

OCTOBER 2020

* UPDATE *

Hello All! It's been a few years since I wrote last so I barely know where to begin. I suppose with the photograph to the left, that was me taken last November. I finally reached a much healthier weight! I still am overweight but no longer obese. It's been... 20+ years since I've been down to this. I am obviously very proud of myself. I look and feel younger than my 50 years. I've got around 40 more pounds left to go. Wish me luck!

What have I been doing the past few years? Well, you know, just living the dream! ^{LOL} Well, first off I took the Culinary Arts

Course. It's a lot more than just a cooking class. Albeit that part was definitely fun. Who knew a cold melon soup could be so tasty? Moreover, who knew I could cook? The class also taught the coursework for the Professional Food Manager Certification and 5 certificates recognized by the National Restaurant Association. That's right - the NRA. ^{LOL} Carswell will also keep paying for my food mgr. certificate until I leave. That will be great. I think it may be hard to obtain gainful employment being older, a felon, and a sex offender. These certifications may help me get my foot in the door.

I've also taken a slew of other classes. I've stayed super busy! There is a lot offered here and I like to take advantage of all I can. It's called "programming". I suppose I've been reprogrammed taking over 150 classes. There's many exercise classes



Such as: Spinning, Step, Fit For Life, 500 mile walk or run and much more. The educational classes are too many to list on here but they're great. (I sound like I'm trying to sell time shares here! Ugh! moving on!!)

So much has went on it's hard to choose what to write about. I guess I'll start talking about my brothers. That's right, Two male half siblings!! Dad told me about Billy first and sent a photo. I think he bears a striking resemblance to the famous author Stephen King. He has a job in computers and lives up North. I was very excited as I always wanted a brother! Then one day Dad was talking about how much his son looked like him and I agreed. He said, "Oh, Not Billy, I'm talking about Eugene." I was flummoxed! I have another brother who is 6'1". (Billy will be 5'6" in Feb) He looks just like Dad. It's cool to find out about them. I suppose it's as the cliché goes - when one door closes another opens! Dad assured me there (probably) wasn't any more. ^{LOL} I look forward to meeting them both one day.

I also found out my grandmother Parsons was not a Parsons at all as she was adopted. Dad didn't know all of this either until about 7-8 years ago.

She was a German Jew. I've always known the history on my mom's side but not so much my dad's. I no longer identify as Christian, but Jewish. Not solely because it's in my heritage but mainly because I hold no belief in Jesus. I tried. I really did. I studied the bible like no other. But I had to discover the truth on my own. Because of my family history I didn't have to convert. Now I go to service every Shabbat and



One Day by Al Coleman



One day

I will walk barefoot on deep pile carpet
Then feel cold tiles on my soles
As perfectly warm water
Dribbles down my body to meet them

I will sink into a soft mattress
More than two inches thick
Rest my head on a feather pillow
At nine am or two pm
Or whenever I want

I will wear reds and blues
Blacks and greens
Leather sandals of a woolen cap
Untuck my shirt or not
Wear my cap inside

I will eat when I am hungry
Actually chew my food before swallowing
Carry on a conversation
With someone I care about
Or just listen to the silence

I will have knobs on my sink
A seat on my toilet
A window that opens
With glass I can see through
And a door with a handle

One day

I will have all of this

But the one day that matters
May never come

The day when I can look each of you in the eyes
To tell you I am so sorry
And finally be forgiven.

I found this poem
in Prisoner Express
Magazine. I dedicate
it to Nicole.

Ruby

I have learned quite a little bit
of Hebrew. By the time I leave
here I plan on being fluent. Wish
me luck!!!

Next item is my boyfriend. He
contacted me through a pen-pal site
about 2 years ago. His name is Nick
and he's really sweet to me. This
certainly isn't the most ideal
circumstances to be in but it is what
it is. He's handsome, funny, smart,
and kind. He wants nothing from me.
How ironic that I meet the perfect
guy while in prison! He's also good
to my dad too. He may call him more
than I do. He told me recently one
of his favorite sounds is my dad's
laughter. Wow! He's a keeper! I know I
still have 8 more years and much can
happen in that time. We're just taking
it day by day.

There are video visits (like Skype)
here now and I've been going nuts
emailing and 'visiting' everyone. It's
nice to keep in touch. If anyone
reading this wants to contact me,
just send me your email address and
I will add you. It beats the heck
out of snail mail.

COVID-19, ugh. Beginning April
1st then again in July we were on
full lock down to our rooms. We
started out with 2 cases in April
and by July there were 540. I
won't go into everything we went
through but the Ft. Worth news-
paper called it the house of horrors.
My friend Ely died. She was

**You can put
sugar on crap,
but in the end
you won't be left
with a brownie.**

One of the
contract it,
obese with
be sorely
go into
of our hardships,

has been through it - especially out there. People
losing their jobs and such, I pray that all those I
know stays safe.

Laura and Frankie are doing well. I talk to them
as much as possible. I'm very proud of both of them.
(They're also both in college)

This was all I can think of to say for now.
My plans are to write on here every Sunday.

Best wishes to all.

Rhonda

First here to
She was morbidly
diabetes. She will
missed. I want
details on all
I know Everyone

