

Message To The Church  
@MTTC2017

To the good people of Holy Spirit Catholic Church in Fremont, California, we'd like to know what you think of this **WRITE OR DIE** zine (WODz) edition of **Message to the Church**. You can send us your comments by logging onto the **Papyrus Collective Group Blog** @[Betweenthebars.org](http://Betweenthebars.org), post title: @MTTC2017.

@MTTC2017 is all about your comments/questions for the authors of these testimonials, or if your interested in **Message to the Church** and want to learn more about this WODz special edition.

Thank you for reading **Message to the Church**, God bless.

Byron P. Wilson JR.  
General Coordinator/Editor  
@ [betweenthebars.org/group/papco/](http://betweenthebars.org/group/papco/)

**Papco**



Zine Project



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**Between the Bars**  
Human stories from prison



# CALIFORNIA DEATH ROW



FREE 2 ALL PRISONERS  
DUPLICATE & DISTRIBUTE



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**Special acknowledgment to: Joseph Carbis, and Julia @ BtB**  
**Dedicated to: Kathy Weber @ Holy Spirit Catholic Church**

\*Artwork & Design elements by: *Robert (Cowboy) Williams Jr.*

Robert also writes a series of zines titled The Meandering of a Death Row Inmate, elements from which are featured in this issue of Message to the Church. If you're interested in seeing more of Robert's work, you can write to him at the address below.

Transcribed by: *Julia & Lumas @ BtB*  
<https://betweenthebars.org/blogs/1916/byron-wilson>

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 WRITE OR DIE ZINE



[betweenthebars.org/group/papco/](http://betweenthebars.org/group/papco/)

**Our Editorial Blog**

The raw production process of writing, designing, print, and distribution of WODz (Write Or Die zine). PAPCO group blog @ Between the Bars (BtB) is your link to my editorial blog, for behind-the-zine access to this unique prisoner zine.

**Your Transcriptions**

This feature of our blog enhances the editorial and text work that goes into putting each WODz issue together. Transcriptions of handwritten posts can then be downloaded from BtB, mailed, and assembled into the next WODz issue from scratch.

**Your Comments**

The comment & reply feature of our blog allows for you to comment on posts slated for WODz issues, and for me to reply to your comments in turn. I use this interactive feature to facilitate dialogue and collaboration with our „outside“ counterparts.

We also publish your comments to the thousands of prisoners who read WODz, including the contributing writers and artists here on California Death Row (San Quentin Prison), making WODz a growing multi-media, prison-based publication.

**Write Or Die zine @**

[betweenthebars.org/blogs/1916/byron-wilson](http://betweenthebars.org/blogs/1916/byron-wilson)

**\*The Papyrus Collective Group Blog is the only Group Blog @**  
**[betweenthebars.org](http://betweenthebars.org)**



## Guardian Angel

Lastnight I had a dream, a tale to tell,  
I dreamt I saw an angel, poor thing wasn't well.  
His body bruised and battered, his wings were ripped and torn,  
He could hardly walk, he looked so tired and worn.  
I walked right up to him, "Angel, how could this be",  
He turned around, and paused a bit, then said these words to me:

"I'm your guardian angel, a great task, as you can see,  
You've run so wild all of your life, look what you've done to me.

These bruises are from shelding you in times when you were ill,  
Those dangerous drugs and alcohol, I've often paid the bill.  
You say my wings are torn and battered, it's a nobel badge I wear,  
How often I've flown you from evil when you were unaware.  
You've made me wish more than once I was unemployed  
when you can finally make it on your own,  
you'll need not fear or worry, for I will never leave you alone.

I could not believe all that I heard, much less how he cared,  
I cried upon his shoulders, then left him in despair.  
The next morning, I saw sin and wondered, "Should I try?"  
And in the distance, I thought I heard my guardian angel cry.

By: Kai Harris

(note to reader)

And for the record,  
I don't believe in no god,  
church was forced on me as a child,  
so the church didn't lose me,  
neva had me!

-Tako



## Message To The Church

*St. John Bosco* Ministry, the Holy Spirit Catholic Church in Fremont California, Congregation, the Prison Ministry services provided through Gods beloved Sister Kathy Weber, and to all who are called to be Gods holy people.



