"TIME FLIES"

There are very few instances in prison in which I can say that time passes too quickly. The foremost one is at visitation. Texas is a ridiculously large state with prison units spread all across its expanse. Because of this, it can often require an entire weekend for my wife, mother, or other cherished family members to make the long trip to see me. They spend anywhere from three to seven hours driving one way sometimes. Then, once they arrive at the prison, they have to go through searches that would make any TSA employee proud - removing their shoes, passing through metal detectors, being patted down, etc. - before finally entering the visitation area. Depending upon a given unit's policy, I may be there waiting on them, but more often than not, they will have to wait for some time before I arrive after jumping through my own hoops to get to the visitation area. Finally, though, we are together for perhaps the first time in months.

If we are lucky, we will have been approved for a special 4-hour visit due to the distance they had to travel to reach the unit. Otherwise, we will only have two hours together. Either way, each and every second we share is absolutely precious and one dreads even having to excuse himself long enough to use the restroom. Four hours may sound like a long time, but when it's the only time you spend in the presence of the people you love and who love YOU enough to go to such lengths just to see you, that time disappears faster than a fart in a windstorm. That guard will be there before you know it with a 5-minute warning that is always met with groans and "Already?!"

No period of time in my life has ever passed more quickly than the times I have been with loved ones at prison visitation. For me, it is absolute proof of the theory of relativity. The more precious the moments in this life, the shorter they seem to be.

I only wish the rest of the time in prison would pass as quickly as those visits do...

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