



*Best Of Marks
Blog Entries*

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Is There Something Wrong With Our Country?

Ruth Bader Ginsberg has died. What a mess she left behind!

No, don't blame Trump and don't get mad at me for telling you the truth. Blame her. It's her fault. Yeah, you heard me – it's her fault that Amy Coney Barret, a right-wing religious fanatic has been appointed to the Supreme Court. How can I say this, Ruthie is an icon ... that's your opinion, not mine. To me she was an idiot. It's simple, she was 140 years old and refused to retire. If she had really cared about her causes, such as women's issue and Social Justice, not to mention a fair balance on the Court, she'd have retired 5 years ago to insure that someone else with her values would replace her. But no, she hung on until they had to carry her out in a bone bag.

What makes people hold on in situations like that? I suppose it's ego, pride and maybe fear. Well, in the end, the joke is on us, because Trump put another over-religious (being religious and being Godly is NOT the same thing) right-wing Judge on the Court, and the Court will remain lop-sided for the next 20 years. Oh well, damage done, no sense crying about it now.

You, the average American, have no clue how bad and corrupt our Justice Department is ... for you Trump supporters I need only to remind you all THEY tried to do to him. The FBI, the CIA and Federal Prosecutors in this country are the worst and most corrupt in the world ... well, I should say, the slimiest in the world. Other countries are just as corrupt, the difference is they're out in the open about it where our politicians and Justice Department employees are under-cover about their corruption ... here it isn't so much about money as it is about POWER. But of course, power begets money. Look no further than Clinton and the Bush Crime Family. Look at Trump and all they've done to destroy him, then imagine how it is when your NOT a billionaire. But, ... I know, you don't see it, I didn't either. We've been so brainwashed into believing that our Capitalist Society is the best in the world we are completely fooled into not questioning the reality before our eyes ... Jesus said, "Eyes that can't see and ears that can't hear", but, hell, what does he know, right.

Do you know that 32% of all Americans are either in prison or on some kind of prison paperwork, i.e.: probation. parole etc. Did you know that we incarcerate more of our children than ANY other country in the WORLD!!! No, listen. It doesn't matter, the issue isn't whether they're guilty or not. After all, the fact IS, that we incarcerate MORE of our citizens than any other country. Why? Well, either we have a system that has bad laws and people willing to enforcing them, or, we are an inherently evil people, or, our Capitalist System somehow CREATES, or turns otherwise law abiding folks into criminals. I mean, what other answer is there? There is no other answer unless you believe that, like I said, Americans are just a rotten-assed people by nature ... maybe it's the water ... you can believe that if that's easier than asking the hard questions, yeah, bad water, right; well, there's damned sure a problem somewhere!

What is it about our GREAT country? And make no mistake, this is a great country where a person come rise from poverty to become a self made success, a nation of opportunity. So what is the problem when it comes to crime? Think! Don't be afraid to question, anything, ever, that's your right as a human being. So do it now. Ask yourself ... Why are so many Americans in prison?

Here there's a man, a friend of mine, named, Rob. Rob has been in and out of prison his whole life ... he's a drug addict. At present he's serving 14 years for 5 ounces of dope. 14 years! Yes drugs are against

the law, but 14 years for 5 ounces of Meth? Don't you think 14 years is a little excessive? It's not like he committed murder – he's a drug addict who sold small amounts of dope to support his habit.

Here there's a kid in his 20s named Tyler. Tyler was sentenced to 24 years and 9 months in prison, he was caught with 42 grams of Meth. No, he didn't kill anyone, pull a gun and rob folks, he sold small amounts of dope to support his habit. Yes, he's guilty of selling drugs. Yes, he had a small child that he exposed to his drug habit, but 24 years! Isn't that excessive?

Here there's a man named Jack. Jack is a three time offender, a drug addict who sold drugs to support his drug habit. He is guilty.

In 2013 he was arrested with 14 grams of Meth and subsequently indicted by the State of Texas. Because he's a three time offender he was sentenced to serve 2-20 year sentence. This means that with "Good Behavior" he'd serve as little as two years, and with bad behavior while incarcerated he could serve as much as 20 years. I know this man, well. He's the nicest, most positive, wouldn't kill a fly guy you'll ever meet. In the years I've known him I've never seen him in a bad mood. He's a positive influence on those around him. But, he's a drug addict who sold small amounts of dope to support his habit.

2 years for 14 grams – it's a fair sentence, but it wasn't enough for our Federal Justice Department. They stepped in and picked up his case and sentenced him to ... get this ... 35 years!!! Which under the present law, he'll have to do 85% of. 35 years for \$1400.00 worth of dope. How is this possible you ask? The answer is, "Ghost Dope".

What is Ghost Dope?

Under the Federal Laws as they presently stand, the Government is not required to actually indict you on what you were actually arrested with. Under our present laws they can charge you with all of the dope a person has ever sold ... in their lifetime. What's wrong with that you ask. Well, since the Government has no actual PROOF of how much dope a person has sold, they must rely on the word, the testimony of other people.

Under the old laws, pre 1990, the laws were similar; the Government would indict you on the amount of dope they could PROVE you sold, in your lifetime. And then, as now, they would use witness testimony. The difference is, then, they used undercover police officers as witnesses. It went like this.

An undercover agent would pose as a drug addict, or a drug dealer, buy drugs from someone and document each buy – a crime log, per se. Then when you were arrested the undercover agent would submit the buyers journal to the jury and, wham – you were justly convicted of ACCURATE facts concerning your activity; a fair rendition of the law. Now however, under the new laws they don't actually have to have PROOF. All they need now is the WORD of someone – basically, anyone!