Hello, and a most happy and loving surprise from The Papyrus Collective (papco) here on California Condemned Row, at San Quentin State Prison. The enclosed collaboration of testimonials are inspired from the care, generosity and fellowship we have received through Your Prison Ministry, and Congregation.

Near the end of 2016, our fellow condemned inmate named Floyd Smith introduced many of us to the Holiday Bake sale blessings from Your Congregation, that, [?] primarily consisted of food, hygiene products, shoes, clean underwear and electric appliances etc. [?], and to our surprise, an opportunity for open fellowship through letters and visitation with members of Your amazing Congregation.

Floyd told us that he discovered that Sister Kathy had been writing, visiting and fellowshipping with many other inmates in prison for years, and this was our first time hearing about it, primarily due to most of us not being a part of the Church community circles of elder people here.

Had it not been for inmates like Albert „Ru-Al“ Jones, Clifton Perry and now Floyd Smith, that actually introduced Sister Kathy to a new generation of innercity Youth who are now being housed on death row, those in need, and having the most potential to benefit from a real Blessing, Sister Kathy herself would've continued to be deprived access to an untapped and underserved Younger demographic of the condemned population that we are now calling, NEW Souls.

In December of 2016, Floyd alerted inmate Bryon Wilson that thank You notes, and messages of thanks began to flow in from the Young men that received visits, packages, and letters from Your Congregation, and told Bryon that These New Souls need to know that we as a collective of none saved always in trouble, mad at God and the rest of the world, angry and out of control need to create a way for all of us to say Thank You to the source of these blessings.

So Floyd said, „Since We were all Blessed together, we should say thank You together“.

Like clockwork, Bryon began to receive visitations and letters from Joseph Carbis, and only God knew what was going to happen next.

## Message To The Church

Byron Wilson is the creative genius behind the Write or Die Line Project, which You are now reading, yes, totally produced, designed and distributed by the Papyrus Collective (papco), a varying group of California condemned poets, artists and others that provide commentary from a new condemned perspective.

Conversations between Byron and Josep Carbis organically became the physical manifestation of this Line issues, which is a unique first outright Thank You, to The Church from this collective, moreover, Joseph took on an even harder task of nut just transcribing these works, but achieving an impossible mission to keep our message of gratitude Top Secret, and loving surprise to Sister Kathy and everyone who participated in the bake sale in one capacity or another, and we all know how difficult it is for the saints to keep silence about Gods love.

And with that, we say, Surprise!, and Thank You for providing proof that God still believes in us, and if this Line issue has been a blessing to You, please engage Sister Kathy with Your love, and leave us a comment at [betweenthebars.org/group/PapyrusCollective](http://betweenthebars.org/group/PapyrusCollective).

# @MITTC2017



California Death Row

# Papeco

## BYRON: TESTIMONIES

(PT. TWO)

I've spent a very long time away from the church, and away from Christianity. That means away from God, away from prayer, and in many respects, away from a more meaningful relationship with people in and around my life. It wasn't until just a few years ago that even as a self-proclaimed religious heretic, I had made a conscious decision to reconcile my beliefs with those of my family and friends in a more positive way. To open up my mind and my heart once again. After 17 years this is my first time in a long time to engage the church in such a personal way. For the first time in the 7 years, 20-something issues history of Write or Die zine, I've also engaged the church through this project. Since that December of last year I'm finding myself doing what I didn't expect to be doing just several months ago. I've said that I don't believe in miracles, blessings and such things. But sometimes, it seems to me downright spiritual!

I think that I've just about said everything I wanted to say here in this testimonial. So, I'll close this missive to you good people with the hope that these testimonies are well received. And to our weary bakers, I hope that you all can read this zine before or by the time your next scheduled bake sale this year, and maybe find some new purpose and perspective from our message. I know you're all steadfast in both faith and works, even when the good things you do seem squandered. It's a tireless and often thankless task what you do but trust that Kathy has your back, and the potential of each person whose lives you touch in a positive way through your ministry and social outreach. Thank you.

"Life is messy and we are called to put ourselves in the middle of the mess and work to make a difference, however small. We are all carrying a heavy load, fighting a hard battle, but so is every person we encounter in this mystery we call life."

