

★ ★ ★  
★ Biography,  
of a little girl ★

★ ★ ★  
Jonathan C.  
Holeman ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★  
★ ★

Biography of a little girl  
Jonathan C. Holeman  
June 2013

This is a work of non-fiction,  
opinion, and memories. This is the story  
of a little girl in just a brief  
portion of her life. This is also a  
story of a Father's memories  
of his child in just a moment of times  
of joy, sadness, and love, that passed  
in the flicker of an eye.

Jonathan C. Holeman AI-7466  
California Correctional Institution  
PO Box 1902  
Tehachapi CA 93581

All illustrations and writings in  
this work are created by Jonathan  
C. Holeman June-2013.

For Kemndra Paige

"Every moment a parent misses of  
their child's life, is a moment  
they'll come to regret."

Prisons Foundation  
2512 Virginia ave.  
NW #58043  
Washington DC-20037  
June the 23rd. 2013

Cover Letter

Dear people of Prisons Foundation,

I am writing from California Correctional Institution, a prison where I am serving several life sentences in solitary.

Enclosed is a Book, (Biography of a little girl) for publication on your website. I have met your requirements, and a case is enclosed for your convenience. Please excuse that it is written in a double sided fashion, I did not have the resources to do otherwise.

The book is a non-fiction, 105 pages, and contains 9 poems, and several illustrations. I am unsure what category it should fall under, non-fiction or memoir. I will leave it to you to decide. It is the story of the memories I have of my daughter when she was little. I look forward to hearing from you.

Thank you, Sincerely,

Jonathan C.

Holman 6-23-2013

Jonathan C. Holman

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Biography of a  
little girl.

"The greatest magic, is the  
creation of a new life."

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"Beauty soars surrounding us anytime,  
in anything, anywhere we are, although we  
always seem to forget."

Jonathan C. Holman

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Small Town  
U.S.A.

The text is surrounded by intricate calligraphic flourishes. A large, stylized flourish resembling a heart or a complex knot is positioned at the bottom right, partially overlapping the text. Another similar flourish is located at the top right. A third, more vertical flourish is on the left side, extending upwards. The flourishes are rendered in a black and white, stippled style, giving them a three-dimensional appearance.



Home

In a valley of enchanted trees  
and photographic memories  
is a world of awesome recollection  
in a mind lost in retrospections  
Inside these thoughts of reminiscence  
of small retentive consequences  
stands a land set far apart  
of the home that's in the heart



Jonathan C. Holman

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# Small Town U.S.A.

A beautiful landscape of trees, clearings, streams, and hidden places on top of ancient stones. The scent of pine trees and various leaves that covered the land in a blanket of prickled down.

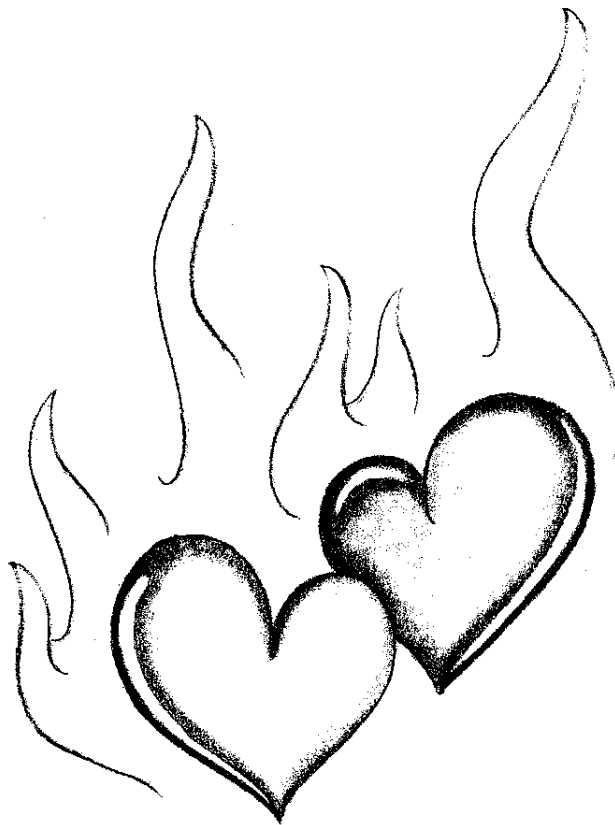
The sounds of birds chirping on the winds of gentle whisps as starlights filled the nights in a serene sanguine beauty that can only be described as peace.

