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March Chronicles

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I wanted to share with you a section from my March 25th, 2015 journal. I find it interesting to look back at what I've written, to see how much things have changed inside of a year (since the typing of this essay). It's May 2016 now as I type this, so what happened in the following entry was over a year ago. I hope some of this helps you understand what inmates go through, even though we all do our time very differently.

As I usually say, I will "pause" from time to time to try to kinda fill in the gaps and color in some of what I originally wrote. Ok, let's begin...

March 25th, 2015; 6am on a Wednesday morning, as I listen to "Peponi", which I think is an African word for "Paradise". The song is by "Piano Guys" and a very nice song. I downloaded it last night with the money Pat put in my account. I got 2 songs; that and, for a different twist, "Fear" by Disturbed. Aren't I the odd one?

(PAUSE: The song "Peponi" is a cover of the song "Paradise" by Fall Out Boy. If you get the chance, listen to "Peponi"; it's quite beautiful. And yeah, getting the song by

Disturbed was kinda weird, but hey, I listen to a lot of different genres. I grew up that way, and I worked for 5 different radio stations, so I got to know different styles of music.

It is to be noted that I have an MP3, thus the songs I downloaded. If you get the chance, look up my essays on "MP3s in Prison". I have like 7 or 8 different essays on it, which explains how we utilize MP3s in prison. Ok, let's continue...)

I listened to "Peponi" for a couple of hours last night, trying to get my head in order. I told JB I'd write something on his behalf, concerning how terrible the prison has done him after the death of his father. It's tragic and terrible how the prison has done nothing at all to help JB finalize his dad's death. They didn't even tell him that his father passed, even when JB's grandmother called the prison to tell them. Idiots!

(PAUSE: This was a terrible thing to happen; JB's father passed, and his grandmother, his closest living relative, called this prison to tell them about it. The prison is supposed to let inmates know of a family member's death through the Chapel...but they ignored it. So JB went for DAYS not knowing that his dad died, until he called his grandmother, wanting to know why his father hadn't sent the legal works he needed. It was then she broke to him the news...

USP Tucson clearly dropped the ball, and had done little to even repair that. I can't think of a more heartless thing to do to an inmate, but then to expect inmates to respect them if they refuse to tell us of our loved ones have passed. Even to today, a year later, it is still not fully resolved. Yes, they admitted they "dropped the ball", but after that, it was almost like they're saying, "so what"? As I said before... IDIOTS... ok, let's continue...)

And I'm still on FRP refusal; I kinda knew that Mrs. Flores would not remove it, but what irks me is that her "official response". She was careful to omit that she gave me her WORD, and failed. She hid behind BOP policies, like a coward. I relied on her word, and she let me down. If she was wrong (and she was!) the best she could have done is tell me that she missed it, and she was sorry. But no, she didn't do that. Her response was based more on turning the blame on me. She hid behind the rules, and seemed to remember all the things she told me that were MY responsibility...funny, she completely omitted the part where she gave me her word. Coward. So I'll have to write on that.

(PAUSE: This was a tough subject to deal with, and I was very upset at how staff always tries to "cover their butts". Now, to note, Mrs. Flores is a nice person, and I don't condemn her to Hades, as it might sound, but to be clear, she let me down. I specifically asked her when my next FRP (Financial Responsibility Payment... retribution) payment

was due, and she gave me one date, but it wasn't true. I ended up on FRP refuse, which is punishment for not paying the \$25 retribution. When I questioned her about it, she hid behind BOP policies. I didn't like that, because she didn't talk to me like a person... rather just an inmate. And to be clear, she WAS wrong, but refused to admit it. I was very upset about that, and well... when I get upset... I write. Ok, let's continue)

But to add, Danny wants to make calls, Lavant needs to call home, as he just woke up. I'll have to manage all that, plus try to type that brief for G today... if he gives me the stuff to type. It actually has me anxious; too many things going on, so I spent time reading a book on God's Peace, by Lynette Hagin. It helped. I prayed on it, for God to direct my steps. I can't get overburdened on this, I have to trust God, and let Him direct my steps...oh, I go play "World of Warcraft" today... I hope. Let the day begin.

(PAUSE: So many things happen in the course of just a few hours, let alone a few days, in prison. When I first got here in December of 2012, I knew nobody, so I had little to do. But now, a year or two later, especially now in 2016, I know a lot of people, and help a lot of people. And while that is good, it also takes a lot of time, and at times, can be stressful. I was helping a guy type his legal works, since I type faster than most, but the timing was stressful.

When things like that happen, I have to turn to God,

and read the Bible, or in this case, a book called "God's Peace". I gotta tell you, it truly helps when you know that God is watching over you, even in difficult times. I have SO many testimonies I can share proving that.

And, isn't it odd that after talking about God, I mentioned playing "War of Warcraft"... aren't I the odd one...)

Anyway, until next time...