

One of the hardest aspects of being here is...

Not being able to check up on the family when things seem wrong. Here in prison we are at the mercy of circumstances. That is how I saw things this last week anyway. I had attempted to call home to my Mom, who is awesome in every way, when the recorded voice of our phone system told me that the call had been refused. I tried it a half dozen times and got the same results. My mother would never not take my call, so what was happening? Add to that, I received a letter from my dear Aunt Charlene asking me to call her at my Aunt Diana's home because she needed to talk to me.

Neither one of those things were normal in any way. I was left with my fears that something had hapened to my Mom, my dearest friend in the world, and had no way to check up on things. In fact it was time to lock it up. So I was stuck in my "home" and left to wonder what in the world was going on. It made for a pretty rough day and night. I have sense learned that all is fine at home, that the phone was disconnecting when my sister tried to allow my call to switch in. My Aunt Di says all is fine with Char, that she just wanted to speak with me as it had been a while, nothing major.

It would seem as though something as small as a call not going through and a letter asking my to call out of the blue would not mean much, but taken together ewith the fact i had not spoken to home in over a week and it got rough.

In my last post I shared a bit about feeling lost at age 9. That is true. What is also true is that my mother overcame great personal difficulty, has defeated every demon in life and had risen to great hieghts. She is an awesome woman, mother and friend. She has a story that inspires many more people than she knows and I hope to share some on that in the near future. Until then, think good thoughts and shame the devil (Phil 4:8-9).

This is my 6th post, can someone outthere confirm this for me by comment please? thanks!