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ANOTHER DAY AFTER ANOTHER DAY

I'm having a hard day today--lots of prison drama--and, Jaime had told me it was good to call this morning, and evening (since she was only scheduled to work the middle of the day). I called, but our pre-paid account is out of money ... she answered, but wasn't able to accept it, without putting in a credit card (and that's not an option for her right now). I've been doing pretty good at keeping it loaded up with enough for us to talk daily--once, twice, or more--but, with so much drama here right now, I can't get it done.

And, yes, I know--I bemoan our situation--but, I do love her, and she provides a center for me within the circle of my soul. If that makes sense?

I have my novel project, and a stack of artworks that I'm currently scratching away at with graphite, colored pencil, pastel, and water-colors; in an effort to create some Christmas gifts for my family. It's currently 12:40 PM, I'm off of work today, because they were suppose to come around and trade out EVERYONE's uniforms ... but, that fell through for some reason, and everyone just got a day off of work for no reason. Everything here, as they say, "is subject to change at any moment." And change it does.

It's all very depressing.

Waking up in the mornings, in a place like this, and finding a reason to breath, to carry on, to try: is not easy. Keeping my sanity, and sense of Self, is a priority for me. I don't want this place to break me, to make me a criminal-minded drone like those around me, or embitter me towards the world. I know I have a good heart, and a good soul--I don't want this place to suck it out of me. When I call and talk to my family: to Jaime, our kids, Emily our sister, etc. My step-father, my sister, and my grandmother are all setting up pre-paid phone accounts through GTL (1-877-650-4249), so that I can call them, and email with the prison at www.offenderconnect.com so that we can exchange emails. I've made a lot of ... reconnections lately with family and friends. It's nice.

I do have faith that things will work out--so, I'm not giving up. I have my fingers crossed for a Christmas visit. I've wanted one of those for a very long time, and this year, I might just get one.

Time hasn't taken us away from each other--it's brought us together. There's a new way I view life, and the people I know and love. It really is a shame that I am where I am ... I have a lot to offer this world.

Writing this, knowing you read it; that brings me solace.

And I really appreciate those that have the heart to comment....