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"The Heavens declare the Glory of God." Ps 19:1
Let us add our voices to the chorus -
Praise Him for things He's already done,
And rejoice over His plans for us.

12/3/17

Chippie the parakeet never saw it coming. One moment he was peacefully perched in his cage. The next he was sucked in, washed up and blown over.

The problem began when Chippie's owner decided to clean Chippie's cage with a vacuum cleaner. She removed the attachment from the end of the hose and stuck it in the cage. — When the phone rang, and she turned to pick it up. She had briefly said "Hello," when "Thubbaaap!" Chippie got sucked in. Horrified, the bird owner gasped, tossed down the phone, turned off the vacuum cleaner, and carefully opened the bag. To her amazement, there was Chippie - still alive, but rather sprawled.

Covered with dust and soot, the owner grabbed Chippie, raced to the bathroom and washed him off with running water. — Revitalizing Chippie was now soaked and shivering, she reached for her hair dryer... □

When asked how Clippie was recovering, the owner said, "Well, Clippie doesn't sing much anymore - She just sits there and STARS."



^{as}
That's a story that's been told
by a great Christian writer, Max Lucado.

Almost 19 yrs ago, while
sitting in a holding cell during a
capital felony, I felt a bit like
Clippie.

Just a year before, I'd signed
an exclusive contract to raise \$2 million
dollars for an independent film.
As I read the press release, I
thought about how "earning 10 points,"
or \$200,000, on that contract was
only the beginning. My newly formed
company was on the verge of riding
what would be a huge wave of success.
Or so I thought.

And then the phone rang...

Rusher from a quick zip into a
vacuum bag, followed by a wash and
blew dry, like Clippie — It took a
year of tumultuous events and tragic
turns until I found myself being
confronted by a man holding a knife.
He was dead before he hit the ground.

I was berated by the press
and told by my lawyer, a public
prosecutor, "not to respond to the
news reporters" since I would "have my
day in court" and perhaps salvage my
reputation.

As it turns out, 8 months after
that tragedy unfolded, the law was
changed from the "Castle Doctrine"
(in which self-defense was only allowed
in your home or place of business).

To the "Stand Your Ground Law":
Unfortunately, the law would not be
retroactive. It could not be applied to
my case.

After sitting in a County jail for
2 years, I was offered a "plea deal".
That was really no deal at all!
In fact, it was an opened sentence.
Here's how it was explained by my
attorney - "look, they know a 1st degree
charge will never stand up at trial...
However, going to trial means a
"Home Run" would be a 3rd degree
manslaughter charge. If it were
a "plea offer" on 3rd degree, you would
probably only have to do a few years
followed by probation. But, taking it
to trial means they'd hit you with
the max - 15 yrs.

If you take them to trial and
get hit with 2nd degree murder,
which is a good possibility, That's
A P.B.I. (Punishable by Life)....

Here's what they're offering -
If you plead out to Second degree,
They'd give you 20 years."

The "choice" really wasn't much
of a choice at all — I'd just spent
the past 2 years watching life sentences
being handed out like candy on Halloween.
I didn't feel much like SINGING,
and I could only SIT and STARE.

Unfortunately, life doesn't come
with a Rewind button - we can't go
back and do things differently, while
hoping for better results. Nor does it
come with "fast forward"; so, we can't
speed past the consequences of what
may have been poor decisions or poor
mistakes. But we can move...
we can pause and reflect upon what
kind of things we can do that would
make for a better tomorrow.

14 years ago, I "Revered" when
I should have "Responded" and, TRAGICALLY,
A Life was lost. The change in
the law 8 months later would never
have lessened the burden or erased
the remorse I feel.

I have 2 sons who have never met... one is 25 and one is soon to be 30 years old.

Clearly I was making poor decisions long before I found myself in this holding cell sitting at the wall.

Grey and Brandon - I am so sorry that I could not have been a better mom & a better father & a better friend.

As I said in my last post, it will never be the strength of my apology, but the power of forgiveness which will make for a better tomorrow.

January, A New Year is right around the corner. The month is named after the Roman god Janus - "the god of gates and new beginnings." In fact, he is usually depicted with 2 faces looking in opposite directions... one back upon the past - the other, ahead to the future.

It's an appropriate name for a month that begins a new year - and it would be an incredible blessing if we enter this New Year with a spirit of reconciliation, and hearts ready to embrace a new beginning.

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This journey through the Dept. of Corrections is almost over - As you stand in your courtroom, Gary Jr., 2021 is right around the corner. ☺ The end of this sentence will begin a new chapter in my life, and I still believe in happy endings. ☺

Gary - I asked you to write me directly at Okeechobee C.I.
3420 NE 168 St.
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Gary Field M05398

That was almost 6 weeks ago, and so I realize that request may not have been as "simple" as I expected, or rather, as I had hoped it would be. For whatever reason you may be uncomfortable writing me, please try to contact my mom on Facebook - It should be pretty easy. Kathleen Field Tolbyhuna, Jr - or my sister Michelle Field W. Orange - or your cousin Jamal (James) Field, Jersey City. (My mom has been trying to find you for years. ☺)

Brandon, as I've said often over the years, I continue to pray the hand of God might touch your heart and plant a seed of compassion and forgiveness.

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The fact is, I don't even know if you'll be reading this post - in fact, I have no idea who is reading this post. But I keep writing - after all, Gary has been reading them for years and I had no idea.

O.K. Done quick updates.

I just got my hand on the reference materials I needed to complete the Masters in Biblical Studies from Gulf Coast Bible College. (Finally!) God willing, by this time next year I'll be finishing up the Ph.D. program. I may have come into the system as INMATE #M0539E, but I hope to leave as DR. Field.

I just began a term as president of The Ambassadors Gov'l Club (Affiliate of Toastmasters INT'L).

Hopefully, I'll be able to get out the first issue of a newsletter here at the compound - one similar to the South Bay Breezeway from 2015.

Indian River State College (Ft. Pierce) has partnered with the Fla. Dept. of Corrections to offer 18 credits toward an "Assoc. of Science and Engineering Tech." degree. It's a pilot program and I happened to be in the right place at the right

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time to participate in the program.
The courses begin in the New York
and the same will be paying \$400
A credit (about \$7,200 total) for 30
students to take the course. There
will be 3 courses of 8 weeks each.
1st Component: A plus certification (comp.
industry standard)

2nd Component: ICE Horse - an entrepreneurial
class

3rd Component: Project Mgt. Training.

Between the Gator Club, Newsletter,
Master's thesis and computer classes,
the next few months should really
fly by.

July 9 2018 is an important
date - it's when I'll qualify to enter
the "3 years and under" reentry
program at Everglades C.I. down
in Miami.

On that note - Field out! :)

May the music of the Mandolin
with its songs of Silver Streams,
Bring sunshine to the paths you walk,
And mirth to your dreams.

Anon. :)

P.S. Some of my poems will be published in Cornell's
Prisoner express poetry anthology. Ciao!