- Matthew Kelly



<Pictured> Joseph and Byron (July 2017)

Visit my editorial blog @ [BETWEENTHEBARS.ORG/BLOG/BYRON-WILSON](http://BETWEENTHEBARS.ORG/BLOG/BYRON-WILSON) to see more of the WRITE OR DIE zine project and leave me your comments.

## BYRON: TESTIMONIES

(PT. TWO)

The group of photos were of Kathy alongside of smiling church members and tables covered with all sorts of beautifully packaged baked goods. I thought to myself, "these people must be our 'weary bakers.'" That's when it dawned on me, a sense of how significant it was what you all were doing from behind the front lines to support Kathy's work here. Also the term "weary bakers" and holiday bakers were born as you became the subject of our growing conversations.

After sharing Kathy's letter and the photos with Tyrone and other a new conversation and interest in writing this zine began to take place between us. We all went from being thankful to being grateful. The photos alone worth a thousand words. Having received your generosity, knowing little more than Kathy's name seemed for grated and superficial, and Kathy's letter calling for these testimonies made it more clear to us that there were people who wanted to let us know they cared... and that God cared. People who were reaching out to make that connection with us through Kathy, and through baking. Kathy's letter had to spell that out to us in so many words it seems. We decided to respond.

My visit with Joseph that following month of February, I shared with him Kathy's letter and asked him to help us put this zine together as a surprise to Kathy, the weary bakers, and the rest of the prison ministry unit. He was more than ready and willing to do that too, and we would spend the coming months during visits and over the phone putting these testimonies together. Using the features on my Blog @ [Betweenthebars.org](http://Betweenthebars.org), he would transcribe the handwritten testimonies I had mailed to the website to scan onto my blog page, download the transcribed copies and send to me to put it all together. Once it was done, I would mail the master copy to Joseph for him to prepare copies to present to Kathy.

In the beginning, it wasn't my intention to write a testimonial or testimony at all. Even after reading Kathy's letter, when I had the realization connecting me to Kathy and our weary bakers in such a personal way for the first time, it hadn't quite yet revealed itself, the words I'd find to write my testimonial. In fact, because of the faith-based nature of Kathy's letter addressing her Christian brethren, asking for testimonies, I had at first interpreted her words with mixed feelings. As if this "faith" disqualified me and whatever my contribution might be. It took a minute for me to find my own testimonial writing itself.

Whether or not Kathy was intending to address those of us (like myself) not a part of the same faith when she wrote that letter doesn't much matter to me. Even if the holiday package and everything else was intended for those Christian prisoners here, I doubt that any of that would make a difference to Kathy, or to you good people for that matter. I think what's most important is reflected through these testimonies. Appreciation and gratitude, communication, and friendship, as well as faith. Kathy's call to those who she knew already wasn't to my exclusion at all. It was my opportunity in fact, answering her call for support as a way to express and exhibit the gratitude felt by myself and others. Having no idea she had tapped into something and someone to such an effect. I wanted Kathy and everyone to know the story. Hopefully, this will prove to be a testimonial proof of the relevance and meaning in what's being accomplished through your prison ministry unity.

## Floyd

My name is Floyd Smith, CDCR#K-72700. POPYRUS COLLECTIVE project writer and contributing editor for the WODZ (WRITE OR DIE zine) series. With this MESSAGE TO THE CHURCH to sister Kathy and the congregation. my testimonial.

One morning, while pacing the small space of an outside holding cage, a man in the cage next to mine named Westley, noticed my low spirit and spoke to me. He said that he wanted me to meet a lady named Kathy that he knew, because the church where she worshiped was putting on a bake sale to raise funds for prisoners in need during the Christmas Holiday. He told me that he already has support, and wanted to offer his blessing from the church bake sale to me.

What Westley didn't know is that I was in a very dark place that morning. Upset with God, because my 16 year old daughter was in a high speed chase through Los Angeles in a stolen vehicle, which turned into a foot chase that ended in the officer drawing his gun on my baby. Especially since I was told that my daughter was pregnant. All of that hit me so hard that I had decided to commit suicide that day.

