

Christmas Morning In Prison

12/25/2016: Listening to: All Of Me By: John Legend

As I sit here thinking of my family, my mom, my daughter, my niece Lucy (she's almost 5 now so I have to stop calling her "baby lucy"), I wonder how their Christmas morning is. I haven't had too many Christmases outside of prison. Not ones that I really remember very well. So I'm fairly used to being alone, not hearing any joy in anyone's voices, not seeing any decorations or happy people. I don't call anyone on Christmas, never have. Well that's not totally true, up until my grandma died, I would call her. We were very close. She died in May 2006. So I haven't in 10 years. I want my mom to focus on herself & her family that she has them with her so I never call. I call her tomorrow, which just happens to be her birthday. I haven't missed one of her birthdays in a long time. But she's my mom & I am closer to her than anyone on this earth. Sometimes I wonder what she goes through because of me. But she will never tell me. I know I have an amazing mother. A few months ago a guy in this area was arrested for killing his mom, throwing her in a trunk & burying the trunk in his backyard. I could never imagine how someone could do that to their own mom. I'd rather die than cause my mom anymore pain. I've caused her enough pain from being an asshole most of my life. I talked to my aunt Cindy yesterday & I told her it just took me way too long to actually grow up & mature. Took me a long time to actually grow a conscience. But I guess it's like anything else, everything happens in time.

The prison system loves to overcharge us on a lot of stuff. Well they charge us \$2 for a Christmas card but when it's too late to bother sending them out, what do they do with the thousands that they have left over? They drop the price to 40¢. I don't like to skip sending cards out, I want to wish the people I care for a Merry Christmas. But I am at a toss up. I only received 3 cards this year. My mom, Aunt Cindy & a friend. I sent out about 30. So maybe it's time for me to stop. I went to mass last night and received a hand made card from a 14 year old little girl named Lizzy. She will never know this nor will she ever read this but I thank^{you} very much Lizzy. You made my Christmas eve. I won't write much more. I just want to say I enjoy talking to the people who respond to what I write. Helps me remain human, somewhat normal. Gives me hope. I would like to know what was your favorite Christmas present that you received and what was the worst. My favorite was waking up next to Justine, seeing her already up waiting for me to get up. My worst was a foot massager thing. I was 19, who would give that to a kid? I gave it to my grandma. In prison I could say my worst present was not getting anything at all and not being able to give anyone anything. If you are reading this Jamie, I want to know what you got for Christmas & what did you give your parents? What is a good gift in Switzerland? Well almost time for yard, take care, enjoy the holidays. Merry Christmas & God Bless. Scrivimi Presto. Ciao. (if you don't know any Italian, feel free to look that up)