

THE DEATH HOUSE

by Timothy J. Muise

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In states that have the death penalty the final holding cell for the condemned prisoner is in a place they call "The Death House". A very morbid but accurate description of these souls' final residence. Here at MCI Shirley we have our own little "Death House" and it is just a morbid. It is officially called the "Skilled Nursing Facility" of the "Sniff" as some staff refer to it and I cannot help but think that the "sniff" relates well to the smell of death up there.

One of my dear friends, Frank Soffen, has been held up there for over three years now and subjected to too many abuses to list. The latest abuse is a total disregard for his constitutional right of access to the courts. You see Frank is fully bed ridden and cannot even sign his name anymore. For the past several years I have been Frank's "Power of Attorney" so that I could advocate for his needs. I have helped him with parole petitions, appeals and reconsiderations of those positions, written his attorney letters, and assisted him in making complaints about the adverse conditions of confinement there in the "sniff". Now this last aspect, the complaints about the "sniff", is what has drawn the ire of the evil queen of death who rules the sniff: Deputy Karen Denied-Oh" DiNardo.

Our current "Power of Attorney" was set to expire on December 31, 2013, and as such I drafted a new POA form for Frank to sign and have notarized just as I have done for the past several years. This time the Director of Security here, Paul Henderson, decided he could not notarize this legal document without "checking into it". Now by checking into it he meant checking with the evil Deputy DiNardo. Of course the Queen of Death told DOS Henderson not to notarize the document, which actually violates the rules for notaries public, but rules violations are not the purpose of the instant piece. The purpose of this piece is to show just how cruel, just how evil, and just how cowardly Deputy DiNardo and her minions are.

Frank suffers in severe pain each and everyday. He has to wait until some nurse decides "she" (or "he") wants to change his adult diaper. He has had diaper rash that made me cringe; all over his rear end and scrotum, believe me it was ugly. He has fractures in his spine and extremely poor and painful circulation. I would gladly draft his complaints when he would send them out to me (I have not seen Frank face-to-face in over a year as the evil DiNardo has barred me from the Sniff). The administration would get pissed, go see Frank, and he would give them hell (where they all belong). Deputy DiNardo has an ego the size of Texas and anyone who makes complaints against her or her domain (the Sniff is her turf) goes immediately on the shit list. She is doing all she can to block Frank's access to the courts and I will do all I can to expose her actions.

I contacted an attorney about Frank's notary situation. The attorney wrote me back and asked me to send him the documents. I drafted a cover letter, marked the documents as attachments, and submitted them through the legal copying system here at the prison. Surer than stink in the Sniff my copy request (which met all legal criteria) came back DENIED and signed by Satan herself: Karen L. DiNardo. Now I have taken that

written denial and forwarded it to the lawyer. He will make me a copy and send it back in. I also asked him to do whatever he could for Frank as he and Frank are close. I do not know what he will do but I do know what I will do. I have a current pending Civil Action against Deputy DiNardo and two other wardens here at the prison. It concerns my constitutional right to invite government officials into the prison to view the adverse confinement conditions. I am going to draft a motion in that case which seeks the intervention of the Court concerning DiNardo's improper/illegal interpretations of the legal copying policies and the constitutional right of access to the court.

The facts are that they, DiNardo and her ilk, will go to any length they feel they can get away with to deny a prisoner their rights. Their idea is that we should just shut up and take the abuse, but that is not what the law mandates and certainly is not what I will accept. This is indicative of a greater failing, a flaw in their human nature, which should strip them of any right to hold the lives of sick and dying men in their hands. Frank Soffen can voice his abuse to someone who will convey it to me, and I can try to help him, but there are many other men up there who cannot voice their needs, or who have no one to help them, and they are subject to the evil whim's of the Deputy and her crew of misfits.

The Death House here at MCI Shirley will NOT be forever as we will work hard to bring it down. Our death penalty, the Massachusetts version, is slow and painful: it takes decades to carry out, four so far for Frank Soffen. The smell of death in the sniff must be attached to the longevity of the careers of the likes of the evil DiNardo. She walks through the fields of near corpses with her evil grin; staggering drunk with power. She walks the death house with the switch of her electric chair near at hand, the button of her lethal injection close by, and the level of her gallows never too far away. Her death stroll must be a long one off of a short pier into the fires of Hades: her home. Help send her packin'!

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