Under the present system, the Federal Prosecutors, only (states do not allow this type of evidence) can march into a Court Room any Informant they can find who either had contact with said offender, or COULD have had contact with them and use their testimony, as if it were actual proof. These witnesses are not cops, they're drug addicts and drug dealers who themselves have been busted and are helping the Government for a reduced prison sentence. They are "snitches".

In Jack's case the Government brought in people, snitches, claiming to have bought dope from him. In the end the 14 grams they actually caught him with magically became 6 kilos of Ghost Dope, with no way of proving he actually ever had it, and gave him 35 years as opposed to 2-20 sentence the State of Texas

gave him for the same crime, which I've already explained was really a two year sentence. Jack is serving 35 years while the drug addicts and drug dealers who testified for the Government are free today. Are you okay with this? Snitches, lie, and the Government protects them. Here's an example, a hypothetical situation for you to consider.

Imagine this.

You're at home going about your business. What you don't know is that someone you may or may not know, has been caught breaking the law. To get himself out of trouble he begins to tell the police everything he can to get himself a break. "Not Enough" the officer tells him. So, out of desperation this person, who is now classified as an Informant, remembers hearing about a big shipment of drugs being delivered by mail to a home on, such-n-such street – but he ain't exactly sure, not 100%, which house. But he can't tell the cops THAT. So he says, "I don't know the address."

"But you've been there buying drugs, right," says the cop.

"Yeah," he replies. But in his mind he says, but, it was dark, and I was high – I'm not sure which house.

"Ok. Take us to it," the cop says.

As the undercover cop and the informant slowly cruise the street looking for the house that one of his friends said the dope was being delivered to, the informant sees a house that seems vaguely familiar. "That one" he says.

On the day the informant has assured them the dope is being delivered by mail, they wait. The mail is delivered. They knock on the door and holler. "Police. Open up!"

But you have your stereo on, or maybe you you're in the shower; for whatever reason you don't hear them. Suddenly your front door is kicked open. In a moment of fearing for your life, you pull your legally registered gun and shoot. The cops shoot back and hit and kill your girlfriend.

When you realize it's the cops, you put down your gun, surrender and are put into handcuffs. The cops search the house; they do not find ANY dope. The Informant is mistaken, or, lied.

After reviewing the situation you are released from jail. after all, your gun was legal and you had a right to defend your home ... and, there was no dope found. No harm. No foul, right? Wait a minute – an innocent woman was shot and killed in her own home! That could have been you, or your child.

A mistake. A horrible accident. Sorry about murdering you.

No, I get it. The police weren't at fault. It was a horrible accident. But here's the thing – the thing NO ONE IS TALKING ABOUT ... not Fox, not CNN, not ABC, not NBC, not CBS, no one! ... Who told the police that drugs were being delivered to that house on that day? WHO? An informant, that's who. And informants, snitches, lie to receive rewards; sometimes money, sometimes drugs, sometimes to keep from going to prison. But they always get something for their information, always. Remember that.

Do you know that if you are, lets say, the driver of a get-away car in a bank robbery, just a driver, you don't even own a gun. But this bank robbery goes bad and someone gets killed. Did you know that even though you never set foot in the bank where the killing took place, they can still charge the driver with "Accessory to murder"? Yeah, that's the law. Here's my point.

In the scenario I cited above. The Informant, who gave false information, should have been charged with, "Accessory to murder". The death of your girlfriend was HIS fault. Not the fault of the police who were doing their job. Can't hold the police responsible, it was a horrible F-ing accident. Can't hold the homeowner responsible for opening fire on an intruder – it is the informant's fault, he sent the police into your home in the first place.

Alright, you got me. I tricked you. That wasn't a hypothetical situation – it really happened, exactly as I told. The innocent woman killed that day was a woman named Briene Taylor, but it could have been YOU!

Who's at fault here? The answer is, the Laws that promote and PROTECT, informants who commit crimes. Yeah, the person who's actually responsible for the death of Ms. Taylor, is, according to initial reports, an informant, a criminal allowed to remain free from prison. And no one ever even questions who he is, nor demands that he be charged with murder. It's easier to let people hate the police, the innocent homeowner or any one else in order to protect the snitches. Informant's, snitches, lie and the Law provides for them and rewards them for doing so. Something stinks in Gotham, Batman.

I've already called your attention to the FACT that even though Sammy "The Bull" Gravano killed 19 people he never spent a day in jail for any of them – because, he's an informant for the Federal Government. But to get a closer look at the drug world and its informants, look up a woman named Teresa Mendoza, aka, the Queen of the South, La Reyna del Sud, and a woman called The Queen of the Pacific, LA Reyna del Pacifico, sorry, her name slips my mind. But these two women, along with many, may others, male and female, were two of the most powerful people in the Drug Cartels. They were responsible for smuggling billions, BILLIONS of dollars worth of drugs into our country, not to mention responsible for countless murders. Were they arrested and brought to justice in this country? Well, yes and no. Yes they were eventually arrested. but no, they are not in prison like the men I told you about earlier. They cooperated with the Government, to include having sex with F.B.I. agents ... and released with little or no prison time. Yeah, look them up.

La Reyna Del Sud, La Reyna Del Pacifico, Sammy The Bull and thousands of others go free for crimes far more vicious than any committed by the men in this prison with me. Point is – there's a lot of injustice in America. Why do you care, right? It doesn't affect you, right? You, the law abiding citizen wins, right? Another drug addict in prison, forever! You win. But did you? Let's analyze that.

Yes, You won ... but not really, because the seeds of this evil Holocaust have been planted with every person imprisoned, and the children of those seeds are adults to day who are voting, and looting and burning cities, with more being born everyday. There is not an American family without a martyr, without a relative, friend or someone they know of who has not been seared by the OVENS of The Criminal Justice System. It's a national tragedy.

