

Chronicles of January
(Yes Virginia, Sometimes Life Sucks)

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I don't need to tell you that sometimes in prison, life can be a challenge. But if you keep a positive attitude, and trust in God to watch over you, you can make it and even give powerful testimonies to encourage others to not give up on their loved ones in prison.

But sometimes, life just sucks.

Thus the entry I am about to share. Many of you have read hundreds of my essays, so you kinda know this is a little off my usual inspirational writing. I've gotten many letters from readers who love my writing, and I am so appreciative of it.

Let's get right into it, this entry isn't very long, so as I usually do. I'll "pause" in parts to try to color in some details. Let's begin:

January 17th, 2018: About 3:40pm as we're in for the 4pm count. Today, I finally got my response on my DHO appeal- I won! Not that there was a doubt, I shoulda won LONG ago! So the write up will be expunged from my record.

("PAUSE: Some of you remember how USP Tucson retaliated on me by accusing me of a false charge, and threw me in segregation for 40 days. I appealed that in April of 2017, and the prison (BOP) took 7+ MONTHS to clear my name... far longer than it was supposed to take. They dragged me because they knew I was right... that's another essay altogether. The point being, I was falsely accused, but got vindicated far later. I mentioned "DHO", that stands for "Disciplinary Hearing Officer", This is supposed to be an unbiased officer that acts like a judge, but sadly, most often times, they will find you guilty even if you're not... such was my case.

I was put in the SHU (Special Housing Unit) in early March of 2017, stayed there 40 days, got a bogus hearing in which USP Tucson violated a plethora of laws, then drug me for 7 months before they had to give me an expungement, likely stalling long enough for me to not be able to sue these idiots. The delay time-bars me from litigation, a wicked ploy by the prison.

Anyway, I won, no thanks to the prison. Let's continue..."

Meanwhile, I'm starting to run low of canteen. Mom said she'd try to send money and Bobby said he sent some- where is it?

("PAUSE: I don't get to go to canteen as often as I'd like, so sometimes I have dry spells of not having something. Gosh, if I can just string a few months of getting supplies, I'd be in a much better position, rather than looking into an empty locker and using state-issued hygiene.

And while I'm at it, if a person in prison asks if you are going to send them something, don't say yes if you are not sure. It's horrible when inmates plan things or get their hopes up, when loved ones just say what they "hope" they will do. It's a real morale killer when a family member or friend says, "I'll send you some money"... but never does. Let's continue..."

And Gary is being Gary- he needs coffee, and I'm virtually out. It never fails; people ask you for stuff when you're low or out. Then I've got Thunderhawk asking for stuff, and Mike's sick, so I gave him 2 Ramens and Hot Chocolate... of which I'm nearly out of. This is why I need God's blessings financially, so I can help others...

("PAUSE: Gary is one of my friends, a Native American who is much like a brother to me. He drinks a LOT of coffee, and when I can afford it, I buy extra coffee to share with others; I keep small pill bottles so I can fill it for friends who don't have money for coffee. I actually enjoy helping others; I believe it's the love of God in me that encourages me to help guys that need a little boost here and there. But to do that, I need the same kinda encouragement. And often times, it's few and rare for me to get to the level of prosperity I need while in prison. But I do the best I can. Let's finish the entry out..."")

...sigh, well, not much else to do, no chance of money today, and today was canteen day. I'm not writing the way I want, and it's frustrating... sigh, I'm not very happy- (end of entry)

Not every day can be one of encouragement; sometimes you just feel down, when things don't quite go your way. And as you well know, many times it has to do with money. If you have it, you are in some level of control; but when you don't, you seem to lose control. Even in prison, this is critical. There is a tremendous sense of control when you can buy what you need or want, as opposed to having to do what the prison dictates. Do you want to walk around with prison boots on that are 2 years old, or be able to buy some shoes and jog around the yard?

Do you want to go to the cafeteria and eat the small amount they give you, and be hungry from 6pm to 6am the next day, or do you want to have food in your locker to eat when you choose? Do you want to use "Freshstart" toothpaste, a brand the government issues to inmates that third-world countries have rejected, or would you like to buy Colgate, and know that you are brushing your teeth with REAL toothpaste? I realize we surrender some rights, but we didn't lose our humanity. The ability to be a consumer is still important, which we can't do without a few dollars.

But that's another essay. Hope this helps, Until next time...

PS; Yes, sometimes life sucks; but there's always tomorrow...