

The Mistake

Arrogance, egotism and addictive behaviors were the life I lived and it cost me everything and everyone I ever loved.

I was the alpha-male; I had an overwhelming drive to be the strongest, the best drinker, do more drugs, and have more women than anyone else I knew. Drive faster, fight better than anyone else, I walked around with my chest puffed out and my attitude, a real badass, the ultimate man. I thought these things were what it took to be a real man.

Most of this behavior came into play after I lost my leg. I felt less of a man, so I felt it was time to fix that. To be completely honest, I do not know if I used it as an excuse for becoming the person I did or if I really felt that way. I know that day changed many things in my life that I did not share with anyone. My life was never the same after that happened to me, not an excuse just the truth.

As I look back, it really does not matter why I did it, all that matters to anyone is that I became an addict and a complete ass, miles from the man I set out to be. I became a physically strong man; I could lift more than most people I know. I learned to drink more than most people could, do more drugs than most people do and live to tell about it. I slept with more women than I care to remember. I won at most of the things I tried; I became the man I was trying to be. However, looking back at my great accomplishments, I see things very differently now. I had become a broken and sad excuse for a human, not a man of any worth. I was mistaken about everything I thought to be true.

I was physically stronger, but I just used it to fight and hurt people. I learned to drink more than most could, only to realize I did not drink well, I drank too much and said and did things that hurt the one's I loved most in this world. I did more cocaine, heroin and pills, I would even shoot, snort or take any and all opiates I could get my hands on. I overdosed more times than I can recall, it became so common that it was not even a big thing anymore, but I always lived to use again. I had to prove what a man I was by sleeping with every woman I could, and sadly, I did. This did not make me a man, it only made me a cheater, a fool and the farthest thing from a man as I could get. I won at most everything I did, but in the end, I found I was not a winner; instead, I had become a loser.

All my great accomplishments got me pain, heartache, sadness, guilt, remorse, a death on my conscience. All my arrogance, ego, addiction and pride got me nothing, no family, no wife, no children, no grandchildren, no friends, no money, no home, no freedom, no pride, no hope and no future, and damn sure no more arrogance or ego.

Now my life's work to be "The Man" was a complete waste of my life. I spent so much time trying to be the ultimate man that I missed everything that being a man brings. Love, family, home, hope and a future to be proud of, being a real man means being there for my wife, children and grandchildren. Being faithful and loving to my wife, providing a home and resources to live for my family, being there to know and love my children and grandchildren.

But I lost it all to arrogance, egotism and addiction. I wish every day that I had given up the drinking, drugs, and women. All the tough guy fighting, and all the bad choices I made. I would give up anything and do whatever it takes to be a husband to Dianne, a father to our children and a grandfather to their children. I know now that is what a real man is. I hope they will all see the humble, loving, caring, faithful and remorseful man I am now. I am no longer broken. I have hope now, and I am a man now that is worth saving and loving. In addition, if my family can find it in their hearts to forgive me, and give me another chance, to let us be together again. Moreover, I'll make them proud and happy. And I will never let them down again.

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