Children

What about the kids of these over-sentenced offenders, how have they been affected? Well, I can tell you from personal experience, it's hard on them. No ma'am, I ain't making excuses for me or for the others I've mentioned, I'm merely illustrating a point, that every action has a reaction. You wonder why our kids are hollering for Justice Reform, why they've become Anarchists, why they're burning our cities down. It's because they know that they have been abused and disadvantaged by the Justice System while

others walk free, they see it first hand, and in they're anger they'd like to see the Legal System rebuilt. To do this, they believe the system has to first be taken apart – burned down if necessary. No, I don't like the violence and the looting. I'm simply trying to shed light on the root cause of this new movement that just overturned a Presidency and is actively taking over our country. Open your eyes and look into the hearts of our children, our brothers, sisters, fathers, mothers, uncle's, aunt's and neighbors who find themselves addicted to drugs and in prison, look and in there faces you'll see the reality of the pain and sorrow our harsh prison sentences have caused – pain and sorrow disguised as anger.

What about these men and women behind bars, is they're plight in life their fault? Well, partly, yes. I've already told you that they broke the law – but whose law did they break? God's laws, or, man's laws? Oh yeah, there's a hell of a difference. The All Father, All Mother, Creator, Great Spirit is not about punishment, but instead about forgiveness. And that's my point, if you look at our Justice System through the eyes of compassion you cannot help but be appalled ... 35 years in prison for being a drug addict. Where is the forgiveness in that?

Yes, you've been told "You won," but all you've won is a country full of anger. A country full of anger, American children who've grown into adulthood nursing a deep hatred for the police and the Government they "Believe" unjustly destroyed their family. This belief is why this country has fallen into rebellion, looting stores, burning cities and wanting to destroy the police and the nation whose laws they enforce. 50 years harsh drug laws, 50 years of harsh prison sentences has now created 3 generations of anti-Government sentiment.

No ma'am, I ain't sayin' it's okay to loot and riot – I've been very plain on this subject in previous writings. But I've been just as honest about the horrors of the Legal System in America. Terribly unfair. In this country the testimony of a snitch will send a person to prison for life while setting the snitch free for the exact same crime ... look no further than my own case. How do you think our children view this type of activity – well, I'm with those children turned adults everyday and I can sadly tell you that a large portion of them stand in front of the TV and cheer when they see a police officer attacked, and they stand in anger when they see the police shoot and kill and unarmed citizen. "NO", again, I understand that the police are not the whole problem, or even the biggest part of the problem. The problem are the Laws that our Politicians have put into place that allow crooked Prosecutors to compromise the truth in order to gain, oftentimes, unwarranted convictions compounded by the heartless sentences being handed down by Judges in the name of Law and Order. But, angry people don't see Judges, Prosecutors or Politician's in their neighborhoods – they only see cops, and therefore, cops receive the anger aimed at the whole system. Truth is, there's a hell of a lot of folks in this country who, justifiably so, no longer believe that the Government are the good-guys.

For over 50 years now we have locked up everybody who sold drugs to support a drug habit, and in many cases, let the big drug dealers and their financiers go free. The Government declared War on Drugs and if their intention was to imprison it's people, then they've certainly won that war. But has that plan reduced the drug addition in this country, or stemmed the violence in America? No. Statistics prove that it has done exactly the opposite. All that has really been won is what you're seeing play out in our urban communities ... a burning desire for vengeance. I ask: is the Government still the good guys? In my opinion, Good Guys don't prey on their own children, the weak willed, the poor or the defenseless. Good Guys don't throw children into the mouth of the beast ... and there is no more horrible a monster than the American Justice System; a place where the selected few are allowed to commit crime and serve little or no time in prison while the masses are imprisoned at an unmatched world-wide rate. We need to

change the “Snitch Laws”, the “Ghost Dope” laws, the “Conspiracy” laws and Prosecutors need to be held accountable for THEIR crimes of withholding evidence to procure convictions. Good Guys? There was a time when I believed that, but, I no longer do. It’s heartbreaking what our Government has become.

“When the wolf slaughters the sheep, we shrug and say it is his nature.

When the sheepdog turns on the flock, it breaks our heart, for his actions are treacherous.”

David Gammell

If you have followed my writings you know that I’ve been very critical of drug offenders, very hard. Just don’t understand addiction, but even then I felt that fair was fair and unfair was unfair. Then a couple of years ago, in my study lessons, I was touched by the words of, Gurumayi, she said this,

“See God in others”

Very simple yet powerful words.

In my heart I knew she was right and I wanted to see God-ness in others. So after reading her words I was inspired to follow her wisdom and I began to actively look for the good in these men around me. And, you now what? The more I looked, the more I saw. Yeah, even in these pirates and drug addicts I saw goodness. It was then that I realized that they were always good. I just didn’t possess the compassion to look past my own opinions to see it. They weren’t evil – it was me. It was the way I was looking at them and the world around me that was evil.

My point is two-fold. First, I want you to know that I recognize that I’ve been an idiot most of my life; but I am changing. Second: I want you to take a look at your own heart, and if it’s been hardened by the things you were taught in your youth, know that now is the time to change it. It’s simple to do ... just,

“See God in others”

Even drug addicts and prisoners of all stripe.

Why Do I Have This Ugly Tattoo On My Forearm?

Starting in the 1930s and continuing till the end of the II World War in 1945 Hitler rounded up what he considered “Undesirables”, Jews in particular. These undesirables were put into groups, some went to the Concentration Camps for extermination, others were sent to Work Camps and used as slave labor for the Nazi War effort.

