

Ronald W. Clarke
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Page 1 OF 5

A Product OF my ENVIRONMENT

I am a product OF my environment, and up bringing. The mistakes in my life, are without a doubt, my Fault!! I can't blame any one but myself, For the stupid idiotic choices that I made. I did have a lot OF help. poor guidance as a child, and that is my Father's Fault. He helped bring a child, actually many children into this world, but provided no support, and was a piss poor role model!"

Growing up, I witnessed him out running the Cops, seen him do it in a 1970 super Bee, that's documented in Jacksonville Florida, Duval County Sheriff's Office in January 1971 or 72. But Dad told me numerous stories about him out running the Cops. so a little boy 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 year's old who looks up to his Father is hanging on every word OF this.

He would tell me stories OF violence, death. His Father killing some men in Alabama by dumping gas in their car and setting them on fire. Or up in New Jersey Granddaddy beating a black man in the head with a hammer, and the skin on the man's forehead just falling over his eyes, seeing white meat OF this N- - - - . That's the word he used telling it. This is not a suitable story to tell a little kid. My Dad was a moron." He shouldn't have been allowed to reproduce." yes I know it sounds like I blame him, and in a way I do. Cause I can only imagine what my life would have been like with a proper role model, to help mold me into a productive man. And not mold me into

Ronald W. Clark
April 8, 2014

Page 2 of 4

poor white law breaking trash!" you don't give a 5,6,7 year old child alcohol!" It's a drug, that destroys the development of the brain! Guidance, ... was something I did not have. I'm six, seven years old, Dad's drinking, I'm driving a car down U.S. 17 a major road, sitting on a phone book and some 2x4 blocks of wood strapped to the gas and breaks. That's stupid and irresponsible.

I often question if he even loved me. At 15 years old, I'm out on the street corner selling drugs for him. That's very dangerous!" I'm hanging out with grown men who are in their 30's & 40's.

once I go out to rob a drug dealer, Dad gives me the guns to do it with. and the only thing he says is, please don't kill anybody. He's not concerned with my well being, he just doesn't want his 357 mag. used in a homicide. He cared more about his gun, than he did for me. That's how I seen it.

Growing up I witnessed him pulling guns on people. I stood in front of my mom at 8 years old screaming and crying as he stood before us with a shot gun, yelling at me to move, so he could shoot my mom, because he was mad.

He stole auto parts, burned the house down for insurance money, and shared his less than role model ways with me.

Paula molest her brothers and I when we're like 6 years old. She's 15, 16. When I told him, he said, that's no big deal. He was always trying to make me tough, hard, cause he had fear

Ronald H. Clarke
April 8, 2014

Page 3 of 4

that his soft hearted son, might be gay or turn gay because his mother was. As I write and think about this stuff, I think how was I suppose to turn out?

My Bigma (Grandmother mom's mom) gave me Hustler magazines from the wine-0s who left them in her rented rooms. Mom would get pissed, Bigma said, "He's a boy it's natural."

Yes, I guess it is natural for a boy to want to see a naked female. But it doesn't mean that he should be seeing that. And especially not hard core pornography.

We all make mistakes in life. Dad, Bigma, mom and myself. We're fallible humans. But I often sit here and wonder, what if. What if I'd have had a real role model? A male role model.

When I was 13, I had a friend Casey. His father ran a legitament business. took the family to church every Sunday, and during the week, assisted Casey and I in removing serial numbers off of bicycles we had stolen.

In 1984. I'm 16 years old, I'm hanging out with Gary 38, Joey 42, Don 40 Plus, Little Johnny 36, Shorty 32. I'm doing drugs and drinking. No male that came into my life was ever an upstanding positive role model.

When I was 15 years old the summer of 1983 in Tulsa, Oklahoma, outrunning the cops on my motor cycle. I wish I would have just went up to one of those cops and said, Look, I need role model, a big brother, some-