

A.K.

How we
stay close to
faraway family

C.S. L.C.

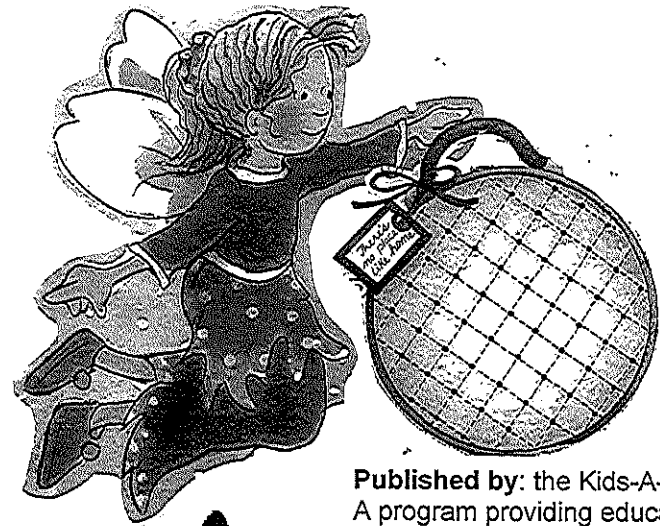
E.C.

J.D. L.C.

M.R.

EDITED BY :

FOR MY SISTERS AND THE BURDEN WE SHARE



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Kids-A-Part

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or the zine, or to request a copy please
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Stories to Share

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A LOVE

A MOTHER
HAS FOR
HER CHILD
IS



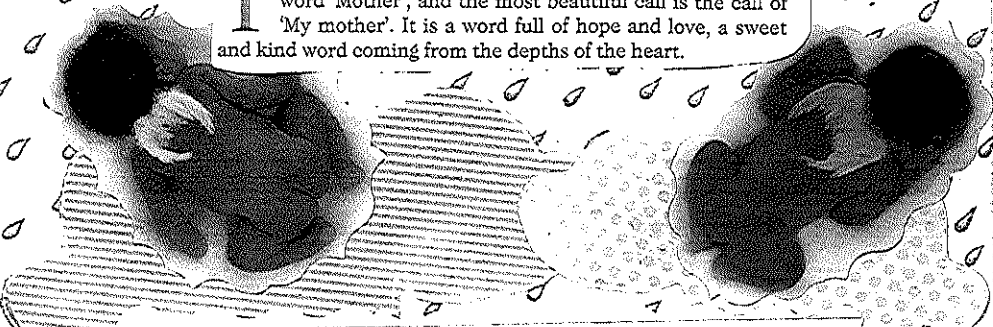
believe

UNCONDITONALY

believe

handmade
with
love

It is the most beautiful word on the lips of mankind is the word 'Mother', and the most beautiful call is the call of 'My mother'. It is a word full of hope and love, a sweet and kind word coming from the depths of the heart.



At night I lay down and stare at my pictures on my wall of my two boys, memorizing their smile & the little twinkle in their eyes. Thinking of the times I spent with them. I can smell the baby lotion when they first get out the bath. I can hear their sweet laughter in my ears. That lump forms in my throat and my chest gets heavy making it hard to breathe. I can't help but cry everytime I think of my boys. The pain I feel from being without them is undiscrivable. Its like missing an arm or a leg for me. Its like missing my heart. Wearing uniforms, being stripped naked in front of someone you don't know, being told when to eat, shower, even use the bathroom isn't even close to being the worst thing about being in jail. For me being without my heart, my two boys is what makes jail unbearable. Waking up knowing the choices I've made has caused my kids to be raised by my parents for the next 1-3 yrs is what I live with everyday. That pain never goes away.

