

Letters from Prison

November 3, 2009

My Dearest Marie,

How are you doing in health and spirit? As for me I'm okay, still waiting to get out and start new again. I missed your letter last week. I guess I slipped between the cracks. As you know Marie, your letters make my weeks, months, go by so much easier for I cherish your words of life. For your advice I do take to heart.

Certainly there are spiritual mysteries to explore, and states of ecstasy or enlightenment beyond description. But as we mature it becomes clear that those special experiences are only meaningful when they arise from and return to a life of ordinary kindness.

And someday there shall be such closeness that when one cries, the other shall taste salt. I end with a quote from a convict : "Art is as mysterious and important as the whispering of God." (Horace Parker)

Till next time. Forever in Christ,

Timothy

Marie's Answer

November 7, 2009

Hello, my dearest Timothy,

Well, I pray the mailman got the point with your picture on the envelope The gorillas are more intelligent than us "humanoids". That is my word for what is called human. And your artwork is exquisite. When I went to jail, one kind deputy told me to, "Say 'yes ma'am' and 'no ma'am' and you will be out in seven days." Well, sure enough, I run into an asshole humanoid who tested me. Actually, I felt rather sorry for the poor power hungry soul. I just bowed my head and said nothing. She said, "Are you rolling your eyes?" I almost laughed as inside I was doing just that. Freaky. I got out in seven days and that is another story.

I just read your unbelievable prophetic letter. And I am so excited, I will share it with all your family here. Yahoo,

And yes, Timothy, I answer all letters so there is one on the way.

This my dear Timothy is for you and to all MY PIONEERING FAMILY WHO ARE MAKING A WAY FOR OTHERS TO FOLLOW,

As I take the stack of letters that come each day, I feel like I am opening the treasures of time as each of God's jewels shine forth from heart to pen to paper, and each letter is like the threads carefully finding their place weaving together this unbelievable story of the pains, the heartaches, the reaching out to the light as the unforgiving darkness seems to swallow us up, rob us of our hope.

And as I carefully open each letter written in the blood of the saints, life and fellowship come from somewhere beyond the paper. Time stands still and there is sweet communion with these brave pioneers who are reinventing America, losing all to gain a new kind of life the world cannot offer. Is it faith that seems to be shed abroad from these tender, broken hearts? Is it just that ray of hope given back as God seems to visit the forlorn and lonely? I cannot answer that. However, I can say that my life would seem worthless and dull without these whom the world calls outcasts and criminals, but God calls His chosen ones.

Thank you does not convey my gratitude for all of you paying the price for all of us who are all from the same family.

Marie 