

July 22, 2012

Hello World!

A guy thing? Maybe, however, I can't speak for the fairer sex. Topic of discussion - old friends. Yesterday I enjoyed a visit from my best friend from good ol' Yuba City High School. I had not seen or spoken with him since 1980. Why so long? Well, his title was Correctional Sergeant. Yep. He was a prison guard and me being an inmate he was prohibited from having any contact with me.

The only reason we could reestablish our friendship was that during a chow hall riot at the prison where he worked his back was broken and he is now retired. Back to the guy thing. After a long over due hug, we sat and chatted as if no time had passed since our last motorcycle trip from Yuba City to Quincy, a small mountain town in the Sierras. Memorable because we both received speeding tickets for going 57 in a 55 mph speed zone. Really?! Then the weather turned from sunny to snowy. At our destination I lost my bike key. I had to ride as passenger back home. Crazy weekend - a fond memory.

During our conversation, he revealed to me just how far my crimes' impact reached. During his background check for the job, the system discovered that we were friends in high school. He was classified as a potential security risk. It didn't matter that the crime occurred six years from our last contact and 500 miles from Yuba City, there was a tie in history. My friend had to explain our relationship. So unfair. The ripple of my poor choices continued to affect the innocent.

I ask myself, "Does it ever end?" Sadly, the answer is, "No." I cannot outrun, outlive, or out good my past. I can be forgiven, but it doesn't change history. My history is carved in a grave stone. Sorry to be morbid but to keep it real and in the forefront of my mind prevents me from ever trivializing my acts or to accept the premise that time heals all wounds.

True - through reconciliation my many victims have found a measure of peace, but their memory can neither be erased, nor their loss replenished.

Despite this burden I carry, for five hours a steadfast friend sat with me. He reminded me of my good qualities and to cling to them. Also to thank God for blessings seen and unseen.

I certainly will.

Thank God for friends who never forget and for time that ignores the passage of years - a guy thing? A human thing.

Thanks for checking in on me.

Cordially,



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Novel: A Thundering Wind (Amazon.com)