

October 14, 2012

Hello World!

Being convicted of murder I fell into the abyss - a true bottomless hole. While still near the surface, friends and loved ones visited, wrote letters, and accepted my collect telephone calls. With each passing year, as I fell deeper into the darkness and farther away, I became irrelevant to all but my parents and one or two friends. Blinded by the inky black and chilled to the bone as my body hurtled downward, the only light and warmth came from the spark of Christ.

A topsider could say, "Isn't God enough?" My response - it would be if I had the faith of a mustard seed, but I am weak. My flesh cried out for what I believed I knew as love - a woman's touch. God's answer - "No." I was unworthy. I squandered previous relationships. I failed to appreciate their true value. I kept on falling until it was revealed to me that the cold wind was God's chastising breath tearing away the old me. The blindness was a stripping away of the insignificant things I saw and chased after. The sense of falling was my insecurity in God who had at all times held me safe.

In time, I accepted my place. I was set apart from the world and the special love of a woman. So when my heart ached, I said, "Until you, Lord, know I am ready, I will cling to you and that which is unseen - hope."

Twenty-five years later I found myself sitting in the prison visiting room and gazing into the captivating eyes

of simplelady61. She held my hand and spoke words that brought tears of healing balm to my lonely heart - "I Love You." A topsider could say, "What kind of crazy person could love a murderer serving a life sentence?" My answer - a brave one. I haven't asked her what the 61 stands for, but it's my guess that it is the number God stopped counting at as he generously placed attributes into her during her creation. I can begin to name them with radiant beauty and continue with brains, compassion, wit, kindness, and a heart that pours out a love whose source is straight from God.

I found myself disbelieving that a woman such as simplelady61 could love me. I trembled, fearful that it was a cruel joke, and that at any minute she would vanish. In a panic I turned to God and asked, "Is she real? Is she really mine?" God's answer - "She is real but she is not yours. She belongs to me. I have sent her to you to cherish. Love her as I have loved you - unconditionally."

My trembling has transformed to tingling. I am light-headed and giddy. When in her presence, any darkness or evil that exists within my prison world flees. They are fearful of the pureness of the love we are sharing. I tell simplelady61 that I love her a million times, which is saying, "I will always cherish you," while thanking God for making me wait - for making me worthy.

Thanks for checking in on me,

Cordially,

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Novel: A Thundering Wind

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