

LETTER TO LADY K #4

MOOD: DEPRESSED, SAD & LONELY
SONG: LOVE ME NOW
SINGER: JOHN LEGEND
SONG: TRUE COLORS
SINGER: CINDY LAUPER/ PHIL COLLINS

THOUGHT: I REALLY HOPE THAT YOUR HAPPY NOW
SONG: ALL MY LIFE
SINGER: K.C. & JOJO
SONG: TRUELY, MADLY, DEEPLY
SINGER: SAVAGE GARDEN

May 18th, 2017

Dear Lady K,

Hello there stranger. Well, I hope that all is well with you when and/or if you read this. Since you left, I can now write you openly on my blog. Its only been one day, and I already miss your smile and laugh. It hurts Lady K. But hey, you have to do whats best for you. As long as you're happy and better now, then thats all I want too.

I wanted to use this first blog to you, to reprint what I had written back in February, when I was having all those problems. I had told you that I had to have some taken down. Well, I am enclosing a reprint of the first one I wrote. It was called: Finding Those Special Someones. It is about you. Here it goes:

February 5th, 2017 (My 40th Birthday)

FINDING THOSE SPECIAL SOMEONES

Hello everyone, it seems like I should start out this New Years with a post, huh? Its been awhile I know, but I hope to change that now. Its just that so much has been going on, that I haven't been able to figure out what to write and do...I am going to make more of an effort to start keeping my blog updated and reflecting my world.

So, whats been going on with ya'll? Me? I've changed units recently, to one that has a Mental Health Diversion Program on it. In case you don't know what that is, its a new program that they started to help offenders who are under psychological care. As Texas is going to supposedly do away with ad-seg, they can't just let certain offenders back out into general population without some type of counseling. Another words friends, its another way for TDC (They Don't Care) to cover their asses.

Before I was sent to this place, I just wasn't into doing anything or cared about anything much. I was stuck in a cell around people who were always trying to one-up everyone else. Thats not my style. I prefer to help others that need it. I prefer to just sit back and watch. And then I got sent here. Talk about a total world shift!

This unit isn't all that great, let me tell you! When on my way over here, the officers allowed another offender to walk onto another bus with my bag of personal property without checking to make sure it was his. This bag had all my personal information for my friends and family. Do you know what I was told when I arrived on this unit, by both a SGT and Major over ad-seg? They said, "Its no big deal. They'll find it." Wow...But if it was their information and a threat to their families, oh boy, they'd be all over it. Then I was placed in a cell still covered in blood from the last offender who tried to kill himself in this cell. I was denied cleaning material for 5 days, plus was refused anything to put on my feet so I could take a shower. I am telling you this my friends, to let you know that when you're sent to a Mental Health Program within TDCJ, they (the officers that is) don't give a shit! Alot of the officers here are mental health patients (or should be) themselves!

The whole reason for this post is because I'm hurting right now. There are a few reasons for this, but they are both soul deep.

After 40 years of living on this planet, I have realized that there are certain people you are destined to meet. Yeah, most of them aren't any good for you...And then you meet those that are the best things that could happen in your life. I have come across those a few times in my life. And some are still apart of my life. Because of my past hurts as I was growing up, I haven't been able to open myself up to anyone since I was 17 years old, even to those I should be able to, but thats because I don't open up easily at all! Thats why I am amazed at the pain and hurt I'm in now.

I have learned that most people will play with your head if given the chance. I mean, they just think its alright for them to act like mental health workers or some such, and tell you this and that. Yet when you come across someone who doesn't buy into that bullshit, but tells you like it is, it makes you wake up and listen, as it did me. I have met a Mental Health Counselor who told me (and shown me by example) what is what.

