

Been Running So Long

I'm Afraid to Stop

Introduction

Life often has events that will make even the strongest of people take flight. Being born with, what my sister terms, inescapable DNA, I guess it was part of the divine plan. You see the problems that I have faced have not been caused by me but my reaction to these problems have placed me in a no win situation with a society that has come to terms with remaining unforgiving to those who have breached its laws that are not necessarily in place to keep people safe but to prove to those who break them that once then always. It is not like the catalog rights that one incurs at a University where a person is able to bear or go back and enjoy the privileges of a certain time period once they gain an understanding of how they can proceed and be successful at a 4 year. No rights that are inherently acquired are stripped by a new assembly of policy makers, some of which I am sure have not been innocent of any wrong doings because their methodology of none forgiveness dictates that they either have not ever had a problem in life or they have and got away with something and are not really willing to give others a equal pass. Yet the approach that should be afforded for all in this game called life should be forgiveness, compassion, and love no matter what has happened in the past as long as the price has been paid and the individual has directed their life for greater and better horizons.

The conception of this book was founded due to the status of my current existence; a template that could be used to bring attention to how a person could get caught in the throes of change and suffer in that change by way of their past and not their present but hindering their

future to that of a new immigrant without linguistic codes or common sense approaches that would afford them the access to change. Change seems to be a fleeting thought as I began to wonder if change is worth it in the sense of changing to be a part of a society that is predicated on lies, deception, and cover ups. But guess what, I have to do something in order to make a living. You know, a check, a payday the things that if they aren't there can break most giants. But knowing that life is tied in such as this how can a person's past that is not riddled with direct violence and subsequent actions against the state eliminate them from the basic of constitutional rights, the right to life liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Yet I am conflicted with having a Bachelor's degree and soon to be a Master's in education, as I had been told that with these things I would be able to make my way in society, but you know I have to dispel the myth. One contradiction that exist in the behavior of a runner is that they never start running on their own. It's a learned behavior that develops with every instance that pushes a person to the brink of fight or flight.

Right now there is no such thing as education from a university. It is more like a utility company that gives you enough to have comfort but you never own it nor are you free. Parents are sending their kids away and paying top dollar for and education that to tell you the truth comes by way of their social interactions that are free versus the 10k most are paying per quarter. Now don't get me wrong some do benefit but the system also creates what we call life students. That's those people who go to school for one more degree, it's not that they really want to be in school but what they thought they were getting isn't what they get.

Chapter 1

Confusion

Knowing what do to do and having the right tools to do it are two very different concepts. Growing up I had the luxury of being placed in the juvenile justice system. Well you might begin to think the boy was bad but you have to understand the concept of running as it has been introduced in this book. Sometimes you can orchestrate your own escape from life's situations if you know how the system works. Well I can say that many people believe that they have good intentions. When my mother was killed in Texarkana, Arkansas at an apartment complex that still exists today, Smith Keys, I was two years old; I had a father but my mother's family refused to let me go to them and maybe that was a good thing because he was killed in the same manner in an apartment complex named Ozan Courts when I was seven. Now I won't say that my family on either side is good or bad I will just tell the facts. You see I was placed with an aunt who had two other children which one I clam as a sister and the other I don't often mention in polite society. My guardian, really my aunt, was, shall we say, overwhelmed. For the most part she was a good person but there were problems. I will not be one of those people who puts the family business on the table to make a buck. Although I may not agree with what was going on, God orchestrates and God allows. So with that I will move on. My grandfather was truly the one person who took a little extra time out of his day to make sure that I was okay. Unlike the 25 other grandchildren that he had, I must say I was the favorite. He took me to church, fishing, taught me to mow the lawn and taught be how to be courteous. You see my mother was his baby girl and like time have demonstrated I must have exactly what she had because one thing she

