

Justin Carr Wants World Peace

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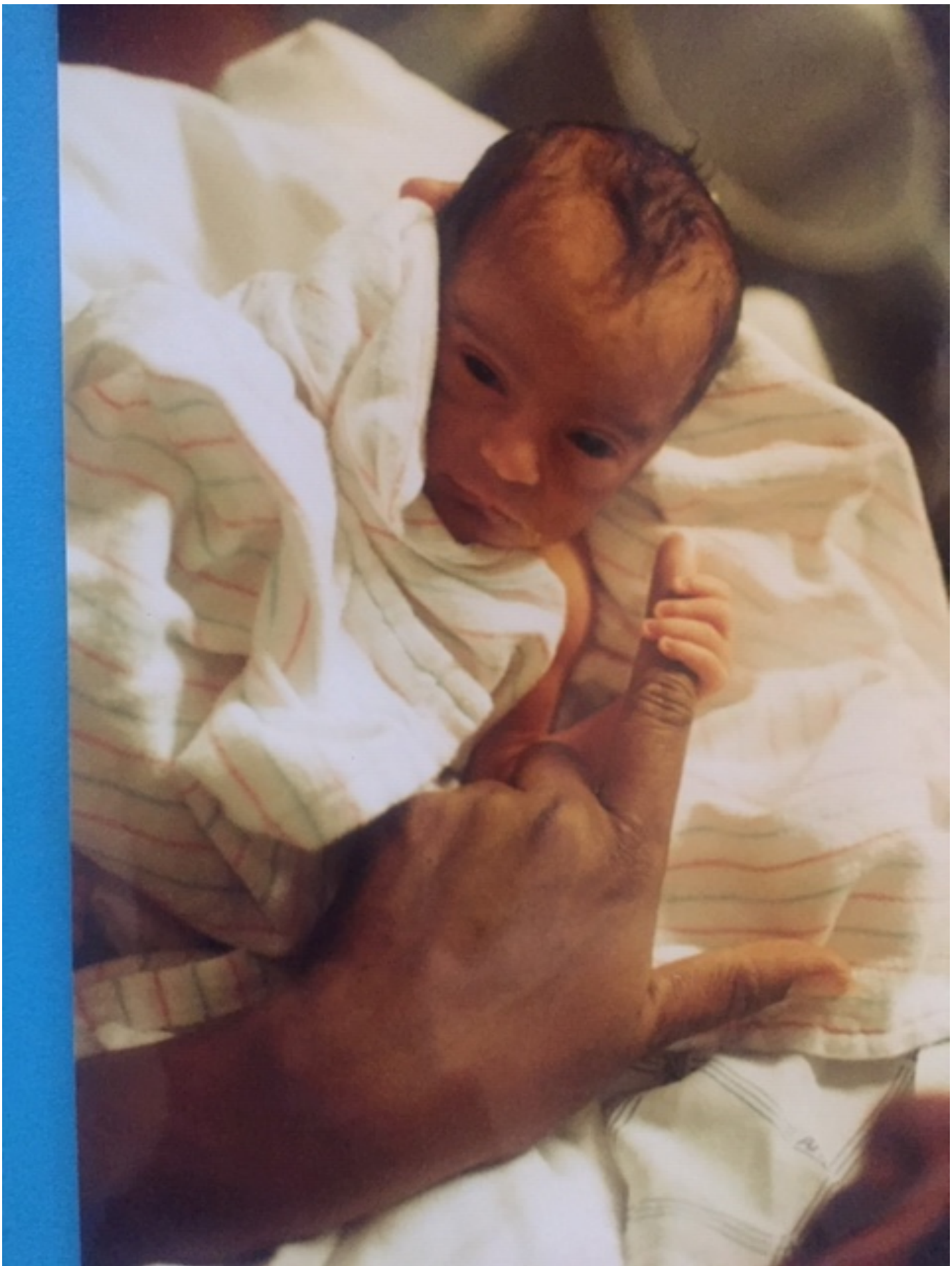
JUSTIN'S 25TH BIRTHDAY A TRIBUTE OF LOVE

SEPTEMBER 14, 2021 | SUSAN TOLER-CARR | [LEAVE A COMMENT](#)

