Crime is common happenstance. Where I come from and though an outsider may not think it to be so, it is. Small town South West Virginia is usually the last place that anything occurs. Lee County is just a back woods little place. Churches dot the Countryside and Believers gather faithfully. An Enemy is on the rise here and that enemy has invaded with a vengeance. Methamphetamine, Manufacturing and use is simply destroying our young and I feel I can battle it. To know my charges you might not think so. I was charged with 1 count of distribution and one count of Conspiracy to distribute Methamphetamine. In my defense, this is how it all started. There was an old friend of mine who was living out of her vehicle with her young daughter. My heart went out to her so I told her she could stay at my house. That was mistake number one! I was well aware of the things she was doing although at the time I had told her, not at my home. Being single and trying to care for my own grandson was a struggle for me. But it was of no comparison to the hardship placed upon me because of my oldest daughter. Becoming addicted to this horrible poison. I can't begin to explain the mental anguish I was going through. I simply didn't know what to do or where to turn. She would come to my home and be
(let it be said my grandson is 17 and the woman's daughter is 16)

So out of her mind on that junk it would cause me severe grief. I called the rescue squad or more than one occasion. My mind was so distraught trying to deal with her I neglected what was going on in my own home. That was mistake number two. I pleaded with my daughter, I bargained with my daughter. Then, I got angry with her. All the while my hate for the people who pushed that poison grew. During all this commotion going on at my home the woman and her daughter continued to live at my residence. Her daughter and my grandson were best of friends and I truly felt sorry for her. Often times the girl would stay with me while her mom was gone doing only God knows what. The devastation I saw in her life caused me to sympathize greatly with her and I knew if not for me she would have no where to go and once again be homeless and hungry. My heart simply could not allow that to happen. I remained active for a time though all this but soon more and more people invaded my home to allow that to happen was mistake number three. Soon all of the stress I was dealing with put me on the wrong path and though I had stopped using actual drugs a long time before all the association of my daughter playing with such a dangerous poison and my home being invaded I feel back into the same
old destructive pattern that God had delivered me from. That was mistake number four. Although I allowed the things occurring at my home to happen, I felt powerless to stop it. My "I don't want anyone to be hurt or mad at me" attitude landed me in jail headed for prison. One of the women I was letting live with me, her friends, stopped by one day wired up for the D.T.F and Broom! It was all over. The video showed that I was not the one selling anything but my lawyer said "guilt by association." I lost my fiancé, my daughter, my home and my freedom. All because I wasdictated and tormented by pure poison. Methamphetamine stole my life and I have boasted it from the beginning, but that just goes to show you how far its reach is. I am ashamed of my charges. On the streets when I was free I could have been an advocate against Methamphetamines and as far as my face book page goes I certainly was. Which is why it is such an embarrassment to be caught up in its wake. Upon entry to the Jail I began to see more of the moral decay upon the human existence. The living conditions at the Jail in the medical unit are repulsive. Now you would think that medical would be the most sanitary place in the whole Jail, Not so! I was there for almost four days, the cell was not clean when I was moved there and
It was never cleaned not one time during my stay.
The commode when I entered was black inside on the stainless steel. Piles of old food crumbs lay
inter-mingled with mounds of dust up under the
Bunk. Vulgar writing covered the walls and the
Stench alone was enough to induce vomiting. I asked
personally, though I had the flu, for the cleaning
cart to no avail. Officer Sperbeck has been written
up for his conduct toward inmates held in Medical
But now-the-less he is still the officer who works
day in and day out. I overhead Officer Lawson
say that he made it a point to make the inmates
that were on suicide watch miserable. Needless to
day, South-west Virginia Regional Jail has a huge
Suicide Attempt and Completion rate. Nurse Abbott
was told to give me a urine test because of Medical
issues I had been having and instead of having my
urine sent to the lab, she threw it out. Issued
Flagyl for a yeast infection and never treated the
actually on-going problem for which I am still having issues. I suppose it to be a bladder
infection that will or has turned into worse. I
complained for six months with burning, searing pain
in my breast that burned through to my back. The
Doctor, ordered a Manogram/ultrasound in January
through nurse absher, who once again caused an issue
by not ordering the test. Yet another Month went
The test was eventually added again and they found masses one inch big on each side and have ordered a follow up in three months. God willing everything will turn out fine, which is not the case for my daughter half sister who was there for at least eighteen months. She complained of things wrong with her repeatedly and the Medical Department would chalk it all up to saying she was a hypochondriac. She died. It turned out to be lymphoma. She was 30 years old. If she were my daughter I would sue. They would make jokes about Mandy and say “She’s been seen over 35 times.” A simple blood test would have solved the mystery. When I was moved over to the work pod I never dreamed I would have an actual waterfall over my head but I did for seven months. The roof leaked so bad we had eight milk crates lined with black trash bags and one five-gallon bucket on top of my bunk alone. Just to catch the rain water pouring over my head. On two separate occasions I slipped in the water and hurt my ankle. Only one incident report was made. The return air vents are covered with dust and lint. I personally have made several requests on the Kiosk to maintenance to fix the problem also to no avail. Black mold is another issue we inmates have to deal with. Breathing and lung issues are numerous here.
Any number of the Inmates here would gladly be part of a class action law suit. This Jail is privately owned and that is mostly by the Judges in this area. Not long ago this very Jail lost a law suit over not allowing religious material to the inmates. Well nothing much has changed now they make you donate the religious material to the Jail. They wont put it in your property even though it is yours. If you dont have someone who will come to the Jail and pick up your religious material you must prepay said books to the Jail. I feel they should put it in your property. It is yours, after all. I feel soon they will find a way to interfer with our First amendment right. I sincerely dread that day. Should it happen during my stay I fully intend to stand firm on my Belief. I will never allow the powers that be to take away my ability to learn about and worship my Jesus, my God. I suppose should that happen it will be solitary confinement for me. Though it was my own fault for being put here by allowing the things that happened under my nose to go on, I am still a member of the human race and it is my God given right to worship however I choose. This Nation was founded on religious freedom and just as our forefathers sought freedom from England to serve and worship however they choose I will follow same.
I stood that ever be the case for me. I was sentenced to ten years in prison for what I allowed to go on in my home while enduring major drug from the Methamphetamine explosion in my small town. While seven years were suspended I will still serve three. As for the woman who actually sold the poison, she was offered 16 months which she turned down. I wasn’t offered a plea. She will most likely beat the charges since I have already plead to the ones against me because my lawyer said I had no other choice. Upon Entering the Jail I have asked for the application to be printed off for a writ of Habeas Corpus. They let me use the computer to see the application but will not print it off for me to fill out, in relation to my case. Every aspect of defense should be made available to any and all inmates to defend themselves. Here it is not. That is just one more declaration of the Moral decay upon our society. Once you are convicted of any crime here you are subject to these conditions, all I can say to you is this, NEVER! And I mean NEVER. Every visit Southwest Virginia it is a trap and you will most likely end up here at the Regional Jail. While there remain a few faithful caring members of the powers that be here, the majority are only here for a paycheck and could careless about you as a human being. True
they did not put me here, but it is my belief that I am entitled to good medical treatment and decent living conditions. I feel that in order to have a job in corrections there should be an accountability for how inmates are treated. To an extent there is, however untold hundreds of unfair treatments are bestowed upon inmates who feel they simply have to accept the unfair treatment. I will not! My voice will be heard, no matter the cost.

Kista R Cooper

3-19-20

P.S.

Today they fixed or are in the process of fixing the roof.