

Chronicles in December

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Let's jump right into this; I am sharing a journal entry from December 20th, 2013. I had been at USP Tucson for just over a year, and was learning my way around. As I write this, (May of 2016), much has changed: people in my journals are no longer here, I have learned more about myself and others around me, and my faith in God was growing...maybe not in leaps and bounds, but certainly with testimonies of what I've gone through, some positive progress.

As I always do, I will "pause" in some parts to color in some of my journals, to help you understand it a little better. Ok, let's begin...

December 20, 2013: It's about 9:30 as I finish watching G'Ville play Dominique in chess; an interesting match. Dominique is one of the best chess players in B2.. to be so young. What is he, 25? 24?

Well, it's a rainy cold Friday here, but I am determined to keep some Christmas cheer on me. I'm listening to "O Come All Ye Faithful" on 94.9, by Brice Rodriguez... a local Tucson artist. Now, "Rudolph The Red-Nosed Reindeer", sounds like Dean Martin.

(PAUSE: "G'Ville" was a guy from Gainesville, Florida; sometimes you're called by where you come from. Dominique would later become like a little brother to me; he is no longer here either, I hope he is doing well out there... ok let's continue...)

Gary found me this morning, but I didn't have the 2 boxes of Nutty Buddies with me. I promised him that, and I'll give it to him this afternoon. Craig has me near rage with his constant nagging about the items for this get-together. I talked to Tim about it, and he agreed that I can give it to him when I want to, not when Craig wants us to. He's bugged me 6 times on this, and I'm really getting worn out by it...sigh... don't get riled up... it's Christmas.

(PAUSE: Gary was also another guy that in time would become a very close friend. In the time I've been here, I have been like a big brother (although I'm like 155 lbs) to a lot of younger inmates. I try to keep things positive and fun, and to encourage guys. I think that's attractive to people who need hope. Gary was one of those guys.

I also mentioned Craig; during the holidays, sometimes guy try to get others together to pitch in for a "get-together". Cool, but you have to buy your share of times. Not a problem, but Craig kept hassling us about it, which was really wearing me down. As it turned out, the get-together went well...it's in a future journal. Ok, let's continue...)

What's on now...is it Natalie Cole doing "Do You Hear What I Hear"? Yesterday Oscar's back went out on him while he was trying to deliver our goods to Blade for our "Louisiana Blow Get-Together". He tried to come back to the unit, but the STUPID officer wouldn't let him back in. The man is in pain, and can't walk, yet this jerk is going by the "letter of the law", instead of the spirit of the law. It makes it hard to respect officers when they are so shallow and short-sighted about the rules.

(PAUSE: Even now I get upset about this; Oscar is 65 years old, and he pulled his back, so he tried to come back to the dorm. The officer (I wish I knew his name; I'd surely throw him under the bus!) refused to let his elderly man back in the dorm, forcing him to stay outside. We told Oscar after he finally let him in, that he should have just laid on the concrete, and FORCE the prison to do something...you can't have inmates lying on the ground like that without help.

Many officers are ok, some are pretty cool, but then there are some that act like somebody kicked them out of bed to work here...and sadly, some of the worst officers are the women that work here. Not all, mind you, but some of the worst experiences I've had here have been by women officers that expect inmates to be angels...it is PRISON!

sigh...that's another subject, and to be fair, there are good female officers here...in fact, one of the best here

was actually run out by her own employees, because she was TOO nice to us...another story, anyway, let's continue...)

So... what's on, "Here Comes Santa Claus" by Gene Autry. Listening to him reminds me of watching the "Gene Autry Show" on Western Channel every day back home. Great show, that and "Bat Masterson"... oh I loved that show!

So, what will I do now? I'm waiting for Moustaffa to pay me those 4 stamps he owes me. JERK!! He never had the number of stamps he promised; he was waiting for Heron to look out for him. Yet he's got like 20 cases of soda in his cell, selling them for profit!

(PAUSE: I had made a deal to buy Moustaffa a case of soda for stamps... he promised that he had lots of stamps, but as it turned out, he didn't. He lied to me. Many dorms in prison have "storemen", guys who sell canteen to those who can't go to the prison canteen. Guys stock up on food and snacks, and sell them at an inflated price. Moustaffa was one of those guys. There are benefits...and drawbacks to that, but that is another story. Let's continue...)

Who's this, Jim Taylor, doing "Winter Wonderland". I'm getting good at hearing voices... yeah, that's Jim Taylor. Now, we have fish for lunch... I'll give it to Lavant, and go get my laundry. Maybe try to get a letter off to Kenneth Copeland Ministries. If Moustaffa can get me those 4 extra stamps, I can get 4 more letters out. Until then...I wait for

Moustaffa to honor his word.

(PAUSE: Moustaffa was actually my 3rd cellie since arriving to USP Tucson. He was pretty difficult to live with, being a storeman. That meant guys were always coming to the cell to buy stuff, meaning I didn't get a lot of privacy. I moved away from him a few months after this journal, and he is no longer here. He wasn't very popular with other guys.)

Anyway, that's what I was going through in December of 2013; I hope to share more with you in the future. If you have any questions, or subjects you want me to address, let me know. Until next time...