When the Jews, and other undesirables were first arrested they were forced to sit and endure the pain and humiliation of having a number tattooed onto their forearms. These tattoos of course were done in haste and without concern for pain or aesthetics, basically they were an ugly sign to all who happened to see them that the wearer was, undesirable, and had been deemed a “slave” to the State, targeted as a victim of what would later be deemed, “The Holocaust”.

As most of you know I have been referring to the American Prison System as “The American Holocaust”. No disrespect intended to those who went through the original Holocaust, but I couldn’t think of a stronger word, a stronger or more accurate more shocking word to use to describe the American Justice System.

What is a Holocaust? Well, in simple terms, it is the evil that people do against other people. I suggest that you go on-line and look at the proof of this for yourself ... My point being that, the American Justice System, has moved beyond law enforcement and into the realm of something inherently evil ... and most folks don’t even know it. That’s my job – to try and bring attention to the atrocities and the long term consequences of America’s “War on Drugs” and the hypocrisy behind the false narrative of crime and criminals.

Crime in America

I have spoken on this in the past so I won’t go into any lengthy discussion about it here – but I will tell you, if you don’t count Immigration cases, that 90% of all the people who are in prison are here due to crimes somehow related to narcotics. Statistics will argue this, they will say that John so-n-so is here for bank robbery, or burglary, or some other form of theft. What they don’t tell you is that John so-n-so wasn’t stealing money for a new car, he was stealing to support a drug habit. I live with John so-n-so and I assure you he’s here on drug related crimes. Why does any of this matter to you?

Well, I’m guessing that you’ve heard of the Columbian Drug Cartels and the more violent Mexican Drug Cartels. But are you familiar with the fact that Mexico is one of the most violent countries on the planet? Are you aware that there are 90 murders a day in Mexico? Mexico is the murder capitol of the world!!! Why? What, you think these people are murdering each other over parking spaces? NO – this unrestrained spree of violent crime is due to the money made from the sales of “Illegal Drugs”! And where do you think that money is coming from? The United States, that’s where. According to the Wall Street Journal (11-16-19 money The Cartelization of Mexico) Americans spend almost \$150 BILLION a year on cocaine, heroine, meth, marijuana and synthetic opiates like fentanyl. Mexico isn’t strung out on drugs, Americans are – Mexicans are strung out on the MONEY being made selling ILLEGAL drugs!

What about the gang problem in this country – well, just go on-line and look it up for yourself – it's ruthless! Hell, there's TV show after TV show showing you the horrors of being "Inside" the Bloods, the Crips, the Aryan Brotherhood, the Mexican Mafia and hundreds of others – yeah, these shows are quick to point out the violence of these groups and then pretend that these gangs are all about racism or racial injustice or some other false narrative. Trust me, everyone of these gangs, like every Cartel south of the border, exist ONLY because of the money being made in "ILLEGAL" drugs. It's plain and simple, to quote Leonard Cohen "Everybody Knows" they just ignore the truth of what I just told you. Why? Because they're in on the game! What game? The GAME mate is PROFIT, money, honey.

Here's the truth. If you were to legalize drugs you would eliminate crime in not only this country, but in Latin America too. Yes, some people would die of drug overdoses, but if the drug addicts could buy their drugs legally they wouldn't be out on the streets robbing you and your family to get the money needed for over priced illegal narcotics. Plus, your kids wouldn't have to deal with all the gang violence and you wouldn't have to worry about your own kids being gunned down in a gang-related drive-by-shooting. Because – there wouldn't be any Turf Wars or violence to speak of.

Do you realize if the crime rate dropped by 90% you wouldn't need 90% of the Police Force we now have? Yeah, no D.E.A. to speak of. No overcrowded court room docets – all the billions of your tax dollars supporting these over blotted organizations, gone. But, that'll never happen because that's the "Game" – to keep you so frigging scarred of crime that you can't even contemplate the reality that the crimes you've been conditioned to fear, WERE CREATED by the very same laws you were TOLD would protect you. That's the GAME. That's why you can't be allowed to think for yourself, because if you did you would understand the trick being played on you and then you'd understand that we don't need all these laws, so why would they, The Justice Department, want to educate you to the truth and eliminate their own jobs by fixing the problem, by simply legalizing drugs ... because to do so would eliminate their tax-payer funded existence. So they play on your sense of fear, then get your preachers to go in the pulpit and tell you about the sins of drugs and there it is, you become convinced that to legalize drugs would be the death of America.

Remember the Prohibition on Alcohol? When they outlawed liquor people like Al Capone and thousands like him became rich and powerful off the money made from illegal liquor. And folks like you were conditioned to believe that it would be the death of America if they legalized alcohol – and what happened? They finally gave up the "War on Alcohol" and legalized it; and every prophecy of doom was proved a lie – America's still here and all the liquor gangs are gone. It will be the same with the Drug Cartels and the Street Gangs, all gone as well. Wouldn't that be a wonderful accomplishment! Legalize drugs and you take the profit out of the illegal sales and put the Drug Dealers out of business and eliminate the massive crime that goes with that industry. Wow, can you actually imagine a country without all our gang influence and violence ... plus, and tell the truth here, wouldn't you like to see the day when these f-ing drug dealers had to actually go out and get jobs! Yeah, take away their product and you eliminate their existence ... think about it. NO GANGS!

So, why do I have this UGLY tattoo on my forearm?

What tattoo you ask.

