

Hello viewers,

How is everyone today? I lost my dad last month. We buried him the first of this month August.

This is my memorial to my dad Herbert "June Bug" Bell. My dad was the dopest, coolest and most understanding person you could ever meet. "June Bug", as he was affectionately called, had a swag that not even J.J. Evans of God times couldn't beat! My dad loved his music. He established his own language through rap music and often said that young guys had nothing on him. When you get in the car with dad, you would have been cruising to old school music, no doubt wither Vandross or Big Daddy Kane. My dad was someone I could confide in and most importantly he would not judge anyone.

After moving to New Jersey, dad pushed me to be the best version of myself. Up ~~until~~ until that point, I have never finished anything in my life. Dad would often say "you can do anything you put your mind to, daughter." He was my drill Sergeant. Dad taught me work ethic, we used to deliver Burlington New Jersey newspapers <sup>together</sup>. He would explain to me the various aspects of working and having your own money. He would school us on

various mistakes he made so we could do better. Through all the mess ups and bumps in my life, my dad has always been my rock, he would always say my sisters' Adria and Terna never listen to him.

But I always listened to my dad. Whatever he told me to do, I did it. But I would often tell my dad, "sometimes things don't work out the way we want them to." My dad's favorite say is "When I tell you something, you need to listen."

I want to dedicate this poem that I wrote to my Dad

### The Unspoken Tears

I often wonder how do you express yourself. When nobody wants to hear what you have to say. All the children being abused, molested and rape. Do we really want to hear what they have to say? The women and men who are being abused physically and emotionally. Do we really want to hear what they have to say?

Our American who have lost everything, that is currently homeless and hungry. The incarcerated prisoner who has been

been represented poorly by a paid or indigent attorney. Do we really want to hear what they have to say? There are people who is really losing their minds because nobody want to listen to what they have to say.

What about our soldiers who are devastated because of their stay was so long overseas, till they lost everything including they are disabled now. Is every soldier (my dad was still fighting for his military insurance), honestly being heard or helped? Do we really want to hear what they have to say? Our correctional officers that ~~the~~ have to work long hours away from their family while their lives are in danger because they deal with some of the most dangerous criminals. Do we really ~~want~~ want to hear what they have to say?

Do we really want to hear the people who is thinking about suicide, such as the one who lost his or her job, the juvenile who commits crimes to get away from a terrible environment, the runaway teenager, the father and mother who lost their child to a unexpected death, the

Inmates who is asking for help daily, the gay person who is stuck in an abusive relationship, the prostitute who is bound by drug addiction. A gang member who wants out of the gang and suffers ~~physical~~ mental health. Do we really want to hear what they have to say?

These are the people who cry themselves to sleep at night when nobody's around. The tears are unspoken because how many people care to even listen?

It now I seemed like I am long winded but you can never run out of words, when it comes to my dad. I am grateful to have had my dad in my life. However, it's because of my dad acknowledging my unspoken tears. This is the reason why I have been able to grow into a mature rose that has blossom, because of my dad teaching me lessons about life. For that reason, this week I graduated with my Associate of Arts. Because of my dad I am headed towards a career in politics.

We must hear the unspoken tears of others. Because of my dad, I desire to open a

Trauma Center for parents who lost their child to an unexpected death. Listening to people can help heal their brokenness. When we do and stand up for what is right - our nation can be healed and people can have freedom. Be all you can be G.I. Army - My dad serve his country over 20 plus years. I Love you Dad and going to miss you tremendously. Peace in place Herbert & Junebug's Belk Jr.

Your Daughter  
Jennifer Johnson.

If there are people out there had to deal with their family member being I.C.U. and they died - I send my condolence to everyone who has these special circumstances.