

Compassion

Written by Death-Row Prisoners

HELPING PRISONERS ON DEATH ROW LIVE CONNECTED AND FRUITFUL LIVES

140 W. South Boundary Street | Perrysburg, OH 43551

March 2020 | Vol. 25 | Issue 113 (Bi-monthly)

Publishing compassionate and introspective articles written by death-row prisoners.



Wherever You Are

The most memorable times I have from my childhood are those I spent with my dog Nikki. I always believed we'd be together for a very long time. Then a day came that changed my life.

Nikki (who treated everyone as her friend) would go off with all the kids and I'd have to drag her home. We had the perfect relationship and good communication between the two of us.

A year went by and I loved Nikki even more. We spent all of our quality time together.

One weekend I went to stay with my cousins so we could go see the college football game on Saturday. Nikki wanted to come but could not, and she whined, but I think she understood.

I returned home Sunday, anxious to see Nikki and tell her all about the game and the fun we had, and how much I'd missed her. But when I walked into the yard I saw everyone but Nikki, and my family did not look happy to see me.

I asked what was wrong and no one said a word. My Mom came to me and told me Nikki was missing. I couldn't believe it! I ran out front and started calling her name over and over and over as I walked down the street.

As I got to the corner my sister showed up and that is when I realized I was crying. Nikki was nowhere around.

My Mom had called the police and asked all the neighbors, but no one had seen anything. Then Mr. Byford showed up and hold us he saw Nikki climb in the car with some people.

When the police arrived Mr. Byford gave a description of the car and we added Nikki's description. My Mom felt I knew Nikki's features better than anyone, so she had me give the description. I think they wanted me to feel I was doing more.

Now I know why they call dogs "Man's best friend." Nikki was truly my best friend. I was the only one in my neighborhood with a Great Dane. I loved Nikki and I always think of her and who her new owners are and if they are treating her right. I have never owned another dog since. I loved that dog!



Antonio L. Doyle
Ely State Prison
Ely, Nevada

IN THIS ISSUE:

- ▶ Editorial: At the Limits of Speech, Words Fail
- ▶ Letters to the Editor
- ▶ Rehabilitation
Excerpt for the book
Involuntary Servitude
- ▶ Victims' Voice
- ▶ Freed from Hate
- ▶ Train of Life
- ▶ It Takes More Than One
- ▶ A Convict's Dream
- ▶ Just A Thought
- ▶ The Last Laugh
- ▶ What's the Point?
- ▶ And More...

www.compassionondeathrow.net

The True Measure of Any Human Being is Found In Their Empathy and Compassion for Others and Self

There is so much good in the worst of us,
And so much bad in the best of us,
That it will behoove any one of us
To find fault with the rest of us.
Every rose has its flaws,
But why examine its flaws,
When you can enjoy its beauty!



Wesley I. Purkey
Federal Death Row
Terra Haute, IN



Letters to the Editor

Letters to the Editor are welcomed from all prisoners (this includes non-death row prisoners) and the outside community.

In submitting letters, we ask that compassionate and introspective guidelines apply to your communications.

Limit size to 400 words or less. Letters may be edited for clarity and space considerations.

SEND ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO:

COMPASSION OFFICE
140 W. South Boundary Street
Perrysburg, OH 43551

COMPASSION OUTSIDE COORDINATOR

compassionondeathrow@msn.com

TEL: 419-874-1333

FAX: 419-874-3441

WEBSITE ADDRESS:

www.compassionondeathrow.net

PUBLISHER

Compassion

EDITOR

George Wilkerson

ASSISTANT EDITOR

Konstantinos Fotopoulos

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS

Justin Anderson, John R. Daughtery,
Antonio L. Doyle, Joseph E. Duncan III,
Robert Fry, Edward Lang,
Kevin Marinelli, Kurt Michaels
and Wesley Purkey

PLEASE NOTE: Any opinions expressed in this publication are those of the individuals writing them and not of Compassion or other staff members. Anything death row prisoners write may jeopardize their future appeals. This may limit the scope of their expressions.

