

Remembering my Parents, my Family

To: Mom & Dad

April, 2019

I sit here listening to a song called Uninvited Guest, from my favorite group called Disturbed. As I listen to this song, I remember everyone that I have ever loved and lost. I remember my Justine, killed at just 21 years old. I remember my Uncle Bruce Pezzeca, My aunt Lila Pezzeca, my cousin Shannon Brown, my 3 brothers Eric Brown, Jesse Baker and Bobby Sliney. I remember my grandparents Joan and Bill Pezzeca, and most of all, I remember my mom and dad. Today I saw a photo of my mom as a little baby, maybe 2-3 yrs old with her big brother Bruce. I couldn't stop the tears. I miss my mom so much. Some days I want to end this miserable life I live and hope I see them all again, but I won't, I'm a coward so I struggle on. My parents were such good people, they didn't deserve to die at 60 yrs old. I lost more than my support system, I lost my best friends. So as I sit here and allow the tears to roll down my face, I say aloud, I love you mom & dad, I miss you's so very much. I feel so alone without you's and a part of me has since died inside. I am beginning not to care about life anymore. I just want it to be over. My memories continue to haunt me daily, some days I wish I would forget everyone but then I hurry up and take that back because I never want to forget the people I have loved and lost in this world.

I have lost hope, I don't have it anymore inside of me. I dream and then my dreams are crushed. I have met some amazing people on my blog, some of the amazing people I have met are what holds me together, they are the glue that keeps me from falling apart. You's know who you are, I thank you, I know my parents thank you. I don't know what the future holds for me but to be honest, I hope not too many more years. I killed a man, it's unlikely I'll ever be free again but I don't know how much more pain and heartache I can take. I didn't want to, nor did I mean to kill my victim, Ron. To the people reading this who knew Ron, I am sorry. He did not deserve what I did and I would give anything to take this nightmare back that I have created. All my life I have been good at fixing things, but this is beyond my repair. Most people tell me how strong I am to deal with this but inside, I'm not. I'm breaking, I'm falling apart. Now with my parents gone, maybe I can just give up, I don't need to fight anymore. I think I fought for them but now they are gone, why fight anymore? It hurts me to know that my parents weren't even honored with a grave stone. There was no burial, no place to visit them. I close my eyes and I see them, and I just cry more. Their memory haunts me and I wonder to myself, do I deserve this? Do I deserve this pain for the pain I caused my victims family? I probably do. I think I owe them so much more but how do you fix this? How do you repay someone for taking a life? Who cares that I've grown to become a good man, they don't care, why should I? Me being a good person doesn't help them with their pain.

Next month will be 1 year since I lost my dad and its been 20 months since I lost my precious mom. I met an amazing woman on this blog who beat the same cancer that killed my mom. She is a strong woman, a fighter to overcome such a deadly cancer. I am proud to have her as my friend.

April 9, 2019, I look at all the photo's of the people I have loved and lost, I say to you's all, I love you, I miss you's terribly, I cannot wait to see you's again. I hope sooner rather than later, if this is my future, I don't want to live too many more years. I see men in here who have lived for 50 years in here who didn't even take a life, they are the strong ones. Not me.

I guess in prison we all go through bouts of depression. I certainly do. Losing your parents is tragic enough, but not being able to see them, say goodbye, or even attend their funerals, it makes it alot worse. So today I remember you Beverly Jean Pezzeca and Robert David Brown, I remember you, I love you, I will never forget you's and I will struggle on trying to make my parents proud of me. I will do what I can to make things right and I will become the man my you's intended for me to be. I thank you's both for being my parents. I love you mom, I love you dad. I lost my best friends but I have not lost your memories and I will treasure them always & forever. I will fight on for my daughter, she is all I have left.

Love Forever, Your Son,
Robby