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Questioning My Integrity

Today, I found myself angry that my integrity was questioned. I mean it bothered me so bad that my habits began to shake. And I know this'll seem petty to some, but for a person who really has changed they'll understand.

I used to boost, rob, and straight jack folks. I didn't give a damn, you all went except for my family. Today I know I'm Not like that. I haven't stolen anything more than anything I get furious when I'm stolen from.

Here's the deal. Yesterday they moved my roommate and I from fwing to dwing. We moved our stuff over to only find an inmates stuff still in the cell. So we waited in the dayroom with our stuff.

The officer came to get the inmates belongings. She kept asking if the fan in the cell belonged to my roommate or me because she had done peeped that the fan was illegal. We both were honest & said, "No". She even put the fan with my roommates stuff in the dayroom. My roommate returned the fan to the officer saying, "This isn't my fan."

The officer put the illegal fan with the other offenders stuff, then asked an inmate, to help her move the property. Little did she know in the process one of the offenders switched fans. Hell, I didn't even realize it & then again in prison what isn't your business isn't your business.

Well, today I'm in my prayer closet and I hear an offender at my door demanding to see my fan. What?! An officer was kind enough to read interference. She asked me politely would I care to prove the fan in my possession was mine.

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By no means did I have a problem with it. It's an officer giving me a direct order - so I done it. She declared my fan legally mine. The other inmate was still not satisfied.

The offender came at me sideways saying I scratched my info onto the fan. Ok - now you've gone to damn far. Then you ask to see the property slip on it. Excuse me - you are in white just like me.

It upset me because I know that my stuff is mine. I don't steal to get what I got. Yet, offenders who do want to justify what they do by thinking everybody else does it; so so they think. The thing is not everyone is trustworthy but some people are. I believe me to be a trustworthy person today. I'm also thinking I'm overly trusting.

I can't tell you why it seems to me that I'm bothered by this questioning all I know is that I am. I take pride in my integrity today. I got back to myself & before I leave this world I hope to right some of my wrongs.

When you question someone - you question their integrity.

I know today how horrible it feels when it's questioned. So, I'll allow myself to think twice before I go questioning people. In the meantime - to those who hold fast to their integrity... I applaud you.

Be Blessed.

A Frances

7-5-11

Another Day... Not Really

Today, I woke up with intentions of starting my day only to be told that we were in ICS mode. Unsure of the acronym of the letters I call it ~~Insane~~ Crazy Situation. This wasn't no ordinary ICS mode.

An older lady by the name of Nancy Garbrough passed away sometime in her sleep.

People die in prison every day, but this one really bothered me. Maybe it's because my father is incarcerated + his health isn't great. Maybe it's because I had dreams of my mother last night. (She's been dead six years) Or maybe it's because I'm reminded that God could choose to call me home in my sleep as well.

Regardless, I'm trouble by the thought. I'm troubled by her passing. Though I didn't know her I mourn for her. $\ddot{\smile}$. They say she had no one really. I think that's what bothers me the most.

I don't know how true it is, but I know this she was someones mother, and someones daughter. She deserves to be laid to rest by her family. Will I ever know if she was or not?

Not likely!

As an mother, daughter, sister, aunt, I am aware that I leave behind a legacy. I don't want my legacy to be prison. I want my legacy to be how I overcame the odds + stood on a firm foundation.

So, no, today is not another day. Not really. It's a day in which I realize this here won't be what I make of my life. No - I'll make my life everyday out there.

To the family of Nancy - may God bless you + keep you.

Frances