Beneath the surface of nature's beatious roots was a village full of secrets and betrayals that withstand the tests of time; remaining deep within the shadows of broken hearts.

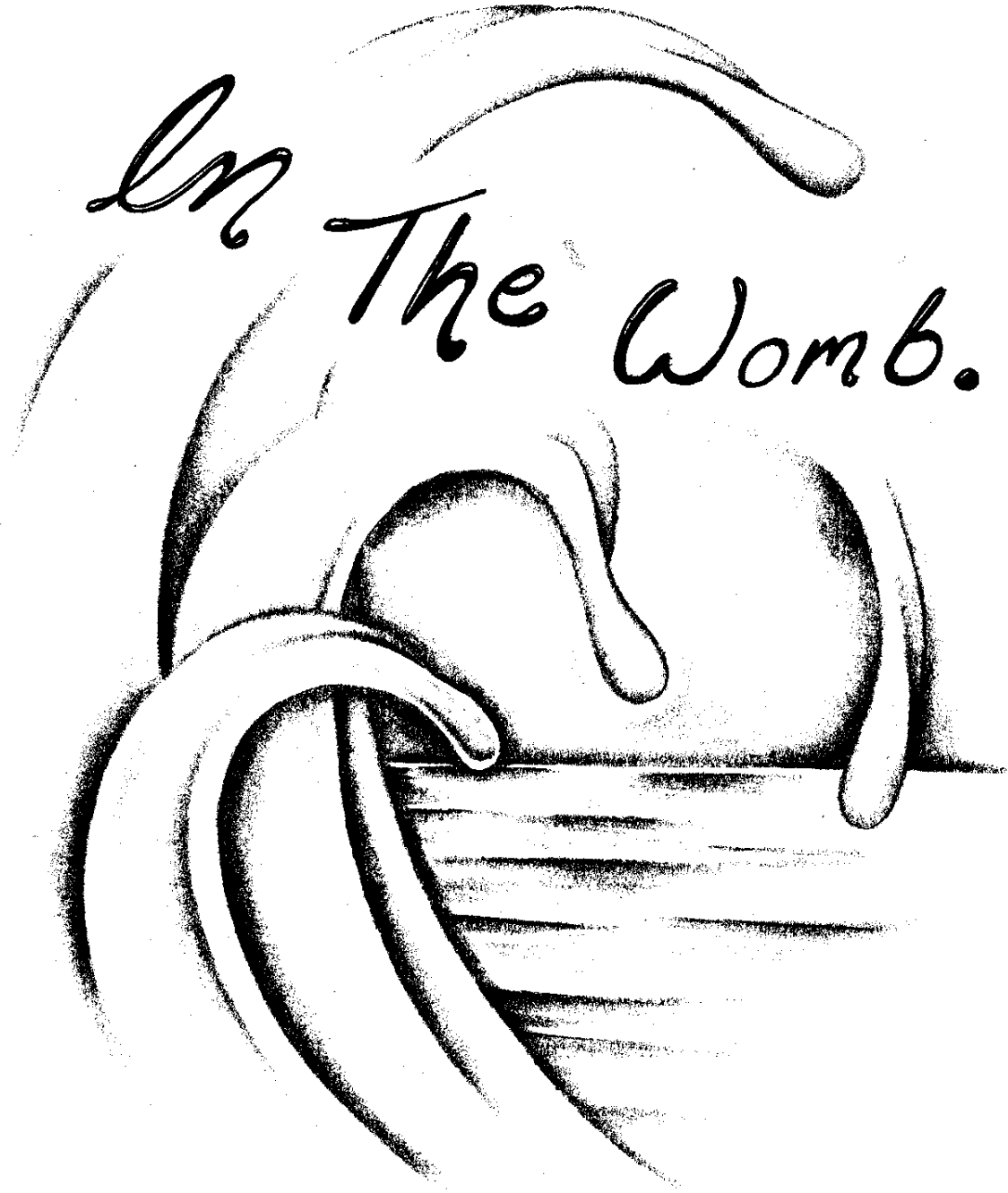
In this town were a million different stories. A multitude of lives lived, coming, gone, and past. As numerous as the stars above, or grains of sand beneath the weary hearteds feet at the seashore.

