, should not have to hear all this. Just because people want to be a sound bit for those whom love gossip, stop it and let Whitney's family grieve in private. Whitney, deserves a whole lot better than that.

Respectfully,

Teze