didn't take no mess according to a lot of people. And I guess my father was the same, blood ran hot, quickly. My grandfather must have known that because he was extra patient with me. It's not that I was bad as I weigh my behavior in the concept of badness, I fell in between the categories of bad and good, it was just what went on which dictated what would occur. I think that those who know AJC, know he will give you many chances but when he has reached my limit you have set yourself up for a teaching that you won't soon forget. The belief that I live by is that if you think that you are gallant enough to push the right button at the wrong time, you deserve whatever comes your way and for me after that it's over. My position is to get you to never do whatever you have done towards my existence again and hopefully never do it to anyone else in life. But to tell you the truth most people like to tell stories but people never tell the actual part in which they are responsible for which dictated a little hostile confrontation in which they have lost. Yet in life we must realize that there are three sides to every story the side of both parties, which is two sides, and the actual event which I label truth.

You know there are a lot of things a kid who has lost both parents don't want to hear, like how great others peoples parents are, father's day, mother's day, wearing that little damn white flower at church and watching people cry mama at a mother's day program at the church when their mother is sitting right there in living color. These situations and events that mean so much to others can cause so much hurt for others. Yet, in my opinion, the world is a calloused place when it refuses to see this one little sliver of glass that goes through jaggedly penetrating the souls of the parentless as those special holidays created by Hallmark hauntingly laugh with no regard for those who are greatly affect and deprived of the celebrated. How does the church, a seat of forgiveness and understanding forget about the Bible stating that he would be a father to

the fatherless and a mother to the motherless? Through this short journey one can probably see a lot of reason to be messed up in this society but one thing you get most from people like me is forgiveness and understanding but be careful you might get the horn if you present a hostile front towards anything that moves like conflict. For real though!

In light of all the early conflicts I found myself living in a hostile environment and struggling at an early age to understand the lot in which I had been dealt. For instance, I was, never will be, and can't understand what is termed normal. You see one thing that you may not ever want to tell a child is that they are both crazy and too intelligent for their own good. I do not believe in a lot of things coincidence is one. There is no such thing. Things happen in this life by design either divine or mankind, divine purpose always trumps man's purpose. People always say that you have to let go but what happens when letting go counters the reasons you strive to disprove everyday of your life. For instance, they used to tell me that I would not make it to see twenty three, God did not see fit to close my eyes forever just yet. They also stated that I would be in prison but as it now stands I have a bachelors degree from the Sacramento State University, formerly known as University of California, Sacramento and am working on a Master's in Education soon to be realized but was challenged by the state of California via Sacramento State University because as it stands I will not take it when it's not deserved. I wished I could say that I was a model citizen according to the fake definition that currently exist within our society, but as it stands I could technically be labeled an enemy of the state. The warrior in me will not concede to a submission of my rights for those who do not live up to what I consider to be genuine or even worthy to continue in this existence but as it stands as long as we do not come up to who will eat and who will be eaten, figuratively.

Chapter 2

Inner Turmoil

As time goes on and we are in the moment we never know what moments we will look back on and thank God for that hint of everything will be okay if you just hold on child, we just move on the wings of that eagle that he has dispatched for our deliverance and escape. It is my belief that most people want to do the right thing. But I have found that there are a lot of things that prevent people from doing the right thing. For instance, people raising their siblings children along with their own. When my mother died her social security came to me and my sister. My sister living with her biological grandmother on her father's side was able to get her check and do with each month as was intended for her. Now me on the other hand I was supporting a household via my mother's check and had not signed on for the deal. You see there are things that a child notices and sometimes does not say anything because contrary to popular belief children do understand a lot more than adults give them credit for. But with that said, as the children grow, the innocence wears off, especially if the right thing is not done.

As a child I felt like I never really belonged and still till this day I find myself a little bit outside of everything. There are situations that have forced me to remain conscious of everything but not willing to be engulfed by anything. I have been really in love twice in my life once, I ran out, the second time they ran out. With the kind of hurt that I experienced from this has left me to love others but not be in love with anyone because I have a deep belief that its better to have love and lost than to never have loved and with this I leave the game of love to the more resilient.