

Personal Journal

Smile, breathe and go slowly. - Which I hot Hank drink a lot of water and walk slow. Old convict motto contribute to the original Doctor Death at old Folsom. I think I remember him telling me something like this back in '71. "Walk slow, drink plenty of water and pray." It's different now but not by much, they don't think praying will help any. I think we might be on lock down this morning - we were last night.

Coming back from dinner I was starting my evening shower when over the loud speaker they said "Everybody on all yards return to your Cell Block and lock up in your cells - the guard told me to get out of the shower and lock up for count - like that was going to happen (I'm slow to begin with, when I'm told to hurry I get slower) I just got the soap off my body when the water went off" They were already starting count so I had to hurry back to my cell, lucky I didn't hurt myself. It usually takes an hour or two before they actually count after calling an emergency count - maybe someone took an early release. I've started a layout for a painting of my grandpa's little ~~house~~ - a row house for migrant workers. #27 I had to learn that when I was little as all the houses looked the same

6/25/19
Tuesday I miss you this morning my Jeannie as I hold back the tears remembering long ride into the evening your arms holding on to me going nowhere just enjoying the days together - the smile on your face so beautiful as we dance the years away. They let us up after breakfast yesterday, guess they found who they were looking for. Got the glass feeling in the eye thinking going right now, another ^{eye} infection. It has been awhile since I've had one. It'll take me at least a week to see

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6/25/19 the doctor and another three or four days to get the antibiotic I need - just about the time it takes for it to clear up on its own.

6/27/19 Since the dawn of time, humans have attempted to understand themselves and each other. This effort to express our emotions is culminated in the act of love. Most people say they want to be in love but they get lazy and don't want to put in the work to be happy and in love. I must have slept wrong last night - the middle of my back hurts around my lesser. Not much going on in my world right now. Did some reading, wrote a poem about grampa Jackson's home also worked on the painting I'm doing of it. A couple of things I'm using my journal for is keeping a record of my paintings and to share my poetry so it won't all get lost with the passing of time.

6/28/19 Friday The nights are getting longer. The dawn didn't break over the distant ridges until just after five A.M. It was one of those cool summer days yesterday with clouds filling the morning skies. I walked the full two hours between 8 and 10 A.M.. As the clouds began to fade I came inside ate a couple of cookies and an apple. I picked up this book in the dayroom "A Search for Solitude" by Thomas Merton and read into the evening 'High up in the late summer sky I watch the silent flight of a vulture, and the day goes by. This solitude confirms my call to solitude. The more I am in it, the more I love it. One day it will possess me entirely and no man will ever see me again' I did nine month once in solitude in the hole at old Folsom. I believe I did disappear

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there. How people treat me as if I don't exist, but now that I look back on it that's been going on for a long time.

6/30/19

Sunday, the last day of June. It was cold in the cell this morning felt like winter, November. I almost didn't get out of bed. I'm sitting here shivering as I try to write waiting for chow. I've put on a long sleeve t-shirt that I wear to keep the sun off my arms - it's thin and not much help against the cold - all my winter clothes are washed and put away. The sun's coming up now. Dreams & Memories is what life in prison consists of. My painting & my poetry are made up of these. The sky is filled with dark clouds. We were locked down all day Saturday, fence training I suppose. Song forgotten songs keep playing in my head - I can't remember half the words to them. I honestly think that the situation here is almost hopeless. The blind leading the blind - if not over a cliff, at least around in circles. How many circles have I go around these prison yards over the years.

I'm going to get this in the mail bag today. I would like to hear from someone, my mind is beginning to wonder. Peace Out.

duar

Love Note

My Dearest Love:

6/29/19

I remember Angels Camp and the cabin like it was yesterday. We were still in our mid-twenties. We were Gods then who thought we knew it all. We were a young and healthy couple always moving fast. The handsome couple that everybody wanted to be or at least be around. Even our kids were handsome, Carol, Tony, and Ted. It wasn't that we were so handsome, which we were. It was that our love shined on everything and everybody. Waking up with you in my arms was a good day everyday. Laying out on that raft in the middle of the pond watching you watching me I had to fall into the water with the kids just to hear your laughter. I remember coming by this place with you many times long before there was a prison here. Playing our music long into the night we learned to dance in the dark holding on to one another like each kiss would be the last kiss. Our love is as strong today as it was then - I'm holding you in my arms, we're dancing to our own music, I kiss you one more time - just ten miles of Jackson - the music remembers when. Like no other you are still my everything. I love you

I'll love you always

Forever & Ever

Your Steve