Well, I have my Federal Prison ID number tattooed on my forearm just like the Jews I mentioned earlier. Why? Because I'm protesting the destruction that the "War on Drugs" has done to our country and the world as a whole. Because I'm protesting the inhumane prison sentences given out to drug offenders. Because I'm protesting the destruction of hundreds of millions of families torn apart by unthinkable

prison sentences. Because I'm protesting the evil lies being told to American citizens. Because I'm protesting this War on Drugs, which is nothing more than a Holocaust on the poor – the undesirables, the weak and the addicted. When did we stop being a forgiving people and become a vindictive people? I don't know the answer to that, but I do know it's all about money. And I do know that our Politicians have led this country down an evil path, so evil in fact that even the churches are a part of it. The Great Deceiver is preaching and we are all bowing down to his message of hatred, punishment and judgementalism. I don't know when we as a nation became satanic, but I do know that we need to repent and change. That starts at the top ... but the Top per se, is beyond redemption, therefore it has to start at the bottom with folks like you and I.

Some one asked me about my tattoo – I explained to them as I have explained to you – they listened, but didn't. And as if to prove they hadn't heard a thing I said, they ask me why I didn't make a better looking tattoo, a prettier, less ... ugly ... tattoo, "Why so ugly"? I will tell you as I told them – I have an ugly tattoo because it represents an ugly thing. There is nothing pretty or cool or Godly about the American Justice System – it's an ugly ugly goiter on the neck of the American people.

I have an ugly tattoo because it represents an ugly thing.

My request of you is simple, do your homework, open your eyes to reality ... to help obtain true facts on this issue I ask that you go to this website: stopthedrugwar.org ... and I ask that once you get the facts that you join me in getting your own tattoo, so that when folks ask you about it, and believe me, they will, you will have an opportunity to enlighten them, to awaken them to the evil being perpetrated on America. You say you don't have a prison number to put on your arm? Well, that's simple, pick one from one of the hundreds of thousands who have been a victim to the outrageous prison sentences, or, you have my permission to put mine; 76603-079 I give it to you freely.

Is It Time For Socialism?

Don't misunderstand me, I have always and will always believe that a person willing to work should have more than a person unwilling to work! And, I think that someone who sacrificed time and money to get a meaningful education should have more stuff than someone who decided they'd rather hang-out with their friends and party rather than going to college. Basically, I have little respect for lazy, non-productive people. But . . . reality has taught me that not everyone who isn't a millionaire is lazy – truth is, some folks, due to cultural circumstances and other things beyond their control, just didn't have the opportunity, the upbringing, to see the value of things like an education. And, some people are just incapable of passing a Bar Exam ... It's just the truth that no one wants to admit to. Take me for instance. I have trouble learning from a book, but I learn quickly from hands-on experience. I'm not stupid — far from it. But for me, success had to come through the working ranks. And one of the things I like about Capitalism, IS, the opportunity to flourish and improve yourself through hard work.

I give you this lead-in because I want you to understand the depth of thought I have given to what I'm about to say. That, and I want you to know that I have an open mind in the argument of Socialism verses Capitalism. I ain't taking sides, but I am beginning to question all that I've been taught, all I've believed in, and I am beginning to see that SOMETHING just ain't right.

Dallas Cowboy's

As my readers know I'm a Dallas Cowboys fan, for my European readers, the Cowboys are an American Football team.

Now, the Cowboys are at present in contract negotiations with their starting Quarterback, Dak Prescott; it is a heated issue. The issue is this – the Cowboys have offered to pay Mr. Prescott 35 million dollars a year to play football – he, Mr. Prescott, has refused the offer, he wants to be paid 40 million dollars a year. 35 million a year isn't enough! He wants 40 a year – which of course isn't actually a year; he MIGHT have to do six months of actual work. Let's put \$40,000,000 into perspective.

If you my reader, made, lets say, \$50,000 a year, that means it would take you TEN years of hard labor to make \$500,000 – one HALF of one million. Yeah, ten years worth of work to make \$500,000, think about that. This of course means that after TWENTY years of labor you'd have made \$1,000,000 – twenty years!!!! At that rate of \$50,000 a year, which I hope you understand, one hell of a lot of people make less than \$50,000 a year, you'd have to work for ... guess how long ... give up? Well you'd have to work for 800 years! just to earn what Mr. Prescott wants to play 16 games of football. 800 years! Think about that. Is that fair? I mean don't you think that's just a little too much! Is this what we've become as a nation?

I don't know about you, but I've been brainwashed into somehow thinking that this type of labor inequality is, ok. But, like I said earlier, I'm beginning to reevaluate my life, my beliefs — the sacred cows of what I've been taught, and I must tell you under the light of truth, . . . that I've been wrong about one hell of a lot of things.

The Elephant In The Room

I hope that you know that I've always tried to be honest with you and that hasn't changed. With this said I know that some of you are saying to yourself – “What about, Thomas J. Henry?” and you have the right to do so. So, let's go ahead and talk about the elephant in the room.

Tom is a good lawyer, he built, along with the help of my daughter, a huge Law firm, HUGE ... but, like you I must question some of his actions. Nope, I ain't pulling any punches. What's true for Dak Prescott is also true for me and my family. So let's air it all out.

Let me start by saying that I have no idea what Tom makes per year – but, I do know a couple of things from TV. I know that he spent somewhere in the neighborhood of \$600,000.00 on that Rolls Royce you see him being chauffeured around in, and, I know he spent ten million dollars on an office party.

Marvin Berry and Thomas J. Henry

I used to work for a man named Marvin Berry. Mr. Berry built and owned (he's since passed from this life), one of the largest construction companies in Texas – a huge company. I can assure you that Mr. Berry was worth millions. I can also tell you that Mr. Berry drove a Chevy Suburban. I can also tell you first-hand that I went to his home in Corpus Christi and was surprised that his home was no bigger or fancier than my own home at the time. Point is – that says allot about him, Mr. Berry was obviously not caught up in his ego. I always respected that about him.

