

## Remembering My Mom

December 26, 2019; Today would've been my mom 63rd birthday but I lost her August 19, 2017. Mom died from Acute Myeloid Leukemia. She had a hard life, beaten and abused by many men early in her life, raped by her grandfather during her childhood, she chose the hardest profession, 1980's, automechanic. Mom was a heck of a mechanic. She could fix almost anything on any car. As she got older and cars became more computerized, she wasn't prepared for that so that career was over but she still fixed her own car for many years. My mom loved music, she was a huge fan of Genesis, Phil Collins, Peter Gabriel, and alot more. My mom is Beverly Jean Brown (Pezzeca). From my earliest memories, I remember how much she loved me. I remember when they tried to make me go to kindergarten, I said no. I hated it. One day and I was sent to the guidance counselor who told me I had to go, so I bit his hand. No more school for me. I would stay home with mom and we'd watch tv, play games and I would be with my mom. I was too young to realize I was keeping her from going to work so eventually she had to start taking me to work. We were too poor for a babysitter. So she made up a play area in the boss's office and while she fixed cars I watched her and tv. I have nothing but wonderful memories of my mom. She took such great care of all of her kids, she loved all of us and she was always there for us. When she died, a part of me died inside. She loved her grandkids so very much. My older brother Jerry, the piece of garbage that he is, couldn't even be bothered to attend moms funeral. And since I'm in prison, I wasn't allowed to go. It hurts inside that she was cremated and not buried, there is no gravestone to remember my mom. But I can't forget her. Each day I look at the photos of her on my wall and I say good morning mom, I tell her I love her and I begin my day. I don't know if I will ever be free from prison but no matter what, I want to be someone that she is always proud of. I remember when someone threw away a bunch of kittens, they ended up on my moms back door in the winter time, she did not hesitate to take them all in. She didn't realize that in the summer her home would be infested with fleas for the next 2 years. My mom had so much love and compassion in her. She was afraid of the bears that entered her back yard to destroy her bird feeders. Mom loved hummingbirds and would make feeders for them every year. The bears would want to eat them all. I have so many wonderful memories of my mom, but they don't hide the fact that I have been lost since she died. Every day I go to sleep hoping I don't wake up. I love you Mom & I want to thank you for being the most amazing mom I could've ever asked for. Cancer killed both my mom & dad but it can't kill the joy I feel when I remember them. Robert David Brown & Beverly Jean Brown, Thank you for being the most amazing & loving parents I could've ever asked for. I'll never forget you.

Love Always & Forever,  
Your Son,  
Robby (Thats what mom called me)