

WEBER--death of a free bird---i

FOREWORD TO DEATH OF A FREE BIRD

-My father lived most of his 31 years of life in juvenile and adult prison systems, locked up for a lot of petty thefts, fraud, and drug offences, and had absolutely no intentions of ever conforming himself to the slavery of society in a so-called 'Civilized Society'. He was a free bird through and through. He loved to get high, steal, and live the fast life day-to-day, and the only time he reconsidered his way of life is when he'd be in prison thinking of his two young boy and beautiful wife that he had left out in the world, who were Mama, Lil Bro, and I, and he'd write a lot of letters from behind bars, promising change upon his release, and draw us beautiful roses on the front of the envelopes with expressions of love for each of us.

I know that he wanted to change his ways, but he loved the life he lived, and wore a jean jacket which he had imprinted with a piece of art he'd drawn in prison of an American Bald Eagle on the back, who wore a bandana, jeans, and a cutoff jean jacket; an obvious toughy, who expressed his disdain for the world with a big middle finger, and at the bottom it read: "This Bird's For You". An expression my father felt for the world until the day he died for its attempts to enslave him.

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My father was a Sheet Metal worker by trade and tried to "Get it together" from time to time, but a drug addiction, mainly to Methamphetamines had a hold on him, and he loved it, and the adrenaline rush of living the life of freedom, and when he would be out of prison, he pretty much lived his life at the rivers, and lakes, jumping out of trees, and off of cliffs, fishing and fighting with other men. He had a temper and expressed it to all who tested him.

He loved the rush of being in an high speed chase with the cops, and one time even had my younger brother on the back of his motorcycle as he outran and escaped capture of the cops as they chased him through the Rainier Valley and Skyway in South Seattle, telling little brother, "Turn into the turns". My brother at 9 years old was proud and bragging about how he and my dad had just outran the police when they got back to the trailer, and I was jealous, Mama was mad, and my dad was looking at little brother like, "Why you telling on us for?" But still smiling, as he calmed Mama down, and took her into the bedroom to explain his justified reasoning in outrunning the police...

The greatest lesson my father ever taught my brother and I is to, "Never allow a woman to

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come between the two of you boys. You're blood. And if you ever catch your woman messing with your brother give him ten dollars and tell him to go get something better. She ain't worth much more than that."

My brother and I never forgot that and we never have let a woman come between us, and they have tried, so the ropes have been tested. We always choose us...

The last time we see our father was shortly before his death on September 15th, 1990... Roughly one to three weeks before this, my father had come to our trailer home in the Westward Trailer Park in the Rainier Valley of Seattle Washington, where he came in a stolen truck, with a bullet hole in his shoulder, looking for some loving care and attention from Mama. The shot was pretty bad, and bleeding quite a bit, and Mama was scared to death of tampering with such wounds, tried to help the best she could, by cleaning it up, and placing an Ace Bandage over it, but my father had been shot, and had a 38 revolver slug embedded in his shoulder, and needed a hospital and a doctors attention...

My father sat me and my brother down in our back bedroom, and told us how much he loved us, and my brother was crying, asking what happened, and

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if my father was going back to prison, and the last thing that my father said to us that night was that he was never going back to prison again... He promised...

He had escaped from Work Release, was in a stolen truck, high off of Methamphetamines, and had just been shot in his shoulder with a 38 revolver while buying some Crack Cocaine in the High Point Projects in West Seattle, and now was going to run off to California to hide out at my Uncle Rick's...

My father was a Free Bird through and through. He hated the law, loved his boys and my Mama, but just couldn't let go of the life he loved, and the Freedom for which he sought... Did he deserve to be executed by John Duayne Noland who hit him 6 out of 12 shots fired into his back as my father fled a stolen truck? The Santa Rosa Police Department's John Duayne Noland played Judge, Jury, and Executioner in the execution of my father.

I was 33 when I made the changes in my life as I reach for freedom. My father was 31 years old. What if he had had 3 more years?

THIS BIRD'S FOR YOU SANTA ROSA P.D.

-These are the true stories of my father, Charles Walter Weber Sr. May my brother Christopher Wade Weber and I bring him back to life in these pages, and help him to live forever in this world.

by: Charles Walter Weber Jr.