Daniel Gwynn Blog Update Subject: "A Not So Merry" Date: 1/5/15

Well, Christmas week didn't go as well as I expected. My family & friends didn't receive my cards in time, despite my mailing them a week before the 20th mailing deadline. Our block was on lockdown for half the day 4 days in a row so they could conduct shakedowns just days before Christmas. On the 4th day they paid us a second visit. The shakedowns disrupted the normal prison operating proceedings, especially for the death row population—no yard; no phone calls; No library; no movement at all. I wasn't able to call my family on Christmas day because the phone were acting up—they could hear me but I couldn't hear them.

The holidays are already tough as is being locked up, but it gets tougher when the prison administration wants to twist the knife in a little further, and you're unable to reach your loved ones. I was especially in a bad way because it dawned on me that I've spent 20 Christmases in prison for something I didn't do. Also, the new evidence in my case hasn't been very helpful so far, and my attorney doesn't sound very hopeful.

Can you believe that 20 years of my life has been stolen, because I'm trapped in a LIE!!!!! I want to scream at the top of my lungs that "You've got the wrong man!" But my words only fall on deaf ears. So, silently I continue to endure. Can't believe that it's my birthday next week, I'll be 45!!!!!!!!!!

To make matters worse, I got myself suspended from my prison job for breaking a stupid rule. I was feeling so down about the holidays that I wasn't thinking at the time. So I've been locked in my cell for 2 weeks with restricted movement, no out of cell work. Maybe subconsciously I knew I needed a break from work and everything prison. I'm just tired of being treated less than a human being, less than a MAN. Haven't I been punished enough.

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