

Grateful

During my decades of incarceration, there are many individuals in my life that have truly been there for me. That's a miracle that words can't express. Something I can't take for granted. Some of these individuals have passed on. But, never forgotten in my heart. Some now are sickly and elderly. That also breaks my heart in two. These are the people that honestly love me. Beyond measure. Beyond comprehension. My loyal and loving mother and father. My beautiful sister. My wonderful grandmothers. Aunts, Uncles, true friends and others I met along the way during my decades of incarceration.

They all have been a beacon of hope during my darkest days being locked away behind the razor wire, steel bars and concrete walls in the penitentiary. These wonderful loved ones have supported me in times of need. Encouraged me to be strong. They've sacrificed for me. Cried for me. Laughed with me. They've loved me in despite of the horrible crime I committed that hurt so many that I'm forever remorseful for. Their a phone call away. A listening ear. A e-mail to view. A loving hug from a surprise visit. I'm grateful for the individuals who have stood by my side through it all. Thick and thin. During calm waters and raging waves. Abased and abound.

God bless the people who love us.

I'm forever grateful.

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