

Death Row
Journal
May 13, 2016
Friday.

see Father Conrad, we had a nice visit. He's doing better than he was three weeks ago.

I stopped down and got a new FDOC photo and I.D. was done in the property room. Did that on the way back from seeing Father Conrad. Also picked up my yoga book, which I've been reading. I'm going to write some other Buddhist orgs. I need to find some real inner peace.

Also just listened to that interview with me. I sound strange on the radio, never heard myself on the radio. My mentally ill neighbor is mad because I backed away from him. It's his own fault. He causes too much drama, he writes notes and sends them up and down the hall to guys, talking about what everyone is doing. They ran this guy off the 1300 side, and I was speaking up for him, against guys on the other side. They told me give it time, oh well - they were right. Not the first time I've been wrong, sure it won't be the last.

Time for me to call it a day. I did do a little exercising.

Death Row
Journal
May 14, 2016
Saturday

Been writing most of the day to yoga and org's that deal with meditation. I need to work on suppressing and getting rid of some of this anger. It's eating me up inside, it's not productive mentally emotionally or physically. This place is already a breeding ground of destructive behavioral habits. I need to change and I need to do it now. None of us know's what today holds, muchless tomorrow or next year.

This morning I was trying some of this yoga, it's strange, I've never even tried yoga. so it's going to take some time to learn these poses, I need to correspond with some one who know's what their doing.

I need to exercise, write a couple of these schools about getting a High school diploma. I'm cooking burrito's for dinner. Right now I need to get back to this letter.

Finished bathing, I'm going to bed. Was a productive day.

Death Row
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May 15, 2016
Sunday.

No visits today. I'll do some more writing exercise later. Been walking back and forth - just thinking about life - its meaning, the whys ect. Life is very mysterious, and the one thing that people can't get a solid grip on. Why are we here? What is the purpose? Why me? What makes us so special, to be in this human form under these circumstances? or in some case's unfortunate circumstances? I look back at my life - the foolish idiotic choices. I also look at my environment - what shaped me - what led me, to develop these traits, that resulted in bad decision making skills. Why? you can take two people put them in the same situation - same bad environment, yet we cope differently, one may take a self destructive course, while one may use those tragic events to better their's, and other's lives. yes - life is amazingly strange.

Been writing orgs, also working on a piece called 'PRISON FOR PROFIT 21ST CENTURY SLAVE TRADE.'

I'm going to lay down, wait on bar check's and weight and go to sleep.

Death Row
Journal
May 16, 2016
Monday

Been up since 4am. Laundry already came through
I've got an 11am medical call out, maybe x-ray
for this shoulder. Been doing the meditation breath-
ing, need to do some more walking. I ate oatmeal
for breakfast. Need to go on a strict diet.

went down to medical, x-ray tech didn't show up.
so we came back. Canteen was here. one of the canteen
men got fired. They gave him a job change to medi-
cal. I fixed a meal ate and I really just want
to lay down and go to sleep.

Another unproductive exercise day. I'm headed
for bed.