

July 6, 2012

Hello World!

The Oxford dictionary defines 'anticipation' as 4) look forward to. Anticipation can be a good or bad thing. I noticed it followed 'Antichrist' in the dictionary. Anticipation certainly can bedevil a person if the emotion is not kept in check and it turns to worry.

Life is all about anticipating things. When young we anticipate birthdays, wanting to grow older. (Boy, were we stupid.) Then at a certain age it's milestones and occasions: graduation, weddings, births, and anniversaries.

For me, I anticipate visits and deaths. The first are too infrequent, bringing the joy of hugs, loving smiles, and conversations not interrupted by the telephone recording beeps and audio reminders that "You are speaking with an inmate." Deaths are unfortunately inevitable. This is when I feel the most useless. I'm unable to grieve with family, to celebrate the life the person lived, or to simply be present as one who cares. To say all I can do is pray is not to diminish God's power, but at funerals, wakes, and memorials, an embrace of the flesh is often preferred.

I have lost many in my 26 years of incarceration. I have many grave sites to visit, to pay my respects, and to weep over. However, I will keep the departed's twinkling smile foremost in my mind, and remember their love for me.

In the meantime, I will happily anticipate July 14th and 15th. This upcoming weekend will be a special and unique gathering. It will be a convergence on Mule Creek State Prison of those who love and have forgiven me. What a celebration! I wish I possessed a few 4th of July fireworks - at least some sparklers to wave. The group will consist of my father and mother - almost a year since I've seen them and seven months since my father's stroke. Also, a very dear, high school lady who brings a constant smile to my heart. And, extra special, which says a whole, WHOLE lot, will again be the family of my victim. I want to hug them all and never let go, to allow each to feel my love and deep appreciation for the time, energy, and expense of traveling from Washington State, Nevada, New York, and Southern California to see me. Am I blessed or what? BLESSED!!

I would, however, certainly understand if my victim's family would decline the hug - considering. I simply wish to express my joy by their presence and affection for their forgiveness. Maybe in time - God's time.

So - anticipation. There is joy and sorrow within this word and in my daily life. At least for a weekend I can be grateful and anticipate the joy.

Thanks for checking in on me.

Cordially,

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Novel: A Thundering Wind
(Amazon.com)