

Compassion

Written by Death-Row Prisoners

HELPING PRISONERS ON DEATH ROW LIVE CONNECTED AND FRUITFUL LIVES

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

ATTENTION: DEATH ROW PRISONERS

Be a Part of Our Calendar

We need artwork to make Compassion's 2022 Calendar. If your art is selected, you will receive a free copy of the fancy calendar. Selling the calendars is a new way to raise funds for our scholarship program.

Deadline is October 31, 2021.

Send to Compassion Office address on page 2.

Thank you!

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www.compassionondeathrow.net

A TESTIMONY PART 2 OF 4 (1992 - 2000)

Summer '92, went to reform school, I broke into a car lot, trying to be cool. I tried new things, wanting acceptance and love, but sexual acts with a boy just made me more mindful of, not knowing who I was. Felt worthless and ashamed, these feelings weren't my fault, but I carried them the same.

Got out in '94, dad was drinking and drugging, Mom still MIA, had to live with my cousin; had a brand new start, they let me make myself at home, but I wore out the welcome still doing wrong; skipping school, stealing, smoking weed in the crib, seems it's always later we learn how stupid we is.

Finally found what I needed, but my heart ain't accept it, was tired of second guessing so I chose to reject it.

Mid '95 still on the wrong road, smoking primos with Chico, writing graffiti on walls. In the streets wildin', refused to follow rules, got busted with some dope by undercover near the school.

Sent me to rehab, told me get my life together, yet despite of the advice, poor choices would gather.

In and out of detention, rehab and group homes, a spirit of rebellion – head harder than a stone.

Running from police, I was running from myself,

living a life of insanity, hurting the people trying to help.

Summer of '99 is when I met my son's mother. She was unlike any other, more than a lover. With her I felt amazing, finally found the one, but because I wouldn't change I messed it all up.

Afraid she'd leave, got her pregnant in October, making things a lot worse, wasn't ready to be a father. The next 9 months I continued doing me, hurting myself and the closest, living selfishly. Fronting like I was something, but really life was bleak, day to day aspirations were money, sex and weed.

June 2000 before my son came, was in an accident, left in a coma two days. Day I came out my son Brandon was born, amount of love he was: money could never afford. It was time to invest, my son needed his dad. It was time to man up to all the problems I had...

PART 3 IN THE NEXT ISSUE...



Devin Bennett
Mississippi Death Row
Parchman, MS

You

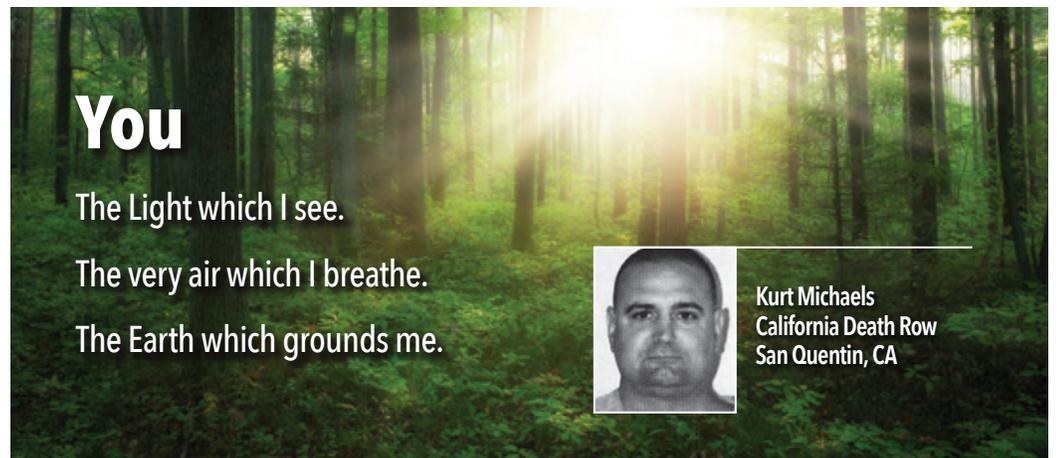
The Light which I see.

The very air which I breathe.

The Earth which grounds me.



Kurt Michaels
California Death Row
San Quentin, CA



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.

