

A Date with Death

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Sit back and let me take you, step by step, through a hideous, outrageous, unbelievable adventure, that hopefully you will never experience. This is a world and the fate of a man doomed by Capital Punishment.

The Judge states, you are to be taken to the Florida Department of Corrections, where you will be held until such a time where a deadly mixture will be ran through your body, until you are pronounced "dead", May God have mercy on your soul. You are then sent to Florida State Prison (F.S.P.) and placed on G-Wing, in a 9x6 foot cell, where you will spend 164 out of 168 hour's a week, of the most miserable form of confinement there is. You will be housed here at F.S.P. until room is available at Union Correctional Institution (U.C.I.) Where 300 plus death row inmates are housed, awaiting the final outcome of their appeals. You may sit in one of these cell's 10, 15, 20 even 25 years awaiting the final decision. Over these year's you will make friends with some of these men, and you will watch as some of these men deteriorate under the imminent imperil of death, or the pressure of existing year in and year out in a 9x6....54 square foot cage. Condition's the human mind are not meant, and in some case's not capable of dealing with. You will pass by cell's going to medical, ect..and see the anguish and stress on the faces of men, who know their appeals are exhausted and at any minute their death warrant may be signed. For once your appeals are exhausted in the United States Supreme Court your file is sent to the Governor's office in Tallahassee, where it is reviewed. You are then given a clemency hearing. You will be turned down and you know it clemency is not given, they're just going through the motions. So after that the Governor signs your death warrant, placing the time and date on it. 7:00 pm April 20, 2006 The warrant is then flown to Raiford, Fl and handed to the Warden at U.C.I. The Warden will send his officers to retrieve you. They will make a show of it, coming 10 to 12 officers deep. Your attorney will have warned you weeks in advance that your file is on the Governor's desk, and your warrant is going to be signed. So everytime you hear the electric door pop at the front of the wing, you ask yourself, are they coming for me? That door may pop two dozen times a day. So by the time the 10 to 12 officers do show up, your nerves are shot! So they come to your cell front and state, get dressed. You will go through a strip search, be handcuffed, and escorted out front where the Warden will be waiting for you. Officers will be sent in to pack your property and send it to F.S.P. You step into the office, in front of the Warden, where he reads you the warrant, informing you of the date and time of your death/murder. You will then be escorted outside, placed in a van and driven to F.S.P. under heavy surveillance. You will arrive at the back ramp that leads to the 2nd floor, this is the same ramp you walked up years earlier, upon your arrival at F.S.P. You will walk up the ramp, and enter the rear of the building, walking straight down the hall, 40 to 45 yards, coming to a section called "times square" an electronic gate will open, you will enter it, turning to your left, walking 10 yards where you will stop at another electronic gate, waiting for it to open, where you will continue on 10 more yards, coming at a stop at another gate. An officer will come out on the other side of the gate to your right and open the gate with a key. You will enter the gate turning to your right, entering the door where the officer came from. You will now have entered the

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clinic, where you will be examined. You will then be escorted back out the same way you came in, only you will not make a turn at "times square" you will keep walking some 200 yards, going through 3 electronic gates, passing 12 wings, that house some 1,200 inmates at F.S.P. Upon entering the 3rd and final gate, and walking the final 25 yards, you will pass G-wing, the wing you were housed on years earlier. You have reached the end, come to a stop at a solid, steel door, done in black and tan, with a big black letter "Q" written over the top of the door. The officer's open the door. You step inside, over to your left, is a Sgts. desk, to the right of the desk you will see a board, attached to the wall, with name's written on it in black ink, the top of the board has 12 cell's listing the names of the individual's, the middle of the board has the same listing. These are inmates that have been involved in something serious. You glance down to the bottom of the board, on the right side. 3 cell's are listed, and you see your name and number and the date and time of your execution. To your right is a stair case, two set's, one going up, the other is going down. You walk down the first 8 to 10 steps, turn to your right, and go down the remaining 8 to 10 steps, again turning to your right, where you see another board, again, with 3 cell's, your name and number, and date and time of execution is again listed and the cell where you will be spending the next 30 to 60 day's of your life. You will pass these boards each time you see your attorney, preacher, or spiritual advisor, or going to visits or medical, so you will be reminded and re-reminded on a daily basis of the dated and time your life will end. You step toward's the board, a gate door is opened manually by key, you step through, another Sgt. Desk is to your right. This is for the Sgt. that oversee's these 3 cell's which are called "Death Watch Cell's". To your left a gate is again opened with a key. You walk through and down about 12 to 14 feet where the door is opened to your left. You step through and the officer shuts the bar doors, removing the cuffs and chains.