PAIN

AKK

Rain Rain Rain Rain Rain

"The other side" ~ ~ ~ ~
I am talking about the side of me that has lost the spring in my step, the part of me that feels used up, unloved, unwanted, and abandoned. The part of me that wants to cry and sleep forever. Even though my soul and my being was lost the day I arrived here, but my heart had died long before. I was alone, and my loneliness seems to have a sound of its own. A hard cry, - A moan - A wail, grasping every essence of me. Can you hear it? An abandoned child, A forgotten mom, an empty mailbox, long days, and longer nights. Forgotten holidays, abandoned.

ambitions. I Hear it in My
Moans of shame and the call
for mercy. From the top to
the bottom - From the Failures
to the Famous, - From the poor
to the rich - From the Married
to the single. 'AM I ALONE' ?
I carry a Bag - a bag of
worry and what ifs. And
its getting harder to carry and
definitely impossible to give
away. Hell I dont even want
it. Not Being able to handle
today's priorities or tomorrow's
problems. Never Making Any
day Better. I Hurt - and parts
of Me are Broken, Bitter, and
Sad. My Hearts on Fire and
it Burns with anger. Its
consuming Me. And I am tired.
I dont want to Feel the Heat.



dream



Then And

★ NOW

This is

how

Time

creating the right environment

Care
now

in Jail
has changed!

I have Changed

A lot Some how. I'm

Am so much Stronger

★ Now. Been up and

down. but somehow★
Came back around!



handmade
with love

believe

What is most important to me my child by me being inside of here is bettering my life, to get closer to my creature a him is god, to get to know who I am and who I want to do in life. To future my education and keeping working at a job inside of here to earn some extra money, to have a chance to talk to your everybody on the phone and seeing your on the vid. I think the most important thing to me in here is to remember that I'm not alone in here God is with me every where I go and he love me.

It is really so hard sometime, I have faith I do I just sit here and say God. I know it a purpose for me being here. I know that I shouldn't question what you do it just hurt so much god. I also know what isn't kill me could make me stronger and you don't give a person to much that they can handle. I just feel sometime that I don't have enough strength to keep going thru this but why lord I pray to you everyday that you keep giving me the strength to go on because I know lord that I can't make it without you I want my kids to know you like I know you and I get my strength to go on day by day being in here for you knowing that you have a purpose for me in my life and thanking God for making a way for me to have visit to see all of you.

Love JC
Your Mommy
& Aunt



Who I think I am...



Well I think I am lost inside myself. In my own little world.

I've covered my feelings for so long. That now they are all exploding out of me. And sometimes I honestly think I'm crazy. I can't stand how angry I get or how on edge I always am. I absolutely hate crying as much as I do, I drive myself nuts. I think that's why I don't have friends.

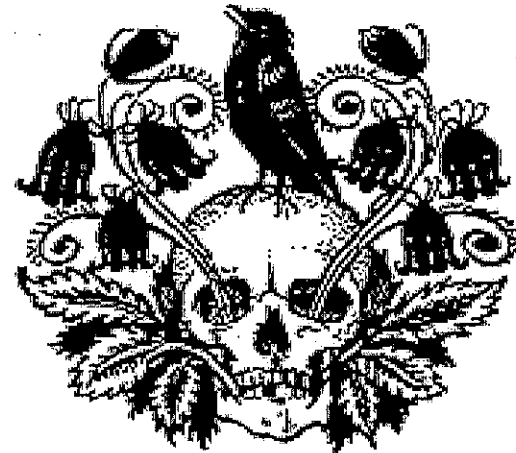
I wouldn't want to be around a nut case like me either.

Me being a mother I know that I love my daughters with all my heart. I'd take a bullet for them. But I know I haven't been a great mother for a while now. I'm surprised my girls don't hate me. A good mother would be there to care for her children. Not sitting in jail. I do think I'm a good and loving person. I'd take the shirt off my back. I just believe being in jail is really getting to me mentally. I'm also scared about going home.

I'm honest if you want to know something just ask.

So who I Think I Am

It's really kind of hard I don't know who I really am so I couldn't tell you. I've had and have issues in my life. I still have a lot of emotional stuff to work on which I will continue my counseling at UIC when I get out. Be there for my girls the most I can. Go to NA meetings everynight. Continue looking for Who I Really Am.... And pray to god that I never come back here....