There are life-changing, life-altering, and life-ending events— it just so happened that we were there for all

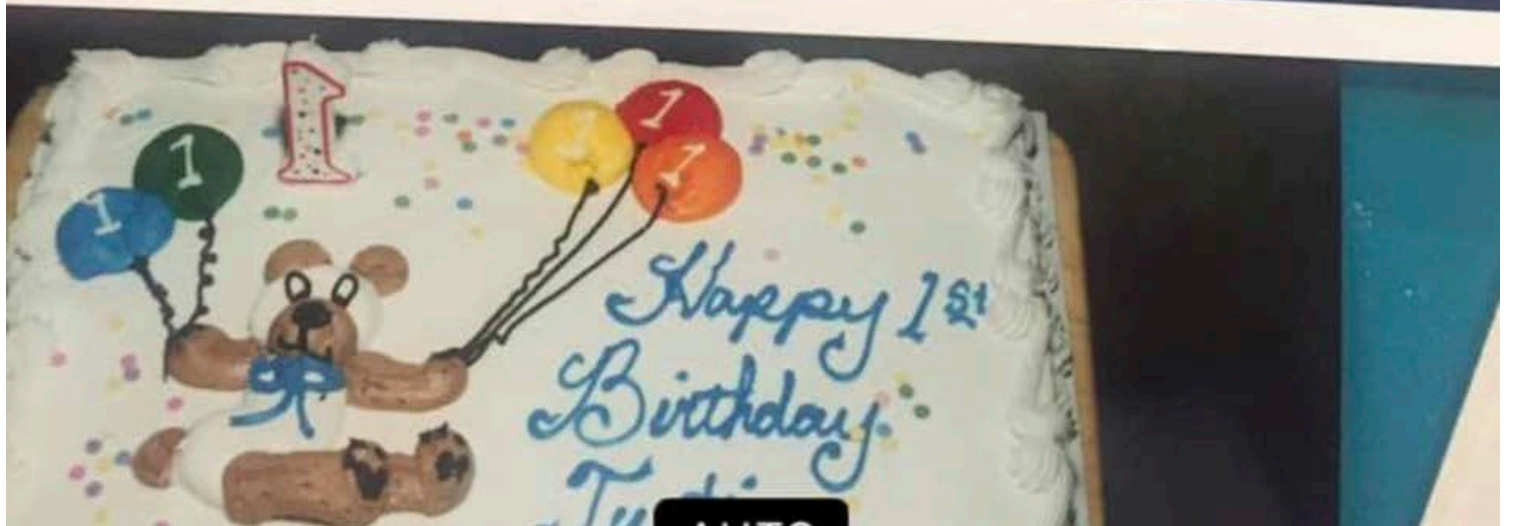
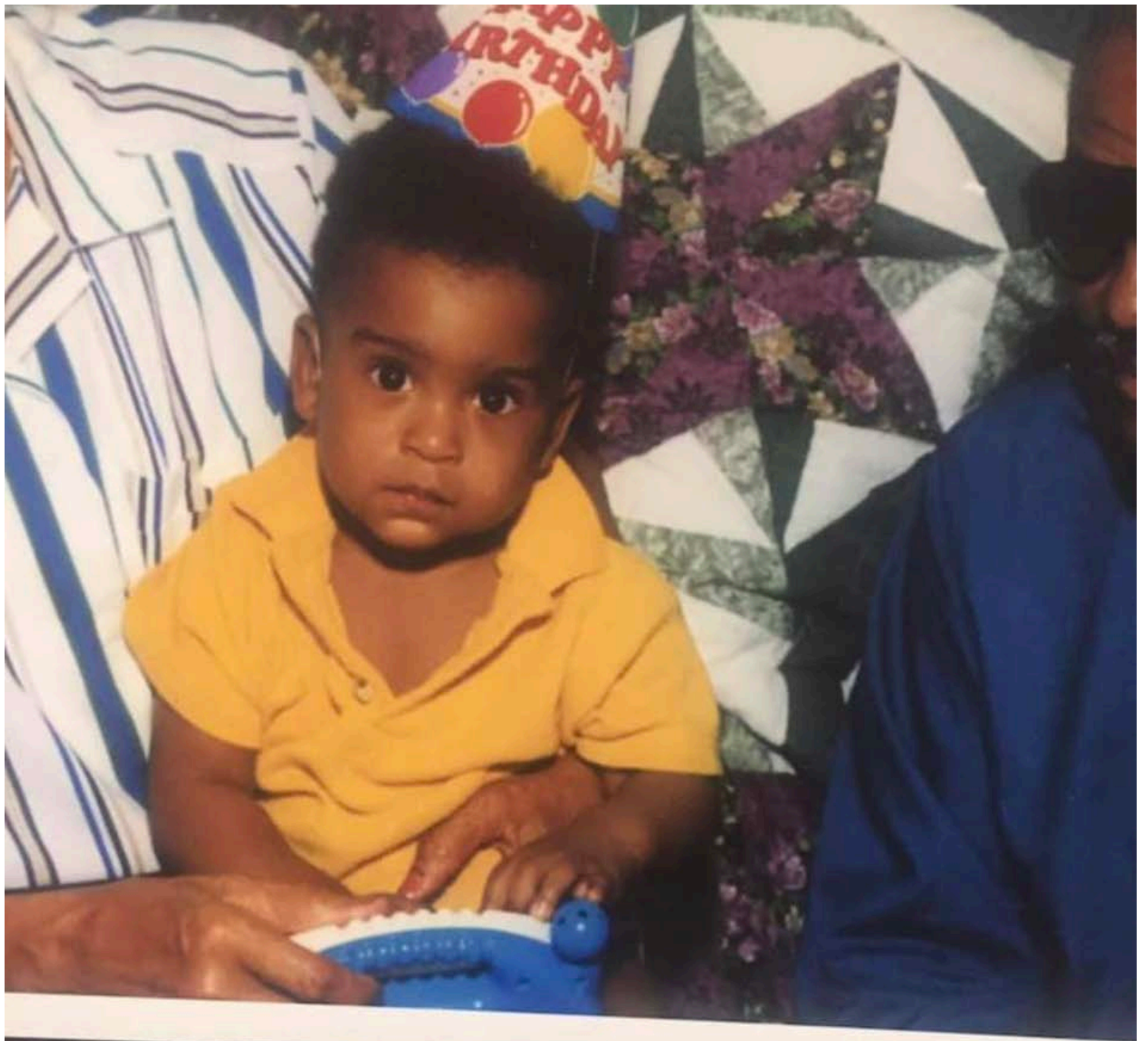
three.

