

Reply ID: qf9j

Thank You For Caring!

I need to make a confession... I hate being wrong! Yes, nobody likes to be wrong but at times I feel being wrong is for "other people"! You see, I have been writing these Blogs mostly for myself. Sure, I wanted, I hoped that Wendy, my beautiful and amazing friend would not be forgotten. I knew in my heart and mind she would not be but a part of me was so lost and at a loss of how to let things out and express myself that I turned to this Blog to write and make sure Wendy was never forgotten as well as helping me get things out. Being honest with myself I really didn't think anyone was actually going to read this stuff that I write. I had no idea what a "Blog" was or if I was even doing it correctly. I honestly didn't believe anyone cared or was reading it. I was being myself. Hopeful but still cynical. I know there are those out there that care but finding them, making a connection with them is so hard and it is so easy to get lost in the cynicism that I live and breathe every day.

So I wrote what I felt and what I was thinking about this amazing woman who took her own life for reasons I actually understand and it made me so sad. I have lost my own daughter since coming to prison. She was the most beautiful little girl in the world. Just like any Father it tore me apart and for so long, life was barely worth living. I lost my father and it was very hard because I had broken his heart and although I have been told he had forgiven me he never talked me again after going to prison. There is no possible way to describe the pain of loss and heart-ache felt for each of them but this time it was different. Not the degree of loss or pain because each time is different, each person you lose brings a different pain and heart-ache. But this was suicide and her friendship was like nothing I had ever felt before. We were not "In-Love" but we loved each other so much. We never met or touched but the friendship we had was so intense and so intimate that it is impossible to describe. She was my friend and I was her but we were also "Therapy" to each other. We could understand each other like others couldn't. We knew we would never see each other so it actually made it more intense and easier to express ourselves.

Sorry, I still get lost in myself thinking about her! My point is made though. It was a different kind of loss this time. Nothing compares to loss of my little girl because that was different. This has been so different and so much harder in a different way. So I turned to writing. I LOVE to write. I

learned about ten years ago how great it was to sit and just write and I found I can get lost in what I am writing in a way that is so nice and intense. It was this desire to write that led me to Wendy so it ~~was~~ was this desire to write that led me to this Blog.

I don't know much about the Internet. Been in prison since 1983 so no internet back then! I've never been one to possess the many illegal phones around and honestly, wouldn't know how to work it if I did! Not just Bullshitting! True story; about six years ago a guy wanted to do me a favor and slid an new i-phone under my door and told me call whoever for however long I wanted. Then took off. He came back a half hour later and gave me a questionable thumbs up, as in, "Good right?" and I smiled and said, "I can't figure out how to turn it on"! So, no, no idea how it really works on the internet. I have placed ads on web sites to find pen-pals but the whole "Blog" thing was a mystery to me. I really didn't think anyone was reading and I was wrong.

If I understand the Blog correctly you can see there are responses. First from an amazing Pen-Pal and friend Merci who I already wrote and thanked personally and Paul who made me think and smile. Paul, you are right of course, my life truly is so much richer all from Wendy's letters and memories and love. She changed my life and I feel so guilty for not telling her that. She made me think and made me stop and look at life and my surroundings. I learned that although prison sucks it is nothing compared to what she was living day to day. She taught me so much that she truly changed my life in how i feel and look at things. She opened my eyes to so much more than the little world I was living in.

Paul, thank you because I have this very bad habit of getting into my cycles of madness and sadness and even though the mail is so incredibly slow here (took about a month to get what "Between the bars" sent me!) the timing was still perfect. Reading your kind words, reminding me how much better she made my life, how much "Richer" she made my life by being in it even for those few shorts years. You reminded me that there really are people who care. Just like Merci who always makes me smile and feel better your words also made me smile and made me stop feeling sorry for myself. Thank You Paul! I wanted to make sure "YOU" knew that your kindness and words are truly appreciated and really have helped. Thank You!

BeaKangaroo, (Very, Very Cool name!) Thank you too. For someone who didn't have a clue if he was even doing this correctly it was nice to hear that I was. I also wanted to thank you for the compliment on my writing. I truly love to write and have

this habit of just rambling on! The few people I write tell me it is good but I sometimes wonder if they are just being nice to me because they love me! Plus we all know the truth is it is nice being told you have done something well! But, most of all thank you for reminding me that one of my goals in writing about Wendy is for her to never be forgotten. It is so hard to explain the madness, stupidity, and idiocy of prison life. It is so easy to get lost in it and so easy to become cynical and start believing that nobody cares. Your words telling me "She wont be forgotten" reminded me of what was and is important. Thank you. Thank ALL of you. I will do my best to keep writing.

Until next time... SMILE & Thank you!

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A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Jack". The signature is written in dark ink and is underlined with a single horizontal stroke.