

December 13, 2011

Hello World!

I had planned to return to sharing my early days housed within San Quentin within this blog but the walls came tumbling in on me.

My father suffered a stroke.

Prison is a nightmare on its best day, an environment to battle with every ounce of strength to survive and attempt to overcome. This strength comes from family, friends, and God. My only sister passed in 1994, my mother in 2007, and though my father promised me he would stay alive until I'm free, the reality of advancing age cannot be denied.

Thankfully, mercifully, my father survived, but is now in a rehabilitative center. I have been unable to speak with him.

This is where the term "cruel and unusual punishment" comes in to play. I should be by his side. I cannot. I committed a crime. I am being punished, however, my loved ones suffer, too. I can do nothing - absolutely nothing - except pray.

Throughout time we humans have cried out, "Why?" to a silent God. We are suppose to love God more than our parents. If this be the case, why then does God give us such wonderful, loving, sacrificing parents?

I do love God but I also love my father. I am unlikely to ever be willing to give either up without a fight. If God is as merciful and compassionate as is claimed, He will understand. Unfortunately, there is ample evidence that my God is a jealous God.

All I can do is pray.

Thanks for checking in on me.

Cordially,



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Novel: A Thundering Wind (Amazon.com)