As I said, this person listened to what I had to say, and instead of giving me platitudes or ex-

cuses, she gave me insight into myself. This person is funny, witty, and tough, through and through. She is a leader and doesn't take any bullshit, as well as will tell you as she sees it. And the funny thing is, everyone who truly knows me, would be surprised my friends, that I opened up to her, because in the past, I would have ignored her just because of her personality is so abrasive and upfront. But she didn't use her personality to dominate or abuse, but to enlighten and help others.

She is funny and expressive when she talks. You can't help but pay attention to what she says either. Why? Because she is so upfront and direct, my friends! And when she tells you something, she believes in it, not just mouthing to placate someone. You don't find that anymore in today's Mental Health Counselors. Remember, I've had extensive dealing with them, too.

I know she is caring and has a life to live...There is no doubt in my mind that she actually cares about people. I asked her during one of our counseling sessions why she chose to deal with sex offenders during her internship to get her Masters' degree. She told me that not only was that the only internship left open, but sex offenders are one of the highest unwanted people in society, so why not work with them because nobody else really does. Now, does that kinda tell you about how she is? Then I asked her why she wanted to work in prison? She said why not? She's interested in the criminal justice aspect of mental health, but is also using this as a first step in her career. I can't blame her for that.

And what I like the most about her my friends, is she isn't here to please anyone. She is here to help people who don't have any other type of help they can get. And she's not judgmental or thinks she's better than us, because she once told me that the only difference between us, is I got caught.

One day, we were talking about our fears and such, when she told me a story that had just happened to her. That is why I call her my Spider Whisperer. She said that one day she seen a spider climbing in her house, and she told it, it had to die. If it wanted to live, it should have stayed outside. Then she said, that the next day, she was doing yard work and came across another spider of the same kind, and told it that they had the whole world to live and crawl in, but her house is not for them. If it stayed outside, then it wouldn't get the same thing as the one she found in her house. Then she walked away to let it be in its house. But she was using all these expressions and gestures as she's talking, that you couldn't help but laugh with her.

I really wish she had been around the other week when I really needed someone to talk to. I had gotten a really bad letter from my adopted dad. Somethings are happening with him that I can't help him with because I'm in here. It made me feel worthless, impotent and weak to read what he is going through and not be able to do anything to help him.

When I tried to seek help, it wasn't there because of some bullshit going on within TDCJ and the Program. And so I tried to deal with this myself. Now, I can blame it on her by saying that since I opened up to her, it made me more sensitive to things around me, but it would be a lie. I am responsible for myself and my actions. I know if she was able and/or knew about it, she would've helped talk me down. Alas, she wasn't there. So I tried the best I could by myself. And everything was going good, until Friday morning. I woke up and just short-circuited. I tried talking it out with a guy I consider my lil brother, but couldn't talk without crying, which made me feel worse. So I backed away from the vent where we talk, and went quiet. He tried to call me 10 minutes later, but it was already too late...I had already already done something I had never done before...cut on myself to get rid of the pain I felt. No, I wasn't suicidal, but just hurt so much inside, that I had to do something. I tried punching the walls like I usually do, and it didn't work this time. When I started cutting, it was different.

My lil bro figured out what I was doing, and called the laws. I told him not to, because I didn't want any attention to what I was doing. But would he listen to me? Hell no! I mean, the kid is here because he didn't listen to his mom, right? So the laws came to my door...A lot of good it did. I told them to leave me alone, so they called rank and the rank that came is the same rank that told me my lost property was no big deal, so of course we didn't get along. So of course, he told everyone I was bullshitting...even though I had cuts all on my upper left arm, bleeding like water. And no one ever came back to check on me.

At about 3:15pm, I finally told the officer walking the run that I needed to speak to psych or Mental Health. Guess what? No one ever showed up. And this is a Mental Health Program? Now I feel less than human because of what I did, and I can't get over it because I know I screwed up big time! And now what would the counselor think of me after we had worked on some things? I feel like I let her down, and that cuts worse than the razors. If she ever talks to me again, I think she would tell me I made a wrong choice, but I'm not dead, so you have a chance to change the way you think and react next time.

