

DEATH-VS-JOEL

Many say we can't escape death, it's foolish talk like this that gives death the upper hand. "DON'T MAKE IT EASY", because a true believer never die's. "I'm a perfect example.

My battle with death started when I took my first breath of air. Death lashed out at me. Even though I was an infant and new to the world, I felt the threat immediately. I stayed fighting death for 3-months, hospitalized at birth due to heart failure but this was my first victory (T.K.O) against death.

Sending death away only to come back in my teenage years, in the form of gang wars, drive-bys. Bullet's flying my way, hitting others but missing me. "I guess death wasn't a good marksman." I won again.

Later down the line I kinda felt bad for death. "yea, call it sympathy." One day I got drunk & was feeling depressed. I decided to help death blanket me. By driving 90mph, while passing up every stop sign from one end of the street to the other end, about 2 miles non stop, giving death one shot to defeat me. But even with my help death couldn't touch me. "I still won, HA!"

Death was humiliated & my next bout was not so funny. I guess death took it personal, it's dark vengeance literally took my breath away. "I cried in this fight." I was a fugative, living in Mexico, dealing drugs. When out of no where the federales kidnapped me, and introduce me to their torture techniques.

First the beating, which of course I endured. While bonded on my knees, since that didn't get me talking, they pulled out the blue plastic bag. It was placed over my head & the suffocating began but I held strong, so strong I passed out.

A few slaps later I awoke, still refusing to squeal. I was then taken back to suffocation but this time I gulped in enough plastic to gnaw me some breathing room. Destroying their torture tool made them lose patience. The bag was removed & the gun was cocked, loading the lucky bullet that was ment to end my life.

Feeling the gun on my forehead made me close my eye's and say my final prayer. I was told that I've 3-opportunity to give up the names of the dealers I worked for who got me out of monterrey prison.

I played stupid my first & second try. When asked the third time I stayed silent, till I felt the gun knock me out of my reverie. But before they blow my brains out I decided to throw a wrench in this execution, and the words out my mouth came out smoothly "I am an American Citizen wanted for Capito! Murder with a \$10,000.00 reward!(but in spanish)

Them words shocked them but the reward part made a smile break their faces, almost to a drool. They were no more concerned about what drug dealer got me out of Mexico prison. "Heck, they even offered me a smoke!" I declined & explained in detail who I really was. I prevailed over death once again.

Now on this last battle with death, I was against all odds being that I was poor & not a lawyer I knew that I alone wasn't going to win; this fight. Death mobbed me with the criminal system & 12 jurors in my capital murder trial, trying to give me the death penalty. (Lethal Injection) I called on God to fight this battle for me & he gave me the strenght & courage instead to help me in my battle with death.

On September 12th, 2001, I was spared the death sentence & given a life in prison. Here I'am, still undefeated. One never loses when God is on your side. A true believer never dies. Death looms near & aches to one day defeat me, but even death is entitled to dream.

Till we meet again in Death-vs-Joel.....