All stories are subject to editing for grammar, sentence structure, and clarity.

EDITORIAL:

At the Limits of Speech, Words Fail

Once upon a time... a picture was worth a thousand words: No wonder so many artists starved to death. Several years ago, an abstract painting by Gustav Klimt sold for more than \$100 million. Abstract art is the most misunderstood art form, mostly because it transcends traditional communication. But what does that mean, exactly?

Most art is narrative in that it seeks to convey a message. We've all seen paintings of Jesus, staff in hand, halo hovering over his head, sheep gathered around his legs. The halo speaks to sanctity and enlightenment; the staff says Jesus is empowered and authorized to protect and lead the sheep; and the sheep are, of course, His followers (i.e., Christians).

"Abstract" is something thought of apart from concrete realities. For example, the idea of anger seems abstract, whereas the expression of anger, say, in a fist is concrete. In abstract art, the artist tries to translate such emotions, moods, etc., in terms of line, shape and color rather than words, objects, or the traditional symbols employed in narrative art. But this requires a new visual language, something "outside the box" of orthodoxy.

This quest for newness drove Paul Cézanne – in the late 1800's – to paint objects in odd colors. Grass became purple, people red or blue. The art world was scandalized! But since Cézanne was old and at his career's end, they tolerated it as an eccentricity. By going against tradition, though, he opened a door to Narnia. Henri Matisse, beginning his art career, walked through that door and explored further. He began trying to capture the mood or mindset of his subjects. He might use short, choppy brushstrokes to apply red to a face and deliberately leave the face's edges blurry, as if on the verge of disintegration, to convey frustration.

Around this time, in 1900, an 18 year-old prodigy named Pablo Picasso stumbled onto Matisse's work. Ideas exploded in his imagination. Picasso's classical Realism devolved into brutal shapes, splashes of color, fragmentation of form. An eye might be crookedly shoved over next to its partner, a leg may become just a wedge of flesh-toned paint. His figures were hardly scandalous, this was blasphemy! What was he thinking?

Science shows us that two-thirds of communication is nonverbal – body language, tone and pitch of



voice, etc. Only a third is actually conveyed by the words themselves. It's more how you said it than what you said. Sometimes words fail altogether... how then are you to express yourself? Artists like Cézanne, Matisse, Picasso, they sought to explore the points at which traditional symbols failed to hold humanity's vast language of experience. Look at a sunset and you'll sense the sky speaking to your soul via color. That is abstract art. Abstract art seeks to capture the scenes and impressions of the way we perceive reality, without language.

These early artists risked their careers to tear down the walls, to transcend the traditional, cultural, and linguistic barriers that handicapped communication. In our divided world, deep inside we long to be united, to connect, to feel whole. Abstract art offers a place to gather, to simply BE. I suppose that no amount of dollars can really capture what it means to feel a deep connection to someone who seems to truly understand us – though \$100 million sure says it a whole lot better than a thousand words, and whoever had sold that painting lived happily ever after.



George Wilkerson
Editor
North Carolina Death Row
Raleigh, NC

Letter to the Editor:

A Day in the Mind of a Convict

Do you remember what it feels like for someone to hug you tight and whisper "I Love You"? I don't anymore. Do you know what it's like for someone to just stop by to say "I just wanted to see how you're doing"? I don't anymore. How is it nowadays, to sit at the dinner table, talking, joking and eating with family and friends? I don't remember. These small things and acts of love, once they are taken or not done, is what kills us on the inside. The system was made just for that reason! You see, sitting in a cell daily isn't where the hurt comes from. I take responsibility for being here. But the hurt comes from the knowledge of having people on the outside that you never see, touch, hold again.

God gave us two commands through Jesus: Love God and Love each other. Love is a verb. But the world has gotten used to using "love" as a phrase. I've come to realize why the body of God is struggling to grow: We fail to demonstrate our love through action. We verbalize love instead and throw money and things at each other. But love is caring, comforting, encouraging, helping, even hugging one another daily. Why is it so hard for us to get it? We might sit and frown and blame Satan when someone commits suicide. But if we look closely, we might see that it was actually a lack of love that drove them. They felt disconnected, unloved.