I will venture to say that Mr. Berry had as much money as Tom, the difference was, how he spent his money, how he lived his life. I can tell you from being around Mr. Berry that he was happy with himself; he didn't need to feed his ego.

As for me, well, I wasn't any better than Tom. I too was a fool. I could have done better with my money – no – I never made the kind of money that Tom or Mr. Berry made, but I made enough. I wish I'd been more like Mr. Berry and less like Tom, but, life is about learning, isn't it?

I don't know about you, but when I think about folks living paycheck to paycheck, when I think about single mothers working for minimum wage, when I remember working from sunup to sundown for \$12 a day picking fruit ... I can't help but think that nobody, not an athlete or a CEO of a big corporation, or... Thomas J. Henry ... nobody needs to make \$40,000,000 a year and nobody needs a \$600,000.00 car to drive back and forth to work in.

Now, I know that some folks are gonna parrot what they're told, “Football is dangerous” and “A Football player's career can end at any time” but I have to ask, is playing football more dangerous than being a Construction Worker, or a Fire Fighter, or a Cop, or a damn inner city School Teacher, or a Soldier? No, it isn't, and anyone of you, from that minimum wage single mom to your average school teacher, can get into an accident and have your ability to earn a wage cut short – accidents happen and folks SHOULD be compensated when it happens. I ain't disputing that.

Hell, speaking of accidents, you know those two big cases you see Thomas J. advertising on his newest commercials (67 million and the 50 million dollar verdicts) well, you want to know a secret ... my son Marco ACTUALLY won those cases – yeah, Marco Crawford, that kid from Ingleside ... Tom never set foot

in the Court Room ... hell yeah I'm bragging on my son ... point is, life is dangerous for all folks, not just football players, so, "that dog don't hunt!" There's risk in everything.

Forty million a year, Dak? Really! Just how F'-ing greedy are you? Hell, when the average person gets their life ruined in an accident and wins a \$40,000,000 settlement, and that's DAMN RARE, that forty million is a one time thing, for LIFE! Ok, how about this – you want to pay an athlete or a CEO forty million, fine, but not per year, how about forty million one time, for your career. "What!?" you say! Yeah, how about paying them a one time forty million. Not fair you say. Well, let me remind you that forty million dollars is a hell of a lot of money – who the hell couldn't live very comfortable on forty million? Like I said earlier, it would take most of you 800 years to earn that much and I can't think of anybody I know who wouldn't rather play sports than swing a hammer in the sun – come on Mr. Prescott, how much is enough? It's never enough is it! It's greed, plain and simple, and who do you think pays for this greed? You, the working stiff, that's who – you. Yep, you're paying for it every time you buy something from the store, every time you switch on that TV, every time you buy an overpriced jersey, and every time you overpay for a gallon of gas. All that greed comes out of your sweat, one way or the other. It's all about money, all of it, and the trick is, to keep you soooo entertained you don't even realize that you're a slave. Lord have mercy on our souls.

I don't know what else to say. Hell, my whole life I've been taught that Socialism is bad, "look at Russia," "look at Cuba" and so forth – hell, I've been guilty of saying it myself. And I ain't defending or disputing any of it, because, I simply do not know what the truth is. But what I do know is, that I just don't think it's right that an athlete can demand forty million a year and a waitress can't buy her kids shoes for school. There's just something wrong with that; reminds me of something the Rapper, Too Short, said when referring to his sister in the song "The Ghetto", it goes like this,

"600 million on a football team and her baby died just like a dope fiend"

How much is enough?

I have an idea for you to chew on. Why don't we nationalize ALL sports franchises – after all, don't they actually belong to us? Shouldn't they be part of the Public Domain? Let's nationalize 'em, pay each player a flat rate of, say, 20 years of your labor, one million dollars a year and then a reasonable retirement package upon the completion of their playing time. That would be a good deal, right? It's a hell of a lot better deal than what's available to you! Hell, while we're at it why don't we go ahead and take control of Face Book, Google and all the other sites that SHOULD belong to us!

I don't know. I'm just talkin'. I'm just looking around me and seeing, maybe for the first time ... the injustice going on around me ... surely to God there must be a better way than the greedy shit goin' on in this country. So, once again I have to ask the question, Mr. Prescott – "How much is enough?" How much is enough Mr. Jerry Jones, Mr. Bezos, Mr. Gates, Exxon and the rest of you billionaires. How can you live on this earth and not be moved by what you see, not feel sorry for the needy. Again I have to ask the question ... How much do you need?

I don't want to go into it, but I myself have been a victim of lying Police Officers and lying District Attorneys, and yes I've been thrown on the ground and had someone put their knee on my back, not my throat, but all their weight on my back. I've been handcuffed and lifted to my feet by my arms which were cuffed behind my back and thrown up against a car and been handled badly, I was NOT resisting arrest. I know a little something about anger and Police Abuse ... but please, for the grace of God, stop the looting!!

Lucifer And My New Cellie

I've always been told that God was good and the Devil was bad. I've also been taught that God created the earth and all the life-forms on it, to include humans. But, I ain't so sure about that. "What the heck," you scream. No, I ain't trying to go to hell or nothin', I'm only looking at the facts and sayin' that something just doesn't add up. I mean, why on earth would a benevolent God create something so rotten and violent as what's happening on this earth, and I'm not only talking about humans here. Yes, it's true. Humans are selfish, greedy, mean spirited and violent ... you need look no further than the current events around you. Can you honestly tell me you see the hand of a loving God in all that? But it's more than that –hell, animals ain't no sanctified example of purity either; it's a proven fact that chimpanzees will clique up into gangs, abuse others of their kind, and even pre-meditate murder. In fact, most animals murder. Dogs kill cats, cats kill birds, birds kill insects right on down the line — who is the creator, the author of all this? Like I said, something about what I've been taught doesn't ring true.

