

Genesis 1:14

Between The Bars greetings this Autumn Equinox 2015. It's been so long since last I've deposited my soliloquoy here for you all to peruse; I'm not quite sure where to begin.

I suppose that I should put a few things in perspective, and also beg your pardon for any apparent aberrations in doing so, okay? I will certainly have the time to take my time since there is no telling how long we are all going to be locked-away in our tombs following a staff assault on the yard this morning.

It wasn't 10-15 feet from me while I was raking up golden lawn clippings, two guards were escorting a new arrival ~ probably to the Psych. Dept. by the looks of it ... the crazy bastard punched the cop and unleashed the wrath of frenzied goons from all directions. "That could have just as well been me", I thought to myself matter of factly, unprovoked as it appeared to be. Prisons have become Insane Asylums and this is liable to happen to anyone at any moment.

Earlier this morning for instance, there were a couple numbskulls a few tables away in the chow hall who got up and started fighting each other. A mere 10-15 seconds into their fray the gunner shoots one of them with a high powered rubber block gun, before a couple guards ran up and started wacking on them with their batons. The only thing which surprised me in this whole incident was that I kept on eating while people at tables near by were diving for cover. Again; "That could have been me", was a thought giving me reason to consider how prepared I am to give everyone something to talk about if and when ever the glorious Fates decree it due time.

I don't dwell on the thought of violence mind you, but I do maintain awareness that I'm in this crazy-violent environment. Califelony no longer have exercise weights for prisoners, nor boxing rings for us to blow off steam and demonstrate our martial skills. But there is a big heavy bag I punch on occasionally to inspire dread. Especially when I put my hair up in sassy pig tails and then beat the bag with force enough to knock-out the bearings in the swivel hook holding up the bag. At 53 years in about five moons, my 6'4" and 220 frame projects a certain danger that generally allows me to carry on care free ~ and so I do. Yet, such a big trophy appeals to tyros aiming to bolster their image... and its them I intend to impress on the big bag, that 10-15 seconds might just be too long a time to rely on the salvation of a guards baton. I'll be damned if guards ever finish a fight someone else started with me.

Every so often I'm mindful that the demons I fight make all the prison violence moronic in comparison. Here in my purgatory I do

heed St. Matt. 10:28, I do — and I fight the good fight.
Mind over matter it is! I do mind and it does matter.

But on to other matters. Let's see, most recently I've rejected ole Joe Riley as a liability, and revoked his visiting pass. Sorry "Pal", I expected better ARC and cooperation from a Sea Serpent, I did. But hey, I did finally manage to motivate the suppressive chaplain here to take responsibility regarding the Scientology group. And your appointment of Ben 1/2 is in fact our best chance for a symbiotic formation to develop there ... especially since I've walked away from the SE/FTP equation. I have no regrets with my sincere gratitude, be. We did win a space in time here at the expense of M. E. of course, and I'm grateful to have played my part. Yet, much the same as I've done with my children ... sadly, I believe that which I've beget is better off with others at the helm. I will tell you that that's what I truly regret, true as-it-is.

It's been three months worth of weekends now I've prepared for a visit from my son Yashua, since he and his new bride were approved. Coincidence, it's about how long I've been decompressing from all my SPO Traps — knowing damn well I was too keyed in to truly be in Present Time with them if they had shown up. Now I'm kinda wondering if the old newspaper articles I'd sent him to prompt a few questions might have keyed him in too. Good god man, why does no one ever dare ask me; "What the hell were you thinking Bill?!". No one! not once, from anyone. Damnest thing when people you love dearly, get "closure" with some sort of "forgiveness" that doesn't bother to "understand" anything of the matter. Be that as it may, I compounded that faux pas by then making a wedding present of my 50+ page photo album of happy-snaps two months ago, hoping to elicit questions once again. Yet to date not a word.

But then it's been a year now since my other kids introduced themselves and then went silent. And Destiny still hasn't written or sent a pic of her baby boy — what's up with that? Do you all think that I just don't care? Would it have been easier on you all to simply have someplace to place flowers on my grave rather than bother to write and dare ask 'what's up'? This is not an intentional guilt trip I'm trying to send anyone on, mind you. Believe you me, the Eternal well knows I've been dis-integrating from the social fabric of conformity a.k.a. hypocrisy, this entire lifetime of mine ... so I'm not saying it's about anything any of you owe me, but rather what I feel I owe to all of you. Having nothing left to lose, do you think I can be anything but Authentic? My dearest, the only true currency in this bankrupt world is the Truth we share with one another, and I'm rich with it.

P.S.

Well, we were let off the lockdown by Thor's day 9/24, and that night I received a letter from Yashua dated 9/6 alerting me he'd be here 9/26. "Sweet" is what I whispered in his ear while giving him my first hug in about 18 years now. Wow! I thought for sure that I'd shed a tear when any of my loved-ones ever came to visit me in prison ... but that thankfully didn't happen. Rather, Yashua and Lauren are beautiful young people who just radiate a genuine love of life, and I am in reverent awe. We spent a wonderful 3 hrs. outside by ourselves away from all the noise inside the overfull visiting room, and finally - bless his heart ... my son wanted to know my point of view regarding several mysteries he's managed to live with all these years. Sweet! Dude, those mysteries were easy for me to give account about ... but right now - several days later, what I heard when you asked me to tell you about myself ... I'm feeling a bit blue about it. It's your awesome integrity that radiates from you that makes me look at the path I took in my youth and ... Son, I'm so very proud of you. The world was just too big and I was just too undisciplined to set my sight on any particular course in life ... but you, Do Right and fear nothing.

Man, your wayward mom must have lived with this feeling too - all the more often with you all crossing paths so often. I feel for you Deb ... I really do. And hey, what the Comforter has for me I give to you ~ and it's this: Remember the story of the Prodigal one? Read all of Luke 15 and see for yourself; it's never too late for any of us. Amazing Grace, it is. I am absolutely blessed in the certainty that there is a perfect beauty to all our lives ~ in the Eternal scheme of it all.

And with that I will mail this off to be posted, wishing you all all the very best - in every way.

Be blessed.