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Dear Blog,

I've been ignoring you because of a disappointment over a substantial introductory packet that I sent in, but which seems to have not made it onto the blog. It was a difficult choice to go all in - sending in an autobiography that cut to the marrow, and other personal writings, with a painted self-portrait of sorts - and then get frustrated over how my forced attempt to connect with someone out there, has resulted in parts of me that I was saving to share with the future family I hope to have, be lost.

I've decided to look ahead at the opportunity provided by B.T.B. rather than dwell on the loss.

The last year has been a quagmire of prison bliss.

I removed myself - rather forced the therapist to remove me - from Sex Offender Therapy (S.O.T.P.) a couple weeks from transition. I had to wait 17-months before I would see the Utah Board of Pardons & Parole (BOP) and I was abusing pain medications. I felt that transitioning then would do me a disservice, as I believed I would continue to struggle with the meds, and if given parole in such a state, ultimately fail. I made the choice in light of the fact that every single person that I know who has been removed from SOTA, after 6-months, were allowed back into the program. By math, I could set out 6-months in which time I could sober up, and return for 11-extra months of therapy.

What I got: after the first 6 months they refused to let me back in, and even refused to put me back on the "waiting" list. This, in their twisted world, equates to my refusing to volunteer for SOTA, thus keeping me at a punitive privilege

level—no work, education, programming, visits, ect...; but, it does provide for great lessons in doing cell time: who needs rehabilitation anyway.

After a year of them refusing to let me participate, it became obvious what they intended. I wrote the BOP and informed them of my situation—I had written them prior to my removal, informing them of my plan then—and explained that I had no desire to see them again, as I knew that seeing the board without a transition, is a guaranty of a re-hearing. I requested that if they wanted to parole me, to do so to a MIO program—its a program that helps some inmates reintegrate into society. I figured over 21-years incarcerated would make me a candidate—apparently not. I requested a expiation of my sentence—a “fine, give me every day of my sentence, I just don’t want to see you again” request—if they didn’t want to parole me to the MIO.

I requested that they just mail me their decision.

Ironically, a week after I mailed the BOP, the SOTF team decided to let me back on the “Waiting” list.

I was made to appear before the BOP in August, 2012. I reiterated the written request, was told my PTSD diagnosis and 21-years of prison didn’t qualify me for the MIO—Mentally Ill Offender—program. As a slap in the face, they gave me a 2-year re-hearing. Idiots. They use repeated re-hearings to justify their growing bureaucracy: “we need more hearing officers to see all these inmates” They create more victims—children with out there parents, parents without children, families continued to be broken—than they prevent, with repeated re-hearings. Do I really

need to see them a 5th time? Really?? Utah!

I've now been a punitive G privilege level-or lower- for over 24-months. This is great rehab, I know every lump in my mat by heart.

They didn't give me my levels back after I was placed back on the waiting list, because they couldn't verify the SOTP sealed letter stating I was back on the list.

That's their issue. Several weeks later I gave them reason to lower my levels even more.

This is almost as good as fiction. The program-SOTP- removed an old man-73-years old- because of failing health, and dementia. He had had a heart attack 2-months earlier, and his mind has been slipping for years. Side bar: so they dropped his levels, also for failing to volunteer for SOTP.

This old man was being picked on by a huge-280 pound- was his claim- Indian: dot not feather. After the third time of confronting this person, a less than evangelical "laying on of hands" ensued.

I passed the resulting knuckle/torso, but failed to explain to their satisfaction, how my image was captured in the mirror, when I was supposedly painting, when the officers returned, for a follow up C.S.I. questioning.

After I was moved around on TRD-temporary removal order- they placed me in a cell by myself, and just like them, they assigned me to the top bunk, even though the bottom bunk was unoccupied. This was a little disconcerting, considering the cell has no locker, desk

or any means of assistance, to traverse the 5'3" height. The only item in the room that isn't affixed to the wall or floor, is a wobbly, 26"X16"X16" property box.

I attempted to move an unused desk into the cell, as an aid to climbing, as this was the only cell with out one, but the Sergeant denied me.

I fell and hurt my knee. Wrote a grievance over the whole issue. Continued to ask for help, and later fell a second time, seriously injuring my shoulder. I refused to sleep on the top bunk after that, and moved to the vacant bottom bunk.

Anyone know a lawyer?

Some good news: I finally got approval for curriculum from the Sutton Guitar Institute, to be sent in. My playing is improving, largely because I built a to specs guitar to practice on while I am doing my "how to become a better cell timer" rehabilitation program. This week I got access to a guitar - electric at that - for 7-hours so far. I have blisters on blisters, waiting for the callus' to come back.

I also got back into therapy last week, and I'm back at my gym job, training the elderly and medically infirm.

'Til next time.

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