

Marie's Answer

September 7, 2011

To Everything There Is a Season

Hello Marie,

I pray that you are still going strong in the faith and that your ministry is still growing. I also hope that everything's well with you.

In case you don't remember me, allow me to freshen your mind. I started to write you when I was lock up in Calipatria, and from there they sent me to Salinas and now Pleasant Valley. I think the last time that I wrote you was when I was in Salinas. I think it was around March when i stopped writing, cause they were turning over the yard to level four. So there were a lot of things going on, that I even allowed myself to slip (blackslide). I didn't like what was going on around me and I became bitter. That didn't end until I was transferred to Pleasant Valley. I was placed in the hole, cause they said that there was a bed shortage. Well, after three months in the hole, I slipped even more, that my thoughts were evil constantly.

Then one day I felt that that was my last day. That thought just kept going through my mind, until I finally told myself that that was not the way that I would like to go out of this world. I got down on my knees and asked God's forgiveness. In the hole, we're only allowed one book ... I chose the Nelson Study Bible. Needless to say, I felt at peace.

About three days later I was released from the hole. I spent about a year, making it from day to day, until I caught Valley Fever. I'm sure you probably heard about it, cause it's no joke to have it. I was down about three months and had to be cell fed, cause I could hardly walk. My knees and ankles were in pain and my feet were swollen that I could barely put on my shoes. I was also diagnosed with pneumonia. I was a mess, but I kept on telling myself... God knows what I'm going through. My life was in His hands and I was ready to meet my Maker, if that was His will. I'm here, so I guess He has more for me to do.

Anyway, I thought that I would give you an update and perhaps hear from you and know what's been going on with you. I've been thinking about you for awhile now; I hope that I've crossed your mind as well. I know that things are getting bad out there, so if you have to take your time in writing, I understand.

Times are changing and I hope you're not, but are as Christ is... "the same yesterday and today and for ever". May God watch over you and keep you safe, in the name of His Son, Jesus Christ, amen.

Signed Sincerely, with Love,

Poncho

Marie's Answer

September 14, 2011

My God Frank,

What a pleasant surprise hearing from you and wow, what a letter. We all will drink from your well. If you are an example of one who is awakening from sleep, well, America could perhaps become the humble nation God meant for us to be.

Do you have my Words of Life??? I know they were sent to you at one of the prisons. Is pleasant valley what it calls itself or is it just one more typical American slogan, double minded, double tongued and very crafty.

It is interesting that you were transferred out of Calipatria. All the ones with a love for God have been taken out of there. Could God be judging prisons???? His judgments are in the air.

Blessed is the man who will live by a clean conscience. And blessed are you Frank as your child like ways are pleasant to behold.

Marie 

Cherry Pickin' Time in Wisconsin

Cherry picking time in Wisconsin is a big affair... like the strawberry festival here in California.

Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin was at one time the cherry capital of the world. Sturgeon Bay got its name because of the bay formed by the thumb of land stretching out into the Great Lakes forming a bay and the bay was full of huge fish called sturgeons.

Well, it was on one of those rare days in June that my eighth grade teacher got a big flat bed truck, loaded it full of kids and baskets and off to Sturgeon Bay we went, ten shiny faces hell bent on picking cherries and eating cherry pie and enjoying the "fish boils" that are as American in Sturgeon Bay as cheese and apple pie. The fish boil was prepared in a huge iron kettle over an open flame out in the back yard of a restaurant. Potatoes were boiled in the water with onions until almost done. Then a huge handful of salt was thrown in the pot and also a huge kettle full of fresh caught fish. The water rose rapidly to the top foaming and running over and after perhaps ten minutes the fish were ready to eat along with the potatoes and onions — and of course a big piece of cherry pie and ice cream. That, my folks, was good eatin'.

Now to get to the purpose of our trip to Sturgeon Bay. The trip was long but the way up (I say “up” because Sturgeon Bay is north of Waukau where we lived) seemed like only minutes with all we had to look forward to — the laughing and anticipation of who could pick the most cherries and of course the good food. The sun was hot but the wind blowing through our hair and squinty eyes made the trip fun. We soon were on the narrow strip of land with water on both sides that led to the cherry orchards. There were houses with sod and grass growing on the roof and goats grazing — munching away as if it were the most ordinary of things to do. The trees were red with cherries and the orchard filled with people who had the same idea. This is how the farmers got their cherries picked. Every other pail of cherries picked went to the owner of the orchard.

As the sun was beginning to set and we were all sick and tired of cherries, our bellies full as there was no limit set on how many we ate as we picked, and we were all ready to leave. Tired and sunburned, we all dragged our tired bodies to the flat-bed, huddled up against the sides; some sleeping and the rest of us watching the sun go down on a typical Wisconsin cherry pickin’ day. Marie Kolasinski