



FATHERS ACROSS FENCES

I hate days like today: I awoke to a bad dream that something was wrong with one of my kids, and that they need me, urgently.

That's one of the worst parts about prison.

The dream, was about my first daughter--Eleanor.

A princess in all her own rights.

I just hope that she's okay, and knows that I love her very much. I haven't been there for her--I wish that I had been--and wish that I could be now. That's one of the many failures about prison: the utter destruction of family units. Many other countries have already adapted policies and programs that attempt to preserve family units, so that the spouse, and children of incarcerated individuals do not have to suffer needlessly. The programs are not for the benefit of the prisoners, but is intended more for their family. During incarceration of a parent, a child may go through the most important years of their youth.

Why not have a bridge of communication?

Decided case by case--because yes; some fathers are dangerous influences to not just their children, but anyone--and in those cases where it's deemed to be constructive to the child's psychology, it's permitted.

This would reduce the child's chances of a harder life; and in some cases, from following in the father's footsteps.

I should be able to work, make money, and send that to my children. But, sadly, the prisoners acting as gatekeepers to the tag plant, where I COULD do that--now actively block me, and anyone like me, that's normal and won't compromise ourselves. But that's all for another post--maybe later: I'll talk about all of the bible-thumping pedos.

I hope my kids are okay, all of them.