

From: LaToya Franklin March 26 2014

On Wednesday, March 26, 2014 6:55 PM, Latoya Franklin

I was in a very dark place. It felt like I was in a nightmare that I couldn't wake up out of. And I'm still stuck in this nightmare. I thought just like many people that something like this will never happen to me. But it did. All those days and years went by not knowing and wondering if my son was safe. If he was happy or sad. If he was alive. I used to have dreams that I found CJ at a store or saw someone walking with him. In my dreams I would run to him and grab him and say mommy got you. Then I will wake up in disappointment hugging a pillow or hugging myself. I was and still is heartbroken. I used to get mad when I woke up. I just wanted to stay asleep. I did not want to be awake because not knowing was torturing me. I just wanted to die. I just wanted to stop the pain. I wanted to end my life. But I knew I couldn't do it because I just needed to know. And I wanted to be here when he came back. And plus I couldn't leave my son Travis. It wouldn't been fair to him. He needed me too. I felt so alone. I felt like such a failure. I'm his mom and I was suppose to protect him. I took him to a place where I felt like he would be safe. I took him to his great grandmother house on his father side. I mean who don't leave there kids with their grand parents or leave their kids with their aunts or other family members that you trust and you know that they love them, will watch over them and keep them safe. I never thought that when I dropped him off that Friday that that will be the last time I will see him. I held on to hope for a very long time. No matter what I heard negative I wouldn't believe it. I didn't want to hear it. I remember when I just awaken from a nap I just laid there in the bed thinking about CJ. I started talking to him. I asked him. Where are you? I just need to know if you are okay. I know I might sound crazy but at that moment I felt a gush of air. And it felt like he was telling me that he was okay. I guess he was letting me know that his soul was finally set free. Because a couple minutes later my sister Michele called. I knew something was wrong because usually when she calls she will say what are you doing? But this time it was different. The first thing she said was Toya. And then she paused for about five seconds. Then she said they think they found Tweety. And I asked, is she okay? She said no. Then I asked, what about CJ? And that's when she said they think they found him too. I dropped the phone. I fell to the floor. I thought to myself that this could not be happening. This just cannot be true. But it was. I know now that CJ was looking out for me. He knew that if I would've found out that he was gone when it first begun I wouldn't be here today. I would've ended my life. After so many years went by they called and told me I can get my son. I chose to get my son cremated because I didn't want to leave him again. I felt like if I was to bury him how could I walk away. How could I get in the car and drive away and leave him there. I couldn't. So now he is back at home with me. But not the way I wanted him back . My husband and I went to go get him at the funeral home. The funeral director told us to have a seat and he will be right back with CJ. He came back into the room with a cardboard box and sat it on the table and said here is CJ. I lost it. How could I get my baby back in a cardboard box? At night sometime I hold him and sing go to sleep my little baby. I used to rock him to sleep singing that song. I told my husband and sister that when I die I want to be buried with

CJ in my arms. I never want to leave him again. I live with this pain every second of my life. I have my good days but when I have my bad days I really hit rock bottom. I missed so many days of work because I felt like I couldn't make it thru the day. I'm so blessed that my job stuck with me and my husband thru this. We work at the same place. And I put such a strain on my husband . Emotionally and financially. He now has to work two jobs to help pay for the medical bills that I created and plus for the time that we taken off. Now I take Xanax and Zoloft everyday. I'm so blessed to have my little girl that will turn four in July and my son Travis that is 16. My little girl Kelsey looks so much like CJ. And I know I get on my son Travis nerves because I really don't let him do anything. I know he is growing up. And I'm slowly letting him do things now. And with my daughter Kelsey it hurts me every time I have to leave her. Sometimes I sit in my car and cry when I drop her off to go to work or anywhere because I'm so afraid someone will take her away from me. I live in fear everyday for my kids. Its hard living like this. My baby boy was taken away from me in a senseless and violent way. I know my baby was so afraid and I know he called out for me and that hurts. I wasn't there to save him. Kevin Reid could've just let my baby go. He could've just left him in the car. My CJ was so sweet and innocent. He was a baby! He didn't have anything to do with what he and Tweety was doing. He was my son. Kevin Reid killed my baby just because he was there. CJ did not know what was going on. He was only four years old. Now I had to sit there and see and listen to stuff I didn't want to know about because I knew it would just drive me crazy. But I know I had to do what I had to do so I can get justice for my CJ. And I'm so proud of myself now. Even though now I have closure I still have to live with the pain of having my son taken away from me every second of my life. I will never be truly happy. Everything good that comes into my life has been and will always be bittersweet because I won't have my son here to share it with. Like when I bought my house. He was suppose to be there to decorate his room. I suppose to hear his footsteps running thru the house. He suppose to be in the backyard playing with his sisters and brothers. He now has a stepsister and stepbrother that he didn't get the chance to meet. I just want Kevin Reid to know that not only did you kill my baby boy CJ. You killed a part of me also. I hope you suffer in prison because I suffer everyday. You deserve to be locked up in a cage because you are animal. You deserve to die a lonely old man in prison. You showed no remorse. And I have no remorse for you. You are a coward. You had to kill a pregnant young women and a defenseless four year old little boy. That's what I call a coward and a punk. You will get what you deserve. Let's see how you handle these men in prison. I don't think you will do to well.