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On October 25, 1976, I was brought into this world by a loving and caring mother. However, my life came with many challenges. Just 6 months after I was born I had to have an operation to repair a hernia. I believe that from that moment on I was plagued with adversity.

When I was 7 years old I was abducted from in front of my home by a stranger, who took me to an abandoned building and molested me.

The fear I felt that day was indescribable. Although it happened 24 years ago, I still feel that same fear when I think about what happened to me.

About 2 weeks after being molested, I witnessed my father attempt to kill my mother with a knife. I was just coming out of the bathroom after having a bath when my mother grabbed me and forced me back into the bathroom where we boarded ourselves in to keep safe.

I still remember the big hand that came through the door with the big knife in it. Once again I experienced a mind shattering fear.

My father has always been an abusive alcoholic. I took beatings from him as a kid that would have severely injured an adult. I've been knocked unconscious by him. I've been choked until I coughed up blood.

I've been beaten by him for trying to protect my mother. He was never around when I needed a father's support.

My first run in with the police was in 1986. I was only 10 years old. I got in trouble for throwing a knife and hitting someone in

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the leg I didn't do this unprovoked. I stayed home from school that day to babysit my niece who was an infant. While I was sitting on my porch holding her, some kid started throwing rocks at me and one of the rocks hit her. When I heard her cry, I became angry. I did the first thing that came to mind, I threw a knife.

3 years later I lost my niece to a bullet that was meant for me. I was only 13 years old and I didn't have any enemies, but for some reason unknown to me someone shot at me and the bullet killed my 3 years old niece.

I haven't recovered from losing my niece that way and I don't think I ever will. My mind, heart, and soul was severely wounded that day.

After that day, I was in many fights which I was either suspended from school or arrested for. Sometimes both.

I just didn't like people who thought they could do or say anything to me.

I first went to prison at the age of 17. I went for a crime that I didn't commit.

My second trip to prison was at 21 and little did I know, I was headed for death row. I've been incarcerated for 10 years now and 7 of those 10 have been on death row. I made some big mistakes and now I'm paying the ultimate price.

I'm locked in a cell nearly 24 hours a day 7 days a week with the exception of the

2 days of recreation allowed which is only for 2 hours each day. Some people are fortunate to have a visit every weekend or several times a month. As for me, I'm lucky to see my family once every 2 years. As I said from the start, my life has come with many challenges and adversity.

My Life

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