

12-23-14

"I'm just more me than most folks are, I guess." - Tom Spanbauer, 'The Man Who Fell In Love With The Moon'

Dear Readers,

Happy Holidays! Yes, it's been a long time & much has happened. So let's get to it.

When I last left you, I was in the Hole at Brierley. I got out on Oct. 28 & ended up back in my old cell.

Unfortunately, they decided to make my unit a Drug Education unit, so everyone else had to move to other units. This really sucked because I was just starting to get semi-comfortable where I was. In typical BOP fashion, it also made no sense since my unit was on the 3<sup>rd</sup> & 4<sup>th</sup> floors, making it difficult or impossible for anyone with a disability.

Nonetheless... on Nov. 5 I was moved downstairs to unit "AB." This was the same unit where they moved the guy that I got in a fight with, so that also made no sense.

I was moved to a 2-man cell which had no toilet or sink, so there was a doorway to the cell next door & we had to go to their cell for everything. Major pain in the ass. Especially since there was some black guy there who felt like he needed to regulate how

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I used the bathroom, brushed my teeth - everything.

During this whole period I was still extremely stressed by all the negative talk that was following me around all over the compound. This was mainly a result of the fact that my legal case is available on the BOP's computer system for every inmate in the Federal Bureau of Prisons to read & even print out & pass around - which is exactly what was happening. My case is bad enough, but included in my case is medical information about me. So, my medical information - which is supposed to remain confidential - is made available by the BOP for every single inmate to print out & make available to anyone. Not cool.

On Nov. 13, I filed a complaint about this situation. On the morning of Nov. 14, I was called to the Lieutenant's office & promptly locked up in the Hole "pending investigation."

The following Wednesday, Nov. 19, I saw the SIS (investigative) Lieutenant. Everything seemed to be cleared up & I expected to get out soon. On the morning of Friday, Nov. 21, I was told to pack up & that I was going on the air lift. WTF? I thought it had to be a mistake & that they were probably just moving me back to the "One" next door.

Lope. I was shackled with the rest, put on a bus, & driven to the airport to get on "Con Air." For


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the record, it's nothing like the movies. The plane showed up full of other men + women prisoners from across the U.S. Some got off to go to Butner, + the rest of us got on. We then flew to the Federal Transfer Center in Oklahoma City, OK, where I spent the weekend.

Then, on Monday, Nov. 24, I was woken up at 1:30 AM to get on the bus to El Reno, OK. Ugh. I don't think we left until about 6 AM, so most of that time was spent just sitting in holding cells.

El Reno isn't that far from Oklahoma City - less than an hour, I'm sure. So, once we got here we still had to sit on the bus until someone showed up to process us. I have no idea why we needed to get up at 1:30 AM just to sit around for several hours. That's the way the BOP works.

So... here I am at FCI-El Reno, Oklahoma. Now. Please stayed tuned for more....

Love + Blessings,  


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