

Journal Entry  
Friday  
October 5, 2018

I received a visit from Momz, today! I had been looking forward to it, these last four-or-five-days-or-so; ever since I got the message (forwarded to me by Timmy, one of my associates) to add one of my aunts to my Visitor's List, in anticipation of their arrival, today..!

I was surprised, I must admit, that this particular auntie wanted to come and visit with me. I've probably seen or talked to her, in the last 20 years, a grand total of five times..? Nonetheless, when it came time to actually make the trip she, apparently, had forgotten that she had made a previous doctor's appointment...

... Of course, I enjoyed my visit! But it was, unfortunately, cut short, due to the fact that, once again, these people at Western Illinois managed to make something that should have been very simple, very complicated...

First, because of the fact that I knew that I had a visit coming, I took all of the necessary precautions to ensure that, when my name was called, I was ready, so that my family's wait time was at a minimum. No one likes to make these trips to these prisons, and then have to wait an hour - two hours to finally see their loved one(s)! I even honored my Law Library Call Pass, just so that I could inform the Librarian that I was expecting a visit, and that I would not be participating in today's session. And he was cool with me going back to my housing unit to await the call, as I knew that they were on their way, at that very moment. I did that for the sole purpose of providing the guy with a head's up that I would not be available, due to my visit, because he had decided to write-me-up, and subject me to disciplinary action when I did not show up to my last scheduled law library session. I was not even afforded an opportunity to explain why I did not show up, in spite of the fact that it is absolutely absurd to punish an individual because he decided, for whatever reason, not to participate in an activity that he specifically requested... Notwithstanding my position on that, in what I believe to be nothing but a blatant desire to demonstrate his awesome authority over the peon prisoner, the officer assigned the education building's security detail decided that he was going to prohibit me from leaving the building. "they'll call for you," he says. But I've been in this particular prison, I have reason to believe, much longer than he has been employed by the IDOC. I know the culture here. And I knew that there was great likelihood that no one would make that call; that C/O's in my housing unit would NOT call the Law Library; that they would simply wait, for however much time it took, until they saw me returning with the library line, and then inform me, frustrating my family's wait time... So, I ended-up stuck in the library until the session was over... I could see it in their faces that they thought it was funny. They're asking me where I was at, and telling me that I had to hurry-up and deposit whatever materials that I brought back from the library and head 'up top' for my visit, as they have been calling from the visiting room for quite some time. .

Next... When I finally make it up there, the C/O working the visiting room informs me that my Momz had been waiting for awhile, , and that he had called my housing unit, as a courtesy to my mother, both my housing unit and the law library, personally..! Then, to add insult to injury, my momz reports



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that my visit will have to be cut short due the fact that my other aunt, who did come, was refused entrance because, they claimed, she wasn't on my Visiting List! However! - I've had the copy of my most recent list (approved October 3rd!), for the last two days - with her name on it! So, how do I have a copy with her name on it - but the people in the Visiting Room/Administration Building do not..? Absolutely ridiculous... My aunt can barely get around. Every time I've seen her - since, probably, 2006 - she's been in a wheelchair. And these bastards wouldn't even let her sit in the parking lot after their bogus refusal. My momz was just going to turn-around-and-head-back-home. But my auntie refused to allow her to do it... But things are never accidental. Not in places like this. So I'm forever grateful to my aunt for her steadfastness, as, harsh as it might sound - there are many individuals who work in corrections that, if they could have their way, would deny us even the comfort of personal, intimate, family interaction, no matter how much good it might do us.