



# What's in my Private Prison Journal?

(An 8-part  
Series)

2-28-26

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Part 1

Easter Sunday  
March 31, 2024

It's been a long time since I've written on Easter. I could probably begin every single entry for the rest of this year and most of the next few years

as well with those same words: "It's been a long time since I've written on...". Anyway, it likely would've been longer still, except I woke up today with the mistaken idea that the 2024 calendar is the same as the 1994 calendar, the significance being that 1994 was a particularly memorable Easter for me. This year we have a March Easter, same as in '94, which is somewhat unusual but for years I thought it was the norm, Easter in March, because the 1994 March Easter stuck with me so strongly.

As of this morning I've now learned that Easter may not even fall on the same <sup>Sunday</sup> ~~day~~ that it did in a previous year that has the exact same calendar. Wh-huh?? Ok, so what I mean is, 2024 shares the same calendar as 1996 (which isn't 1994, but which <sup>also</sup> happens to be another hugely, massively significant year for me, not for Easter reasons but because it was the year I, rather than Jesus, was crucified, sacrificed, murdered. And yes, I know his crucifixion wasn't on Easter, but the significance stands), but even though the two calendars are identical, there's evidently no reason to assume our 2024 March Easter corresponds to a hypothetical 1996 March Easter. No, I don't know why — the formula for determining the date of Easter is so obscure it isn't even in my almanac. If I had to guess (which I do), I'd say it probably involves blindfolded priests throwing darts.

Anyway, yeah... it's Easter. This was always a good holiday in my life. More low-key than Christmas, but still more formal than New Year's Eve. Kind of on par with Thanksgiving but with a lot more chocolate. It's hard to recall a bad Easter memory — why would there be one? I do remember being very sick one Easter morning, so sick I couldn't even enjoy chocolate bunnies (well, couldn't enjoy them very much — I still tried, of course!). I was about 6 or 7, and I remember it pretty clearly. Not the whole day, just a short snippet of early Easter morning, ~~in~~ our living room still darkened by closed curtains though the sun was up, and I was the only person in the house who was awake. Mom always hid an Easter basket for me, and I found it that year behind a big chair and potted plant. But I was so sick! My sense of smell was all wonky,

everything basically stunk to me, and the cough was miserable. Yet, for some reason, I remember feeling happy? I'm sure I was not, at least not entirely so, but it was Easter morning and I had a big colorful basket full of impressive chocolate rabbits (some solid and some hollow — my favorite! — some even white as I recall), plus layers of hidden goodies in the green plastic "grass" that fluffed up the basket. Chocolate coins and Cadbury eggs... it was all the things that would fill a 6 year old's heart with joy, even if his lungs were full of phlegm.

I'm sorry, I gotta go. As it turns out, in another connection with the past, I'm sick again this Easter. It's a lot less joyous in every way. But maybe I'll flesh this entry out a bit and turn it into a new blog post later on. I suppose I don't write much happy stuff there. Or anywhere else, for that matter. It's funny how we... should I say "I"? Is it just me? ... how I've always written the most when I was feeling the worst. I first noticed that in the journals I kept after Mike moved away and... wait, no. I think I finally noticed it when I began writing so much in that same journal when DARRELL and I were in the thick of our tumultuous friendship. It occurred to me one day that I only wrote anything there when I was abysmally sad, which made it seem like everything about my life, or at least about my closest friendship, was pain and sorrow. I resolved then to start writing about all the good and great times and feelings I had with Darrell from then on. I might've managed one or two such entries, not for lack of opportunity (those years with Darrell, despite the sporadic lows, were easily the happiest years of my life, full of amazing experiences and the most soaring joys), but because, as I came to realize then, as it was happening, when I was 17 and 18 years old... when I'm HAPPY, I'm not particularly reflective, and when I'm not reflecting (largely on unhappiness), I'm probably not writing. Gee — how have I managed to write 1,000+ pages, maybe 2,000 now, of prison journals??

Also, happy times tend to be busy times. Who wants to use up happy time to write? I was much too busy loving my life, and my best friend. ☺