

## Sunday Calls

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Sunday calls are a major activity in any prison. The weekly calls connect people separated by the walls of Justice. This past week was the first Sunday I did not talk to my former wife C since coming into prison 30 months ago. She asked me not to call each week. She said it was too hard talk every week and make her own way. She needed the space. Oooh.

Technically we are still married - we have not processed the formal legal paperwork for divorce. But we have not been a couple really since she was informed of the extent of my unfaithfulness (years of cybersex) as a result of my criminal charges about three and half years ago. We had been together for 20 years not just lovers and parents, but friends too. So the shock of the extent of my lies were devastating to our relationship. C was my best friend. I threw that away and is very hard to absorb.

Sunday with no call to C.

hmmm...

I knew at some point that it would happen. Hearing my voice every week could not have been easy. I thought about asking her. Many times. But never did. I am sure I knew what she would say if I did ask. I wanted to delay the inevitable. I want her to make on her own. Maybe one day we can be friends again. But not now. Not for awhile. Maybe a long while, if ever.

Why I pulled away and throw us away is something I need to figure out.

Mindful Prisoner