This is just a story. Just one story of

a little portion of a life. This is the story  
of a little girl before she moved away.



*In  
The Womb.*



*Jonathan C. Holman*

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# Tsunami



Do you think in fluid thought,  
swimming in liquid embryonics?  
Are you lighter than the water,  
in your molten hollow sphere?  
Is there a solid life preserver,  
floating in a buoyant solution?  
If you afloat in volatile drifts,  
does the tide surge in, in breakers?  
Would you hear the gentler voices,  
beneath the flowing vapor vortex?  
Should a whitecap rush in a torrent,  
will the current ebb high, or low?  
Can you feel the rollers in a storm,  
as the torrid swells in, full reap?  
Why is the undercurrent flux,  
when waves billow, or in fluent calms?  
Could a flood spring from a tsunami,  
in liquefied waters of life.



# In the Womb.

"You pregnant?" The Father asked, and all the Mother managed was a nod. "Is there a chance, the baby is mine?" He asked, and the affirmative nod was all the confirmation he needed. His child, a possibility, a likelihood. Even though they were no longer together, and she had another boyfriend, the Father didn't care. He could only think of the child.

Was her pregnancy a way out? A way to get away from the broken, and poverty stricken home she was forced to dwell in. Did it matter at all? All the Father knew was the Mother couldn't stay at her home; not there, where her step-father had once hit her for eating something in the refrigerator. What if he hit her, and she lost the child?

The Father was sixteen years old, and the Mother was fifteen when she became pregnant. The Father was a blond haired, blue eyed, imbecile, careless with teenage girls hearts;

dumb, and drunk on his own selfishness and lies. The Mother was a hazel eyed, brown haired beauty coveted all accross the town.

They were young and knew nothing of all the hardships of a parent, yet, the Father knew he must try.

In the beginning it wasn't a conventional relationship. It wasn't dating, dinner, movies, or dances. It is possible that they were in love, or for her perhaps it was all about escaping. For him it might've been the common male teenage dream of lustful desires fulfilled. They certainly cared for one another, and at least found each other amusing. They were two wandering lost souls, children sucked into the deep whirlpool of voided hopes and dreams, a vortex of enchanted valleys deep in a forest of shadows.

In his worry for her safe and healthy pregnancy, he did all that was in his power to assure her a better place to live; so, he brought her home to his parents. He told them of the necessity of her moving in, her pregnancy, the conditions at her home. His parents did what was needed, and thus she came to live with

them. She made her escape, to a safer place, and once again the Father and the Mother were together.

Throughout the pregnancy the Mother and the Father went on just some-what dates. The Father got his first job working fast food, and then advanced to an amusement park. They sat around cheating on high school home school tests to graduate and then move on. They went to the beach in the sand, under moonlight, a kiss. Skipping across a shore in delight, holding hands in Monterey. Cannery row, the bay aquarium, otters and Carmel. Looking at the swimming pools inside the Hearst San Simeon Castle.

Memories upon an hour glass, night frost evaporated into dew drops, of a daughter to come.

When her Father found a seal, wild and untamed, looking across the Ocean sitting alone with his hand on a creature from far beneath the ebbing waves, he came to know that great beauty exists across the world, ancient and some unnamed. Undescribable moments of synchronicity in harmonies of light. When he saw the next night, that the seal he had pet had died, he cried out to the waves, to any God that

dwells there to take the spirit of the friendly  
silkie back into the waters of eternity.

The Father in a daydream once upon a  
time had asked the Mother to marry him, and  
she took the ring, too large, for her delicate  
finger, too gold, too showy with diamonds. The  
problem it seems sometimes, if life doesn't work  
how we want when we are young we expect it  
all will be a golden dream upon a platter of  
silver. The Father's drug problems and the Mother's  
cravings for dill pickles and mint chocolate chip  
icecream ruled those remaining months. The baby,  
however, knew none of these things; she was  
dancing in fluid, forming to a whole, floating  
in a riverbed of glistening hope within the  
womb.

