



GARY FIELD
DL# M05398
CENTURY C.I.
CENTURY, FL.
32535
EI-103S

1-15

ON FRI. 3/7/14, I WAS GIVEN A 'PASS' AND TOLD TO REPORT TO THE CHAPEL - THERE ARE TIMES WHEN THE RAZOR WIRE FEELS LIKE A LEASH, AND THE FENCES SEEM A MILE HIGH - AN UNSCHEDULED CALL TO THE CHAPEL WAS, USUALLY, ONE OF THOSE TIMES. A 15 MINUTE "BEREAVEMENT CALL" (THERE ARE NO "CALLOUTS" FOR WHEN PEOPLE JUST "GET SICK.")

I'VE GOTTEN FAR TOO MANY OF THOSE "CALLOUTS" IN THE PAST 10 YEARS. THE LAST ONE WAS ONLY A FEW MONTHS AGO - ONE OF MY BROTHERS HAD GOTTEN SHOT IN THE CHEST 6 TIMES AT POINT BLANK RANGE ... HE NEVER HAD A CHANCE - AND I NEVER GOT THE CHANCE TO SAY GOODBYE.

THERE WERE ONCE 18 OF US - THAT LAST "CALL" DROPPED THE NUMBER TO 12, AND ANOTHER LEAD WEIGHT HIT THE BOTTOM OF MY HEART.

I CALL THAT WALK TO THE CHAPEL "THE LONGEST MILE" - A THOUSAND THOUGHTS PER STEP, AND NONE WITH A SAFE PLACE TO LAND.

2-15

TAKING A WALK LIKE THAT IS
JUST A PART OF THE PAIN AND
PENALTY OF BEING IN PRISON -
"WHO COULD IT BE THIS TIME?"
"PLEASE GOD, NOT MY MOM!"
THE WORST PART? "NOT MY MOM?"
PHEW! THANK GOD!... IT WAS
ONLY MY BROTHER" (OR MY SISTER.)
INSTANT RELIEF, FOLLOWED IMMEDIATELY
BY A MASSIVE WAVE OF GUILT -
GUILT CHURNED UP BY THAT QUAKE
OF RELIEF...

A bereavement call - DOUBTS,
FEAR, RELIEF, GUILT, GRIEF...
SINGLE FOOTPRINTS LEFT IN IMAGINARY
SAND - THE LONGEST MILE, WHEN THE
RAZOR WIRE FEELS LIKE A LENS, AND
THE FENCES SEEM A MILE HIGH.

WHEN I GOT TO THE CHAPLAIN'S
OFFICE - HE JUST SMILED, AND NODDED.
"GO ON INTO KAIROS," HE SAID.

