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Five years ago this week in a 6-3 decision, the United States Supreme Court declared that its prior 2012 ruling in Miller v. Alabama applied retroactively, thereby requiring that hundreds of former life-sentenced children like myself be resentenced.

I recall that day being one of subdued jubilation tempered by cautious optimism, having absolutely no confidence in how the sentencing judge or the parole board would respond to this High Court mandate. Would I be given an opportunity to live a meaningful life…

...or would I be condemned to prison for the rest of my life? Terrifying questions that had no immediate answers.

On June 27, 2017, I was resentenced to a term of 30-to-life. Following a successful parole hearing in August, on October 10, 2017, after being disappeared from society for over three decades, I walked out of prison on parole for life.

Sadly, in the four-year interim between the Miller and Montgomery decisions, my mother lost her battle with cancer. She was my last surviving (immediate) family member. For me, the Montgomery decision serves as a painfully cruel reminder that "justice delayed, is justice denied."

On this fifth anniversary of Montgomery v. Louisiana, while lamenting my mother's loss, I received a home visit from a newly assigned parole officer. For the past two years, I have had minimal supervision from my last two parole agents.

I've had one home visit in nearly 30 months and not a single urinalysis. Finally, I was beginning to feel like I was free. But I was asked to provide a urine sample and was informed that I would be receiving a home visit every 90 days, just as was required when first released.

The irony is that, by all accounts, my adjustment has been exemplary -- not a single infraction. The only thing that has changed is the assignment of a new parole agent who comes with a new orientation.

For a second, it made me think: If I'm being forever subjected to such arbitrary whims, precisely what does it mean to be free? Then I thought of Mr. Henry Montgomery, whose case favorably decided retroactivity, and who at 74 years old, remains incarcerated.

Profoundly, this anniversary has driven home for me the reality that “none of us are truly free until all of us are free.”