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Letter to My Pops

Hello Dad, how r u doing up there? I can only imagine the peace & tranquility that your experiencing being present with the Lord. No more tears, worries, pain, trials & tribulations. Just Joy. I will be there with you one day. To be honest, sometimes I wish it would be sooner, rather than later.

Well, I know that you are probably wondering what took me so long to get at you? I don't know, but, God knows that I think about you all the time. He even gives me visions of you in my dreams. For some reason you're sitting on a bench, the sun is setting, it's not light, but it's not dark either, you're just there smiling. You still have your afro. It's perfect, not one hair is out of place. I think that's God's way of showing me that you're with Him. Also, Granny & Auntie Fran told me how peaceful you were before you died. They told me you were a believer. Auntie Fran said that before you died, you had stopped using drugs & drinking. They say the peace & calmness that you had over your life was scary, like you knew something was going to happen to you, & you were at peace with God's will in your life. I talk to Auntie Fran & Grandma Rose all the time.

It's crazy how we got back in contact with each other. I was in Calipatria State Prison, in the orientation building, on C-yard. We weren't even supposed to use the phone on orientation, but the tower cop opened my door so I called you. I don't know why I walked out the cell because I knew I didn't have anyone to call, but I walked out to the phone anyway. I called Grandma. Then the lady asked me to say my name: "Jason." The phone rings. Someone picks up, to my surprise. They press "5." Hello, hello, as soon as I hear the voice, I knew exactly who it is, but I have to ask just to make sure, "Is this Rose?"

"Yes."

"Do you have a son named Jason?"

"Yes."

"This is his son."

"I know who it is."

"Man, this is crazy, I don't know how I got this number!"

"You know how you got it, yo daddy gave it to you."

Now, I don't know how this works, if God allows you guys to come down & give assistance. So just to be on the safe side, I'ma give the glory to God. God, through His Spirit, brought back to remembrance Granny's number. The last time I talked to Auntie Fran was when I was in the 6th grade. If I would of known her number by heart, I would have called her already, but, God gave it to me at the right time. God would have allowed us to re-connect, and we would have been in constant communication ever since.

Dad, we talk about you, God, along with everything else. God has used them to help me out on this journey He has me on. If I need anything, they got me. I try not to ask for much. It's crazy because, growing up, I didn't want to be anything like you, but now I have gotten to know more about you. We are very similar, more alike than I thought. We both had drug problems, were gang members, drug dealers, thieves, lady's men, prisoners & disappointments to our mothers.

It's sad to say, but the best thing that we ever did for our mothers, was for you to die & go to heaven, & for me to get life in prison. That's the best thing that we ever did for them, because now they don't have to worry about us anymore. You're with God & I'm in the place of God. It's a messed up thing to say, but to me, it's the truth.

Anyway, what I really want to say to you is that I'm sorry. I'm sorry for not giving you the opportunity to redeem yourself. When you got out of prison you tried; you tried to spend time with me. I could tell that you were uncomfortable & didn't know what you were doing, but you showed up. At the time I didn't have the wisdom to see the value in that. I only cared about myself; I was selfish. I thought that if you weren't buying me material things, then you didn't care. I placed my value in material possessions, & to be honest, I still do to some degree. Hopefully, God will allow me to have that balance between putting my faith in Him & finding my identity in His son, while still being fly. Since you're up there, maybe you can put in a good word for me? Tell God I'm scared, I don't know what my life is going to be like. I only have hope in my vision of what I wish my life was like when looking at my reality, which I know is unknown, and that's the scary part. Ask God to help me with my unbelief, my lack of faith in His goodness for my life. He knows my heart, He knows my desires. I want to have a good

life, the best of both worlds. I want a hundred fold in this life & everlasting life.

I love you Dad, I miss you like crazy!! I'm sorry once again. I wish I would have did things different, but now when I meet people who still have their fathers in their lives, I tell them to learn from me. Love your father while you can, because when he's gone, you're going to regret not taking advantage of the opportunities you had to build with him. Now that I look at it, Romans 8:28 is true. I love you Pops!!

Your son,
"Jason"