Giving birth to [Justin Carr World-Peace](#)



was a glorious moment in time— which I will never forget. [Darrell Carr](#) either. This morning on his

25th bday I lay paralyzed in my thoughts – thinking about my most precious son who died at 16, barely being a young man.





Justin loved celebrating his birthdays. He had so many themes for his special day. He prayed for world peace on his 4th bday.



Justin's 4th Bday



Justin lived, loved, and laughed often. He had hopes and dreams. He truly loved his family and friends. He loved helping, creating, singing, acting, and being. He had courage, compassion, commitment, community, and knew how to resolve conflicts.

He coined a poem saying he had dreams, goals, promise— opportunity.



After Langston Hughes

Theme for English III

The Instructor said,

"Go home and write a page tonight.

And let that page come out of you

Then, it will be true."

I am an only child.

Not one of three,

Just me.

I go to a school where I feel like a fly in a bowl of milk.

Alone.

Walking down halls where I am one of three...

or at least one of the few with dark skin like me.

The kinks in my hair and the dark skin I wear connects me to the trailblazers

Who struggled to clear paths in order to make my journey easier.

As I walk through the white halls with the white walls,

I see the footsteps of Martin, Malcolm and Coretta before me.

Their pain and suffering endured just so I can be me.

Free.

In my classroom,

I don't sit in the back waiting to be called on

Because the sea of seats are all available to me.

It's hard for me to Imagine

Being stationed in the back just like my mother and father were,

Where they couldn't even see,

That they were lacking opportunity.

I turn on the TV to see faces with brown tones

Sing through microphones,

Not of yesterday's sorrows,

As the wounds have healed leaving scars of remembrance.

Then I look back at me and what do I see?

Not a rapper or a ball player,

But a boy with dreams,

Goals,

Promise.

Opportunity.

