

Calvin Everette Robinson Jr

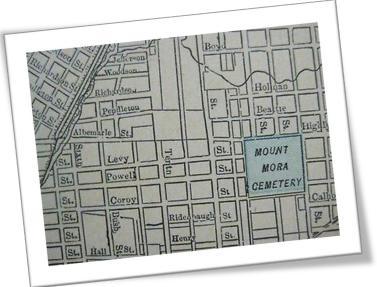
My name is Ebony Robinson. I am Calvin's big sister. He was born in July 1983, and I was born in May 1982. We have the same mother and father. We were raised on Kansas City's southside. As a small child Calvin loved the Transformers, Teenage Mutant Ninja turtles, and WWE wrestling. We only had a few channels on our television. On Saturday mornings we watched the same thing: Reading Rainbow, Sesame Street, and The Painting show with Bob Ross on PBS. We attended an African Centered Elementary school named J.S. Chick. Mrs. Audrey Bullard the principal at J.S. Chick taught us the core values of our African ancestry. We learned Swahili, wore African Kente cloths, and followed Africa's traditions and customs. Calvin received numerous awards for grades, sports, and behavior. Mrs. Bullard was instrumental in our

success. If one of our siblings went to the principal's office, we all went to her office. We were a team, my mama made sure we knew that is what it was! Calvin, I, and our older brother all graduated from Chick. Little did I know this would be the last time my brothers, our parents and I would all be in the same house, room, or space together.



Crack cocaine hit the streets on the United States in the early 1980's. Kansas City was hit hard and immediately by the epidemic. By the time we were toddlers crack had infested our city, neighborhoods, and homes. My older brothers Father passed away from an alleged drug overdose in July of 1989. Calvin and my father were addicted to drugs. This obviously affected my mother because before we all graduated JS Chick my older brother was with my maternal grandmother, then soon after Calvin went, and lastly myself. Our mother struggled being a stay-athome mom on state benefits and her own personal trauma. Still from the south side of Kansas City we began our new journey. Calvin went on to Westport Middle School, and from there Southeast High School. I attended Lincoln College Preparatory

Southeast High school with Calvin. My older brother went to Metro Tech. All different paths but still bonded very closely as we got older. It is customary in our culture parents/grandparents to tell their



children if you do not want to abide by the rules of this house it is time to go. So by the early 2000's, my siblings and I were forced out on our own all before the age of 18. Calvin had his first child Kelise Elizabeth Robinson in April of 2005. By the time his second daughter Asia Nea' Caprice Robinson was born in 2008, Calvin had already begun a relationship with a few women in St Joseph Missouri. His last daughter Calia Nahve Robinson was born in November of 2011 in St Joseph Missouri.

The connection to death in St Joseph in glaringly eerie. Calvin was involved in a fatal car accident and the occupant that passed was from St. Joseph Missouri. It was January 16, 2004, and Calvin was driving through 4304 East 87th street to take a friend to the store, the old Hypermart Walmart store. When Calvin went around a curve there was a car out of control and in his lane. Calvin collided with the car and the passenger subsequently died. Little did Calvin know after surviving the crash with a collapsed lung that he would die less than a mile away from where that car was registered. Calvin eventually began working in living in St Joseph full time. He had recently obtained his CDL and was proud of himself. He called me Christmas Eve and said that he would be here the next day for Christmas. He called several of our close friends and family that night. As if unconsciously he knew he would never make it home.



All the events of that night are unclear to me eight vears later. Facts are called crashed his vehicle at or around 2:32. He died at 5:32. One officer's account of the scene was completely different from officer Zachary Craft. Officer Gary Scott mentioned several times that he went up and down the street and saw no indication that Calvin would have been speeding like Zachary Craft mentioned in his traffic investigation. He discovered fresh yaw marks under two police cars and instructed them to move. However, there are no pictures of the marks in the photos from the investigation. This was the most alarming part of the police report to read and sent me searching for answers. What I did find was several news articles about officer Zachary Craft about participating in a Proud White man music video. At one point, Smitty raps, "Keep your nose clean and obey simple laws, pal, or maybe the police won't be so quick to fucking draw down," as

the video cuts to Craft reaching for his service weapon. Calvin nor I nor my brothers were angels obviously we grew up around crack, heroine, alcohol, and all forms of abusive behaviors. Growing up in that environment around all those dangerous things that I mentioned, and we nor many other black and brown people are prepared for police officers with these types of mind states. Zachary Craft participated in this video less than 2 months after my brother passed and coinciding with my complaints. By the time Calvin passed away on Christmas Day in 2015 we had watched so many stories where officers, civilians and some politicians had sat back and watched black boys and men be killed and civil liberties be violated, and no action or laws have resulted since. Trayvon Martin, Walter Scott, Freddie Gray, and, Mike Brown, Laquan McDonald are all highlights in the 2015-year review done by ABC news. The section in call "death by police officers." After all the press, protests, and untimely deaths and in January of this year the current St Joseph prosecutor Michelle Davidson awarded Zachary Craft for "aggressive efforts" in arresting numerous DWI offenders. He was suspended for participating in the video by the St joseph Police Department and has since been hired as a deputy. The question is what are his aggressive efforts?



Since Calvin has passed, I have spent numerous hours reading. emailing, talking to everyone I could about what might have happened that night. I received text messages that Calvins child mother received 10 minutes before crashed telling her that Calvin was going to jail for Christmas. I had to protest at the hospital to receive his cash that was on his person the night he passed. That took a year almost. I had to protest with the bank because someone used his debit card that was on his person after he passed away. It took over a year to recover that money. I have still yet to receive his cell phone from that night that would have had the messages indicating the police would be called.

So many questions left unanswered. Officer Gary Scott, who seemed the most honest office I encountered, told me I would have to spend some money to find out what happened to Calvin. I have obtained two degrees and completed a year and a half of law school. I am prepared to spend as much as I have to for the rest of my life. We lost our mother on September 15, 2021. She never fully recovered from losing her youngest son on Christmas or her first child's father. Calvin's kids are now 18, 11, and 14, and he has an 8-month-old grandson as of today. I plan to never let his memory die and make sure it lives on in his children and grandchildren's lives forever and ever!

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