

SUNDAY 9/4/2011

HELLO WORLD!

IT'S DIFFICULT TO WRITE EVERYTHING I'D LIKE ON THIS BLOG BECAUSE I ALWAYS HAVE TO REMEMBER WHAT A TWISTED FALLEN WORLD WE LIVE IN. A SIMPLE TRUTH OR OBSERVATION CAN BE USED TO HARM ME OR OTHERS AROUND ME. PRISON IS A SUB-CULTURE WITHIN AMERICA THAT RESEMBLES A COMMUNIST DICTATORSHIP MORE THAN AN AMERICAN REPUBLIC THAT WE AVERAGE PEOPLE GROW UP BELIEVING. IT'S UNDERSTANDABLE OF COURSE, BUT IF I WERE TO REVEAL MANY OF THE ACTIVITIES, SITUATIONS, ATTITUDES AND EVIL BEHAVIOR DONE BY BOTH INMATES AND OFFICERS IT WOULD RESULT IN GREAT HARM TO MYSELF.

I IMAGINE IF YOU WILL, THE POLICE DEPARTMENT INSTALLING CAMERAS IN YOUR HOUSE AND AUTOMOBILE IN ORDER TO "WATCH" YOU 24 HOURS A DAY. KIND OF LIKE A REALITY T.V. SHOW WITHOUT ANY EDITING OR BREAKS. SOME OF YOU MAY EVEN LIKE THAT IDEA. Then there is a long list of rules you expected to comply with... okay, that's normal. Then one day you leave the toilet seat up and when you come home find a "ticket" from the police on the counter. You go to court and they put you on house arrest for 30-days and that promotion you were waiting for at work, well that's out the window. Now, let's say one

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Saturday morning you wake up and find your ten year old pretending to be spider man hanging outside your 5th floor apartment window using the curtain as his only support. Like any good parent you "spank" the snot out of him. An hour later the police arrest you for spanking your child and you end up in jail for 6 months.

That's prison life. On the one hand you must always be ready to fight, maybe even to the death, with inmates. You're forced to live ^{WITH}. On the other hand, officers at any time can make your life miserable by nit-picking because they're in a bad mood. Some get a "power trip" thrill by giving out petty tickets or picking on someone just because they know they can. It's a strange balance.

A couple of people wrote me, and I hope to hear from more guys like Siler and Turner ... anyone in fact. I'll write back. So I decided to try a "journaling" style approach to blog updates. Let me know if it works for you.

Tom D. Pinkley

Tuesday 9/6/2011

First day back to work at the Chapel following yesterday's, Labor Day, holiday. Weekends and holidays have lost their value for most of us in prison. In the world a long weekend meant family time, get away from work, enjoy a few beers at a B.B.Q. or football game.

In prison a holiday weekend means time slows to a crawl. No schools, or work or any other daily routines. Except for an hour a day on the yard for exercise and Sunday Church service everything stops. Especially mail which everyone anxiously hopes they might get. Sometimes it looks like a seal pod at the zoo when the fish bucket is brought out. At the 3-p.m. shift change of the officers, there is a noticeable increase in the number of men that from 8 to about 30. Everyone wants to see if they brought in a mail bag. Sometimes it's also wise to watch and see if it's a new officer, because there are some inmates who will "fish" for mail. It's sad, and infuriating, but it's easy to catch the guys that do it. If an officer is lazy, or simply doesn't care, a person can just reach out and take another man's mail.

Anyway, now weekends tend to be slow, sad, lonely days remembering what once was. You just keep busy so you don't have to think or feel anything.

Wm D. Cindery

Wednesday 9/7/2011

Fried chicken for lunch today! One of the best meals we get. It's never enough of course as a grown man would normally eat 3 pieces. Some guys are so large I don't know how they survive on these trays. Overall meals are well balanced and varied so no one should complain.

People are starving in Somalia in fact. Our current Chapel "fund drive" is going toward these refugees. Some guys can only send 50 cents since all they get is \$10.⁰⁰ a month from the state to buy hygiene items like toothpaste, soap etc.. Yet many men send in their part and it makes a difference. Our goal is \$800.⁰⁰ by Christmas and we're up to \$56.⁰⁰ ~~(\$140)=9/8/11~~ now. Our last fund raiser was for Haiti earthquake relief. We reached a goal of \$2000.⁰⁰ which was matched by a local church near us and this went to I.D.E.S. (International Disaster Emergency Service).

The biggest issue with our meals here is that it's only "food". It's like animals eating from a trough. When there's no "love" in the preparation, no "joy" in the serving and company, and you only have 10 minutes to wolf it down then it's simply a survival process. I'd rather eat an MRE in the rain, sitting in a muddy hole with brother Marines next to me. I know there are better days coming. *Wm D. Ciley*