

February 6, 2012

Hello World!

"There's something in the fog." It's a classic line from an old horror movie. As an inmate, taking it at face value, there is nothing in the fog because we are locked down -- no movement. No work. No school. Nothing. However, fog also obliterates the concrete cubes, the barbed wire topped fences, and the gun towers. It's an eraser from God to wipe away the results of my poor choices. I could even say the whiteness is the washing away of my sins against man and God. It is a dew point manifestation of Christ's cleansing of my soul. It is a beautiful thing.

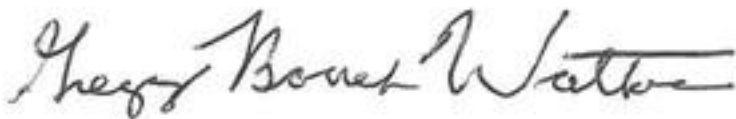
As if magically opening a window to allow the cloud to envelop me, my petty worries of this world disappear. There are no mountains of clothes to wash in the laundry where I work; there is no concern if I will be allowed to shower today; the restitution that I rightly must pay, its burden floats away as the drops on a breeze that no man can see. I laugh at the absurdity that worry makes a difference. It was wasted energy that I could have put into productivity, of prayers of praise, and letters of gratitude.

I wish to walk in the fog my entire life. However, it is a fleeting thing because the sun will eventually prevail to force the clarity of my day, of the consequences of paths that should never have been taken. Regardless, when it clears and my cell door pops open for work call, I'll choose not to fret. I'll refuse to be crushed by the concrete cubes or cut by the barbed wire because what I've been shown is a glimpse of a world where nothing man creates matters. It will all be wiped clean.

"There is something in the fog. Me!"

Thanks for checking in on me.

Cordially,



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Novel: A Thundering Wind (Amazon.com)