

November 22, 2011

Hello World!

For those of you who may not know, when a reader of this blog posts comments, I receive through snail mail, a print out. It takes about 7-10 days to reach me. This past week I received the postings written by Simplelady61 and mickiewalker. I am continually humbled by their friendship and love. As a 'tough' inmate, it ain't cool to cry, but when I consider the decades that these women have uplifted me in prayer, I shout "Hallelujah" with moistened cheeks. May God bless you both abundantly.

My entire life has been enriched by beautiful women of wit, wisdom, great senses of humor, and hearts overflowing with love. From my grandmother, my mother, step-mom, and girlfriends, each showed me the wonders that God instilled in women. This has made my crime of killing a woman far more devastating to me than if my victim was a man. Don't get me wrong. All life is precious and the impact and suffering to all concerned is the same regardless of sex, but for me, without Christ carrying the majority of this burden, I would have been crushed under its weight. I have said many times, "God saved the creation of women for last, vastly improving on His first attempt at a human, that being a man."

Men suck!

Women Rock!

Continuing from last week's blog. My interview for a prison job was before Lieutenant T., in the same office where Mo worked. Ironically, it was in the Inmate Assignment Office. The Lt swiveled in his chair to face me, and asked, "You do drugs?" I replied, "No." He smiled and said, "Good. You can never trust a dope fiend." I nodded as I believed that was the appropriate response. Lt T. asked his final question. "Kill anybody?" The word, "Yes," stuck in my throat to come out as a stuttered affirmative. Lt T. stood to an imposing 6'2", his paunch, evidence of a wife who knew the way to her man's heart, caused me to step backward. His smile turned to a smirk as he declared, "Good. Only murderers work for me. They're the only god-damn class of convict you can trust." Lt T. slapped me on my shoulder and led me to my desk. Officially, I was assigned as the 103-B card clerk. On these cards, close to 5,000, were the current assignment of each inmate in San Quentin, their photograph, and their crimes. Scanning a few cards and the crimes printed on them, it was evident that this prison contained some very scary dudes. More later.

After receiving the letter, written in June of this year, from the daughter of my victim, asking me, "Why?" my mind filled with a million words, but when I attempted to put them in an order that made sense, none of them equalled the crime. Yes, I owed close to \$100,000.00 to a drug dealer - drugs that were lost when a customer of ours had been arrested. Yes, my business partner lied to the dealer saying we had the money. Yes, I had been threatened. And, no, I could not figure a way out of this mess. The only thing I could write, though wholly

inadequate, was to share my fear. This I did for nine pages. After three drafts I read my finished excuse, the reason to justify pulling the trigger, and ending a woman's life. This was the most important letter of my life. It was the worst letter I had ever written. Fear does not justify murder. Sliding the pages into an envelope and dropping it into the mail box I again admitted -- I suck!

Thanks for checking in on me.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Gregory Barnes Watson". The signature is fluid and somewhat stylized, with the first letters of each word being capitalized and prominent.

Gregory Barnes Watson

Novel: A Thundering Wind (Amazon.com)