



### A MEMORABLE ADVENTURE

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In my youth, a "memorable adventure" would have been anything along the lines of a trip out of town or some local excursion of epic experience: something to look forward to...

As an adult, and in my current circumstances (as a prisoner) the definitions of *memorable* and *adventure*, have taken very dark turns: in a building next to the one I am currently in, a man's body was found that had been dead for approximately **TWO days!** The corpse counted as being alive through several (if not more) head-counts, completely overlooked. It's rumored that he was raped, killed, and raped again throughout the weekend.

That's an adventure I'm glad not to have been a part of; but, every day here I must face the reality that anything can happen at any moment, even to me. I try to have my things in order, just in case. I have: five kids; three grandchildren; two ex-wives; an ex-fiancée that I still care very deeply for and have a best friendship with; and a new fiancée that I love, who loves me very much, and wants me there with her, at home. I am wanted, needed, and loved; I have to survive this nightmare of an adventure, if not for me, for them. My life -- while very complicated -- is at its core, filled with lots of family, friends, and loved ones.

When I get out, they will all be there, waiting for me, and ready to help me rebuild my life. Within the seemingly chaotic mess of this life -- *that is the adventure I look forward to making memorable.* Haters be damned...

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- Painting: *Black and White* (1948) by American abstract expressionist Jackson Pollock