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

EDITORIAL:

Anger is contagious...but so is gentleness



Prison culture values toughness, hardness. Both officers and prisoners cultivate a take-no-crap attitude, because we're told that anything less will be read as weakness – and the weak become victims.

One day, on my way to the mess hall, I stopped by the sergeant's office to drop off a book package I needed to mail home. The shift sergeant laid it on his cluttered desk, acting frazzled and growled, "Stop by on the way back from lunch so you can sign the release form, and then I can get this to the mailroom before it closes."

Well...on the way back I was so caught up in a conversation that I forgot to stop by the office. Six or seven hours later, the sergeant called me to the office. As soon as I walked in, he started screaming and cussing, berating me, "I f--ing told you to stop by earlier! Now this won't go out until tomorrow!" Instantly I felt my anger rise up to butt heads with his – but before I could yell back, I sensed God's presence and I had a small epiphany: I sensed God telling me that the sergeant was scared that I would blame him for the delay in my mail, and was striking preemptively. I also remembered a couple of Bible verses: (Proverbs 15:1) "A gentle answer turns away wrath, but a harsh word stirs up anger." And (Prov. 16:7) "When the Lord takes

pleasure in anyone's way, He causes even their enemies to make peace with him." So, for one of the first times in my life, not only did I know what God wanted me to do, but I then actually did it.

Calmly, I said, "You're 100% right, Sarge. You did tell me. It's my fault, and I accept full responsibility. I apologize for holding up progress."

He recoiled as if struck and his tone softened to just above a whisper, "That...that's alright. No problem. Look, I'll take your mail with me after shift-change, and drop it in the mailroom's drop box. First thing in the morning, when they come in, they'll get this mailed." I thanked him and went back to my pod.

That sergeant is notorious for his verbal abuse, but from that day forward he never raised his voice at me again. Though on opposite sides of "the line" we treated each other with gentleness and respect anytime we interacted.

God is true to His Word: I obeyed, sincerely stepping out in faith, and God did His part – He caused my enemy to make peace with me. Amen.



George Wilkerson
Editor
North Carolina Death Row
Raleigh, NC

FIRST SUNDAY

Early one Sunday morning my father came into my room and said, "Wake up! Get dressed! Your Nana is coming by to take you to church." Then he went back to bed. At 8 years old, I was certain, I wasn't a morning person as I stumbled out of bed to my dresser. Since I had never been to church, I didn't have any church clothes. So I pulled out my favorite outfit. A Batman t-shirt and some black jean shorts.

I was waiting on the front stoop when my Nana pulled up. When she saw the way I was dressed she frowned, but said nothing. On the way to church I tried to sound excited as I asked Nana if Jesus was going to be there. Without missing a beat she replied, "I sure hope so, who else is going to turn the water into wine." I could tell when she was being a sport because her hearty laughter always accompanied the joke.

Soon we arrived at an old building that looked like it was straining to hold up the huge cross that was mounted on the top of it. As we made our way to our seats everyone seemed to acknowledge my Nana. She walked to the front with her back as straight as an ironing board. I was hunched behind her like a child being summoned to the principal's office.

As the service got underway, the church seemed to come alive. It reminded me of a pot of boiling eggs. I like to watch just as the pot was heating up and the eggs inside started to dance. It sounds silly now, but I imagined that this church was cooking our insides. People were sweating profusely while fanning themselves. The preacher kept pulling out a rag wiping his forehead down. And like everything well-cooked, I was ready to go.

The ride home was a somber one. I stared out the window listening to my Nana hum. She pulled up to the house, and I mumbled my goodbyes as I shut the door behind me. My father was sitting on the couch when I walked in. And before I could retreat to my safe place he asked, "How was church?" "Long," I answered. I knew he wasn't done, so I waited. "What did you learn?" "I learned to pray," I managed. "And what did you pray for?" "For church to end," I said.



Justin Anderson
Arkansas Death Row
Grady, AR

LEGAL NOTES: Making Time

Note: *I am not a lawyer and do not seek to give legal advice but only to relay my experiences with the legal system and opinions developed therefrom.*

As I mentioned previously, I had to make time for legal research. Others who just trust their lawyers or care about other things more than getting out or saving their neck, used their time unwisely (in my opinion). Like anything else I had to apply myself, rely upon my own abilities, and not expect others to do my work for me.

