

Thoughts From THE HEART
2013. FEBRUARY. 07
BY: JOSEPH SMITH
0300HRS:

BROKEN-SPIRITS-SOULS-AND LIVES
ARE REPAIRABLE:::
PART-I

HERE THE WRITER SIT, NOT BEING ABLE TO SLEEP,
DUE TO THE EVENTS THAT UN-FOLDED IN THE PRISON
VISITING ROOM WHILE VISITING MY BEAUTIFUL TWENTY YEAR
OLD DAUGHTER- WHO IS IN HER SECOND YEAR OF A NURSING-
BNS PROGRAM AT CASE WESTERN RESERVE COLLEGE. THE
WRITER IS VERY "PREOCCUPIED" ABOUT WRITING ABOUT EVENTS THAT
TOOK PLACE IN HIS CHILDHOOD AND TEEN YEARS. BUT THE
WRITER NOW KNOWS AND UNDERSTAND, THROUGH THE LOVE
OF A CHILD; SILENT IS NOT GOLDEN ANY LONGER- FOR IF
TRUE HEALING IS TO COME- THE WRITER MUST STOP
FEELING LIKE A "VICTIM"!!! BUT AS A "SURVIVOR". A FEW
HOURS AGO- THE WRITER ENTERED THE PRISON VISITING
ROOM TO VISIT-WITH-MY-CHILD-AND-TO-MEET-SOMEONE
SPECIAL- WHO- HAS- COME- INTO- HER- LIFE.

But yet I only see her; Her eyes are red & swollen,
with tears running down her face. The guard who I
know, says - "Smith, we don't know what's wrong - she just
started crying - I'll tell you what, I'll put you guys
in the attorney interviewing room - so you two
can have some privacy". I go to her, we
embrace each other - I lead her to the room - just
as I'm about to ask, what's going on?? We sit
she takes my hands into hers and says "DAD,
I was over grandmother's house - helping with the
clean-up, when I came across some of your army
things and foot locker - I took them home - and found
your journals, I'm so sorry, about what those nuns did to
you at that school. I was not prying!!! Please forgive
me!! I love you so much Dad, you are still my hero."
Ever since I was a young boy, I have kept
journals of my dreams, things and events that
had taken place in my childhood up to my teen
years I had thought over the years these
journals had gotten lost, or destroyed over
the year with all the moving around. The last
place I thought they would be in my mother's
attic. I never expected that these journals and
the content - which - written - within them, one day would
come back to haunt me!!!!!!

THINGS THAT HAD BROKEN ME PHYSICAL, MENTALLY,
AND SHATTERED ME SPIRITUAL TO THE POINT THAT BOTH
MY PHYSICAL LIFE AND SOUL'S VERY BALANCE WERE SERIOUSLY
THREATENED. MY JOURNEY LIKE ALL JOURNEYS
HAVE A SECRET DESTINATION, AND THAT DESTINATION
THAT AWAITED ME REQUIRED EVERY STEP I TOOK
ALONG THE WAY, HOWEVER MAD OR DANGEROUS.
FORTUNATELY, I ACQUIRED "SOME" TOOLS ON MY
JOURNEY, TOOLS I WOULD ^{NEED} AT THIS VERY MOMENT,
AS I SAT ACROSS FROM MY CHILD SOME FORTY YEARS
LATER. REACHING ACROSS TO DRY HEE TEARS, NOT ABLE
TO LOOK - MY - LOVING - CHILD - DIRECTLY - IN - HER EYES. I
LET HER KNOW, THAT I'M NOT UPSET WITH HER ABOUT
READING THE JOURNALS, AND THAT I LOVE HER - BUT
I'M IN TWO PLACES MENTALLY, HERE WITH MY
CHILD, WHO IS NO LONGER A CHILD, BUT A YOUNG
BEAUTIFUL WOMAN - AND - BACK - AT - THAT - SCHOOL. I
REMEMBER TO THE DAY, WHEN MY MOTHER INFORMED
MY ^{TWIN} SISTER AND I, WE WOULD BE ATTENDING
CATHOLIC SCHOOL - NOT PUBLIC SCHOOL. YEARS LATER
I FOUND OUT - NO HEBREW SCHOOL WOULD ALLOW
US TO ATTEND - DUE TO MY MOTHER'S INTERMARRIAGE
TO A "GOY" [NON-JEW] MOST OF ALL TO A "SCHWARTZE"
[BLACK PERSON - OFTEN USED DEROGATORILY]. IN THE
JEWISH WORLD - INTERMARRIAGES, IS ONE BOUNDARY WHICH

When crossed, cut's a Jew off from Her family immediately. My father's family can be traced back to Ethiopia and Nigeria and other African countries before making their way to America. But under Jewish law, "Halacha" the child draws from the mother's lineage, it's called matrilineal descent. I don't know why I'm telling her all of this, but at the moment it seems the path I wanted to take is unclear. This is not the path I wanted to take with her, but when our paths are blocked by the shadowy figure of our inner doubt and shame, it is easy to get detoured off one's path. Some people fall into paralysis at this point. Others get hooked into taking on more and more tasks, each promising to yield the requisite proof of our worthiness. To move ahead. "Let sleeping dogs lie" The "Past is the Past," "Time to move forward" Sometimes it's hard to live by these expressions. For too many, unresolved injuries or injustices from our past are like wounds that have not fully healed, and when someone gets too close to them, as in my case, the pain breaks through the layers of time and demands one's attention to address the past. One's past can be like a millstone, a weight around one's neck. Now at this very moment in time my dark shadowy figure from the

THE PAST HAS COME TO IMPOSED ITS DARK
FORCE UPON ME AND HAS BLOCKED MY PATH.
AND AT THIS VERY MOMENT HAS BLOCKED MY THOUGHTS,
THUS CAUSING THE WRITER-WRITERS BLOCK!!! SO UNTIL
NEXT TIME I LEAVE YOU WITH THIS: "LIFE
IS NOT ALWAYS A STRAIGHT PATH, THERE WILL
BE DETOURS—SO ENJOY THE VIEW."