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The process to Prison

The day I was indicted, I have never been so scared in my life. What the hell did I get myself into? I was at work when three detectives walked in to the auto shop, I had no clue at this point, I asked them if I could help them and that's when one of them slid the arrest warrant across the counter to me. I was clueless, in shock, not fully understanding what was happening. Then they stepped around the counter and told me to turn around, I was under arrest. That's when it hit me. My journey through the federal system has started.

I was taken to Benton County Jail in Kennewick WA, where I sat for 3 days until my bond hearing. It was Friday afternoon when I was escorted to the federal courthouse, put in a stainless steel cage, (everything was a shiny stainless steel, very cold). I was now in U.S. Marshall custody, they took me through a few back doors that led to a huge courtroom where lawyers, prosecutors, and people sitting in to hear what happens with me. Luckily for me the prosecutor didn't have their story straight and made the judge upset. I knew I'd be released when the judge called up a probation officer and asked if he could meet me at my house to put a ankle monitor on me by 5pm, He responded and said no problem.

So, I went home and got to wear an awesome

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ankle monitor for the next 13 months. Which I'm very thankful for, It allowed me to be home for some major life events also fighting your case from the street is so much easier. I got to continue to work and pretty much live a normalish life. I had a great P.O. who was very understanding and helpful. Again, I got very lucky.

Now, the next 11 months was a back and forth game between lawyer and prosecutor. I was looking at a charge with a 10 year minimum, luckily for me the evidence wasn't there and my charge changed to one with a 5 year minimum. Well, the prosecutor wasn't happy to say the least, so he pushed for as much time as possible and I ended up with a 7 year sentence. Now, I got sentenced in September of 2018, I was again blessed by the judge and he allowed me to go home with a self report when notified by the U.S. Marshalls. I got the letter about 4 weeks later from the BOP (Bureau of Prisons) to report to FCI Englewood in Colorado on October 15th 2018 by 1:00 pm. I then called my P.O. to ask how it's going to work with me self reporting, and he said that's not going to happen. The State of WA don't allow you to self report to an out of state facility, he told me I will actually report to Benton County Jail.

October 15 2018 finally comes, I turn myself in at Benton County Jail. The intake process takes a few hours then your off to a classification unit where they decide to house you, I ended up staying in Benton County for three months. One thing when you are a federal case and waiting for the Marshall's

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to pick you up, everything is a secret. The day you leave is unknown, until they tell you to "roll up", you wait. That day finally came on December 16 2018, the U.S. Marshalls showed up. About 12 of us packed up and dressed out ready for transport, they shackle us all together and stuff us in a van. Off to the airport we go, very high security alot of marshalls loaded with high power guns and gear. This is for real.

We are now on conair, where are we going? Again, everything is top secret with the marshalls and feds, we end up going to Las Vegas Airport, to then get on a bus and head to Parump NV. We show up at a CCA facility where they housed me for about a month, it's used as a transportation/classification facility. The month I spent there actually wasn't too bad, the facility was clean and the people were easy to deal with. Once they decided to ship another group of us out we go through it all again "roll up" and stuff us in to a holding cell where we soon get shackled and stuffed onto a bus. Heading back to Las Vegas Airport to go who knows where. We end up in Oklahoma of all places, again we get on a bus and head either to Grady County or Oklahoma city. I went to Grady County, the longest week of my life, dirty, old building, and horrible food. Not a fun place at all, but again another holding facility to pick up more federal prisoners. After one week they put us back on the plane and off to FCZ Englewood.

I was so thankful to show up at the prison I've been designated to for the last six months. Now the same intake process I've done over and over again was no different here. Once that exciting process is

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done they send you off to the unit your assigned to, where you will find your bunk. Prison is totally different than County jail or any holding facility. The process to get there was no walk in the park, very stressful if not the most stress I've had to deal with in my life, but I made it. I'm now doing my time and working on myself to become a better person.