

Note: You'll notice the greeting below is "My dearest Mother". Many of the inmates call Marie "mother" or "grandmother" or "auntie". Their kinship to her is a lifeline for them.

Letters from Prison

August 25, 2011

My Dearest Mother,

How are you doing, my Love One? Well, my precious mama, as always I pray for our Lord to give you the holy power, to continue your purpose of life.

Today me and Mr. Primes, your other son, met here in the building. WOW! Mama, you truly are an inspiration to all these lost souls, including you number one son, ME! (happy face)

We talked and we are going to send you some prison art, OK? But pretty stuff, OK? Me and Otis Primes will do the best we can to bring a smile on our mama's face.

Mother, understand that before you came into my life, I didn't care if I lived or died. I was stealing food from the kitchen, taking food from other inmates against their will; I'd love to fight with anyone, anywhere, and anytime, but now, my Precious One, you have touched mi corazón, I've changed so much. Why? Because it feels so good to have someone love you... so if you think for one second you aren't changing people's lives, think again, Mama, you are! You changed me.

Yes, Mama, you tamed a beast! And I love ya for it; maybe now God will give me a release date. I don't know what kind of angel you are, but my life is so different now that I got someone who gives a damn! (oops)

I share your words of wisdom with other church going members. Say, Mama, you know that song, "I Believe in Miracles"? Well, I do, and a lot of people here thank you, because I don't terrorize them any longer.

Mom, I pray you will last forever because the day I get that news you got your golden harp and wings and things, the tears that fall from my eyes will not be of happiness, but of joy, for I will have a real Angel to watch over me, so I don't do any more wrongs. Plus your star will forever shine for me, I promise...

If you ever meet my mother in heaven one day, wherever she is, tell her who you are — tell her, you are my Mama!!!

Well, Love One, got to go for now but never forever, I promise you! GOD bless your heart. Love ya, Mama.

Your son, love always,

Joseph

Marie's Answer

September 6, 2011

Hello dearest of dears, Joseph,

Let me tell you a short story. If I could get this old carcass off the ground, I would leap for joy. Reading your letter brought joy to my heart and I will not keep it for myself. I will share it with all your family here.

Yesterday was Labor Day, September 5, and the day of our annual "Taste of Piecemakers".

It reminds me of the harvest days back in Wisconsin when all the neighbor women got together to cook and the men from all around brought horses, hayracks, pitchforks, a strong back and willing heart. All pulled together to help one another or the cattle starved, as the winters were long and cold and the ground frozen over.

Tomatoes picked green and potatoes were buried in sand, the cellar filled with 300 or more quarts of fruits, veggies and jellies.

There was no interference from government. It meant store up or starve.

Now the same is true today in sunny California. We either do our work without government intervention or we both will starve. Living up to their insane codes makes running a business impossible. Show me one government employee that steals our money that knows how to work and I will give you a home baked pie. They are vultures that we either shoot or they will kill us. Unless we see God intervene, war is inevitable — civil that will lead to revolutionary ways.

Now my pa had a remedy in those days for intruders and lazy bodies. It was a three tined pitchfork that he handled with all the skill of a sharp shooter.

Sometimes I wonder what my pa would do to the OC filth dept. if they stepped foot on his property. When will we Americans awaken like in Libya and other countries where the cry is, "Give me liberty or give me death"?

Till we meet again, I love all my sons whom God has chosen as His beloved.

Marie 