

October 2, 2012

Hello World!

One thing that I have always strived to achieve in prison is personal safety. Foremost is keeping other men out of my posterior. Today I failed. It's okay to wince.

Allow me to elaborate. I was informed that when an inmate passes 50 he wins a free finger wiggle. Then I was told to bend over. What?! I didn't even know the man's first name. Yeowza! At least he wore gloves... maybe so as not to leave fingerprints, Ha Ha Ha
The results: my prostate felt normal. Thank God for that and slender fingers.

So - why would I mention this incident? Faith. In life it is a falsehood to believe we have control over anything. In prison this point is expressed in everything I am not allowed to do. The things I am I first have to ask permission. It so sucks. However, it can be strangely liberating. If I cannot do it and when I can staff says, "No," the only one I can turn to is God. True, He may say, "No," or "Not now," but everything God does or doesn't do for me is in my best interest.

My faith comes regarding my safety, sanity, and maintaining good health. Over the years I have suffered and been treated for hernias, glaucoma, Hashimoto's, and cancer. Many men in California's penal system have not fared so well. They died. It is often easy to panic because it is difficult to live one's life in faith. Then

again, when all else is taken, faith will remain.

I may have failed to keep another man out of my butt, but God delivered me past 50, so I am a winner, even if the prize was a finger wiggle.

Thanks for checking in on me.

Cordially,

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Novel: A Thundering Wind
(Amazon.com)