

Big Daddy's

Estate

by

Danny Cherry

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Unlike Martin Luther King Jr., I was not "immunized" to being "hit." His vast civil rights fortune's interest payments—physical abuse, slanderous remarks, constant ostracism—overwhelmed me at times to the point of utter hopelessness; nonviolent activism proved itself to be very dangerous work. The ugly scars that my head and body bore, from numerous barbaric attacks, were absolute evidence: The truth got people killed. Prison staff hated me for relentlessly dissenting against their all-pervasive corruption; offenders loathed my repudiation of their institutional illegalities; I epitomized social pariah.

I could never "call on mama" like Dr. King: The woman who gave birth to me was no mother. She was sick with religion; only delusions of imaginary beings interested that demented woman; she had no sense of reality. After I was almost killed in Pendleton, I, in

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despair, foolishly called her.

"Hello."

"Please call the Commission on Civil Rights—I was attacked again—they were watching me being killed on camera—my head is gushing blood—they won't treat me—"

"You need to pray."

"Why? Is Jesus gonna come suture this deep gash in my head?"

"God will heal you."

"How? Like he healed all those dead Coronavirus victims?"

"Trust in the Lord!"

"I'm Atheist: Science is God to me!"

She hung up at once.

Although I resolved to always remain a freethinker, yet Dr. King's sincerity in his Christianity moved me, just as Sir Isaac Newton had inspired generations of irreligious scientists. My

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genius had not complete power over my limbic system, which had begun reacting to penal despotism more passionately, than intellectually. My forefather's nonviolent approach alone could properly guard my sanity, while simultaneously rehumanizing me. Prison staff were making my life as miserable as the possibly could; They knew I had HIV, yet they placed me in pathogenic dungeons, after pathogenic dungeons, each time absolutely refusing to give me adequate sanitation products to effectively disinfect them. Everyone of them - lieutenants, sergeants, case workers ~~knew~~ that I had no chain to secure my door, but no work orders had been submitted; At any time offenders loitering, drinking and drugging, could enter my cell to rob, rape, and even kill me. My heart said: "Lorraine motel Room 306; Last Stop Son!" If it was good enough for my father, then it was good enough for me.