

Birthdays in Prison

Nov. 30, 2019

hi how are you? I hope good. Today is my 43rd birthday, I have been in prison since I was 21 years old for killing a man in 1998. Birthdays in prison just aren't the same. Most men don't even recognize their own birthday. I still do because it's a raw day for me. For my entire time in here, every November 30 I would call my mom, she absolutely loved singing happy birthday to me. She said you might be grown but you're still my little boy. She would sing to me and tell me to make a wish. Each year my wish remained the same, to one day be free and take care of my mom like she did me for so long. Moms been gone now for almost 28 months now. She died Aug. 19, 2017, from AML, acute myeloid leukemia. She fought her heart out but we lost her, mom was only 60. To make life suck even more, dad decided to stop drinking and get his health in order. Dad retired from his job at SPS technologies where he worked for my entire life. As soon as dad quit alcohol, he was diagnosed with stage 4 stomach cancer. Dad died 9 months after mom. He was only 61. It has been a tough time. Dads birthday is in 2 days, moms birthday is Dec. 26. I would never call her on christmas, I would call on her birthday and sing to her. Now I look at the last photo I have of my mom, hooked up to an oxygen tank at a visit with me and I sing to her each year now. I miss my mom terribly and I just hate birthdays now. I don't want or need mine remembered anymore. It honestly hurts, that was moms thing. But this is the first year I haven't received a birthday card from anyone so hopefully this day is being forgotten. I don't really have a family anymore, my daughter doesn't want me in her life anymore. She is being manipulated & used by another older man so there's nothing I can do. The way she spoke to me, I have never spoken to my parents like that. My amazing friend Barbara, she was like a grandmom to me, she died a few weeks ago, Barbara Souders, she lived to be 90. She told me to never give up and always pray for my daughter but I don't know what else to do. I can't seem to get through to her and I can't be there for her so maybe it's best that I leave her alone. I'm tired of fighting. I'm tired of life. Someone once told me that they saw the real me, I was not my crime, I was so much more. And for awhile I believed that but whats the point of progressing in life if it gets me nowhere? Will my home state ever change and grant lifers a 2nd chance? I just don't know. If the republicans in my state have their say it will never change. We will all die in here. So since we are a red state, I have no hope until we turn blue. Hope for 2020 elections is a big thing. People in society watch those prison lockdown shows that only show violence and criminal activity within prisons but you have never seen a Pa state prison on there. We're not all evil violent gang bangers or killers. Alot

of us made horrible choices or had them made for us. I didn't willingly take a mans life. It was a fight gone bad. Since coming to prison, I have lost so many people I have loved. I want to name them and remember them today, thats my birthday gift to myself, I tend to block out painful memories but today I will embrace them. My Aunt Delilah Pezzeca, Uncle Bruce Pezzeca, Grandpop William Pezzeca, my Grandmom whom everyone called Gram Joan Pezzeca, My brothers, Eric Brown, Jesse Baker and Bobby Sliney. My young Mom (60) Beverly Brown and Dad (61) Robert Brown and last, my Justine. She was the love of my life who was murdered at 21 years old. She was such an amazing human being, innocent, loving, kind, caring, always so full of life and love, always willing to help anyone. She is my life's greatest regret. 18 yrs she has been buried and I still carry the guilt of failing her. If anyone would have deserved to die it should've been me, not the most precious human being I have ever known. Riposa In Pace mi amor. I remember my family, I love you's all and on my 43rd birthday, I have but 1 wish, to one day visit your graves and ask for your forgiveness. I write this with a heavy heart. Take care and thank you for reading the ramblings of a man with a broken heart today. God bless.