

Slow Down and Love Someone



Mongoose Distro

by Jeffrey Prager

Today I want to talk to you about making the people that you love feel as loved as you say. You never know what someone is going through mentally or how long they may still be around.

My name is Jeffrey Prager, 30, and I'm currently at a psychiatric prison facility in east Texas. Suicidal thoughts get me here. What triggered them? In the next few paragraphs I'm going to give you a brief depiction of my life and explain why it is important to "slow down and love someone".

I grew up with a pedophile father who was very abusive mentally, physically and sexually. At a young age I was beaten, molested, locked in a closet, forced to eat dog food, forced to stand and kneel on rice till my feet and knees bled. I was bullied by both my brothers and sisters.

After a few suicide attempts, I felt enough was enough and ran away. I was 14 years old. This is when my life of crime and drugs started. I used alcohol, weed, pills, heroin and meth to help me cope with the long time effects of the abuse I endured. To pay for the drugs I burglarized, stole and robbed. I was 19 when I went to prison for the first time.

When I was released from a 18 month bid on a 3 year sentence I decided to get my life on track. I landed me a job, made a friend and met a beautiful woman I had a beautiful daughter with. I was mentally in heaven. That is until I came home from work one night to find my best friend in bed with my fiance. I was so crushed I went back to drugs. The drugs led me to lose my job and back to the life of crime until I went to prison again.

When I was released I decided to give the right path a chance again for my daughter. I got me a job, car, place to stay and met another beautiful woman. Life was good. I fathered a

second daughter in 2016. I thought everything was perfect till I found my now ex in bed with a stranger. I was DESTROYED and back on the path of drugs and crime.

I am now serving a 15 year sentence for robbery. It's been a very hard sentence because I lost my mom to suicide. Both sets of grandparents found out my youngest daughter wasn't mine and 12 weeks ago I received the news that my only biological child passed away because of Covid-19.

Although I feel defeated I was strong enough to ask for help. There is not a day that goes by that I don't think about suicide. Someone out there, please help me. If you have dealt with the loss of a child and gotten over it, please write me so I can get through this battle.

Also, if you love someone with your whole heart please show them so because you never know what they are going through. Not everybody is strong enough to ask for help. Slow down and love someone.

Looking forward to feedback,

Jeffrey Prager 2060601
Wynne Unit
810 FM 2821
Huntsville, TX 77349