# My Birth



# Born

Born into a sea of light  
From an infinity of the night.  
A bright pale and pink complexion  
of a beautiful new reflection.  
Soaring forth from deep tranquility  
Earning a bright and new identity.  
Underneath the skys of blues  
In the morning golden hues.

# In Birth

The Mother pushed and breathed, and bore the birth pains in courage and strength as Mothers tend to do. The Father held the Mothers hand, nervous and bearing the pain of the Mothers crushing grip, with a smile, as Fathers are apt to try.

All the problems of the teenage years and arguments forgotten in a moment of beauty that surpasses all sorrow. A magic, the most powerful magic, that could never be a simple trick, the magic of a child's birth. Man and Woman after bonding together create an act of artistry that far too many in the world take for granted.

Words upon a page can never express the horror or fear, the unpleasant moments any parent faces on the day of the birth, or even in the process of adoption. Fearful thoughts mixed with hopes and boiling tides of emotional outpourings. Surges of joys intermingling with heartaches.

Mothers await in hospital beds, Fathers in waiting rooms and roaming halls, go to wait or stand by Mothers sides. Friends, family, loved ones afraid in tormented thoughts of ifs, and whats, and pleading deep inside, for it all to be okay.

It will usually be fine, birthing, labor does usually turn out well in modern society. Tragically sometimes a Mother is lost, or that of a child, or more disheartening, both.

Nothing this writer could place upon a simple piece of paper could ever express what a distressing loss this could be to those who have felt it. There is nothing in this writers imagination that could even begin to express correctly what such a loss could do to anyone who's suffered it. All this writer can express is that of opinion, the opinion that all parents on such a day of immense and internal joy, the day of their own childs birth are also experiencing a state of fear. As labor pushes on, and the child is born, these fears are met, or fade in the greatest experience of life, the rushing titanic landslide of happiness and hope.

This story's Mother as a symbol of



strength, brought the child in, in waves of a vibrant love taking the child from the womb and pushing the baby girl forth, into the harsh and beautiful reality of life.

The Father watched, standing by, with the more unpleasant parts of birth a shock, the shock that quickly faded away as the beautiful pink and squeaking baby girl was held within a nurses arms. The Father in mixed emotions of joy and fear, not in any way knowing what to say, what to do, cringed when the nurse asked him to cut the umbilical cord. He was in fear he would harm the child. The nurses laughed, and the moment was stolen away.

The Fathers parents who waited in the hospital hallway impatiently throughout the day could no longer contain themselves as the child, their Grandchild was born. They rushed in ecstatically in awe over the perfection of the babe. The Grandfather stepped up, taking the scissors from the nurse and cutting the umbilical cord which caused a bit of resentment and regret to the Fathers heart, a feeling that wasn't understood until a later and more appropriate time. A resentment towards the babys Grand-

father, that the Father felt, unjustly.

On that day, standing over the adorable bundle of joy all that the Father felt was love. A welling up in his heart, a hope to succeed, to attempt to try. To do his very best for the little baby girl who slept, and squeaked, and surprisingly giggled on her very first day in the world.

The Mothers expression upon her face said it all. The Mother held her child in a tiny set of swaddling clothes and an itzy bitsy yellow beanie cap to cover the babys nearly bald and perfect head. The amazement on the Mothers face at her childs beautiful perfection stood in a still frame in time, a pillar of devotion as she passed the baby to the Father to hold for his very first time.

