

July 26, 2013

Post Three of Ramadan!

Hi everyone:

I hope and pray that this post reaches you in the best of spirits. As for me, life's been great. Today is day 18 of my fast and things couldn't have been better. I've been so blessed thus far to continue going hard not only for the people who're struggling, but also for Allah. All praise is due to him.

Umm... A quick update on my circumstances inside of the prison: So far i'm still flying high and laying low. Meaning, i'm staying out of harms way and hopefully on the straight and righteous path. My studies are going alright, tho' I could stick my face in between the pages more:)

Ohh, did I mentioned I received a visit from my friend the passing Monday? Of course not! Well, I did and although it seemed difficult at first to watch people running back and forth to vending machines and coming back with gooey cheese dripping off of pizza, I stood my ground against Shaytan (Satan). I was tempted to just throw in the towel, slap on that apron, and go to town. But I didn't. The fear of Allah kept me from giving in to my nafs (desires).

But the visit was much needed. I really needed to both be heard and know that I mattered to someone outside of these prison walls and that visit did just that. We talked, laughed, and ~~shared~~^{shared} intimate details of the latest happenings going on in each others lives. It was really fun and we enjoyed each others company. We caught up on the regular stuff, but also spoke on the future and what it may have in store for us.

We're in the process of trying to find someone to type my book up and she was thinking about a friend who used to do so copy editing. So we're thinking of going in that route since that has been the one element that has kept me from publishing thus far. And more, thankfully she did come back at the later visit from 6:30-9p.m. and I was able to pig out for 26 minutes. So starburst and hot wings was on the menu for me. And yeah, I did it BIG. Maybe T.M.I, but I did pay for it later on the cann if you know what I mean:)

Just the other day, a close comrade of mine was sent to segregation for something I have no clue of, but it seems very suspicious to me. I won't speak on things I can't say for certain, so i'll speak on how his abrupt absense has effected me. When I talk about people, this is one person I can say that has become family. For anyone who has been incarcerated, you know that title carries weight. He's been incarcerated for twenty-two years. Yep, 22 and still believes that one day the chains will be broken. Very optimistic, right.

Anyways, this brother took me under his wing and have stayed in my corner every step of the way. Never giving up on me, even when times were at our roughest point. I mean, ~~we~~^{wc} were nearly throwing blows at one time, and he was like, "Yeah, I still love you, lil bro." And I remember sitting in my chair fuming, like, 'yeah, whatever dude.'" But, he genuinely cared about me and my progress in life.

Besides Allah, he's played a vital role in helping me develop victim empathy. Yeah, I know its strange to say it aloud. Even as i'm typing this, it still rings unusual to my ears. But when i came to prison, I was angry at everyone and blamed the world for ~~all~~^{of} my problems. I was the victim, not the women I abducted and hurt at gun point. But he helped me see that just because life doesn't goes the way you saw it in your pretty little vision, that doesn't give you the right to go out and hurt others. Because of him, I can see something on t.v and can put myself in their shoes. I can also cry openly and not care who's looking.

So when I woke up and was told he was gone, it hit me like a ton of bricks. His absence meant that I would have to stand on my own. Don't get me wrong, i'm my own man, but it's always better to have someone by your side who will support ~~you~~^{you} when you're right and call you out when you're wrong. And he was that guy. It made me remember that sometimes ~~people~~ are sent into your life at times when you need someone, and when they leave, just count it as a blessing. (Maybe that didn't come out as I wanted it too:) But you get the gist of it, right?)

Well, i'll continue my fast, my high hopes, and strive to become a better father, friend, person, and human being. It's been hard work thus far, and i can't imagine it getting any easier. But with your support, i'm sure I can survive.

Peace, You reading a post from "A DAY IN THE LIFE!"

Truly Blessed,

Michael McYure