A Plea to Be Heard. That's what 18 months in Jail Has Brought to my attention. Have I ever mattered? I'll probably never know. But I will continue to use the tools and taught lessons that I had no choice to Face to Follow Me through up coming challenges. Today's thoughts are tomorrow's Actions. Could I Have done things differently? Be more patient? Maybe finish what I start. Resist temptation. Be more honest? No matter the question I can't change the past. I can't undo what has been done. "The wages of sin is Death." (ROM) 6:23
 To forgive yourself. To forgive others. To give my suitcase of Guilt - And my Bag of Binges to my



Beautiful as you are
 Beautiful as you can be
 You blossom from a
 little ego to a beautiful
 human being.



They are soft and
 cuddle and as cute
 as can be a baby
 hugs all that a mom
 really need.



No matter how old we are,
 dreams of love will
 keep us young.

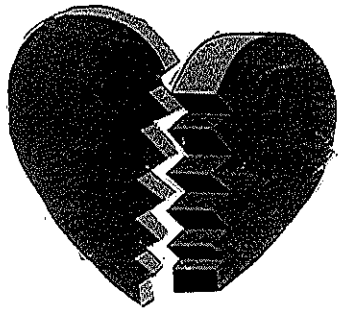


Baby kisses are
 sweet as
 spring rain

k
i
d
s
a
r
e
o
u
r

F u t u r e

My Broken Heart



He has been the twinkle in my eye... But a few months ago he he made me feel like I wanted to die.

He has always been in my heart, but I have had a lot of time to think since we've been apart. I love love him, but I'm

utterly confused I feel like my heart and mind have been emotionally abused.

He makes me feel a certain way that's hard to explain. It's like all I feel is guilt and shame.

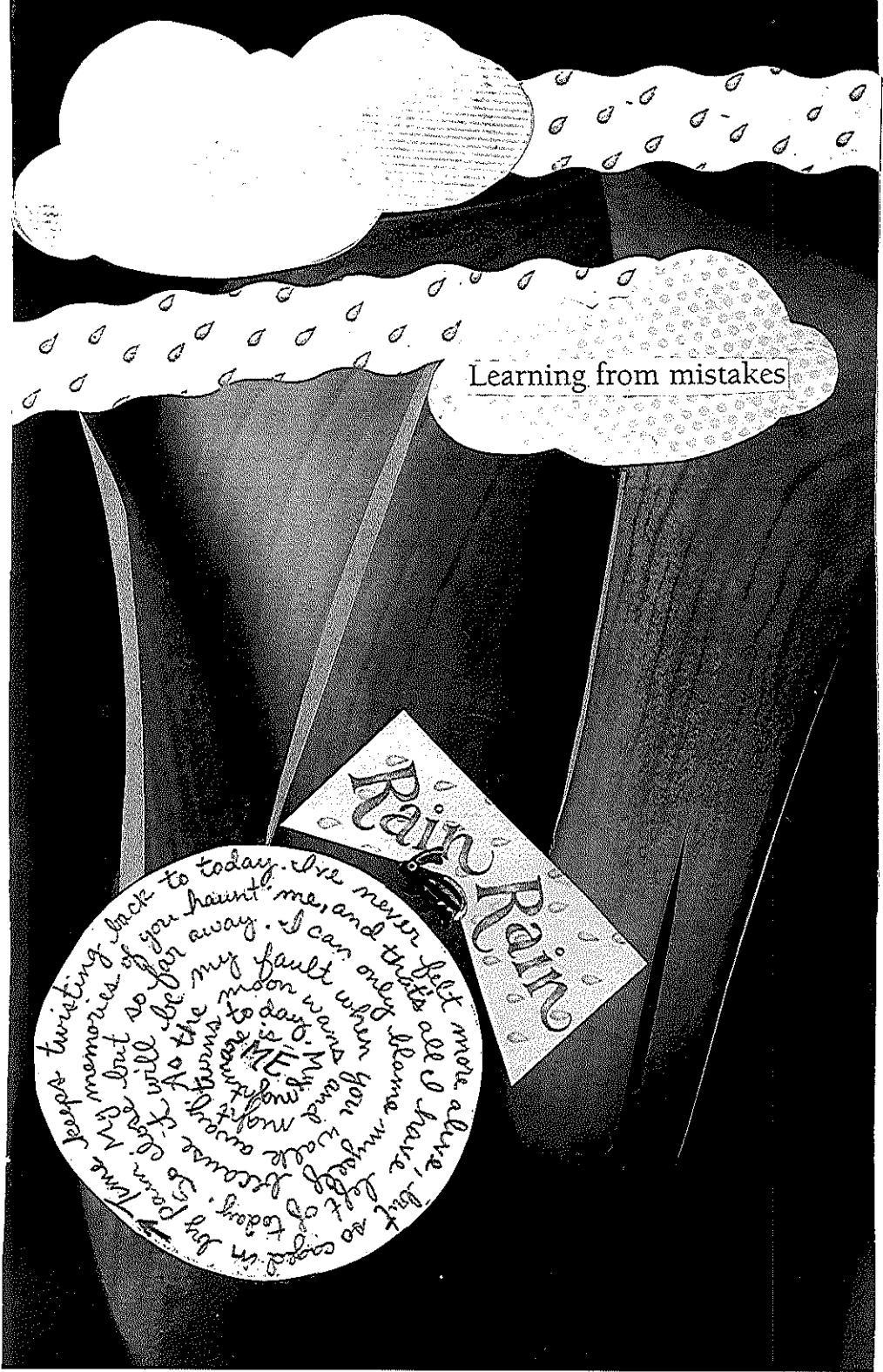
I wish I could ask for help, but there's nothing it would do. All anyone tells me is it's up to you



