

HELLO EVERYONE,

HOW IS IT OUT THERE IN WONDERLAND? AFTER FIVE AND A HALF YEARS IN JAIL I STILL FEEL LIKE I'M FALLING DOWN THE RABBIT HOLE. IT DOES GET STRANGER AND STRANGER IN HERE.

IT MAKES YOU LOOK AT THINGS DIFFERENTLY FOR SURE. I USE TO THINK EVERYONE WAS UNIQUE, DIFFERENT, LIKE A SNOWFLAKE. BUT IN HERE THE MAJORITY SEEMS IDENTICAL, SO MUCH ALIKE THAT BESIDES LOOKS YOU WOULD HAVE A HARD TIME TELLING THEM APART.

IT IS KIND OF AMAZING, IT SEEMS ABOUT EIGHTY PERCENT SHOULD BE IN FIFTH GRADE, I GUESS THAT SAYS A LOT ABOUT OUR SOCIETY HUH?

WE DROPPED THE BALL SOMEWHERE ALONG THE WAY.

ANOTHER THING I VIEW DIFFERENTLY IS RELIGION. MAN REALLY GOT IN THE WAY OF THAT ONE. YOU SHOULD BELIEVE IN YOUR CHOSEN DENOMINATION, BUT I BELIEVE DENOMINATIONS IS WHAT ^{IS NOT} ITS ABOUT EITHER. WE SHOULDN'T JUDGE OR ALIENATE OURSELVES FROM OTHERS BECAUSE THEY DON'T BELIEVE LIKE WE DO. I THINK WE GOT OUR PRIORITIES MIXED UP ALONG THE WAY AND RAN OFF SOME GOOD PEOPLE FROM OUR CHURCH'S BECAUSE THEY DIDN'T LOOK OR ACT LIKE US.

I SAW ON THE NEWS THAT RAY BRADBURY PASSED AWAY. I NEVER READ HIS BOOKS BEFORE I CAME TO JAIL. WHAT A WRITER! I JUST FINISHED A BOOK OF HIS SHORT STORIES. HE HAS A UNIQUE WAY OF TAKING YOU BACK TO YOUR CHILDHOOD. IN ONE THE STORIES TWO YOUNG BOYS WENT IN THE LOCAL THEATER, IT REMINDS ME OF PICKING COKE BOTTLE CAPS FOR SATURDAY. YOU COULD GET IN THE THEATER FOR SIX BOTTLE CAPS, I KNOW, I SOUND LIKE AN OLD GEZER.

I HAD A VISIT WITH JOSEPH LAST SATURDAY. OH YEAH, MOM

AND FAITH WERE THERE TO, SORRY GUNS, BUT WHEN HE'S THERE EVERYONE ELSE SEEMS TO FADE INTO THE BACKGROUND. THREE YEAR OLD BOYS SUCK ALL THE ENERGY FROM THEIR UNIVERSE AND IT BURST OUT OF ^{THEIR} BODIES. HE'S SO COOL, HE HAS A LAUGHTER THAT WOULD MAKE THE ANGELS IN HEAVEN JEALOUS, BUT HE INHERITED IT FROM HIS MOTHER AND AUNT JO.

WE ARE ON LOCK-DOWN RIGHT NOW. THE BURGUNDY TEAM IS IN AND THEY GO ROOM TO ROOM AND SHAKE YOU DOWN. IT'S NOT SO BAD EXCEPT SOME OF THEM WILL TEAR YOUR ROOM APART, BUT IT'S A NECESSARY EVIL I GUESS. THEY'RE LOOKING FOR DRUGS, WINE, WEAPONS, AND TOBACCO, AND CELL PHONES. A GUY GOT CAUGHT WITH ONE A FEW WEEKS AGO SO THEY'RE ON THE PRAWL. I SUPPOSE MOST EVERYONE OUT THERE HAS ONE NOW. SEEMS LIKE EVERYONE IS TALKING OR TEXTING ALL THE TIME, I DID MY SHARE I GUESS. I WONDER WHAT PERCENTAGE OF ALL THOSE CONVERSATIONS IS RELEVANT? WHERE WAS ALL THAT NEEDED TALK BEFORE CELL PHONES? DID WE KEEP IT ALL BOTTLED UP UNTIL THEY WERE INVENTED? AND ALL THOSE HOURS YOU SPEND TEXTING WHILE YOUR HOLDING A PHONE, WOULDN'T IT BE EASIER TO JUST CALL? I KNOW, I KNOW, THE OLD GEEZER IS COMING BACK OUT, SO I'LL WRAP THIS UP.

P.S. IT WAS REALLY COOL TO HEAR FROM YOU JASON RAINIER. THANK YOU AND YOUR FAMILY FOR ALL YOUR PRAYERS, THAT GOES FOR EVERYONE ELSE AS WELL. HANG ON, KEEP PRAYING, THINGS ARE GOING TO GET INTERESTING SOON.

LOVE, JOE