

November 26, 2011

Hello World!

I have come to the end of the four day Thanksgiving holiday. Drizzle and rain outside, contemplation of blessings inside. Did I say, "Blessings"? It is close to profane to use blessings and prison in the same discussion but even though the two would seem to be mutually exclusive, blessings can penetrate these walls. In my case they have and warm my heart.

I'm jumping ahead in my victim-offender story, but a holiday deserves a treat. It is important to remember that crime and its affects are not singular. It is like dropping a boulder into a calm pool of water. The waves of destruction move out in every direction and when they reach the shore, like a tsunami, it's devastating.

In light of this, the passing of 25 years, and the honesty that I poured into my letter to my victim's family, when I hung up the telephone on Thanksgiving eve, their words of "We wish you and your family a Happy Thanksgiving," sang in my ears and acted as a warm blanket on a bitter cold night. That was a blessing - a miracle.

I have had many sleepless nights in prison. Some caused by fear - others from the heavy burden of the pain I caused. These last four nights have been from wonderment. I am undeserving of their kindness and forgiveness. Yes, I said, "Forgiveness." I have nothing to offer in return and yet they gave to me a gift that is equal to life.

I took it - they gave it freely.

I am in prison and I am blessed.

Thanks for checking in on me.

Sincerely,



Gregory Barnes Watson  
D-67547 C-Gym-118-M  
PO Box 409060  
Ione CA 95640

Novel: A Thundering Wind (Amazon.com)