

## ***Letters from Prison***

**September 3, 2011**

**Dearest Marie,**

**Such a long while since I last wrote. I wanted to get one last letter off before I paroled. I'm due for release in nine days, actually the 13th.**

**I wanted to thank you and everyone there at Piecemakers for the encouragement and the giving of yourselves to help others. I am extremely thankful and pray that one day we'll meet under different circumstances. Your sacrifices will be rewarded many times over because it is the giving of oneself that is the ultimate sacrifice.**

**Anyway, my plans have changed somewhat depending on one individual's word. I may have some work when I get out. That would be good. Work always seems to keep me out of trouble. (happy face)**

**Well, my dear Marie, until we meet again, my love, respects and sincere loyalty will always remain with you. Stay strong because we need you.**

**W/L/R**

**Matt**

## **Marie's Answer**

September 10, 2011

*Hello my dear Matt,*

*I am taking the chance this letter somehow reaches you. And I pray the world treats you as it should and not as it does. Wow, we just got a big boom of thunder. It does not do that much here so it is a real treat seeing as I am from Wisconsin where tornados are quite common.*

*I would love to hear from you again somewhere, some time, as the end is zooming down on us all. The end of an age is called a great and dreadful day of the Lord. And it is just that.*

*Story of my youthful days on our farm in Wisconsin.*

### **INDIAN SUMMER IN WISCONSIN**

*The cool crisp autumn air, clean and invigorating was the first sign of Indian summer in Wisconsin. The second sign was the flood of spider webs floating like flying saucers through the air each carrying, like a basket, a spider. Where they came from, nobody knew and where they were going, well, who knows. The honk, honk of the Canadian geese flying south made all of us hankering to climb on their back and fly away with them to no man's land.*

*It was at this time before we all became weather bound that the neighbor kids all congregated for fun. "Well, lets go to the barn and play." Now play could be a number of things. Like smoking corncob pipes with corn silk as our tobacco. Now ma would have worried had she known cause we could catch the barn on fire. She smoked cigarettes with Buddy Thull who was about seven, so she could not holler at us for smoking — or, we could have fun jumping from a high beam into the freshly stored hay.*

*But wait a minute. Wow, they still had all the paraphernalia used to unload the hay. That meant a hay fork called a forklift, the pulleys, and the long ropes the horses pulled to get the hay in the barn.*

*The fork looked like a good seat when the teeth were together. So Joe Reiter and I gave each of the gang a treat. First Earl got in the seat and we pulled him to the peak. Wow, what a trip. When he got to the top Joe and I would let go and he would come spinning down the 40 feet, like jumping out of a plane with a parachute.*

*Next, Babe, the beller hans hollered and one by one we gave all a parachute jump.*

Then Joe said, "You go next, mutzie." So I jumped in the fork and Joe pulled me up to the top. Wow, I felt like I was on top of the world. I was just about out of feeling good about sitting up there so long when I said, "O.K., you can let me down."

And Joe said with an anxious voice, "I have let go and you are not coming down."

Well, I did not let him know I was panic stricken. I said with all the calm I could muster. "Don't tell Ma. I will jump."

And Joe cried, "You will kill yourself."

When suddenly all the screaming stopped, I suddenly felt myself parachuting out of the sky. Joe had scaled the beam, got up to the pulley and loosed the rope. My hero of the day. We said, "Joe, you deserve a nice ride. We will pull you up to the top."

He shrugged his shoulders and said, "I'm going home," and off he went.

This hero of mine spent all his time in school reading comic books, somehow graduated from the eighth grade and when I went back years later to visit him, he was living in a beautiful house making a living working odd jobs. Guess he learned how by reading all those books. Simple living in simpler times. Marie Kolasinski

Till we meet again, adieu my beloved friend.

Marie 