My daughter, pregnant with my first grandchild inside a juvenile facility somewhere, and would be born incarcerated (Three generations incarcerated). Both my daughter and grandchild could've been shot and killed that day. To think about it, some cop had to go home and tell his wife that he almost shot someone's 16 year old daughter. In this climate in America where hostility and tragedy between the police and inner city youth is all too often the result of such encounters. It all really pushed me to the edge that particular day.



## Floyd

Meeting sister Kathy, and her introducing me to Robain, who I came to know during our visits, both, make me look back at that moment as a direct movement of God into my life. Because neither Westley, Kathy nor Robain knew that I was in trouble until after I engaged them. And although Robain can't visit me anymore, he made a great impression on my life from the times he did. (Robain is the Real Deal).

That act of kindness that Westley extended 4 years ago through his bake sale blessing sustained me, and my hope to one day hear from my daughter and meet my grandchild. Today, I share the bake sale blessing with others, as well as sister Kathy's prison ministry which brings those from your congregation (like Robain) into the visiting rooms. This last holiday I was able to share this combined blessing from both "bakers" and ministers with some "new souls" among an new generation of the death row population here at San Quentin, thanx to sister Kathy expanding the efforts and resources to me, from the congregation of the Holy Spirit church.

Byron, Marcus, Waymon, Thomas, Tyrone, and Rayon; are these new souls who've been touched in a positive way by you. It may be obvious that we are not a part of the usual crowd of "Bible dudes" around here, who don't engage our generation at all, let alone any new souls being brought to the Lord by those that have been here since before many of us left middle school. In fact, the vast population of death row prisoners confined here at San Quentin, most of us don't know each other. Whether it be fences and walls, or barriers of the mind, it's a cliché all too common here to find our generation more at odds with whatever people morph into while "playing" christian.

As a result of that new effort (only 2-3 months since as I write this letter to you) something very special has began to evolve from these young men, who can't stop talking about Kathy and their new found fellowship with those people among your congregation. And so it didn't take long for this "message" from these new souls to come together to extend our appreciation. I told sistr Kathy that we need to call the visiting room expansion "feast and fellowship" with new souls.

However, I feel compelled (just as much as I do obligated) to tell this story... This testimonial, as it was inspired. As much as it is owned to Kathy, her "weary" bakers and prison ministry unit from the Holy Spirit Catholic Church; and of course, to my aunt, Linda, who always instructs me to follow my calling to bring words of truth.

When Floyd first told me about Kathy and the offer of a package, and a visit from a church member, I remember my feeling more open to receiving the package than the person. Imagining someone who might see me as their mission to evangelize and turn me away from my path of "heathenism." I didn't want that. But of course, I couldn't accept a gift in such an ill manner - despite my cynicism, so I agreed to it, with the understanding (both Floyd and I shared) that whoever I met in that visiting room would be a welcomed, new experience for me. Something that we are fortunate to receive.



## BYRON: TESTIMONIES

### (PT. TWO)

The letter from Kathy was titled: Testimonies Wanted, and was one of a number of copies sent to individuals here who're part of her prison ministry and receive Christmas holiday packages. The letter was a call to those who had received packages the previous year to write a personal account that expressed how receiving these "blessings" has made a positive impact in their lives.

I remember the opening words of the letter read, "our bakers are growing weary..." Apparently alot of time and effort goes into these bakesales in order to raise funds that make it possible for Kathy to do what she does for those of us in need and from what seemed to be a lack of a more personal engagement coming from our end was misleading our bakers to feel as if their efforts were maybe falling short of doing any real good. Kathy stressed the need for us to open ourselves up in order to deepen the understanding and relationship between us all.

## Byron: Testimonial

Since I began writing and publishing write or Die Zines several years ago and sending them out to share with family, my aunt, Linda, makes it a point to address me by both my first "AND" middle name in her letters to me: Byron-Paul. After the renowned apostle who authored some of the earliest writings in the new testament/Bible. It's an Irony not lost on her since I've long dissolved my faith in ALL matters of religion - something she's well aware of. None-the-less, she'll call me "minister" Byron-Paul. Reading every Write or Die zine she receives. Especially where we interview and write about issues concerning inner city youths, the criminal justice system and mass incarceration...Even perspective expressing ideas that are critical of her Christian faith, often responding to my "areligious" position with reciprocal scripture and spiritual perspective. "Dear minister Byron-Paul, you are doing great work...Gods work through Write or Die..." Some of the opening words of her letters. And though I must admit I've dismissed much of her faith-filled letters as typical church rhetoric, after several years of many letters from aunt Linda, I'm finding her influence more relevant than I could've perceived before.