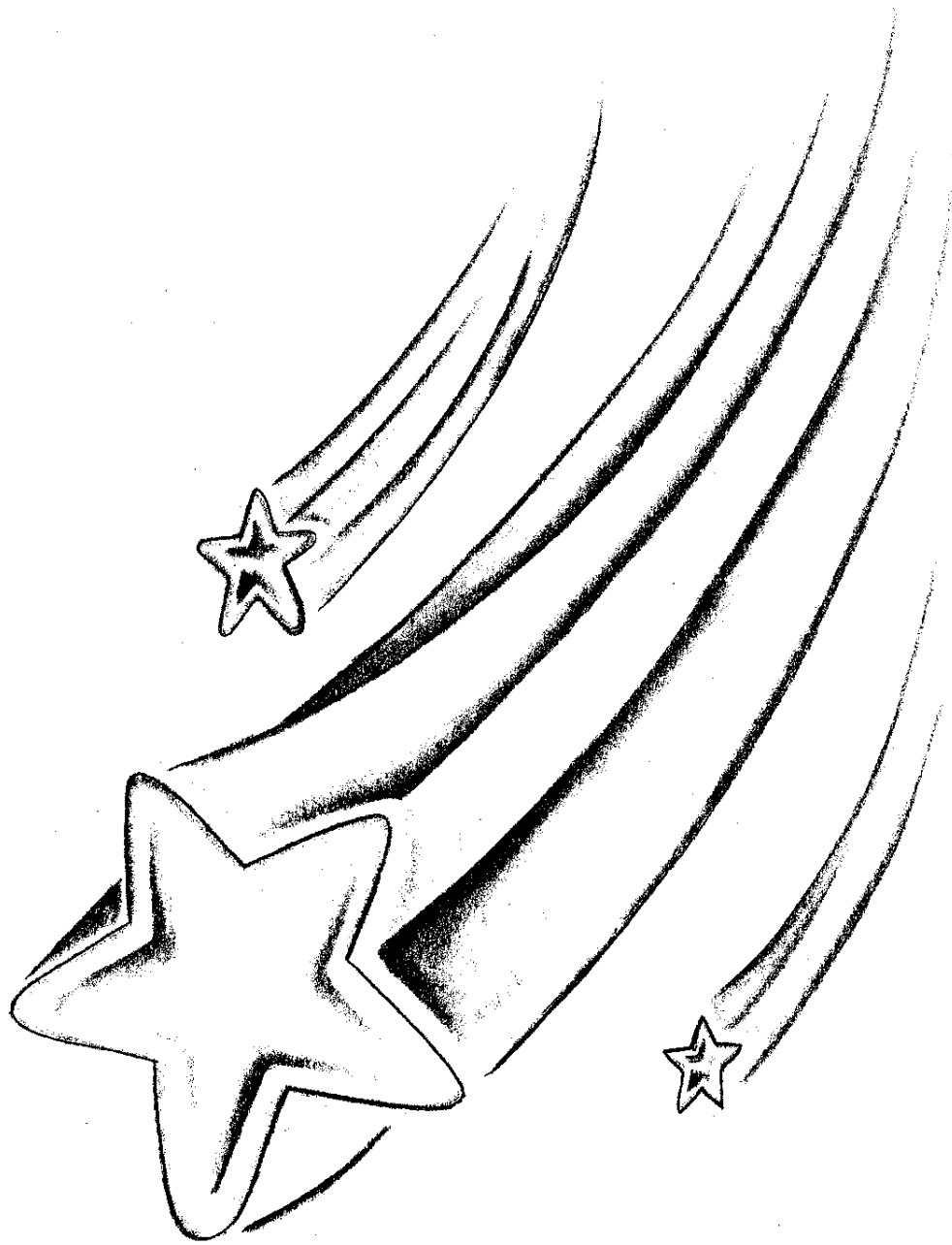
No words can express the feeling of a parent of any age who cradles their child in their arms, cupping the little infant head within a giant hand. Amazing magic, that surpasses all other thoughts, actions and emotions throughout life.

To add to this, the writer must express, that this feeling, this emotional outpouring

is a matter of opinion, something that all parents including those who adopt, who raise a child of separate heritage or bloodline also feel. These wonderful people who adopt also do express and know the incredible love and affection that promotes devotion that lasts a lifetime. This amazing love is something any parent will know and feel everytime the child succeeds in all and in anything they do.

From winning a water melon seed spitting contest, to playing soccer and scoring a goal, to falling in love, and graduating high school; every little success, every single big one, a parent will feel and know within their own heart in a beat of breath that brings joy that breaks all sadness.

And this is how the little girl comes in, inside a hospital as a nineteen inch and six pound eleven ounce babe. The little girl who was perfect in birth, and in all the pages yet to come.



Jonathan C. Holman

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