

## LIVING TOGETHER

You never know what type of roommate, cellmate you are going to end up with in prison. When I went to college, in 1970, I went there blind. My first year I had 3 roommates. The first one was only for a day or two. We were in rooms that shared a bathroom. So that makes a group of 4. I was new and he had friends with 4 other guys, so he was the odd man out. Fortunately for him, one of his group did not come back to school and he moved out and moved in with his friends.

My suitemates had a friend who hated his living situation. They asked if he could move in with me. Charlie was handsome, charming and very friendly...on the surface. I said yes. He would invite his high school girlfriend up for the weekends. They would use the lower bunk while I slept alone in the upper bunk. I found him looking through my private stuff...checkbook, mail. This situation did not last very long, only a few months. My next roommate hated his roommate. They came up to college as high school friends. One was straight a laced conservative and the other was a liberal minded, nature loving bow hunter. We got along great and eventually lived together for the next 3 years. To this day, even while incarcerated, we communicate by regular mail.

That leads me to my first cellmate at the Federal Prison Camp. We are both doctors. In our mid 60's. I am sure we were placed together because we were both doctors. That ends the similarities.

The first few days he taught me the ins and outs of Prison Camp life. When to get up, where to eat, the laundry, library and we even went to Bible Study together the very first day I got to the camp. Conversations were very matter of fact. It was all downhill after that first week.

He slept in his clothes, the ones he wore to work, painting in the maintenance shop. He took a shower once a week only if his wife came to visit him. While not at work, he sat at the back of the unit and read his bible. He professed to be an authority of the bible. I think he was trying to re-write the thing. It was his obsession. His psych meds were not working very well.

We stayed together for one year. Why??? Well, because he was never in the cell. From 6am until 11pm, he was at work or re-writing "his version" the Bible. It was like having the cell all to myself. In that year, our conversation amounted to less than 100 words...100 words. I don't think it was me because I had many friends and talked, worked and joked around with everybody all of the time. Was it me? NO WAY! At least I

hope not.

We parted ways after one year. I asked him to move out. No, I told him to move out. He thought he was always right about everything. When I pointed out the times he was wrong, he would be explosively mad. the steam would come out of his ears. So one day during count, he intentionally let me sleep through the count. I had just work a full day in the garden in over 90 degree weather. I was beat. Who got in trouble...NOT ME! The guards and all the men in the unit jumped all over him for letting me sleep through the count. What a P.O.S.(you can look that on up).

Enough said on this subject. Let us finish with some positive thoughts.

Each of us has the ability to touch a heart, to lift a spirit, to kindle a soul, to look a fellow human being in the eyes and say "I love you." Not that man who was re-writing his version of the Bible.

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