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Dear Blog,

Its official, the Mental Health group I was involved in, was disband for being too disturbed. If I didnt know better, this could be ego damaging. I mean, for hells sake, when you to f\*\*\*ed-up for therapy, there might be a problem.

In actuality, the therapist has been showing serious signs of fatigue - 15 years of working with prisoner psychosis - and today's group pushed him over the edge. The psychiatrist here at Utah Doc. has shown a propensity towards abruptly stopping inmates psych meds. This is not good. One of our group members was on his second day without his meds, and he snapped a little bit on his daughter's mother, in terms showing less than high regard for her. The therapist took offense to the terms of endearment being articulated by a father being denied parental rights, which resulted in first, a melt down in communication, and then, the termination of our group.

The good news, I now get an extra hour to play guitar at music school on Thursday afternoons.

The bad news, the weight of working Mental Health seems to be taking its toll on Wasatch's therapist, leaving him worse for the wear, and inmates without adequate Mental Health resources.

Well, my beloved Broncos bowed out of the playoffs in the first round, taking my fantasy playoff picks down with them. Next year, baby.

I'm getting back into my training regiment, now that I'm back at Special Gym, training the elderly and infirm. This morning I spent an hour training a paraplegic, and an hour doing yoga with our yoga group. Tonight my left shoulder—where the triceps connects to the upper body—is killing. I'm staying tight, just working range of motion mostly, but even that causes pain. Rehab isn't easy.

I don't know what I've previously written about injuring my shoulder, but in short, They-DOC—made me climb up on a wobbly box to traverse between floor and top bunk, resulting in me falling and injuring my knee. I reported the fall and the dangerous living conditions—they had put me in a room with no desk or safety ladder, and assigned me to the top bunk even though the bottom bunk was empty—and when they refused to address the issue, leaving me to mount and dismount via an up-ended locker box, inevitably I fell again, injuring my shoulder area.

It sucks. It's been almost 5-months, and I still have problems, but it is improving.  
Until next entry.

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