

This Is My Story

After years of posting on here and telling bits and pieces of my story, I have decided to tell the entire story without ignoring the proverbial "Elephant in the room." For me to get to the point of where I can share my entire story has been a long personal battle that has taken years. Let me explain.

Even as I am about to write this, I hesitate and stare at the blank piece of paper. Should I really say this? My God, who might read this?, etc.... Then I realize it is like the drug addict who is doing drugs and thinks no one knows. Everyone already knew, but I was always too ashamed to admit it. So... here I go. I am gay. OK... some of you are probably thinking: What is the big deal? Well, it is a huge deal where I come from and how I was raised.

I was raised in Alabama as a Southern Baptist. Basically, the racist Bible belt. The best way to describe the environment I grew up in is to imagine you are raised where everyone was a member of the KKK. You all wear hoods and you hear the "N-word" every day. The preacher tells you "N's" are an abomination to God and being a "N" is the worst sin anyone could commit. "N's" are going to burn in hell. Your family and friends call black people "N's" behind their backs and you are expected to feel the same way they do. Now, imagine living in this environment, yet every night you take off your hood and look in the mirror and see you are black. Oh, my God, you are a "N." Well, that was my life except that instead of the "N" word, it was Fag or Queer. My "hood" was the lie I lived. I was miserable and so unhappy, yet I pretended to be this good Christian, straight man who had yet to find a suitable Christian woman to marry. In other words... I wore my "hood" and kept my secret.

I spent most of my life working with children in some form or fashion. It was not because I am some kind of pedophile, as the government has tried to paint me to be, it was because I am a sensitive, nurturing person and I also loved working with my co-workers. Some of the best people I have ever met have been teachers. Many of them were like family to me. So when I turned 30, I realized I most likely would never get married and have a family like normal men do, so I decided to adopt.

After the adoption of my son in 1999, I became a huge adoption advocate. I had no idea that I could love and care about another human being as much as I did my son. Heck, even as I write this, my eyes are starting to mist over. Even today, I still view my 24-year-old son as my baby. I felt like I left so many children behind when I brought my son home from Russia. I thought I could save the world, or at least save a few more. I wrote my story and it was published in a national magazine called "Adoption Today." My local paper (The Tuscaloosa News) did a story on me and it was on the front page. I was also on local TV and radio stations. I was trying to bring awareness to Russian orphans and my story was interesting because I was a single man and I ran the University of Alabama's campus child care. I had numerous people contact me after these public appearances. I had several women contact me to see if I was interested in marriage. One even asked if I could father a child because she wanted biological children. Public exposure brings out the psychos... a fact I would soon see destroy my entire life.

Among the many who contacted me was a man from Mississippi I will call "ELT." ELT told me he was interested in adoption, but never thought a single man could adopt. Long story short, ELT and I developed a relationship over the phone and internet and I eventually confided in ELT that I was gay. ELT said he was also gay and experienced many of the same things I did. He told me that my son and I should check out the camping grounds near his house since we loved camping so much, and he could maybe hang out and chat with me. I was so infatuated with ELT that I eagerly made reservations. Looking back, I realize it was not any type of love I had for ELT; it was the fact I could take my "hood" off and truly be who I was. These campgrounds had cabins on a beautiful lake. It was a really nice place and I loved going there. I went six times in 2002. On three of these occasions, I stopped by a family member's house on the way to visit ELT. This family member lived in Mississippi and was experiencing personal problems, and I was concerned about her. On three of these occasions, my son's cousin, who was about the same age as he, was at the house and wanted to go to the cabins with us. I agreed and thought that my son having a playmate there would allow ELT and me to have more adult conversations without the constant ears of my son. This cousin went a total of three times with us on these camping trips, and his little brother went once.

ELT portrayed himself as this nurturing, lovable individual who was always willing to help out with the kids. This MO (modus operandi) was also used in his most recent (2020) victimization of an infant and toddler. I naively trusted this man and left my family alone with him while my son and I went to get pizza for all of us. (My son would not let me out of his sight back then.) I had no idea this decision would eventually lead to me spending the rest of my life in prison.

During the Christmas holiday of 2002, I called ELT's house. His mother answered the phone, and I asked where ELT was. She said he had been arrested and was facing a possibility of 30 years. When I asked her for what, she just hung up the phone. I later did internet searches and found out he had sexually abused a 5- and 8-year-old. I was MORTIFIED! I also felt like God was showing me: This is what happens when you take your "hood" off.... Fags, Queers, child molesters, etc., they are all an abomination to God and live in the city of Sodom. Although I rationally know pedophilia and homosexuality have absolutely nothing to do with each other, try telling that to a backwoods Alabama preacher or someone like me who had been brainwashed his entire life by such ignorant beliefs.

I prayed for forgiveness, put my "hood" back on, and started dating a good woman from my church. It is better to live a lie and be miserable than to be around Sodomites who will do anything... even sexually abuse children. Again, how ignorant of me to even think this.

Three years later, the FBI knocks on my door at 6 a.m. They had a search warrant and also separated me from my son. At the time, I did not know this, but ELT had also made pictures of my family when he was alone with them. However, I had no idea why the FBI was at my house or why my son was being taken. When ELT's name was mentioned, I felt sick. I was told my son could not live with me while I was being "investigated." ELT had told them that yes, he molested my family and took pictures, but I allowed him to do it; I "conspired" with him.

That first night without my son, I had some type of mental/emotional break. I remember being on the floor with a box of Froot Loops and a video game controller, rubbing them on my face and crying. My mom was on the phone, calling my sister to come over because I had lost it. The Froot Loops was the cereal my son picked out the night before, and the video game controller was his favorite thing because he loved video games. My baby was taken and I lost it.

A few days later, I was arrested because it was said (I say "it was said" because of all the evidence I have since found) that seven images were recovered off of a flashcard--the same flashcard ELT had used. (Digital cameras were fairly new back in 2002 and ELT was fascinated with mine and said he wanted one.) The government eventually indicted me based upon ELT's story, and my lawyer told me I was going to prison, PERIOD; it was just a matter of how long. The lawyer said it did not matter that I did not know about the pictures, did not know about the abuse, etc. She said I was guilty of "conspiring." When I asked her what makes me guilty of conspiring, she said ELT's statements make you guilty. I was told that if I would enter a guilty plea, I could possibly get probation and custody of my son back. However, if I tried to go to trial, I would get several years and never see my son again.

What would you do? I wanted nothing in life at this point but to be with my son again. So, I pled guilty for stuff I did not do.

My ignorant trial attorney did not know she had me enter a plea for 135 years (the maximum sentence). There are a hundred plus legal reasons why I have not been able to undo this and it would take several pages to explain. That will be another post.

This is my story and why I might die in prison for stuff I did not do. I am weary, heartbroken, and basically a shell of a man. My baby (as I always called him) is now a grown man. My life was taken from me by a monster named ELT. Even if no one believes me, at least I have told you my story. Every word of it is true.

ELT has just recently struck again and I am sickened that he has victimized more children, but at least he did not take their father away by blaming him. I guess he has used up that excuse.

Sincerely,

Joseph Dickey, 25345-001
FCI Marianna
P.O. Box 7007
Marianna, FL 32447
j.dickey@linkedup.vip