

To: Sunshine

As usual, your words shine light into my locale of darkness, and they bring a glimmer of hope to my soul ... along with a smile.

And let me tell you: smiles are a rarity here.

Thank you.

Unfortunately, I am nursing an old wound within my heart, that was reopened, only to be torn further--but, I'll survive. I did before, and I will again. It can't be the end of the world for me as long as I have breath in my body--I will have hope.

And, it helps to know, that there are people in the world that are not members of the standard herd--who don't live their life truths by news headlines, or police "reports", as if they are in some way infallible. Prosecutors have one element to their job: to prosecute. Their paycheck, and retirement, depend upon it.

I have to thank Jaime for at least, trying.

But, she is wrong about me--I do have a lot to offer.

I am worth it.

Thank you again, for your kind words--and you're right, in Time, the wrongs will be righted. All those facts that the prosecution made sure that the judge, or jury, never knew of ... will be brought to light.

I invite you to keep track, and years down the road, come to the NEW trial--because I assure you, there will be a retrial--and that one will be real, without any desperate jury tampering from the opposite side. There will be cameras on them next time, watching, making sure they don't break the law like that again. And I will have my first actual day in court; because, so far, all I've had have been scripted soap operas like something out of a bad white-trash-trailer-park Methville, U.S.A. production.

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