Sometimes I wonder whether I'm actually still alive. Did I die that day instead of the other person? Because I cry out for comfort, bang on my heart for someone to hug or hold me. But it goes unnoticed. If I didn't get on the phone and call anyone I believe I would fade out of their memory. My relationships anchor me in life. I see happiness. But one thing I see too is other believers holding, hugging and encouraging one another on this journey. Even Jesus could hug, kiss and visit his friends to let them know he was there. Perhaps, in this way of love, Jesus was also granting sinners life-connection, wholeness, belonging. With a simple gesture of love, we too can be the difference between living and dying. May we choose to see those who need love, and when we see it may we grant it – with a verb, with action.



Jasmine Paul Sanchez
Ely State Prison
Ely, Nevada



O'HENRY CONTEST – EXCERPT FROM THE BOOK INVOLUNTARY SERVITUDE

Rehabilitation

It's a popular misconception that prisons are designed to rehabilitate. However, most prisoners who are released return to society worse than they were before they went in. This is the reason that recidivism rates continue to spike. Prisoners become bitter and angry at the system for being psychologically tortured while confined within these institutions, and then they're released, without any support, back into the very environments that helped influence their unproductive lifestyles. Sticking someone in prison isn't going to necessarily cause a person to become rehabilitated, no matter how long they're sentenced to serve. If a person isn't given the tools to expand their thinking or doesn't want to change, then they won't, regardless of how long they spend in prison.

I acknowledge that there are people who need to be isolated from the rest of society due to their

actions, but I also feel that there are many people who deserve a second chance in life, especially those who commit crimes at young ages or as a means of survival. It's a difficult concept for me to understand that a young person can be labeled a lost-cause and be sentenced to prison for the majority of, if not the rest of, their life when they've yet to even fully understand their purpose in life. Prison should be the last resort for many people and there should be a system set in place that can truly help rehabilitate people to get them to begin to change their lives instead of turning back to crime as a means of survival.

The majority of us initially have a negative outlook on life when we arrive in prison. Lack of educational programs make it nearly impossible for us to rehabilitate our minds unless we're fortunate to be around conscious-minded prisoners who can facilitate the opening of our

third eye to help us see beyond the matrix of our ignorance and look at life from a different angle. It's only then that we begin to build our lives positively and make the dramatic changes that'll have a major impact on our existence.

Many prisoners are completely isolated, and due to their security level, they're not eligible to participate in programs. That gives them a strike against their parole because they haven't rehabilitated themselves. This in turn means that, in most cases, they'll be parole flopped or, unable to be released from isolation. It's a disparaging cycle that continues to devastate the lives of millions.

I believe there should be re-entry programs put in place for ex-cons. Not necessarily monetary or materialistic, but rather more programs that'll

(continues on page 5)

RESOURCE



SANT'EGIDIO

The Community of Sant'Egidio is an International movement fostering peace, reconciliation and friendship with everyone. In Compassion's May 2019 issue we offered death row prisoners the opportunity to get an international pen pal. This proved to be tremendously popular. If you are looking for a pen pal please write a letter in English introducing yourself giving your full mailing address and DOC number.

Mail to: E. Ryan
PO Box 221134
Kirkwood, MO 63122

Freed from Hate

To any who would hear,

Thanks to God I have found freedom. Not from this place of concrete and steel, but from my prison of hate. I had known anger and fear for so long that I built a prison of hate around me to hide and protect myself. I had conned myself into believing that the fear I instilled in people was respect. But it was hate. I hated the world and it hated me right back.

My freedom came from God in the form of an 80-year old volunteer named Austin. He would come to visit the cells every Tuesday. And every Tuesday I would say the most vulgar things to him. Even the other guys would ask me why I spoke like that. Which led to more violence and hate. One Tuesday he came to my door with a Veteran's hat on (WWII USN). I had served from '90 - '95 USN (Desert Storm '91).