Aunt Linda comes to mind as I write this testimonial, and I think that's because I sense this kind of personal, profound parallel in the influence of both my aunt Linda and Kathy, in the way I perceive the world around me. Such as Kathy, I watched these testimonials come together into this Message To The Church zine in such a way...I can only call the experience organic - since I don't believe in the Divine or Blessings and things of that nature, but yet, I must admit this feeling of things happening for a reason. Positive things. Good things, that are connected to good people. People who believe in a higher purpose and meaning And so, I find myself in a unique position now in facilitating something like this. Finding myself the unwitting author of a testimonial to my own spiritual transitioning, maybe? not quite, no.

If it wasn't for those here like RU-AL, and Westley, setting an example of God's grace towards us as we come here as young and wild lost souls, there would be little to no evidence of God's mercy here in real time. If not for Kathy and those of you who baked, wrote letters, came to visit, without prejudice or judgement. These testimonials are a confirmation that through you, God is getting our attention.



Kathy Weber, Floyd Smith

@MITTC2017



## New Souls: Marcus

To our beloved sister Kathy, and bakers of blessings; from Floyd, and Marcus, the youngest of the new souls here with us.

When I first met Marcus, he had engaged our WODz project with a lyrical composition written about his life, titled, "Like they used to", that was full of the raw, direct, explicit language, and street vernacular reflecting his San Diego, California, roots. A life of drugs, gangs, violence, betrayal, and love lost. The last chapters of an early life. I found his poetic narrative to be a familiar theme of the street life, yet, a pivotal introspective guiding one into a new chapter of life.

I asked Marcus last year if he was interested in receiving a gifted blessing from a church congregation that just had a bake sale to raise funds for those of us in need of a package during the coming Christmas holiday. Something as small as a new hot pot heat up cold meals for Marcus, was an expense that would've been more complicated, and inconvenient on his young daughter, had that blessing not been received.

The following words came to me in a (\*) kite I received from Marcus the days following his receiving the S.P.O. ("Special purchase order") package from Kathy that december 2016:

(NOTE: THE ORIGINAL HANDWRITTEN KITE WAS REDACTED AND TRANSCRIBED IN CONSIDERATION OF LANGUAGE ONE MAY FIND OFFENSIVE.)

*[Handwritten text from a kite, partially redacted with black bars. The text is difficult to read due to blurriness and redaction.]*



## Tyrone - Friends of Mine

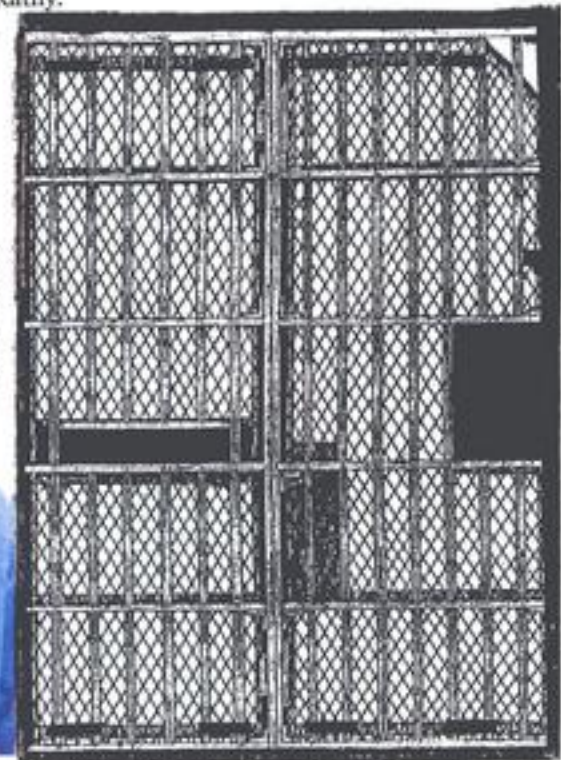
A few months later, another friend of mine, who was also blessed by Kathy and the Prison Ministry, came to me on the yard and showed me some pictures of a group of people having a bake sale. At first, I had no idea who the people in the picture were, but when he told me, I was instantly hit with this jolt of joy and pride. It was one thing to know me, Kathy and the Prison Ministry was out there, but a whole other thing to see them in action. It made the whole experience more personal. To put a face to the name made it that much more real. It made the gratitude and love we feel more potent.