A couple of months ago here at FCI Three Rivers, they made a decision to move all of the necessary inmate workers; laundry, kitchen, maintenance workers and so forth into one stand-alone cell block. The idea was that these workers would be exposed to the Guards who themselves were exposed to the outside world and by extension, the Corona Virus. Being that they, the workers and the majority of the Guards were separated from us, this lessened the chance that the rest of us would be exposed to the virus. To make a long story short, my old cellie was designated as a "Necessary Worker" and moved into the workers cellblock, and one of the non-essential workers from that block, a guy named Jacob Blackstone, was transferred into my cell.

Jacob and I didn't really know each other. I had seen him in the Chow hall, hell, we'd sat at the same table and even spoken a few times, but we really didn't know each other. However, circumstances being what they are we ended up as cellies. It wasn't long before he was fixin' to not only meet me, but Lucifer as well.

Lucifer

Those of you who've been regular readers of my blog know that I am repulsed, disgusted ... ok and terrified of cockroaches. I hate them with a passion. Loathe them!

It all started when I was a youngster in Florida where cockroaches are rampant. After I left home (at 15) I spent many a night sleeping on the streets and trust me, cockroaches were everywhere — they would get on me while I slept. Yeah, I've been traumatized. Which goes a long way to validating my first question ... why would "God" create cockroaches?

No, I'm not trying to be funny here — that's a perfectly legitimate question. I mean, what purpose does a damn cockroach actually serve!? At least cat killin', bird killin, insect killin' dogs, cats, and birds are cool pets — but cockroaches! What the FORK do they do for the bliss of the planet? Again, my point — cockroaches seem more like something a devil would create, not a God. Vile little beasts!

As I've told you before, there's this roach here that's stalking me. No! I'm dead frigging serious. He waits for me to get in the shower and then he jumps out from no where and scares the holy shit out of me. He parades back in forth in front of the shower stall, trapping me in there, he's frigging evil. What's crazy is he'll disappear for months on end, and then all of a sudden he'll jump out at me from behind the stairs, or I'll catch him leering at me from one of the dark corners of the building. He's a satanic creature, thus I've named him Lucifer.

I sleep on the bottom bunk, my cellie sleeps on the top bunk — Anyway, shortly after Jacob moved in I was laying on my bunk thinking about how much I missed going to church — ok I'm lying. I was probably thinking about females — WHATEVER!

As I was saying, I was laying on my bunk when my sixth sense warned me to look towards the door, and there he was, standing in the middle of my cell floor looking at me. Yep, Lucifer.

For what seemed like an hour, we locked eyes on one another. I was petrified. I kept saying to myself, "If I don't move, maybe he'll turn around and leave" But NOOO! For no reason other than pure meanness, he flexed on me and then charged right at me and ran under my bed! Remember, this is the middle of the night.

What did I do? Well, after I shit my pants, I jumped out of my bed and took off for the other side of the cell. I might have used some bad language too. Anyway, this woke my cellie who up to that point had been sound asleep.

My cellie sees me and says "What's wrong?" to which I replied, "There's a cockroach under the bed!" He looks at me as if to say, "Soo?" I finally told him that there was no way in hell I would get back in the bed as long as that roach was in the cell ... and then I confessed that I was afraid of them. Finally he realized that the only way he was going to get any rest was if he himself got up and took care of the problem. To make a long story short, he took my ruler, fished around under the bed (the bottom bunk, my bunk, is only 8 inches off the floor) until he flushed him out and then killed him. Trust me, it was a traumatic event. A Justified killing if there ever was one ... NOO, I don't care if "ROACH LIVES MATTER," boycotts my blogs!

About a week after that incident, Jacob and I were moved to a different cell. I'm not exaggerating here. I was fast asleep when my sixth sense woke me up to impending danger. And you know what? Not six inches from my head was that same roach! Yeah, the one from the showers! The one my cellie had killed the week before — no! It was him. I can tell —well, first, he's HUGE! How big you ask? Well hold your hand out in front of you, spread your fingers as wide as they'll go, yeah, he's that big — huge! And he has these evil eyes ... and he smells of suffer — exactly what you'd expect Lucifer to look and smell like. It's him alright ... what? Yeah, I know ... but I think he can raise himself from the dead, like a vampire —trust me, it was him.

Anyways, I raise up in my bed and there he is, hanging on the wall by my head, waiting to jump on me. No — they don't need a reason, that's what they do! They jump on people. Well ... they get on you and ... I ain't for sure, but I think they, lick you. Yeah, they lick you! And their legs are short, so their nuts are on you too! I already told you — they do it out of meanness. They wait till you're asleep, then they jump on you, lick you, and drag their nuts all over you! No! I'm telling you they don't have to have a reason! They're frigging evil.

Well, as you can imagine, I ran to the furthest wall in the cell and whimpered until my poor cellie got up and dealt with the problem. Poor guy.

I guess I'm telling you this story for two reasons. One: I know that Jacob's family has already heard the story from him and can therefore confirm all my past rants about roaches. Second: my question stands, why in the name of all things sacred would God create cockroaches? Proof as far as I'm concerned that the Devil actually created the Earth. Food for thought!

Rolando

There was a guy here named Rolando, he has since went home.

I remember very clearly when he arrived here at 3RVS. Why you might ask would I remember one among thousands? Well, he was tall and skinny and looked somewhat like my brother-in-law Cuco; Cuco has become an angel, God bless his soul.

