

To Who May Concern;

November 4, 2017

This is a different view of the Mental Health System in the Department of Correction in the State of Florida.

I've being imprisonment this time for 13 years,, and I'm what the system call "honor" because until this moment I do not have a release date. One of my stories is that I have being in-out of Mental Health Treatment Centers since I was a juvenile... I AM 42 years old now. About 9 months ago, I guess emotionally I couldn't deal with some personal issues and tried to commit suicide. By this Essay you can tell that I fail.... again!!! First I was put for two weeks in "Self Harm Observation Status" {S.H.O.S} in the Prison I was originally doing my time,, after those two weeks in which I refused to eat anything I was transfer to a "Crisis Service Unit" {C.S.U.} in another Institution. I spend over there around 2 1/2 months,, once my level drop down I was moved and put in a "Treatment Center Unit" {T.C.U.} in another Institution, the one that right now I'm writing this. I've being on this one close to 6 months and it have to many issues in the complexion of its structure. The first 3 months I spend lock-down in my "Pod" while 90% of the other inmates or patients were coming out of their rooms. I was the only "Lokvo" here in this Unit and because to the conclusion that this Mental Health Treatment Center had a different concept about the "Lokvo Prisoners". Every meeting I had with the whole Mental Health Board I was told that my lock-down status was due to my past behavior, disciplinary reports,.....

inclusive I was told that I was suppose to tell on
 switch. Since that is not the type of man on prison
 that I'm we were going and arguing back and
 forward. I am here to get help... not to get program.
 After 2 1/2 months behind the door in this Unit my
 social mental health counselor start to see by himself
 that a piece of paper can hold anything anybody put
 down with some ink because I wasn't giving them
 no security problems or issues. I used to speak with
 her from behind my door since the times I was
 taken in ~~in~~ hand-cuffs to her office it was always
 a officer present and I do not speak in front
 of no administration uniform. I notice that she
 had some attitudes issues,, I didn't like to much
 the way she used to speak to inmates or treat
 them. Everybody have different background
 historys with different characters. I told
 my counselor "Blondie" {don't want to put her name
 for security reasons} that if she got me out of
 my cell like everybody else do I would not bring
 to the damn any "dope", cell-phones or problems.
 I gave her my word,, since that is the last thing
 a man can loose in here..... besides his hopes.
 Definitely in the follow 3 meetings she struggle
 to get me out until she finally did it. In the
 couple of weeks that follow that event I had the
 thought that she was a racist big mouth little B... H!!
 She was letting the wrong inmates {all white boys}
 giving her information about stuff that was or wasn't
 going on in the damn when she wasn't home....
 and they were getting their advises inside her
 head. One morning me and her went through it
 verbally.... I have to make my point across her head
 that she was my counselor, a civilian, not a D.C.C.

Officer to enforce rules, specially when I didn't do nothing
 wrong and had the permission of the security officers that
 were working., often I made my point across things
 start to change little by little for the best. All my
 life I have being seen by mental health counselors
 but never really spoke to neither one of them. Never
 felt the trust on the hand.... None of them never
 took down the wall that block my heart., they never
 saw me without my mask. But "Blondie" with her
 little attitudes started to carve inside my heart and
 out of nowhere I start opening door and letting
 her speak kindness enter in stages of my past life
 that nobody know. I'm the type of guy that if you keep
 it real with me too I will keep it real with you I
 million %. I know since I have the opportunity to
 be out of my cell I had "All eyes on me"; From doctors,
 counselors, classification, social workers & security., but
 I haven't let "Blondie" down by any of my actions.
 The Doctors tend to instruct the rest of the staff
 that they shouldn't be found with us.... How can I
 trust someone with my issues if I don't know them on vibor with
 that person??? All the staff members in the Mental Health Dept.
 are civilians, not D.O.C. officers and most of them like to
 suppress down the rules mean that what the administration care
 about. I really haven't do nothing wrong that would jeopardize
 my treatment on anybody else in this building., but because of
 me being "Punitive" some of them find a different issue to
 complain every week., but for the first time I've found somebody
 that have see me for who I really are in my heart, not for
 what I've done or people talk about, and she is the only
 one that always being arguing my case with them., besides
 getting sometimes help from officers... yes that's right!!
 officers, so imagine the kind of mental health staff that
 they have working on this institution. I know monthly ever