Written By Justin Carr © 2013



Images Created and © by Susan Toler Carr
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On his first day of life, he held my finger tight. The night before he died, he told me he would take care of Darrell and me when we got old. We often think about who will take care of us now and in the days and years to come?

Darrell and I will hold each other's hands and those in our village of people, his friends, our friends, strangers who walk with us and who love us and miss Justin too.

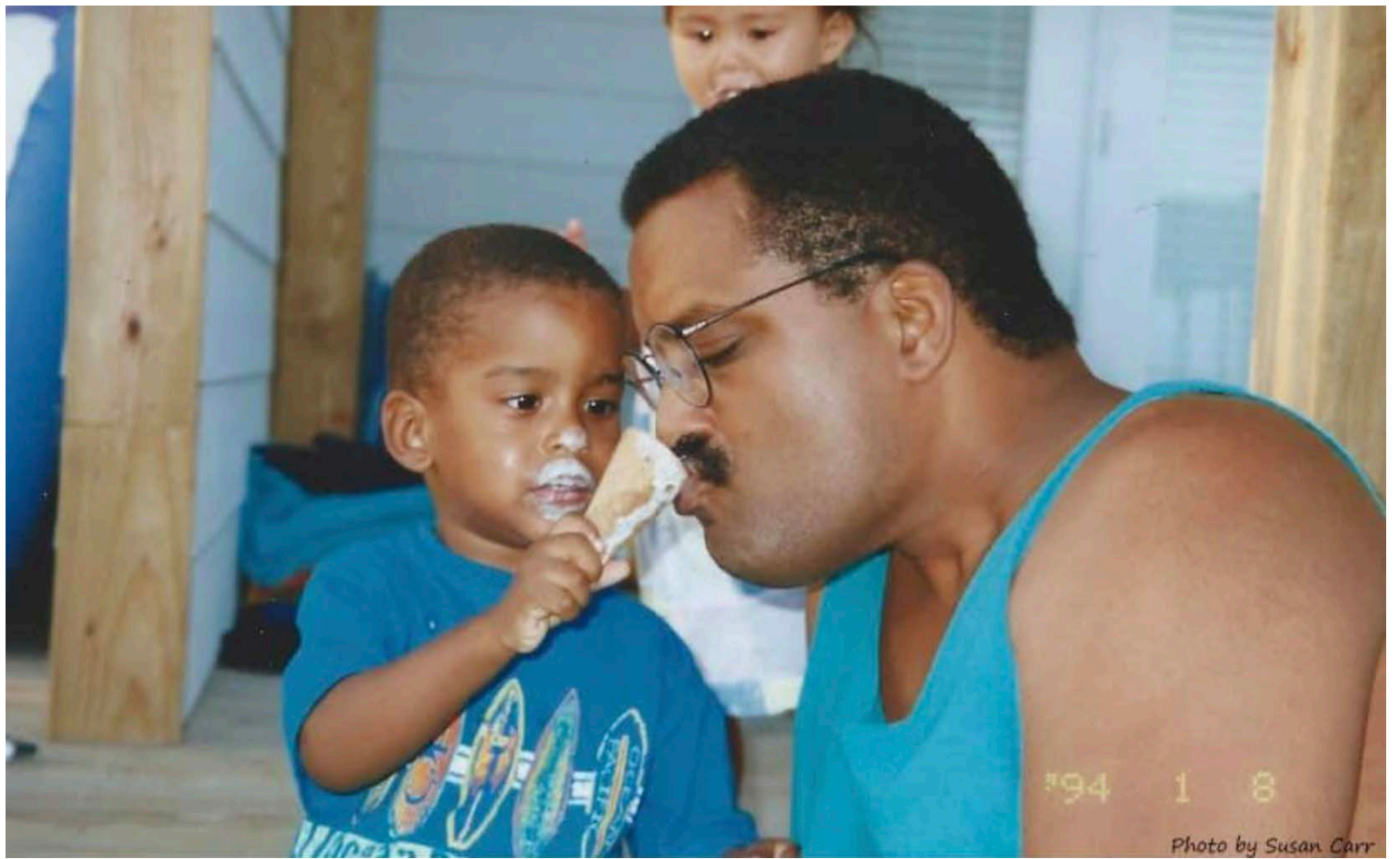
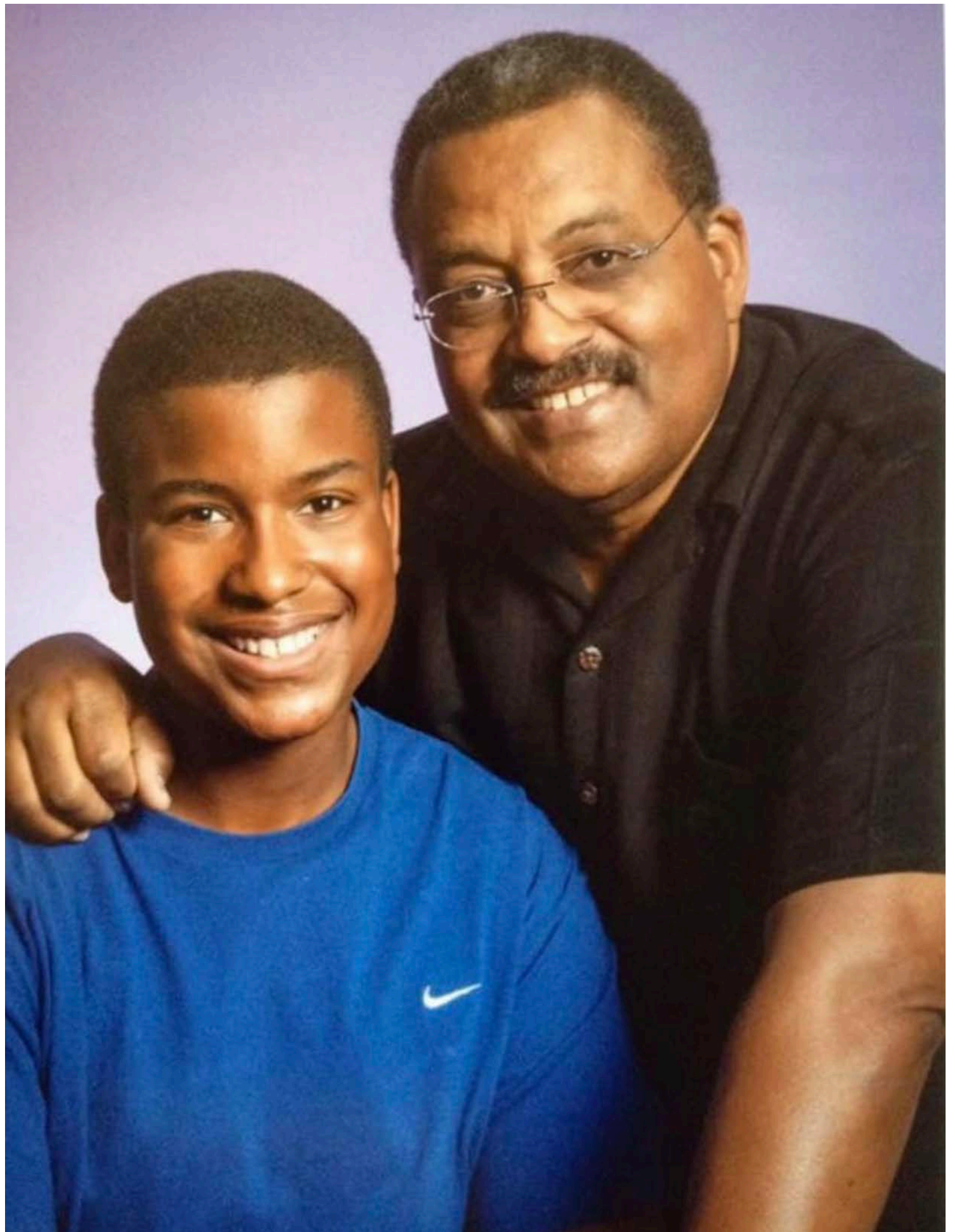
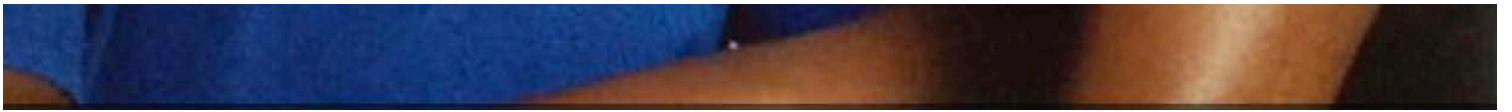