We talked about the Navy. Then for the next month we talked every Tuesday about everything but God. Finally he broached the subject again. This time I was more amiable.

I got to where I looked forward to his visits and so did everyone else because I was calm and not so angry.

After 6 months of regular visits I accepted Christ into my life and heart. That old man had dug the first chip into that rock wall of hate I put around my heart. Though Austin has since departed this world, the love he shared with me through his love of Christ saved me. I share that love with everyone now, even those who want me dead. I am still on death row pending the outcome of a decision in the courts right now. Hate put me here, and here I will live. But I will live here in love and will share the love that God gave me through the heart of that old man.



Robert Fry
New Mexico Death Row
Santa Fe, NM

VICTIMS VOICE

The Pain of Losing Someone to Execution



Ida Reid



James Reid

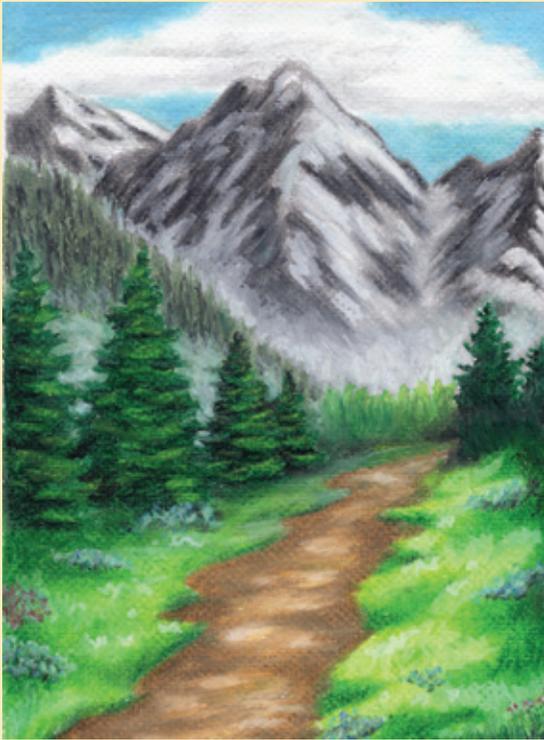
Ida Reid's brother, James Reid, was executed in Virginia after having been convicted of murder of Annie Lester. Reid's lead attorney, who slept through some of the legal proceedings, was later disbarred for drug use and lying to the court. Several years earlier, Ida Reid's cousin Donald Terrell was murdered by an acquaintance who was subsequently sentenced to life in prison.

Ida said, "I know how it feels to lose someone to murder; I know that anger and grief. But I never believed the guy who killed my cousin should die; I never believed in the death penalty and I never imagined it would come so close to me. The pain of losing someone to execution is so horrific; it's not something you would ever want anyone to go through. James was brain damaged and suffered from alcoholism and he died not knowing what had happened on the night of the murder. Just before he was executed, he asked me to promise that I would never stop fighting. When I write or speak about the death penalty, it brings it all back, but I will keep doing it regardless of how it affects me, because it's important that people understand."

For more information visit www.mvfhr.org

Original Art Work for Scholarships

DONATED BY DEATH ROW PRISONERS



Untitled

By Kevin Marinelli
Pennsylvania Death Row
Waynesburg, PA

9" x 12" Pastels
\$75.00 includes
shipping and handling

To purchase make your check
to Compassion and send to
the address on page 2.

COMPASSION READERS: To date \$55,988.72 has been awarded in college scholarships to family members for murder victims. Make a purchase of their artwork. To view available selections, view Art for Scholarship in the past issues at www.compassionondeathrow.net. Call 419-874-1333 and ask for Compassion office to verify availability.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3

Rehabilitation

EXCERPT FROM THE BOOK INVOLUNTARY SERVITUDE

help uplift them once they're released back into society so that they can cope with life, be able to get jobs, housing and be able to deal with the psychological effects that being in prison has cast upon them. There are many non-profit organizations that offer assistance to ex-cons, but I feel that the government should also fund these organizations, create more programs, and offer assistance in other ways in order to have ALL of its citizens best interest at heart.

