

INSIGHT INTO MY FUTURE

My detainment behind these federal prison fences is coming to an end. After nearly ten years I am finally able to foresee a life elsewhere that heretofore was seemingly a fantasy never to come true. Certainly, I knew I would eventually leave. Comprehending such a stupendous transition was simply impossible to grasp.

After evading calendars and annual celebrations for years, I find myself reaching the point to where days not years stand between my freedom and me. As I mentally cross through dates, I sense an inexplicable consternation arising inside of me. The elation I felt only weeks ago has vanished. In its place is a fear of the known and unknown that continues to burgeon daily that recalls the anxiety I felt during the beginning of this surreal juncture.

My unease, I am assured, is normal. All who have been sequestered away from society experience similar concerns about what the future holds. After nearly ten years I have witnessed this phenomena in hundres of men. I, of course, arrogantly believed myself to be above such solicitude, bringing into question how much I have actually learned about myself during this time. Like before when I assumed myself capable of coping with crises regardless of their size and number, I now see my hubris was naive and terribly amiss.

Will I be given a chance to re-enter society? Or will I forever be castigated blatantly and covertly and never allowed to move past my defects and blemishes for which I was indubitably punished? Will I be permitted to demonstrate my remorse and how diligently I have worked toward personal and societal redemption? Will my dedicated self-study, therapy and other efforts at productivity receive the same credence from others as it holds for me? Or is my wish for acceptance by others just a pipedream that will end sadly and abruptly once the unforgiving world detects my reappearance?

Realizing I have no say-so in the matter, I can only hope. Hope that after nearly ten years society has moved far beyond my mistakes to the point where, if not forgotten, they at least considered forgivable now. Surely after this extended period of time there have been hundreds if not thousands of personal transgressions by others that dwarf my own time as "The Flavor of the Month."

If not, there is little I can do. For the only option I possess is to leave this world entirely and avoid the scrutiny I most assuredly will face. Truly, this option seemed viable years ago. After all this time such cowardice now seems ludicrous. No, I must pray for strength and for, at the very least, acquiescence on the part of others toward me. And hope that others find their own lives too complex and essential to concern themselves with me. Meanwhile I must persevere by demonstrating to the world the person I have become who will never give anyone reason to recall my sins and the person I was before. For someone who is remorseful and has worked diligently to make amends, this is the only chance I am afforded. I don't intend to lose grasp of it.

B. C. Murray
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