I know doing things like bake sales takes a lot of time out of everyone's lives. And I'm sure at times it's a thankless task. So I want to let Kathy and everyone involved in the Prison Ministry know that I thank you all so much. With your acts of selfless kindness, you all changed the way I look at the world. You've all truly blessed me, and I'm more than sure you've change the lives of many others. God bless you all and, again, from the bottom of my heart, thank you... new friends of mine.

Tyrone Miller  
#AP8908, CSP-SQ  
San Quentin, CA 94974

Note to reader: Tyrone hasn't yet received any correspondence or visit. If anyone would like to write Tyrone, you can inquire with Kathy.

*Thank you.*





# Tyrone - Friends of Mine

## Tyrone - Friends of Mine

A friend of mine asked if I'd like to join him and some others in writing our testimonies and I jumped at the opportunity. My name is Tyrone Miller, and this is mine.

Last year around the holidays, another inmate asked me if I had someone looking out for me on the outside. When I told him no, he said he knew a group of people who do what they can to help out guys in my situation. I can't remember the exact conversation, but a name I'll never forget is Kathy.

Now, growing up with a pastor for a father, I was always taught to believe people are, as a whole, good and they give out the kindness of their hearts. I don't know if it was my time in the Marine Corp or the time I've spent in prison (no doubt a combo of both), but over time, I realize now that I'd become jaded. I'd no longer believe people as a whole were good. I'd somehow lost my belief in humanity. So when my friend told me about the Prison Ministry, I was not convinced, to say the least.

So imagine my surprise when the holidays came around and I'm at my lowest. Sure enough, a package shows up. When the officer first came to my door with the package, I almost told him he was at the wrong cell. I was so surprised. Later, once the shock wore off, I was truly touched. And it wasn't just the physical things, it was the fact that there was this awesome group of people out there who'd never met me before but were willing to help. Just because.



# New Souls: Marcus

## Transcription

\*Alright

I send minez. Aye good lookin out on tha S.P.O hookup. I needed a new hotpot like a was just about to order a S.P.O. now i don't have ta. I can shoot tha bread to my daughter So i appreciate that playboy on tha real. So i filled out tha form. I think i did it right.

I also included the (M) in tha total price. So everthing should be str8. I filled out tha inmatepart... As for that heat. "Like they use to". Yeah man thatz all real (M). When you out there havin it ya way every body down wit you. But when you cant spread that \$\$ they shake on you. It aint nothin tho. I learned that time will show you that truth

I wanted to share this kite with the congregation and our Bakers of Blessings, for you to see how your love has fond a young daughter in the hood without her father at home, and the heart of this young father who's on his way to discovering a new chapter in his life among God's real people in society. You just introduced Marcus to a reason to use the word "appreciate". That's right, playboy!... "on tha real". :) This is great work for us. A window to a new soul is open for the Lord because the Holy Spirt Church Congregation is doing the work.

We pray for someone from the congregation to join the prison ministry to visit and fellowshi with Marcus next.