Higher power. To Believe in it, and Live it. With Surrendering I gained something I never had. Gratitude, self Respect, and Courage.

"TRUE COURAGE"



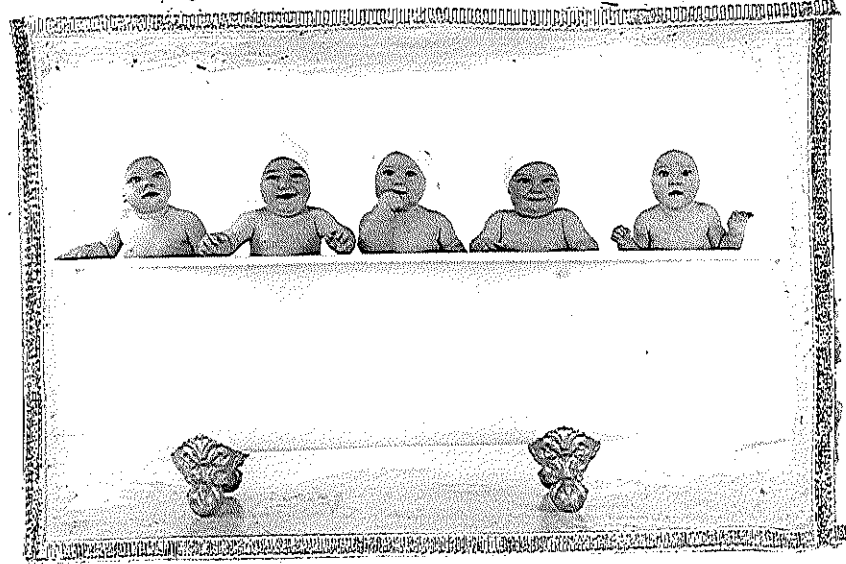


Learning from mistakes

Rain Rain

Time keeps twisting back to today. We never felt more alive, but no
 memories of you haunt me, and this all I have left. I can only blame myself for
 but so far away. I can only blame myself for leaving you here, but no
 will be my fault when you were here, but no memories of you haunt me, and this all I have left.
 As the moon wants to dance with you, I want to dance with you. I want to dance with you.
 ME I want to dance with you. I want to dance with you. I want to dance with you.
 because you were here, but no memories of you haunt me, and this all I have left.
 today. I want to dance with you. I want to dance with you. I want to dance with you.

