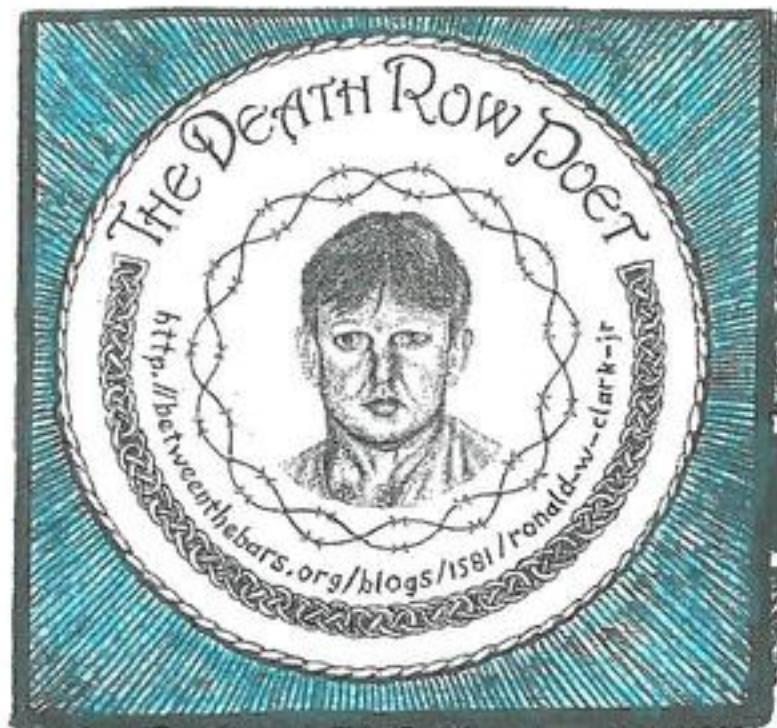


# Daily Journal

February 19, 21, 2013



Tuesday February 19, 2013 6:45am. I'm heart broken this morning, a letter came back last night from a good friend Ray and on the envelope is

"Return to sender Deceased." She was a wonderful woman. We had been writing for 13 years. She was a simple woman with a kind loving heart. She didn't have a TV, or computer. When she needed the internet, she would go to the library. She didn't even own a car. She didn't have any religious beliefs. Yet, she was the example of love, compassion and mercy. It's a heart-breaking loss. I'm going to try to have someone find out how she died. Didn't sleep well last night because of this. I kept waking up thinking about her.

7:30am I go to see the psychologist. at 9am. I hope to see the doctor about getting my prozac. I got in four letters last night, so I need to write them. I also have to write another attorney concerning this slander my knee is hurting so bad. I'm going to have to get something done about this. The pain is getting out of control. I need to get going.

10:33am I was out there over an hour and a half. I see MR. Byrd then DR Greeley who has prescribed me prozac. I probably won't get it for another 2 or 3 days. Damn I hate that Ray has died. I lost Fiona in August of last year to that stinking ass cancer. I really felt for her family. She had a son + a daughter like 12 + 13. Fiona was a real sweet heart. I lost Sherron in January 2005 to cancer. And my uncle Stanley died of cancer in or about 2002 my aunt Pat in 1990. Ray dying made me think of all of that. Life - we just never really know here one



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minute, gone the next, and there's nothing fair about it. Cause if it was fair Kay, Fiona, Sharron and Patty would still be here. I, on the other hand would be dead. I'm going to listen to some music and after lunch exercise.

11:52am. Just finished eating. The guys are going to recreation this afternoon. I'll do some push-ups and see what else comes to mind. Sure wish I could go out.

4:39pm I haven't done anything. I've just been laying around. I'm going to sleep at 5:30 soon as they come by for the last check. I'm gone. Kay dying has just been weighing heavily on my heart. Chow's late, the runner's just went to get the food carts. I really want to find out how Kay died. I'm just so tired from the lack of sleep. Just kept thinking about Kay, she had a hell of a vocabulary. Her letters were one of a kind. Damn I'm going to miss her. I'm going to lay down and call it a day.

