



### LETTER "TO MY LOVING WIFE"

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The following is a letter sent to Jaime Mahaffey this morning, and I post it, to ensure that it reaches her—even if the handwritten version gets lost in transit—and so that our son may see it one day:



To my Loving Wife,

August 4, 2018

Yeah, I know, the sight of those words send a chill of irritation up your spine, perhaps even to the point of not reading any further—that is ... if you even get this letter, or open it. I assure you that the salutation is meant in the highest of respect and adoration, as you are, and always will be the closest I ever got to heaven....

I've written many letters to you over the years, and I know there's little to no hope of getting an answer to this one; but, every fiber of my being is calling me to write it, and I feel that if I don't reach out to you at least one more time, I wouldn't be able to live with myself. And as an extra effort, this time, I'm mailing copies to every address I have for you, and to anyone that might care enough to give it to you, along with a posted version online, for you, Collin, and the whole world to see:

<http://betweenthebars.org/blogs/316/>

My way of shouting from the mountain-top!

We need to talk Jaime. Would you be open to a dialogue? Let me help you. I didn't leave you by choice. I wanted to stay. I wanted to spend the rest of my life with you. (Drive a Delorean across the country together!) I cherish every moment that we had. You came into my life at a moment when my world was in shambles, when my heart was shattered—and you picked me up, gave me purpose. That's why I asked you to marry me so soon, because I knew, without a doubt, that you were the one for me.

I wish that you would have allowed me to be in Collin's life—every son should know his father—and I'm still here for him. I'm not dead Jaime, and I wish that people would stop acting like I was. Laws ARE changing, and one day soon I may be eligible for parole. That would be amazing to have another chance! Immediately upon my release, I would start a new business—Connor Collin's Pizzeria—and provide for those



I love, make up for the lost years as best as I can, for my kids, and you. Buy you the house you want, a new car (right now that would be a 2018 Honda Civic Si, a metallic green with a white pearl undercoat up the A-pillars and down the sides), take you shopping (I always loved buying you nice clothes), I would send you to college, or pay for online classes--let you do whatever in life it is that you dream of. If they let me out of prison ... none of you will have to worry about money.

So, if that day comes, and you find out that I'm being released ... just know that it will be my life's goal to provide for you and Collin as much as possible--even if you still hate me, the money will be there, and you'll know where to find me if you ever want to talk.

(Like the Charmings in "Once Upon a Time"--we'll always know how to find each other!)

I want you to be happy.

Let me help you.

Do you still write, or have an interest in literature? You know, I'm a creative writing instructor now, have been for many years? A large majority of my students have become published writers. I could help you too. Show you how to make money from your writing--set you up with an online class (at my expense) so you could become a freelance writer. Work from home even.

Just think about it, I can't stand the thought of you suffering, or struggling. I hate it. I hate what my incarceration has done to those I love. I could care less of what it's done to me. I'm in hell, and I'm used to it now. The world has shown me what it thinks I deserve. My only purpose of life now is just to make it to the next day, as the years pass by, in hope that I'll be given the chance to somehow help those I love, before I die.

Just talk to me Jaime. Tell me what it is that you want--and, I swear I'll do everything I can to help you. Give me that chance. I'm not asking that you forgive me, that you love me, or that you accept me as a friend--I don't expect anything; I have no right to, and you have every right to continue hating me. But, you could let me help you. After reading through all of these DSS papers, I hold no animosity towards you--I blame myself for everything that has happened to you and our son--because if it wasn't for my incarceration, you would have never been in such a situation.

This woman I read about in the police reports--she's NOT you--I know you, and this is not you. I do know you Jaime Beth, it's why I married you.

You should consider lowering the wall of silence. Whether you created it to punish me, or to help yourself move on, or both: that was then and this is now. Just as that's not the real you in those police reports; it's not the real me in those from 2006 and '07, and you know that. I had a complete and utter mental breakdown in '06, and it wasn't like a switch, it was something gradual that occurred over several long months. I know now that it started with the second armed robbery, when those guys robbed my store on 24, that gun barrel to my head affected me more than I admitted. My life fell apart after that, and I was dead inside--but, then you came, and made all of the pain go away: my Gothic angel.

Then, Shy was kidnapped, something in me broke, and by the time I finally awoke from the mental haze, several years had passed: my wife,



Johnny E. Mahaffey

August 6, 2018

*The Novelist Portent*

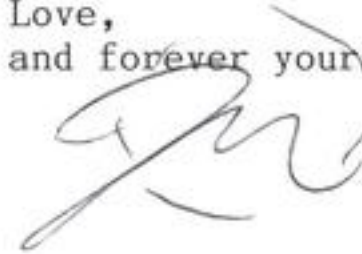
my kids, my home, my freedom, EVERYTHING ... all gone!

I'm still alive though, and as long as there's breath in me there's hope. I'm a writer, and it's because of you that I write; the whole reason I started was to do something you would be proud of. The image of you out on our front lawn, sitting on the walkway reading, while I cut the grass--that's the image that drives me to write a novel. And, not just any novel, but one that you'd like. Every writer has a specific reader (or readers) in mind--and for me, it's you.

I'm surrounded by death! The prison just had the deadliest riot in U.S. history for the past 25 years! These gangmembers are gutting each other with homemade swords and axes. I've seen so much nightmare; and, while it may be my Fate to die in one of the ways I've seen, bleeding out on the cold prison floor because of nothing more than the color of my skin, or a cup of coffee....

Let me help you before it's too late. All it takes is a pen--you don't even need a stamp, because I'm enclosing a stamped envelope--what do you have to lose?--you'll only gain from this. I'll devote every faculty of my mind to helping you. No strings.

Love,  
and forever yours,



P.S.

Maybe, one day it'll  
be my novel you're out there  
reading so intently?