Regardless, it is what it is, and already done. All I can do is try to do things differently and get

some help next time. Now that I look back, I can see a few things that could have been done differently. I have to learn to control my anger and be able to look through my anger and able to function. I couldn't do it then.

I'm going to close this for now. In future blogs, I will be telling more about this unit. Its almost torture. I hope to hear from ya'll soon my friends, until then, keep your heads up...
The Grizzly Bear

So Lady K, what do you think? Am I crazy? (hahaha). I hope you read this and realize that even way back then, you cast your spell on me. And you wouldn't stop helping me, even though I was becoming a pain-in-your-ass.

I don't know what else to say right now. I am in the middle of writing you a blog about watching you leave, and then getting up this morning and looking out the window, hoping against hope, that you would drive in. It didn't happen. Hell, you were still probably asleep, all snuggled up in bed.

I'm going to close this one down for now Lady K. I will be posting more as soon as I find out that you're gone for good. I already pissed off several people when I tried to get your facebook page. If only I had waited, huh? I want to let you know that you might be out of sight, but you will NEVER be forgotten. I will always keep mini-you in my head to remind me of how special you are. If you read this, I hope you'll let me know you're okay and happy where you are now. I'll always be here for you too.

I want you to listen to a song for me. Its called Speak To A Girl, by Faith Hill and Tim McGraw. Here are the lyrics for it:

(FAITH HILL)

SHE DON'T GIVE A DAMN 'BOUT YOUR BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S, SHE WANTS ARETHA
SHE DON'T REALLY CARE HOW YOU'RE SPENDING YOUR MONEY, IT'S ALL HOW YOU TREAT HER
SHE JUST WANT A FRIEND TO BE THERE WHEN SHE OPENS HER EYES IN THE MORNING
SHE WANTS YOU TO SAY WHAT YOU MEAN AND MEAN EVERYTHING THAT YOU'RE SAYING

'CAUSE THAT'S HOW YOU TALK TO A WOMAN, THAT'S HOW YOU SPEAK TO A GIRL
THAT'S HOW YOU GET WITH A LADY WHO'S WORTH MORE THAN ANYTHING IN YOUR WHOLE WORLD
YOU BETTER RESPECT YOUR MAMA, RESPECT THE HELL OUT OF HER
'CAUSE THAT'S HOW YOU TALK TO A WOMAN, THAT'S HOW YOU SPEAK TO A GIRL

(TIM MCGRAW)

SHE DON'T GIVE A DAMN ABOUT YOUR PRIDE OR THE LIES THAT YOU'RE HIDING BEHIND
SHE JUST WANNA FEEL THAT YOU'RE REAL, THAT SHE'S NEAR TO THE MAN THAT'S INSIDE
SHE DON'T NEED TO HEAR SHE'S A QUEEN ON A THRONE, THAT SHE'S MORE THAN AMAZING
SHE JUST WANTS YOU TO SAY WHAT YOU MEAN AND TO MEAN EVERYTHING YOU'RE SAYING

(TIM & FAITH)

'CAUSE THAT'S HOW YOU TALK TO A WOMAN, THAT'S HOW YOU SPEAK TO A GIRL
THAT'S HOW YOU GET WITH A LADY WHO'S WORTH MORE THAN ANYTHING IN YOUR WHOLE WORLD
YOU BETTER RESPECT YOUR MAMA, RESPECT THE HELL OUT OF HER
'CAUSE THAT'S HOW YOU TALK TO A WOMAN, THAT'S HOW YOU SPEAK TO A GIRL

What do you think of those words there? Is that what you want? Well, I guess I ought to close this down for real now. I will be writing more later. I just have to make sure you're really gone away. Until then, keep your head up and know I'm always thinking about you...(mini-you says hi;-))

The One and Only,
Grizzly Bear

Grizzly Bear
May 18th, 2017