Dear Reader, 12-8-19

Hey! I hope your doing well. I have something different to share with you today. Have you ever wondered what people talk about on Death Row? As you can imagine the conversations can get depressing. To hear when the next execution is scheduled, who might be next, who's afraid of going next & who wants to be next because they're tired of these conditions.... but then there are normal conversations too, what's on T.V., who's coming to visit, who this weekend or month, sports.... But here and there you'll find a conversation that makes one wish I could have a YouTube station specifically for Death Row comedy. I'm going to share a short back-n-forth with you, between 2 fellows in their 20's or 30's and a 300 in his 60's. The names I will change out of respect for privacy.

John & James are reminiscing on their sexual escapades as young men.

John says, "Man, I wish I could have an all night congenial Yesist with my lady. I'm tellin' you, it'd put down AAAAAAHHHHH long!"

James responses, "The only thing your broken down old ass would be puttin' down is your blood pressure. As soon as your little pecker got hard you'd have a stroke."
JOHN REPLIES, "LIKE HELL I WOULD, BUT IF I DID AT LEAST THE DAMN THING WORKED AGAIN BEFORE I DEE. NOW THAT'S SOMETHING TO SMILE ABOUT. YOU CAN PUT ON MY HEADSTONE 'STILL LIE BY HIS DECKER INSTEAD OF A NEEDLE!' HA! BUT WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKEN' ABOUT? YOUR OLDER THAN ME, THE ONLY THING YOU'D SHOOT OUT OF YOURS IS A RUFF OF SMOKE!"

THE SAP MAN JASON CHIMES IN, "Yeah, and one of those little flags on a stick even pop out the end of it and have 'Pow' written on it!" Ha! Ha!

I HOPE THAT MADE YOU LAUGH! IT DID ME WHEN I HEARD IT HAPPEN. ALMOST THE WHOLE HALLWAY GOT A NICE CROWD OUT OF IT.

I HOPE YOU'RE ENJOYING THE HOLIDAYS!

A VOLUNTEER GROUP CAME BY THIS PAST FRIDAY AND PASSED OUT SOME SNACKS & SOJA & TAUGHT US ALL CAROLS. IT WAS NICE. THEY DO IT EVERY YEAR. THEY USE TO BE ABLE TO BRING SNACKS & COOKIES FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD. LOTS OF IT TOO. BUT THE PRISON STOPPED THEM FROM BEING GENEROUS TO US ON THE ROW. NOW WE CAN ONLY HAVE SNACKS IF THEY BUY IT FROM THE PRISON'S Canteen... AND TO KEEP FROM BEING SURE I THINK THEY Gave IT TO THE WHOLE STATE.

IN SHORT, GOOD PEOPLE WHO WANT TO BE GENEROUS TO US DURING THE HOLIDAYS HAVE TO PAY THE PRISON IN ORDER TO GIVE US THOSE TREATS. THIS HAS ONLY BEEN DONE THIS WAY THES 4 LAST YEAR. MAYBE SOMEONE
of peace, right? I've tried to acquire this level of peace before but was unsuccessful. I wasn't as level-minded back then. I tried to practice Patanjale's eight limbs of yoga. I felt a difference, mentally and physically, but drifted away from it. Got lazy. I still have the books as I still practice the stretches and sometimes pranayama. But haven't gone past that in some time. It's called "total yoga" by Tara Fraser. I like it and may dive into it again as it's come up a few times in this last month or so.

I take it your Buddhaist? And from how well you articulate your knowledge/wisdom, I'm guessing you've been practicing a long time...? Am I right or wrong? If I'm wrong, please share with me your practice.

It has become somewhat difficult for me to articulate my feelings/thoughts via verbal conversation. And writing as well. I'm now noticing. I don't socialize much. Being on solitary confinement for so long has had that effect on me. I explain this because I didn't properly explain my answer on peace. Instead, you had to comprehend what I was "trying" to say, which I'm thankful for. I just want you to know why. And that I may continue to have difficulty with this, but now I am aware of it, which will make
WE'LL HAVE A CHANGE OF HEART NEXT YEAR...PROBABLY NOT.

"GREED & PREJUDICE RUNS THIS SYSTEM. AT LEAST THEY HAVEN'T STOPPED THEM FROM COMING UP HERE AND SPREADING SOME HUMANITY AROUND. FOR THAT MOMENT, I FEEL MORE HUMANITY RISING INSIDE OF ME THAN I DO THE ENTIRE YEAR COMBINED. SOMEONE WHO LOOKS AT ME AS A HUMAN DESERVING OF THAT INSTEAD OF A DANGEROUS ANIMAL, NOT JUST DEATH ROW BUT THE WORLD NEEDS MORE OF THAT.

UNTIL NEXT TIME

Yours Truly,

Doug