

Daniel Gwynn Blog Update
Date: 1/1/17
Subject: "2016 Christmas"

On Christmas day, I opened my eyes to 4 walls & a steel door. No flashing lights glowing from a decorative tree draped in tinsel & baubles. No one singing Christmas carols full of joy. No smells of grandma cooking Christmas dinner coming from the next room. No children unwrapping their gifts making squeals of glee. It was just another day for me on the row. At 6:45am I jumped out of my bunk to stand for count, then collect my breakfast (2 pieces of toast, 2 boiled eggs, dry cereal, & a $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of milk). I retrieved my tray through the door slot, ate it alone on my bunk, turned in the tray, then went back to sleep. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't sleep the day away. So I got out of bed and scrubbed down my cell. It was something to do.

Later in the afternoon, the Sgt. came to my cell and told me to pack my things because I was moving tomorrow. He stated that I was scheduled for the 90 day security cell changes. This felt more oppressive than a measure of security--moving the day after Christmas.

Leading up to this merry day was a series of deprecating events meant to depress our emotional state even further into the mire. We were placed on a series of lock downs due to fights, cell searches, bad weather & staff shortages. Prison conditions are even more odious & oppressive during the holidays so we tend to be a little more emotional. The administration chooses to target us this time of the year as some psychological game. We were subjected to 3 separate rounds of cell searches in December. This activity disrupted the daily operations, causing the setback of our commissary deliveries, cancellation of multiple yards (with no make up), and shuts down outside communications, library, etc. for half the day. We got locked down on some of the nicest days of the month so they could conduct some of these cell searches. We had also endured 2 weeks of contaminated water without notice. The water had a horrid chemical swampy smell & taste that held a brownish hue. I went 2 days without drinking the water. I relented because I was thirsty and there was nothing



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else to drink. After we had lodged several complaints, the administration finally told us that maintenance had done some work on the pipes and that it would take a few days to flush out the system. We were told that the problem would clear up in a few days, and that it was safe to drink. Thankfully, no one got terribly sick. I'm more upset that they didn't tell us about the water, or provide any fresh water to drink.

In spite of it all, I still found my joy for the holiday. The love & support poured in from family & friends (new & old). They kept my spirits high & the beacon of hope alive & shining bright. The holidays are always the hardest to get through for me, and this year has been the hardest. Half of my life has been spent behind these walls for a crime I didn't commit. It's been tearing me apart, but God keeps me strong.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Daniel Gwynn". The signature is written in dark ink and is centered on the page.