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Hello world!

I remain healthy and strong and hopeful! About 3-weeks ago our Summer temp reached the mid-90's. Last Summer we were above 100 and miserable so I'm not complaining. Then in the middle of this heat-wave my fan crapped out. Talk about aggravating! But suddenly we enter a record breaking cool down of low-70's for 2-weeks. So if my fan had to break, it was at an ideal time and I am thankful for the small blessings in life.

So now the prison ordeal begins... nothing is as simple as just driving 5-minutes to the Home Depot or Walmart.

First I get on the comm. with a Marine buddy (Semper Fi Beau, saved me once again)... the only phone contact I have so far. He needs to spot me a Franklin for the \$23.50 dollar fan. So I am blessed with the extra which allows me now to get a new pair of go-fasters for my running.



It takes me 2 3-days of constant, daily effort to get "permission" to walk the 100-yards so I can purchase a fan at the Commissary.

Then I wait 4-days so I can go pick it up after it is tagged with my I.D. This was all rushed since I know the guys working in the Commissary, a couple are also vets, and they know I'm not a S\*#thead who will try to take advantage. Normally this could have turned into a 1-month long process. So again I'm grateful for small, 'daily blessings and favor in a place of daily stress and hardship.

I am cool once again ...

One guy here, I call "Big Mike", came by my cell (room) and says, "Hey Linley. I want to apologize for always cursing so much when I come over to talk. I know your not like that and I feel bad"

"Thanks Mike. I appreciate it. I know I've said a lot worse myself," I respond.

Now Big Mike is a coal-miner and as big as a lumber-jack; 289 lbs and benching 345 lbs for fun.

He says, "Yeah, but I'm trying to do better and I need to work on that more in my F\*!#ing life. Whoops! Oh S\*!#!"



"Damn!" "Sorry!" "That's <sup>5</sup>F\*~~l~~ing hard..."  
By now we're all laughing so hard we can't even talk. "Big Mike's" a dad and has a good heart. He knows his son needs him and he wants to be a better man. He screwed up and accepts this punishment as justice. He was blessed last year to win his Appeal which reduced his sentence by 5-years. Now he's going home next year. It's always good to see the guys who leave this terrible experience as better men, not bitter, raging, rebellious lunatics.

Sadly, the "system" makes men bitter. They've removed almost all of the programs to rehabilitate or improve (heal) broken men.

Only men who choose to change and seek out self-healing, mostly through religious sponsored programs like A.A., Islam or Christian groups. From books sent in by family or the one-on-one teaching (counseling) that goes on between peers and cellies. Sadly only 1 out of 10 choose good. The easier option is to remain within and among the "criminal" elements and activity within prison. Planning and training to go back into crime once again.

God help America! There must be a better way. We're destroying ourselves.

David

P.S. An old letter is next from last month.