

Purpose Comes with Pain

Some say life is a journey, which is true. The question I have for you today? What type of journey are you on? Hmmm, Have you ever thought about your journey? Is it too painful? That you don't even want to think about it. It may be painful but guess we all have a purpose for being on this earth. Sometimes the purpose comes with pain.

Have you ever seen people that seems like they always have everything working in their favor no matter what direction they take. But you on the hand always catching hell on every end no matter which way you go. Maybe this writing is just for you.

Let's go on a little rabbit trail. I've been taking the college course Business Technology and Customer Service. The class has been hard for me because I have never used a computer. So when I begin working on excel, word, powerpoint and access.

Man, I wanted to pull my hair out of my head. Sometimes even wanted to scream. Even studying for my test was hard because I had a uncompromising bunkmate; who didn't care about my education. You see even though I went through pain and struggles in this class.

I was there for the purpose to receive my education. The other students flew through the whole class like it was a piece of cake with all 100(s). This shows everybody can have the same purpose. But not fulfill that purpose in the same way the next individual does. But the ones of us, ~~who~~ that the class was challenge to. We had a determination to graduate.

For me that same determination I had to graduate from this class. So the same determination I've had to have to overcome the pain of my child death; for 18 years I've been grieving and healing. Some time alone.

Today I want to talk to people who has lost a child whether it was unnatural circumstance, sickness, car wreck, murder, suicide or any other cause of death. People will say all kinds of things; like honey you should have been over that by now.

For some reason it seems like the very people who suppose to be their ~~family~~ to support you, pray with you and just be that back bone. So the very ones doing you the most harm. I want to say this; if they are close to you. They do suppose to be there for you. I know how it feels to loose a child due to unnatural circumstances.

I will tell you about the circumstance in a moment. If you was a parent like me, I love my children. If I could give them the world I would. ~~It~~ When you love your children, then all of a sudden you faced with unnatural circumstance that cause their life. I have had moments where I be angry with God asking why did he allow my child to die. I said Lord I would have preferred you taken my life instead of my baby who couldn't defend for himself.

Daily I have to ask God for strength just to make it through the day. Because I miss my child so much. So I feel your pain. I can relate when birthday and holidays come around. The last holiday I spent with my baby was Christmas. When those holiday/Birthday comes in here, I sleep, because I get real depressed and sicken to my stomach.

That someone would burn my one month old Goshua feet. I get sicken to my stomach when I think about what the autopsy say my son Goshua died from blunt force injury to the abdomen at the age of four months. Who in their sicken mind would harm an innocent child who can't defend for them self. I even get sicken when I think about how the state

of Georgia came up with the theory I knew what was going on. Because it was my child who died. As result do you know what I've had to hear from people in society and inmates. She's a baby killer. Why cause the state of Georgia charge me as if I am murder.

When I tell people about my circumstances; they don't care to listen because it's a child ~~death~~ dead. They would hire a woman out who killed ~~their~~ ^{their} husband sometimes quicker than my charges. This situation reminds me of when I was molested from 9-13 years old. Nobody would stand up for me.

The same way with my son Joshua nobody has really stood up for him.

Ill this day I am in prison, my husband as well. ~~Well~~ However my brother was acquitted. Nobody has confessed to his feet burning incident; while I ran to the Post office and Wm. Dixie store. My Aunt had him that morning while I went to the post office. Later on I found out she was a crack addict. My husband kept him that evening while I went to grocery store. I never had child abuse problems. But I often remind myself. People who violate and deceitful does not act out in the open.

So people know who they are. They are cowards. My stepdad molested me in secret. My mom didn't have a clue because she was a nurse. She worked at night.

My deceased son Joshua's birthday was July 26, 2015. It's the latter part of August, 2015. It is not knowing who hurt your child and why.

Then doing time because of somebody thinking you know something you don't. I met a lady in here. Someone shot and killed her teenage son. The State of Georgia said she knew what happened in her son's death because her ex-husband was a big time drug dealer. To me that is straight out abusing the laws and procedures of the land. Thank God she didn't get a life sentence like I did.

As she told her story to me. I told her I can relate. I begin to share my story with her. How I have kept mind and the strength to make. As we was talking, she begin to ~~weep~~ weep, because she couldn't understand why people try to make you know the answer to something you don't. I felt her pain deeply.

Just about every other night my pillow is wet with tears. I think daily maybe today. I will get a confession of who killed my child and why.

In dealing with my child's death, sometimes I felt like I was going to lose my mind, my strength has been so weak. I felt like I couldn't make it the next moment. I get upset when other people find out who killed their love ones. I wonder when is my turn, to find out the truth about my son. It's been hard to sleep because his birthday just passed. He would have been 19 years old.

I wonder sometimes to myself. What if my son would have been the next president of United States. I think like that because every one has a destiny and purpose in life. Sometimes I begin to wonder what would have been his favorite food, sports or hobby. Even his favorite color. The things I never got to know about my son. Truly I am still hurt.

When this situation first happened 1996. I didn't want to live because I was devastated, hurt and traumatized. I been grieving a long, long, long time. But I can't truly say I am at a place where I am ok with everything. I hurt on the inside. As I write this; ~~and~~ talking about it. I can't stop the tear from flowing. Because who would hurt a innocent

than cause an innocent mother to go to prison for life without intervening say hey I am guilty. My heart bleeds; I've cried out for help but nobody will help me. There was never a proper investigation concerning my son Joshua Johnson's death.

Losing a child is ~~de~~ devastating especially when there is unnatural circumstance involved. So I can relate to parents who have lost a child or children.

It's very painful. Out of these 18 years of prison. I often wondered why the Lord didn't let me take my life before I came to jail. Instead God allowed me to come to prison to preserve me so I could help someone else who shared the same pain.

I didn't see the purpose in the beginning; for coming to prison for something I had no knowledge about. But I realize that in the midst of my pain; I was numb. All I wanted for it to end. I didn't want to live. All this day I have not stop hunting on the inside concerning my deceased son Joshua Nicodemus Johnson; because there are so many ~~un~~ unanswered questions I have. In the midst of my pain. I felt in my heart to reach out to

Other hurting parents who has lost a child
or children to unnatural death or circumstance.

This is my final point. Once I realize my
purpose in all this. I decided to help
someone else. Even though it's painful,
there is still purpose in your child's
death. Each day I would say Lord give
me the strength to talk about it. God
knows it's painful. As I do this each day
I get a little bit stronger on the inside.

Believe me it's not easy. I don't know
who this for. If you would like to
correspond with me. You can Email me
through www.jpay.com or write me at
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We can become stronger together.