Praise God for our sons that already know this and prayers for the sons that don't realize they need to wake up and do more than say… “HAPPY MOTHER'S DAY.”

A MOTHER'S DAY LETTER

Dear Son:

This is your mother writing you so please take time to stop whatever you're doing and read this letter from me. Whenever I try and talk to you, you're always running in the house to run back out and when you're not leaving out the house you're on your phone talking or sleeping. Please take time and read my letter son, because I love you so much and only want what's best for you.

Secondly, son I want to ask for your forgiveness for letting you down, but son, know that I did the best I could after your father not only left me his wife and the mother of his son, but he left you as well. I give no apology for your father leaving you, his only son, but I know God will hold him accountable for not handling his responsibility and being there for you as his son. Since your father walked out on the both of us you've been so angry and I've seen you act out your anger in so many negative ways. But right now son hear me out as I sit here in bed at 2:30 a.m., writing you because once again, for another night, I can't sleep until I hear you come in the door. Son, at seventeen years-old you should be at home here in bed getting rest and ready to get up early in the morning for school. But where are you this late at night? In those streets, Lord knows, doing the wrong things.

Mother's Day is this Sunday and sitting here I remember the wonderful time we had last Mother's Day. You took me out to dinner and gave me a beautiful card which I still read and treasure. You gave me twelve roses which cost some money and you told me that each rose was for each month of the year you love me. You gave me expensive candy and a Mother Day

card with Five One Hundred Dollar Bills in it. Knowing you didn't have a job, I took it and that's why I said earlier in the letter that I was sorry I let you down. Taking all those gifts from you, I'm sure in your mind, approved you to continue selling drugs and doing the wrongs things out in those streets.

But with all you did for me and the fun we had on Mother's Day, what really brought joy to my heart was when you looked me straight in my eyes and said, "Moma, I'm gonna stop selling drugs, get out of the ganglife, stop running with the wrong people, and stop smoking weed." Before I could respond with words of encouragement to you I started crying. Remember that? Before I could say anything you continued, "And moma, I'm going back to school and get my High School Diploma." Son, I remember all these things you promised me last Mother's Day? You even told me you were going to stop making babies and find just one girl to settle down with and try and be a good father for the two sons you have. What really brought joy to my heart was when you told me that you were going to get back in the church, sing in the choir and start attending Bible Classes with me? Remember I jumped up in the restaurant and did the Holy Ghost Dance as you laughed, telling me to sit down? That was the best Mother's Day I had with you.

Well son, now a year later, where are you with all these promises? You still have not got back in school, still involved in a gang, selling drugs, smoking weed, unemployed and have another baby on the way by yet another girl. Son, you're still full of so much anger toward your father as well as any one with authority. I'm so afraid for you son and always asking God to wake you up so that you can see the big picture.

Your Probation Officer called yesterday and said you've missed two months coming to see him and that if you don't come in this month you will most likely be going to prison. He said he was tired of trying to help you get it together.

Son, your mother's heart is bleeding with pain day in and day out. When I'm at work and my phone rings, I jump in fear hoping it's not about you at a Police Station, or laying in the street dead from being shot up. At night before you usually get home, when I hear strange sounds or gunshots I rush to the window afraid to even look out but do so hoping it's not you getting shot. I remember attending your best friend’s funeral with you and still hear the voice of his mother who spoke at the funeral and shared how he died in her arms as he fell in the front door as the gang members who shot in quickly drove away.

Son, I don't want to lose you but I can't continue to live like this. I can't sleep at night and because I can't sleep at night, I can't work like I should the next day because I'm so tired. I'm tired of crying, worrying and so upset because of your lifestyle, that I can't even eat the way I should as my nerves upset my stomach.

Son, I've now turned you over to the Lord and completely put you in his hands. I have not given up on you but realized that there is no more I can do as your mother. Son, if you love me, your children and learn to even love yourself, I know you can change for the better. I will respect your choices son, hoping your choices will turn from negative to positive.

Now, on this Mother's Day, I don't want you to give me Roses, Candy or a Mother's Day card. I don't want no money and I don't want you to come and take me out to eat. What would make me happy is if you can come go to church with me and come home and enjoy a meal with me without you making the same promises you made to me last Mother's Day. Son, change is a process and maybe on this Mother's Day for yourself, your children and for me you can start that process of changing for the better. With God's help, my help and encouragement I know you can do it.

Ok, I've said enough and I'm going to sleep, got to work tomorrow.

Love you,

Mom

To my readers: The son never arrived home that night. He was shot in the head from a drug deal gone bad with the Police Officers arriving at her home around 4 a.m. His mother read this exact letter at his Funeral Service.

Hopefully this letter from his mother will save at least one of our sons out in those dangerous streets, who are not realizing how they are not only hurting themselves, but their precious mother and other family members who love them so much.

Praise God for our sons that already know this and prayers for the sons that don't realize they need to wake up and do more than say… “HAPPY MOTHER'S DAY.”

You can e-mail the Bishop at bishopspeaks@aol.com. Check him out on Facebook under Bishop Prince J. Moultry or the church website at www.intouchforchrist.com . You can call the Bishop at the church (216) 761-7100 or join him each Sunday Morning at the 11a.m. Praise Servive at the In Touch for Christ Christian Center 969 E. 140th St. Cleveland, Ohio 44110 (off St. Clair Ave) directly across the street from the Job Corps Cam pus.