

**The Frederick County
Adult Detention Center**

Presents:



Visiting Mom in Jail

A story for children
who are visiting a parent in jail.

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Illustrated by Morgan Maze*

Visiting Mom in Jail



Hi! My name is Brianna. I am eight-almost-nine years old. I am in the third grade at Pleasant View Elementary School and my teacher is Miss Smith. I can read and write and add and subtract and even multiply. My dad thinks I am very smart.

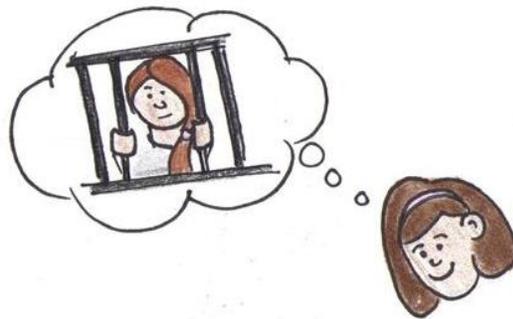
I live at home with my dad, my mom, my cat Whiskers and my goldfish Tuna. I like to play soccer and with my dolls and watch TV. We have rules in our home. I can't play soccer in the house. That is a rule. I have to pick up my clothes. That is also a rule.



Sometimes I forget or I don't feel like picking up my clothes. Then I have disobeyed a rule. That is when my dad gives me a timeout, or does not let me go visit my friend Taylor who lives down the street. My dad says that grownups have to follow rules, too.

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My mom used to live at home with us, but she does not live there now. She did not follow a



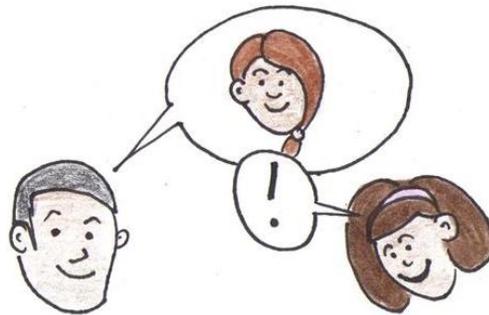
grownup rule, and she had to go to jail. Jail is like a grownup timeout for not following rules but the grownups

have to live there for a while. When a grownup does not follow a rule they have to go to court and talk to a judge and the judge decides what should happen.

Sometimes the grownup can work to help other people in the community. The judge decides how much time they need to give. Sometimes the judge will tell a person to go to a treatment place to help them get better. And sometimes the judge will tell them that they have to go to jail. The judge decides how long they will have to stay there, and whether they can get a job and go to work from there or not. I miss my mom.

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When I came home from school yesterday my dad had a surprise for me. He told me to wash

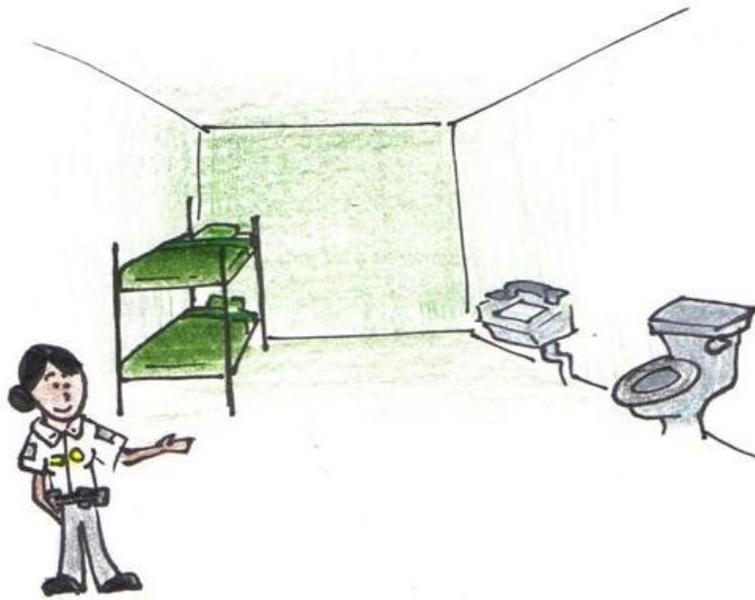


my face and put on clean clothes and we would go for a ride. We were going to visit mom! While we were riding in the car dad

explained that mom is at the Frederick County Adult Detention Center. We could only visit for a half-hour and we would not be able to touch her—we could look at her through a glass window and talk to her on a telephone. There are even rules for visiting. My mom can only have one visit a week.

When we got to the jail I saw police cars in the parking lot. Dad explained that when grownups do not follow the rules a police officer will bring them to the jail. They go to a place called Central Booking. An officer will take their fingerprints and give them new clothes. They will have to answer a lot of questions to make sure they are feeling okay and are not sick.

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Then they will be assigned to a big room with other people who have to have a timeout. This is called a **block**. In the block there are **cells**. They are like little bedrooms.

Two people share a cell. There are bunk beds in the cell, and a sink and a toilet. There is an officer that stays nearby all day, and an officer that stays nearby all night. That is to make sure that all the people are okay.

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We got out of the car and followed a Visitation sign. We walked under a fence with sharp wire on top and we walked through a yard that was all cement. I felt scared but dad said it would be okay. We went into a room with seats and



there was an officer behind a glass window. She was sitting in front of a computer. Everyone was standing in line in front of the glass. Dad said we had to register before we could see mom. When it

was our turn to stand at the glass the officer asked dad for his license. Dad had to stand behind a line and get his picture taken. Then the officer told us "*Group 3, Booth 7*". That was to let us know what group we were in and where we would sit to find mom. The officer said we would have to wait about a half hour until we could visit.

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There was a little room with painted walls and a table and chair set for children. This is the Children's corner at the Frederick County Adult Detention Center and it has books just for kids like me! Dad said that I could find one book and take it home with me. I went into the room and looked at all the books. If I didn't want to read a book, I put it back on the shelf. I found a great book about a princess and went and sat with dad while I waited to see mom.





The officer yelled “*Group 3!*”, and everybody stood up and went through a door. My dad and I found Booth 7 and there was mom! She was dressed in clothes with orange and white stripes. We picked up the telephone and talked to her. I asked her if she got food to eat, and she told me that she got breakfast, lunch and dinner. I asked her if it tasted good and she laughed and said that it was good, but not as good as eating with dad and me. I talked and talked and pretty soon it was time to go home. Dad and me will go to visit again next week and I can see mom again.

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