Love is something eternal, the aspect
 may change, but not the essence. DO NOT
 forget to love yourself!



Who would believe that something so
 simple as a kiss could beautify the souls,
 hearts and thoughts of these little babies!

Baby love
 is the
 reward of
 love

Grow old
 along with
 me, the
 best is yet
 to be

Where there
 is baby love
 there is life.
 they mean so
 much to me.



I love you
 not for what
 you are, but
 for what you
 are now and
 I love you
 for what you
 are to me, the
 most
 beautiful thing
 in the world
 my baby's!

BYDC

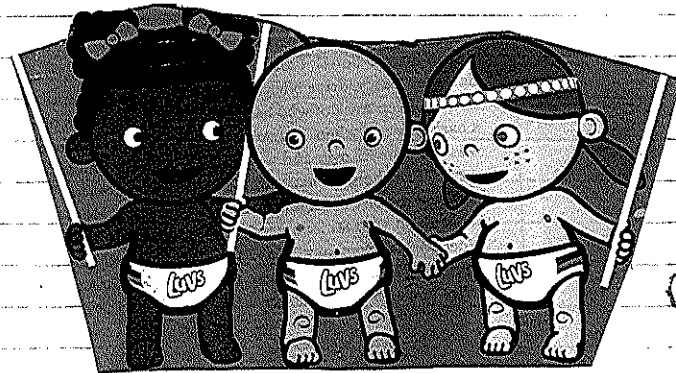
on me, its the
young man that will
forever Love Me no
matter what, Grateful
so grateful, for even
the smallest of things,
"My Munchkin". My
personal port in the
storm. My Rock, 15
years old, Handsome,
Strong, giving, Loving,
and Missing His MOM.
He makes me want
to be a better person,
He's so needed, Loved,
and treasured. My Captain
Captain of My
Ship. No
more distance,
Mama's Coming Home.

xo xo xo xo



Supermom

If I can be a imagine superhero I would
call myself Supermom to save the day.
My kids are light sunflowers, my light thru
them I get the power that I need to
be a Supermom to do thing that other
mom can do. I can be a mom and a dad
all in one. I would take the kids for
skating, basketball practice, cheerleading,
dancing, football I would be on all night.
A Supermom I would wake up in the
morning and get breakfast ready for the
kids, even their clothes and make them
all smile from ear to ear. I will be
kids' (and I don't) stare to eat. I had
a beautiful precious try to see my beautiful baby
and we all eat breakfast as a family. To school
they go and off to be a Supermom
I go, and oh yeah there dinner would
be ready when they come home from school.
Oh yeah I'm the best supermom that I can be.



B/L

I always thought my kids needed everything. From the newest Jordans on their feet to the latest outfits on their backs. Like having the best of everything was most important. Even if it meant sacrificing my freedom. I learned something that day. The Police were all over my house standing over me while I frantically packed something for my kids. I remember that day like it just happened, even though its been almost a yr. now. Putting my kids in the back seat of my friends car buckling them into their car seats. My oldest kept asking "mommy where are we going? Why aren't you coming with us?" I couldn't even speak. I leaned in and kissed them both and said Good Bye. I told my friend to hurry up and leave, so they wouldn't see me get arrested. As that car drove out of my sight and the Police put me in handcuffs I knew it would be a long time before I was w/ my kids again. So at the end of the day all the drugs I sold, all the \$ I made, all the things we had and did meant nothing and most certainly means nothing now. I bet if you asked my kids if they would rather have a pair of Jordans on their favorite feet or have me I know they would choose to have their mom. I've learned things are meaningless and people are meaningful. My kids don't deserve to be w/o their mothers. If I would want them to know anything I would want them to know I love them and love is more important than anything. I could've brought them ^{to} ALK

believe

Treasure Uncovered.

I wanted to tell a story that would eventually have me wearing a cape, with the look of a Super Hero. But it didn't take long to see that in my life, at this time, its not me who is the Hero. Its the young man who passes no judgement.

