

"Thought's From THE HEART"

BY:

Joseph SMITH

IT WAS 6:00PM AS I WAS WALKING IN THE DORM, JUST FINISHING A 12 HOUR SHIFT IN THE PRISON KITCHEN.

IT HAD RAIN ALL DAY, IT WAS ONE OF THOSE COLD HARD RAIN'S. AS I PASS THE GUARD DESK, HE STATED, "SMITH YOU GOT MAIL" I KEPT WALKING, KNOWING THIS NOT TO BE TRUE, IN THE PAST 10 YEARS I HAD NOT RECEIVED ONE PIECE OF MAIL FROM ANYONE. MY SIBLINGS AND I DIDN'T OR HAD NOT COMMICATED SINCE I LEFT HOME AT THE AGE OF 16, PUTTING MY AGE UP AND ENTERING THE MILITARY. SO THE GUARD CALLED MY NAME AGAIN. "SMITH YOU GOT MAIL" I TURNED AROUND AND HE HANDED ME A SINGLED LETTER; FROM THE RETURN ADDRESS I FOUND IT TO BE FROM MY OLDEST SISTER. UPON OPENING AND READING; IT SIMPLY SAID: "OUR MOTHER DIED THREE MONTHS AGO, YOU SHOULD HAVE HAD THE DECENCY TO CALL ME SINCE I WENT OUT OF MY WAY TO CALL THAT PRISON TO LET YOU KNOW"

THE LETTER WAS JUST AS COLD AS THE RAIN WHICH WAS FALLING. FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A LONG TIME I CRIED AS I SAT ON MY BUNK. THE NEXT'S DAY I WENT TO SEE MY CASE MANAGER; SHE PUT ME OFF AND SENT ME TO SEE THE CHAPLAIN, SHE STATED, WELL I GUESS YOU CAN'T GO TO THE FUNERAL NOW, I COULD HAVE GOTTEN YOU THERE IF I WAS MADE AWARE OF IT BEFORE NOW. I STATED, I MOST LIKELY WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN ABLE TO ATTEND ANYWAY MY MOTHER WAS JEWISH, AND PURSUANT JEWISH CUSTOM AND LAW, WAS PUT IN THE GROUND THE NEXT'S DAY OR AT LEAST 3 DAYS. BUT IT WOULD HAD BE NICE TO HEAR ABOUT MY MOTHER DEATH, OTHER THAN THRU A LETTER. I WAS THEN SENT TO SEE THE DEPUTY WARDEN. WHO ALSO HAD OTHER THINGS ON HER MIND. AND STATED MAYBE YOUR SISTER DION'1 CALL. IN THE FIRST PLACE. I JUST LEFT. I WROTE A LETTER, PHOTO COPIED IT AND SEND IT TO MY EIGHT SISTERS. WHICH SIMPLY STATED: "JOBS 14:1-4" AND HAVE NOT WROTE AGAIN. THAT WAS 04-YEARS AGO. A FEW WEEKS LATER THE FAMILY LAWYER CAME TO SEE ME, AND GAVE ME A COPY OF

THE WILL. SHE HAD LEFT ME THE FARM IN
UPSTATE NEW YORK, WHICH HAS 600 ACRES.
AND WHERE I GREW UP, UNTIL UPROOTED
AND MOVED TO THE CLEVELAND, OHIO AREA.
WE ENTER THIS LIFE NAKED AND ALONE,
"THOMAS DE QUINCEY WROTE," AND WE LEAVE
IT THE SAME WAY." THE ONLY QUESTION
THEN IS, WHAT KIND OF PERSON ARE WE
IN BETWEEN THOSE TIMES. INDEPENDENT
AND STRONG OF MIND OR DEPENDENT ON
OTHERS AND UNSURE OF OURSELVES?? END
OF THOUGHTS FROM THE HEART..... SEE YOU
SOON.....