

In Loving Memory of Justine Renee McDonald...9/3/80 - 10/25/2001

Sept. 3, 2015: 5:00am: Listening to: "I MISS YOU" BY: AARON HALL

GOODMORNING EVERYONE. TODAY I HAVE REASONS FOR FEELING SO MANY DIFFERENT WAYS. MYSELF & 7 OTHER LIFER'S CREATED A NON-PROFIT LIFER'S ORGANIZATION HERE AT THE PRISON. THE WARDEN APPROVED IT & WE WILL HAVE OUR FIRST EXECUTIVE BOARD MEETING TODAY. ONCE WE ARE FULLY ESTABLISHED, WE CAN DO ALOT OF FUNDRAISING & ALOT OF CHARITY WORK. WE PLAN TO FOCUS ALOT OF OUR TIME ON EDUCATION, EDUCATE PRISONERS WHO ARE GOING HOME SO THEY HAVE A CHANCE TO MAKE IT OUT THERE. I AM LOOKING FORWARD TO THIS MEETING TODAY.

BUT WHAT CONTINUES TO DEVASTATE ME IS TODAY WOULD HAVE BEEN MY JUSTINE'S 35th BIRTHDAY. JUSTINE HAD BEEN GONE NOW ALMOST 14 YEARS & EACH YEAR THE GUILT OF HOW I FAILED HER, HURT HER & BROKE HER HEART CONTINUE TO EAT ME ALIVE INSIDE. REMEMBERING JUSTINE BRINGS ME SUCH JOY & PAIN. I WAS A REAL ASSHOLE AT TIMES TO HER. THE TEARS MIGHT BE POURING FROM MY EYES AS I WRITE THIS, BUT THAT DOESN'T EXCUSE HOW I TREATED HER AT TIMES WHEN WE WERE TOGETHER. I WAS SUCH AN ASSHOLE WHEN I WAS FREE. I WAS VERY JEALOUS, CONTROLLING, A YOUNG KID WHO HAD AN ATTITUDE PROBLEM. BUT HOW I LOVE THIS GIRL. JUSTINE WENT TO & GRADUATED FROM BENSALEM HIGH SCHOOL IN BUCKS COUNTY, PA, IN 1998. WHEN I MOVED IN WITH JUSTINE AND HER FAMILY, HER MOM TOLD US, HER DAD DID NOT WANT HER SPENDING THE NIGHT IN MY ROOM. WELL THAT FIRST NIGHT SHE SNUCK IN DURING THE NIGHT. I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW UNTIL HER DAD WOKE US UP & SHE WAS CURLED UP IN A LITTLE BALL AROUND ME.

JUSTINE WAS ALWAYS SO FUNNY, SO SWEET, SO KIND TO EVERYONE. SHE WAS THE MOST LOVING PERSON I HAVE EVER MET IN MY LIFE. AND HOW SHE LOVED HER LITTLE DOGS. POMERANIANS WERE HER ABSOLUTE FAVORITE. I WOULD COME HOME FROM WORK, A HARD DAY WORKING ON A ROOF IN THE 90 DEGREE SUN, SWEATY & DIRTY, SHE WOULD LEAP INTO MY ARMS, KISS MY DIRTY FACE & ASK IF WE CAN GO TO THE PET STORE SO SHE COULD PLAY WITH THE LITTLE PUPPIES. SHE WANTED TO TAKE THEM ALL HOME. HATED TO SEE THEM IN CAGES.

JUSTINE WAS JUST 5 FEET TALL AND 100 POUNDS. SHE WAS SO PROUD OF BEING SO PETITE. HER SMILE COULD LIGHT UP A ROOM. HER LAUGH JUST MADE YOU SMILE.

JUSTINE WAS KILLED BY A MAN WHO DIDN'T LOVE HER. HE PUT A NEEDLE IN HER ARM, INJECTED HER WITH HEROIN, AND LEFT HER TO DIE. HE DIDN'T CALL 911, DIDN'T TRY TO SAVE HER. HE JUST RAN. SHE DIDN'T DESERVE THAT. I WOULD END MY LIFE RIGHT NOW IF IT WOULD GIVE HER LIFE BACK TO HER. JUSTINE CHANGED ME. SHE TAUGHT ME HOW TO LOVE, HER DEATH SHOWED ME MORE PAIN THAN I HAD EVER KNOWN. SHE TAUGHT ME HOW TO TRUST, BE HAPPY, & I CONTINUE TO GROW & CHANGE BECAUSE NOW WHEN I DO SOMETHING, I ASK MYSELF, WOULD JUSTINE BE PROUD OF THIS? SO I THANK YOU JUSTINE, I THANK YOU FOR LOVING ME LIKE NO OTHER EVER HAS. AND I PRAY THAT YOU LOOK DOWN ON ME FROM HEAVEN & YOU ARE PROUD OF THE GOOD THINGS THAT I TRY TO DO. I LOVE YOU NOW MORE THEN I EVER HAVE & I PRAY THAT I FIND YOU AGAIN ONE DAY. DADDY WILL ALWAYS LOVE HIS LITTLE GIRL.

I THANK YOU FOR LETTING ME SHARE THIS WITH YOU'S. JUSTINE WAS KILLED AT 21 YEARS OLD & I STILL CANNOT MOVE PAST THAT. *you can see photos of her on my face book page*

GOD BLESS. CIAO