

Whats behind your Cabinet?

By Erin Kuban-Brown #572103

Going into my 20th year of incarceration, I found myself working as Chapel Porter #01. I enjoyed my work within the Chapel, and I witnessed a lot of positive character changes in myself while I worked there. On October 17, 2019 while working in the Chapel and cleaning out the closet, the Chaplain, Burse had said we were throwing out a rusted out jagged metal cabinet and he asked about another filing cabinet if there was a state sticker behind it. I let him know that there was one, we left that filing cabinet there while emptying, moving out the first cabinet that he was throwing out. I noticed a state sticker, pulled it, and the cabinet was thrown out. The next day, God had really put it on my heart to just let them know that there was a sticker on the one we threw out, I just wanted

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Him to know, In the Course of Talk-
ing with me he let me know that
it was probably no big deal, especially
with the Condition of the Cabinet. I ask-
ed if we had to let the warden know,
and he said yes, and that was all that
was said.

Later that day as I had just come
back to my room in my robe from the
shower, I heard a Mans Voice stating
"Man on Tice". I look out my room win-
dow into the Pod, and to my horrified
eyes I see a small band of officers
marching in my direction. I said to
myself, "Now you must walk this out".
I was informed by the band leader
(Actually the Lt.) that I was going
to the hole for destruction of State
Property above \$20.00. I was whisked
away to Property, broken down and
had to mail out anything fun that I
had (art supplies), and then off we
went to Segregation for the next four
days. (In 20 years I had never been to
the hole.) As I sat in my single cell
in the hole I had to sit like
stop, look at me & shake their heads.
In the back of my mind I'm thinking
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What exactly do they think I did that this type of response is being exhibited Outside my door. After four days I am handcuffed and escorted to the full Classification Committee (FCC), to meet with the warden, Caseworkers, & Mental Health. After explaining myself in detail, the decision is made by Head Caseworker Peterson to Warden Oliver to send me to the B.M.U. - The Behavioral Management Unit. Right before my departure from FCC Warden Oliver informs me that I am going away for a long time where there will be no more sticker removals. At that point before I can even reply, I'm jolted out of my chair by my body guard - I mean by the officers that escorted me there and back down the hallway in my bright orange outfit, I am put back in my cell, and told to roll up and head out to the B.M.U. On my arrival my fellow peers/inmates look at me, and say "What are you doing here?" I said "I told the truth."

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about a State Sticker being removed from a rusted out Cabinet, and a little twist of details by Chaplain Bourse was put on it, and here I am. When I go to be sanctioned I still told the truth about the rusted out Cabinet Sticker. I was advised that there was a possibility that the State would seek Restitution - Maybe. I asked the question, "What if they decide that the Cabinet is worth \$850.00". The Sgt. replied with a lot of vagueness that he did not really know what the price of a Cabinet is. If I was charged, he did not believe that it would be that much. At mail call on 11-26-19, I received a Restitution form stating that I owe the State \$870.78. So, let me get this straight. The Chaplain had decided to throw out the rusted out Cabinet into the trash, and while moving it, seeing a Sticker on it, and then telling the truth, and saying there was a Sticker, I am now purchasing a new item for them, in place of the one they were throwing out, and they will still probably get a new one from the State.

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