

Rhonda Lindaal  
1401 State School  
Gatesville TX 76599  
1584651 #

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To PROVE that even though there is  
NO self-defense Law in the State of Texas.  
That I acted in a state of mind of self-preservation.  
That there was a direct threat to my well-being and  
that my actions were reflective and not planned.  
There is no easy distinction between a right death  
and a wrong one. Death was Death. Only the circumstances  
and intent make it different. I realize I am not  
qualified to judge. Not then and not now.

But NO one else was there - NO one else  
there to help me, make him stop strangling  
me. I had to fight back or die....  
I grabbed the closest thing I had and hit him  
above his right nipple. I could of aimed for  
his throat - heart - kidneys But I didnt  
I just wanted him to let go. Due to the  
fact that he had 1.1 saturation of ethanol  
and 120mm of amphetamine ~~in~~ ~~in~~ his system, stated  
on the autopsy report he bled to death in 10 mins.  
I was connected to 911 from my cell phone while  
all this <sup>was</sup> happening. I ran screaming into the street  
on Christmas day 2008. For someone to call 911.  
I did not have on a shirt, I went to the  
Neighbors door for her to call 911. I have  
been incarcerated since Dec 25th 2008.

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I run my hand over my heart, feeling my scars and the scars left by others.

Who am I... Am I a result of what I decide or what's been done to me? There's this little voice inside my head that screams no, you will not take the best of me. If I lost what makes me who and what I am the things that define me and keep me whole what would be left? Just a mass of bodily processes and emptiness. Yes I can place my hands upon my scars, feel and see what is there and what scars have been left there by others. It does not define who I am I decide, no one else. But the fact of the matter is that there's simply a part of me that refuses. The survivor in me, the piece of me that is at my core that refuses to be a victim of life. I am not half the woman you may think I should be, because of what has been done to me, I am twice what anyone else is because I survived.

MEMENTO HOMO, QUIA PULVIS ES, ET IN  
DULVEREM REVERTERIS... REMEMBER that you  
ARE dust and to dust you SHALL RETURN...