

Daniel Gwynn Blog Update
Date: 12/27/15
Subject: "Locked Down On Christmas"

Well, after the degradation & terror of the shakedown, we found ourselves in a partial lock-down on Christmas day. Although we were able to use the phone, have a visit & go to the library, movement & activities were suspended. No reason was given.

It doesn't feel like Christmas around here. It never really does. In previous years I've decorated the block & my cell to give a boost to the low morale around here. No decorations this year, but I refused to let this place extinguish my Christmas Spirit.

This was a great Christmas for me, despite the depressing atmosphere and lack of decorations. I accomplished so much in the spirit of the holiday. I hope this doesn't sound self-serving to share with you a bit of the details, because I'm not seeking any accolades, I only wish to inspire others & give hope to those who feel that all hope for humanity is lost.

Although I wasn't able to do every thing I wanted, it still felt great for what I did. I got to speak to my family & friends on Christmas day. I sent cards to everyone, even though I didn't get to paint them all myself. It's the thought that counts. Instead of sitting around depressed or sorry for myself. I chose to appreciate what I was able to get & do. It felt so rewarding to share the Christmas spirit by arranging gift food packages for some mentally ill prisoners. I was also blessed with a visit, which I don't get very often. I'm imprisoned so far away from home. But I think that the greatest gift was to witness the true spirit of Christmas emanating from the many communities around the world in spite of the terrorism & malevolence that set about to crush our spirits. Around the world, Communities that were struck by tragedies came together and extended some much needed charity & support. The Communities didn't let the malefactors win. Seeing people care for each other in the face of adversity is the best Christmas gift ever.



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Subject: "Twas The Night Before Christmas"

Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the block.
The prisoners were in a stir as the Jack-Boots were about.

They came to each cell with a chip on their shoulders,
carrying animosity & the intent to treat us much colder.

We prisoners were stripped naked, shackled & tethered
so the Jack-Boots could enter.

Then they went about the task of crushing our spirits at
the very center.

Trashing about, they tore up our cells; tossing our property
about without a single care.

They also made some confiscations of the silliest things-
a cup, a blanket or a sheet was taken as excess.

They also rummaged through private papers to unearth some
secret quest.

No contraband was uncovered which seemed to anger them
some more.

So as a parting gift all of our property was dumped onto
the floor.

As they stumbled out of the cell full of merry & glee,
they departed with a "Merry Christmas to all and to all a good
night".

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Daniel Gwynn". The signature is fluid and stylized, with a large loop at the end.