

Some days are better than others

This last week or so has been really rough. My job is probably coming to an end due to cuts in the budget. That I do not mind to much, although the \$20 or so pay each month will be missed. The job, since being promoted to Lead T.A. in Vocational Office services has turned into a pain. I now act as a problem solver more than anything else and I miss the one on one with the students.

I am due for my annual review and that means I could go up for transfer. Transfer for an inmate means leaving behind every friend you may have made in the facility for good. You loose all friendships and can no longer have any contact with them. Period.

When I look out the small window on my door, the first thing I see each day is the sign "No Warning Shots."

My cellie is terminal with liver disease of some kind. Two years ago he was giving just months to live. Friday he sat down on his bed and could not move and kept saying things that did not make any since. I am blessed to be able to serve him. That means getting his shoes on, dressed, etc. I just did his laundry, sheets and all. He seems to resent me and does little things to let me know it, like peeing on the floor. NOT a good day!

Last night I was speaking to a family member about a request I had sent concerning a financial situation. I would normally be receiving a pair of shoes or something about this time of year, instead I had request cash for cost to cover my enrollment fee for the Seminary I wish to enter. I have full tuition deferment until after I parole but must pay the \$50 for enrollment. This family member amazes me with her support and care. When I called and breached the subject of my request it seemed to upset her, like maybe I was being inpatient. I just hate the way I feel as a result.

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