

GRANDEUR HOSPITALITY

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I appreciate the small things most!

How many times have you said that? Or more importantly, how often in the grand scheme of life do you take for granted those small conveniences and ignore those small gestures that become routine and commonplace? For those imprisoned like myself, everyday we crave, desire, wish, and long for a kind gesture, and simple conveniences that have been stripped from our lives or we're not fortunate enough to enjoy (like letters, photos, or ~~a~~ card).

Take for example a simple 'wash towel'. Recently I bought a new wash towel/cloth from a vendor because it appeared to be better than those purchased at the prison store. When it arrived it was visibly superior to what I had. Both wash towels were 100% Cotton, hence, that's where the similarities end. It didn't take a cotton expert to determine the flimsy wash cloths from the prison store were more rag than towel; when new, the cotton is soft, but thready and porous. After approximately six uses it becomes threadbare, thus causing it to fray, toughen, and become abrasive with every shower.

My first shower with my new "Grandeur Hospitality" wash towel caused me to reflect on home and the wash towels I bathe with twenty plus years ago, the last time I felt such plush luxury on my skin. The feeling was so delightful and soothing I called to my neighbor who was in the other shower and sung the praises of my new wash towel. I urged him to purchase some before Walkenhorst (Special Purchase Vendor) stop selling them. Which is common when the vendors discover we love an item, due to quality.

Personally, it's amusing how a minuscule, insignificant thing can effect and change one's psyche in a favorable and positive manner. Though I'm not a fan of seeking to become comfortable within prison like most, however, this is indeed one creature comfort I'm willing to embrace happily!

From my stance on Maa, a voice from Deathrow!