

Daniel Gwynn Blog Update  
Date: 12/11/12  
Subject: "Home For The Holidays"

From November to January, I'm wishing I was home for the holidays. I never thought that I could miss my family so much. I try to block out the mental anguish as best as I can, and the precious memories (before my addiction) of many Christmases past help me to survive. It's never been easy, but I've managed to make it through one day at a time.

To help keep the spirit of Christmas alive, I decorate my cell with the holiday cards I've received, and put up my little paper tree. Many prisoners & guards have complimented, and commented, on my festivity over the years. I was eventually recruited to help decorate the block. My contribution was a 3 ft. cardboard tree adorned with paper ornaments, tinsel & a star on top. It's held up for 5 years so far:)

Every night, my heart aches for the love & craziness of my family & friends. As I look around my cell admiring my handiwork, reflections of holidays past come to mind just as if it were yesterday: Fighting with my cousins over who will put what on the tree, and knocking it over; or untangling the multiple strings of lights, and trying to find the blown ones so we could get it working; and I can't forget sneaking down the stairs and getting under the tree to get an early start on unwrapping gifts. I've always thought that the best part was when everyone was seated around the table saying grace--giving thanks for family, friends & God's blessings.

Many years of my addiction has tarnished the spirit of Christmas between 1987 & 1994, and I still bare the scars of shame for what I had done. I've hurt my family, friends & community during my shameful behavior. I wish I could change all of those moments, but the damage is done. Many have forgiven me my transgressions, and have allowed me to make amends. I pray that one day, the community will be able to do the same.