

## The Hands Of The Uneducated

When my time on this sentence began, my thoughts about doing the time was pessimistic. I was serving a forty-five year sentence with another sentence consecutive that may carry a life time commitment. There was nothing but four walls around me and any kind of reclamation of freedoms bounties was unforeseeable in my own estimation. Time was a punisher and there was very little for me in comparison to what this Earth has to offer. I was so desperate and it was difficult for me to accept the predicament that I was in.

I always belived that education was a good tool for a builder. That a proper education could build a wonderfull product. And those belifes complexed my outlook as a kid because, I never positioned myself good enough to be in the kind of enviornment where the academic fundamentals of school begin to mature into other forms that are more relevant to the society that we live in. I hear alot of people complain about the ineffective productivity that the school institutions have, however that mentality never won me over, as a child I dreamed of the luxurious carreers that a college education may produce. And that love of fine liveing is still in the ethers of my fascination.

At this time in my life the parole board has begun to hear my pleas for parole in under twelve month deferments. The primes of my life is at my heels. I used my creativity to

survive, and the arts were good to me. Inside of the labyrinthine world of art that leads to God I was able to find in my relation to art, a strength that removed the artificial needs that I had. The empowerment of art built new character within me and my love for life became healthy instead of hungry. My life inside of this concrete fortress diminished the vibrance of my youth, I spent more time behind bars than I have as a free citizen and I am confessing this fact to you so that you will have a better chance in comprehending what I am about to write in relation to education behind bars. Because I feel that education is very important and its potential is capable of doing what man alone is unable to do. Literary art, as well as all forms of art became a friend to me during my incarceration. It was through the books that I read that I became educated and disciplined. And it was in those books that the world of art was opened to me, and the many ways of art captivated my heart and compelled me to live my life under the guide lines of mental health because that was the structure that housed the body of love.

In my time I didn't see any college that was offered to my prison, only vocational schooling. Although it did seem as though the colleges have some interest in reaching the prisons. And this interest is appealing although I consider it to be

premature. That's why I reminded you that I am a convict like all of the rest of us. I don't believe that convicts have a right to go to college because of our status, although I do believe in education for us because the potential of education is limitless. When I consider the discrepancy between inmates and the people that live freely in our society I am very aware of the imbalance. And it's hard to say that we don't deserve the right to study at the university. But that is the way that I feel.

As I consider how much further that I have to go until I can attend a college environment I think about poetic metaphors, the distance before me is like mountains because the destination is in the distance and the excursion will be difficult.

More difficult than the effort that I need to exert in order to achieve my goal is the differential in social classes. The educational ladder in today's society seems to be out of sync. I look at what the associated press has to say about our colleges and it seems as though venturing into the geographies of higher education is only a venture that will provide status for me. The quality of a good education that molds character is lost and that is why I chose to pursue a goal to become a school teacher. So that I can change the curriculum at our finest schools.

There is in my mind a strong need for education in the prison system although that need is difficult to meet because of the fact that the prison institution is comprised of criminals. Yet how can we run from the fact? Just because the greater part of a criminals character is bonded to the beliefs of a hustler, how can we forfeit our belief of educational supremacy?

I admit that college is too great of an intertence for someone who has not even made the decision yet to change thier life, and at the same time I am trap, trapped withen an enviornment that is lost from education. The beauty of literature is strong enough to enlighten the greedy heart. What about the complexities of mathamatics? What about the discipline that you need to learn fundamentals that are usefull in a greater range of functioning?

In todays society the belife associated with the majority is that the most important aspect of life is the fodd that nurtures us. Everything else is for fun. There is no work ethic because all of the work revolves around our need for food. And the responsibillities of the rest of society are buried beneath the sea of naiveté.

I wrote this essay because I had intentions to pursue universal education for prisoners. And I wrote it under

the impression that we are not ready to engage the body of education that furnishes degrees because of our degree of citizenship. And the pages were a struggle to write because I was torn between the incredible need all of humanity has for education and the corruptable hearts of gangsters.

I am not within the belief that professional teachers can teach us or give us degrees because of the evident disregard for sanctity prevents this. And I'm not afraid to say this for two reasons. Reason number one is that I wrote this two the APWA so that our population will have the best chance possible of creating prison environments that offer genuine educational programs that will encourage intelligent and educational living. And most importantly I'm not afraid to write this because the ramifications for living under assumptions other than the structures of intelligence is a catastrophic society that suffers under the gluttony or greed of God heads and politicians alike.

We have to do this ourself because the adversity of our nature requires us to resist temptation. There are many many temptations. All of life is graced with the goodness of lifes miraculous existance. And that is why I believe that criminals will pevert any education that ~~provides~~ provides

outside teaching. Because the intelligence of us who are incarcerated is different from the intelligence that cultivates existence. And our desire is the same as any mans. Only our exercisizes and choices have led us to other enchantments. And the fancy for life is spirited and blessed with love, however the story is perverted when discipline and control are neglected.

We need to accept the challenge of education because education is a universal element. It defies all aspects of life. Even in generality the roots of education are capable of producing fantalytical archetecture. The prisions that we live in can become fortresses of brass. And the prisoners that walk through the shiney armour may become golden pillars if we take the initiative. If we admit to our faults and strengthen our supports then, the problematic society that seems unable to avoid the crime that fills its streets can have a chance for greatness. Education is more than intelligence however intelligence trumps greed and desire. With a new outlook on education we can create a new work force, one that is functional and not concerned with governing the lives of others. Rather our concerns will revolve around glory, love, and peace.

Sincerely, Anonymous.