The psychosocial consequences of imprisonment not only affects us mentally and emotionally, but it also has a dramatic impact on our physical and spiritual structures. It's a disease that attacks our mentality and once our psychological capacity becomes vulnerable to this form of bondage, it perpetuates the negative ways in which we perceive life and react to the conditions that plaque our existence...



Edward Lang
Chillicothe Correctional Institute
Chillicothe, Ohio

Train of Life

Some folks ride the train of life
looking out the rear
watching miles of life roll by
and marking every year.
They sit in sad remembrance
of wasted days gone by,
curse their life for what is was,
then hang their head and cry.
But I don't concern myself with that,
I took a different vent:
I look forward to what life holds
and not what has been spent.
So strap me to the engine, as
securely as I can be!
I want to be out on the front, to see
what I can see!
I want to feel the winds of change
blowing in my face,
I want to see what life unfolds
as I move from place to place.
I want to see what's coming up,
not looking at the past.
Life's too short for yesterdays,
it moves along too fast.
So if the ride gets bumpy
while you are looking back,
go up front and you may find
your life has jumped the track.
It's alright to remember,
that's part of history,
but up front's where it's happening,
there's so much mystery!
The enjoyment of living
is not about where we've been,
it's about looking forward to
another year and ten.
It's searching all the byways,
never should you refrain,
for if you want to live your life,
you Gotta Drive The TRAIN!
Toot-Toot! Toot-Toot!

"The Engineer" –

John R. Daughtry
North Carolina Death Row
Raleigh, NC

It Takes More Than One

To all of my people
no matter your color of skin
instead of fighting one another
why not reach out to children?
Detail to them right from wrong
so if they ever come to prison
they won't have to stay long,
speak of how it is okay
to go to school, to do fine
because the toughest and
coolest kids
are those who educate their minds.
Allow them to see the error
of OUR ways
which will hopefully keep them
outside this concrete maze.
Takes more than one –
May possibly take us all–
To allow them a little stumble
but to catch them before they fall.
So end this segregation!
Let's stand together as ONE.
We have a job to do ladies
and gents!!!
So let's step up and get it done.

Antonio L. Doyle
Ely State Prison
Ely, NV



SECOND PLACE O.HENRY CONTEST WINNER'S SUBMISSION

A Convict's Dream

When I first came to prison, I was a fresh-faced 19-year old with no hope of ever being free again. So, I sought to make myself as comfortable as possible. Since leaving wasn't an option, I decided to figure out how to get everything I want in prison. For my first Christmas behind bars, I got a fake gold watch, brand new sneakers, and pressed clothes that were white as snow. I was living a convict's dream.

Ten years later. . . I woke up in prison and realized that the only person keeping me here is me. The second I opened my mind, and started thinking outside the box, I was free. It was as though I had discovered the secret to life. I couldn't wait to sound the alarm. But to my surprise, when I told my fellow prisoners the good news they just yawned and rolled over. Was I missing something? Am I living in 'The Twilight Zone'? Slowly, the truth began to sink in like a glacier. As much as I wanted to wake them, they had to come to grips with this reality in their own time.

Today, I'm still a convict dreaming. Only my dreams aren't confined by concrete and razor

wire. Likewise, they were too big to remain in my head so I wrote them down. Somehow or another they found their way inside a book, a classroom, and a pulpit. Of course, I'd rather be strolling on the sands of beaches instead of walking on cold concrete. However, I believe what I'm doing is more important than where I am. I don't mean to trivialize my situation. This is definitely not normal. Yet, it has provided an opportunity for me to do something extraordinary.

For anyone asking how long have I been in prison, my comeback is: "Have you ever been free?" Not all prisoners are in prison. Maybe you've been arrested or felt the steel teeth of handcuffs clamping down on your wrists. Maybe you've never sat in a cell that reeked of urine and vomit. You may be free to come and go as you please, but are you free indeed?