Since my legal situation is so important to me I was willing to give up anything to make it better. As I like to say, "when in a hole, stop digging!" I had to let many things slide off my back to avoid the hole because the hole doesn't have the same law library and library access as I have on The Row. Humbling myself was necessary, though hard. However, even though I gave up TV and such, I tended to overdo it, so then I'd burnout. I learned to mix it up, take breaks, read something else, learn to relax. If the law is running through my mind when trying to sleep then I'd say it's too much. I had to stay sharp and keep it balanced.



Kevin Marinelli
(Paralegal/Legal Assistant)
Pennsylvania Death Row
Collegeville, PA

Letter to the Editor:

WILL POWER

God with Your help yes we can
God with Your help yes we will
Praise God Thank You Lord
Praise God Thank You Lord
Praise God Thank You Lord
God with Your help yes we can
God with Your help yes we will
Praise God Thank You Jesus Lord
Praise God Thank You Jesus Lord
Praise God Thank You Jesus Lord
God with Your help yes we can
God with Your help yes we will
Praise God Thank You Jesus Lord
Praise God Thank You Jesus Lord
Praise God Thank You Jesus Lord
God with Your help yes we can
Praise God Thank You Jesus Lord
God with Your help yes we will
Praise God Thank You Jesus Lord
God with Your help yes we can
God with Your help yes we will



Charles Henry Diller
Assistant Editor of
Outside Communication
Dallas State
Correctional Institution
Dallas, PA

VICTIMS VOICE COMPASSION

On August 27, 1999, my life completely changed. I was woken by my brother Johan shaking me and saying, "wake up Darling wake up." In my head I was thinking it's time to get ready for school.

Little did I know, I woke up to a nightmare... That morning I lost both of my parents. My step-dad lying on the floor in front of the door, my mother lying on the couch. My two little brothers looking at me wondering what we're going to do. My body just froze, my little brother grabbing my hand bringing back the warmth to my body. I glanced at him, looking in his eyes; I saw that I was his only hope. I prayed to God to give me the guidance and strength to face whatever was ahead of us.

We left the house and went to my neighbor's house. I rang the doorbell and when they opened the door I told them what happened to my parents. They called 911 and while we were waiting on the police they were so compassionate, holding us while we cried over our loss. Even the police were so nice, buying us toys and telling us we were going to be alright. I remember grabbing a stuffed white bear, holding it tight and thinking, "what's going to happen now?"

I had to make a choice, a six year old girl deciding to be strong for her brothers or letting this tragedy ruin me. I decided to get myself together and be there for them no matter what.

Growing up without my parents was hard because I didn't get to make any more memories with them. I only had the ones I could remember. Never in a million years would I have thought of losing both parents on the same day. My step-dad killing my mother and then killing himself, things like that only happen in the movies. However this tragedy only made me stronger.

The people who were there for me helped me to cope. And in the end I was blessed that I got adopted with my brother. My other younger brother got to stay with my step-dad's family and it turned out great.

My career choice is to become a nurse and show compassion to my patients the way others showed it to me. Everyone has different misfortunes and all of us can choose how it affects us. I'm glad I chose to be stronger.

– Darling Hoyas, Thomasville, NC

WHO CAN YOU TRUST?

Do you ever remember being really frightened? So scared you had a hard time staying calm?

I was on a long flight home from California when the first warning of approaching trouble came – the sign on the airplane flashed, telling everyone to fasten their seat belts. Soon after, a calm voice come over the speaker, "We will not be serving beverages at this time because we are expecting a little turbulence. Please be sure your seat belt is fastened and don't move about the cabin at this time." Most of us became apprehensive...

Suddenly we were in the middle of a big storm. Thunder boomed, lightning flashed, and the plane was tossed, like a cork, on this celestial ocean. One moment the plane lifted, the next it dropped as if straight to earth.

Nearly all of us passengers were upset and alarmed. Many, I'm sure, were wondering if they would make it through the storm!