You look around at the sink, toilet, and steel bunk with the thin mattress that you've grown so accustomed to over the year's, but your thoughts immediatly go to all of the men you've known over the years and how many have spent their last remaining days sleeping restless nights on that very bunk. You pace back and forth with so many thoughts, thoughts of the past, of the present, of the remaining 30 to 60 days, and the strength and courage you must show for the sake of your family and loved ones, and the pain and anguish you must endure. Your property arrives, and is placed in the cell with you. So you take out your pen and paper, and start writing letters, saying your goodbyes to family and friend's that are unable or unwilling to come visit. The day's have passed rather fast, and you're down to the last week. Seven day's left to live. Your property is removed from the cell, placed outside the cell in cardboard boxed. An officer will now be stationed in front of your cell, watching and logging down your every move for the next seven day's. So he will hand you a book, paper, pen ect.. from your property, you will return it when you are finished.

Today is Friday, April 14, 2006, the last Friday you will be alive. The next few day's pass. Your thought's continue to fall upon that your, last Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, you are measured for your clothes that you will be executed in. It's Wednesday April 19, 2006. 7:00 pm. You have 24 hour's to live. This time tommorrow you will be in the chamber. But, you're now being relocated to the backside. So you are escorted back out, once you step through the gate where the Sgt. desk is located. You will pass by the board with your name, number, and tommorrow's date on it, with the execution time 7:00pm. You walk another

12 to 14 feet and come to a solid door, it's opened, you step through, walking 3 feet, turning to your right, walking through another gate, 12 to 14 feet. 3 cells are located to your right, but 3 to 4 feet ahead of them is a large sliding gray door. Behind this door is Florida's death chamber, that has seen many a soul's taken. Some guilty, some not, but all the same, taken under the false pretense of Justice. You enter one of the 3 cell's. You given your last meal. Also, you will soon have a last visit with your family. So you will be escorted up front. The visit is anything but a joyous occasion, for you see the pain and anguish all over your loved ones faces. That's when you realize that your suffering ends in less than 24 hours, but your families suffereing will continue on. You think to yourself, is it I or they who are truly sentenced? The visit ends in what is a tearful goodbye. Your escorted back to the cell. People you've never seen are constantly coming down to see you. Most are big wigs from Tallahassee. You get a restless night's sleep. Awakening to your big day, Thursday, April 20, 2006. You have less then 12 hours left to live. The time tick's off, minute by minute, hour by hour, it is now 6:00 pm. The medical tech comes to see you. He look's at your arm's to see where he is going to hook up the I.V. The big gray door slides open and the gurney is pushed out and in front of the cell. Your standing at the bar's, looking at the gurney, thinking of all the men who have expired there. You are removed from the cell, your layed upon the gurney, officer's putting leather straps on your wrists, ankles, across your chest, and even your forehead. The medical tech hook's two I.V.'s up. A back up to ensure everything in their plan goes well. Your pushed into the execution chamber. People are hooking tubes to the I.V. You look into a mirror that is positioned over head at an angle. You see a curtain. You hear a slam, as the large gray door to the chamber is being shut. Your heart is racing faster than it ever has. The Warden gives the signal, you see the curtain being pulled back, it is opened to reveal many faces, some recognizable, most not. Victim's family, your two witnesses and members of the media. The Warden start's off reading the warrant, stating that you have been convicted by a jury of your peer's and sentenced to die, on this 20th day of April, 2006. May God have mercy on your soul. Then he states, do you have any last word's. Upon your final words, the Warden gives a hidden signal to the executioner. The executioner releases a deadly mixture that is now running through the tubes, into your viens. A last thought goes to your loved one's. You look at the many faces staring back at you. Closing your eye's for the final time. The medical tech comes in at 7:19pm, taking your vital sign's and pronouncing you dead at 7:23pm. The curtain closes, and the witnesses are taken out of the rear of Q-wing to awaiting vans that carry them out. And the clean up begins, a white hearse pull's through the rear gate and to the back of Q-wing, where your lifeless body is loaded in it, and driven off to the morgue

Within a few week's a box arrives at your families, inside are your personal belonging's. The deed is done, and the mourning continues.

This act was committed under the mantel of Justice, by a civilized society that proclaims the Roman Empire to be barbaric, Yet what I just described is the highest form of premeditated murder that has ever taken placel A murder planned to the precise minute, where their fellow citizen's sit around and view this horrific case of state sanctioned homicide. A penalty that is arbitrarily and capriciously handed out to the poor. For the only true equality in the American legal system is the poor equally get screwed by a system portraying Equal Justice.

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