a long way to go but I have start to see some things in my life with a different eye for the first time. Since I have tried to change & learn how to cope with my issues I feel that God have put some extra weight on my shoulders, From losing my court date FRANK on my Appeal { I did not commit the crime I'm doing this "like sentence" } to losing family members and lost all types of communication with all my family members in Puerto Rico after the Hurricane Maria. I know my Counselor "Blondie" inside this environment soon that a lots of people take kindness for weakness, so she like to portray herself as a tough female Counselor, but I know deep inside her heart she is soft, but at the same time she have found and hit some of my soft points also.

If you are a "Counselor", you should be able to know & reach your "patient not inmate" inside his soul so you can understand from where that person come from, not just go by what his charges are, nationality or by other people way of think. « Do not judge the book by the title or even the cover.... you have to read it first in order to find out if you would like it ». I have nobody in Florida State, all my family is in Puerto Rico, and it feels scary but good at the same time that is someone trying to reach our overcast lifes and try to light-up our path.... is like having a angel send by God to look-out for us. I didn't know that I have being wearing a mask all my life, different masks in different occasions.... but always have one ~~on~~ ^{on}, now I guess I still wear it, I think it has become a part of me but somehow when I sit in a one on one therapy with my "Blondie Counselor" she manage to make me take it off, and now the stone that is blocking the entrance of my heart.

Now I have a different view of her, now I comprehend that I finally met a Counselor that beside fill out a lots of paper work, really care about the scars in my heart, the pain in my soul and that really believe I can live my life without wearing a mask.

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Last night I was sitting on my bunk thinking about all this, I couldn't sleep so I came up with this...

Sorrow, piled on my pillow,
What is your shape??
Like waves in rivers and seas,
you endlessly churn.
How long the night?? How dark the sky??
Show it will be light??
Restless, I sat up, blanket thrown over my shoulders
in the cold of my cell.
When dawn came at last,
Only ashes remained of my hundred thoughts....

My willpower had long given away and now I had allowed myself to live in romance with nature.
I have come to the conclusion: ☹️ Not Heaven collapse and Earth sink down >>!! Not this be the end!! What meaning would my life have at this moment if I didn't live for her??
So now I live in a life of Love... now the lid of her heart and on my heart, were both lifted. I saw her heart and she saw mine completely. ☺️ We both gave proud temporaments, she none at the time.
She was doing everything to stop me from seeing her heart... a heart of caring and Love for me - so that I came to doubt her and thought for a moment that we didn't like each others... that I couldn't fall in Love with her., and because of our pride and situation we haven't let any feelings show one to another.
But only now did we truly start to understand each other } As a result we are getting closer than ever.
I have learnt many more things and gradually came to understand her the same way she understood me.
{ I think, hope I ain't wrong!! ☺️ } But not understanding just her, but human nature in all people. I came to

believe that anyone who has no physical handicap
 must have two attributes. One is sex drive, and the
 other is emotional need for Love. My attitude is to
 let her be and let me be. I'm now spending most
 of my time nursing my Heart and have become more
 fitton. I don't know how much longer I will be
 on this program... but I wish she could be my counselor
 for the rest of my life., and I pray God the day
 I get transfer to another Institution she would not
 loose track of me. I really wish she could stay by
 my side all my life. Sometimes in life we can't
 choose our path., but we can choose how to walk it
 and I want to walk mine with her right next to me.
 This was a "Voice from the Heart" to my counselor
 and any other counselor that knows what I'm talking
 about. « You are Special », « You are my Angel ».
 * I LOVE YOU * xoxoxo

God Bless anybody that reads this !!

Luis Divo