A Family in Prison

By Anonymous, Vero beach, FL

Workpoints

1. Look up the listed words in a dictionary and write their meaning down: handcuff, shackles, barbed wire, parole.

2. What happened when the girl was five years old?

3. What make the prison seem like a horror house to the young girl?

4. What do the uniformed inmates remind the girl of?

5. What does the girl note about her father when she sees him in the uniform?

6. What are some of the things the girl mentions that her dad will out on?

7. Who is suffering more –the family or the father?

8. Why has the girl’s father been sent to prison?

9. Is he guilty or not according to the girl?

10. Write a letter to the girl! (200 words)

I was five when I watched my dad get led out of a courtroom in handcuffs and shackles. There were so many people moving around, I wasn’t sure what was really happening. One thing I did see very clearly and will never forget was the tear rolling down his cheek. That was the first time I had ever seen him cry. Almost 11 years have passed and I still remember that day perfectly. That was the last time I saw my dad outside prison.

Being young, only in kindergarten, I was frightened by this terrifying place. Surrounded by barbed wire and razor fences, I thought it was a horror house. That first visit was just the first of many times I’d go through the process of being frisked and walking through metal detectors.

That first time my family and I stepped into a large room filled with dozens of men wearing blue uniforms, I wondered if the other inmates’ loved ones felt the way we did. The convicts looked almost like clones – until I saw my dad. He looked much thinner and really frail. My mom started crying, and he came over and hugged her.

It felt so surreal, like I was dreaming. Now I can hardly remember my dad without his uniform. Some mornings I wake up and, for a split second, forget he’s not home anymore. Then it hurts even worse when I remember where he is and that my mom and I will never have him back.

It hurts to think of all the special memories my dad didn’t share with us. All the birthday parties and family vacations he missed. It’s one of the worst feelings in the world for a girl to know that her father won’t be there to walk her down the aisle.

While my sisters, mom, and I are out living life, Dad is in that horrific place every minute of his life, only getting to see his family one day a week. My mother and I feel so much pain not having him with us, but I can’t begin to imagine his pain and suffering every day in there.

We continue to hope for a miracle. My dad will be eligible for parole in 2023. We continue to pray that an innocent man will be freed from his life sentence for a murder he did not commit.

http://teenink.com/nonfiction/all/article/81990/A-Family-in-Prison/