Then I noticed a little girl. She was very calm; the storm didn't seem to bother her one little bit. She had tucked her feet beneath her and she sat in her seat. She was reading a book. Everything in her world was calm and orderly. Sometimes she closed her eyes, then she would open them and read again; then she would straighten her legs to get comfortable, but worry and fear were not in her world. She was totally unafraid amid the wild turbulence!

After the plane finally reached Kansas City and the passengers were hurrying to disembark, I had a chance to speak to that little girl. I asked her, "Why were you not afraid?" She looked up at me, smiled, and replied, "Because my daddy's the pilot and he's taking me home!" She trusted him completely. Because of her

unwavering trust, she had nothing to worry about.

Life is turbulent. Relationships are tempestuous. Who can we trust the way children trust their parents? Our government? Our friends? Ourselves? Can we trust church leaders? One would hope so, but even they have seemed to fail us in the perilous time. It's scary to rely on others; we've been through so much. Can we trust God? The answer is an absolute yes... if we read His words and follow his principles. Then, like the little girl on the airplane, you too can rid yourself of anxiety and fear. You may have to swim against the current but eventually truth will prevail! Then, you too, will be safely home!



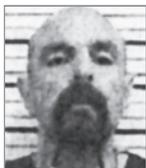
John E. Robinson, Sr.
Kansas Death Row
El Dorado, KS

A GOOD VEIN

I am death row
inmate #666. Could that number
have directed by destiny? Has it always
been my fate – that God
created me to kill then
be killed

by the State? As a boy
abused and only loved by HATE?
In my first dope fix
I found true love. Krystal

meth was a dark-eyed beauty
with a serpent's charm...now
as I lay on a gurney
I whisper a prayer:
"Lord, help them
to find a good vein in my arm..."



Antonio Serna
New Mexico Death Row
Santa Fe, NM

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Texas Death Row
Livingston, TX

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a rising

it was one of those miserable scorchers
notorious around my trailer,
near cornfields
that collected heat as a hobby.
the wind did what it could, rustling

corn like the quiet snore of a child. still
an evening so hot dust drifted up
with the last scraps of moisture
on my face. a contrail of it

lay in the air behind me: i was
marching home after an argument
with my fiancée five miles away.
i began delighting in the darkening

pinkish-orange sky, the unspooling
starshine that sparkled on the fields
like glittery fire inside the corn. cicadas
plucked a merry hijinks

on a thousand tiny banjos. corn rasped
and that's when i rounded a bend
and came upon the cows—
ten or twelve chocolate-colored cows

just hulking in the road, facing me,
glaring with village-intensity.
i stopped and stared right back.
they were scrawny yet menacing –

all sinews and sharp bones.
a deep lowing emanated from them.
more

a subaudible thrum
that conveyed a tonality of complaint, as if

all this wild beauty was theirs,
dammit, as if
they appeared to chasten me for stealing
into nature's sacred space,

cheeks streaked
muddy with my girlfriend's hurtful words

words i should've left

as dust
scattered in meaningless heaps
near the corn

George Wilkerson
North Carolina Death Row
Raleigh, NC

REGRET

It comes without notice

It leaves the same

It has no voice

But it has a name

Filled with sorrow

For a tomorrow

That will never be

Experienced by me

Who am I to complain

For all I've done

That I can't explain

How I've hurt everyone

Mourning is without effect

For the lives I've wrecked

While I held the pain

Of a life lived in vain.

Kevin Marinelli
Pennsylvania Death Row
Collegeville, PA

MAKING AN IMPACT

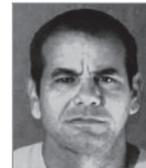
Bound under the shadows of death and buried in isolation, is it still possible to impact the lives of others with inspiring positivity? Can we yet impact the world with good?

Many times we derive our convictions from the standards or expectations by those who fail to realize our true potentials. How many of us actually practice efforts that set us apart in ways that motivate and inspire others?

