

IDENTITY CRISIS

A baby, a boy, a young man, an adult, lost, searching for identity of self. Who am I? What do I represent? Where am I from? What am I here for? Who was here before me? Who were they? What did they do? Who and what did they represent? What were their accomplishments and their failures? And did they leave anything behind?

These are the questions that lay in the subconscious of a young impressionable mind. Laying dormant, unanswered and buried beneath the surface is a seed, that will eventually begin to grow. The subsequent need of this growing seed sprouts inquisitive thoughts, that lack direction, purpose, in life and ultimately a lack of identity.

Identity, belonging, acceptance and recognition is craved by the human mind. "Every Mind".

When an individual introduces themselves their identity is forthcoming, if not requested. It sets the tone of any encounter, social gathering or business meeting. For example: "Hey! I'm John, and i'm a Lawyer." "Hi! I'm Mike, and i'm a Los Angeles Fire Fighter." "Nice to meet you, i'm Sue. A nurse, at the General Hospital, and you?" "I'm Juvenile. From Westside Crenshaw Mafia Bloods!"

See, we all share an identity. The only noticeable difference, my identity sprouts from a misguided seed. John, Mike and Sue's questions were answered at a young age. Who they were; what they should represent; where they came from; what they want to accomplish; and what their purpose was. Who's shoulders they stand on, and set the standard and example for what they should follow and uphold. Mike is the great grandson of a long line of fire fighters. Sue followed in the footsteps of her mother, who took her to the job for first hand knowledge of mommy's work. And John's parents set an example by becoming Federal Judges.

As for ~~Armstrong~~ ^{Armstrong} (Juvenile), his examples were men—like his father and maternal grandfather—who deserted their family. So any questions he had went unanswered. And any answers his mother held were hard to convey when she's working 18 hour shifts to maintain a roof over their heads.

Someone had the answers for ~~Armstrong~~ ^{ISLAND} ~~Armstrong~~, they were The CMG's, his new adoptive Family! They defined him and renamed him Juvenile. They told him who he was, and what he now represents! Inglewood Crenshaw Mafia

Bloods, 104th Street. This family provided me a blueprint and answered my growing questions.

I was given purpose, told to look after fellow Mafias, protect the turf and kill my enemies. I was schooled about the history of the turf; who my OG's were; and who put it down, that paved the way for me to sport my flame Flag. I was trained in the art of bangin', the accomplishments and failures of the life.

With this, I felt, "I KNOW WHO I AM" and now I have an "IDENTITY"!

What's Up Blood! It was on.

Out of this identity grows my loyalty, love, respect, honor, trust and willingness to die for Mafia! My investment was equally as genuine as Mike, John, and Sue's.

Understanding this, the next time you tell a Juvenile or any young homie out there to give it up; unlace your Chucks; hang up your flag; and leave the Hood; go beneath the surface of his mask. Dig up that inquisitive seed, answer his questions, take time to show them who they truly are; who they actually represent; their true identity; and the meaning of purpose. A simple stop bangin', stop the killin' isn't going to do it. That's just scraping the surface. We must go back to the seed, water it and re-engineer the roots, even if it may seem too late, but it's still worth a try.

People, it is important we start to teach our youth who they are, where they come from, their purpose and the legacy of those who paved the way for them. Family and its Heritage is the foundation of our Identity, and the remedy to the crisis. Under a properly functioning Family our youth will not find family nor identity in gang ties. Being rooted in Family and Identity will ensure a cycle of productive, healthy seeds. Plain and simple! At the moment our youth are lost to their identity.

TAKE AWAY MESSAGE:

It all starts at home. We must get our Family structure intact, or this current cycle continues on repeat.

If you have not told your child who they are, Believe Me, someone else will!

