

MEMORIAL DAY

Hello World! - 2013-

I sat on my prison bunk watching the parades for veterans. The crowds lining the street proudly waved the Stars and Stripes. The young and old solemnly stood weeping in front of memorials and tombstones for the fallen.

I am ashamed.

None of those who died wanted to go to war. None wanted to die. Yet they went, or as we often say, "They did their duty so we could live the American dream." And what did I do to honor these men and women? I sold poison and committed murder. I can hear these soldiers asking from the grave, "Why did I die for you?"

In self-help groups that I attend I was taught about the ripple affect of crime. It is difficult to grasp how far and how in so many ways my crimes have impacted people - many I will never know. I was also taught to move forward and live an exemplary life to honor my victim because she cannot live hers, I need to add the names of every soldier to my list of victims and apologize to their families for squandering the American dream given to me at the cost of their loved ones' lives.

My task to make amends is immeasurable. To accomplish it is impossible. However, never

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pity me. It is a burden that I relish. It is a challenge that I accept. Even though I can never make right my wrongs, I can move forward, making every day Memorial Day. Even from within these tall walls I can honor those who did what I failed to do. I can do my duty to live an exemplary life.

I will not have the fallen be ashamed of me or question their sacrifice.

Thanks for checking in on me

Cordially,

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Novel: A Thundering Wind

Journal: A Year in a Life Sentence

(Amazon.com)