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My personal Journey into this sixth issue of The Write Or Die Time Project was by way of a sequence of unexpected situations that began with an associate Warden of San Quentin named Mr. CURZON requesting that I see someone in the mental Health Department, seeing a complete shift in my energy after I received the news that an L.A. Police officer drew his fire arm on my then 16 year old daughter during a chase. MR. CURZON made the right call. **WOW!**

Shock would be the word DR. ISSA used to describe my condition, the Chase itself did it for me, but during the "I Am Oscar Grant," and "I Am Trayvon" climate, people like DR. Scuderie helped me engage the realistic impact that I just came a trigger pull away from being "I am the Parent of another inner city youth slain by a law enforcement officer" while living on California's Death Row. I wish to never revisit that state of mind.

Up until this moment I had never been in a Mental Health crisis that required treatment for this type of shock. And then out of nowhere, the mental Health Program changed. The primary focus to redirect resources to inmates who received treatment at an EOP level of care, by default, phased out alot of the resources for guys like me that was, as we say, "Goin Thru Some Thingz".

The Doctors and recreation therapist that did the real hard work was either let go, reassigned to other duties, or, Lord knows what. So my boy Pankhi was like, "lets give it up to Mrs. Parr" who was the last of a dying breed around here, because she required work and growth from us, and she cared about her work, unlike some of these fake doctors like DR. Murphy that was just collecting a paycheck, and the new administrative head DR. Chen who lacks the raw courage to face Sacramento and attorneys with an effective plan to construct and direct mental healthcare treatment for the condemned population that is necessary and effective for a new generation of incarcerated people.

How Mrs. CORBY is allowed to work in any prison is beyond me, she's not only rude to me, but I've seen her talk to other patients in an abusive manner, but her "professionalsmirk" is a successful mask of her deviant nature, and acts.

This issue is our way of exposing to outsiders that people like DR. ROSNICK, Ms. PARR, DR. DIXSON, and DR. BURTON, and MR CLEEVES, and MR. DAVE WHITE understood that there is no one size fits all mental health care treatment plan that works here on death row, and these doctors and staff engaged a new generation of inmates as individuals, with more social focus treatment.

Docer Issa set the bar pretty high with a "social focus group," because when I needed work on parental guilt, he refused to put me in a drug addiction group, he engaged me on a necessary level, not on a "resource availability level." I was in trouble.

Ms. Parr's work transcended the program, because as soon as other men in death row heard about us plotting to honor her in this issue, we began to receive poems from people who are not even participants in the mental health program, and that says a lot about Ms. Parr, and the effect she has on the condemned population. (See: THE BACK STORY in WODZP issue #6)

Ms. Parr told us one day during a group session that "Listening is a skill, and is even required when you are teaching your own child to speak, and even medical doctors need to listen to patients to assess appropriate treatment, and Poetry is a way for people to listen to the freedom within our beings".

Although she claims not to be a poet, or a teacher, she taught us to be able to listen to ourselves as we engaged each other about our collective works, in session.

And because of Ms. Parr, I no longer hear a guilt tripping parent, and it's the parent that I can now hear in myself, and so me and the fellows had to create a unique way to say thank you, to Ms. Parr for keeping it 100, especially during those critical life and death moments in my own life when I especially had a low tolerance level for bullshit.

Thank You for preparing me to take responsibility as a parent.