Anyway, the first time I saw him he was standing alone in the corner of the cellblock looking at his Inmate Identification Card. When I walked up to him he was maybe a little embarrassed that I caught him studying, no doubt for the first time, his inmate I.D., or maybe it was something else, but recognizing that I was obviously a gringo he said one word “Ugly.” I don’t know why but the way he said that one word added a sense of sorrow to it, because, an Inmate ID card, IS an ugly thing to have. But, that deeper thought aside, I returned his sad smile and said, in my broken Spanish, “Todos miran feo en estos,” “We all look ugly on those cards.”

I introduced myself and told him that he looked like my brother-in-law, he smiled and told me that he was from a small town in Mexico, near the border with Texas named, Roma.

Very shortly after arriving Rolando went and applied for several jobs, he was eventually hired to work the yard crew at Recreation; he cut the grass around the track, picked up paper, and did general maintenance work. Due to the fact that he had no education and spoke no english, his choices were limited. He was paid \$18 a month. Some men refuse to work for \$18.00 a month, but not him, I respect that quality in a person – you can say things about Mexicans, but the one thing you can’t say about ’em is, that they’re lazy. Mexicans are not freeloaders.

Seeing that Rolando had no money coming in from the streets, I started to help him. At first I gave him a weekly bag of coffee, then I bought him shoes, then clothes and ultimately a new radio. On top of this I began to buy between \$20 and \$30 a month of food and some chips, things I’d seen he liked. I did this every month.

Rolando wasn’t a freeloader. As a show of gratitude he would bring me the two milks they had given him in the Chow Hall for his cereal – and even though I didn’t need them I accepted them, understanding that it was his way of trying to even the score. You see we are not allowed to bring milk out of the Chow Hall, so they have to be smuggled out; stolen. As a result of this, a man can trade two milks in the cellblock for ONE postage stamp or he can trade two milks for a Ramen Noodle Soup. Yeah ... when you have absolutely nothing, you’re relegated to stealing milks to support yourself. I hope you understand that for every guy like me, who has support from their families, that there are others who do not. Prison is a cruel and degrading place.

One morning Rolando saw me on my hands and knees cleaning the floor of my cell, when I got up to see what he wanted he knelt down and finished the job. The next day while I was doing my daily walking he told my cellie he was going to clean my cell. He continued to do so until the day he left.

Last December he told me that he was due to be deported in April — he then lowered his eyes and asked me for a favor. He wanted to know if I could send him a hundred dollars so he’d have money to go home with. He said that, to pay for this, I could stop giving him money every month and he’d still bring me

milk and clean my cell. “Of course I’d help,” I responded, but as April approached I wasn’t sure how I would manage it. But, God is good, right!?

Just before Rolando was scheduled to leave my son sent me money by the way of a lady in Missouri who handles my accounts (Thank you, Sue). So I asked Sue to send half of the money my son sent me, she did, and when he got the money he was sooo happy, he couldn’t stop thanking me ... one hundred dollars, that’s all it was, but to him ... well you get the message.

Why am I telling you this story? Well, one thing for sure is, I didn’t do it to make myself look good. I’ve told you before and I’ll tell you again — if you’re one of those who hate me, know here and now that I don’t care. I am not trying to win your sympathy — “F-YOU.” Now that that’s clear, we can go back to why I’m telling you this story? Well, for two reasons really. One is — I’m angry as hell! Two is, I wanted to tell Cuco’s children along with my other nieces and nephews that I love you guys and always will. You are a part of my life. You’re a part of my family! I’m so proud of you. So why am I angry?

Well, on monday of this week I checked my email and saw that I had a facebook message from a man named Jose, Joselike Rolando is from Mexico. Jose and I had spent around three years together, in prison, and he was reaching out to me to let me know he was home, I’m so glad to hear this. Well ... getting this message from Jose caused me to think about Rolando. I walked upstairs to Roland’s old cell and asked his old cellie if he’d heard from him. He had, hence my anger.

He told me that Rolando was back in jail, he added, “He was caught smuggling dope across the border,” and even worse, “His son was caught with him.” Yeah ... he’s coming back to prison and this time he’s bringing his child with him. Anger, disappointment ... trying to make sense of this. Sorrow.

There’s just something cruel about life ... for some people.

I’ve told you before about the poor folks in Mexico. And, according to what the Mexican Nationals tell me, if you’re like Rolando, poor and unfortunate enough to live on the border with the U.S.— you only have two choices, either cross that border and risk getting put in prison for Illegal Entry, or work for the Drug Cartels ... NO you don’t understand — you do not have a choice — the Cartel shows up at your house and tells you what to do, either you do it, or your family is killed or put into prostitution. It’s a new form of slavery. Of course you didn’t know this — the American and Mexican News is not reporting it — but I hear it straight from the horses mouth. It’s nothing new, poor folks ain’t got nothin’ comin’ not here, not there. Hard for us to accept, but it’s true.

Yeah I used to be one of those guys who thought that poor folks were poor because they chose to remain so. After all, I made it out — why can’t they? But my heart has been tempered on the steel of incarceration, it has like a Morning Glory (flower) opened and I’m at last beginning to see that life just ain’t fair for all people — it just aint. Yes, Rolando made his own choices and will pay a horrible price for those choices ... but with what face can I condemn him ... hell, who’s dumber than me! I have no right to judge.

The point to this message is — when you catch yourself being angry – you have to change that anger, repel it by thinking something positive. That’s what I’m doing right now. I was angry at Rolando. Instead of remembering his kindness I was focusing on his failure ... I have chosen to replace those negative emotions with positive emotions by remembering Cuco, Lore, Chella, and all their children. I’m so happy that I was able to play a small part in getting them out.

My heart bleeds for Rolando and his family — how about you outlaws throwing up a prayer or two for ’em.

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Author: Mark Crawford, America

Design: Konnichiwa, Switzerland