**Wednesday February 20, 2013** 8:05am. Just finished writing my mom. They called rec down here only 2 guys went out. I slept from 6pm yesterday till 5am. I took a bunch of sinus pills. Those things put me to sleep. At least I got some rest. I also wrote another card. I'm trying to find out what happened with Kay. She lived in Norwalk, Ca. Damn she was a really good woman. I'm fixing to clean this cell and then write or exercise.

8:57am. Just finished cleaning this cell. I scrubbed down the cell bars walls, bunk floor, sink toilet, everything. Fixing to have a cup of coffee walk for a bit, and then decide what to do next write, exercise, or work on this stationary.

11:35am just finished eating. I wrote a blog Blade Runner earlier. But other

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than that, I haven't done anything. Did some walking I've got to exercise here shortly. At least bump off some pushups. Hope to get my prozac by Friday. It'll take about a week for it to kick in and start working. 4:03 PM. Canteen came about 45 minutes ago. Chow just was served. That was nasty. I didn't eat anything on the tray. I'm fixing to walk while listening to my music. Then I'm going to do some pushups. I want get my shower until about 8: PM. Got survivor on tonight. Hope to get some good mail. Well get to it.

8:57 PM I did a little something few pushups. Now I just finished up a piece of stationary. Which is going in the mail tonight. Need to get some copies ran off so I can use it for the blog. It'll be a few weeks before it's back and I can use it. Fixing to lay back watch the news and then just wait on the shower.

Thursday February 21, 2013 6:04 am. Got a letter last night with more bad news. On Feb 18, Sherry died. I've known her for 31 years. She was my mom's lover for nine years. Her and I were really close in the 80's. We hung out, she was like a big kid. We played video games together. Went to the movies. She was a wonderful woman. Not a kinder soul on this earth. She was a nurse, became an RN in 1988 April. I went to Oklahoma for her graduation. This one hurts bad. I loved Sherry very much! Life sucks. This shit better not be by design. Cause there's nothing fair or equal about this stinking ass life. I've got to write.

11:40 am just got my prozac just took the first two pills. I hope this kicks in quick. Right now I'm reading Paul Howells case out of the Florida supreme court. The ruling is from

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February 19, 2013 one of the lawyers brought it in today. Here's chow

12:52 PM I just finished reading the case. From what I read, it doesn't look good. I'll be surprised if they stop the execution. Paul's attorney screwed up and missed a filing deadline, which cost Paul his Federal appeals. He wouldn't be over there right now, oh they would have eventually killed him, but not yet. The Attorney's mistake got him killed before he should have been, according to the law. So Paul has about 125 hours left to live. Hell let's kill some more people just to prove that we don't approve of killing. yes that's a damn good idea. Really work's well doesn't it?!

2:42 PM I haven't accomplished anything today. I got a couple of short letters written. I'm sending the Panda out for my friend, she'll like it. mp3 man came by earlier. I don't have any music coming, so it didn't really matter to me. I've been sitting here thinking about Sherry. When ET came out in 1982, her and I went to see it together. We also seen Halloween III we bought an Atari game, and we use to play it all the time. We would even go to the game rooms. she enjoyed video games. she's the one who helped me talk mom into getting a motorcycle which was a bad idea. Cause I was an idiot who turned out running the cops into a game. We had a lot of fun. I wish she would have took better care of her self. Diabetes is no joke. one small sore on her foot resulted in her getting really sick, losing her foot and messing her up to where she couldn't talk, and eventually cost her, her life, she was a fun loving good hearted woman. But just that

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quick life is over. Tomorrow February 22, makes my 22nd year here on death row. It's been a very long journey. I wouldn't wish this crap on anyone. Not even that low life slim ball unethical dishonorable sorry criminal warden Barry V. Reddish. Yes, this shit isn't no joke. Reading Paul's case and seeing how the court applies the Martinez case law. There's no doubt I'll get relief and wind up with a life sentence unless I terminate my appeals. Martinez applies to my case in every way. I just don't like getting stuck with a walking death sentence. I'll be glad when 5:30 gets here. I'm going to take my sinus meds and go to sleep. 4:44 PM. Just finished eating. There's rumors going around about an inmate having a heart attack and dying. Not sure if it's true. May take a couple of days to find out the truth. I'm fixing to wash cloths and then get in bed and call it a day. Been a bad day.