

How I Got Here.

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I don't often talk about why I'm sitting in prison because I'm not particularly fond of the choices I have made to earn the TDC# 1508324. Though I'm not ashamed of my past, I am remorseful for my crime. I think that's the key to forgiving oneself for the choices one makes: remorse. Accepting responsibility is another component to self forgiveness.

I could point the finger & try to place blame on my childhood, my addictions, my friends, & my co-defendants, but when it all comes down to it I am responsible for the choices I made. I done something that I knew was morally wrong. I tampered w/ physical evidence in a capital murder & everyday I wish I could undo what I did.

Though I couldn't prevent a murder, I could have prevented the events that happened after I found the body. I could've chose differently, but I didn't. Out of fear or out of loyalty to people who were like family to me I made the choice to get rid of the body, clothes, etc. Everyday since I've lived with the remorse of my crime.

How I got here (cont)

(3)

That I've got to be wise as a serpent, but harmless as a dove. I've got to have my spiritual radar on as well as the armor of God. I also know I've got to make sound choices.

How I got here was by poor choices. How I stay out of here by making wise choices. Anyone who knows me knows I've got a good head on my shoulders. I just got to use it.

Now that I've seen parole & I'm waiting for my answer I'm no longer anxious. I'm pretty calm considering. But more than anything I've grown determined not to do the things that I done before to get me here.

I got me here... God'll get me out!