

My Existence

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What does it mean to exist?

To live inside confines designed to remind who you are, dream of who someone could be with the promise of a hope to be free?

From the moment I'd begun serving time, repeatedly or in the case of a life sentence, continually, I have pondered the relativity of my existence.

Where does my existence lay?

Is it merely gaged by the 15 minute phone calls or the once yearly, twice weekly virtual visiting? How much do I exist in the lives of those I claim to love when the hurts of yesterday linger into an eternity of denials for a second chance irrelevant of what I've done to encourage to them?

What does my existence mean to those making decisions relating to receiving an opportunity to return to the community I hale from, wanting to repair damages done?

There are many examples of positive individuals like Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., whose existence in history remains, I ask: "Why?"

Because of the impact they've had on the world from what they've done or is it by who they were as individuals?

Likewise there is Jeffrey Dhamer, Charles Manson, whose existence neither can be denied because of what they've done; or is it by who they were as individuals?

Every persons, every events existence clearly matters differently, collectively and individually.

Whether it is because of an action taken in our lives that outshines or emboldens the individual component of ones existence.

Does it make the individual?

The furthest reaches of the world may not know I exist, though clearly I do, does not make me any less of an individual. Nor does sitting in prison serving a life sentence compliment my individuality in a world I am not fully aware of but does exist.

It is that I strive, embarking forward asking to whom does my existence matter? And why?

Is my existence realised because of what I've done in my life or by the character of the individual I am especially when no one is looking?

Do I matter enough to myself to strengthen my existence to myself though the world may not know me?

As survivors we matter to each other because of the shared reality of poverty, incarceration, physical/sexual/emotional abuse.

We may not know each individually, however we exist in togetherness and that makes me...

Stronger to Glorify God.

