



BETWEEN
THE
BARS

GARY FIELD
DC # M05398
CENTURY CE,
CENTURY PL
E103 32535

7/27/12

Hello There -

I WAS GOING TO GET TO
THAT POINT WHEN I ANSWERED
THE QUESTION: "WHAT'S A GUY LIKE
ME DOING IN A PLACE LIKE THIS?"

HOWEVER, AS THE RECOLLECTION
FLOWED OUT ONTO THE PAGES I
FOUND MYSELF BECOMING A BIT
SHOOKED UP - I DON'T SPEND
MUCH TIME BOBBING ALONG ON THE
WAVES OF GRIEF, SO WHEN I FELT
THE 'TIDE RISING' I HURDLED FOR
THE SAFETY OF SHORE. :)

I'LL GET BACK TO IT, OF COURSE,
BUT UNBELIEVABLY - IT HAPPENS TO
BE THE ANNIVERSARY (THAT FEELS LIKE
THE WRONG WORD) OF THAT TRAGIC
SERIES OF EVENTS THAT LED TO MY
ARREST.

IN THE MEANTIME, I WANTED
TO STATE A FEW MORE POINTS - :)
LET ME PROVIDE A BIT OF BACKGROUND
FIRST -



Although I once attended Columbia University - I have been Blessed to have earned a Graduate of Theology, and a Bachelors of Biblical Studies while serving time here at Century C.I.

If it may be God's will, Praise for His Glory, I hope to complete the thesis for one of the 2 masters programs that I am currently enrolled in by the end of this year. (One with the Gulf Coast Bible College - The other with Covenant Bible College and Seminary Tallahassee)

The fact is, if it had not been for the strength and guidance that I was able to find within the Word of God - Fighting the pain and loneliness that prison can produce would have been unbearable...

It would have been like trying to fight the lightning with a slingshot - Each flash would have only revealed how hopeless the battle, and in the darkness between the flashes, doubts would have echoed like rolling thunder, and the tears fallen down like rain.

As I've spent the past few years pouring the word of God into my spirit, it has been flowing outward in the form of poems, hymns and psalms of praise - I have written hundreds of such pieces, and it is my hope that I may have them published by a non-profit publishing house in the not too distant future. (I hope to have the proceeds go toward funding viable prison ministries, and/or reentry programs.)

Once again it's almost "lights out" here at the University of Adversity - so I'm going to bring this train of thought into the station.

Friday A.M. is the last chance for "snail mail" to leave the compound until Monday - by the way, mail is dropped off on the way to breakfast... which is served at 4:00 A.M.!!

O.K. - I'm out

GARY

Enjoy the poems (and please write!)