

Sunday, April 16, 2023

The Social, Physical, and Psychic Effects of American Imprisonment

I was sentenced to 15 years in the California State Prison system for armed robbery. Had I had the knowledge of how to obtain property legally with known knowledge, I would have chosen a different route of how to deal with a problem than to take violence in my own hands as a means of solving a problem. We are all losing our lives every day because of the lack of knowledge of things in reference to survival. (HOSEA 4:6). I knew that I would eventually come to prison because of how I was living when I was free in society. The lack of knowledge of how to climb the economic ladder in society is the root problem of why so many of American citizens are coming to prison every day. The majority of crimes done in America are some type of financial economic crime as the smoking gun. Money truly is a root of all evil, the love of it (1 Timothy 6:10). The root problem in the psychic of many in America and the world is that everybody has a huge desire for money and will always stay busy constantly chasing it. This distracts us all from the real main important valuable issues of life, such as community building as a world family. When I was locked up in the county jail on this

case that I am doing time for right now, my mind, or ~~psychic~~ part of me was still on thinking about how I'm going to get my hands on some money if or when I get out of jail or prison. The majority of my jail and prison time was done in a cell, or cell living for 23 hours a day with one hour of shower/dayroom time with a few cells opened at a time. I've spent most of my time stressing about my case unsure if I ever will get free again. I somehow was always confident that my case would get dismissed for the lack of evidence or strong evidence to prove my doing of the crime. I was confident that I would see freedom either through the dismissal of charges or through a plea deal, which a plea deal is the route I've taken in order to avoid life in prison by going to trial in front of a jury. I didn't eat much in the county jail because I got use to my situation of family not sending packages to me, and the food in the county jail was always of low calories, and therefore I had lost a lot of weight sleeping my time away in my cell 23 hours a day. We had one hour of indoor yard time in the county jail once a week. I traded peanut butter packs given to us for shots of Colombian Keeffe yellow bag coffee, my favorite, which got me through all my county jail time in making my mind and body feel good while playing Chess with my celly when I had one. I only read the Bible in the county jail and the law which

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I've found of interest to me. 1Corinthians 3:5-16 changed my life when I read it because I comprehended it like a child building legos, putting up a building as Yahoshua (Jesus) being the foundation that I build my life on and it would never fall again being fire proof tried by fire. The thoughts that I had in making my crime better increasing my criminal while in the county jail when I get out had vanished slowly when I finally comprehended the sure way of being jail and prison proof—by following the Scriptures. Now when I was studying the law for my case, I discovered the corruption within the law, and the corrupted use of it by lawyers/Attorneys. So I said to myself, since the system holds us to the strict penalty of the law, I will hold them to the strict penalty of it also for countless violations in the courtrooms all across America and the world using the Uniform Commercial Code. I will have a public jury in pro-per to explain the law in front of the jury in order to get restitution for everyone who has been violated by the justice system. All across the world there is excessive force being used by law enforcement and most of these cases never reach the courtroom without social media evidence caught on camera. In the county jail, me and my celly were dragged out of ~~our~~ cell by six or seven sheriffs after being beaten and punch, Kicked in our cells away from the

dayroom cameras. I ^{was} dragged on my face for 25 feet, then hogged tied with handcuffs in the dayroom where my wrists were swollen the size of baseballs and thrown face first in a holding cell. Medical took a report, but it never went anywhere because I didn't have access to a law library to contact legal counsel. I'm just one of many who have experienced this by police. On the level 3 prison, I've experienced riots on the yard and prison politics of the races. I started working out a lot on the level 3 prison yard doing burpees, pushups, pull-ups, and running to staying physically fit for anything that might happen. I mostly stayed to myself and didn't get involved with prison politics and their activities. I've earned vocational certificates while on level 3 prison yard, and college credits while on a level 2 prison yard, which dropped weeks off of my sentence. Covid-19 hit while on level 2 prison yard and we got a shower every 3 days, but I bird bath everyday. We were stuck in our cells 24 hrs a day with food trays brought to our cells, for a whole year. I refused to take the Covid-19 test swabs, so they moved me around the prison in isolation. I thought the Covid-19 swab tests had nanites of bacteria robots on them that were purposely making people sick giving Covid to them. I wrote the doctor up, but my grievance didn't go anywhere. He/She were the ones giving the order to

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p.5

move me around the prison. In the process of coming to fire camp, the doctor or nurse told me that it was required to take a tetnus shot when later I found out many inmates went to fire camp without taking a Tetnus shot. After I took the tetnus shot, I have immediately lost feeling in my left arm and couldn't move it for a day. I had a fever and chills, but I ran the prison track and worked out, sweating it out whatever was in me. The Tetnus bottle looked like a covid vile bottle we see on T.V.. I hope it was not a covid shot they tricked me into. I refused all covid shots. Since I've been in prison, my family on the outside have abandoned me and don't write me letters or any contact. I don't care to be social with people like I once was before. I begin or begun to comprehend that everyone is for themselves when it comes down to the truth of who people really are. I've begun to take that first step to depend on myself to make things happen for myself in protecting myself from the trickery of all people. I will never come to prison again, and will do what is necessary to preserve my life in an ignorant and unfaithful world. In closing, I give praise to the unseen hand who has given me another chance at freedom again in a lawless world. I hope I've inspired someone to wake up and see things for what they are, not what you think they are, Amen.

Rash Pinnah.