Justin Anderson
Arkansas Death Row
Grady, AR



John Robinson
Kansas Death Row
El Dorado, KS

©2020 John Robinson

**Please mail your writings to:
COMPASSION**

140 W. South Boundary St. | Perrysburg, OH 43551



If you want to share someone else's work, please be sure you include the name of the author or its origin.

**PRISONERS OF DEATH ROW
YOUR ASSISTANCE WILL BE APPRECIATED**

7 Suggestions and Guidelines

1. Write about an experience that impacted you.
2. It doesn't have to be religious. Here are some themes: anger, apathy, beauty, betrayal, boredom, change, complacency, courage, fear, friendship, growing older, jealousy, pride, purpose, vices, and wisdom.
3. Use sensory details — the smell, who said what, its color, how cold it felt. Sensory details connect your experience to your readers.
4. There's no need to use big words when a simpler one suffices: leave your ego at the door with your case: this isn't the place for either one.
5. Look for ways to unify; help; and solve problems.
6. Be authentic. Be yourself. No one's perfect.
7. Try to limit it to 400 words or less, and if possible enclose a photo of yourself.

As there are numerous submissions it may take up to eight months for selected articles to be published.

Thank you to our donors who are making this publication possible.

SILVER DONORS (\$1000 OR MORE):

St. Rose Parish, Perrysburg, OH
Rev. Charles Ritter
In Memory of Deacon Ken Cappelletty

BRONZE DONORS (\$500 OR MORE):

Ken & Elizabeth Green, Dallas, TX
Diocese of San Diego, CA
Rev. Neil Kookoothe, St. Charence Church
St. Joseph Church, Sylvania, OH
Sister Pat Schnapp
Kathleen & Paul Helbling

PATRONS (\$100 OR MORE):

Martha Baldoni
An Anonymous Friend
Martha May
Rev. Arturo Perez-Rodriguez
St. Katharine Drexel, Frederick, MD
Sisters of St. Francis, Tiffin, OH
Carl Hyde
Rev. Nelson Belizario

St. Thomas Aquinas, Toledo, OH
Eugene Schmitt
St. Jerome Church,
North Weymouth, MA
Charles Henry Diller
Church of the Sacred Heart,
Sauk Rapids, MN
St. Patrick Church,
Grand Rapids, OH
St. Mary's Church, Defiance, OH
Kristen Keller
Fr. Richard Notter
Sisters of Mercy of Americas,
Fremont, OH
Ron Hitzler
Margaret Keller
Aux. Bishop David Talley
Rev. Edward Schleter
Rev. James Peiffer
Anna Mae Whaley
Cathy Cappelletty
Sisters of St. Francis, Sylvania, OH
In Memory of:
Sister Mary Immaculee Heini

Norbert Wethington
Rev. Tony Gallagher
St. Bartholomew Church,
Columbus, IN
Rev. James Bacik
Cong. Of The Humility of Mary,
Davenport, IA
Corpus Christi Parish, Toledo, OH
Sister Delores Schuh, CHM
Father Doug Hennessey
Kolbe House, Chicago, IL
Sisters. of Mercy,
St. Bernardine Home
Arlynn Lyle
Rosemary Ymzon
Sisters of Charity
Sisters of St. Joseph Carondelet
Carol Kraus
Tom Perzynski
Richard & Shelly Kotz
Louise & Michael Sarra
Ursuline Convent of the
Sacred Heart

Catholic Charities,
Youngstown, OH
St. Caspar, Wauseon, OH
St. Paul's, Norwalk, OH
Carl Kammire
Marian & Brad Wallace
Leo & Nancy Bistak
Bonnie & Jim Keller
Ann Nichols,
Arizonans to Abolish DP
St. Rose School,
Perrysburg, OH
Sisters of the Most Precious Blood,
Dayton, OH
Priest — Diocese of Youngstown
Don & Connie Reinhard
Our Lady of Guadalupe, Chicago, IL
Father Gary Walters
Friends Meeting of Raleigh
Loaves & Fishes Jail Visitation
Rev Gerald Chmiel
Sisters of Charity, Seaford, NY
Mary Jo Pfander

