

2014, Feb. 10

Reply I.D: n6fy

Dear Niecey:

Before I began, I want to thank you for having taken the time out to not only read my blog, but also leave a response. It means more to me than you may ever know..... Now, don't know if you were speaking from a personal experience place or just in general, but i'm glad that you have some of the same views as myself. To keep a child away from a parent just because they're incarcerated, to me, is just cruel. Maybe that's because I have the blessing and curse of being on both sides of the fence. But, the way i see it, anyone with a love for family should at the very least understand.

However, i've as of recent had the privilege to hear from a mother whose daughter have been visiting her father in prison for the first fifteen years of her life. She shared with me something that i'd never had seen without her encouraging. She spoke about the prison environment and the things that goes on inside of here. You'd think that since she'd only be spending three hours per visit that there wouldn't be much to see. But Kids are ~~so~~ curious, right? She told her mother about the touching she saw people doing while guards weren't looking. The 'sneak' kissing and some of the other suggestive rubbing, grinding against each other couples does when they prepare to take pictures and it blew my mind.

I realized that because of my deprivation, I was blinded to this. Although I have never done anything of the caliber, I have given my nephew an extra hug or picked my niece up when the overseers weren't paying attention. I guess i'm one of them because we're all searching for a sense of familiarity. We want to touch and feel and cherish what we're being deprived. We long for love. For someone to care, to look across the table at me and say, "I'm here for you, Mike." To know that we're not doing this bit alone. And although most men would deny it, we want love the same as women.

Anywho, the daughter's insight and catlike vision stopped me from throwing pity-parties when I saw other families together on visits and television. I began to see it from a different point of view. Then a ~~message~~^{memory} I thought was lost somewhere inside this big old head of mine resurfaced. It's one of me going on a long bus ride with my mother to visit her boyfriend who was serving a stint inside of Kettle Maraine Prison. It's a happy ~~man~~ memory where we ate pop-corn, sat outside on a bench, and he walked with me to the vending machine where i picked out a hamburger and a pop.

I don't know why, but I feel that this was ^{my} introduction to prison. It told me that it was ^{so} bad to serve time. That prison wasn't a bad place to be. You could go on visits with your family and hold your kids and chill outside slurping from a grape pop on a bench with your lady. And growing up in the environment where i grew up in, at a ^{very} early age, you know that prison is an inevitable stop along the journey if you're lucky. If not, then early death. More than likely, ~~but~~ a bullet.

So with the ^{view} that prison wasn't a bad place, it didn't make the ~~idea~~ ^{thought} of me going there a horrific idea. I mean, to some people just the thought of ending up in prison would make stomachs churn. But I welcomed it as something I couldn't avoid. And the only thing that i can say put this thought in my head was me going to see my mom's boyfriend behind bars. Even so, i know I may sound a bit selfish, but I still want to be a part of my daughter's life. I know I can play a vital role in helping shape the way she'll see the world.

I have too much to offer her. Not to mention the love I will give. The problem with many of our women and children now, is that ~~they~~ they don't feel loved by their father's. And we're responsible because we sort of gave up that right when we chose to do whatever we did, knowing that there was a chance we ~~would~~ ^{could} lose our freedom.

Well Niecey, I truly enjoyed your words and hope to get many more. Take care of yourself and remember to always follow your dreams!

Sincerely,

Michael McHume

Dominique,

WOW! I still find it hard to believe that it's your words i'm reading. Thanks for the words of encouragement and love. It ~~was~~ warmed me to the core to know that y'all haven't forgotten about the little nappy-headed cuz who used to terrorize y'all;) Just kidding! Hope your little ones are doing fine. I love and miss you. Take care of yourself! Tell the fam' I send my love. PEACE!