

Notes From The Pen

September 23, 2020

By Jacob Keiter

On Jan. 4, 2018, 24-year-old Jacob Keiter, from East Hanover Township, was sentenced to five years in federal prison on drug trafficking charges. Keiter recently reached out to The Sun from the Federal Correctional Institute in Minersville, hoping to share his story with our readers. In the Sept. 17 issue, Keiter wrote about the details of his arrest. He begins this week, with the day he arrived at prison ...

Having to self-surrender to prison was by far the most difficult thing I've ever had to do in my life. To willingly walk into a prison and tell them, "Hey, I guess I'm supposed to spend the next five years of my life here." Trust me, it's not easy.

Prior to the day of my self-surrender, I was living the very best life I possibly could. I was finally sober and was given the opportunity to spend each and every day with the love of my life. The time we were granted together was exactly what we both needed to strengthen and build our relationship to a level that it would be able to withstand any hardship and life's biggest challenges. We both knew one day it would come to the biggest test; the day I had to leave for prison.

My first opinion of what I thought prison would be like is probably similar to most people's first thoughts. I immediately imagined scenes out of The Shawshank Redemption and The Green Mile. I imagined long dark corridors covered in filth and populated by some of the worst people in the world.

These thoughts petrified me.

But wait, isn't "Club Fed" a thing? Don't the federal prisons have golf courses and resemble a country club? Well, soon enough, I'll find out exactly what I got myself into.

January 18, 2018, was the last time I woke up in bed next to my wife. It was the last time I rode in a car. It was the last time I ate at Olive Garden. It was the last time I saw the world from the other side of the fence.

As my wife drove me to the facility, we held hands the entire car ride, not wanting to let go of the present in fear of what the future may hold. The first thing we noticed was the razor wire fence surrounding the compound, but nothing is noticeable beyond that. After assuring me everything will be OK and a thousand kisses later, we had to finally say goodbye and I had to face this.