Eddie Karanowski
Rev. Eric Mueller
Randy & Jacalyn Dawson
Joel Konzen
Marist Society
James & Roberta Sherck
Bishop Thomas Gumbleton,
Detroit Diocese
Deacon Richard Tolcker,
Atlanta Diocese
Father Robert Reinhart
Rev. John Michael Botean
Hal & Melissa Munger
Bishop John Stowe
Mary J. Flores
Michael Hannewald
Janet Evans Smith
Danny Puccetti
St. John XXIII Catholic Community
Sister Noel Frey
Bishop Mark Rivotuso

**Also, Thank You to Our
Subscribers & Other Donors.**

NO DONATION IS TOO SMALL

Compassion is sent free to all 3,000 death-row prisoners. Your donation in any amount will help us to continue this outreach.

COMPASSION DONATION | PARTICIPATION FORM

A portion of your donation will be given in college scholarships to family members of murdered victims.

- Benefactor – \$10,000
- Lead Donor – \$5,000
- Gold Donor – \$2,500
- Silver Donor – \$1,000
- Bronze Donor – \$500
- Patron – \$100.00 To \$499.00
- Subscriber – \$50.00
- Prisoners Not On Death Row
No charge if requested by 12/31/19. Limit one per form.
- Other

Please send tax deductible contribution to:
St. Rose Peace & Justice / Compassion
140 W. South Boundary St., Perrysburg, OH 43551

Enclosed is \$ _____ for the donation/subscription checked on the left.

Please keep my gift anonymous.

Name _____

Organization _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Day Phone _____ Evening Phone _____

Just A Thought

Everyone's reality is just a part of their delusions, and everyone's delusion is just a part of their reality

Free-will means it is everyone's choice and responsibility whether they are healthy and happy



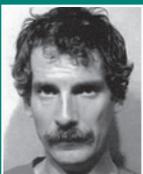
Kurt Michaels
California Death Row
San Quentin, CA

The Last Laugh

I wish that you could see me
Right here before your eyes
I wish that you could be me
'Cause then you'd realize

The blackest nights we flee
Only dream of blacker lies
Longing to be free
Lights in darkened skies

I wish that you could see me
In there, behind your eyes
Then maybe you could be me
And laugh at death's good-byes



Joseph E. Duncan III
U.S. Penitentiary
Terre Haute, IN

Compassion

St. Rose Parish
215 E. Front Street
Perrysburg, Ohio 43551

NON PROFIT ORG
US POSTAGE
PAID
TOLEDO OH
PERMIT NO. 179

Printing and Postage Paid for by: Compassion

What's the Point?

If you're anything like me I'm sure you've asked yourself plenty of times, "What's the use of going on?"

Sadly, it's a common plight of our existence on the Row. It's not something most people have to deal with as they have kids, a career, and future dreams. We are obsessed with two things, getting out of prison and enduring it until then.

But there's a bigger picture we miss if that's all we make our life about. There's a proverb that says "life isn't about waiting for the storm to pass but learning to dance in the rain." Of course, I'd like to add that we should look for an umbrella while we dance, but let's not forget the dance. As Garth Brooks put it in his song, The Dance, "I could of missed the pain but then I'd of missed the dance." Like dancing, life takes lessons to learn how to do it with proficiency.

I find these lessons in my religion, some in spirituality, others in philosophy. Whether it's God, Karma or spiritual evolution that motivates you, by all means dance. Nobody was ever sorry



for enjoying the music with bodily expression. It's only when the song ends that we regret not having danced.

Live a life without regret, and when your time comes, the song of your life will inspire others to dance.



Kevin Marinelli
Pennsylvania Death Row
Waynesburg, PA