

Cancer, does it ever end?

Feb. 10, 2018: 2:00pm:

Its been awhile since I've felt like writing. I don't have many people to talk to or confide in anymore. My moms been gone almost 6 months now, I miss her so much. Every day I look at her and my eyes tear up. I miss you mom. I was very close to my mom & not having her anymore kills me inside. She didn't deserve to die so young. I called my dad today. Dads fighting the best he can but I don't believe the Geissinger Hospital in Wilkes-Barre, Pa is a good cancer treatment hospital. My dad has lost so much weight and the cancer is destroying his body. He's the only family I really have left. I have my great aunt mary and my daughter back in my life but thats it. So I have no one that I can confide in so here I am opening up to whoever wants to read. I've been thinking about my crime alot lately. A woman who is a disabled military vet asked me how do I keep hope alive, she wants to know how she can help other vets who have ptsd & other problems, I told her that I hold on to the hope that I will one day be deemed worthy o of forgiveness & redemption. I hold onto the hope that I will not die in here, that I will be able to be at my daughters wedding, to watch my baby live her life. To visit the graves of the people I loved & lost. I have no faith in God anymore. He has abandoned someone like me. I have met some great people in the last couple years but for my family to be so divided, it disgusts me. My older sister Dawn went on facebook to tell everyone she has ovarian cancer. But she doesn't bother to tell me. But we haven't spoken in 2 years. I don't even know where she lives anymore. I am doing everything that I can in order to support the Parole For Pennsylvania Lifers Movement and Legislation that I possibly can, but my efforts don't seem to be enough. I wish more people could see the good in some lifers in here, certainly not all but some. Will I lose my only big sister to cancer? I lost many to it. I'm just so sick of that freakin word.

I didn't feel up to writing much today but I wanted to atleast write something. Life is alot harder since losing my mom. I go to work every day, I come back and I have no drive or energy to do anything. I am depressed and I am almost without a family. I am very thankful to have my daughter back in my life. She is such a beautiful young woman who just lets people hurt her. Seems she is always being hurt by men. I wish I could be there to take her in so she is safe, protected and loved unconditionally, just like my parents loved me. If she reads this she will probably be embarrassed but I smile each time I remember it, I called her and woke her up one day, she was in bed at 1:00pm, she burped and I told her oh my god, she said what

dad, I said your breath smells like you ate a bowl of poop. I said to tease her and to get a laugh from her. Nothing brings me any joy anymore except for hearing my child's laugh. I fake laugh a lot, I pretend I'm okay but honestly, I'm falling apart inside. My dad bought me a keyboard, I wanted to learn how to play but I don't know how to read music and it's hard for me to understand that and I don't have the drive for it. This was all planned before mom died. Well I'll leave you with this, I have said this before, I am not my crime, I am so much more, give me a chance to prove it. I killed a man and a part of me desperately wants the forgiveness of his surviving family. I've been taking a drug called minipress, it is supposed to either suppress my nightmares or at least make it so I don't remember them, I am haunted by my many mistakes in life. Does this mean I have a conscience? Or that I am remorseful? I just don't know. What I do know is that I sleep less & less as the years go by. 3 hours last night, probably the same tonight. I can't turn my mind off, the what ifs or could of or should of, my mind races a mile a minute and I can't seem to shut it off until I am so exhausted I fall asleep within a minute or 2. I feel lost and I just don't know what to do. I feel empty and alone and I don't know why I bother trying to be a better man when everyone I love has either died or abandoned me. So maybe this is me just having a pity party on myself but W.T.F. my mom's gone and it fuckin' sucks. I deserved it, not her. We have new puppies here. There are 4 new yellow labs who will be trained to be service dogs for disabled military vets. They are Chuckie, Papi, Liz and Naho. Anyone who has lost their mom knows what I'm going thru but in here they expect you to just get over it and be the same person you were before it happened. I can't. My heart is broken and a part of me just doesn't care anymore. But I have my daughter who is my reason for going forward in this nightmare of a life. I have to find a real way to be there for my kid. I'm new to this so if anyone has any suggestions or advice, I'm definitely listening. I guess that's all for today. I've rambled enough. I hope 2018 us starting off to be a good year for you and I look forward to any advice, suggestions and comments. Take care. Ciao.

Say a prayer for my big sister Dawn Pezzeca. She is a good person and a great mom to her 3 boys. She doesn't deserve this.