

A Great Day

Today was not only a great day, but the closest I've ever been to heaven. Across from me sat two of the most beautiful and precious women I've ever seen. Of course, none other than the two women I love most in this world, who are more dear to me than my own life. My lovely mother and my baby, Tynecia. It doesn't matter that she's almost 19 years old, she's still my baby.

The rules (visitation) stipulate that we're not supposed to hug and kiss our visitors except at the beginning and end of visit. Today, God was with us. It was heavenly to give my daughter the affection she so desperately needs from her daddy and I so desperately needed to give her. My baby was tired and got sleepy, so I moved closer to her and hugged her with one arm as she placed her head on my shoulder and took a snooze.

After she awoke, I just held her little hand, pinched her face (cheeks) and kissed her on the jaw as I marvelled at her beauty, shyness, and how much she looks like her daddy. I also doted on how sensible, lady-like, intelligent and sweet she is. I told her how proud I am to be her daddy and of how well she is doing in school. I told her how happy I am that I don't have to worry about her getting into trouble, using drugs, getting pregnant or running the streets all night. As I held my arm around her, I could feel how much we need and miss each other as I doted, explaining for the 1000th time the day of her birth.

I reminded her that I didn't wait until I was incarcerated to decide to be a parent. She said she knows and remembers me being there her first 11 years and all the fun things we did together, like going to amusement parks, recreational parks, and shopping, which was her favourite. She remembers spending her summers with me when I was a single parent, as well as in two marriages and an engagement. The things she couldn't remember as a baby, my mom gladly filled her in of our fun times together. She told me these bars will never stop our love and need for each other. Then with my beautiful sweet mama there to talk to and look at and offering so much love, support and encouragement, I almost forgot I was in prison.

Regardless of where one finds him-/herself, we all need that kind of love, support, respect and encouragement from family/friends. God was with us because the officers didn't interrupt my visit to tell me I couldn't hug my baby.

Overall, today was a beautiful day and I praise and thank my Lord Jesus Christ and the Father. So you have two choices. Either you can call me a doting daddy or a doting son. I think I am and was both today. The only sad part was looking around and seeing an empty visitation room with so many men starving from what I was fed, pure love, support and affection. So I conclude, never underestimate the power of love, a letter, or a visit. So if you have a family member or a friend in prison and you're not visiting them consistently, please do so. Not only will you bless them, but you will come away blessed too.

Many prisoners do not have any support at all, and some receive support from visitors but not family, and vice versa. Many of those who receive no support feel they are alone, unloved, and have no incentive to stay out of trouble or have anything to live for.

You can make a difference. I challenge you to befriend someone incarcerated if you are not acquainted with one. If you are a Christian, Jesus left instructions to visit the sick, feed the homeless, clothe the naked, and minister to those in prison, for whether you do it or not you do it to Him. No exceptions. Make a difference, please. Remember those of us in chains. God speed.

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