

October 31, 2011

Hello World!

In my next blog I'll share with you what happened when orientation ended and I had to mingle with my fellow felons in San Quentin.

This week, well, my heart is heavy. I will turn 51 on November 6th. That's 25 birthdays behind bars. No cake. No presents. It really sucks. It truly is another day on the calendar. I suppose I could count the new grey hairs but that's depressing.

Every year when a birthday or holiday approaches it's too easy to wander down the poor me lane to wallow in the pity party of my making, but then I think of my victim and what she does not have. Yes. We were both involved in the dangerous world of drug dealing, but she did not deserve to die - no one does - regardless of the circumstances. She will never celebrate another birthday. She cannot even count the grey in her hair. And what weighs as heavy on me is what I did to her family. Her children and grandchildren are without a cornerstone in their lives. Instead of a celebration of life there is grief.

- No cake. No presents. -

All things considered I do not have the right to complain. I only have a duty to make amends, to do the impossible, and try to ease their pain, if it only means being a better man. I don't need cake or presents. What I need, and believe I have, is God's grace. With it it is sufficient to make it through each holiday and to fulfill my goals.

Thanks for checking in on me.

Sincerely,



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Novel: A Thundering Wind (Amazon.com)