

BIG MA'S GRANDCHILD

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written April 8, 2016

my childhood started OFF in an unstable environment that was surrounded by alcohol, drugs and a lot of violence."

my earliest memory, is laying in a hospital bed with pneumonia, the bed was covered with a clear plastic see through tent, my arms were strapped down, to keep me from pulling out my I.V.s, I was crying and pulling at the straps my mother who was very loving and tender, climbed under the tent and laid on the bed next to me to comfort me.

my Bigma, which is what I called my grand ma was there as well as my Grandaddy, Both of whom, was my mom's parents. I can also remember standing up on a heating/air conditioning unit next to the window, looking out into the parking lot, waiting and watching my Dad pull up on his motorcycle. Those are my earliest memories.

mom and Dad were married Fairly young, they were into partying having fun and living their lives, when I popped onto the scene. I, like most was an accident, a product of human lust. And they were not prepared for a child. In my opinion, my mother would have been an outstanding parent had she waited another ten years. And reproduced with the right individual. my Father, well, he would have been better OFF never reproducing.

my early year's, was spent with my Grandaddy and Bigma, over on the east side of Jacksonville Florida, where my mom and Dad grew up. Grandaddy and Bigma owned several houses over on Third and Zona.

mom and Dad would be out partying and enjoying their youth, and so I got dumped on Bigma.

Both Bigma and Grandaddy had problems with alcohol, as did my mother and Father. In fact my

Grandaddy Clark, my Father's Father died of alcoholism in December 1985. There was always alcohol around, wine-o's would rent rooms from Big ma, so some stumbling drunk, was not uncommon. I'd get sips of Beer here and there, from Grandaddy Big ma and my Dad, so I had the taste for alcohol when I was really young. Back then, we didn't realize how dangerous alcohol was, how it effected development or that alcohol, led to alcoholism. Now we know.

Bigma, who was the love of my life, during those young developmental years, was no joke! People feared her! Only two kind of people, would say they didn't fear her. One is a fool, who would have wound up six feet deep, dead as hell! The other was a ____ liar! She was nothing to be played with! "she had already put two men in the grave yard, and did prison time in Georgia for that, back in the 1930's. She had cut my Grandaddy up with a butcher knife on several occasions. She wrapped him up in a sheet one time, and beat him with a baseball bat. My Father, who was tough, and a big man, standing over 6 foot tall, feared Big ma. Cause he knew, she was nothing to play with.

Now Bigma loved me, I was the apple of her eye. She would take a switch to me if I did wrong, But that was very rare.

My world would get rocked, on Monday May 7, 1973, I was 5 years old. I was sitting in my Grandaddies lap, he was talking about death, and when he dies that he wants me to have his shotgun, which was leaning by the wall right there next to the couch, that we were sitting on. He made a horrific noise, I looked up into his eyes, his mouth was open and I knew something was terribly wrong. I jumped out of his lap and ran screaming.

For Bigma, who came running out of the bathroom pulling her pants up. The rest was a blur of chaos, Ambulances, rescue, and then the Funeral that took place behind a small church up in Georgia.

His death, caused me to hold on to Big ma even harder. I was terrified of losing her."

One night, as we were getting ready for bed, she collapsed next to the bed, I went next door screaming for help. our neighbor's came running over, called the Ambulance. Thankfully Big ma survived.

my mother and Father had already divorced by this time. Dad had a really bad temper, and mom knew how to push his button's. mom also had a bad temper. She was only 5 foot 4 , yeah, 5 Foot 4 , OF T-N-T."

woman fought like a man, and would get the best of Dad at times. If the U.F.C. MMA would have been around in her prime, she would have been a Force to be reckoned with. seriously, she was no joke, I seen her hit a woman and knock her clear over a table, with one punch, and mom was drunk.

One night, she was picking me up from a weekend at my Dad's. She showed up drunk, looking for a fight. And Dad with his temper, gave her what she wanted. I was probably 8 year's old, I'm standing on the steps with my step mom throwing Hot wheels(toy cars) at them as their rolling around on the ground in the front yard fighting, and Dad can't handle her. She's getting the best of him. He got away from her, jumped up and screamed as he busted through the front door, "I'm going to kill the Bitch!!" I was running behind him, I seen him as he grabbed the 12 gauge shotgun, off the gun rack above his bed. I turned as mom was coming down the hall. I stood

in front of her screaming and crying, as Dad was screaming at me, "more Ronnie!!" Between mine and my step mother's plead's, Dad backed off, and I got mom into the car, she should not have been driving, and it was a miracle that we made it home. This would have been around 1975-76. and I don't believe the DUI laws was as strict as they are today.