My name is Floyd



Floyd Smith #K.72700



*We are all going to die sooner or later, there is just no way to avoid that simplest of realities. But, should things go as some want, I will be allowed to know the month, day, hour, and minute of my physical demise. Strangely, I am at peace with this. In so many ways I welcome my coming death.*

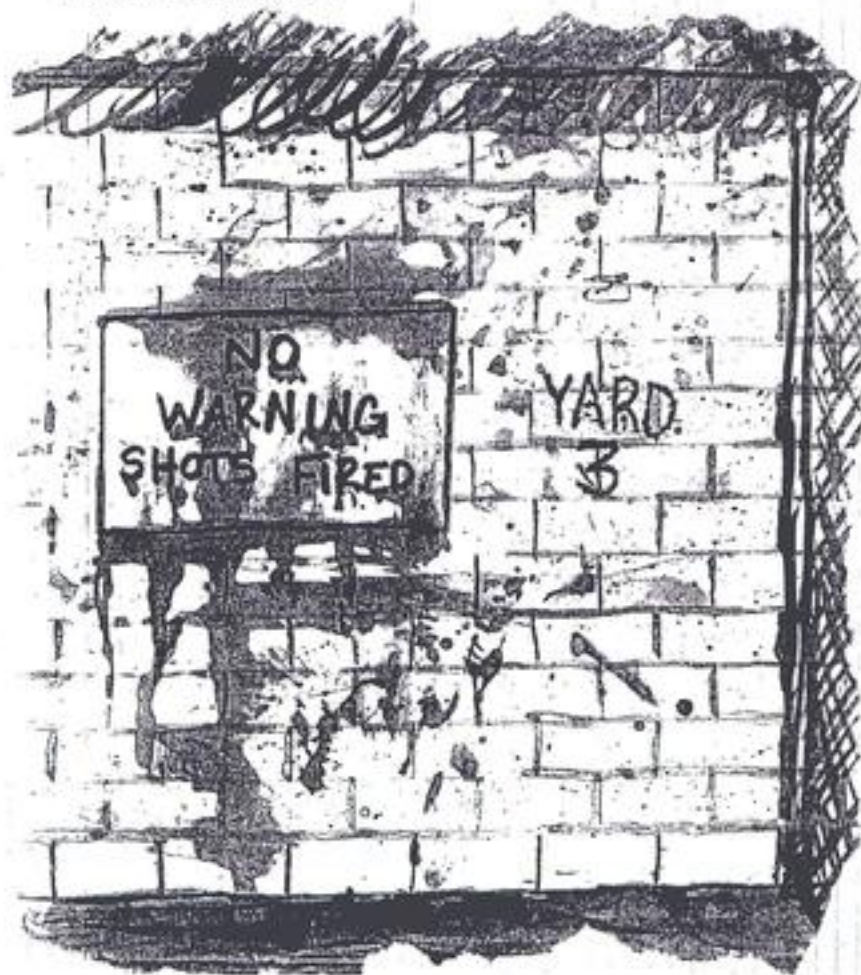
F. I so understand that question because she's got like this...

@Golgotha

W. Soulful, family, home energy in her letters, I cant explain it, but whatever it is, somehow she reached us.

F. I hope other people at the church read what you just said because people need to know what kind of impact they already have on us by baking goods, the bakesale, the visits, the prayers, and challenging us to shake nerves and doubt and

just allow God to do what God does, even though non of us are worthy of his mercy. Im super thankful because Im no bible thumper, but Sister Kathy has my attention. The attention of New Souls.





F. What's the word on this cool couple you said that came to visit you from the church?

W. I didn't think I was going to be nervous at first, but I learned that reservations goes both ways because, it's funny how I was thinking to myself, What if I get somekind of wayout person, I didn't know what to expect.

F. Yeah, that is funny how the devil plays doubt first, but true blessings work through doubt. I know it's still early, but you seemed inspired by them, or excited to get at me about them, so, who are these people?

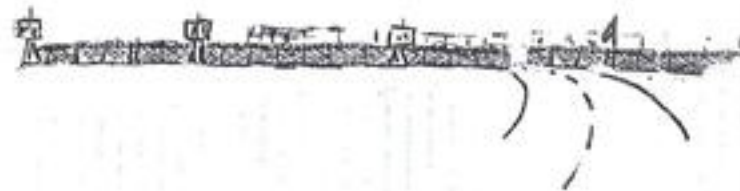
W. I'll start with the husband, they take turns visiting me because they have a new born at home, his name is Ryan, he impressed me off the top just being a man, a husband and a new father, and soccer player that took time out from his life to come visit somebody on death row, being of this generation, I compare him to being someone I could see myself kicking it with at school, and, oh yeah, he has a different upbringing than me, so his diverse nature expands my cultural experience, he's really a good dude.