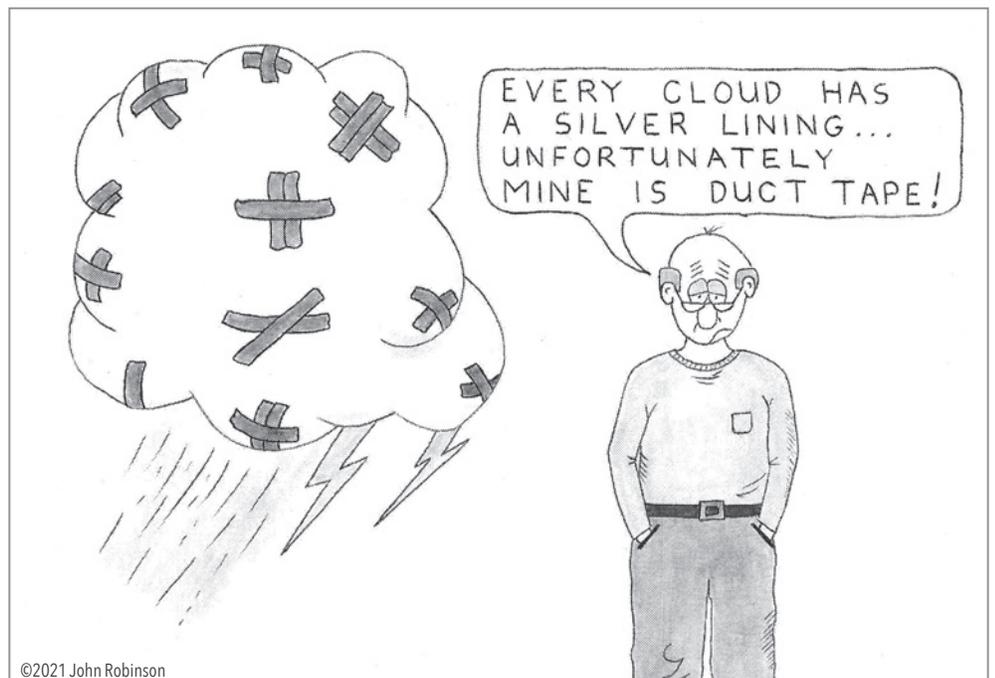
Great examples such as Stephen Hawking, Helen Keller, Frederick Douglass, and many others, prove that the extraordinary will to achieve greatness is largely measured by our determination to create positive impact in,

and for, the lives of others. The concrete tombs of our prison existence is analogous to the unthinkable handicaps that others refused to be hindered by: paralysis, deafness, blackness – these were their prisons to overcome.

Aligning ourselves with a cause bigger than ourselves gives us specific ways to impact others with good. And every day of life, in spite of our handicaps, provide other opportunities to elevate our standards beyond the shadows. Is it ever too late to keep trying?



John Falk, Jr.
Texas Death Row
Livingston, TX



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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.

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MOM, I'M SORRY

Mom

I'm sorry

for all my mistakes

and the burdens I made

you carry. I'm Sorry

I put you through so much

yet you always held me gently

despite all the worries,

the fears and tears

over where I might be –

in jail, dead, disappeared.

I'm sorry, Mom

and so grateful

you continued to love me

even when I spat hateful

words at you. I'm sorry...

You raised me to be a man

but I turned myself

into a junkie.

Mom, I write this

with tears in my eyes. I love you,

Mom, and I'm sorry...

Your Son,
Antonio

Antonio Serna
New Mexico Death Row
Santa Fe, NM

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SUMMER

The joy of the light and worth come upon us. The sun has made its way to its zenith and warms our souls. The seedlings of spring ripen, the earth is green, it's a good time. These days are likened to the good moments in our lives, the joyous celebrations of life, love, abundance and hopes fulfilled. Everyone loves the high times, the easy carefree days. Our struggles have brought us refreshment. These days are not for slacking off. They are to be enjoyed, but there are two harvests a year. As we enjoy the joys of now we must continue to renew our efforts to sow for the future harshness which inevitably comes, as sure as the sun shall rise this morning and set again tonight. Planting is much



easier when the Earth isn't frozen and dead. Planting with happiness is better than trying to do so with tears – the salt and sorrow stunts its growth. I hope your planting is done in joy and the second harvest this year will be more abundant than the first.

Kevin Marinelli
Pennsylvania Death Row
Collegeville, PA