In late July or early August of 1976, I was messsing around on the front steps of one of Big ma's houses. There was several drunk's sitting on the front porch, one named Register, I was messsing around with a Prince Albert smoking tobacco can, and poored it out. It was Register's and he was pissed, he started cussing at me and chasing me, I ran toward's Big ma's house in the back, and I was yelling for Big ma, out the door she came. Register was behind me, and here come Big ma with a pipe in her hand, she clobbered Register across the head, and chased him all the way back up front, beating him with that pipe.

I learned when I got older that Register and Big ma were lovers. Guess that's why he thought he had the green light to try to put his hands on me. He learned real quick, don't mess with Big ma's Grandchild.

Well I was spending a few days with my Dad, on Thursday August 5, 1976 we spent the day at Fernandina Beach. Late that afternoon Dad's taking me back to Jacksonville to mom's house or maybe to Big ma's. We're going south on 2617 in Dad's 1964 El Camino a really fast machine. When Robert Johnson one of my Dad's friend's passes us going north bound on 17, he's honking his horn and turns around, we pull over right before we reach the Duval County line. Robert pulls in behind us, Dad gets out and talks to Robert at the back

of the Elcamino. Dad returns within minutes, tears streaming down his face. I'm asking what's wrong. Dad pulls the Elcamino out on to US 17 and punches it, running up through the gears, were in excess of 100 mph in no time. I'm asking what's wrong? What's wrong when he says, "Big ma died," my whole world as I knew it fell apart at that exact moment. Losing Grandaddy was hard, losing my Big ma was absolutely devastating! "my whole Friggin world collapsed on me. needing someone to blame it on, I pointed the finger at Register. When we pulled up in front of Big ma's house, Register was sitting on the steps to the front house. I pointed at Register and told Dad it's his fault, get him, it was like sic'ing a pitbull on a helpless victim. Dad was heading towards Register, I was right on Dad's heels, Register was sitting on the steps as Dad threw the punch, it connected with Registers cheek, which caved in, blood squirted out of his eye at the corner. I stood there as this poor helpless old man laid there on the side walk bleeding, thinking 'what have I done?' "Dad scooped me up in his arms, and carried me into Big ma's house where mom and a lot of other's were. Everyone was in tears.

Years later, I learned Register had died not too long after this incident.

The next several weeks were devastating, the funeral was held in Jacksonville. It's all a blur, I was so angry with God. I needed her, she was my foundation. And it was snatched out from under me.

mom and I could be driving down the road, and I'd swear that I seen Big ma in a car, or on the side of the road.

One of my mom's ex-lover's rented Big ma's house.

I'd go over there and stay. No event before or since has rocked my world like that.

In 1977 or 78, I was attending a Christian school called Anadale. 1st through the 12th grade's. One day we were all called over to the church to watch a movie. The movie started off with two motorcycle gang member's riding down the road. Well, that automatically grabbed my attention, because my passion for motor cycles.

The biker's would pull into this church, and try to get the pastor to leave his church, and join the biker's church. They failed and road off. As they speeding down the road, one biker, whose the leader gets out in front, he goes over a hill, you hear screeching, metal grinding tires squeeling, then the second biker comes over the hill slowly and stop's, to see his friend's bike in the center of the street, the bike laying on its side, the rear tire and chain still spinning, near the chain is the biker's headless body, with the head laying over to the side, as if the motorcycle chain had cut his head off.

The other biker rides back to the church, where they had given that pastor a hard time. The biker starts talking to the pastor, about what happened to his friend. and asking questions. As the pastor is discussing Hell, the eternal flame and damnation. The movie is showing the lead biker that died in hell, skin melting from the heat, magots and worms coming out of the skin on his face, as he screams in pain, begging for help and Forgiveness. Now this movie is being viewed by children 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 year's old. When the movie ends, they start

telling us, that if we don't accept Christ as our savior and stop sinning, then we will go to hell. It was a scare tactic to lead us to God. And it worked on a lot of kid's, who were terrified of going to hell.

My first thought was not of me, my first concern was my Bigma. My Bigma being tortured in this god awful place. I walked my little 9 or 10 year old ass out of that church hating God with every gram of my being. I can remember standing in the middle of the street screaming at God cursing and challenging him. No child should have felt the way I did. But what that church did, was border line child abuse.

Bigma did a lot, that she shouldn't have done, she would give me drink's of beer, the drunk's who would leave pornography, such as Hustler magazines. Bigma would give them to me, mom would scream, Bigma would say, he's a boy, it's natural. Bigma was only perfect in my little eyes. But that school stepped way over the line, with that video. Which planted a seed of hate in my heart towards God. That took decades to heal.

yes, this is a story, a memory, that is still fresh in my mind today, that is still raw emotions. For this was as hard to write as it is to read. But nothing in life has ever been easy. Just one tragic event after another. But none has topped this. Only the loss of my loving mother could touch this.

This is the heartfelt tale of Bigma's Grandchild.

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