



PROGRESS? OR, SIMPLE CAUSALITY?

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*I now have twenty-one students in my writing class!*

And, in addition, I've picked up several dozen new students new students through the Character Based Unit, CBU, classes that I've been charged with overseeing/coordinating. It appears that I'm the only one--out of 1,500 plus guys, qualified to do it.

Not that I'm complaining.

I enjoy teaching.

Hard work always pays off. A retired professor from a nearby college, the University of South Carolina, USC, that taught creative writing, and has published many books, like "Time Loves a Hero," by Ben Greer, has taken interests in my teaching efforts and accomplishments. He said that never before has he seen someone do what I have done, anywhere, let alone under such circumstances. He said professors in colleges all over the U.S. don't devote so much time to teaching--I spend an average of 70 hours a week, total working, and most of it focused on writing, and the writing class--and my own writing, along with my students' writing efforts result in stacks, literally stacks, of papers. I also put together monthly workbooks--when he seen those he was in shock.

There are some jealous prisoners, that I have to always be mindful of; but there are more who are not jealous, but instead humble themselves enough to actually want to learn. Many now realize that I have no ulterior motives behind my efforts. Other than doing something productive, leaving something for my kids to be proud of, and maybe even making a little money from my writing--so I can give some of financial assistance to them as well. My oldest son has now graduated and I'm not out there to help him pay for college like I should be. And many of my students are the same way: they don't want to get out of prison and be bums! Those without GEDs want to get them so they can get better jobs, or simply ... a job!

I don't know where any of this will lead.

Who knows?

Two guys with life sentences got out of prison this month, and those are only the ones I know of; these guys, myself included, have no way of knowing what's coming, or when. Death also looms over us all, daily. So, why not try to do something good, just for the sake of good, without expectations?