F. And his better half?

W. Her name is Lynne, she's a traveller, this inspires me because, obviously in my situation, just having somebody to share those world wide experiences with me, expands my connection with society in a way not possible without the church having prison ministry, wish I could meet Sister Kathy.

F. Sounds like Sister Kathy's connection with God is reaching a new generation up here because none of us even knew about any of this.

W. Is Sister Kathy Black?



Waymon—P.S.

Thank you for your service and dedication towards your work. Most importantly, your several years of outreach to us on the inside. Many, including myself, here on death row are greatly appreciative of the couples and individuals whom through you have opened the door—along with the hearts—to those of us behind these walls. Truly, words cannot express how grateful I am and blessed just knowing there are people out there like you, Kathy, Ryan, and Lynn who see us as human beings!

Being from Southern California with my home and family at a distance, it's a struggle towards the outlook of life since being away from society. Truly a greater change in my life. A newfound friendship among myself, Ryan, Lynne that has been my strength along with conduit! Humility and staying aware of one's self (and others) emotions, spiritual enlightenment by stepping outside of our own "box" to help others as you have done for me is a true act of humanity, no matter my situation or circumstance.

I thank you for that light that I continue to seek within myself. Learning from you, Ryan, Lynne—again, I can't thank you enough for your precious time, which is actually your love within a greater sense of purpose—this shared experience through letters and, most importantly, my meeting you for our first visit. Kathy's Christmas gift (bake sale blessings), especially for those of us here on death row without family or good friends in our loves, you have become that friend—and many others involved in the ministry as well... Thank you all whom are a part of the congregation at Holy Spirit Catholic Church.

Sincerely, thankfully, and respectfully....

(for picture)

Waymon with Ryan and Lynne (May 2017)



# @Golgotha

vox populi vox Dei  
(the voice of the people is the voice of God)

There exists a documented conversation between men hanging on crosses after being given the death penalty. One of those men is still a major figure in the lives of people all over the world and yet there are now thousands of people on death row around the world.

For far too long the media and other agencies have represented captives on death row from a narrow window, from the outside, and the results are often one-sided, misleading, and straight up false. Papco inspires the world to experience unedited conversations between the souls still hanging on the cross at the place of the skull- Golgotha.

**GOLGOTHA**, the Hebrew name for the spot where Jesus was crucified (Matt. 27:33; Mark 15:22; John 19:17). The name is interpreted by these writers as meaning "the place of a skull" supposedly from the shape of the hill so designated, or possibly from the human skulls there as the place of execution. The most probable site is that northeast of the modern Damascus Gate.

When I Was In Prison, You Visited Me!



Byron's idea to show our appreciation to Sister Kathy, and The St. John Bosco Ministry, and the Congregation at The Holy Spirit Church in Fremont California for having bakesales to donate Gods blessings to prisoners, must include one of our interviews segments that we call @Golgotha, here, we talk to eachother about you.

So enjoy, as I walk over to the San Quentin Prison Legal Law Library with another New Soul, a young man named Waymon.

Date: 12.23.16  
Location: Condemned Legal Law Library  
Time: 7:30pm  
Weather: Super Freezier  
Survey by: Floyd Smith #K.72700  
Responses by: Waymon Livingston #AP.1552



## @ Golgotha w/ Waymon

F. Whats up young bro, good to see you again, long time no see.

W. It takes forever to get called to come over, how have you been?

F. Im cool, trying to find out if you and MR. Thomas recieved the special purchase order blessings from the churches bakesale yet?

W. I did, not too sure about MR. Thomas, but I think he did, I'll find out tomorrow at next yard call, I've already sent a thank you letter to Sister Kathy too.

F. So what did you get, and why did you order these items?

W. Just a couple of shirts, and an alarm clock, man I needed tthat.

F. I get the shirts, but whats up with the clock? thats a trip because abother brother said he was in need of a watch.

W. I just really needed to get back into my own personal schedule, you know, prayer, legal work, working out, it's a touch blue neon light small clock, gives me time, military time, date, alarm and weather. Or you might say cell temp. Its easy for some to lose focus here on the row, and a brotha is too young to lose focus right now.

