

From: danielgwynncw5713@voiceforinmates.com

To: Blog Update

Subject: A Sunset

Date: 4/21/12

Today I witnessed a very wonderfully sunlit evening sky. A light blue-violet canvas adorned with fluffy violet cumulus streaked with highlights, and touched by a blanket illuminated golden kisses from the sleepy sun. I was drawn into a deep contemplation by the hypnotic heavenly sight. "How lucky I am to be in America-- the symbol of hope & freedom."

I was wondering how many people actually paused for a moment to take a deep breath and enjoy this wonderful sight. Taking a moment to appreciate what "America" has to offer, in spite of the government corruption that's ruining this great nation. Everyday I'm seeing good people inch a little bit closer over that moral line in the sand to provide for their families. Our corrupt politicians has polluted the system upon which we rely, and has dimmed that shining flickering flame of hope.

How many people looked out across that waning night sky in either terror or joy? Were they in terror for fear of what may come tomorrow? Or was it joy, because in spite of the hardships, they're still able to experience that bliss that makes life worth living?

Here I stood looking through the bars of my cell window with great joy in my heart. A terrible injustice has been perpetrated against me, and my very being is threatened to be extinguished, and yet I am not crushed as they would have me to be.

For many years, I've stumbled due to the many obstacles thrust into my path. I've found it difficult to take advantage of any opportunities "America" had to offer me, and I was affected. I was lost for a long time until I realized I had a choice to live as best as I could and be happy, or be miserable and unfulfilled.

I looked around and saw so many other prisoners deteriorating under the weight of their incarceration and their unhappiness. Many of us are getting sick, old & dying. My reflections in the mirror on the wall displayed more gray with each passing day. Was I aging? Have I done enough to make a difference?



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Upon reflection, I'd felt I hadn't done enough to contribute to society. There's so much work to be done, and not enough people stepping up to make a contribution, including myself. This country has done so much for us (come good or bad); it gave me a home. Life wasn't promised to be an easy one, but it's been better than most. I make this comparison to those still struggling to survive under the tyrannical reign in third world countries: poverty, famine, wars, genocide, and disease. With all that they face, they still continue to go on, holding onto hope. So what do I have to complain about! Every oppression, prejudices, obstacles, and political corruption in America I face, can be overcome. And if the problem proves to be a tough nut to crack, we can live with it until we do, they can't. We are armed with the tools to achieve many things in this country, for "We Are The People."

You can't blame the rain for being wet. Just get an umbrella and learn how to use it. Your world is what you make of it is "America." So take a moment to appreciate a spectacular sunset, and see how you feel (hope or terror).

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Daniel Gwynncw". The signature is written in black ink and is positioned in the lower right quadrant of the page.