

The state of California decided it was not healthy for me and my sister to live with my drug addicted mother and step-father. One day two police officers and a social worker showed up at my school. They told me in nice tones that I was not going home.

My memory is a bit hazy. I think I was five and my sister was three. I remember being escorted into my home and being told I could only grab clothes. I couldn't have any of my toys. My mom was crying like it was the end of the world. As a dead-beat father to four children I know how she felt.

My sister and I were softly led towards the police car. My sister sat behind the driver and I sat behind the passenger. I had stopped crying because I had to be brave for my sister, as every big brother should. The cop in the passenger seat started to perform magic tricks with a quarter like finding it in mid air or behind his ear. My sister stopped crying out she sat so far away from me.

We drove up to this giant building and I began to get scared again. A nice older lady came out to get us and she us feel safe. She asked my sister and I if we were hungry? We said yes, we got to eat all the sugary cereal we wanted.

After we ate the nice lady led my sister towards the girls dormitory and I was led towards the boys dormitory. For the first time in our lives my sister and I were ~~with~~ utterly alone. I think the place was called Alberts sitting home in L.A. It was a holding pen for kids taken away from their parents.

I remember the first breakfast because instead of sugary cereal and fresh milk, we had bland cereal and powdered milk. One day the grown ups formed the kids into a circle. ~~and~~ we were told to not look at the news camera as they filmed all the sullen kids walking in a circle. It was an expose about kids being taken away from their abusive parents.

One night a grown up tapped me on the shoulder as I watched t.v and told me my mom was on the phone. My mom was crying and she told me she was doing everything she can to get me and my sister back. I remember asking her about the frog eggs I had found when I was a normal boy and lived with my mother. She said she was taking care of them. Later in life I found out my step-father had thrown the frog eggs away.

I was put into a foster home. Let me first tell you that I was a blond hair, blue eyed boy and my foster parents were black. They were nice and had two young boys around my own age. I remember going to school and feeling different. ~~because~~ all the kids would ask me why I was getting out of the car with the black kids? I was embarrassed because I was taken from my parents and placed in a foster home.

I remember my Dad coming to visit me and him telling me he was doing everything he can to get me and my sister back. My Dad also told me my sister was doing good and had gotten into trouble for ruining a water bed at her foster parents home.

I don't remember being picked up by my Dad ~~and~~ ^{and} going to live with him. My Dad did get custody of my sister and I. I would love to say

my life was better because I lived with my Dad. It was the end of one nightmare and begining of another nightmare

By


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