BLURRY RIGHTS, VIVID WRONGS

I hope this letter finds all of you doing well. My purpose for writing you is to open up a discussion about how people treat each other. Every day, it seems the news has stories about horrible acts of violence. There must be a complete paradigm shift in how this continuing cycle of antagonism/retribution is perpetuated. If not, then I'm afraid we're only going to see these seemingly endless atrocities escalate.

We are facing a worldwide crisis in mental healthcare. I have first hand knowledge of how easy it is to: "Fall through the cracks in the system." If there is ever going to be measurable progress in diagnosis and treatment of psychological disorders, we must first remove the stigma which prevents full disclosure of these painful and personal struggles. Only then will we be able to properly identify the problems and make well informed decisions in regards to treating these issues proactively.

It used to frustrate me when I would seek help, and their main criteria for treatment is: "Do you want to hurt yourself or others?" Well of course not. That's the entire reason for me seeking help in the first place; I want to deal with this now, before it gets out of hand and affects my quality of life or those around me.

Unfortunately, it was then that I gained the valuable insider knowledge as to why these overworked, underpaid people in charge of intake and screening were so jaded! Right there in the waiting room, the guy next to me leans in and says with a grin, "Just tell them you're hearing voices and they'll give you the good stuff." Then another woman starts explaining that if I say "this and that" then I might qualify for a "disability check."
I wanted to SCREAM at both of them: "shame on you!" I wasn't there to get dope! I wasn't there to run some pathetic con artist game to extort state funds. I like to work. And I'm certainly not some dope fiend. I'm just an old blue collar guy of average intelligence who's known for a long time that much of the stuff going on in my head is not right.

I know I'm not violent or mean. I'm never started fights, and I'm certainly not a bully. However, as far back as I can remember, I was painfully aware of my limits for tolerating such foolishness. Oh sure, I was taught right from wrong. I was supposed to hold myself to some higher standard and either walk away or turn the other cheek. But what about "them" (the bullies)? It didn't make sense that I have to follow the rules - while they do whatever they please.

All my life I've tried to stay out of the way. Since I already know I'm a weirdo - it's my little way of avoiding problems. Inevitably, this leads the bullies to seek me out. They thrive on conflict and controversy. Making others miserable brings them their dark pleasure. They always underestimate the objects of their treachery. They fail to realize how quickly the tables can be turned and hunter becomes hunted.

If anything good is to come out of this calamity that is my life - then I must keep striving in my effort to prevent what has happened to me from continuing to happen to others. This task is exponentially exacerbated because I'm trying to do this from inside these prison walls. But maybe, just maybe, folks will now be all the more interested in listening to what I have to say.
After all, I have this perfect case study in worst case scenarios: "This is what will happen when complacency takes precedence over compassion!"

Why is it the school bully can take a kid's lunch money 10 times - but on that 11th time, when the kid stands up for himself and smashes the bully in the nose with a tray - he ends up in the principal's office? Why is it people can enter someone's home and ROB THEM, yet the homeowner cannot defend himself nor their property? Sound preposterous? Well, it's not. I'm serving 25 years because I fought back against the 3 men who ROBBED ME!

We must inject some integrity, accountability, and equanimity into ALL matters regarding criminal acts and social justice. Why is it that millionaire NFL players are allowed to viciously rip the helmet off of another player's head, and bash them over the skull? (that's AGG. ASSAULT.) But if one doesn't have the cash to participate in the organized extortion racket that is our corrupt judicial system - then you're not allowed to defend life and property from home invasion robbery! Why do we continue to accept such blatant duplicity? Is our due process of law really up FOR SALE?

I did not choose to do what I did out of anger. That choice was made for me when they invaded MY HOME! Instead, I was forced to take a stand out of fear. When the wolves entered my door, I acted bravely, decisively, and instantly. And for government to deny me that right is just PLAIN WRONG. None of us know how we will react in such dangerous and stressful situations. Nor does any one of us know what is going on inside of another person's psyche at any given
moment. That's why we MUST CHANGE NOW; and make that conscious decision to treat each other BETTER!

It's often difficult for me to find the right words. I'd never be able to properly explain this, even if I wrote 10 books or 1000 letters. (I'm sure that alone already written several hundred.) Few get response. I refuse to be deterred in the least. I will keep on keeping on until I find those right people, who will help the multitudes who have been wronged, find our voice!

We are just now beginning to see those elitists who abuse their power for the purpose of proliferating their own corrupt, greedy, ulterior agendas - BROUGHT TO JUSTICE! I pray that the rest of us "every day people" find that courage and determination which is necessary to return power to the populace and make our democracy just as our founders INTENDED IT TO BE! Thank you for your time and consideration.

sincerely, Brian Fuller

"Where justice is denied, where poverty is enforced, where ignorance prevails, and where any one class is made to feel that society is an organized conspiracy to oppress, rob and degrade them, neither persons nor property will be safe."

— (Frederick Douglas)
LITTLE SCRAPs OF PAPER

I found these little scraps of paper,
tucked inside my momma's Bible.
There were pictures of us kids
when we were missing our front teeth.
And every time I think about her,
I just smile and say my prayers.
Cause you were watching over me
when I was running in the street.
Now there's contracts, bills, and deadlines
just sign here if you please.
All the stress of this insanity
nearly knocks me to my knees.
Our lives just little scraps of paper
and all we ever want is more.
But I'd give anything to go back
and walk right through that door.
To hear her tell another story
about their lives way back when.
Her eyes would sparkle when she laughed
and then she'd smile that big ol' grin.
She'd show me little scraps of paper
about her cousin so and so.
Why do we always want to hurry?
and do we really gotta go?
It's just a little scrap of paper
but I wrote it from the heart.
Every day I write another one
even though I ain't too smart.

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another cover on my bed
an extra pillow for my head
you know I just want to be comfortable
I think it would be wonderful
To grow a little garden
make some jars of them sweet pickles
Find a big ol' pretty red head girl
and hope she aint to pickly
Some beans and taters on my table
I'll even share when I am able
We'll all be good to one another
Treat our neighbors like our brother
Lord bless the fruits of our two hands
and watch it spread across the land
And if I ever get to trippin',
knock me down, give me a whippin'
All this corruption and disfunction
Should be stopped by some injunction
We should make it our new mission
Put politicians in Federal prison
Stand up together and make a fuss
And take this notion back for us
We don't no bigger fence
Just exercise good common sense
This ain't so hard to figure out
Go tell the truth, remove all doubt
Let's start to love, and stop the war
We got enough, don't need no more
Take a pause give it some thought
And just be thankful for what we got