

ENRAPTURE

9-27-12

It was June 1, 2012 and the day was going like every other Friday at Marion Correctional. I did my clothes exchange early that morning and the sewing plant were closed. So that put me stuck in the dorm all day. I had got into three arguments at the card table with the same inmate, who I'm going to refer to as T.K.

Anyways, it was about 3:00 p.m. and I was sitting in the back of the dayroom speaking with another inmate who is known as O.G. I was telling O.G. that I was ready to leave Marion, but the only way was to go to long term lock-up. I was explaining to him how I haven't heard anything from my Daughter's Mother in 2 years. How my brothers and sisters don't write. How my Mother was sick and how she haven't heard from or seen my daughter or her mother in 7 months. I was frustrated.

All he could tell me was to pray. Which I responded by telling him that everytime I pray some bad happen. And beside I really don't pray being that I am a Neo-Pagan. I told him that I meditate and do small rituals and rites. While I was explaining this to O.G., T.K. came back there and jumped into our conversation. (That really got me heated) T.K. started making un-necessary remarks about wiccans and pagans. By not really caring about anything at that time, I stood up and told him to get his cell open. Then I left and went to my cell and put my shoes on and grabbed what I call my protection. When I come back to the dayroom, O.G. came up to me and begged me not to

do anything stupid. Just because I respect O.G. I told him that I would chill, but the next time T.K. do anything that I feel is wrong I was going to send him out on a stretcher.

Well, about 5 minutes later my whole personality and mentality changed. The Correctional Officer came into the dorm and passed out the mail. After getting my mail I sat back down beside O.G. I flipped the envelop over and seen my daughter name on it. By the time I finished reading her letter I was crying. I was so happy, I couldn't stop smiling, as tears of joy rolled down my face. When I glanced side-ways I seen O.G. crying. I let him see the pictures that my Princess colored for me and let him read the letter. Then I went to my cell and wrote her back immediately. And for the next 2 days I talked O.G. head off about her.

Since that day we have been staying intouch, and everytime I get a letter from her I feel the same way, enrapture. I haven't gotten a write up or anything since she has been writing me. I'm no longer in close custody I am now in medium custody. I just wanted to share that.