Photo by Susan Carr



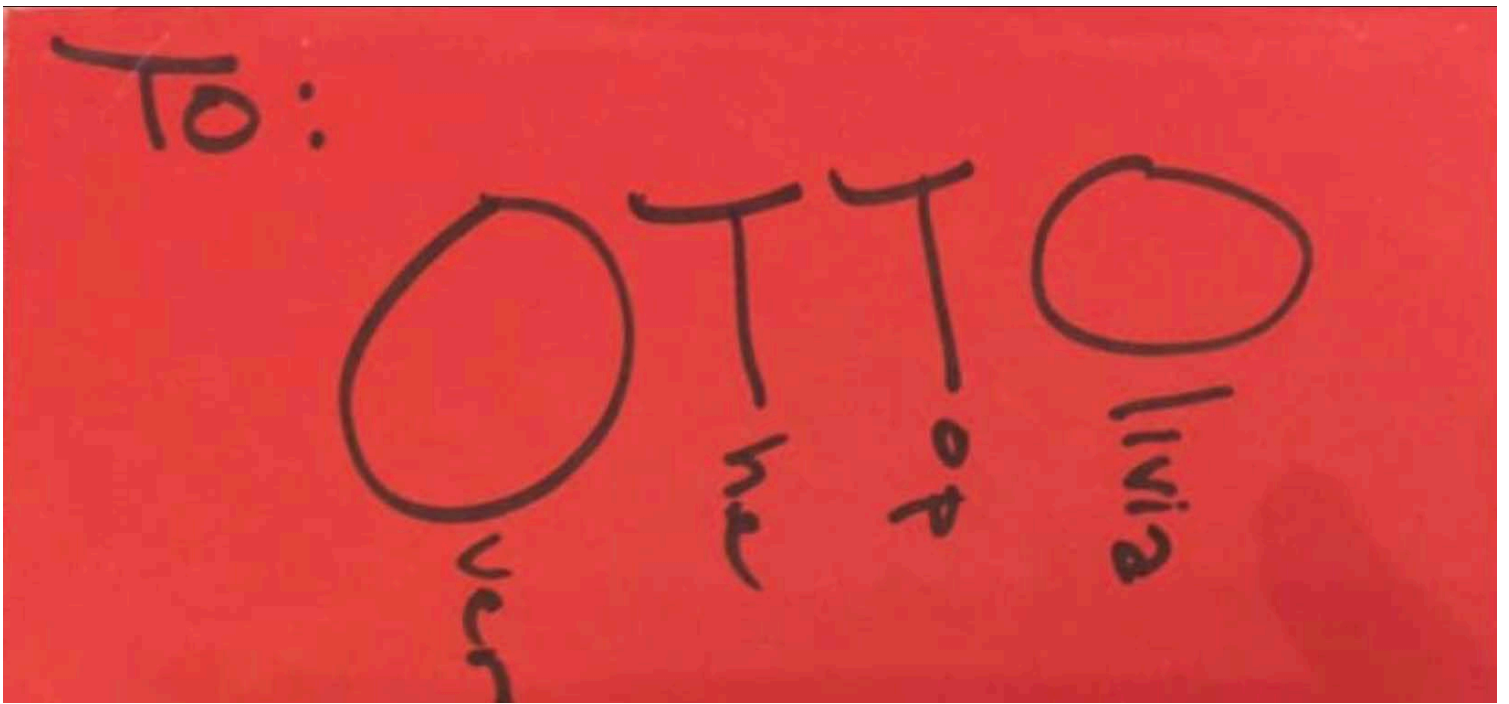






These are the gifts we cherish as we remember, miss, cry and smile for Justin.

I will hold on to Justin's Memories Tight! I will stop and wonder at butterflies, too- like the one that rested in my palm in Costa Rica. He has taught his Mom his OTTO, "Over the Top Olivia," Sooooo many things.



I am honored to be Justin's Mom.





Happy Birthday, Honey! I miss you always and will love you forever!!



