

Ronald W. Clark
December 4, 2012

Bad Decisions

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I'm the most imperfect... most screwed up human being there is. I've made more mistakes than any ten men combined, more than any one man deserves. I don't forgive myself for my past. To those I've harmed, I'm truly sorry. But sorry doesn't cut it, forgiveness is not something I ask for, for it's not something that I deserve. That's the way I see it.

I've made more bad decisions than you could ever imagine. You've only read about some of them. Some of them you may never read about. I can only think of a couple of good decisions that I've ever made in this life. Both were in the last ten years, both — well it's not important. My thought process is a mess, and I have a track record, my life to back that up.

I often sit and think back on bad decisions and try to understand why I took that path and not the steady smart productive path. Yeah, sure drugs played a part, and my environment as well. Just this morning I was thinking about role models, and some of the adults in my life, not just my father. I had a friend when I was 13+14 whose father was a respectable business man. Own his own plumbing company, yet he was assisting his son and I in stealing bicycles. When I was 15, 16 years old, I was hanging out getting drunk and doing drugs with Gary 38, Joey 42, Shorty 32, Johnny 36 years old. Men who were older than my father, yet allowed a child to hang out with them and drink and do drugs. These men obviously didn't make the best of decisions. For that's not the

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actions of a responsible adult. I remember Johnny's wife arguing with him saying, "He's a damn kid, your going to have the cops zap here." First time I ever shot up with cocaine I was 16 year's old, Johnny shot me up. And Johnny was a big time drug dealer, not real big, but the biggest I ever messed with.

First time I met Johnny I asked him if he wanted to smoke a joint, he said sure, we sat in his car, as I rolled the joint, he was looking at my bag of weed. He said, "This is mine." He reached over the survivor and pulled out a bud that was 12 to 14 inches long at least, 3 inches wide and a half inch thick, I had never seen anything like it in my life. we smoke the joint head to his trailer, and inside are big plastic garbage bags every where, I don't know how many was in there, if I had to guess, I'd say between 20 and 40 in the bed room's living room's every where, all full of weed. That was reckless on his part showing me, a young kid all that crap, so I wasn't hanging out, with people that made good decisions, and its no wonder my decision making sucks. Oh well, it is what it is, and this has been one screwed up, F—ed up life!" Please don't make the same mistakes, stop and think before you act.

In Peace + Love

Bonnie

